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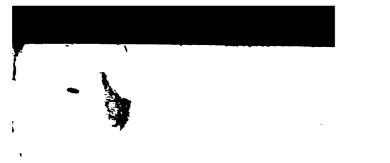
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THE PLAYS

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PHILIP MASSINGER.

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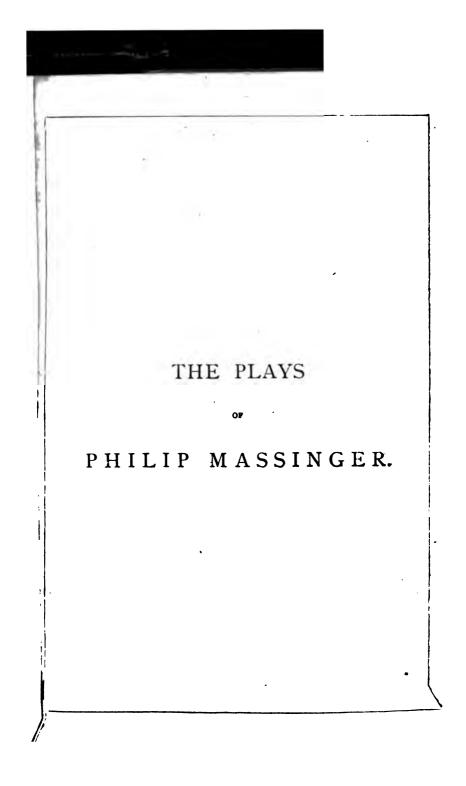
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THE PLAYS

OF

c)

PHILIP MASSINGER.

from the Text

OF

WILLIAM GIFFORD.

WITH THE ADDITION OF THE TRAGEDY "BELIEVE AS YOU LIST."

EDITED BY

LIEUT.COLONEL F. CUNNINGHAM.

LONDON : ALFRED THOMAS CROCKER, 303 & 304, STRAND.

1868.



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PHILIP MASSINGER, the author of the nineteen plays contained in this volume, and of eighteen others, which, it is to be feared, are irrecoverably lost, was born in the year 1584; twenty years after Shakspeare and Marlowe, ten after Jonson, eight after **Fletcher**, and within two of Beaumont and Ford. Contemporary with him also were **Greene**, Webster, Peele, Chapman, Middleton, Shirley, Kyd, Decker, Marston, Daniel, **Fulke Greville**, and others of hardly inferior mark, "all of whom spoke nearly the **same language** and had a set of moral feelings in common." Such was the imperial **manner** in which Shakspeare and his brother dramatists of the great race took possession of the English stage, and filled

> "The spacious times of great Elizabeth. With sounds that echo still."

Never before or since has the earth witnessed such a simultaneous outburst of 'minds of kindred power. Napoleon and his marshals did not make their appearance in a thicker cluster. When one thinks of the Burghley men, and the Armada men, who were sinking one by one into their graves: of Bacon and Raleigh in the full flush of their genius: of the Hampdens, and Cromwells, and Jeremy Taylors, and Miltons, who about the same time were being rocked in their cradles: lastly of old Queen Bess herefit:---when one considers also that the entire population of England in those days was probably not more than that of our present London,-----it is impossible not to feel an emotion of pride in belonging to the same "happy breed of men" from which they iprung, and in being born like them in

"This blessed plot, this earth, this realm, this England."

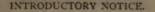
The same authorities which give 1584 for the year, fix Salisbury for the place, of Massinger's birth. The books of its churches have been searched in vain for any second of his baptism, but as one of the principal of them fell down in 1653, and there is a vacuum in its registers extending over the period in which the name might have appeared, it is probable that the infant son of Arthur Massinger received the name of Philip at the font of St. Edmund's. Hartley Coleridge indulges the pleasing fancy that he must have had for sponsor the greatest Englishman who has ever borne that name, the poet-soldier in whose "sweetly constituted mind no ugly thought or unhandsome meditation could find a harbour; who turned all that he touched into images of honour and virtue;" and who himself derived it from the arch-enemy of is country and his religion. And the circumstance of the sponsorship is in itself not improbable, for was not Sidney's sister Pembroke's wife, and the poet's father was a trusted and honoured "servant" of the Herbert family. Arthur Massinger indeed must have been a man of birth, education, energy, and high principle, for recent research has brought to light a letter from Henry Earl of Pembroke to the great Earl of Burghley, dated 28th March, 1587, recommending him in the strongest manner for the reversion of the office of Examiner in the Court of the Marches towards South Wales; and ten years afterwards, when a matrimonial arrangement of some sort was pending between these two powerful families, it was to Arthur Massinger that the delicate negociation was confided .- [Notes and Queries, 1st S. iii. 52.]

In the dedication to A New Way to Pay Old Debts the poet states that born a devoted servant to the thrice noble family" of Herbert, and the prob that he was brought up as a page to the Countess of Pembroke at Wilton. sions to the position and minute duties of pages are perpetual. In that particula if anywhere in England, he would learn to admire the combination of rank an and stately yet flowing courtesy, which in after life he was so fond of bestown his favourite characters. So successful indeed is he in these delineations that, the knowledge that such in all likelihood had been his upbringing, a biograph be led to assume that it was so in order to account for the confident and cons case with which he treads the halls, and ascends the staircases, and enters the and sits down at the banquets of his great dukes and emperors, and viceroys consuls. But beyond this general idea which irresistibly forces itself upon know nothing whatever of his early life. Not a single fact, not even a barren come down to us until Friday, the 14th of May, 1602, when "Philip Mas Salisbury man, the son of a gentleman" (Sarisburiensis, generosi filii), was e St. Alban's Hall in the University of Oxford. He must then have been about years old.

After this brief gleam of light, darkness again closes in—darkness that ma Anthony à Wood says that the young student's expenses at the University frayed by the Earl of Pembroke, and that "he gave his mind more to po romances for about four years or more, than to logic and philosophy, which he have done, as he was patronized to that end." Langbaine, on the contrary, asduring his residence he applied himself closely to his studies; and that his wh port was drawn from his father. Tom Davies, his next biographer, consider was very wrong of him to neglect his logic and his philosophy, and thereby the grim merriment of Gifford, who hints that the worthy fellow (whom one for "mouthing a sentence as curs mouth a bone," in consideration of his havin duced Boswell to Johnson), neither possessed himself nor knew the meaning c valuable acquisitions." Gifford himself adopts the view of Langbaine, both a the studies and the means of living, and, after calling Wood a tasteless druc that the young man "must have applied himself to study with uncommon en his literary acquisitions at this early period appear to be multifarious and ex The representatives of the "tasteless drudge" school might here retort on the lo caustic critic, and inquire the names of the works in which at this period hi acquisitions are made manifest.

It is agreed that Massinger left Oxford in 1606 abruptly, and without taking and, as it appears certain that his father died about the same time, it is reasonable nect these circumstances together, and thence to conclude that at the age of the found himself cast penniless on the world. The old Earl of Pembroke had January, 1601, and had been succeeded by his eldest son, who, according to was " not only a great favourer of learned and ingenious men, but was himself to admiration with a poetical geny," and " was the very picture and viva e nobility." Clarendon, in more weighty language, describes him as " the most sally beloved and esteemed of any man of that age. . . . of a pleasant humour, and a disposition affable and magnificent." On every account, there would have supposed that a young man of such abilities would as a matter have been taken by the hand by a nobleman of such dispositions, who woul an additional pride in presenting him to the world as the son of his fat cherished retainer. But the biographers, who agree in little else, are una saying that whatever may have been his claims to patronage, no patronage / was afforded to him. To account for this singular neglect, Gifford is reduce cannot but think the still more singular assumption, that Massinger had Earl of Pembroke's favour by "having, during his residence at the

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religion of his father for one at this time the object of persecution, hatred, --in short, he had turned Roman Catholic. It requires a bold man to Sifford on any point connected with Massinger, but is not a change of this ise kind of circumstance the memory of which would have lingered longest loisters of what Bunsen calls the Queen of Cities? Wood was entered at -one years after Massinger quitted St. Alban's Hall, and it is not necessary hat there were Dr. Rouths in those days in order to feel convinced that he nities of conversing with contemporaries of the poet. A freshman of 1868, ing turn of mind, would be tolerably certain to learn as much as he cared t any distinguished character who had left the University in 1827. Besides, ld have been of particular interest to old Anthony, as he was himself again cused of exhibiting in his writings a strong leaning to all who were Papists y inclined. But granting the force of the arguments as to the conversion, of Pembroke a man likely to have been influenced as Gifford supposes? Clarendon says he was "a great lover of his country, and of the religion thich he believed could only support it; and his friendships were only with principles;" but it was Puritanism, not Roman Catholicism, that was runhancellor's head when he wrote these lines, and it must have been political moral reasons that swayed the Earl in the choice of his friendships. es on to say that "he was clouded by great infirmities, which he had in t proportion : he indulged to himself the pleasures of all kinds, almost in nd to women he was immoderately given up." For such an one to have -laced as Gifford's theory seems to require is to anticipate the pious fears 's soldier, in the exquisite dialogue in the Citizen of the World. ms to think that this estrangement was limited to William, the then head of Herbert, and speaks of Massinger's anxiously avoiding all mention of ally, as contrasted with his perpetually recurring to his hereditary obligations generally. But as far as I can discover, his mention of the family at all three occasions (viz., in the dedications to The Bondman, 1624, the New Old Debts, 1633, and in a copy of verses 1636), so that the terms "anxious nd "perpetual recurrence" are at least as strong as the circumstances will

ind "perpetual recurrence" are at least as strong as the circumstances will one of these dedications also he expressly states that so late as 1624 he ived at the happiness to be made known to" Earl Philip, who up to that re, had neglected him as much as Earl William. Before dropping the fill not be out of place to mention that the elder of these brothers is aldered to be the mysterious W. H., the " only begetter " of sundry worldinets; and that, only a year before the date above given, a certain folio seen dedicated to the two earls jointly as " the most noble and incomparable en," whose " dignity " the editors " could not but know to be greater than the reading of these triffes "—the said triffes including, amongst other before. Heavier, Hamlet, Macheth, and Othello.

e this long digression and return to Massinger. He left Oxford in 1606, t once to have enlisted himself amongst "divers whose necessitous fortunes re their profession." He thus wrote of himself in the autumn of his days, we tolerably well how his time was employed; but of their spring and an hardly say more than that they must have passed away in one long care existence. The first distinct record of his independent doings is nee at Court, in 1621, of his lost comedy of the Woman's Plot. But terval of fifteen years the must have produced

ced Lady, tragedy. hoice, comedy. ndering Lovers, comedy. and Hippolita, tragi-comedy.

5. Antonio and Vallia, comedy.

6. The Tyrant, tragedy.

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7. Fast and Welcome, comedy.

8. The Woman's Plot, comedy.

It is sad to think that the manuscripts of all these plays were in existence in th middle of the last century, and that not a trace of them now remains. They fell int the hands of one John Warburton, F.R.S. and F.S.A., Somerset Herald, a vulgar, illite rate, sordid, and unprincipled ex-exciseman, whose passion it was to glean up every thing either in print or manuscript which bore in any way on a subject which inte rested him, making the collections over to the care of the domestic who discharged th double duties of cook and librarian, until he could find a person with education enough t write something fit for publication regarding them. In this way he had collected no less than fifty-five genuine unpublished English dramas of the golden period, unfortu nately written upon paper suited for culinary purposes, every one of which, except three at the bottom of the pile, was appropriated leaf by leaf by this wretched kitcher wench for coverings for her pastry.*

Besides these "martyrs of pies," as Pope would have called them, the four followin surviving plays must be put down to the same period :--

9. The Old Law, comedy.

10. The Virgin Martyr, tragedy.+

11. The Unnatural Combat, tragedy.

12. The Duke of Milan, tragedy.

But when, after a careful calculation, it has been considered proved that fifteen poun is the largest sum that even a writer of established reputation could reckon upon clearing by a single play, it is evident that Massinger must have had other sources of support fifteen years than these twelve dramas could have afforded him. But it was the freque fashion of those days, and a "noble practice" it was too, says Charles Lamb, for two more writers to join in the composition of the same play, and Massinger's powers w such as peculiarly fitted him for the ready execution of this kind of mosaic. Langba has preserved some doggrel which describes his Pegasus as an easy hack that would

"Amble o'er

Some three-score miles of fancy in an hour ;'

and "he wrote with that equability of all the passions which made his English s the purest and most free from violent metaphors and harsh constructions of any of dramatists who were his contemporaries." My present task has led me to peruse works many times over, and again and again have his extraordinary fluency and fact led me to compare his powers to those of the statesman who could speak a ki speech off-hand.1 That he lent such assistance to Fletcher, for one, we know f

* There must have been something particularly hateful about this Warburton's racter. Francis Grose, his brother herald, the "fine fat todgel wight" of Burns, the best-natured of men, quite exults in telling that "he died a beggar;" another fit seems to derive gratification from relating that he had a great abhorrence to the ide worms crawling over him, and ordered his corpse to be packed in a particular man this packing fermented and burst the coffin during the funeral. But the feeling not end even in the grave. His only son, we are told, happened to go into Franc 1793, and was guillotined at Lyons. And here, in 1868, I plead guilty to feelin certain sort of satisfaction in penning this note !

† Regarding this fine tragedy a brief note has been discovered in the Office Boo Sir George Buck, Master of the Revels, Oct. 6, 1620. "For new reforming the V Martyr for the Red Bull, 40r." 2 Macaulay describes Pitt's oratory as "lofty, sonorous, and commanding." B

only knew him at second-hand ; while Cobbett, who must have heard him often

two altogether independent sources. Sir Aston Cockayne, a true friend, if not a true poet, has mentioned the fact on three separate occasions—the exact number which, according to Gifford, constitutes "perpetual recurrence." In the first, addressing his consin Charles Cotton, and speaking of Beaumont, he says :—

"His own renown no such addition needs

To have a fame sprung from another's deeds ;

And my good friend, old Philip Massinger,

With Fletcher writ in some that we see there."

Again, in his address to Mr. Humphrey Mosley and Mr. Humphrey Robinson, he comes to the same point :

"For Beaumont of those many writ in few, And Massinger in other few."

Lastly, in some lines to which I shall again have to refer, he says of the pair Fletcherand Massinger :---

"Plays they did write together-were great friends."

To all this quasi poetical testimony from his "worthy friend" must now be added the following most prosaic and most melancholy evidence under his own hand. It was discovered by Malone among the archives at Dulwich College, and may be left to tall its own sad and instructive story :---

"To our most loving friend Mr. Phillipp Hinchlow, Esquire, these :---

"Mr. Hinchlow, — You understand our unfortunate extremity, and I do not think you so void of Christianity, but that you would throw so much money into the **Thames as** we request now of you; rather than endanger so many innocent lives; you **how there** is ten pound more at least to be received of you for the play, we desire you to lend us five pound of that, which shall be allowed to you, without which we cannot be bailed, nor I play any more till this be dispatched. It will lose you twenty pound the the end of the next week, beside the hindrance of the next new play. Pray, sir, **Consider** our cases with humanity, and now give us cause to acknowledge you our true friend in time of need. We have entreated Mr. Davison to deliver this note, as well to witness your love as our promises, and always acknowledgement to be ever

"Your most thankful and loving friends,

"NAT: FIELD.

"The money shall be abated out of the money remains for the play of Mr. Fletcher ad ours. "RoB: DABORNE.

"I have ever found you a true loving friend to me, and in so small a suit, it being honest, I hope you will not fail us. "PHILIP MASSINGER."

It was of course impossible to refuse a request at once so urgent, so reasonable, somodest, and so "honest,"—*i.e.*, honourable; but still it is satisfactory to be able to transcribe the following endorsement, which I copy literatim in order to show the spellby of the names, which no doubt to a certain extent preserves the pronunciation :—

* Rec. by me Robert Davison of Mr. Hinshloe for the use of Mr. Dauboern, Mr. md, Mr. Messenger the some of vl. "ROBERT DAVISON."

This document is without date, but it must be before January 1616, when Henslow det, and therefore, which is worthy of note, during the lifetime of Francis Beaumont, who died on the 6th of March of the same year. The date of the tripartite letter is

desses him in one of his "Rural Rides," "Yes—you loud snorting bareler." Is it is sit is stated for words to be more graphic?

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conjectured to be some time in either 1613 or 1614, and the research of Mr. Collie discovered yet another document in the same quarry, which must also be giv length.

"Noverint Universi, &c., 4º die Julii, 16

"The condition of this obligation is such, that if the above bounden Robert Da and Philip Massinger, or either of them, should pay or cause to be paid unto the a named Philip Henslowe, his executors, administrators, or assigns, the full and sum of three pounds of lawful money of England, at or upon the first day of A next ensuing the date of these presents, at the now dwelling-house of the said Henslowe, situate on the Bankside, without fraud or farther delay, then and thenceforth this present obligation to be null and void and of no effect, or else t main and abide in full power, strength, and virtue.

"ROB. DABORNE. " PHILIP MASSINGER.

When such uncommon pains are taken about so small a sum as three pounds, I am afraid, evidence that the circumstances of the borrowers were such as to lea lender to apprehend some difficulty in recovering his advance.

With the exception of the brief note of Sir George Buck regarding the P Martyr, the first mention of Massinger's labours in the Office-book of the Mast the Revels, is on the 3rd of December, 1623, when

13. The Bondman, tragi-comedy, was brought upon the boards. Philip Earl of Montgomery was present at the performance, on which occasion, as Massinger states it, his "lordship's liberal su taught others to allow it for current." When in the following year the play printed and dedicated to the Earl, it is to be hoped that the "liberal suffrage" assi a more substantial shape than the forty shillings which was the customary payment these compliments. Massinger's old comrade Field, as Mr. Collier tells us, who printed his play Woman is a Weathercock, addressed it to "any woman that hath no weathercock," boastingly asserting that he did so "because forty shillings I car for." Matters at this time must have been better with him than when he penned sad tripartite letter.

On April 17, 1624, Massinger produced

14. The Renegado, Tragi-comedy;

and on November 3 of the same year-

15. The Parliament of Love, Comedy.

They were both acted at the Cockpit, and are entered in Sir Henry Herbert's O book.

16. The Spanish Viceroy, Comedy, which was one of the martyrs to Mr. Warburton's pies, is supposed to have been of allusions to Gondomar, the Spanish Ambassador, and stood no chance of licensed by the Master of the Revels. The players therefore resolved to act it on own responsibility, and for this piece of insolence or of independence were requir make a most humble apology to Sir Henry Herbert, and to sign a promise " not any play without your hand or substitute's hereafter, nor do anything that may dice the authority of your office." I find this circumstance recorded in the I John Lowin, and as Mr. Collier makes no allusion to Massinger being the auti the play, and as the date of the apology, December 20th, treads so closely on th of performance of the Parliament of Love, I am led to suspect that Gifford have admitted The Spanish Viceroy into his list on insufficient grounds. My however, mentions that a play of Massinger's called The Spanish Viceroy; Bonour of Women, was entered at Stationers' Hall for Humphrey Mosely in If, indeed, Massinger were the author of a play in ridicule of Gondomar countrymen, would it not settle the question of his having become a Papist?

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On October 11th, 1626, the King's Company performed-

17. The Roman Actor, Tragedy.

In dedicating this piece three years afterwards to Sir Philip Knyvett and Sir Thomas Jesy, he says, with manly self-confidence, "if the gravity and height of the subject distaste such as are only affected with jigs and ribaldry (as I presume it will), their condemnation of me and my poem can no way offend me; my reason teaching me such milicious and ignorant detractors deserve rather contempt than satisfaction." He adds, "I ever held this the most perfect work of my Minerva." And surely (pace Gifford) the character of Paris is a noble conception, upheld to the end with a grand consistency. In these respects it is only to be surpassed by that of Charalois in the Fatal Dowry—a Marmlet whose mind has not been sicklied o'er by the pale cast of thought.

Of his next play, 18. The Judge,

I find only the fact that it was acted by the King's Company on June 6th, 1627. It has perished, and left no trace behind. It does not appear to be known whether it was a tragedy or a comedy.

19. The Great Duke of Florence, Comedy,

was acted at the Phoenix, Drury Lane, on July 5th, 1627, under the name simply of The Great Duke.

20. The Honour of Women

was acted May 6th, 1628, and is now lost. If this were indeed the same as No. 16, The Spanish Viceroy, the perilous stuff must have been purged out of it to adapt it for representation.

31. The Maid of Honour, Tragi-Comedy,

vas acted at the Phoenix, Drury Lane, but the date of its first appearance is unknown. 22. The Picture, Tragi-Comedy,

was first acted June 8th, 1629.

23. Minerva's Sacrifice, Tragedy,

perished by the hands of Mr. Warburton's kitchen wench. It was first acted Nov. 3rd,. 1629, by the King's Company.

24. The Emperor of the East, Tragi-Comedy,

was acted March 11th, 1631, at Blackfriars, and was printed the following year.

We now come to

.

25. Believe as You List, Tragedy,

which was always described as a comedy, and believed to have been one of the many victims of that insatiable *barathrum* of the drama, the oven of the pie-cating Somerset Herald; and that one copy did so perish there can be very little doubt. Colley Cibber, however, had mentioned his having seen a transcript of it, with the stage directions inserted in the margin; and in the year 1844, "concealed in a vast mass of rubbish," this very transcript turned up once more. The lucky discoverer, Mr. Beltz, was fortutately a liberal and enlightened man, and lost no time in making a present of it to the public, through the medium of the long-defunct Percy Society.[#] It was issued in 1848, inder the nominal editorship of Mr. Crofton Croker, but might just as well have had no editor at all. I have not myself seen the manuscript, nor am I aware of the place of its deposit. An attempt was made to correct a few of the grosser errors by a writer in the fourth volume of the "Shakspeare Society's Papers," under the signature of a "Member of both Societies." Of his capabilities for the task I will only give two

The publisher of the present edition has not asked anybody's permission to make this reprint, simply because, when finder, editor, and "Society" had all alike gone to their graves, he was unable even to guess the quarter in which it would have been courteous to make the application

examples, taken for convenience, one from the Prologue, the other from the I The latter, according to Mr. Crofton Croker, opens as follows :---

> "The end of Epilogues is to inquire The conjure of the play, or to desire Pardon for what's amiss."

The word "conjure" in the second line is of course absurd, and the critic prochange it to *fortune*, which is not much better in meaning, and very unliappearance. The true word, no doubt, is *censure*, which in those days, an nearer our own time, was used for *judgment*. Congreve somewhere invites a "*fa* censure." In the Prologue Massinger had begged pardon in case it should t that

> "What's Roman here, Grecian or Asiatic, draw too near A late and sad example."

The critic must needs have it that the "late and sad example" could only re fate of Charles I.; and as that king was not executed till eighteen years after of the play, he had to post-date the performance, which brought it to a periacting was prohibited! He finds too the closest resemblance between the c Charles and Massinger's Antiochus, while beyond the salmons-in-both style of there is literally no similarity whatever. On my own first perusal of the pl that no one individual of antiquity could possibly be identified with the Massinger, and the introduction of a Proconsul of Lusitania, and the talk about aid from the Batavians led me to suspect that he drew from a much more source. I then remembered that Mr. Collier in his "Annals of the Stage" (ii. 2 mention of "Sir Henry Herbert on the 11th January," 1630-1, refusing to play by Massinger, the name of which he does not give, 'because it did contain d matter, as the deposing of Sebastian, King of Portugal, by Philip II., and the a peace sworn 'twixt the Kings of England and Spain."" I then turned first book of reference at hand, and discovered, as I expected, that the story of *As You List* was, down to the most minute points, identical with that of the Portugal. The book from which Massinger must have derived it is, "T History of the *Late* and *Lamentable* Adventures of Don Sebastian, King of 1 after his imprisonment in Spain until this present day," London, 1602." A what the critic calls "those mysterious words, a late and sad example," were rendered plain, and at the same time a point in Massinger's history cleared up.

Sir Henry Herbert must have made a good thing of his office as Maste Revels. In this matter of *Believe As You List*, he seems to have acted on the of the attorney in *Joe Miller*, who made the double charge, "To calling at you 6s. 8d.; to not finding you at home, 6s. 8d." After noting the refusal, he has in his book, "I had my fee notwithstanding, which belongs to me for reover, and ought to be brought always with a book." In some respec quite Pepys-like in his communicativeness. On the 17th July, 1626, Mi mings pays him £3 "for a courtesic done him about their Blackfriar's house;" the 11th April, 1627, the same Mr. Hemmings gives him £5, "to forbid the of Shakspeare's plays to the Red Bull Company." Two years later, some actors came over from France, and made their appearance here, which is thus of by Prynne, in his *Histriomastix.* "Some French women, or monsters, r Michaelmas term, 1629, attempted to act a French play at the playhouse in Bla

* Of this pumphlet I know no more than the title, which I have taken from a litt's laborious work, "The Bibliography of Old English Literature."

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an impudent, shameful, unwomanish, graceless, if not more than whorish, attempt." For this attempt Sir Henry Herbert says he received £2, which was a high fee. considering that the poor people were "hissed, hooted, and pippin-pelted from the stage." He had another fee "for allowinge of the Frenche at the Red Bull for a day, and Nov., 1629;" and again, "for allowing of a French Companie at the Fortune, to by one afternoone, this 14th day of August, 1629, £1," to which he adds the following characteristic note,-" I should have had another piece, but in respect of their ill-fortune I was content to bestow a piece back I" Well may Gifford call him "a mean in rapacious overseer." These notes are so necessary to a right understanding of the state of the Stage in Massinger's time, that I make no apology for inserting them, creept to my old friend Mr. Collier, from whose work they are stolen bodily.

To the refusal to license the Believe As You List, on the 11th January, 1631, the poet appears to me to allude in the prologue to the Emperor of the East, which was spoken on the 11th March following, when he says-

> " He cannot 'scape their censures who delight To misapply whatever he shall write ;

and from the desponding tone of the second prologue to the same play, which was composed for an occasion considerably later than the delivery of the first, and subsequant to the acting of Believe As You List, I cannot help thinking that both these ays were "damned" on their first appearance. In no other way can I account for the opening words of the Prologue to the Guardian, which was spoken October 31st. 1633.

" After twice putting forth to sea, his fame Shipwrecked in either, and his once known name

In two years silence buried."

26. The Unfortunate Picty. a Tragedy,

was first acted by the King's Company, June 13th, 1631. It is lost.

17. The Fatal Dowry, Tragedy, and

3. A New Way to Pay Old Delts, Comedy.

19. The City Madam, Comedy. **30.** The Guardian, Comedy,

W be spoken of in another place.

31. Cleander, Tragedy,

acted May 7th, 1634, by the King's Company, and drew Queen Henrietta Maria **Blackfriars.** "A remarkable circumstance," says Gifford, "at that time when our **bereigns were not accustomed to visit the public theatres.** It is to be hoped that it the poet's benefit day. The circumstance is recorded by the Master of the levels."

32. A Very Woman, Tragi-Comedy,

will be spoken of in another place.

33. The Orator.

This play, which is lost, was first acted June 10th, 1635, by the King's Company. 34. The Bashful Lover, Tragi-Comedy,

I be spoken of in another place.

35. The King and the Subject,

was first acted June 5th, 1638, by the King's Company, and is now lost. Of this play remarkable anecdote is related by the Master of the Revels, who would appear to have ad doubts about the propriety of licensing it, and referred the manuscript to King Charles for his own decision. The following is the entry in Sir Henry Herbert's ook :-- "At Greenwich, this 4th of June, 1638, Mr. W. Murray gave me power from te King to allow of The King and the Subject, and told me that he would errant it."

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"Monies1 we'll raise supplies what way we please And force you to subscribe to blanks, in which We'll mulet you as we shall think fit. The Casars In Rome were wise, acknowledging no laws But what their swords did ratify; the wives And daughters of the senators bowing to Their will, as deities,"* &c.

"This is a piece taken out of Philip Massenger's play called The K Subject, and entered here for ever to be remembered by my son, and the their eyes on it, in honour of King Charles, my master, who, reading over Newmarket, set his mark upon the place with his own hand, and in th This is too insolent and to be changed. Note, that the poet makes it the king, Don Pedro of Spain." Had the judgment of King Charles been as a taste was excellent, the history of England might have been different fro find it. He would at any rate have made a very different Master of the Rev Henry Herbert, as witness the following entry in the latter's book under d 1634:—"The King is pleased to take faith, death, slight, for asseveratio oaths, to which I do humbly submit as my master's judgment; but under ceive them to be oaths, and enter them here to declare my opinion and su And this is the man who screwed money from the poor painted women fro and from the English players and poets who were poorer still.

36. Alexius, or the Chaste Lover, and

37. The Fair Anchoress of Pausilippo,

acted respectively on Sept. 25th, 1639, and Jan. 26th, 1640, both by company, are the two last plays of Massinger which appear in the book of of the Revels, and, although Gifford was not aware of the circumstance, both humous. It is impossible now to discover whether they were really his latest co or merely two unacted plays of earlier date found among his papers after his d former, it is hardly possible to overrate the value of what we have lost; for mind was not one of those barren soils which forfeited any of its fertility by th cropping. His six last plays have all the vigour of his six first, but the judgr guides his powers is riper and more serene. Strange to say, his humour ke brighter to the last. The New Way to Pay Old Debts and The City mone de coven finest comedies in the English language, and the slave-de and firsy Homes stands altogether by itself for the elastic play of a merry Of the present history of Massinger during these last busy years nothing beyond what must be gleaned from hints dropped in his dedications, and are loss according manly confessions of poverty, and manly thanks for lievel. The East of Pembroke and Montgomery seems to have made u Later years for the own and his brother's early neglect ; and his son-in-law Kart of Carnaryon likewise befriended him. Without the aid of Sir Franci and bu I norman Bland, he tells us, "he had hardly subsisted ;" and he " engaged to the noble Society of the Inner Temple for their so frequent He also derived "extraordinary content" from the "remembrance" of Lor love, which was conveyed to him by his lordship's nephew and his own zer Sir Aston Cockayne.

This life of toil and care was suddenly brought to an end about the middl 1630-not 1640 as stated by Gifford and all previous biographers. He

 It was probably this passage which led Malone to suppose that this pl tical with The Tyrant, one of the "Martyrs of pies." Sir H. Herbert y the title was "changed," but whether to or from The King and the Su appear,

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alth, says Langbaine, and was found dead in the morning in his own house thside. He was buried in the church of St. Saviour's, Southwark, and the accounts" give this record of the circumstance:*---

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arch (8th. Philip Massinger, stranger, in the church . . . 2 li."

arges for Fletcher's grave are entered as 205., and 25. for gr: and cl: (the er and the clerk). The charges for Massinger were probably greater, as being at,³⁰ or non-parishioner. Sir Aston Cockayne, who evidently was greatly him, wrote the following "Epitaph on Mr. John Fletcher and Mr. Philip

" In the same grave Fletcher was buried, here Lies the stage poet Philip Massinger : Playes they did write together, were great friends : And now one grave includes them at their ends : So whom on earth nothing did part, beneath Here, in their fames, they lie in spight of death."

v reluctant to differ from so eminent an authority as my friend Mr. Dyce, s the "same grave" means nothing more than the "same place of intert it will be observed that the idea is repeated in the fourth line, in a yet ite shape, and the whole epitaph, to my thinking, bears unmistakeable marks esigned by its writer for cutting on the stone which covered their common lso please myself by imagining that the arrangement was made in accordance pressed wish of Massinger himself.

Priory Church of St. Saviour's was, next to St. Paul's and the Abbey, the urch in London, and not being hemmed in as now by warehouses and nd railway stations, nor shorn of its fair proportions by fatal decay and more , must have dominated like a cathedral over the brothels and bear gardens nded it. Massinger could not have crossed the ancient bridge or taken boat mple or Queenhithe without having it ever in his view, and considering stances of his life, what is more natural to suppose than that he should often resting in peace by the side of his illustrious friend and fellow labourer? in to speculate on a point which can never be decided. In Gifford's time and every fragment of a stone was examined in the hope of finding some If the particular spot where these great poets were interred; and had there ing in the shape of an inscription regarding either, it must have been dishave finally perished in the general levelling and destruction of 1832. The of that dry old stick Gower was then removed to its present site and " painted " by the pious care of his namesake, the Duke of Sutherland, but the dust ors of The Faithful Shepherdess and The Fatal Dowry most probably has et resting-place under the kitchen floor of some house in Doddington Grove, h. S.W., which is built, we are told, on the "three feet surface of earth" om St. Saviour's, Southwark.

hus followed Massinger to his grave, and beyond it, I have only to record aent fate of his works. The last play acted during his life, and the two produced immediately after his death, have perished, as have also fifteen

tract was first correctly printed by the 1841 editor of Campbell's "Specialso showed that "stranger" meant nothing more than non-parishioner, ed to point out that March 1638 meant March 1639-not March, 1639-40, A to Mr. Collier in his "Memoirs of Actors," p. xiii,



others. A much-damaged transcript of *The Parliament of Love* was discovered by Malone, who made it over to Gifford, when he first announced his intention of becoming the poet's editor. In sending it to him Malone said, "the piece is in such a mutilated state, wanting the whole of the first act and part of the second (to say nothing of its other defects from damp and time), that it is feared it can be of little use." Gifford worked diligently and reverently, and in six weeks sent Malone a transcript which "quite astonished" the veteran commentator. The circumstances under which *Believe as You List* was recovered have been already detailed.

Popular as Massinger must have been during the latter part of his life, he was utterly forgotten during the rule of the Puritans, and scarcely remembered for many years after the Restoration. During this period, indeed, the dramatists of the preceding generation seem to have been valued in proportion as indecency predominated in their writings, and Beaumont and Fletcher were greatly more popular than Shakspeare. But the public taste in every way was perverted, and if others had been as honest as Samuel Pepys we should have had many such records as-"To Deptford by water, reading Othello, Moor of Venice, which I ever heretofore esteemed a mighty good play, but having so lately read The Adventures of Five Houres, it seems a mean thing." Betterton indeed detected the fine opening which The Bondman and The Roman Actor afforded to his grand powers of declamation. but it is probable that the exhibition was attended with more pleasure to the player than to the public. At length Nicholas Rowe, sixty-four years after Massinger's death. determined upon collecting and publishing his works, but after mature deliberation considered it more judicious to plunder the dead man rather than attempt to revive him. Nothing can show more decisively the oblivion into which Massinger had fallen than that Rowe should think it possible to escape detection in his wholesale looting. For a time, too, he was thoroughly successful. His "Gay Lothario" took such a hold in the English mind that he still dwells in the English tongue, and nearly eighty years later, when Johnson pronounced this shameless plagiarism to be "one of the most pleasing tragedies on the stage, where it still keeps its turns of appearing, and probably will long keep them, for there is scarcely any work of any poet at once so interesting by the fable, and so delightful by the language," he was evidently not aware that everything in the play really deserving admiration, except the mere harmonious versifica-tion, was the work of another man. And yet Johnson was himself a Shakspearian commentator! Of the baseness and shabbiness of Rowe's conduct in the affair it is impossible to speak with patience, and one feels quite grateful to the Earl of Oxford for leading him that famous dance about the Spanish language. Time too has already put the matter square. The once fashionable Fair Penitent is read by no one, and will probably never be reprinted, while The Fatal Dowry is perused year after year by increasing numbers with increasing admiration.

"Massinger thus robbed and abandoned by Rowe, was after a considerable time taken up by Coxter," whose gatherings formed the basis of the first collected edition of r751. This was re-issued in 1761, with new title-pages and introductory matter by Tom Davies and George Colman, and is considered as the second collected edition. The third was brought out in 1779 by a Mr. John Monck Mason, who mentions in his preface that he had never heard of Massinger till two years before he edited him. It is not William Gifford's fault if everybody who now hears of Massinger does not hear also of John Monck Mason. The gentleman's only crime was his being inferior as an editor to the man who came after him; and to that man, as he appears in the Massinger volumes, very few "editors" would not be inferior. Gifford's knowledge of books was very great, although in the particular line of old English literature he may have been excelled by others who have taken up the same work; but in knowledge of mankind, in knowledge of the language and ways of thinking of all the different professions and ranks of life in England, none of them have approached him. He had witnessed, while quite a child, his

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cing into the grave overwhelmed with drink and with debt—itself a terrible He had held the plough; he had been not only a "ship-boy on the high and t," but also in the cabin, where for a whole twelvemonth every menial office lot. He had been apprenticed to a sordid shoemaker, who debarred him ink, and paper, till he was reduced "to beat out pieces of leather as smooth , and work his problems upon them with a blunted awl." He had been the "A subscription for purchasing the remaining time of William Gifford, and ng him to improve himself in writing and English grammar." He had zeived the full benefits of an Oxford education, and had been invited perto reside on terms of affection and esteem with one of the greatest noblemen

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d. Few men have ever passed through such a varied career, and a careful his notes on Massinger will find that there is hardly a portion of that career not been made to throw light on the text of his author. Besides this, he with an enthusiasm which led him to regard Massinger first, and Ben Jonson with the herce affection which a tigress bears to her cubs. He considered er and Monck Mason had not done their duty by Massinger, and there is ge in his four thick volumes in which one or other of these gentlemen was d at, or snarled at, or loaded with gross abuse. Charles Lamb, in some of ming notes which he appended to his "Specimens of the English Dramatic d, as I venture to think unjustly, underrated the powers of Massinger, as with some of the less known of his contemporaries, and this no doubt was the at unhappy passage in the Quarterly Review, for the writing of which Gifford have sorrowed with the same depth of feeling which actuated Sir William en he wrote his noble letter to the mother of Sir James Outram. The result ualities and qualifications was the production of what is said to be the very n that has ever appeared of an old English writer. I am told, on competent that the same pains are not by any means visible in his reproduction of Ford onson, while he shows himself, if possible, still more acrimonious and nd his shafts being too often covertly aimed at higher game than those Mason and Coxeter, whom nobody cares to be angry about, the notes musing, and appear to have a great deal more of arrogance and self-

e critics who have written upon Massinger, Hallam probably was the ablest, ertainly the one who has assigned him the highest position. As a tragic ppears to him second only to Shakspeare; and, in the higher comedy, he think him inferior to Jonson. His genius, he says, was not eminently or energetic enough to display the utmost intensity of devotion, but it I in sweetness and dignity," was "apt to delineate the loveliness of virtue, ght in its recompense after trial." "His most striking excellence is his of character," and in this he inclines to place him above Fletcher, and, if stare to say it, above Jonson also. "He is free from the hard outline of d the negligent looseness of the other." He thinks him deficient in variety, has given to repetition. He shows great mastery in the delineation of vil-"his own disposition led him more willingly to pictures of moral beauty. A finement, a mixture of gentleness and benignity with noble daring belong his favourite characters; to Pisander in The Bondman, to Antonio in A Very Charalois in The Fatal Dowry. It may be readily supposed that his female are not wanting in these graces. He seems to have more variety in his an in the other sex, and that they are less mannered than the beroines of A slight degree of error or passion in Sophia, Eudocia, Marcelia, without our sympathy, screes both to prevent the monotony of perpetual rectitude, apid in faction, and to bring forward the development of the story."

o the grace and dignity of sentiment in Massinger" Hallam praises the

same qualities in h's style. "Every modern critic has been struck by the peculiar beauty of his language. In his harmonious swell of numbers, in his pure and genuine idiom, which a text by good fortune and the diligence of its last editor, far less corrupt than that of Flercher, enables us to enjoy, we find an unceasing charm. The poetical talents of Massinger were very considerable, his taste superior to that of his contemporaries; the colouring of his imagery is rarely overcharged; a certain redundancy as some may account it, gives fulness, or what the painters would call *impado*, to his style, and if it might not always conduce to effect on the stage, is on the whole suitable to the character of his composition."

To say that a writer is in tragedy second only to Shakspeare, and in the higher comedy not inferior to Jonson, while in conception of character he excels both Ben and Fletcher, is in effect to assign him the highest place among the illustrious brethren of the unapproachable Swan of Avon. Charles Lamb has pronounced a very different verdict, and regarding their merits from his own special and peculiar point of view, no one will be inclined to dispute the opinions he has expressed. His love and reverence for these old writers was so extreme that he dealt with them as a connoisseur o another description deals with his cabinet of costly liqueurs. He treated them like the most precious cordials, pouring them into the smallest glasses, and only allowing them to trickle drop by drop over his palate. In this way, and in this way alone, in my humble opinion, could he have arrived at the conclusion that Massinger was vastly inferior in the higher branches of poetic art, not to Ford and Webster only, but t Decker, Marston, Middleton, Heywood, Tourneur, Rowley, and others. But Mas singer, above any writer with whom I am acquainted, requires to be judged of in the full draught. Not only should no scene or no act be read separately, but for th thorough relish of him too great a pause should not be made between play and play Hallam, I have no doubt, penned his criticism fresh from a continuous perusal of thi nature, and I can easily understand, therefore, how two judges, each in his way s admirably qualified as himself and Lamb, should have arrived at such very opposit conclusions. Am I wrong in thinking that the general opinion of the public side with the historian of the Middle Ages rather than with the author of the Essays Elia? Massinger, indeed, never has occupied, and never will occupy, the same space the public eye, or the same place in the public heart, which has long been filled I Rare Old Ben. He was certainly not his equal in general literary abilities; and that most popular of all accomplishments, the art of paying exquisite compliment whether in polished and honeyed stanzas, or in vigorous though rugged couplets, Jonse is altogether without an equal. Massinger could never have written the marvello "Drink to me only with thine eyes," the "Epitaph on the Countess of Pembroke," the lines on "Lord Bacon's Birthday," or those "To the memory of my beloved N" William Shakspeare." It only remains now to speak of Massinger's art in the struction and conduct of his plots, and on this point a writer may be quoted who authority on such a question admits of no dispute. "Although Massinger's plays says Sir Walter Scott, "are altogether irregular, yet he well understood the advantage of a strong and defined interest; and in unravelling the intricacy of his intrigues, often displays the management of a master. Art, therefore, not perhaps in its technical but in its most valuable sense, was Massinger's as well as Jonson's, and in point composition, many passages of his plays are not unworthy of Shakespeare. Were w to distinguish Massinger's peculiar excellence, we should name that first of dramat attributes, a full conception of character, a strength in bringing out, and consistency adhering to it. He does not indeed always introduce his personages to the audience their own proper character; it dawns forth gradually in the progress of the piece, as the hypocritical Luke or the heroic Marullo. But upon looking back we are alway surprised and delighted to trace from the very beginning intimations of what the pe sonage is to prove as the play advances."

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The following notes on the various printed Plays would have been inserted in the Narrative, but for the fear of making it even more confused than it already is.

[The Virgin-MARTYR.] Of this Tragedy, which appears to have been very popular, there are four editions in quarto, 1522, 1531, 1551, and 1661; the last of which is infinitely the worst. It is not possible to ascertain when it was first produced, but it was certainly amongst the author's earliest efforts. In the composition of it, he was assisted by Decker, a poet of no mean reputation, and the writer of several plays much esteemed by his contemporaries.—W. G.

Charles Lamb extracts the scene between Angelo and Dorothea (p. g), and says, "This scene has beauties of so very high an order that, with all my respect for Massinger, 1 do not think he had poetical enthusiasm capable of furnishing them. His associate Decker, who wrote Old Fortunatus, had poetry enough for anything. The very impurities which obtrude themselves among the sweet pieties of this play (like Satan among the Sons of Heaven) have a strength of contrast, a raciness, and a glow in them, which are above Massinger. They set off the religion of the rest, somehow as Caliban serves to show Miranda."

This play was frequently patched and altered. In Sir George Buck's Office-book is the following entry, "1620, Oct. 6.—For new reforming *The Virgin-Martyr* for the Red Bull, 40s.;" and in Sir Henry Herbert's book, "1624, July 7.—Received for the adding of a new scene to *The Virgin-Martyr*, 10s."

[THE UNNATURAL COMBAT.] Of this tragedy there is but one edition, which was printed for John Waterson, in 1639. It does not occur in Sir Henry Herbert's Officebook; so that it is probably of a very early date; and indeed Massinger himself calls it an "old tragedy." Like the Virgin-Martyr, it has neither Prologue nor Epilogue, for which the author accounts in his Dedication by observing that the play was composed at a time " when such by-ornaments were not advanced above the fabrie of the wholework." It is said in the title-page to have been " presented by the King's Majesty's Servants, at the Globe."—W. G.

[THE DUKE OF MILEN.] Of this tragedy there are two editions in quarto; the first, which is very correct, and now very mare, bears date 1623; the other, of little value, 1638. It does not appear in the Office-book of the licenser; from which we may be pretty certain that it was among the author's earliest performances. It is said, in the fille-page, to "have been often acted by His Majesty's servants at the Black "rars."—W. G.

THE BONDMAN.] The Bondman was allowed by the Master of the Revels, and performed at the Cockpit in Drury Lane, on the 3rd December, 1623. It was printed in the following year, and again in 1638. This last edition is full of errors. Mr. W. C. Hazlitt mentions two editions of 1638.

[THE RENEGADO.] This tragi-comiedy, for so Massinger terms it, appears, from the Office-book of the Master of the Revels, to have been first produced on the stage April 17th, 1624: it was not given to the public till several years after; the entry in, the Stationers' Register, bearing date March 6th, 1629-30. It is said in the title-page to have been "often acted by the Queen's Majesty's servants at the private playhouse in Drary Lane."-W. G.

[THE PARLIAMENT OF LOVE.] A comedy of this name was entered on the books of the Stationers' Company, June 29th, 1660; and a manuscript play so called, and said to be written by W. Rowley, was in the number of those destroyed by Mr. Watburton's-

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servant. I suspect this to be the drama before us. It is, beyond all possibility of doubt, the genuine work of Massinger, and was licensed for the stage by Sir H. Herbert on the 3rd June, 1624. I have elsewhere mentioned my obligations to Mr. Malone for the use of the manuscript. The play was acted at the Cockpit in Drury Lane.—W. G. It was first printed by Gifford in 1805.

[Tut ROMAN ACTOR.] This tragedy was licensed by Sir H. Herbert, Oct. 11th, 1626, and given to the press in 1629. This play was successful in the representation, and appears to have been well received by the critics of those times, since it is preceded by commendatory copies of verses from Ford, Harvey, May, Taylor, and others. Taylor, an admirable actor, who played the part of Paris, calls it " the best of many good;" and Massinger himself declares that he "ever held it as the most perfect birth of his Minerva." Too much stress must not be laid upon this expression; it is proper in adverting to it, to consider how few dramatic pieces Massinger had produced when it was used.

This tragedy was revived by Betterton, who took for himself the part of Paris, in which he was highly celebrated. The old title-page says that it had been "divers times acted with good allowance, at the private playhouse in the Black Friars, by the King's Majesty's servants."—W. G.

[THE GREAT DURE OF FLORENCE.] The "Great Duke" was licensed by Sir H. Herbert for the "Queen's Servants," July 5th, 1627. This, Mr. Malone conjectures with every appearance of probability, to be the "Comical History" before us. This play was not committed to the press till 1636, when it was preceded by two commendatory copies of verses by G. Donne and J. Ford. Though highly, and indeed deservedly popular, it was not reprinted. It was acted "by her Majesty's servants at the Phoenix in Drury Lane," where, the title adds, it was "often presented."—W. G.

[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 Viceroy; or, the Honour of Women, was entered at Stationers' Hall for Humphrey Moseley in 1653. 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. 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 Od title-page tells us, "at the Phoenix in Drury Lane, with good allowance, by the Queen's Majesties Servants."—W. G.

[The PICTURE.] This tragi-comedy, or as the old 4to calls it, this "true Hungarian History," was licensed by Sir H. Herbert, June 8th, 1629. The 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 seems not to have reached 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 the Rev. Henry Bate: Magnis excidit ausis. We tolerate no magic now but Shakspeare's, and, without it, the Picture can have but little interest.—W.G.

Charles Lamb quotes the first scene of Act I., and adds, "The good sense, rational fondness, and chastised feeling of this dialogue, make it more valuable than many of

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those scenes in which this writer has attempted a deeper passion and more tragical interest. Massinger had not the higher requisites of his art in anything like the degree in which they were possessed by Ford, Webster, Tourneur, Heywood and others. He never shakes or disturbs the mind with grief. He is read with composure and placid delight. He wrote with that equability of all the passions, which made his English style the purest and most free from violent metaphors and harsh constructions of any of the dramatists who were his contemporaries."

[THE EMPEROR OF THE EAST.] This tragi-comedy was licensed for the stage, March 11th, 1631, and printed in the following year. 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 was frequently acted, as the title-page tells us, "at the Black Friars and Globe Play-houses, by the King's Majesty's Servants."—W.G.

[THE FATAL DOWRY.] This most 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 may 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.

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.-W.G.

Richard Cumberland in an elaborate and masterly criticism has established the immeasurable superiority of the old dramatist over his copyist. I have ventured to insert the songs in their proper places, and in one of them to print a single line as a couplet, of which no one will dispute the propriety. The songs were retained by Gifford in ignominious banishment, but at p. 377 the dramatic action was injured by their absence.

[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 had been printed for Henry Scyle. It 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.—W.G.

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Hallam says very truly that Sir Giles Overreach is an "original, masterly, and inimitable conception," and sufficient of itself to establish the rank of Massinger in this great province of dramatic art.

[THE CITY MADAM.] This comedy, of which it is not easy to speak in appropriate terms of praise, was licensed by Sir Henry Herbert, May 25th, 1632, and acted by the King's Company. It was received, as the quarto says, with great applause; but was kept in the players' hand till 1659, when it was given to the press by Andrew Pennycuicke, one of the actors. I have seen one copy with the date 1658 on the title. It was probably thrown off in 1658-59.—W. G.

[THE GUARDIAN.] This "Comical History" was licensed by the Master of the Revels, October 31st, 1633, but not printed till 1655, when it was put to the press, together with the Bashful Lover, and the Very Woman, by Humphrey Moseley, the general publisher of that age. This popular drama was produced "at the private house in Black-fryers." From a memorandum in the Office-book of Sir Henry Herbert, we learn that shortly after its appearance it was acted before the king. "The

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Guardian, a play of Mr. Massinger's, was performed at Court on Sunday, the 12th of January, 1633, by the king's players and well likte."-W. G.

[A VERY WOMAN.] This " tragi-comedy," as it is called, was licensed for the stage, June 6th, 1634. From the prologue it appears to be a revision of a former play which had been well received, and which the author modestly insinuates that he was induced to review by the command of his patron. If this patron was, as it has been supposed, the Earl of Pembroke, we are indebted to him for one of the most delightful compositions in the English language. The present play was most favourably received; and often acted, the old title-page says, "at the private house in Black Friars, by his late Majesty's Servants, with great applause." Its popularity seems to have tempted the author's good friend, Sir Aston Cockaine, to venture on an imitation of it, which he has executed, not very happily, in his comedy of *The Obstinate Lady*. It was printed with *The Bashful Lover* and *The Guardian* in 1655.—W. G.

[THE BASHPUT, LOVER.] This tragi-comedy was licensed by the Master of the Revels, May 9th, 1636. It is the latest of Massinger's pieces which are come down to us, though he continued to write for the stage to the period of his death, which happened about four years after the date of the present play. It was extremely well received at its first appearance; it continued to be a favourite, and was "often acted," the old copy says, "by his late Majesty's servants with great applause." It was performed at Blackfriars. This play, together with *The Guardian* and *A Very Woman*, was printed in 8vo by H. Moseley, 1655. I know of no prior edition.—W. G.

[THE OLD LAW.] Of this comedy, which is said to have been written by Massinger, Middleton, and Rowley, in conjunction, there is but one edition, the quarto of 1656, which appears to be a hasty transcript from the prompter's book, made, as I have observed, when the necessities of the actors, now grievously oppressed by the republicans, compelled them for a temporary resource to take advantage of a popular name, and bring forward such pieces as they yet possessed in manuscript. Of Middleton and Rowley I have spoken elsewhere, and need only repeat my persuasion that the share of Massinger in this strange composition is not the most considerable of the three. This drama was very popular. The title of the quarto is "The excellent comedy called *The Old Law*, or *A New Way to Please You*. Acted before the King and Queen at Salisbury House, and at several other places, with great applause,"—W. G

Charles Lamb says of it, "There is an exquisiteness of moral sensibility, making one to gush out tears of delight, and a poetical strangeness in all the improbable circumstances of this wild play, which are unlike anything in the dramas which Massinger wrote alone. The pathos is of a subtler edge. Middleton and Rowley, who assisted in this play, had both of them finer geniuses than their associate."

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The Virgin-Martyr.

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

Dioclesian, Maximinus, Emperors of Rome.	Angelo, a good spirit, serving Dorothea in the habit of a gage.							
King of Pontus.	Hircius, a whoremaster,) servants of							
King of Epire.	Spungius, a drunkard, Dorothea.							
King of Macedon.	Julianus, servants of Theophilus.							
Sapritius, Governor of Cæsarea.								
Theophilus, a zealous persecutor of the								
Christians	British slave.							
Sempronius, captain of Sapritius' guards.	Artemia, daughter to Dioclesian.							
Antoninus, son to Sapritius.	Calista, Christeta, daughters to Theophilus.							
Macrinus, friend to Antoninus.	Christeta, adugaters to Theophilus.							
Harpax, an evil spirit, following Theophilus	Dorothea, the Virgin-Martyr.							
in the shape of a secretary.	Officers and Executioners.							
SCENE — Cassarea								

SCENE, —Cæsarea.

Or from my reach or punishment, but thy ACT I. magic SCENE I.- The Governor's Palace. Still laid them open ; I begin again Enter Theophilus and Harpax. To be as confident as heretofore. Theoph. Come to Cæsarea to-night ! It is not possible thy powerful art Should meet a check, or fail. Harp. Most true, sir. Theoph. The emperor in person ! Harp. Do I live? Theoph. 'Tis wondrous strange! Enter the Priest of Jupiter, bearing an Image, and followed by Calista and The Christeta. marches of great princes, Like to the motions of prodigious meteors, Harp. Look on the Vestals. Are step by step observ'd ; and loud-tongued The holy pledges that the gods have given Fame you, The harbinger to prepare their entertainment : Your chaste, fair daughters. Wer't not to And, were it possible so great an army upbraid Though cover'd with the night, could be so A service to a master not unthankful, I could say these, in spite of your prevention, near. Seduced by an imagined faith, not reason, The governor cannot be so unfriended (Which is the strength of nature,) quite Among the many that attend his person, But, by some secret means, he should have forsaking notice The Gentile gods, had yielded up themselves To this new-found religion. This I cross'd, Of Cæsar's purpose ;-in this, then, excuse Discover'd their intents, taught you to use, me. With gentle words and mild persuasions, If I appear incredulous. Harp. At your pleasure. Theoph. Yet, when I call to mind you The power and the authority of a father, Set off with cruel threats ; and so reclaim'd never fail'd me them : In things more difficult, but have discover'd And, whereas they with torment should Deeds that were done thousand leagues have died. distant from me, (Hell's furies to me, had they undergone Aside. When neither woods, nor caves, nor secret it !) They are now votaries in great Jupiter's vaults. No, nor the Power they serve, could keep temple, these Christians

And, by his priest instructed, grown familiar

THE VIRGIN-MARTYR.

With all the mysteries, nay, the most abstruse ones, Belonging to his deity. *Theoph.* 'Twas a benefit, For which I ever owe you.—Hail, Jove's flamen ! Have these my daughters reconciled themselves, Abandoning for ever the Christian way, To your opinion? Priest. And are constant in it. They teach their teachers with their depth of judgment, And are with arguments able to convert The enemies to our gods, and answer all They can object against us. Theoph. My dear daughters ! Cal. We dare dispute against this newsprung sect, In private or in public. Harp. My best lady, Perséver in it. Chris. And what we maintain, We will seal with our bloods. Harp. Brave resolution ! I e'en grow fat to see my labours prosper. Theoph. I young again. To your devotions. Harp. Do-My prayers be present with you. Excunt Priest, Cal. and Chris. Theoph. O my Harpax ! Thou engine of my wishes, thou that steel'st My bloody resolutions, thou that arm'st My eyes 'gainst womanish tears and soft compassion, Instructing me, without a sigh, to look on Babes torn by violence from their mothers' breasts To feed the fire, and with them make one | Into the country. flame ; Old men, as beasts, in beasts' skins torn by dogs ; Virgins and matrons tire the executioners ; Yet I, unsatisfied, think their torments easy-Harp. And in that, just, not cruel. Theoph. Were all sceptres That grace the hands of kings, made into one, And offer'd me, all crowns laid at my feet, I would contemn them all, -thus spit at them; So I to all posterities might be call'd The strongest champion of the Pagan gods, And rooter out of Christians, Harp. Oh, mine own, Mine own dear lord ! to further this great work, I ever live thy slave. Enter Sapritius and Sempronius. Thanh. No more-The governor.

2

Sap. Keep the ports close, and let the guards be doubled ; Disarm the Christians ; call it death in any To wear a sword, or in his house to have one. Semp. I shall be careful, sir. Sap. 'Twill well become you. Such as refuse to offer sacrifice To any of our gods, put to the torture. Grub up this growing mischief by the roots ; And know, when we are merciful to them, We to ourselves are cruel. Semp. You pour oil On fire that burns already at the height : I know the emperor's edict, and my charge, And they shall find no favour. Theoph. My good lord, This care is timely for the entertainment Of our great master, who this night in person Comes here to thank you. Sap. Who ! the emperor? Harp. To clear your doubts, he doth return in triumph, Kings lackeying by his triumphant chariot ; And in this glorious victory, my lord, You have an ample share : for know, your son, The ne'er-enough commended Antoninus, So well hath flesh'd his maiden sword, and dyed His snowy plumes so deep in enemies' blood, That, besides public grace beyond his hopes, There are rewards propounded. Sap. I would know No mean in thine, could this be true. Harp. My head Answer the forfeit. Sap. Of his victory There was some rumour : but it was assured, The army pass'd a full day's journey higher. Harp. It was so determined ; But, for the further honour of your son, And to observe the government of the city. And with what rigour, or remiss indulgence. The Christians are pursued, he makes his stay here : [Trumpets. For proof, his trumpets speak his near arrival. Sap. Haste, good Sempronius, draw up our guards. And with all ceremonious pomp receive The conquering army. Let our garrison speak Their welcome in loud shouts, the city shew Her state and wealth. Semp. I'm gone. Sap. O, I am ravish'd With this great honour ! cherish, good Theo-

philus, This knowing scholar. Send [for] your fair daughters;

I will present them to the emperor,

THE VIRGIN-MARTYR.

et conversion, as a mirror, d and duty. h them, good Harpax.

Exit Harpax.

nius, at the head of the guard, ling three kings bound ; An-Macrinus bearing the Emet; Dioclesian with a gilt shead, leading in Artemia : isses the Emperor's hand, es his Son ; Harpax brings nd Christeta. Loud shouts.

at all parts I find Cæsarea rn'd : the licentious soldier lest limits, and the people , and not compell'd with

man discipline revived, tome to her greatness, and her

tress of the conquer'd world; he service of the gods, erved, that, good Sapritius, k you for your care and duty, orthy Dioclesian's honour, nce to his loyal servants .--a time with noble titles your merits.

st Causar.

on this globe of earth is equal heaven; whose victorious

lous kings that stir against it, es of his immortal trophies nts' war ; whose conquering

rong arm, as deadly kills der ! all that I have done, th were centupled, could do, what my loyalty must chal-

ng I have deserved mile, 'tis in my humble care the honour of those gods, what he is : my zeal to them ress'd in my fell hate stian sect that, with one blow, ings to an unknown Power, own all their temples, and

in this hand with me : my will and

confirm, but honour all most forward. manr, majesty stand pleased

To shower your favours upon such as are The boldest champions of our religion ; Look on this reverend man, [points to Theophilus.] to whom the power

3

Of searching out, and punishing such delinquents,

Was by your choice committed ; and, for proof.

He hath deserved the grace imposed upon

And with a fair and even hand proceeded. Partial to none, not to himself, or those Of equal nearness to himself ; behold This pair of virgins. Diocle. What are these?

Sap. His daughters.

Artem. Now by your sacred fortune, they are fair ones,

Exceeding fair ones; would 'twere in my power

To make them mine !

Theaph. They are the gods', great lady. They were most happy in your service else 1 On these, when they fell from their father's faith.

I used a judge's power, entreaties failing (They being seduced) to win them to adore The holy Powers we worship ; I put on The scarlet robe of bold authority, And, as they had been strangers to my blood, Presented them in the most horrid form, All kinds of tortures; part of which they suffer'd

With Roman constancy.

Artem. And could you endure, Being a father, to behold their limbs Extended on the rack?

Theoph. I did ; but must

Confess there was a strange contention in me, Between the impartial office of a judge, And pity of a father ; to help justice Religion stept in, under which odds Compassion fell :--yet still I was a father. For e'en then, when the flinty hangman's whips

Were worn with stripes spent on their tender limbs,

I kneel'd, and wept, and begg'd them, though they would

Be cruel to themselves, they would take pity On my grey hairs : now note a sudden change, Which I with joy remember ; those, whom

Nor fear of death could terrify, were o'ercome By seeing of my sufferings ; and so won, Returning to the faith that they were born in. I gave them to the gods. And be assured, that used justice with a rigorous hand, Upon such beauteous virging, and mine own,

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Will use no favour, where the cause commands me,

To any other; but, as rocks, be deaf To all entreaties.

Diocle. Thou deserv'st thy place ; Still hold it, and with honour. Things thus order'd

Touching the gods, 'tis lawful to descend To human cares, and exercise that power Heaven has conferr'd upon me ;-which that Of Epire, Pontus, and of Macedon, you.

Rebels and traitors to the power of Rome, Should not with all extremities undergo,

What can you urge to qualify your crimes, Or mitigate my anger ! K. of Epire. We are now

Slaves to thy power, that yesterday were kings,

And had command o'er others ; we confess Our grandsires paid yours tribute, yet left us, As their forefathers had, desire of freedom. And, if you Romans hold it glorious honour,

Not only to defend what is your own,

But to enlarge your empire, (though our fortune

Denies that happiness,) who can accuse

The famish'd mouth, if it attempt to feed? Or such, whose fetters eat into their freedoms,

If they desire to shake them off? K. of Pontus. We stand

The last examples, to prove how uncertain All human happiness is ; and are prepared To endure the worst.

K. of Macedon. That spoke, which now is highest

In Fortune's wheel, must, when she turns it next.

Decline as low as we are. This consider'd, Taught the Ægyptian Hercules, Sesostris, That had his chariot drawn by captive kings,

To free them from that slavery ;--but to hope Such mercy from a Roman, were mere madness :

We are familiar with what cruelty

Rome, since her infant greatness, ever used Such as she triumph'd over ; age nor sex

Exempted from her tyranny; scepter'd princes

Kept in her common dungeons, and their children.

In scorn train'd up in base mechanic arts, For public bondmen. In the catalogue

Of those unfortunate men, we expect to have Our names remember d. Diocle. In all growing empires,

Even cruelty is useful ; some must suffer, And be set up examples to strike terror

Is raised to her perfection, and her bases Too firm to shrink, or yield, we may use mercy,

And do't with safety : but to whom? not cowards,

Or such whose baseness shames the conqueror,

And robs him of his victory, as weak Perseus Did great Æmilius. Know, therefore, kings

That I with courtesy can use my prisoners,

As well as make them mine by force, provided

That they are noble enemies : such I found you.

Before I made you mine; and, since you were so,

You have not lost the courages of princes,

Although the fortune. Had you borne yourselves

Dejectedly, and base, no slavery

Had been too easy for you : but such is

The power of noble valour, that we love it

Even in our enemies, and taken with it,

Desire to make them friends, as I will you. K. of Epire. Mock us not, Cæsar.

Diocle. By the gods, I do not.

Unloose their bonds :-- I now as friends embrace you.

Give them their crowns again.

K. of Pontus. We are twice o'ercome : By courage, and by courtesy.

K. of Macedon. But this latter,

Shall teach us to live ever faithful vassals

To Dioclesian, and the power of Rome. K. of Epire. All kingdoms fall before her! K. of Pontus. And all kings

Contend to honour Cæsar !

Diocle. 1 believe

Your tongues are the true trumpets of your hearts,

And in it I most happy. Queen of fate, Imperious Fortune ! mix some light disaster With my so many joys, to season them, And give them sweeter relish : I'm girt round

With true felicity ; faithful subjects here, Here bold commanders, here with new-made friends :

But, what's the crown of all, in thee, Artemia, My only child, whose love to me and duty, Strive to exceed each other !

Artem. I make payment But of a debt, which I stand bound to tender As a daughter and a subject. Diocle. Which requires yet

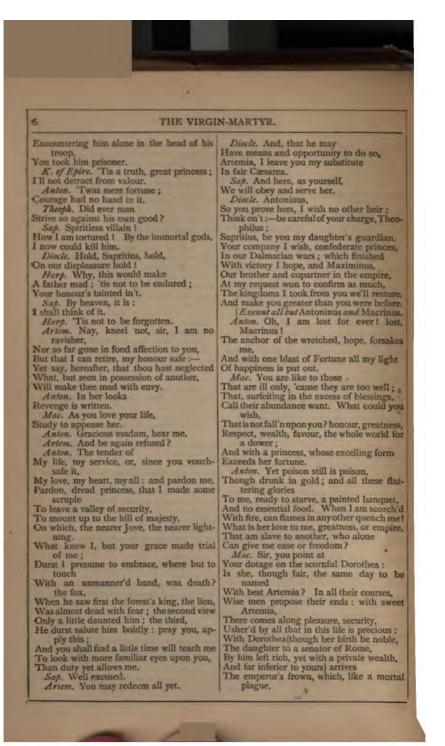
A retribution from me, Artemia,

Tied by a father's care, how to bestow

A jewel, of all things to me most precious : In others, though far off : but, when a state Nor will I therefore longer keep thee from

.

of creation, marriage rites;	Artem. [advances to Anton.) Sir.
iou may st with greater plea-	
e of,	Sap. Welcome, fool, thy fortune.
: like with mine eyes, but thine	Stand like a block when such an angel courts thee !
kings, forgetting they were	Artem. I am no object to divert your eye From the beholding.
mbering not they are my sub-	Anton. Rather a bright sun,
of any: By Jove's dreadful	
ank with thine.	aerie. As I look on the temples, or the gods,
a bounty	And with that reverence, lady, I behold you,
of great princes seldom meet	And shall do ever. Artem. And it will become you,
ake up breaches in the state,	While thus we stand at distance ; but, if love,
her public ends, are forced	Love born out of the assurance of your vir-
e they affect not. May my life	
vour!	Teach me to stoop so low-
ik; I long to know	Anton. O, rather take
wilt make happy.	A higher flight.
at titles.	A inglier inglit. Artem. Why, fear you to be raised?
name of Queen could take me.	Say I put off the dreadful awe that waits
fix mine eyes, and look no	
aite ta taka a maan harriada.	Nay, make you to outshine me; change the
aits to take a mean-born lady,	name
oldly may call Cæsar father :	Of Subject into Lord, rob you of service
ring honour unto any,	That's due from you to me, and in me
ng that lives receive addition :	
and virtue by my fortune,	Duty to honour you, would you refuse me?
w estate, were greater glory,	Anton. Refuse you, madam ! such a worm
greatness with a prince that	
	Refuse what kings upon their knees would
that name only.	sue for !
mmend thee;	Call it, great lady, by another name;
f.	An humble modesty, that would not match
hen, of men beneath me,	A molehill with Olympus.
be made, where shall I seek,	Artem. He that's famous
se that best deserve from you?	
ed you most faithfully; that	As you are, Antoninus, a proved soldier, Is fellow to a king.
t to you ; that have interposed	
is shields of proof, to dull the	
a sinclus or proof, to duit the	And cherish it in a king; there it shines
bosom ; that have spent their	brightest,
brown with lower 2	And yields the bravest lustre. Look on
brows with laurel?	Epire,
erea, f. Lova, ha now propitious to	A prince, in whom it is incorporate;
f Love, be now propitious to	And let it not disgrace him that he was O'ercome by Cæsar; it was victory,
Now mark what I foretold.	To stand so long against him : had you
eye's on me.	seen him,
n, draw forth a leaden dart,	How in one bloody scene he did discharge
may hate me, transfix her	The parts of a commander and a soldier, Wise in direction, bold in execution ;
	You would have said, Great Cæsar's self ez-
ds wilt use a golden one	
ds wilt use a golden one, behalf of any other :	
behalf of any other :	cepted,
	cepted, The world yields not his equal.



eath is near; the princess' heavy

hich you will shrink ; your father's

resist, even piety forbids :--

remember that she stands suspected r of the Christian sect ; she brings er, but assured destruction with her. weigh 'd, one smile of great Artemia herish'd, and preferr'd before

a Dorothea : therefore leave her. In what thou think'st thou art wise, thou art

bused, Macrinus, and most foolish. man to match above his rank, sell his liberty. With Artemia st live a servant ; but enjoying Dorothea, I shall rule,

ecomes a husband: for the danger, if you will, assured destruction, thus.—If, then, thou art my friend, swear thou art, and wilt not take or's place upon thee, be my helper. You know I dare, and will do any-

nto the test.

Go then, Macrinus,

thea ; tell her I have worn, battles I have fought, her figure, re in my heart, which, like a deity, I protected me. Thou canst speak

hy choicest language spare a little, her understand how much I loveher, I languish forher. Bear these jewels, he way of sacrifice, not service, goddess: all lets thrown behind me, that may deter me, say, this morning o visit her by the name of friendship: wds to contradict this.

am yours :

t my readier will by the event. [Excunt.]

ACT II.

I.-A Room in Dorothea's House. nter Spungius, and Hircius.

Turn Christian ! Would he that ted me to have my shoes walk upon soles, had turn'd me into a capon ; sure now, the stones of all my in this fleshly life, are cut off.

in this fieshly life, are cut on. so then, if any coxcomb has a galsire to ride, here's a golding, if he it him.

I kick, for all that, like a horse ;-

Hir. But that is a kickish jade, fellow Spungius. Have not I as much cause to complain as thou hast? When I was a pagan, there was an infidel punk of mine, would have let me come upon trust for my curvetting : a pox on your Christian cockatrices ! they cry, like poulterers' wives :—no money, no coney.

Spin. Bacchus, the god of brew'd wine and sugar, grand patron of rob-pots, upsyfreesy tipplers, and super-naculum takers; this Bacchus, who is head warden of Vintner'shall, ale-conner, mayor of all victuallinghouses, the sole liquid benefactor to bawdyhouses; lanceprezade to red noses, and invincible adelantado over the armado of pimpled, deep-scarleted, rubified, and carbuncled faces—

Hir, What of all this?

Spun. This boon Bacchanalian skinker, did I make legs to.

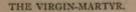
Hir. Scurvy ones, when thou wert drunk, Span. There is no danger of losing a man's ears by making these indentures; he that will not now and then be Calabingo, is worse than a Calamoothe. When I was a pagan, and kneeled to this Bacchus, I durst out-drink a lord; but your Christian lords out-bowl me. I was in hope to lead a sober life, when I was converted; but, now amongst the Christians, I can no sooner stagger out of one alehouse, but I reel into another: they have whole streets of nothing but drinking-rooms, and drabbing-chambers, jumbled together.

Hir. Bawdy Priapus, the first schoolmaster that taught butchers how to stick pricks in flesh, and make it swell, thou know'st, was the only ningle that I cared for under the moon ; but, since I left him to follow a scurvy lady, what with her praying and our fasting, if now I come to a wench, and offer to use her anything hardly, (telling her, being a Christian, she must endure,) she presently handles me as if I were a clove, and cleaves me with disdain, as if I were a calf's head.

Spun. 1 see no remedy, fellow Hirelus, but that thou and I must be half pagans, and half Christians; for we know very fools that are Christians.

Hir. Right: the quarters of Christians are good for nothing but to feed crows. Spun. True: Christian brokers, thou

Spin. True: Christian brokers, thou know'st, are made up of the quarters of Christians; parboil one of these rogues, and he is not meat for a dog : no, no, I am resolved to have an infidel's heart, though in shew I carry a Christian's face.



Hir. Thy last shall serve my foot : so will I.

Spun. Our whimpering lady and mistress sent me with two great baskets full of beel, mutton, veal, and goose, fellow Hircius-Hir. And woodcock, fellow Spungius.

Spun. Upon the poor lean ass-fellow, on which I ride, to all the almswomen : what think'st thou I have done with all this good cheer?

Hir. Eat it; or be choked else.

Spun. Would my ass, basket and all, were in thy maw, if I did ! No, as I am a demi-pagan, I sold the victuals, and coined

the money into pottle pots of wine. Hir. Therein thou shewed'st thyself a perfect demi-Christian too, to let the poor beg, starve, and hang, or die of the pip. Our puling, snotty-nose lady sent me out likewise with a purse of money, to relieve and release prisoners :- Did I so, think you?

Spun. Would thy ribs were turned into grates of iron then.

Hir. As I am a total pagan, I swore they should be hanged first : for, sirrah Spungius, I lay at my old ward of lechery, and cried, a pox on your two-penny wards ! and so I took scurvy common flesh for the money.

Spun. And wisely done; for our lady, sending it to prisoners, had bestowed it out upon lousy knaves : and thou, to save that labour, cast'st it away upon rotten whores.

Hir. All my fear is of that pink-an-eye jack-an-apes boy, her page,

Spun. As I am a pagan from my codpiece downward, that white-faced monkey frights me too. I stole but a dirty pudding, last day, out of an almsbasket, to give my dog when he was hungry, and the peaking chitty-face page hit me in the teeth with it.

Hir. With the dirty pudding ! so he did me once with a cow-turd, which in knavery I would have crumb'd into one's porridge, who was half a pagan too. The sinug dandiprat smells us out, whatsoever we are doing.

Spun. Does he? let him take heed I prove not his back-friend : I'll make him curse his

smelling what I do. Hir, "Tis my lady spoils the boy; for he is ever at her tail, and she is never well but in his company.

Enter Angelo with a book, and a taper lighted : seeing him, they counterfeit devotion.

Ang. O1 now your hearts make ladders of your eves,

In shew to climb to heaven, when your devotion

Walks upon crutches. Where did you waste your time,

When the religious man was on his knees,

Speaking the heavenly language? Spun. Why, fellow Angelo, we were speaking in pedlar's French. I hope. Hir. We have not been idle, take it upon

my word.

Ang. Have you the baskets emptied, which your lady

Sent, from her charitable hands, to women That dwell upon her pity?

Spun, Emptied them ! yes; I'd be loth to have my belly so empty : yet, I am sure, I munched not one bit of them neither,

Ang. And went your money to the prisoners?

Hir. Went ! no ; I carried it, and with

these fingers paid it away, Ang. What way? the devil's way, the way of sin,

The way of hot damnation, way of lust?

And you, to wash away the poor man's bread, In bowls of drunkenness?

Spun. Drunkenness ! yes, yes, I use to be drunk ; our next neighbour's man, called Christopher, hath often seen me drunk, hath he not?

Hir. Or me given so to the flesh : my cheeks speak my doings.

Ang. Avaunt, ye thieves, and hollow hypocrites !

Your hearts to me lie open like black books, And there I read your doings,

Spun. And what do you read in my heart? Hir. Or in mine? come, amiable Angelo, beat the flint of your brains.

Spun. And let's see what sparks of wit fly out to kindle your cerebrum.

Ang. Your names even brand you ; you are Spungius call'd,

And like a spunge, you suck up lickerish wines,

Till your soul reels to hell.

Spung. To hell ! can any drunkard's legs carry him so far?

Ang. For blood of grapes you sold the widows' food.

And, starving them, 'tis murder; what's this but hell?-

Hircius your name, and goatish is your nature; You snatch the meat out of the prisoner's mouth.

To fatten harlots : is not this hell too?

No angel, but the devil, waits on you. Spun. Shall I cut his throat?

Hir, No; better burn him, for I think he is a witch : but sooth, sooth him.

Spun. Fellow Angelo, true it is, that

falling into the company of wicked he-Christians, for my part-

Hir. And she ones, for mine, --we have them swim in shoals hard by

Spun. We must confess, I took too much out of the pot; and he of t'other hollow commodity.

Hir. Yes, indeed, we laid Jill on both of us ; we cozen'd the poor ; but 'tis a common thing : many a one, that counts himself a better Christian than we two, has done it, by this light !

Soun. But pray, sweet Angelo, play not the tell-tale to my lady; and, if you take us creeping into any of these mouse-holes of sin any more, let cats flay off our skins.

Hir. And put nothing but the poison'd tails of rats into those skins.

Ang. Will you dishonour hersweet charity, Who saved you from the tree of death and shame?

Hir. Would I were hang'd, rather than thus be told of my faults !

Soun. She took us, 'tis true, from the gallows ; yet I hope she will not bar yeomen sprats to have their swing.

Ang. She comes,-beware, and mend. Hir. Let's break his neck, and bid him mend.

Enter Dorothea.

Dor. Have you my messages, sent to the poor.

Deliver'd with good hands, not robbing them Of any jot was theirs?

Spun. Rob them, lady ! I hope neither my fellow nor I am thieves.

Hir. Delivered with good hands, madam ! else let me never lick my fingers more when I eat butter'd fish.

Dor. Who cheat the poor, and from them pluck their alms.

Pilfer from heaven ; and there are thunderbolts,

From thence to beat them ever. Do not lie; Were you both faithful, true distributers?

Spun. Lie, madam ! what grief is it to see you turn swaggerer, and give your poorminded rascally servants the lie !

Dor. I'm glad you do not; if those wretched people,

Tell you they pine for want of any thing,

Whisper but to mine ear, and you shall furnish them.

Hir. Whisper ! nay, lady, for my part I'll cry whoop.

Ang. Play no more, villains, with so good a lady;

For, if you do

Spun. Are we Christians?

Hir. The foul fiend snap all pagans for me !

Ang. Away, and, once more, mend.

Soun. 'Takes us for botchers.

Hir. A patch, a patch !

Excunt Spun. and Hir. Dor. My book and taper.

Ang. Here, most holy mistress.

Dor. Thy voice sends forth such music, that I never

Was ravish'd with a more celestial sound. Were every servant in the world like thee, So full of goodness, angels would come down To dwell with us : thy name is Angelo, And like that name thou art ; get thee to rest.

Thy youth with too much watching is opprest.

Ang. No, my dear lady, I could weary stars, And force the wakeful moon to lose her eyes, By my late watching, but to wait on you.

When at your prayers you kneel before the altar,

Methinks I'm singing with some quire in heaven

So blest I hold me in your company :

Therefore, my most loved mistress, do not bid Your boy, so serviceable, to get hence ; For then you break his heart.

Dor. Be nigh me still, then :

In golden letters down I'll set that day,

Which gave thee to me. Little did I hope To meet such worlds of comfort in thyself,

This little, pretty body ; when I, coming Forth of the temple, heard my beggar-boy,

My sweet-faced, godly beggar-boy, crave an alms.

Which with glad hand I gave, with lucky hand !-

And, when I took thee home, my most chaste bosom,

Methought, was fill'd with no hot wanton fire. But with a holy flame, mounting since higher, On wings of cherubins, than it did before.

Ang. Proudam I, that my lady's modest eye So likes so poor a servant.

Dor. I have offer'd

Handfuls of gold but to behold thy parents. I would leave kingdoms, were I queen of some,

To dwell with thy good father ; for, the son Bewitching me so deeply with his presence.

He that begot him must do't ten times more. I pray thee, my sweet boy, shew me thy parents ;

Be not ashamed.

Ang. I am not : I did never

Know who my mother was; but, by yon palace, Fill'd with bright heavenly courtiers, I dare

assure you.





Whose stings shoot through his cyc-balls, And pawn these eyes upon it, and this hand, My father is in heaven : and, pretty mistress, whose poisonous spawn Ingenders such a fry of speckled villainies, If your illustrious hourglass spend his sand, No worse than yet it does ; upon my life, That, unless charms more strong than ada-You and I both shall meet my father there, mant And he shall bid you welcome. Be used, the Roman angel's wings shall melt, Dor. A blessed day ! And Cæsar's diadem be from his head We all long to be there, but lose the way. Spurn'd by base feet ; the laurel which he Excunt. wears. Returning victor, be enforced to kiss SCENE II.-A Street, near Dorothea's That which it hates, the fire. And can this House. ram, This Antoninus-Engine, being made ready Enter Macrinus, met by Theophilus and Harpax. To so much mischief, keep a steady motion? His eyes and feet, you see, give strange Theoph. The Sun, god of the day, guide assaults. thee, Macrinus ! Theoph. I'm turn'd a marble statue at thy Mac. And thee, Theophilus ! language Theoth. Glad'st thou in such scorn? Which printed is in such crabb'd characters, I call my wish back. It puzzles all my reading : what, in the name Mac. I'm in haste. Of Pluto, now is hatching? Theoph. One word, Harp. This Macrinus, Take the least hand of time up :- stay. The line is, upon which love-errands run Mac. Be brief. Twixt Antoninus and that ghost of women, Theoph. As thought : I prithee tell me, The bloodless Dorothea ; who in prayer good Macrinus, And meditation, mocking all your gods, How health and our fair princess lay together Drinks up her ruby colour : yet Antoninus This night, for you can tell ; courtiers have Plays the Endymion to this pale-faced Moon, Courts, seeks to catch her eyes That buzz all news unto them. Theoph. And what of this? Harp. These are but creeping billows, Mac. She slept but ill. Theoph. Double thy courtesy ; how does Not got to shore yet : but if Dorothea Antoninus? Fall on his bosom, and be fired with love, Mac. Ill, well, straight, crook'd,-I know (Your coldest women do so),-had you ink not how. Brew'd from the infernal Styx, not all that Theoph. Once more ;blackness Thy head is full of windmills !--when doth Can make a thing so foul, as the dishonours, Disgraces, buffetings, and most base affronts the princess Fill a bed full of beauty, and bestow it Upon the bright Artemia, star o' the court, On Antoninus, on the wedding-night? Great Cæsar's daughter. Theoph. I now conster thee. Harp. Nay, more; a firmament of clouds, being fill'd Mac. I know not. Theoph. No! thou art the manuscript, Where Antoninus writes down all his secrets : With Jove's artillery, shot down at once, Honest Macrinus, tell me. Mac. Fare you well, sir. Exil. To pash your gods in pieces, cannot give Harp. Honesty is some fiend, and frights With all those thunderbolts, so deep a blow him hence ; To the religion there, and pagan lore, A many courtiers love it not. As this; for Dorothea hates your gods, Theoph. What piece And, if she once blast Antoninus' soul, Of this state-wheel, which winds up Anto-Making it foul like hers, Oh ! the exampleninus, Theoph. Eats through Cæsarea's heart like Is broke, it runs so jarringly? the man liquid poison. Is from himself divided : O thou, the eye, Have I invented tortures to tear Christians, By which I wonders see, tell me, my Harpax, To see but which, could all that feel hell's What gad-fly tickles this Macrinus so, torments That, flinging up the tail, he breaks thus Have leave to stand aloof here on earth's from me. stage, They would be mad till they again descended, Harp. Oh, sir, his brain-pan is a bed of snakes, Holding the pains most horrid of such souls,

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THE VIRGIN-MARTYR. II May-games to those of mine; has this my Of your chaste hand alone, should be ambitious hand Set down a Christian's execution But to be parted in their numerous shares ; In such dire postures, that the very hangman This he counts nothing : could you see main Fell at my foot dead, hearing but their figures; armies And shall Macrinus and his fellow-masquer Make battles in the quarrel of his valour, Strangle me in a dance? That 'tis the best, the truest; this were Harp. No: -on; I hug thee, For drilling thy quick brains in this rich plot nothing : The greatness of his state, his father's voice, Of tortures 'gainst these Christians : on ; I And arm, awing Cæsarea, he ne er boasts of ; The sunbeams which the emperor throws hug thee I Theoph. Both hug and holy me : to this upon him, Dorothea Shine there but as in water, and gild him Fly thou and I in thunder. Not with one spot of pride : no, dearest beauty, All these, heap'd up together in one scale, Harp. Not for kingdoms Piled upon kingdoms : there's a villain page Waits on her, whom I would not for the world Cannot weigh down the love he bears to you, Hold traffic with ; I do so hate his sight, Being put into the other. That, should I look on him, I must sink down. Dor. Could gold buy you Theoph. I will not lose thee then, her to To speak thus for a friend, you, sir, are confound : worthy None but this head with glories shall be Of more than I will number; and this your crown'd: language Harp. Oh! mine own as I would wish Hath power to win upon another woman, Top of whose heart the feathers of this thee I Excunt. world SCENE III.—A Room in Dorothea's House. Are gaily stuck: but all which first you Enter Dorothea, Macrinus, and Angelo. named. And now this last, his love, to me are nothing. Dor. My trusty Angelo, with that curious Mac. You make me a sad messenger ;eye Of thine, which ever waits upon my business, but himself I prithee watch those my still-negligent Enter Antoninus. servants. That they perform my will, in what's enjoin'd Being come in person, shall, I hope, hear them from you To the good of others; else will you find Music more pleasing. Anton. Has your ear, Macrinus, them flies Not lying still, yet in them no good lies : Heard none, then? Be careful, dear boy. Mac. None I like, Ang. Yes, my sweetest mistress. Anton. But can there be [Exit. Dor. Now, sir, you may go on. In such a noble casket, wherein lie Mac. I then must study Beauty and chastity in their full perfections. A new arithmetic, to sum up the virtues A rocky heart, killing with cruelty Which Antoninus gracefully become. A life that's prostrated beneath your feet? There is in him so much man, so much Dor. I am guilty of a shame I yet ne'er goodness, knew Thus to hold parley with you ;-So much of honour, and of all things else. -pray, sir, Which make our being excellent, that from pardon. Going. his store Anton. Good sweetness, you now have it, He can enough lend others ; yet, much ta'en and shall go : Be but so merciful, before your wounding me from him The want shall be as little, as when seas With such a mortal weapon as Farewell, To let me murmur to your virgin ear, end from their bounty, to fill up the poorness Of needy rivers. Dor. Sir, he is more indebted What I was loth to lay on any tongue But this mine own. To you for praise, than you to him that Dor. If one immodest accent owes it. Fly out, I hate you everlastingly. Mac. If queens, viewing his presents paid Anton. My true love dares not do it. to the whiteness Mac. Hermes inspire thee 1

Enter above, Artemia, Sapritius, Theophilus, Spungius, and Hircius.

Spun. So, now, do you see ?- Our work is done ; the fish you angle for is nibbling at the hook, and therefore untruss the codpiece-point of our reward, no matter if the breeches of conscience fall about our heels.

Theoph. The gold you earn is here ; dam up your mouths,

And no words of it.

Hir. No; nor no words from you of too much damning neither. I know women sell themselves daily, and are hacknied out for silver : why may not we, then, betray a scurvy mistress for gold ?

Spun. She saved us from the gallows, and, only to keep one proverb from breaking his neck, we'll hang her.

Theoph. 'Tis well done ; go, go, you're my fine white boys.

Spun. If your red boys, 'tis well known more ill-favoured faces than ours are painted. Sap. Those fellows trouble us.

Theoph. Away, away !

Hir. I to my sweet placket. Spun. And I to my full pot.

Exennt Hir. and Spun. Auton. Come, let me tune you :-glaze not thus your eyes

With self-love of a vow'd virginity,

Make every man your glass ; you see our sex Do never murder propagation ;

We all desire your sweet society,

But if you bar me from it, you do kill me, And of my blood are guilty. Artem. O base villain !

Sap. Bridle your rage, sweet princess, Anton. Could not my fortunes,

Rear'd higher far than yours, be worthy of

Methinks my dear affection makes you mine. Dor. Sir, for your fortunes, were they mines of gold,

He that I love is richer; and for worth,

You are to him lower than any slave,

Is to a monarch.

Sap. So insolent, base Christian 1

Dor. Can I, with wearing out my knees before him,

Get you but be his servant, you shall boast You're equal to a king.

Sap. Confusion on thee,

- For playing thus the lying sorceress ! Anton. Your mocks are great ones ; none beneath the sun

Will I be servant to .- On my knees I beg it, Pity me, wondrous maid.

Sap. I curse thy baseness.

Theoph. Listen to more.

- Dor. O kneel not, sir, to me. Anton. This knee is emblem of an humbled heart ; That heart which tortured is with your dis-
- dain,

Justly for scorning others, even this heart, To which for pity such a princess sues As in her hand offers me all the world,

Great Cæsar's daughter.

Artem. Slave, thou liest. Anton. Yet this

Is adamant to her, that melts to you

In drops of blood.

Theoph. A very dog ! Anton. Perhaps

'Tis my religion makes you knit the brow ;

Yet be you mine, and ever be your own I ne'er will screw your conscience from that

Power, On which you Christians lean.

Sap. I can no longer

Fret out my life with weeping at thee, villain. Sirrah ! Alond.

Would, when I got thee, the high Thunderer's hand

Had struck thee in the womb ! Mac. We are betray'd.

Artem. Is that the idol, traitor, which thou kneel'st to,

Trampling upon my beauty ! Theoph. Sirrah, bandog !

Wilt thou in pieces tear our Jupiter

For her? our Mars for her? our Sol for her?-A whore ! a hell-hound ! In this globe of brains,

- Where a whole world of furies for such tortures
- Have fought, as in a chaos, which should exceed
- These nails shall grubbing hie from skull to skull,

To find one horrider than all, for you, You three I

Artem. Threaten not, but strike : quick vengeance flies

Into my bosom ; caitiff ! here all love dies. Excunt above.

Anton. O | I am thunderstruck ! We are both o'erwhelm'd-

Mac. With one high-raging billow. Dor. You a soldier,

- And sink beneath the violence of a woman ! Auton, A woman't a wrong'd princess, From such a star,
- Blazing with fires of hate, what can be looked for,

But tragical events? my life is now The subject of her tyranny,



That fear is base, Dor. Of death, when that death doth but life th' face. displace The visage of a hangman frights not me; Out of her house of earth ; you only dread The sight of whips, racks, gibbets, axes, fires, The stroke, and not what follows when you're Are scaffoldings by which my soul climbs up dead ; To an eternal habitation. Theoph. Cæsar's imperial daughter, hear There's the great fear, indeed : come, let your eyes me speak. Let not this Christian thing, in this her Dwell where mine do, you'll scorn their pageantry tyrannies. Of proud deriding both our gods and Cæsar, Re-exter below, Artemia, Sapritius, Theo-Going laughing from us : no ; her bitterest philus, a guard; Angelo comes and torment stands close by Dorothea. Shall be, to feel her constancy beaten down ; The bravery of her resolution lie Artem. My father's nerves put vigour in mine arm. Batter'd, by argument, into such pieces, And I his strength must use. Because I once That she again shall, on her belly, creep Shed beams of favour on thee, and, with the Artem. How to be done? lion. Play'd with thee gently, when thou struck'st Theoph. I'll send my daughters to her, And they shall turn her rocky faith to wax ; my heart, I'll not insult on a base, humbled prey By lingering out thy terrors; but, with one And meet no Roman's but a villain's grave. frown. Kill thee :---hence with them all to execution. and, Sapritius, Seize him ; but let even death itself be weary In torturing her. I'll change those smiles sent to shrieks ; Give the fool what she's proud of, martyrdom: To greet each other. Rifle her estate ; In pieces rack that bawd too. perate. [Points to Macr. Sap. Albeit the reverence Dor. Still on the bread of poverty let me feed. I owe our gods and you, are, in my bosom, Forrents so strong, that pity quite lies not out drown'd The holy fires within you, though temptations From saving this young man; yet, when I see What face death gives him, and that a on. Fight well, and thou shalt see, after these wars, thing within me says, 'tis my son, I am forced to be a man, Thy head wear sunbeams, and thy feet And grow fond of his life, which thus I beg. touch stars. Artem. And I deny. Enter Hircius and Spungius. Anton. Sir, you dishonour me, To sue for that which I disclaim to have. I shall more glory in my sufferings gain, is it? Than you in giving judgment, since I offer My blood up to your anger ; nor do I kneel her wheel now? To keep a wretched life of mine from ruin : Spun. Com' esta, com esta, poor knave? Preserve this temple, builded fair as yours is, Hir. Comment portez-vous, comment And Cæsar never went in greater triumph, portez-vous, mon pelit garçon f Than I shall to the scaffold. Spun. My pretty wee comrade, my half-Artem. Are you so brave, sir? cheating world, ha? Ang. Too well on your sides ; you are hid set forward to his triumph, and let those two 30 cursing along with him. Dor. No, but pitying, for my part, I, that you lose ten times more in gold, O'er head and ears. By torturing me, than I that dare your Hir. We thank our fates, the sign of the tortures Through all the army of my sins, I have even | pockets.

Labour'd to break, and cope with death to

Build to herself a kingdom in her death.

To kiss the pavements of our paynim gods.

Else spit at me, let me be made your slave,

Artem. Thy prisoner let her be, then;

Your son and that, be yours : death shall be

To him that suffers them, by voice or letters,

Christians to beggary brought, grow des-

Ang. O! my admired mistress, quench

Shower down upon you? Clasp thine armour

[Excunt all but Angelo.

Hir. How now, Angelo; how is it, how

What thread spins that whore Fortune upon

inch of man's flesh, how run the dice of this

gingle-boys hangs at the doors of our

Spun. Who would think that we, coming forth of the a-, as it were, or fag-end of the world, should yet see the golden age, when so little silver is stirring ?

Hir. Nay, who can say any citizen is an ass, for loading his own back with money till his soul cracks again, only to leave his son like a gilded coxcomb behind him? Will not any fool take me for a wise man now, seeing me draw out of the pit of my treasury this little god with his belly full of gold?

Spun. And this, full of the same meat, out of my ambry?

Ang. That gold will melt to poison. Spun. Poison ! would it would ! whole pints for healths should down my throat.

Hir. Gold, poison ! there is never a shethrasher in Cæsarea, that lives on the flail of money, will call it so. Ang. Like slaves you sold your souls for

golden dross,

Bewraying her to death, who stept between You and the gallows.

Spun, It was an easy matter to save us, she being so well back'd.

Hir. The gallows and we fell out : so she did but part us.

Ang. The miscry of that mistress is mine own ;

She beggar'd, I left wretched.

Hir. I can but let my nose drop in sorrow, with wet eyes for her.

Spun. The peticoat of her estate is unlaced, I confess. Hir, Yes, and the smock of her charity

is now all to pieces.

Ang. For love you bear to her, for some good turns

Done you by me, give me one piece of silver. Hir. How ! a piece of silver ! if thou wert an angel of gold, I would not put thee

into white money, unless I weighed thee; and I weigh thee not a rush. Spun. A piece of silver ! I never had but

two calves in my life, and those my mother left me ; I will rather part from the fat of them, than from a mustard-token's worth of argent.

Hir. And so, sweet nit, we crawl from thee. Spun. Adieu, demi-dandiprat, adieu !

Ang. Stay,-one word yet ; you now are full of gold.

Hir. I would be sorry my dog were so full of the pox.

Spun. Or any sow of mine of the meazles either.

Ang. Go, go ! you're beggars both ; you are not worth

That leather on your feet.

Hir. Away, away, boy !

Spun. Page, you do nothing but set patches on the soles of your jests.

Ang. I am glad I tried your love, which, see! I want not,

So long as this is full.

Both. And so long as this, so long as this.

Hir. Spungius, you are a pickpocket. Spun. Hircius, thou hast nimm'd :- So long as !-- not so much money is left as will

buy a louse. Hir. Thou art a thief, and thou liest in that gut through which thy wine runs, if thou deniest it,

Spun. Thou liest deeper than the bottom of mine enraged pocket, if thou affrontest it.

Ang. No blows, no bitter language ;all your gold gone !

Spun. Can the devil creep into one's breeches?

Hir. Yes, if his horns once get into the codpiece.

Ang. Come, sigh not; I so little am in love With that whose loss kills you, that, see ! 'tis yours,

All yours : divide the heap in equal share.

So you will go along with me to prison, And in our mistress' sorrows bear a part :

Say, will you?

Both. Will we !

Spun. If she were going to hanging, no gallows should part us.

Hir. Let us both be turned into a rope of onions, if we do not.

Ang. Follow me, then ; repair your bad deeds past;

Happy are men, when their best days are last !

Spun. True, master Angelo; pray, sir, Exit Angelo. lead the way.

Hir. Let him lead that way, but follow thou me this way.

Spun. I live in a gaol !

are more hungry after mutton, than catchpoles after prisoners.

Spun. Let her starve then, if a whole gaol will not fill her belly. Excunt.

ACT III.

SCENE I .- A Room in Dorothea's House.

Enter Sapritius, Theophilus, Priest, Calista, and Christeta.

Sap. Sick to the death, I fear. Theoch. I meet your sorrow, With my true feeling of it.

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ie's a witch, Be constant, and be careful. s, Theophilus ; my son [Excunt Theoph. and Priest. I by her enchanting eyes; and, like Cal. We are sorry made of wax, her beams of beauty To meet you under guard. Dor. But I more grieved You are at liberty. So well I love you, That I could wish, for such a cause as mine, to nothing : all my hopes in him, s gotten honours, find their grave nge dotage on her. Would, when You were my fellow-prisoners : Prithee, id loved her, that the earth had Angelo, Reach us some chairs. Please you sitow'd both alive ! Cal. We thank you : Our visit is for love, love to your safety. There's hope left yet. ot any : though the princess were Christ. Our conference must be private, pray you, therefore, sed. her love surrender'd up; Command your boy to leave us. y Christian is so transported Dor. You may trust him religion, that unless my son With any secret that concerns my life, im perish first !) drink the same Falsehood and he are strangers : had you, ladies, her belief, she'll not vouchsafe Been bless'd with such a servant, you had lawful wife. never Forsook that way, your journey even half But, once removed opinion, as I rest assured ended, is of these holy maids will win her, That leads to joys eternal. In the place Of loose lascivious mirth, he would have her tractable to anything, intent or his. stirr'd you If she refuse it. To holy meditations; and so far an damps, breeding infectious airs, He is from flattery, that he would have told rake's shrieks, the basilisk's killing you, Your pride being at the height, how miserable And wretched things you were, that, for an ful lightning that does crush the hour Of pleasure here, have made a desperate sale singe the skin, shall not appear to her, than my zeal made hot unto my gods. I have deferr'd it, Of all your right in happiness hereafter. He must not leave me; without him I fall: o draw back this apostata, In this life he's my servant, in the other ill be greater honour than her A wish'd companion. Ang. 'Tis not in the devil, Nor all his wicked arts, to shake such father's faith ; and, to that end, goodness. ight my daughters hither. nd we doubt not Dor. But you were speaking, lady. at you desire. Cal. As a friend et her be sent for. And lover of your safety, and I pray you 1 your good work; and were I not So to receive it; and, if you remember the princess, I would see and hear How near in love our parents were, that we, Even from the cradle, were brought up succeed. I am commanded too, together, Our amity increasing with our years, ou company. We cannot stand suspected. ive them your ring, er as in triumph, if they win her, Dor. To the purpose. Cal. We come, then, as good angels, r highness. [Exit. Dorothea, . Spare no promises, as, or threats, I do conjure you : To make you happy; and the means so easy, vail, 'tis the most glorious work That, be not you an enemy to yourself, Already you enjoy it. undertook. Christ. Look on us, vier Dorothea and Angelo. Ruin'd as you are, once, and brought unto it, She comes. By your persuasion. Cal. But what follow'd, lady? . We leave you;

Leaving those blessings which our gods gave freely.

And shower'd upon us with a prodigal hand, As to be noble born, youth, beauty, wealth, And the free use of these without control, Check, curb, or stop, such is our law's indulgence !

All happiness forsook us ; bonds and fetters, For amorous twines; the rack and hangman's whips,

In place of choice delights; our parents' curses

Instead of blessings; scorn, neglect, contempt, Fell thick upon us.

Christ. This consider'd wisely,

We made a fair retreat ; and reconciled To our forsaken gods, we live again

In all prosperity.

Cal. By our example,

Bequeathing misery to such as love it, Learn to be happy. The Christian yoke's too heavy

For such a dainty neck ; it was framed rather To be the shrine of Venus, or a pillar, More precious than crystal, to support Our Cupid's image : our religion, lady, Is but a varied pleasure ; yours a toil Slaves would shrink under.

Dor. Have you not cloven feet? are you not devils?

Dare any say so much, or dare I hear it Without a virtuous and religious anger? Now to put on a virgin modesty,

Or maiden silence, when His power is question'd

That is omnipotent, were a greater crime, Than in a bad cause to be impudent.

Your gods ! your temples ! brothel houses rather,

Or wicked actions of the worst of men, Pursued and practised. Your religious rites !

Oh ! call them rather juggling mysteries,

The baits and nets of hell : your souls the prey For which the devil angles ; your false plea-SULCS

A steep descent, by which you headlong fall Into eternal torments,

Cal. Do not tempt

Our powerful gods. Dar. Which of your powerful gods? Your gold, your silver, brass, or wooden ones, That can nor do me hurt, nor protect you? Most pitied women I will you sacrifice To such,-or call them gods or goddesses, Your parents would disdain to be the same, Or you yourselves? O blinded ignorance ! Tell me, Calista, by the truth, I charge you, Or anything you hold more dear, would you, To have him deified to posterity.

Desire your father an adulterer, A ravisher, almost a parricide,

A vile incestuous wretch?

Cal. That, piety

And duty answer for me.

Dor. Or you, Christeta,

To be hereafter register'd a goddess, Give your chaste body up to the embraces Of goatish lust? have it writ on your forehead. "This is the common whore, the prostitute, The mistress in the art of wantonness Knows every trick and labyrinth of desires That are immodest?"

Christ. You judge better of me, Or my affection is ill placed on you : Shall I turn strumpet?

Dor. No, I think you would not.

Yet Venus, whom you worship, was a whore ; Flora, the foundress of the public stews,

And has, for that, her sacrifice ; your great god,

Your Jupiter, a loose adulterer,

Incestuous with his sister : read but those That have canonized them, you'll find them worse

Than, in chaste language, I can speak them to you.

Are they immortal then, that did partake Of human weakness, and had ample share In men's most base affections ; subject to

Unchaste loves, anger, bondage, wounds, as men are?

Here, Jupiter, to serve his lust, turn'd bull, The shape, indeed, in which he stole Europa; Neptune, for gain, builds up the walls of

Troy, As a day-labourer ; Apollo keeps

Admetus' sheep for bread ; the Lemnian smith

Sweats at the forge for hire ; Prometheus here,

With his still-growing liver, feeds the vulture ; Saturn bound fast in hell with adamant chains ;

And thousands more, on whom abused error Bestows a deity. Will you then, dear sisters, For I would have you such, pay your devotions

To things of less power than yourselves? Cal. We worship

Their good deeds in their images.

Dor. By whom fashion'd?

By sinful men. I'll tell you a short tale, Nor can you but confess it is a true one :

A king of Egypt, being to erect The image of Osiris, whom they honour,

Took from the matrons' necks the richest jewels,

And purest gold, as the materials,

s work ; which perfected, Dor. Be confirm'd then ; nity he set it up,. And rest assured, the more you suffer here, and served himself his idol ; The more your glory, you to heaven more give him victory dear. Excunt. mies : but, being overthrown, SCENE II. - The Governor's Palace. st his god, (these are fine gods, Enter Artemia, Sapritius, Theophilus, and an fury !) he took down Harpax. hing, and melting it again, in, in which eunuchs wash'd Artem. Sapritius, though your son deserve s feet ; and for this sordid use, no pity, t served : his mistress proving We grieve his sickness : his contempt of us, We cast behind us, and look back upon His service done to Cæsar, that weighs down l do so, and grace concluded Our just displeasure. If his malady and the priests, of the same Have growth from his restraint, or that you think od again !- Think, think, of His liberty can cure him, let him have it : ider, if all worldly honours Say, we forgive him freely. lat do leave sharp stings be-Sap. Your grace binds us, Ever your humblest vassals. win such as have reasonable Artem. Use all means, For his recovery ; though yet I love him, I will not force affection. If the Christian, ust in dross. Whose beauty hath out-rivall'd me, be won at I had been born er! To be of our belief, let him enjoy her ; y to him That all may know, when the cause wills, for ever. I can not so ; Command my own desires. Theoph. Be happy then, r all yet : the attribute My lord Sapritius : I am confident, s Godhead most, is merciful : per to the fiends you worship, Such eloquence and sweet persuasion dwell ike without his leave .-- You Upon my daughters' tongues, that they will work her enly shower ! celestial balm To anything they please. ounded conscience ! let it fall, Sap. I wish they may ! 1 it; and, when that is spent, Yet 'tis no easy task to undertake, 1 another of my tears : To alter a perverse and obstinate woman. rue repentance prove the child [A shout within : loud music. Artem. What means this shout? Tow, never mother had Sap. 'Tis seconded with music, py! : caught ourselves. Triumphant music.-Ha ! take you; and, assured of Enter Sempronius. Semp. My lord, your daughters, uptives. The pillars of our faith, having converted, that you triumph : For so report gives out, the Christian lady, id been eternal loss, The image of great Jupiter borne before them, loss immortal gain. Fix here, Sue for access feel yourselves inwardly arm'd Theoph. My soul divined as much. s, death, and hell :-- but, take Blest be the time when first they saw this light ! TS. Their mother, when she bore them to support gh weakness, threats, or mild My feeble age, filled not my longing heart With so much joy, as they in this good work, ther, you fall not into Have thrown upon me. a worse apostacy. Enter Priest with the Image of Jupiter, inoh never ! steel'd by your cense and censers ; followed by Calista and orst of tyranny. Christeta, leading Dorothea. e's our warrant, Welcome, oh, thrice welcome, z and witness it. Daughters, both of my body and my mind !

Let me embrace in you my bliss, my comfort ; And Dorothea, now more welcome too, Then if you never had fallen off ! I am ravish'd With the excess of joy : - speak, happy daughters, The blest event, Cal. We never gain'd so much By any undertaking. Theoph. O my dear girl, Our gods reward thee ! Dor. Nor was ever time, On my part, better spent. Christ. We are all now Of one opinion. Theoph. My best Christeta ! Madam, if ever you did grace to worth, Vouchsafe your princely hands. Artem. Most willingly-Do you refuse it? Cal. Let us first deserve it. Theoph. My own child still ! here set our god ; prepare The incense quickly : Come, fair Dorothea, I will myself support you ;- now kneel down, And pay your vows to Jupiter. Dor. I shall do it Better by their example. Theoph. They shall guide you, They are familiar with the sacrifice. Of worldly blessings. We profess ourselves Forward, my twins of comfort, and, to teach To be, like Dorothea, Christians; her, Make a joint offering. Christ. Thus-[they both spit at the image, Cal. And thus - [throw it down, and spurn it. Harp. Profane, And impious ! stand you now like a statue? Are you the champion of the gods? where is Your holy zeal, your anger? Theoph. I am blasted ; And, as my feet were rooted here, I find I have no motion; I would I had no sight too! Or if my eyes can serve to any use, Give me, thou injured Power 1 a sea of tears, To expiate this madness in my daughters ; For, being themselves, they would have trembled at So blasphemous a deed in any other :-For my sake, hold awhile thy dreadful thunder, And give me patience to demand a reason For this accursed act. Dor. "Twas bravely done. Theoph. Peace, damn'd enchantress, peace !- I should look on you With eyes made red with fury, and my hand, That shakes with rage, should much outstrip my tongue,

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And seal my vengeance on your hearts ;but nature, To you that have fallen once, bids me again To be a father. Oh ! how durst you tempt The anger of great Jove? Dor, Alack, poor Jove ! He is no swaggerer ; how smug he stands ! He'll take a kick, or anything. Sap. Stop her mouth. Dor. It is the patient'st godling ! do not fear him ; He would not hurt the thief that stole away Two of his golden locks ; indeed he could not : And still 'tis the same quiet thing. Theoph. Blasphemer ! Ingenious cruelty shall punish this : Thou art past hope : but for you yet, dear daughters, Again bewitch'd, the dew of mild forgiveness May gently fall, provided you deserve it, With true contrition : be yourselves again ; Sue to the offended deity. Christ. Not to be The mistress of the earth. Cal. I will not offer A grain of incense to it, much less kneel, Nor look on it but with contempt and scorn, To have a thousand years conferr'd upon me And owe her for that happiness. Theoph. My ears Receive, in hearing this, all deadly charms, Powerful to make man wretched. Artem. Are these they You bragg'd could convert others ! Sap. That want strength To stand, themselves ! Harp. Your honour is engaged, The credit of your cause depends upon it; Something you must do suddenly. Theoph. And I will. Harp. They merit death ; but, falling by your hand, "Twill be recorded for a just revenge, And holy fury in you. Theoph. Do not blow The furnace of a wrath thrice hot already : Ætna is in my breast, wildfire burns here, Which only blood must quench. Incensed Power ! Which from my infancy I have adored, Look down with favourable beams upon The sacrifice, though not allow'd thy priest, Which I will offer to thee; and be pleased, My fiery zeal inciting me to act, To call that justice others may style murder. Come, you accurs'd, thus by the hair I drag

you

Before this holy altar ; thus look on you, Less pitiful than tigers to their prey :

And thus, with mine own hand, I take that life Which I gave to you. [Kills them. Dor. O, most cruel butcher!

Theoph. My anger ends not here : hell's dreadful porter,

Receive into thy ever-open gates,

Their damned souls, and let the Furies' whips

On them alone be wasted ; and, when death

· Closes these eyes, 'twill be Elysium to me

To hear their shricks and howlings. Make me, Pluto,

Thy instrument to furnish thee with souls Of that accursed sect; nor let me fall,

Till my fell vengeance hath consumed them all. [Exit with Harpax.

Artem. 'Tis a brave zeal.

Enter Angelo, smiling.

Dor. Oh, call him back again,

Call back your hangman | here's one prisoner left

To be the subject of his knife.

Artem. Not so ;

We are not so near reconciled unto thee;

Thou shalt not perish such an easy way.

Be she your charge, Sapritius, now; and Suffer none to come near her, till we have Found out some torments worthy of her.

Ang. Courage, mistress;

These martyrs but prepare your glorious fate; You shall exceed them, and not imitate. [Excunt.

SCENE III. - A Room in Dorothea's House.

Enter Spungius and Hircius, ragged, al opposite doors.

Hir. Spungius !

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Spun. My fine rogue, how is it? how goes this tattered world?

Hir. Hast any money?

Spun. Money ! no. The tavern ivy clings about my money, and kills it. Hast thou any money?

Hir. No. My money is a mad bull; and finding any gap opened, away it runs.

Spin. I see then a tavern and a bawdyhouse have faces much alike; the one hath red grates next the door, the other hath peeping-holes within doors: the tavern hath evermore a bush, the bawdyhouse sometimes neither hedge nor bush. From a tavern a man comes reeling; from a bawdyhouse not able to stand. In the tavern you are cozen'd with paltry wine; in a bawdyhouse by a painted whore : money may have wine, and a whore will have money; but to neither can

you cry, Drawer, you rogue ! or, Keep door, rotten bawd ! without a silver whistle :--We are justly plagued, therefore, for running from our mistress.

Hir. Thou didst; I did not: Yet I had run too, but that one gave me turpentine pills, and that staid my running.

Spun. Well! the thread of my life is drawn through the needle of necessity, whose eye, looking upon my lousy breeches, cries out it cannot mend them; which so pricks the linings of my body, (and those are heart, lights, lungs, guts, and midrif,) that I beg on my knees, to have Atropo, the tailor to the Destinies, to take her shears, and cut my thread in two; or to heat the iron goose of mortality, and so press me to death.

Hir. Sure thy father was some botcher, and thy hungry tongue bit off these shreds of complaints, to patch up the elbows of thy nitty eloquence.

Spun. And what was thy father?

Hir. A low-minded cobler, a cobler whose zeal set many a woman upright; the remembrance of whose awl (I now having nothing) thrusts such scurvy stitches into my soul, that the heel of my happiness is gone awry.

Spun. Pity that e'er thou trod'st thy shoe awry.

Hir. Long I cannot last ; for all sowterly wax of comfort melting away, and misery taking the length of my foot, it boots not me to sue for life, when all my hopes are scam-rent, and go wet-shod. *Spun.* This shows thou art a cobler's

Spun. This shows thou art a cobler's son, by going through stitch : O Hircius, would thou and I were so happy to be coblers!

Hir. So would I; for both of us being weary of our lives, should then be sure of shoemaker's ends.

Spun. I see the beginning of my end, for I am almost starved.

Hir. So am not 1; but I am more than famished.

Spun. All the members in my body are in a rebellion one against another.

Hir. So are mine, and nothing but a cook, being a constable, can appease them, presenting to my nose, instead of his painted staff, a spit full of roast meat.

Spun. But in this rebellion, what uproars do they make ! my belly cries to my mouth, Why dost not gape and feed me?

Lir. And my mouth sets out a throat to my hand, Why dost thou not lift up meat, and cram my chops with it?

Spun. Then my hand bath a fling at mine

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eyes, because they look not out, and shark for victuals

Hir. Which mine eyes seeing, full of tears, cry aloud, and curse my feet, for not ambling up and down to feed colon ; sithence if good meat be in any place, 'tis known my feet can smell.

Spun. But then my feet, like lazy rogues, lie still, and had rather do nothing, than run to and fro to purchase anything.

Hir. Why, among so many millions of people, should thou and I only be miserable tatterdemallions, ragamuffins, and lousy desperates?

Spun, Thou art a mere I-am-an-o, I-aman-as; consider the whole world, and 'tis as we are.

Hir. Lousy, beggarly ! thou whoreson assafeetida !

Spun, Worse; all tottering, all out of frame, thou fooliamini !

Hir. As how, arsenic? come, make the world smart.

Spun. Old honour goes on crutches, beggary rides caroched ; honest men make feasts, knaves sit at tables, cowards are lapp'd in velvet, soldiers (as we) in rags; beauty turns whore ; whore, bawd ; and both die of the pox : why then, when all the world stumbles, should thou and I walk upright?

Hir. Stop, look ! who's yonder?

Enter Angelo,

Spun. Fellow Angelo! how does my little man ? well ?

Ang. Yes;

And would you did so too! Where are your clothes?

Hir. Clothes! You see every woman almost go in her loose gown, and why should not we have our clothes loose?

Spun. Would they were loose ! Ang. Why, where are they?

Spun. Where many a velvet cloak, I warrant, at this hour, keeps them company ; they are pawned to a broker. Ang. Why pawn'd? where's all the gold

I left with you?

Hir. The gold ! we put that into a scrivener's hands, and he hath cozen'd us.

Spun. And therefore, I prithee, Angelo, if thou hast another purse, let it be confiscate, and brought to devastation.

Ang. Are you made all of lies? I know which way

Your guilt-wing'd pieces flew. I will no more

Be mock'd by you : be sorry for your riots,

Tame your wild flesh by labour; eat the

Got with hard hands; let sorrow be your whip,

To draw drops of repentance from your heart :

When I read this amendment in your eyes, You shall not want ; till then, my pity dies. Exit

Spun. Is it not a shame, that this scurvy puerilis should give us lessons?

Hir. I have dwelt, thou know'st, a long time in the suburbs of conscience, and they are ever bawdy; but now my heart shall take a house within the walls of honesty.

Enter Harpax behind.

Soun. O you drawers of wine, draw me no more to the bar of beggary ; the sound of Score a pottle of sack, is worse than the noise of a scolding oysterwench, or two cats incorporating.

Harp. This must not be-I do not like when conscience

Thaws; keep her frozen still. [Comes forward.] How now, my masters !

Dejected? drooping? drown'd in tears? clothes torn?

Lean, and ill colour'd? sighing? where's the whirlwind

Which raises all these mischiefs? I have seen you

Drawn better on't. O ! but a spirit told me You both would come to this, when in you thrust

Yourselves into the service of that lady,

Who shortly now must die. Where's now her praying?

What good got you by wearing out your feet,

To run on scurvy errands to the poor, And to bear money to a sort of rogues,

And lousy prisoners?

Hir. Pox on them! I never prospered since I did it.

Spun. Had I been a pagan still, I should not have spit white for want of drink ; but come to any vintner now, and bid him trust me, because I turned Christian, and he cries, Poh !

Harp. You're rightly served ; before that peevish lady

Had to do with you, women, wine, and money

Flow d in abundance with you, did it not? Hir. O, those days ! those days !

Harp. Beat not your breasts, tear not your hair in madness :

Those days shall come again, be ruled by me; And better, mark me, better.

Span. I have seen you, sir, as I take it, Spun. Pray, my lord and prince, let me an attendant on the lord Theophilus. encounter you with one foolish question : Harp. Yes, yes ; in shew his servant : but does the devil eat any mace in his broth ! -hark, hither !-Harp. Exceeding much, when his burning Take heed nobody listens. fever takes him; and then he has the knuckles Spun. Not a mouse stirs. of a bailiff boiled to his breakfast. Harp. I am a prince disguised. Hir. Disguised ! how? drunk? Hir. Then, my lord, he loves a catchpole, does he not? Harp. Yes, my fine boy ! I'll drink too, Harp. As a bearward doth a dog. and be drunk ; catchpole ! he hath sworn, if ever he dies, I am a prince, and any man by me, to make a scrjeant his heir, and a yeoman Let him but keep my rules, shall soon grow his overseer. Spun. How if he come to any great man's rich. gate, will the porter let him come in, sir? Exceeding rich, most infinitely rich : He that shall serve me, is not starved from Harp. Oh! he loves porters of great men's pleasures gates, because they are ever so near the wicket. As other poor knaves are ; no, take their fill. Hir. Do not they whom he makes much Spun. But that, sir, we're so ragged on, for all his stroaking their cheeks, lead Harp. You'll say, you'd serve me? hellish lives under him? Hir. Before any master under the zodiac. Harp. No, no, no, no; he will be damn'd Harp. For clothes no matter ; I've a mind before he hurts any man : do but you (when to both. you are thoroughly acquainted with him) ask (for anything, see if it does not come. And one thing I like in you; now that you Spun. Anything ! see Harp. Call for a delicate rare whore, she The bonfire of your lady's state burnt out, You give it over, do you not? is brought you. Hir. Let her be hang'd ! Hir. Oh ! my elbow itches. Will the Spun. And pox'd ! Harp. Why, now you're mine; devil keep the door? Harp. Be drunk as a beggar, he helps Come, let my bosom touch you. you home. Spun. We have bugs, sir. Harp. There's money, fetch your clothes Spun. O my fine devil ! some watchman, I warrant; I wonder who is his constable. home; there's for you. Harp. Will you swear, roar, swagger? Hir. Avoid, vermin ! give over our mishe claps youtress ! a man cannot prosper worse, if he Hir. How? on the chaps? serve the devil. Harp. No, on the shoulder; and cries, O. Harp. How ! the devil? I'll tell you my brave boys ! Will any of you kill a man? what now of the devil. Spun. Yes, yes; I, I. He's no such horrid creature ; cloven-footed, Harp. What is his word? Hang ! hang ! Black, saucer-eyed, his nostrils breathing fire, 'tis nothing.—Or stab a woman? As these lving Christians make him. Hir. Yes, yes; I, I. Harp. Here is the worst word he gives Both. No! Harp. He's more loving you : A pox on't, go on ! Hir. O inveigling rascal !- I am ravish'd. To man, than man to man is. Hir. Is he so? Would we two might Harp. Go, get your clothes ; turn up your come acquainted with him ! glass of youth, Harp. You shall : he's a wondrous good fellow, loves a cup of wine, a whore, anything ; if you have money, it's ten to one but I'll bring him to some tavern to you or Hir. Hang them ! Harp. And to the scrubbing poor. Hir. I'll see them hang'd first. other. Spun. I'll bespeak the best room in the house for him. Harp. One service you must do me. Both. Anything. Harp. Some people he cannot endure. Hir. We'll give him no such cause. Harp. He hates a civil lawyer, as a soldier suffers, does peace. Spun. How a commoner? Harp. I oves him from the teeth outward. | Up in the pange of death, yet not to die?

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And let the sands run merrily : nor do I care From what a lavish hand your money flies,

So you give none away to beggars-

Harp. Your mistress, Dorothea, ere she

Is to be put to tortures : have you hearts

To tear her into shricks, to fetch her soul

Hir. Suppose this she, and that I had no | Pleased with embracings of her airy form. Physicians but torment him, his disease hands, here's my teeth. Laughs at their gibberish language ; let him Spun. Suppose this she, and that I had no ĥear teeth, here's my nails. *Hir.* But will not you be there, sir? The voice of Dorothea, nay, but the name, Harp. No, not for hills of diamonds ; the He starts up with high colour in his face ; grand master. She, or none, cures him; and how that can be, Who whools her in the Christian discipline, The princess' strict command barring that i Abbors my company : should I be there, happiness, To me impossible seems. You'd think all hell broke loose, we should Sap. To me it shall not ; so quarrel. I'll be no subject to the greatest Cæsar I ly you this business; he, her flesh who spares, Is lost, and in my love never more shares. Was ever crown'd with laurel, rather than P.rit. cease To be a father. Spun. Here's a master, you rogue [Exit. Hir. Sure he cannot choose but have a Mac. Silence, sir, he wakes. horrible number of servants. [Excunt. Anton. Thou kill'st me, Dorothea; oh, Dorothea ! Mac. She's here :--enjoy her. ACT IV. Anton. Where? Why do you mock me? SCENE 1 .--- The Governor's Palace. Age on my head hath stuck no white hairs yet, Yet I'm an old man, a fond doting fool Antoninus on a couch, asleep, with Doctors Upon a woman. I, to buy her beauty, about him; Sapritius and Macrinus. (In truth I am bewitch'd,) offer my life, Sap. O you, that are half gods, lengthen And she, for my acquaintance, hazards hers: that life Yet for our equal sufferings, none holds out Their duties lend us; turn o'er all the volumes A hand of pity. Of your mysterious Æsculapian science, I Doct. Let him have some music. T' increase the number of this young man's Anton. Hell on your fidling ! days : [Starting from his couch. And, for each minute of his time prolong'd, 1 Doct. Take again your bed, sir; Your fee shall be a piece of Roman gold Sleep is a sovereign physic. With Carsar's stamp, such as he sends his Anton. Take an ass's head, sir : captains Confusion on your fooleries, your charms !-When in the wars they earn well: do but Thou stinking clyster-pipe, where's the god save him, of rest, And, as he's half myself, be you all mine. Thy pills and base apothecary drugs 1 Doct. What art can do, we promise; Threaten'd to bring unto me? Out, you physic's hand impostors ! As apt is to destroy as to preserve, Quacksalving, cheating mountebanks ! your If heaven make not the med'cine : all this skill while. Is to make sound men sick, and sick men kill. Our skill bath combat held with his disease ; Mac. Oh, be yourself, dear friend. But 'tis so arm'd, and a deep melancholy, Anton. Myself, Macrinus To be such in part with death, we are in fear How can I be myself, when I am mangled The grave must mock our labours. Into a thousand pieces? here moves my head. Mac. 1 have been But where's my heart? wherever-that lies His keeper in this sickness, with such eyes dead. As I have s en my mother watch o'er me ; Re-enter Sapritius, dragging in Dorothea by And, from that observation, sure I find the hair, Angelo following. It is a midwife must deliver him. Sap. Is he with child? a midwife 1 Sap. Follow me, thou damn'd sorceress ! Call up thy spirits, Mac. Yes, with child ; And will, I fear, lose life, if by a woman And, if they can, now let them from my hand He is not brought to bed. Stand by his pillow Untwine these witching hairs. Some little while, and, in his broken slumbers, Anton. I am that spirit : Him shall you hear cry out on Dorothea ; Or, if I be not, were you not my father, And, when his arms fly open to catch her, One made of iron should hew that hand in Closing together, he falls fast asleep,

pieces.

That so defaces this sweet monument Of my love's beauty. Sap. Art thou sick ? Anton. To death. Sap. Wouldst thou recover? Anton. Would I live in bliss ! Sap. And do thine eyes shoot daggers at that man That brings thee health? Anton. It is not in the world. Sap. It's here. Anton. Totreasure, by enchantment lock'd In caves as deep as hell, am I as near. Sap. Break that enchanted cave : enter, and rifle The spoils thy lust hunts after ; I descend To a base office, and become thy pander, In bringing thee this proud thing : make her thy whore, Thy health lies here; if she deny to give it, Force it : imagine thou assault'st a town's Weak wall ; to't, 'tis thine own, but beat this down. Come, and, unseen, be witness to this battery, How the coy strumpet yields. I Doct. Shall the boy stay, sir? Sap. No matter for the boy :- pages are used To these odd bawdy shufflings; and, indeed, are Those little young snakes in a Fury's head, Will sting worse than the great ones. Let the pimp stay. [Excunt Sap. Mac. and Doct. Dor. O, guard me, angels ! What tragedy must begin now? Anton. When a tiger Leaps into a timorous herd, with ravenous jaws, Being hunger-starv'd, what tragedy then begins? Dor. Death; I am happy so; you, hitherto, Have still had goodness sphered within your eyes, Let not that orb be broken. Ang. Fear not, mistress ; If he dare offer violence, we two Are strong enough for such a sickly man. Dor. What is your horrid purpose, sir? your eye Bears danger in it. Anton. I must-----Dor. What? Sap. [within.] Speak it out. Anton. Climb that sweet virgin tree. Sap. [within.] Plague o' your trees ! Anton. And pluck that fruit which none,

I think, e'er tasted.

23 Sap. [within.] A soldier, and stand fumbling so ! Dor. Oh, kill me, kneels. And heaven will take it as a sacrifice ; But, if you play the ravisher, there is A hell to swallow you. Sap. [within] Let her swallow thee ! Anton. Rise :- for the Roman empire,. Dorothea, I would not wound thine honour. Pleasures forced. Are unripe apples; sour, not worth theplucking Yet, let me tell you, 'tis my father's will. That I should seize upon you, as my prey; Which I abhor, as much as the blackest sin-The villainy of man did ever act. [Sapritius breaks in with Macrinus. Dor. Die happy for this language ! Sap. Die a slave A blockish idiot ! Mac. Dear sir, vex him not. Sap. Yes, and vex thee too; both, I think, are geldings : Cold, phlegmatic bastard, thou'rt no brat of mine ; One spark of me, when I had heat like thine,, By this had made a bonfire : a tempting, whore. For whom thou'rt mad, thrust e'en intothine arms. And stand'st thou puling ! Had a tailor seen her At this advantage, he, with his cross capers, Had ruffled her by this : but thou shalt curse Thy dalliance, and here, before her eyes, Tear thy own flesh in pieces, when a slave In hot lust bathes himself, and gluts thosepleasures Thy niceness durst not touch. Call out a slave : You, captain of our guard, fetch a slave hither. Anton. What will you do, dear sir? Sap. Teach her a trade, which many a one would learn In less than half an hour, --- to play the whore. Enter Soldiers with a Slave. Mac. A slave is come; what now? Sap. Thou hast bones and flesh Enough to ply thy labour : from what country Wert thou ta'en a prisoner, here to be our slave? Shive. From Britain. Sap. In the west ocean? Slave. Yes. Sap. An island? Slave. Yes. Sap. I'm fitted : of all nations

	and a second
Our Roman swords e'er conquer'd, none comes near	Theoph. My lord Sapritius - he's not dead ! my lord !
The Briton for true whoring. Sirrah fellow,	That witch there-
What wouldst thou do to gain thy liberty?	Anton. "Tis no Roman gods can strike
Slave. Do! liberty ! fight naked with a lion,	These fearful terrors. O, thou happy maid, Forgive this wicked purpose of my father.
Venture to pluck a standard from the heart	Dor. I do.
Of an arm'd legion. Liberty ! I'd thus Bestride a rampire, and defiance spit	Theoph. Gone, gone; he's pepper'd. It is thou
I' the face of death, then, when the batter- ing-ram	Hast done this act infernal. Dor. Heaven pardon you !
Was fetching his career backward, to pash	And if my wrongs from thence pull ven-
Me with his horns in pieces. To shake my	geance down,
chains off,	(I can no miracles work,) yet, from my soul,
And that I could not do't but by thy death,	Pray to those Powers I serve, he may recover.
Stood'st thou on this dry shore, I on a rock Ten pyramids high, down would I leap to	Theoph. He stirs-help, raise him up,-
kill thee,	Sap. Where am 1?
Or die myself : what is for man to do,	Theoph. One cheek is blasted.
I'll venture on, to be no more a slave.	Sap. Blasted ! where's the lamia
Sap. Thou shalt, then, be no slave, for I	That tears my entrails? I'm bewitch'd;
will set thee	seize on her.
Upon a piece of work is fit for man ;	Dor. I'm here ; do what you please.
Brave for a Briton :- drag that thing aside,	Theoph. Spurn her to the bar.
And ravish her.	Dor. Come, boy, being there, more near
Slave. And ravish her 1 is this your manly service?	to heaven we are. Sap. Kick harder ; go out, witch !
A devil scorns to do it ; 'tis for a beast,	Exeunt.
A villain, not a man : I am, as yet,	Anton. O bloody hangmen ! Thine own
But half a slave ; but, when that work is past,	gods give thee breath !
A damned whole one, a black ugly slave,	Each of thy tortures is my several death.
The slave of all base slaves : do't thyself,	Esit.
Roman,	SCENE IIA Public Square.
"Tis drudgery fit for thee.	Enter Harpax, Hircius, and Spungius,
Sap. He's bewitched too ;	the second
Bind him, and with a bastinado give him, Upon his naked belly, two hundred blows,	Harp. Do you like my service now? say, am not I
Stave, Thou art more slave than I.	A master worth attendance?
He is carried in.	Spun, Attendance ! I had rather lick
Dor. That power supernal, on whom	clean the soles of your dirty boots, than
waits my soul,	wear the richest suit of any infected lord,
Is captain o'er my chastity.	whose rotten life hangs between the two
Anton. Good sir, give o'er :	poles,
The more you wrong her, yourself's vex'd	Hir. A lord's suit ! I would not give up
the more.	the cloak of your service, to meet the splay-
Sap. Plagues light on her and thee !	foot estate of any left-eved knight above
thus down I throw Thy harlot, thus by the hair nail her to earth.	the antipodes ; because they are unlucky to
Call in ten slaves, let every one discover	meet. Harp. This day I'll try your loves to me;
What lust desires, and surfeit here his fill.	"tis only
Call in ten slaves.	But well to use the agility of your arms.
	Spun. Or legs, I'm lusty at them.
Enter Slaves.	Hir. Or any other member that has no legs.
Mac. They are come, sir, at your call.	Spun. Thou'lt run into some hole.
Sap. Oh, oh ! [Falls down.	Hir. If I meet one that's more than my
Enter Theophilus.	match, and that I cannot stand in their
and an	hands, I must and will creep on my knees.
Theoph. Where is the governor? Anton. There's my wretched father.	Harp. Hear me, my little team of villains,
anten, I acres my wretched tather.	hear me ;

I cannot teach you fencing with these cudgels, He's made can make her curse his violence. Yet you must use them; lay them on but Exit. Spun. Fear it not, sir; her ribs shall be basted. Hir. I'll come upon her with rounce, Hir. Nay, if we come to mauling once, robble-hobble, and thwick-thwack-thirlery Spun. But what walnut-tree is it we must bouncing. Enter Dorothea, led prisoner; Sapritius, Hir. How! my mistress? I begin to have Theophilus, Angelo, and a Hangman, who sets up a pillar ; Sapritius and Theo-Christian heart made of sweet butter. melt : I cannot strike a woman. philus sit; Angelo stands by Dorothea. Spun. Nor I, unless she scratch; bum A guard attending. Harp. You're coxcombs, silly animals. Hir. What's that? Sap. According to our Roman customs, bind Harp. Drones, asses, blinded moles, that That Christian to a pillar. Theoph. Infernal Furies, Your arms out to catch fortune; say, you Could they into my hand thrust all their whips It must be done. You are converted rascals, To tear thy flesh, thy soul, 'tis not a torture And, that once spread abroad, why every Fit to the vengeance I should heap on thee, For wrongsdone me; me! for flagitious facts, Will kick you, call you motley Christians, By thee done to our gods ; yet, so it stand, To great Cæsarea's governor's high pleasure, Spun. The guts of my conscience begin Bow but thy knee to Jupiter, and offer Any slight sacrifice ; or do but swear Hir. I doubt me, I shall have no sweet By Cæsar's fortune, and — be free. Sap. Thou shalt. Dor. Not for all Cæsar's fortune, were it Harp. Deny this, and each pagan whom chain'd Shall forked fingers thrust into your eyes-To more worlds than are kingdoms in the world. Harp. Do this, and every god the Gentiles And all those worlds drawn after him. I defy Your hangmen ; you now shew me whither Shall add a fathom to your line of years. to fly. Spun. Ahundred fathom, I desire no more. Sap. Are her tormentors ready? Ang. Shrink not, dear mistress, Spun and Hir. My lord, we are ready for the business

- Dor. You two ! whom I like foster'd children fed.
- And lengthen'd out your starved life with bread.
- You be my hangmen ! whom, when up the ladder
- Death haled you to be strangled, I fetch'd down,
- Clothed you, and warm'd you, you two my tormentors !

Both. Yes, we.

Dor. Divine Powers pardon you !

Sap. Strike.

[They strike at her | Angelo kneeling holds her fast.

Theoph. Beat out her brains.

Dor. Receive me, you bright angels !

Sap. Faster, slaves.

Spun. Faster ! I am out of breath, I am

Hir. I desire but one inch longer. Harp. The senators will, as you pass along, Clap you upon your shoulders with this hand,

Hir. If we be cuckolds.

soundly;

Harp. Your mistress.

dare not thrust

And half-faced Christians.

to be of whitleather.

you meet,

bow to,

butter in me.

That's all.

my mistress !

fall off.

slave

pah!

beat?

- And with this give you gold : when you are dead,
- Happy that man shall be, can get a nail,
- The paring,---nay, the dirt under the nail,
- Of any of you both, to say, this dirt

Belonged to Spungius or Hircius.

Spun. They shall not want dirt under my nails, I will keep them long of purpose, for

now my fingers itch to be at her. Hir. The first thing I do, I'll take her over the lips.

Spun. And I the hips, -we may strike anywhere?

- Harp. Yes, anywhere. Hisr. Then I know where I'll hit her.
- Harp. Prosper, and be mine own ; stand by, I must not
- To see this done, great business calls me hence:

no harder.

Hir. O mine arms! I cannot lift them to my head.

Dor. Joy above joys ! are my tormentors weary

In torturing me, and, in my sufferings, I fainting in no limb ! tyrants, strike home, And feast your fury full.

Theoph. These dogs are curs,

[Comes from his seat. Which snarl, yet bite not. See, my lord, her face

Has more bewitching beauty than before :

Proud whore, it smiles ! cannot an eye start out,

With these?

Hir. No, sir ; nor the bridge of her nose fall ; 'tis full of iron work.

Sap. Let's view the cudgels, are they not counterfeit ?

Ang. There fix thine eye still ;- thy glorious crown must come

Not from soft pleasure, but by martyrdom. There fix thine eye still ;- when we next do meet,

Not thorns, but roses, shall bear up thy feet : There fix thine eye still. Exit.

Dor. Ever, ever, ever !

Enter Harpax, sneaking.

Theoph. We're mock'd ; these bats have power to fell down giants,

Yet her skin is not scarr'd.

Sap. What rogues are these?

Theoph. Cannot these force a shrick?

Beats Spungius. Spun. Oh ! a woman has one of my ribs, and now five more are broken.

Theoph. Cannot this make her roar?

Beats Hircius ; he roars. Sap. Who hired these slaves? what are they

Spun. We serve that noble gentleman, there ; he enticed us to this dry beating ; oh ! for one half pot.

Harp. My servants ! two base rogues, and sometime servants

To her, and for that cause forbear to hurt her.

Sap. Unbind her; hang up these. Theoph. Hang the two hounds on the next tree.

Hir. Hang us! master Harpax, what a devil, shall we be thus used ?

Harp. What bandogs but you two would worry a woman?

Your mistress ? 1 but clapt you, you flew on. Say I should get your lives, each rascal beggar

sure ; if I were to beat a buck, I can strike Would, when he met you, cry out, Hellhounds ! traitors !

Spit at you, fling dirt at you ; and no woman Ever endure your sight ; 'tis your best course Now, had you secret knives, to stab yourselves ;-

But, since you have not, go and be hang'd. *Hir*, I thank you. *Harp*. 'Tis your best course.

Theoph. Why stay they trifling here ? To the gallows drag them by the heels ;-

away ! Spun. By the heels ! no, sir, we have legs to do us that service.

Hir. Ay, ay, if no woman can endure my sight, away with me. Harp. Dispatch them. Spun. The devil dispatch thee !

[Excunt, Guard with Spungius and Hircius. Sap. Death this day rides in triumph, Theophilus,

See this witch made away too.

Theoph. My soul thirsts for it ;

Come, I myself the hangman's part could play. Dor. O haste me to my coronation day !

SCENE III .- The Place of Execution. A scaffold, block, &c.

Enter Antoninus, supported by Macrinus, and Servants.

Anton. Is this the place, where virtue is to suffer

And heavenly beauty, leaving this base earth, To make a glad return from whence it came? Is it, Macrinus?

Mac. By this preparation,

You well may rest assured that Dorothea. This hour is to die here.

Anton. Then with her dies

The abstract of all sweetness that's in woman! Set me down, friend, that, ere the iron hand Of death close up mine eyes, they may at once Take my last leave both of this light and her: For, she being gone, the glorious sun himself To me's Cimmerian darkness.

Mac. Strange affection !

Cupid once more hath changed his shafts with Death,

And kills instead of giving life. Anton. Nay, weep not ;

Though tears of friendship be a sovereign balm,

On me they're cast away. It is decreed That I must die with her ; our clue of life Was spun together.

Mac. Yet, sir, 'tis my wonder, That you, who, hearing only what she suffers, Partake of all her tortures, yet will be, To add to our calamity, an eyewitness

Of her last tragic scene, which must pierce deeper,	Of the Elysian joys thou might'st have tasted,
And make the wound more desperate.	Hadst thou not turn'd apostata to those gods
Anton. Oh, Macrinus!	That so reward their servants; let despair
Twould linger out my torments else, not	Prevent the hangman's sword, and on this
kill me,	scaffold Moles the first entrance into hell
Which is the end I aim at : being to die too,	Make thy first entrance into hell.
What instrument more glorious can I wish for,	Anton. She smiles,
Than what is made sharp by my constant love And true affection? It may be, the duty	Unmoved, by Mars ! as if she were assured Death looking on her constancy would
And loyal service, with which I pursued her,	Death, looking on her constancy, would forget
And seal'd it with my death, will be re-	The use of his inevitable hand.
member'd	The use of his inevitable hand. Theoph. Derided too ! dispatch, I say.
Among her blessed actions; and what honour	Dor. Thou fool !
Can I desire beyond it?	That gloriest in having power to ravish
	A trifle from me I am weary of,
Enter a Guard bringing in Dorothea, a	What is this life to me? not worth a thought;
Headsman before her : followed by Theo- philus, Sapritius, and Harpax.	Or, if it be esteem'd, 'tis that I lose it
	To win a better : even thy malice serves
See, she comes;	To me but as a ladder to mount up
How sweet her innocence appears ! more like	To such a height of happiness, where I shall
To heaven itself, than any sacrifice	Look down with scorn on thee, and on the
That can be offer'd to it. By my hopes	world;
Of joys hereafter, the sight makes me doubtful	Where, circled with true pleasures, placed
In my belief; nor can I think our gods	above The reach of death or time 'twill be my glory.
Are good, or to be served, that take delight In offerings of this kind : that, to maintain	The reach of death or time, 'twill be my glory To think at what an easy price I bought it
Their power, deface the masterpiece of	To think at what an easy price I bought it. There's a perpetual spring, perpetual youth:
nature.	No joint-benumbing cold, or scorching heat,
Which they themselves come short of. She	Famine, nor age, have any being there.
ascends.	Forget, for shame, your Tempe; bury in
And every step raises her nearer heaven.	Oblivion your feign'd Hesperian orchards :
What god soe er thou art, that must enjoy her,	The golden fruit, kept by the watchful
Receive in her a boundless happiness !	dragon,
Sap. You are to blame	Which did require a Hercules to get it,
To let him come abroad.	Compared with what grows in all plenty
Mac. It was his will;	there,
And we were left to serve him, not command	Deserves not to be named. The Power I
him.	serve,
Anton. Good sir, be not offended; nor	Laughs at your happy Araby, or the Elysian shades ; for he hath made his bowers.
deny My last of pleasures in this happy object,	Better in deed, than you can fancy yours.
That I shall e'er be blest with.	Anton. O, take me thither with you !
Theoph. Now, proud contemner	Dor. Trace my steps,
Of us, and of our gods, tremble to think,	And be assured you shall.
It is not in the Power thou serv'st to save	Sap. With my own hands
thee.	I'll rather stop that little breath is left thee,
Not all the riches of the sea, increased	And rob thy killing fever.
By violent shipwrecks, nor the unsearch'd	Theoph. By no means ;
mines,	Let him go with her: do, seduced young
(Mammon's unknown exchequer,) shall re-	man,
deem thee :	And wait upon thy saint in death ; do, do :
And, therefore, having first with horror	And, when you come to that imagined place
weigh'd What 'the to die, and to die young : to part	That place of all delights—pray you, ob-
What 'tis to die, and to die young ; to part with	serve me, And meet those cursed things I once called
All pleasures and delights ; lastly, to go	Daughters,
Where all antipathies to comfort dwell,	Whom I have sent as harbingers before you:
Furies behind, about thee, and before thee;	If there be any truth in your religion,

In thankfulness to me, that with care hasten Your Journey thither, pray you send me some Small pittance of that curious fruit you boast

Anton. Grant that I may go with her, and I will.

Sap. Wilt thou in thy last minute damn

Theoph. The gates to hell are open.

Dor. Know, thou tyrant,

Thou agent for the devil, thy great master, Though thou art most unworthy to taste of it.

I can, and will.

Enter Angelo, in the Angel's habit.

Harp. Oh ! mountains fall upon me, Or hide me in the bottom of the deep, Where light may never find me !

Theoph. What's the matter? Sap. This is prodigious, and confirms her witchcraft.

Theoph. Harpax, my Harpax, speak !

Harp. I dare not stay : Should I but hear her once more, I were lost. Some whirlwind snatch me from this cursed place,

To which compared, (and with what now I suffer,)

Hell's torments are sweet slumbers ! [Exit. Sap. Follow him.

Theoph. He is distracted, and I must not lose him.

Thy charms upon my servant, cursed witch, Give thee a short reprieve. Let her not die,

Till my return. [Excunt Sap. and Theoph. Anton. She minds him not : what object

Is her eye fix'd on?

Mac. I see nothing.

Anton. Mark her.

Dor. Thou glorious minister of the Power I serve !

(For thou art more than mortal,) is't for me, Poor sinner, thou art pleased awhile to leave Thy heavenly habitation, and vouchsafest,

Though glorified, to take my servant's

For, put off thy divinity, so look'd

My lovely Angelo. Ang. Know, I am the same;

And still the servant to your piety.

Your zealous prayers, and pious deeds first won me

(But 'twas by His command to whom you sent them)

To guide your steps. I tried your charity, When in a beggar's shape you took me up, And clothed my naked limbs, and after fed, As you believed, my famish'd mouth. Learn all,

By your example, to look on the poor With gentle eyes ! for in such habits, often, Angels desire an alms. I never left you, Nor will I now ; for I am sent to carry Your pure and innocent soul to joys eternal, Your martyrdom once suffer'd; and before it, Ask any thing from me, and rest assured, You shall obtain it.

Dor. 1 am largely paid Forall my torments. Since I find such grace, Grant that the love of this young man to me, In which he languisheth to death, may be Changed to the love of heaven.

Ang. I will perform it ;

And in that instant when the sword sets free Your happy soul, his shall have liberty. Is there aught else?

Dor. For proof that I forgive

My persecutor, who in scorn desired To taste of that most sacred fruit I go to; After my death, as sent from me, be pleased To give him of it.

Ang. Willingly, dear mistress. Mac. 1 am amazed.

Anton. I feel a holy fire,

That yields a comfortable heat within me; I am quite alter'd from the thing I was. See ! I can stand, and go alone ; thus kneel To heavenly Dorothea, touch her hand With a religious kiss. Kneels.

Re-enter Sapritius and Theophilus.

Sap. He is well now,

But will not be drawn back.

Theoph. It matters not,

We can discharge this work without his help. But see your son. Sap. Villain !

Anton. Sir, I beseech you,

Being so near our ends, divorce us not.

Theoph. I'll quickly make a separation of them :

Hast thou aught else to say ?

Dor. Nothing, but to blame

Thy tardiness in sending me to rest ;

My peace is made with heaven, to which my soul

Begins to take her flight : strike, O ! strike quickly

And, though you are unmoved to see my death,

Hereafter, when my story shall be read, As they were present now, the hearers shall Say this of Dorothea, with wet eyes, "She lived a virgin, and a virgin dies

Her heat is struch of.



THE VIRGIN-MARTYR. 29		
Anton. O, take my soul along, to wait on thine !	A thousand wives, with brats sucking their breasts,	
Mac. Your son sinks too.	Had hot irons pinch them off, and thrown	
[Antoninus falls. Sap. Already dead ! Theoph. Die all	to swine ; And then their fleshy back-parts, hew'd with hatchets,	
That are, or favour this accursed sect :	Were minced and baked in pics, to feed	
I triumph in their ends, and will raise up A hill of their dead carcasses, to o'erlook	starv'd Christians. Ha!ha!	
The Pyrenean hills, but I'll root out	Again, again,—East Angies,—oh, East	
These superstitious fools, and leave the world	Angles:	
No name of Christian. [Loud music: Exit Angelo, having	Bandogs, kept three days hungry, worried A thousand British rascals, stied up fat	
first laid his hand upon the	Of purpose, stripped naked, and disarm'd.	
mouths of Anton, and Dor.	I could outstare a year of suns and moons,	
Sap. Ha! heavenly music! Mac. 'Tis in the air.	To sit at these sweet bull-baitings, so I Could thereby but one Christian win to fall	
Theoph. Illusions of the devil,	In adoration to my Jupiter.—Twelve hun-	
Wrought by some witch of her religion,	dred	
That fain would make her death a miracle; It frights not me. Because he is your son,	Eyes bored with augers out—Oh! eleven thousand	
Let him have burial; but let her body	Torn by wild beasts : two hunared ramm'd	
Be cast forth with contempt in some high-	in the earth	
way, And be to vultures and to dogs a prey.	To the armpits, and full platters round about them,	
[Excunt.	But far enough for reaching: Eat, dogs,	
	ha! ha! ha! [He rises.]	
ACT V.	Tush, all these tortures are but filipings, Fleabitings; I, before the Destinies	
SCENE I.—Theophilus discovered sitting in his Study: books about him.	Enter Angelo with a basket filled with fruit	
Theoph. Is 't holiday, O Cæsar, that thy servant,	and flowers. My bottom did wind up, would flesh myself	
Thy provost, to see execution done	Once more upon some one remarkable Above all these. This Christian slut was	
On these base Christians in Cæsarea, Should now want work? Sleep these ido-	well.	
laters,	A pretty one ; but let such horror follow	
That none are stirring?—As a curious painter, When he has made some honourable piece,	The next I feed with torments, that when ' Rome	
Stands off, and with a searching eye ex- amines	Shall hear it, her foundation at the sound May feel an earthquake. How now?	
Each colour, how 'tis sweeten'd ; and then	[Music.]	
hugs Himself for his rare workmanship—so here,	Ang. Are you amazed, sir? So great a Roman spirit—and doth it	
Will I my drolleries, and bloody landscapes,	tremble !	
Long past wrapt up, unfold, to make me merry	Theoph. How cam'st thou in? to whom thy business?	
With shadows, now I want the substances. My muster-book of hell-hounds. Were	Ang. To you : I had a mistress, late sent hence by you	
the Christians.	Upon a bloody errand ; you entreated,	
Whose names stand here, alive and arm'd,	That, when she came into that blessed garden	
not Rome Could move upon her hinges. What I've	Whither she knew she went, and where, now happy,	
done,	She feeds upon all joy, she would send to you	
Or shall hereafter, is not out of hate	Some of that garden fruit and flowers;	
To poor tormented wretches; no, I'm carried With violence of zeal, and streams of service	which here To have her promise saved, are brought by	
I owe our Roman gods. Great Britain,-	me.	
what? [reads.	Theoph. Cannot I see this garden?	

. •

Ang. Yes, if the master

30

Will give you entrance. [7. Theoph. 'Tis a tempting fruit, He vanishes.

And the most bright-check'd child I ever view'd ;

Sweet smelling, goodly fruit. What flowers are these i

In Dioclesian's gardens, the most beauteous, Compared with these, are weeds : is it not February,

The second day she died? frost, ice, and Show,

Hang on the beard of winter : where's the sun That gilds this summer? pretty, sweet boy,

In what country shall a man find this garden ?-

My delicate boy,-gone ! vanish'd ! within there,

Julianus ! Geta !-

Enler Julianus and Geta.

Both. My lord. Theoph. Are my gates shut? Geta. And guarded. Theoph. Saw you not A boy? Jul. Where? Jul. Where? Theoph. Here he enter'd ; a young lad ; A thousand blessings danced upon his eyes : A smoothfaced glorious thing, that brought this basket. Geta. No, sir ! Theoch. Away-but be in reach, if my voice calls you. [Excunt Jul. and Geta. No !-vanish'd, and not seen !- be thou a spirit, sent from that witch to mock me, I am sure

This is essential, and, howe'er it grows,

Will taste it. Eats of the fruit. Harp. [within.] Ha, ha, ha, ha! Theoph. So good ! I'll have some more,

sure.

Harp. Ha, ha, ha, ha! great liquorish fool! Theoph. What art thou?

Harp. A fisherman. Theoph. What dost thou catch? Harp. Souls, souls; a fish call'd souls.

Theoph. Geta !

Re-enter Geta.

Geta. My lord. Harp. [within.] Ha, ha, ha, ha!

Theoph. What insolent slave is this, dares hugh at me?

Or what is 't the dog grins at so? Geta. I neither know, my lord, at what, nor whom ; for there is none without, but

my fellow Julianus, and he is making a garland for Jupiter.

Theoph. Jupiter ! all within me is not well; And yet not sick.

Harp. [within.] Ha, ha, ha, ha! Theoph. What's thy name, slave?

Harp. [at one end of the room.] Go look. Geta, "Tis Harpax' voice.

Theoph. Harpax ! go, drag the caltiff to my foot,

That I may stamp upon him.

Harp. [at the other end.] Fool, thou liest ! Geta. He's yonder, now, my lord.

Theoph. Watch thou that end,

Whilst I make good this. Harp. [in the middle.] Ha, ha, ha, ha ha! Theoph. He is at barley-break, and the last couple

Are now in hell. Search for him. [Exit Geta.] All this ground, methinks, is bloody,

And paved with thousands of those Christians' eyes

Whom I have tortured ; and they stare upon me.

What was this apparition? sure it had

A shape angelical. Mine eyes, though dazzled.

And daunted at first sight, tell me, it wore A pair of glorious wings; yes, they were wings; And hence he flew :----- 'tis vanish'd ! Jupiter,

For all my sacrifices done to him, Never once gave me smile .- How can stone

smile? Or wooden image laugh? [music.] Ha! I remember,

Such music gave a welcome to mine ear,

When the fair youth came to me :- 'tis in the air,

Or from some better place ; a Power divine, Through my dark ignorance, on my soul does shine,

And makes mesee a conscience all stain'd o'er, Nay, drown'd and damn'd for ever in Christian gore

Harp. [within.] Ha, ha, ha! Theoph. Again!-What dainty relish on my tongue

This fruit hath left ! some angel hath me fed; If so toothfull, I will be banqueted.

Eats again.

Enter Harpax in a fearful shape, fire flashing out of the Study.

Harp. Hold ! Theoph. Not for Casar.

Harp. But for me thou shalt.

Theoph. Thou art no twin to him that last was here.

Ye Powers, whom my soul bids me reverence, guard me ! What art thou? Harp. I am thy master. Theoph. Mine ! Harp. And thou my everlasting slave: that Harpax,

Who hand in hand hath led thee to thy hell, Am L

Theoph. Avaunt !

Harp. I will not; cast thou down

That basket with the things in 't, and fetch up What thou hast swallow'd and then take a

drink,

- Which I shall give thee, and I'm gone. Theoph. My fruit !
- Does this offend thee ! see ! [Eats again. Harp. Spit it to the earth,
- And tread upon it, or I'll piecemeal tear thee. Theoph. Art thou with this affrighted? see, here's more.
- [Pulls out a handful of flowers. Harp. Fling them away. I'll take thee else, and hang thee

In a contorted chain of icicles,

In the frigid zone : down with them ! Theoph. At the bottom

One thing I found not yet. See !

[Holds up a cross of flowers. Harp. Oh ! I am tortured.

- Theoph. Can this do 't? hence, thou fiend infernal, hence !
- Harp. Clasp Jupiter's image, and away with that.
- Theoph. At thee I'll fling that Jupiter; for methinks,

I serve a better master : he now checks me For murdering my two daughters, put on by thee,

By thy damned rhetoric did I hunt the life Of Dorothea, the holy virgin-martyr.

- She is not angry with the axe, nor me,
- But sends these presents to me; and I'll travel
- O'er worlds to find, and from her white hand

Beg a forgiveness. Harp. No; I'll bind thee here.

Theoph. I serve a strength above thine ; this small weapon,

Methinks, is armour hard enough. Harp. Keep from me.

Sinks a little. Theofh. Art posting to thy centre? down, hell-hound! down! Me thou hast lost.

That arm, which hurls thee hence, [Harpax disappears. Save me, and set me up, the strong defence, In the fair Christian's quarrel!

Enter Angelo.

Ang. Fix thy foot there,

Nor be thou shaken with a Cæsar's voice, Though thousand deaths were in it; and I then

Will bring thee to a river, that shall wash Thy bloody hands clean and more white than snow :

And to that garden where these blest things grow,

- And to that martyr'd virgin, who hath sent That heavenly token to thee: spread this brave wing,
- And serve, than Cæsar, a far greater king. Exit.
- Theoph. It is, it is, some angel. Vanish'd again l
- Oh, come back, ravishing boy! bright messenger,
- Thou hast, by these mine eyes fix'd on thy beauty,

Illumined all my soul. Now look I back

On my black tyrannies, which, as they did Outdare the bloodiest, thou, blest spirit, that lead'st me.

Teach me what I must to do, and, to do well, That my last act the best may parallel. [Exit.

SCENE II.-Dioclesian's Palace.

- Enter Dioclesian, Maximinus, the Kings of Epire, Pontus, and Macedon, meeting Artemia ; Attendants.
 - Artem. Glory and conquest still attend upon

Triumphant Cæsar !

Diocle. Let thy wish, fair daughter,

Be equally divided ; and hereafter

- Learn thou to know and reverence Maximinus,
- Whose power, with mine united, makes one Cæsar.
- Max. But that I fear, 'twould be held flattery,

The bonds consider'd in which we stand tied, As love and empire, I should say, till now

- I ne'er had seen a lady I thought worthy To be my mistress.
- Artem. Sir, you shew yourself
- Both courtier and soldier; but take heed,
- Take heed, my lord, though my dull-pointed beauty,
- Stain'd by a harsh refusal in my servant, Cannot dart forth such beams as may inflame you.

You may encounter such a powerful one, That with a pleasing heat will thaw your heart, Though bound in ribs of ice. Love still is Love .

His bow and arrows are the same : Great Julius,

That to his successors left the name of Cæsar, Whom war could never tame, that with dry

Beheld the large plains of Pharsalia cover'd With the dead carcasses of senators,

And citizens of Rome, when the world knew No other lord but him, struck deep in years too,

(And men gray-hair'd forget the lusts of youth,)

After all this, meeting fair Cleopatra,

A suppliant too, the magic of her eye,

Even in his pride of conquest, took him captive :

Nor are you more secure. Max. Were you deform'd,

(But, by the gods, you are most excellent,) Your gravity and discretion would o'ercome me ;

And I should be more proud in being prisoner To your fair virtues, than of all the honours, Wealth, title, empire, that my sword hath purchased.

Diocle. This meets my wishes. Welcome it, Artemia,

With outstretch'd arms, and study to forget That Antoninus ever was : thy fate

Reserved thee for this better choice; embrace it,

Max. This happy match brings new nerves to give strength

To our continued league.

Diocle. Hymen himself

Will bless this marriage, which we'll solemnize In the presence of these kings.

K. of Pontus. Who rest most happy, To be eyewitnesses of a match that brings Peace to the empire.

Diocic. We much thank your loves : But where's Sapritius, our governor,

And our most zealous provost, good Theophilus !

If ever prince were blest in a true servant, Or could the gods be debtors to a man,

Both they and we stand far engaged to cherish His piety and service.

Artem. Sir, the governor

Brooks sadly his son's loss, although he turn'd Apostata in death ; but bold Theophilus,

Who for the same cause, in my presence,

His holy anger on his daughters' hearts ; Having with tortures first tried to convert her, Dragg'd the bewitching Christian to the caffold.

And saw her lose her head. Diocle. He is all worthy: And from his own mouth I would gladly hear The manner how she suffer'd. Artem. 'Twill be deliver'd

With such contempt and scorn, (I know his nature,)

That rather 'twill beget your highness' laughter,

Than the least pity. Diocle. To that end I would hear it.

Enter Theophilus, Sapritius, and Macrinus.

Artem. He comes : with him the governor. Diocle. O, Sapritius,

I am to chide you for your tenderness ; But yet, remembering that you are a father, I will forget it. Good Theophilus,

I'll speak with you anon .- Nearer, your ear. To Sapritius.

Theoph. [Aside to Macrinus.] By Antoninus' soul, I do conjure you,

And though not for religion, for his friendship, Without demanding what's the cause that moves me,

Receive my signet :- By the power of this, Go to my prisons, and release all Christians, That are in fetters there by my command.

Mac. But what shall follow?

Theoph. Haste then to the port ;

You there shall find two tall ships ready rigg'd. In which embark the poor distressed souls; And bear them from the reach of tyranny.

Enquire not whither you are bound : the Deity

That they adore will give you prosperous winds,

And make your voyage such, and largely pay for

Your hazard, and your travail. Leave me here ;

There is a scene that I must act alone :

Haste, good Macrinus; and the great God guide you ! Mac. I'll undertake it ; there's something

prompts me to it ;

'Tis to save innocent blood, a saint-like act : And to be merciful has never been

By moral men themselves esteem'd a sin.

Exil.

Diocle. You know your charge?

Sap. And will with care observe it.

Diocle. For 1 profess he is not Caesar's friend,

That sheds a tear for any torture that

A Christian suffers. Welcome, my best servant,

My careful, zealous provost ! thou hast toil'd To satisfy my will, though in extremes :

I love thee for 't; thou art firm rock, no changeling.

33 Prithee deliver, and for my sake do it, Sap. Yet you said then 'twas witchcraft, Without excess of bitterness, or scoffs, And devilish illusions. Before my brother and these kings, how took Theoph. I then heard it The Christian her death? With sinful ears, and belch'd out blasphe-Theoph. And such a presence, mous words Though every private head in this large Against his Deity, which then I knew not-Nor did believe in him. room Were circled round with an imperial crown, Diocle. Why, dost thou now? Her story will deserve, it is so full Or dar'st thou, in our hearing-Of excellence and wonder. Theoph. Were my voice Diocle. Ha! how is this? As loud as is His thunder, to be heard Theoph. O! mark it, therefore, and with Through all the world, all potentates on that attention. earth As you would hear an embassy from heaven Ready to burst with rage, should they but By a wing'd legate: for the truth deliver'd. hear it : Both how, and what, this blessed virgin Though hell, to aid their malice, lent her suffer'd. furies Yet I would speak, and speak again, and And Dorothea but hereafter named, You will rise up with reverence, and no more, boldly As things unworthy of your thoughts, re-I am a Christian, and the Powers you wormember ship, What the canonized Spartan ladies were But dreams of fools and madmen. Which lying Greece so boasts of. Your Max. Lay hands on him. Diocle. Thou twice a child! for doating. own matrons. Your Roman dames, whose figures you yet age so makes thee, Thou couldst not else, thy pilgrimage of life keep As holy relics, in her history Being almost past through, in this last mo-Will find a second urn : Gracchus' Cornelia, ment Paulina, that in death desired to follow Destroy whate'er thou hast done good or Her husband Seneca, nor Brutus' Portia, great. Thy youth did promise much; and, grown a That swallow'd burning coals to overtake him. man. Though all their several worths were given Thou mad st it good, and, with increase of to one, vears, With this is to be mention'd. Thy actions still better'd : as the sun, Max. Is he mad? Thou did'st rise gloriously, kept'st a constant Diocle. Why, they did die, Theophilus, course and boldly; In all thy journey; and now, in the evening, This did no more. When thou should'st pass with honour to thy Theoph. They, out of desperation, rest, Or for vain glory of an after-name, Parted with life: this had not mutinous sons, Wilt thou fall like a meteor? Sap. Yet confess As the rash Gracchi were; nor was this saint That thou art mad, and that thy tongue and A doating mother, as Cornelia was. heart Had no agreement. Max. Do; no way is left, else, This lost no husband, in whose overthrow Her wealth and honour sunk; no fear of To save thy life, Theophilus. want Diocle. But, refuse it, Did make her being tedious; but, aiming Destruction as horrid, and as sudden, At an immortal crown, and in His cause Who only can bestow it ; who sent down Shall fall upon thee, as if hell stood open, And thou wert sinking thither. Legions of ministering angels to bear up Theoph. Hear me, yet ; Her spotless soul to heaven, who entertain'd it Hear, for my service past. With choice celestial music, equal to Artem. What will he say? The motion of the spheres ; she, uncompell'd, Changed this life for a better. My lord Theoph. As ever I deserved your favour, Sapritius, hear me. You were present at her death; did you e'er And grant one boon; 'tis not for life I sue for; hear

Such ravishing sounds?

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Nor is it fit that I, that ne'er knew pity

To any Christian, being one myself, Should look for any : no, 1 rather beg The utmost of your cruelty. I stand Accomptable for thousand Christians' deaths; And, were it possible that I could die A day for every one, then live again To be again tormented, 'twere to me An easy penance, and I should pass through A gentle cleansing fire ; but, that denied me, It being beyond the strength of feeble nature, My suit is, you would have no pity on me. In mine own house there are a thousand Of studied cruelty, which I did prepare For miserable Christians ; let me feel, As the Sicilian did his brazen bull, The horrid'st you can find ; and I will say, In death, that you are merciful. Divcle. Despair not ; In this thou shalt prevail. Go fetch them hither : Exit some of the Guard. Death shall put on a thousand shapes at once, And so appear before thee; racks, and whips ! Thy flesh, with burning pincers torn, shall feed The fire that heats them ; and what's wanting to The torture of thy body, I'll supply In punishing thy mind. Fetch all the Christians That are in hold ; and here, before his face, Cut them in pieces. Theoph. Tis not in thy power : It was the first good deed I ever did. They are removed out of thy reach ; howe'er, I was determined for my sins to die, I first took order for their liberty ; And still I dare thy worst. Re-enter Guard with racks and other instruments of torture. Diocle. Bind him, I say ; Make every artery and sinew crack : The slave that makes him give the loudest shrick, Shall have ten thousand drachmas : wretch ! I'll force thee To curse the Power thou worship'st. Theoph. Never, never : No breath of mine shall e'er be spent on Him, They torment him. But what shall speak His majesty or mercy. I'm honour'd in my sufferings. Weak tormentors, More tortures, more :-- alas ! you are unskilful-For heaven's sake more; my breast is yet untorn :

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Here purchase the reward that was propounded.

The irons cool,—here are arms yet, and thighs;

Spare no part of me.

Max. He endures beyond The sufferance of a man.

Sap. No sigh nor groan,

To witness he hath feeling.

Diocle. Harder, villains ! Enter Harpax.

Harp. Unless that he blaspheme, he's lost for ever.

If torments ever could bring forth despair, Let these compel him to it :-Oh me ! My ancient enemies again! [Falls down.

Enter Dorothea in a white robe, a crown upon her head, led in by Angelo; Antoninus, Calista, and Christeta following, all in white, but less glorious; Angelo holds out a crown to Theophilus.

Theoph. Most glorious vision !-Did e'er so hard a bed yield man a dream So heavenly as this? I am confirm'd, Confirm'd, you blessed spirits, and make haste To take that crown of immortality You offer to me. Death ! till this blest minute, I never thought thee slow-paced ; nor would I Hasten thee now, for any pain I suffer, But that thou keep'st me from a glorious wreath, Which through this stormy way I would creep to, And, humbly kneeling, with humility wear it. Oh ! now I feel thee :- blessed spirits ! I come ; And, witness for me all these wounds and scars. I die a soldier in the Christian wars. [Dies. Sap. I have seen thousands tortured, but ne'er yet.

A constancy like this.

Harp. I am twice damn'd.

Ang. Haste to thy place appointed, cursed fiend !

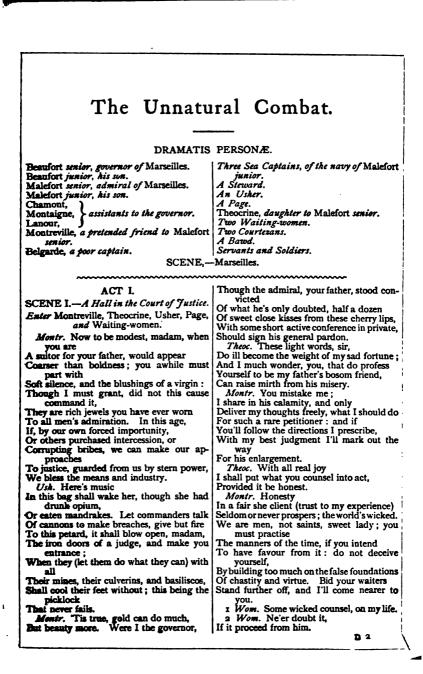
[Harpax sinks with thunder and lightning. In spite of hell, this soldier's not thy prey;

Tis I have won, thou that hast lost the day. Exit with Dor. Sec.

Diocle. I think the centre of the earth be crack'd-

Yet I stand still unmoved, and will go on : The persecution that is here begun,

Through all the world with violence shall run, [Flourish, Execut,



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Page. I wonder that My lord so much affects him, Ush. Thou'rt a child, And dost not understand on what strong basis This friendship's raised between this Montreville And our lord, Monsieur Malefort ; but I'll teach thee : From thy years they have been joint purchasers In fire and water works, and truck'd together. Page. In fire and water works ! Ush. Commodities, boy, Which you may know hereafter, Page. And deal in them, When the trade has given you over, as appears by The increase of your high forehead. Ush. Here's a crack ! I think they suck this knowledge in their milk Page. I had an ignorant nurse else. have tied, sir, My lady's garter, and can guess-Ush. Peace, infant ; Tales out of school ! take heed, you will be breech'd else. I Wom. My lady's colour changes. 2 Wom. She falls off too. Theor. You are a naughty man, indeed you are ; And I will sooner perish with my father, Than at this price redeem him. Montr. Take your own way, Your modest, legal way : 'tis not your veil, Nor mourning habit, nor these creatures taught To howl, and cry, when you begin to whimper ; Nor following my lord's coach in the dirt, Nor that which you rely upon, a bribe, Will do it, when there's something he likes better. These courses in an old crone of threescore, That had seven years together tired the court With tedious petitions, and clamours, For the recovery of a straggling husband, To pay, forsooth, the duties of one to her ;-But for a lady of your tempting beauties Your youth, and ravishing features, to hope only In such a suit as this is, to gain favour, Without exchange of courtesy-you conceive me-Enter Beaufort junior, and Belgarde.

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Were madness at the height. Here's brave young Beaufort,

The meteor of Marseillés, one that holds

The governor his father's will and power In more awe than his own ! Come, come, advance. Present your bag, cramm'd with crowns of the sun ; Do you think he cares for money? he loves pleasure. Burn your petition, burn it ; he doats on you, Upon my knowledge : to his cabinet, do, And he will point you out a certain course, Be the cause right or wrong, to have your father Released with much facility. Exit. Theor. Do you hear? Take a pander with you. Beauf. jun. I tell thee there is neither Employment yet, nor money. Belg. I have commanded, And spent my own means in my country's service, In hope to raise a fortune. Beauf. jun. Many have hoped so ; But hopes prove seldom certainties with soldiers. Belg. If no preferment, let me but receive My pay that is behind, to set me up A tavern, or a vaulting-house ; while men love Or drunkenness, or lechery, they'll ne'er fail me Shall I have that? Beauf. jun. As our prizes are brought in ; Till then you must be patient. Belg. In the mean time, How shall I do for clothes? Beauf. jun. As most captains do : Philosopher-like, carry all you have about you. Belg. But how shall I do, to satisfy colon. monsieur? There lies the doubt. Beauf. jun. That's easily decided : My father's table's free for any man That bath borne arms. Belg. And there's good store of meat? Beauf. jun. Never fear that. Belg. I'll seek no other ordinary then. But be his daily guest without invitement ; And if my stomach hold, I'll feed so heartily, As he shall pay me suddenly, to be quit of me. Beauf. jun. 'Tis she. Belg. And further-Beauf. jun. Away, you are troublesome ; Designs of more weight-

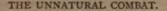
Belg. Ha ! fair Theocrine.

Nay, if a velvet petticoat move in the front,

THE UNNATURAL COMBAT.

	5/
Buff jerkins must to the rear; I know my manners:	Should you receive me, since there come with you
This is, indeed, great business, mine a gew- gaw.	Not lustful fires, but fair and lawful flames. But I must be excused, 'tis now no time
I may dance attendance, this must be dis- patch'd,	For me to think of Hymeneal joys. Can he (and pray you, sir, consider it)
And suddenly, or all will go to wreck;	That gave me life, and faculties to love,
Charge her home in the flank, my lord : nay,	Be, as he's now, ready to be devour'd
I am gone, sir. [Exit.	By ravenous wolves, and at that instant, I
. Beauf. jun. [raising Theoc. from her	But entertain a thought of those delights,
Anees.] Nay, pray you, madam, rise, or I'll kneel with you.	In which, perhaps, my ardour meets with yours l
Page. I would bring you on your knees,	Duty and piety forbid it, sir.
were I a woman.	Beauf. jun. But this effected, and your
Beauf. jun. What is it can deserve so	father free,
poor a name,	What is your answer?
As a suit to me? This more than mortal	Theor. Every minute to me
form	Will be a tedious age, till our embraces
Was fashion'd to command, and not entreat :	Are warrantable to the world.
Your will but known is served.	Beauf. jun. I urge no more ;
Theor. Great sir, my father,	Confirm it with a kiss.
My brave, deserving father ;but that sor-	Theor. [Kissing him.] I doubly seal it.
TOW	Ush. This would do better abed, the busi-
Forbids the use of speech	ness ended :
Beauf. jun. I understand you,	They are the loving'st couple !
Without the aids of those interpreters	
That fall from your fair eyes : I know you	Enter Beaufort senior, Montaigne,
labour	Chamont, and Lanour.
The liberty of your father ; at the least,	
An equal hearing to acquit himself :	Beauf. jun. Here comes my father,
And, tis not to endear my service to you,	With the Council of War : deliver your pe-
Though I must add, and pray you with pa-	tition,
tience hear it.	And leave the rest to me.
Tis hard to be effected, in respect	Theoc. offers a paper.
The state's incensed against him : all pre-	Beauf. sen. I am sorry, lady,
suming,	Your father's guilt compels your innocence
The world of outrages his impious son,	To ask what I in justice must deny.
Turn'd worse than pirate in his cruelties,	Beauf. jun. For my sake, sir, pray you
Express'd to this poor country, could not be	receive and read it.
With such ease put in execution, if	Beauf. sen. Thou foolish boy ! I can deny
Your father, of late our great admiral,	thee nothing.
Held not or correspondence, or connived	[Takes the paper from Theoc.
At his proceedings.	Beauf. jun. Thus far we are happy,
Theor. And must he then suffer,	madam : quit the place ;
His cause unheard?	You shall hear how we succeed.
Beauf. jun. As yet it is resolved so,	These. Goodness reward you !
In their determination. But suppose	[Excunt Theocrine, Usher, Page,
(For I would nourish hope, not kill it, in you)	and Women.
I should divert the torrent of their purpose,	Mont. It is apparent; and we stay too long
And render them, that are implacable,	To censure Malefort as he deserves.
Impartial judges, and not sway'd with	[They take their seats.
spleen;	Cham. There is no colour of reason that
Will you, I dare not say in recompense,	makes for him :
For that includes a debt you cannot owe me,	Had he discharged the trust committed to
But in your liberal bounty, in my suit	him,
To you, be gracious?	With that experience and fidelity
Theor. You entreat of me, sir,	He practised heretofore, it could not be
What I should offer to you, with confession	Our navy should be block d up, and, in our
That you much undervalue your own worth,	sight,

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Our goods made prize, our sailors sold for A hairy comet, threatening death and ruin To such as durst behold it! These the legs, slaves, That, when our ships were grappled, carried By his prodigious issue. Lan. I much grieve, me With such swift motion from deck to deck, After so many brave and high achievements, He should in one ill forfeit all the good As they that saw it, with amazement cried, He ever did his country. Beauf. sen. Well, 'tis granted. Beauf. jun. I humbly thank you, sir. Beauf. sen. He shall have hearing. He does not run, but flies ! Mont. He still retains The greatness of his spirit. Malef. sen. Now crampt with irons, Hunger, and cold, they hardly do support His irons too struck off; bring him before us, But seek no further favour. Beauf. jun. Sir, I dare not. [Exit. Beauf. sen. Monsieur Chamont, Mon-But I forget myself. O, my good lords, That sit there as my judges, to determine The life, and death of Malefort, where are now taigne, Lanour, assistants, By a commission from the most Christian Those shouts, those cheerful looks, those loud king. applauses, In punishing or freeing Malefort, With which, when I return'd loaden with spoil, Our late great admiral : though I know you You entertain'd your admiral? all's forgotten : need not And I stand here to give account of that Of which I am as free and innocent Instructions from me, how to dispose of Yourselves in this man's trial, that exacts As he that never saw the eyes of him, Your clearest judgments, give me leave, with For whom I stand suspected. Beauf. sen. Monsieur Malefort, favour, To offer my opinion. We are to hear him, Let not your passion so far transport you, A little looking back on his fair actions, As to believe from any private malice, Or envy to your person, you are question d : Loyal, and true demeanour; not as now By the general voice already he's condemn'd. Nor do the suppositions want weight, But if we find, as most believe, he hath held That do invite us to a strong assurance, Intelligence with his accursed son, Your son-Malef, sen. My shame ! Beauf, sen. Pray you, hear with patience, Fallen off from all allegiance, and turn'd (But for what cause we know not) the most bloody -never And fatal enemy this country ever Without assistance or sure aids from you, Repented to have brought forth ; all com-Could, with the pirates of Argiers and Tunis, passion Even those that you had almost twice de-Of his years pass'd over, all consideration] feated, Of what he was, or may be, if now pardon'd ; Acquire such credit, as with them to be We sit engaged to censure him with all Made absolute commander ; (pray you ob-Extremity and rigour. Cham. Your lordship shews us A path which we will tread in. serve me ;) If there had not some contract pass'd between you, Lan. He that leaves That, when occasion serv'd, you would join with them, To follow, as you lead, will lose himself. Mont. I'll not be singular. To the ruin of Marseilles? Mont. More, what urged Re-enter Beaufort junior, with Montreville, Your son to turn apostala? Malefort senior, Belgarde, and Officers. Cham. Had he from Beauf. sen. He comes, but with The state, or governor, the least neglect, A strange distracted look. Which envy could interpret for a wrong? Malef. sen. Live I once more Lan. Or, if you slept not in your charge, To see these hands and arms free ! these, how could So many ships as do infest our coast, that often, In the most dreadful horror of a fight, And have in our own harbour shut our navy, Have been as seamarks to teach such as were Come in unfought with? Beauf, jun, They put him hardly to it. Malef. sen. My lords, with as much Seconds in my attempts, to steer between The rocks of too much daring, and pale fear, To reach the port of victory 1 when my sword, brevity as I can, Advanced thus, to my enemies appeard I'll answer each particular objection

THE UNNATURAL COMBAT.

With which you charge me. The main ground, on which You raise the building of your accusation, Hath reference to my son : should I now curse him. Or wish, in the agony of my troubled soul, Lightning had found him in his mother's womb, You'll say 'tis from the purpose; and I, therefore, Betake him to the devil, and so leave him ! Did never loyal father but myself Beget a treacherous issue? was 't in me, With as much ease to fashion up his mind, As, in his generation, to form, The organs to his body? Must it follow, Because that he is impious, I am false :-I would not boast my actions, yet 'tis lawful To upbraid my benefits to unthankful men. Who sunk the Turkish gallies in the streights, But Malefort? Who rescued the French merchants. When they were boarded, and stow'd under hatches By the pirates of Argiers, when every minute They did expect to be chain'd to the oar, But your now doubted admiral? then you fill'd The air with shouts of joy, and did proclaim, When hope had left them, and grim-look'd despair Hover'd with sail-stretch'd wings over their beads. To me, as to the Neptune of the sea, They owed the restitution of their goods, Their lives, their liberties. O, can it then Be probable, my lords, that he that never Became the master of a pirate's ship, But at the mainyard hung the captain up, And caused the rest to be thrown overboard; Should, after all these proofs of deadly hate, So oft express'd against them, entertain A thought of quarter with them; but much less (To the perpetual ruin of my glories) To join with them to lift a wicked arm Against my mother-country, this Marscilles, Which, with my prodigal expense of blood, I have so oft protected ! Beauf. sen. What you have done Is granted and applauded ; but yet know This glorious relation of your actions Must not so blind ou judgments, as to suffer This most unnatural crime you stand accused of, To pass unquestion'd. Cham. No; you must produce Reasons of more validity and weight,

To plead in your defence, or we shall hardly Conclude you innocent. Mont. The large volume of

Your former worthy deeds, with your experience,

Both what and when to do, but makes against you.

Lan. For had your care and courage been the same

As heretofore, the dangers we are plunged in Had been with ease prevented.

Malef. sen. What have I Omitted, in the power of flesh and blood, Even in the birth to strangle the designs of This hell-bred wolf, my son? alas! my lords, I am no god, nor like him could foresee

His cruel thoughts, and cursed purposes : Nor would the sun at my command forbear

To make his progress to the other world, Affording to us one continued light.

Nor could my breath disperse those foggy mists.

Cover'd with which, and darkness of the night, Their navy undiscern'd, without resistance, Beset our harbour ! make not that my fault, Which you in justice must ascribe to fortune-But if that nor my former acts, nor what I have deliver'd, can prevail with you, To make good my integrity and truth : Rip up this bosom, and pluck out the heart That hath been ever loyal.

[A trumpet within.

Beauf. sen. How ! a trumpet ? Enquire the cause. [Exit Montreville. Malef. sen. Thou searcher of men's hearts,

And sure defender of the innocent,

(My other crying sins-awhile not look'd on) If I in this am guilty, strike me dead,

Or by some unexpected means confirm

I am accused unjustly ! Aside.

Re-enter Montreville with a Sea Captain.

Beauf. sen. Speak, the motives That bring thee hither?

Capt. From our admiral thus: He does salute you fairly, and desires It may be understood no public hate Hath brought him to Marseilles; norseekshe The ruin of his country, but aims only To wreak a private wrong : and if from you He may have leave and liberty to decide it In single combat, he ll give up good pledges, If he fall in the trial of his right, We shall weigh anchor, and no more molest This town with hostile arms.

Beauf. sen. Speak to the man, If in this presence he appear to you, To whom you bring this challenge.

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Capt. 'Tis to you. Beauf. sen. His father ! Montr. Can it be?

Beauf. jun. Strange and prodigious 1 Malef. sen. Thou seest I stand unmoved :

were thy voice thunder,

It should not shake me; say, what would the viper?

Capt. The reverence a father's name may challenge,

And duty of a son no more remember'd,

He does defy thee to the death.

Malef. sen. Go on. Capt. And with his sword will prove it on thy head,

Thou art a murderer, an atheist ;

And that all attributes of men turn'd furies, Cannot express thee : this he will make good,

If thou dar'st give him meeting. Malef. sen. Dare I live !

Dare I, when mountains of my sins o'erwhelm me,

At my last gasp ask for mercy ! How I bless Thy coming, captain ; never man to me Arrived so opportunely ; and thy message, However it may seem to threaten death, Does yield to me a second life in curing

My wounded honour. Stand I yet suspected As a confederate with this enemy,

Whom of all men, against all ties of nature, He marks out for destruction I you are just, Immortal Powers, and in this merciful And it takes from my sorrow, and my shame

For being the father to so bad a son,

In that you are pleased to offer up the monster

To my correction. Blush and repent, As you are bound, my honourable lords, Your ill opinions of me. Not great Brutus,

The father of the Roman liberty

With more assured constancy beheld

His traitor sons, for labouring to call home The banish'd Tarquins, scourged with rods to death.

Than I will shew, when I take back the life

This prodigy of mankind received from me. Beauf, sen. We are sorry, monsieur Malefort, for our error,

And are much taken with your resolution ; But the disparity of years and strength,

Between you and your son, duly consider'd, We would not so expose you. Malef. sen. Then you kill me,

Under pretence to save me, O my lords,

As you love honour, and a wrong'd man's fame,

Deny me not this fair and noble means To make me right again to all the world. Should any other but myself be chosen To punish this apostata with death, You rob a wretched father of a justice That to all after times will be recorded.

I wish his strength were centuple, his skill equal

To my experience, that in his fall

He may not shame my victory ! I feel

The powers and spirits of twenty strong men in me.

Were he with wild fire circled, I undaunted Would make way to him .- As you do affect, sir,

My daughter Theocrine ; as you are

My true and ancient friend; as thou art valiant;

And as all love a soldier, second me

They all sue to the Governor. In this my just petition. In your looks

I see a grant, my lord. Beauf. sen. You shall o'erbear me ;

And since you are so confident in your cause, Prepare you for the combat.

Malef. sen. With more joy

Than yet I ever tasted : by the next sun, The disobedient rebel shall hear from me

And so return in safety. [To the Captain.] My good lords,

To all my service.-I will die, or purchase Rest to Marseilles ; nor can I make doubt, But his impiety is a potent charm,

To edge my sword, and add strength to my arm. Excunt.

ACT IL.

SCENE I .- An open Space without the City.

Enter three Sea Captains.

2 Capt. He did accept the challenge, then ! I Capt. Nay more,

Was overjoy'd in 't ; and, as it had been

A fair invitement to a solemn feast,

And not a combat to conclude with death,

He cheerfully embraced it,

3 Capt. Are the articles

Sign'd to on both parts? I Capt. At the father's suit,

With much unwillingness the governor Consented to them.

2 Capt. You are inward with

Our admiral ; could you yet never learn What the nature of the quarrel is, that

renders The son more than incensed, implacable,

Against the father? I Capt. Never ; yet I have,

As tar as manners would give warrant to it,

THE UNNATURAL COMBAT. 42	
With my best curiousness of care observed him.	But both ways I am impious. Do not, there- fore,
I have sat with him in his cabin a day together, Yet not a syllable exchanged between us. Sigh he did often, as if inward grief And melancholy at that instant would	Ascribe the perturbation of my soul To a servile fear of death : I oft have view d All kinds of his inevitable darts, Nor are they terrible. Were I condemn'd to
Choke up his vital spirits, and now and then A tear or two, as in derision of The toughness of his rugged temper, would	leap From the cloud-cover'd brows of a steep rock, Into the deep; or, Curtius like, to fill up,
Fall on his hollow cheeks, which but once felt,	For my country's safety, and an after-name, A bottomless abyss, or charge through fire,
A sudden flash of fury did dry up ; And laying then his hand upon his sword, He would murmur, but yet so as I oft heard him,	It could not so much shake me, as th' en- counter Of this day's single enemy. I Capt. If you please, sir,
We shall meet, cruel father, yes, we shall; When I'll exact, for every womanish drop Of sorrow from these eyes, a strict accompt	You may shun it, or defer it. <i>Malef. jun.</i> Not for the world : Yet two things I entreat you; the first is,
Of much more from thy heart.	You'll not enquire the difference between
2 Capt. Tis wondrous strange. 3 Capt. And past my apprehension. 1 Capt. Yet what makes	Myself and him, which as a father once I honourd, now my deadliest enemy; The last is, if I fall, to bear my body
The miracle greater, when from the maintop A sail's descried, all thoughts that do concern	Far from this place, and where you please inter it.—
Himself laid by, no lion, pinch'd with hunger,	I should say more, but by his sudden coming I am cut off.
Rouses himself more fiercely from his den, Than he comes on the deck ; and there how wisely	Enter Beaufort junior and Montreville, leading in Malefort senior; Belgarde
He gives directions, and how stout he is	following, with others.
In his executions, we, to admiration, Have been eyewitnesses : yet he never minds	Beauf. jun. Let me, sir, have the honour To be your second.
The booty when 'tis made ours ; but as if	Montr. With your pardon, sir,
The danger, in the purchase of the prey, Delighted him much more than the reward,	I must put in for that, since our tried friend- ship
His will made known, he does retire himself	Hath lasted from our infancy.
To his private contemplation, no joy	Belg. I have served
Express'd by him for victory.	Under your command, and you have seen me fight, And handsomely, though I say it; and if now
Enter Malefort junior.	And handsomely, though I say it; and if now, At this downright game, I may but hold
a Capt. Here he comes,	your cards,
But with more cheerful looks than ever yet I saw him wear.	I'll not pull down the side. Malef. sen. I rest much bound
Malef. jun. It was long since resolved on,	To your so noble offers, and I hope
Nor must I stagger now in't. May the cause,	Shall find your pardon, though I now refuse
That forces me to this unnatural act Be buried in everlasting silence,	them; For which I'll yield strong reasons, but as
And I find rest in death, or my revenge !	briefly
To either I stand equal. Pray you, gentle- men,	As the time will give me leave. For me to borrow
Be charitable in your censures of me, And do not entertain a false belief	(That am supposed the weaker) any aid From the assistance of my second's sword,
That I am mad, for undertaking that	Might write me down in the black list of those
Which must be, when effected, still repented.	That have nor fire nor spirit of their own;
It adds to my calamity, that I have Discourse and reason, and but too well	But dare, and do, as they derive their courage From his example, on whose help and valour
know	They wholly do depend. Let this suffice,
I can nor live, nor end a wretched life,	In my excuse, for that. Now, if you please,

.

On both parts, to retire to yonder mount, Where you, as in a Roman theatre, May see the bloody difference determined, Your favours meet my wishes. Malef. jun. "Tis approved of By me; and I command you [To his Captains.] lead the way, And leave me to my fortune. Beauf. jun. I would gladly Be a spectator (since I am denied To be an actor) of each blow and thrust, And punctually observe them. Malef. jun. You shall have All you desire ; for in a word or two I must make bold to entertain the time, If he give suffrage to it. Malef. sen. Yes, I will; I'll hear thee, and then kill thee : nay, farewell. Malef. jun. Embrace with love on both sides, and with us Leave deadly hate and fury. Malef. sen. From this place You ne'er shall see both living. Belg. What's past help, is Beyond prevention. [They embrace on both sides, and take leave severally of the father and 3012. Malef. sen. Now we are alone, sir ; And thou hast liberty to unload the burthen Which thou groan'st under. Speak thy griefs. Malef. jun. I shall, sir ; But in a perplex'd form and method, which You only can interpret : Would you had not A guilty knowledge in your bosom, of The language which you force me to deliver, So I were nothing! As you are my father, I bend my knee, and, uncompell'd, profess My life, and all that's mine, to be your gift; And that in a son's duty I stand bound To lay this head beneath your feet, and run All desperate hazards for your ease and safety : But this confest on my part, I rise up, And not as with a father, (all respect, Love, fear, and reverence cast off,) but as A wicked man, I thus expostulate with you. Why have you done that which 1 dare not speak, And in the action changed the humble shape Of my obedience, to rebellious rage, And insolent pride? and with shut eyes constrain'd me To run my bark of honour on a shelf I must not see, nor, if I saw it, shun it? In my wrongs nature suffers, and looks backward, And mankind trembles to see me pursue What beasts would fly from. For when I advance

This sword, as I must do, against your head, Piety will weep, and filial duty mourn. To see their altars which you built up in me, In a moment razed and ruin 'd. That you could (From my grieved soul I wish it) but produce, To qualify, not excuse, your deed of horror, One seeming reason, that I might fix here, And move no further !

Malef. sen. Have I so far lost

A father's power, that I must give account Of my actions to my son? or must I plead As a fearful prisoner at the bar, while he That owes his being to me sits a judge To censure that, which only by myself Ought to be question'd? mountains sooner fall Beneath their valleys, and the lofty pine Pay homage to the bramble, or what else is Preposterous in nature, ere my tongue In one short syllable yield satisfaction To any doubt of thine; nay, though it were

A certainty disdaining argument ! Since, though my deeds wore hell's black

livery, To thee they should appear triumphal robes, Set off with glorious honour, thou being bound

To see with my eyes, and to hold that reason, That takes or birth or tashion from my will.

Malef. jun. This sword divides that slavish knot.

Matef. sen. It cannot :

It cannot, wretch; and if thou but remember From whom thou badst this spirit, thou dar'st not hope it.

Who train'd thee up in arms but I? Who taught thee

Menwere menonly when they durst look down With scorn on death and danger, and contemn'd

All opposition, till plumed Victory

Had made her constant stand upon their helmets?

Under my shield thou hast fought as securely As the young eaglet, cover'd with the wings Of her fierce dam, learns how and where to prey.

All that is manly in thee, I call mine ;

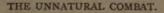
But what is weak and womanish, thine own. And what I gave, since thou art proud, ungrateful,

Presuming to contend with him, to whom

Submission is due, I will take from thee. Look, therefore, for extremities, and expect not

I will correct thee as a son, but kill thee As a serpent swollen with poison; who surviving

A little longer, with infectious breath, Would render all things near him, like itself, Contagious. Nay, now my anger's up,



Ten thousand virgins kneeling at my feet, To put you in mind that a low ebb must And with one general cry howling for mercy, follow Shall not redeem thee. Your high-swoll'n tide of happiness, you Malef. jun. Thou incensed Power, Awhile forbear thy thunder | let me have have purchased This honour at a high price. Malef. "Tis, Belgarde, Above all estimation, and a little o aid in my revenge, if from the grave My mother Malef. sen. Thou shalt never name her To be exalted with it cannot savour Of arrogance. That to this arm and sword Marseilles owes the freedom of her tears, more. They fight. Beaufort junior, Montreville, Belgarde, and Or that my loyalty, not long since eclipsed, Shines now more bright than ever, are not the three Sea Captains, appear on the Mount. Beauf, jun. They are at it. 2 Capt. That thrust was put strongly home. Montr. But with more strength avoided: Belg. Well come in ; things To be lamented : though, indeed, they may Appear too dearly bought, my falling glories Being made up again, and cemented With a son's blood. "Tis true, he was my son, He has drawn blood of him yet : well done, While he was worthy ; but when he shook off His duty to me, (which my fond indulgence, old cock I Capt. That was a strange miss. Beauf. jun. That a certain hit. Upon submission, might perhaps have pardon'd.) [Young Malefort is slain. And grew his country's enemy, I look'd on Belg. He's fallen, the day is ours ! bim 2 Capt. The admiral's slain. Montr. The father is victorious ! As a stranger to my family, and a traitor Justly proscribed, and he to be rewarded Belg. Let us haste That could bring in his head. I know in this To gratulate his conquest, That I am censured rugged, and austere, I Capt. We to mourn That will vouchsafe not one sad sigh or tear The fortune of the son. Beauf. jun. With utmost speed Upon his slaughter'd body : but I rest Well satisfied in myself, being assured that Acquaint the governor with the good success, Extraordinary virtues, when they soar That he may entertain, to his full merit, Too high a pitch for common sights to judge The father of his country's peace and safety. of, They retire. Losing their proper splendour, are condemn'd Malef. sen. Were a new life hid in each For most remarkable vices. Beauf. jun. "Tis too true, sir, In the opinion of the multitude; mangled limb, I would search, and find it ; and howe'er to some But for myself, that would be held your I may seem cruel thus to tyrannize friend. Upon this senseless flesh, I glory in it .---That I have power to be unnatural, And hope to know you by a nearer name, They are as they deserve, received, Is my security; die all my fears, And waking jealousies, which have so long Been my tormentors I there's now no sus-picion : Malef. My daughter Shall thank you for the favour. Beauf. jun. I can wish No happiness beyond it. I Capt. Shall we have leave A fact, which I alone am conscious of, Can never be discover'd, or the cause That call'd this duel on, I being above To bear the corpse of our dead admiral, As he enjoin'd us, from this coast? Malef. Provided All perturbations ; nor is it in The power of fate, again to make me The articles agreed on be observed, And you depart hence with it, making oath Never hereafter, but as iriends, to touch wretched. Ke-enter Beaufort junior, Montreville, Bel-garde, and the three Sea Captains. Upon this shore r Capt. We'll taithfully perform it. Malef. Then as you please dispose of it : Beauj. jun. All honour to the conqueror ! who dares tax My friend of treachery now? Be's. 1 am very glad, sir, You have sped so well : but I must tell you 'tis an object. That I could wish removed. His sins die with him 1 So far he has my charity. thus much,

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I Capt. He shall have Enter Usher. A soldier's funeral. Ush. I am out of breath [The Captains bear the body off, with With running to deliver firstsad music. Theoc. What? Malef. Farewell ! Beauf. jun. These rites Paid to the dead, the conqueror that survives slain; Must reap the harvest of his bloody labour. Sound all loud instruments of joy and triumph, And with all circumstance and ceremony, pay me Wait on the patron of our liberty, Which he at all parts merits. Malef. I am honour'd Beyond my hopes. Beauf. jun. 'Tis short of your deserts. haste to meet him. Lead on : oh, sir, you must ; you are too bear you [Excunt with loud music. modest. To him upon my back. Page. Thou art an ass. SCENE II.-A Room in Malefort's House. Enter Theocrine, Page, and Waitingwomen. Theor. Talk not of comfort ; I am both ways wretched. And so distracted with my doubts and fears, I know not where to fix my hopes. My loss and Lanour. Is certain in a father, or a brother, Or both ; such is the cruelty of my fate, And not to be avoided. and rewards, 1 Wom. You must bear it With patience, madam. seilles 2 Wom. And what's not in you To be prevented, should not cause a sorrow weight Which cannot help it. Page. Fear not my brave lord, Your noble father; fighting is to him Familiar as eating. He can teach Our modern duellists how to cleave a button, And in a new way, never yet found out boast of. By old Caranza. I Wom. May he be victorious, And punish disobedience in his son ! It shall be freely granted. Whose death, in reason, should at no part Cham. He's an enemy move you, He being but half your brother, and the nearness lenge. Which that might challenge from you, forfeited By his impious purpose to kill him, from At your devotion. whom He received life. [A shout within. 2 Wom. A general shout-I Wom. Of joy. me, Page. Look up, dear lady; sad news never came Usher'd with loud applause. Theor. I stand prepared To endure the shock of it.

Ush. We are all made. My lord has won the day; your brother's The pirates gone : and by the governor, And states, and all the men of war, he is Brought home in triumph :---nay, no musing, For my good news hereafter. Theoc. Heaven is just ! Ush. Give thanks at leisure ; make all I could wish I were a horse, that I might And this is a sweet burthen. Ush. Peace, you crack-rope ! [Excunt. SCENE III.-A Street. Loud music. Enter Montreville, Belgarde, Beaufort senior, Beaufort junior; Malefort, followed by Montaigne, Chamont, Beauf. sen. All honours we can give you, Though all that's rich or precious in Mar-Were laid down at your feet, can hold no

With your deservings : let me glory in

Your action, as if it were mine own ;

And have the honour, with the arms of love,

To embrace the great performer of a deed Transcending all this country e'er could

Mont. Imagine, noble sir, in what we may Express our thankfulness, and rest assured

To goodness and to virtue, that dares think

There's anything within our power to give, Which you in justice may not boldly chal-

Lan. And as your own; for we will ever be

Malef. Much honour'd sir,

And you, my noble lords, I can say only,

The greatness of your favours overwhelms

And like too large a sail, for the small bark Of my poor merits, sinks me. That I stand Upright in your opinions, is an honour Exceeding my deserts, I having done Nothing but what in duty I stood bound to : And to expect a recompense were base, Good deeds being ever in themselves recare Pace to the temple to be made a bride, warded. Yet since your liberal bounties tell me that I may, with your allowance, be a suitor, you. To you, my lord, I am an humble one, And must ask that, which known, I fear you will You have an equal share. Censure me over bold. Beauf. sen. It must be something Of a strange nature, if it find from me Denial or delay. Malef. Thus then, my lord, May, if you please, excuse. Malef. Thou art deceived. Since you encourage me : you are happy in A worthy son, and all the comfort that Fortune has left me, is one daughter ; now, If it may not appear too much presumption, To seek to match my lowness with your beight, I should desire (and if I may obtain it, I write *mil ultra* to my largest hopes) She may in your opinion be thought worthy from To be received into your family, And married to your son : their years are equal, The cause no more remember'd. And their desires, I think, too; she is not Theoe. You forget, sir, Ignoble, nor my state contemptible, And if you think me worthy your alliance, The presence we are in. Malef. 'Tis well consider'd : Tis all I do aspire to. Beauf. jun. You demand That which with all the service of my life I should have labour'd to obtain from you. O sir, why are you slow to meet so fair And noble an offer? can France show a virgin That may be parallel'd with her? is she not The phonix of the time, the fairest star lights, In the bright sphere of women? Beauf. sen. Be not rapt so : Though I dislike not what is motion'd, yet In what so near concerns me, it is fit sparkling eyes, I should proceed with judgment. quiver, Enter Usher, Theocrine, Page, and Waiting-women. Beauf. jun. Here she comes : Look on her with impartial eyes, and then Let envy, if it can, name one graced feature In which she is defective. and please you, Malef. Welcome, girl ! My joy, my comfort, my delight, my all, herself. Why dost thou come to greet my victory In such a sable habit? This shew'd well ness. When thy father was a prisoner, and sus-How far she will transport you. Beauf. jun. Did she need it, pected ; But now his faith and loyalty are admired, Rather than doubted, in your outward gargive to her. ments You are to express the joy you feel within:

Nor should you with more curiousness and

Than now, when all men's eyes are fixt upon

You should appear to entertain the honour From me descending to you, and in which

Theor. Heaven has my thanks, With all humility paid for your fair fortune, And so far duty binds me; yet a little To mourn a brother's loss, however wicked, The tenderness familiar to our sex

He, living, was a blemish to thy beauties, But in his death gives ornament and lustre To thy perfections, but that they are So exquisitely rare, that they admit not The least addition. Ha! here's yet a print Of a sad tear on thy cheek; how it takes

Our present happiness ! with a father's lips,. A loving father's lips, I'll kiss it off,

And yet, who is the owner of a treasure Above all value, but, without offence, May glory in the glad possession of it? Nor let it in your excellence beget wonder,

Or any here, that looking on the daughter, I feast myself in the imagination

Of those sweet pleasures, and allowed de-

I tasted from the mother, who still lives In this her perfect model ; for she had

Such smooth and high-arch'd brows, such

Whose every glance stored Cupid's emptied

Such ruby lips,-and such a lovely bloom, Disdaining all adulterate aids of art,

Kept a perpetual spring upon her face,

As Death himself lamented, being forced

To blast it with his paleness : and if now,

Her brightness dimm'd with sorrow, take

Think, think, young lord, when she appears

This veil removed, in her own natural pure-

The praise which you (and well deserved)

Must of necessity raise new desires

In one indebted more to years ; to me

Your words are but as oil pour'd on a fire, That flames already at the height.

Malef. No more ; I do believe you, and let me from you Find so much credit ; when I make her yours,

I do possess you of a gift, which I With much unwillingness part from, My good lords,

Forbear your further trouble ; give me leave, For on the sudden I am indisposed,

To retire to my own house, and rest : tomorrow,

As you command me, I will be your guest, And having deck'd my daughter like berself,

You shall have further conference.

Beauf. sen. You are master

Of your own will ; but fail not, I'll expect you.

Malef. Nay, I will be excused ; I must part with you.

[To young Beaufort and the rest. My dearest Theocrine, give me thy hand, I will support thee.

Theor. You gripe it too hard, sir. Malef. Indeed I do, but have no further end in it

But love and tenderness, such as I may challenge,

And you must grant. Thou art a sweet And to be cherish'd.

Theor. May I still deserve it ! [Excunt several ways.

ACT III.

SCENE I .- A Banqueting-room in Beaufort's House.

Enter Beaufort senior, and Steward.

Beauf, sen. Have you been careful? Stew. With my best endeavours.

Let them bring stomachs, there's no want of meat, sir.

Portly and curious viands are prepared,

To please all kinds of appetites. Beauf. sen. 'Tis well.

I love a table furnish'd with full plenty,

And store of friends to eat it : but with this caution

I would not have my house a common inn, For some men that come rather to devour me,

Than to present their service. At this time, too,

It being a serious and solemn meeting, I must not have my board pester'd with shadows,

That, under other men's protection, break in Without invitement, Stew. With your favour, then,

You must double your guard, my lord, for on my knowledge,

There are some so sharp set, not to be kept out

By a file of musketeers : and 'tis less danger, I'll undertake, to stand at push of pike,

With an enemy in a breach, that undermined too,

And the cannon playing on it, than to stop One harpy, your perpetual guest, from entrance.

When the dresser, the cook's drum, thunders, Come on,

The service will be lost else !

Beauf. sen. What is he?

Stew. As tall a trencherman, that is most certain,

As e'er demolish'd pye-fortification

As soon as batter'd; and if the rim of his belly.

Were not made up of a much tougher stuff

Than his buff jerkin, there were no defence

Against the charge of his guts : you needs must know him,

He's eminent for his eating.

Beauf. sen. O, Belgarde ! Stew. The same; one of the admiral's cast captains,

Who swear, there being no war, nor hope of any

The only drilling is to eat devoutly,

And to be ever drinking-that's allow'd of,

But they know not where to get it, there's the spite on't.

Beauf. sen. The more their misery ; yet, if you can,

For this day put him off.

Stew. It is beyond The invention of man.

Beauf, sen. No :- say this only,

[Whispers to him. And as from me; you apprehend me?

Stew. Yes, sir. Beauf. sen. But it must be done gravely. Stew. Never doubt me, sir.

Beauf. sen. We'll dine in the great room,

but let the music And banquet be prepared here. Stew. This will make him Exit.

Lose his dinner at the least, and that will vex him.

As for the sweetmeats, when they are trod under foot,

Let him take his share with the pages and the lackies,

Or scramble in the rushes,

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You'll feel, as I can eat I can be angry ; Enter Belgarde. And beating may ensue. Stew. I'll take your counsel, lis near twelve ; atch within me never misses.-And roundly come to the point : my lord master steward ! much wonders. 'ou are most welcome, sir. That you, that are a courtier as a soldier, las thy lord slept well to-night? In all things else, and every day can vary le to enquire. Your actions and discourse, continue constant olish dream, that, against my will, To this one suit. Belg. To one ! 'tis well I have one. e from my lodging, to learn only disposed. Unpawn'd, in these days ; every cast commander le's in most perfect health, sir. et me but see him feed heartily at Is not blest with the fortune, I assure you. But why this question? does this oftend him? elieve so too; for from that ever Stew. Not much ; but he believes it is the certain judgment. reason You ne'er presume to sit above the salt ; t holds surely wn constitution. And therefore, this day, our great admiral, With other states, being invited guests, .nd in all men's. est symptom ; let us lose no time, He does entreat you to appear among them, langerous. In some fresh habit. froth, sir, if I might, Belg. This staff shall not serve offence, deliver what my lord has To beat the dog off; these are soldier's gard to my trust, I shall receive it ments, ial favour. And so by consequence grow contemptible. Aside. Ve'll see it, and discourse, Stew. It has stung him. overb says, for health sake, after Belg. I would I were acquainted with the players, after supper ; willingly then In charity they might furnish me: but 1 mile to hear thee. there is Nay, good sir, No faith in brokers ; and for believing tailors, orief and pithy. They are only to be read of, but not seen ; rithee be so. And sure they are confined to their own hells, He bid me say, of all his guests, And there they live invisible. Well, I must not Befubb'd off thus : pray you, report my service To the lord governor; I will obey him: ost affected to you, for the freedom ness of your manners. He ne'er And though my wardrobe's poor, rather ved you than lose i dish about, you did not like of, His company at this feast, I will put on pleasing to you; or to take The richest suit I have, and fill the chair venison, or stale fowl, by your That makes me worthy of. Exit. Stew. We are shut of him, He will be seen no more here: how my a solecism at another's table ; ong eating of them, did confirm fellows Will bless me for his absence ! he had er were delicious to your palate, they were mortified, as the Hugonot starved them, Had he staid a little longer. Would he sur part grows greater ; nor do you could. with the sauce, keen hunger being For his own sake, shift a shirt ! and that's the utmost er, to your much praise, you bring Of his ambition : adieu, good captain. you; [Exil. ou with impertinent relations, SCENE II. - The same. a master-piece when meat's before Enter Beaufort senior, and Beaufort junior. Beauf. sen. 'Tis a strange fondness. Beauf. jun. 'Tis beyond example. ir teeth, to use your nimble tongue,

His resolution to part with his estate,

your jeering ; for, if you proceed, | To make her dower the weightier, is nothing ;

зe

est,

,

e feat you come for. le advised.

But to observe how curious he is

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In his own person, to add ornament

To his daughter's ravishing features, is the wonder.

I sent a page of mine in the way of courtship This morning to her, to present my service, From whom I understand all. There he found him

Solicitous in what shape she should appear ; This gown was rich, but the fashion stale; the other

Was quaint, and neat, but the stuff not rich enough :

Then does he curse the tailor, and in rage Falls on her shoemaker, for wanting art

To express in every circumstance the form Of her most delicate foot ; then sits in council

With much deliberation, to find out

What tire would best adorn her; and one chosen,

Varying in his opinion, he tears off,

And stamps it under foot ; then tries a second, A third, and fourth, and satisfied at length, With much ado, in that, he grows again

Perplex'd and troubled where to place her jewels,

To be most mark'd, and whether she should | That she was yesterday. wear

This diamond on her forehead, or between Her milkwhite paps, disputing on it both ways

Then taking in his hand a rope of pearl, (The best of France,) he seriously considers, Whether he should dispose it on her arm, Or on her neck ; with twenty other trifles, Too tedious to deliver.

Beauf. sen. I have known him From his first youth, but never yet observed, In all the passages of his life and fortunes, Virtues so mixed with vices : valiant the

world speaks him, But with that, bloody; liberal in his gifts too, But to maintain his prodigal expense, A fierce extortioner ; an impotent lover Of women for a flash, but, his fires quench'd, Hating as deadly : the truth is, I am not Ambitious of this match ; nor will I cross you

In your affections. Beauf. jun. I have ever found you

(And 'tis my happiness) a loving father. Loud music.

And careful of my good :- by the loud music, As you gave order, for his entertainment,

He's come into the house. Two long hours since.

The colonels, commissioners, and captains, To pay him all the rites his worth can challenge,

Went to wait on him hither.

Enter Malefort, Montaigne, Chamont, Lanour, Montreville, Theocrine, Usher, Page, and Waiting-women.

Beauf. sen. You are most welcome, And what I speak to you, does from my heart Disperse itself to all.

Malef. You meet, my lord,

Your trouble.

Beauf. sen. Rather, sir, increase of honour, When you are pleased to grace my house. Beauf. jun. The favour Is doubled on my part, most worthy sir,

Since your fair daughter, my incomparable mistress,

Deigns us her presence.

Malef. View her well, brave Beaufort.

But yet at distance ; you hereafter may

Make your approaches nearer, when the priest

Hath made it lawful : and were not she mine, I durst aloud proclaim it, Hymen never Put on his saffron-colourd'd robe, to change A barren virgin name, with more good omens Than at her nuptials. Look on her again, Then tell me if she now appear the same,

Beauf. sen. Being herself,

She cannot but be excellent ; these rich And curious dressings, which in others might Cover deformities, from her take lustre, Nor can add to her.

Malef. You conceive her right, And in your admiration of her sweetness, You only can deserve her. Blush not, girl, Thou art above his praise, or mine ; nor can Obsequious Flattery, though she should use Her thousand oil'd tongues to advance thy worth.

Give aught, (for that's impossible,) but take from

Thy more than human graces ; and even then. When she hath spent herself with her best strength,

The wrong she has done thee shall be so apparent,

That, losing her own servile shape and name, She will be thought Detraction : but I

Forget myself; and something whispers to me, I have said too much.

Mont. I know not what to think on't.

But there's some mystery in it, which I fear Will be too soon discover'd.

Malef. I much wrong Your patience, noble sir, by too much hug-

ging My proper issue, and, like the foolish crow,

Believe my black brood swans.

Beauf, sen. There needs not, sir,

The least excuse for this ; nay, I must have	Besides his passions, that are his worst
Your arm, you being the master of the feast,	masters;
And this the mistress.	You must humour him, and he is bound to
Theor. I am any thing	sooth
That you shall please to make me.	Every grim sir above him : if he frown,
Beauf. jun. Nay, 'tis yours, Without more compliment.	For the least neglect you fear to lose your
Mont. Your will's a law, sir.	But if, and with all slavish observation,
[Loud music. Excunt Beaufort se-	From the minion's self, to the groom of his
nior, Malefort, Theocrine, Beau-	close-stool,
fort junior, Montaigne, Cha-	He hourly seeks not favour, he is sure
mont, Lanour, Montreville.	To be eased of his office, though perhaps he
Ush. Would I had been born a lord !	bought it.
x Wom. Or I a lady !	Nay, more ; that high disposer of all such
Page. It may be you were both begot in	That are subordinate to him, serves and fears
court,	The fury of the many-headed monster,
Though bred up in the city; for your	The giddy multitude : and as a horse
mothers,	Is still a horse, for all his golden trappings,
As I have heard, loved the lobby; and	So your men of purchased titles, at their
there, nightly, Are seen strange apparitions: and who	best, are But serving-men in rich liveries.
knows	Ush. Most rare infant !
But that some noble faun, heated with wine,	Where learnd'st thou this morality?
And cloy'd with partridge, had a kind of	Page. Why, thou dull pate,
longing	As I told thee, of my tutor.
To trade in sprats? this needs no exposi-	2 Wom. Now for us, boy.
tion :	Page. I am cut off : the governor.
But can you yield a reason for your wishes?	Enter Desulant amine and Desulant innian.
Ush. Why, had I been born a lord, I had	Enter Beaufort senior and Beaufort junior;
been no servant.	Servants setting forth a banquet.
I Wow. And whereas now necessity makes us waiters.	Beauf. sen. Quick, quick, sirs.
We had been attended on.	See all things perfect. Serv. Let the blame be ours else.
2 Wow. And might have slept then	Beauf. sen. And, as I said, when we are
As long as we pleased, and fed when we	at the banquet,
had stomachs,	And high in our cups, for 'tis no feast with-
And worn new clothes, nor lived as now, in	out it,
hope	Especially among soldiers ; Theocrine
Of a cast gown, or petticoat.	Being retired, as that's no place for her,
Page. You are fools,	Take you occasion to rise from the table,
And ignorant of your happiness. Ere I was	And lose no opportunity.
Sworn to the pantofle, I have heard my tutor	Beauf. jun. "Tis my purpose ; And if I can win her to give her heart,
Prove it by logic, that a servant's life Was better than his masters ; and by that	I have a holy man in readiness
I learn'd from him, if that my memory fail	To join our hands; for the admiral, her
not,	father,
I'll make it good.	Repents him of his grant to me, and seems
Ush. Proceed, my little wit	So far transported with a strange opinion
In decimo sexto.	Of her fair features, that, should we defer it,
Page. Thus then : From the king	I think, ere long, he will believe, and
To the beggar, by gradation, all are ser-	strongly,
Vants ;	The dauphin is not worthy of her : I
And you must grant, the slavery is less	Am much amazed with't.
To study to please one, than many.	Beauf. sen. Nay, dispatch there, fellows. [Exennt Beaufort.senior and Beau-
Page. Well then; and first to you, sir:	fort junior.
you complain	Serv. We are ready, when you please.
You serve one lord, but your lord serves a	Sweet forms, your pardon !
thousand,	It has been such a busy time, I could not
	E

Tender that ceremonious respect

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Which you deserve; but now, the great work ended, I will attend the less, and with all care

Observe and serve you.

Page. This is a penn'd speech, And serves as a perpetual preface to

A dinner made of fragments.

Ush. We wait on you. Excunt.

SCENE III .- The same. A Banquet set forth.

Loud music. Enter Beaufort senior, Male-fort, Montaigne, Chamont, Lanour, Beaufort junior, Montreville, and Servants.

Beauf. sen. You are not merry, sir. Malef. Yes, my good lord, You have given us ample means to drown all cares :-

And yet I nourish strange thoughts, which I would

Most willingly destroy. Aside. Beauf. sen. Pray you, take your place. Beauf. jun. And drink a health ; and let

it be, if you please,

To the worthiest of women .- Now observe him.

Malef. Give me the bowl ; since you do me the honour,

I will begin it. *Cham.* May we know her name, sir? *Malef.* You shall; I will not choose a foreign queen's,

Nor yet our own, for that would relish of

Tame flattery ; nor do their height of title, Or absolute power, coufirm their worth and goodnes

These being heaven's gifts, and frequently conferr'd

On such as are beneath them ; nor will I Name the king's mistress, howsoever she In his esteem may carry it : but if I,

As wine gives liberty, may use my freedom, Not sway d this way or that, with confidence, (And I will make it good on any equal,) If it must be to her whose outward form

Is better'd by the beauty of her mind,

She lives not that with justice can pretend

An interest to this so sacred health, But my fair daughter. He that only doubts it,

I do pronounce a villain : this to her, then.

Drinks. Mont. What may we think of this? Beauf. sen. It matters not. Lan. For my part, I will sooth him, rather

than

Draw on a quarrel.

Cham. It is the safest course ;

And one I mean to follow.

Beauf. jun. It has gone round, sir.

Exit. Malef. Now you have done her right ; if there be any

Worthy to second this, propose it boldly, I am your pledge.

Beauf. sen. Let's pause here, if you please, And entertain the time with something else. Music there ! in some lofty strain ; the song 100

That I gave order for ; the new one, call'd The Soldier's Delight.

Music and a Song-

Enter Belgarde in armour, a case of carbines by his side.

Belg. Who stops me now? Or who dares only say that I appear not In the most rich and glorious habit that Renders a man complete? What court so set off

With state and ceremonious pomp, but, thus Accoutred, I may enter? Or what feast,

Though all the elements at once were ransack'd

To store it with variety transcending

The curiousness and cost on Trajan's birthday ;

(Where princes only, and confederate kings, Did sit as guests, served and attended on By the senators of Rome,) at which a soldier, In this his natural and proper shape, Might not, and boldly, fill a seat, and by His presence make the great solemnity

More honour'd and remarkable? Beauf. sen. 'Tis acknowledged ;

And this a grace done to me unexpected,

Mont. But why in armour? Malef. What's the mystery?

Pray you, reveal that. Belg. Soldiers out of action,

That very rare but, like unbidden guests, Bring their stools with them, for their own defence,

At court should feed in guantlets ; they may have

Their fingers cut else : there your carpet knights,

That never charged beyond a mistress' lips, Are still most keen, and valiant. But to you, Whom it does most concern, my lord, I will Address my speech, and, with a soldier's freedom,

In my reproof, return the hitter scoff You threw upon my poverty : you contemn'd My coarser outside, and from that concluded (As by your groom you made me understand)

I was unworthy to sit at your table,

Among these tissues and embroideries, Unless I changed my habit : I have done it, And shew myself in that which I have worn In the heat and fervour of a bloody fight ;

And then it was in fashion, not as now, Ridiculous and despised. This hath past

A wood of pikes, and everyone aim'd at it, Yet scorn'd to take impression from their fury :

Fve charged through fire that would have singed your sables, With this, as still you see it, fresh and new,

Black fox, and ermines, and changed the proud colour

Such only are admired that come adorn'd With what's no part of them. This is mine

own, My richest suit, a suit I must not part from, But not regarded now : and yet remember, "Tis we that bring you in the means of feasts, Banquets, and revels, which, when you

With barbarous ingratitude you deny us

To be made sharers in the harvest, which Our sweat and industry reap'd, and sow'd

for you. The silks you wear, we with our blood spin

for you ;

This massy plate, that with the ponderous weight

Does make your cupboards crack, we (unaffrighted

With tempests, or the long and tedious way, Or dreadful monsters of the deep, that wait With open jaws still ready to devour us,) Fetch from the other world. Let it not then,

In after ages, to your shame be spoken, That you, with no relenting eyes, look on Our wants that feed your plenty: or con-

sume

In prodigal and wanton gifts on drones,

The kingdom's treasure, yet detain from us The debt that with the hazard of our lives,

We have made you stand engaged for; or

force us, Against all civil government, in armour To require that, which with all willingness Should be tendered ere demanded.

Beauf. sen. I commend This wholesome sharpness in you, and

prefer it Before obsequious tameness; it shews lovely : Nor shall the rain of your good counsel

Upon the barren sands, but spring up fruit,

Such as you long have wish'd for. And the rest

Of your profession, like you, discontented For want of means, shall, in their present payment,

Be bound to praise your boldness ; and hereafter

I will take order you shall have no cause,

For want of change, to put your armour on, But in the face of an enemy ; not as now, Among your friends. To that which is due

to you, To furnish you like yourself, of mine own, bounty

I'll add five hundred crowns.

Cham. I, to my power,

Will follow the example. Mont. Take this, captain,

'Tis all my present store; but when you please

Command me further.

Lan. I could wish it more.

Belg. This is the luckiest jest ever came from me.

Let a soldier use no other scribe to draw

The form of his petition. This will speed When your thrice-humble supplications,

- With prayers for increase of health and honours
- To their grave lordships, shall, as soon as read.
- Be pocketed up, the cause no more remember'd :
- When this dumb rhetoric [Aside.]-Well, I have a life,
- Which I, in thankfulness for your great
- My noble lords, when you please to command it,
- Must never think mine own .- Broker, be
- happy, These golden birds fly to thee. Exit. Beauf. sen, You are dull, sir,

And seem not to be taken with the passage You saw presented. Malef. Passage | I observed none, My thoughts were elsewhere busied. Hal

she is

In danger to be lost, to be lost for ever,

If speedily I come not to her rescue,

For so my genius tells me. Montr. What chimeras

Work on your fantasy? Malef. Fantasies ! they are truths.

Where is my Theocrine? you have plotted To rob me of my daughter ; bring me to her, Or I'll call down the saints to witness for me, You are inhospitable. Beanf. sen. You amaze me.

E 2

Your daughter's safe, and now exchanging courtship	2
With my son, her servant. Why do you hear this	
With such distracted looks, since to that end You brought her hither?	
Malef. 'Tis confess'd I did ;	3
But now, pray you, pardon me; and, if you please,	S
Ere she delivers up her virgin fort,	
I would observe what is the art he uses In planting his artillery against it :	
She is my only care, nor must she yield,	I
But upon noble terms. Beauf. sen. 'Tis so determined.	
Malef. Yet I am jealous.	A
Mont. Overmuch, I fear.	
What passions are these? Aside.	1
Beauf. sen. Come, I will bring you Where you, with these, if they so please,	1
may see	1
The love-scene acted.	
Montr. There is something more Than fatherly love in this. [Aside.	
Mont. We wait upon you. [Excunt.	
SCENE IVAnother Room in Beaufort's House,	
Enter Beaufort junior, and Theocrine.	
Beauf, jun. Since then you meet my flames with equal ardour,	IV
As you profess, it is your bounty, mistress, Nor must I call it debt ; yet 'tis your glory, That your excess supplies my want, and	E
makes me	
Strong in my weakness, which could never be,	
But in your good opinion. These. You teach me, sir,	N
What I should say ; since from your sun of	AT
favour,	
I, like dim Phœbe, in herself obscure, Borrow that light I have.	(
Borrow that light I have. Beauf, jun. Which you return	MI
With large increase, since that you will o'er-	C
And I dare not contend, were you but pleased	6
To make what's yet divided one,	1
Theor. I have Already in my wishes ; modesty	L
Forbids me to speak more.	I
Beauf. jun. But what assurance,	
But still without offence, may I demand, That may secure me that your heart and	E
tongue	1
Join to make harmony?	
Theor. Choose any, Suiting your love distinguished from lust	V
Suiting your love, distinguished from lust,	E

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fort, Montreville, and the rest. Beauf. sen. Yonder they are. Malef. At distance too | 'tis yet well. Beauf. jun. I may take then his hand, and with a thousand burning kisses, wear 'tis the anchor to my hopes? Theor. You may, sir. Malef. Somewhat too much. Beauf. jun. And this done, view myself n these true mirrors? Theoc. Ever true to you, sir : and may they lose the ability of sight, When they seek other object ! Malef. This is more han I can give consent to. Beauf. jun. And a kiss 'hus printed on your lips, will not distaste you? Malef. Her lips ! Montr. Why, where should he kiss? are you distracted ? Beauf. jun. Then, when this holy man hath made it lawful-Brings in a Priest. Malef. A priest so ready too ! I must break in. Beauf. jun. And what's spoke here is re-gister'd above ; must engross those favours to myself Vhich are not to be named. Theor. All I can give, But what they are I know not. Beauf. jun. I'll instruct you, Malef. O how my blood boils! Montr. Pray you, contain yourself; fethinks his courtship's modest, Beauf. jun. Then being mine, nd wholly mine, the river of your love o kinsmen and allies, nay, to your father, Howe'er out of his tenderness he admires you,) fust in the ocean of your affection o me, be swallow'd up, and want a name, compared with what you owe me. Theor. 'Tis most fit, sir. he stronger bond that binds me to you, must issolve the weaker. Malef. I am ruin'd, if come not fairly off. Beauf. sen. There's nothing wanting ut your consent. Malef. Some strange invention aid me! his ! yes, it must be so. Montr. Why do you stagger, Aside. When what you seem'd so much to wish, is

inter at a distance Beaufort senior, Male-

offer'd, Both parties being agreed too?

Beauf. sen. I'll not court

A grant from you, nor do I wrong your

Though I say my son deserves her. Malef. 'Tis far from My humble thoughts to undervalue him I cannot prize too high : for howsoever From my own fond indulgence I have sung Her praises with too prodigal a tongue, That tenderness laid by, I stand confirm'd, All that I fancied excellent in her, Balanced with what is really his own, Holds weight in no proportion. Montr. New turnings! Beauf. sen. Whither tends this? Malef. Had you observed, my lord, With what a sweet gradation he woo'd, As I did punctually, you cannot blame her, Though she did listen with a greedy ear To his fair modest offers : but so great A good as then flow'd to her, should have been With more deliberation entertain'd, And not with such haste swallow'd ; she shall Consider seriously what the blessing is, And in what ample manner to give thanks for't, And then receive it. And though I shall think Short minutes years, till it be pérfected, I will defer that which I most desire; And so must she, till longing expectation, That heightens pleasure, makes her truly know Her happiness, and with what outstretch'd arms She must embrace it. Beauf, jun. This is curiousness Beyond example. Malef. Let it then begin From me : in what's mine own I'll use my will, And yield no further reason. I lay claim to The liberty of a subject. [Rushes forward and seizes Theoc.]—Fall not off, But be obedient, or by the hair I'll drag thee home. Censure me as you please, I'll take my own way .-- O, the inward fires That, wanting vent, consume me ! Exit with Theocrine. Montr, "Tis most certain He's mad, or worse. Beauf. sen. How worse? Montr. Nay, there I leave you; My thoughts are free. Beauf. jun. This I foresaw. Beauf. zen. Take comfort. He shall walk in clouds, but I'll discover him: And he shall find and feel, if he excuse not, And with strong reasons, this gross injury, I can make use of my authority. [Excunt.

ACT IV.

SCENE I.- A Room in Malefort's House. Enter Malefort.

What flames are these my wild desires fant in me? The torch that feeds them was not lighted at

Thy altars, Cupid : vindicate thyself,

And do not own it; and confirm it rather, That this infernal brand, that turns me cinders,

Was by the snake-hair'd sisters thrown into My guilty bosom. O that I was even Accurs'd in having issue! my son's blood, (That like the poison'd shirt of Hercules Grows to each part about me,) which my hate Forced from him with much willingness, may admit

Some weak defence ; but my most impious love To my fair daughter Theocrine, none Since my affection (rather wicked lust) That does pursue her, is a greater crime Than any detestation, with which

I should afflict her innocence. With what cunning

I have betray'd myself, and did not feel The scorching heat that now with fury rages ! Why was I tender of her? cover'd with That fond disguise, this mischief stole upon

I thought it no offence to kiss her often, Or twine mine arms about her softer neck, And by false shadows of a father's kindness I long deceived myself : but now the effect Is too apparent. How I strove to be In her opinion held the worthiest man In courtship, form, and feature ! envying him That was preferr'd before me; and yet then-My wishes to myself were not discover'd. But still my fires increased, and with delight I would call her mistress, willingly forgetting The name of daughter, choosing rather she Should style me servant, than, with reverence, father : Yet, waking, I ne'er cherish'd obscene hopes, But in my troubled slumbers often thought

She was too near to me, and then sleeping blush'd

At my imagination ; which pass'd, (My eyes being open not condemning it,) I was ravish'd with the pleasure of the dream, Yet, spite of these temptations, I have reason That pleads against them, and commands me to

Extinguish these abominable fires : And I will do it ; I will send her back To him that loves her lawfully. Within

there !

Enter Theocrine.

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These. Sir, did you call? Malef. I look no sooner on her, But all my boasted power of reason leaves me, And passion again usurps her empire.--Does none else wait me? Theoc. I am wretched, sir, Should any owe more duty. Malef. This is worse Than disobedience ; leave me. Theor. On my knees, sir, As I have ever squared my will by yours, And liked and loath'd with your eyes, I beseech you To teach me what the nature of my fault is, That hath incens'd you ; sure 'tis one of weakness And not of malice, which your gentler temper, On my submission, I hope, will pardon : Which granted by your piety, if that I, Out of the least neglect of mine hereafter, Make you remember it, may I sink ever Under your dread command, sir. Malef. O my stars ! Who can but doat on this humility, That sweetens-Lovely in her tears !-The fetters That seem'd to lessen in their weight but now, Aside. By this grow heavier on me. Theor. Dear sir-Malef. Peace ! I must not hear thee. Theor. Nor look on me? Malef. No, Thy looks and words are charms. Theor. May they have power then Alas, To calm the tempest of your wrath ! Did I but know in what I give offence, In my repentance I would show my sorrow For what is past, and, in my care hereafter, Kill the occasion, or cease to be : Since life, without your favour, is to me A load I would cast off. Malef. O that my heart Were rent in sunder, that I might expire, The cause in my death buried 1 yet I know not-With such prevailing oratory 'tis begg'd from me, That to deny thee would convince me to Have suck'd the milk of tigers ; rise, and I, But in a perplex'd and mysterious method, Will make relation : That which all the world Admires and cries up in thee for perfections, Are to unhappy me foul blemishes And mulcts in nature. If thou hadst been born

Deform'd and crooked in the features of Thy body, as the manners of thy mind ; Moor-lipp'd, flat-nosed, dim-eyed, and beetle-brow'd,

With a dwarf's stature to a giant's waist ; Sour-breath'd, with claws for fingers on thy hands,

Splay-footed, gouty-legg'd, and over all A loathsome leprosy had spread itself, And made thee shunn'd of human fellowships ;

I had been blest.

Theor. Why, would you wish a monster (For such a one, or worse, you have described)

To call you father? Malef. Rather than as now, (Though I had drown'd thee for it in the sea.)

Appearing, as thou dost, a new Pandora,

With Juno's fair cow-eyes, Minerva's brow, Aurora's blushing cheeks, Hebe's fresh youth,

Venus' soft paps, with Thetis' silver feet. Theor. Sir, you have liked and loved them, and oft forced,

With your hyperboles of praise pour'd on them,

My modesty to a defensive red,

Strew'd o'er that paleness, which you then were pleased

To style the purest white, Malef. And in that cup I drank the poison I now feel dispersed

Through every vein and artery. Wherefore art thou

So cruel to me? This thy outward shape Brought a fierce war against me, not to be

By flesh and blood resisted : but to leave me

No hope of freedom, from the magazine Of thy mind's forces, treacherously thou

drew'st up Auxiliary helps to strengthen that

Which was already in itself too potent. Thy beauty gave the first charge, but thy duty, Seconded with thy care and watchful studies To please, and serve my will, in all that might Raise up content in me, like thunder brake

through All opposition ; and, my ranks of reason Disbanded, my victorious passions fell

To bloody execution, and compell'd me

With willing hands to tie on my own chains, And, with a kind of flattering joy, to glory In my captivity.

Theoe. I, in this you speak, sir, Am ignorance itself.

Malef. And so continue ;

For knowledge of the arms thou bear'st against me,

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THE UNNATURAL COMBAI. 55	
Would make thee curse thyself, but yield no	To the governor and his son; nay, to yourself;
aids	For there begins my sorrow.
For thee to help me : and 'twere crucity	Malef. Would I had
In me to wound that spotless innocence,	No greater cause to mourn, than their dis-
Howe'er it make me guilty. In a word,	pleasure !
Thy plurisy of goodness is thy ill;	For I dare justify
Thy virtues vices, and thy humble lowness	Montr. We must not do
Far worse than stubborn sullenness and pride;	All that we dare. We're private, friend. I
Thy looks, that ravish all beholders else,	observed
As killing as the basilisk's, thy tears,	Your alterations with a stricter cye,
Express'd in sorrow for the much I suffer,	Perhaps, than others; and, to lose no time
A glorious insultation, and no sign	In repetition, your strange demeanour
Of pity in thee; and to hear thee speak	To your sweet daughter.
!n thy defence, though but in silent action,	Malef. Would you could find out
Would make the hurt, already deeply fester 'd,	Some other theme to treat of !
Incurable : and therefore, as thou wouldst not	Montr. None but this;
Bythy presence raise fresh furies to torment	And this I'll dwell on; how ridiculous,
me,	And subject to construction
I do conjure thee by a father's power,	Malef. No more !
And 'its my curse I dare not think it lawful	Montr. You made yourself, amazes me,
To sue unto thee in a nearer name,)	and if
Without reply to leave me.	The frequent trials interchanged between us
<i>Thace.</i> My obschence	Of love and friendship, be to their desert
Newer learn'd yet toquestion your commands,	Esteem'd by you, asthey hold weight with me,
But willingly to serve them ; yet I must,	No inward trouble should be of a shape
Since that your will forbids the knowledge of	So horrid to yourself, but that to me
My fault, lament my fortune.	You stand bound to discover it, and unlock
<i>Malef.</i> O that I	Your secret'st thoughts; though the most
Have reason to discern the better way,	innocent were
 And yet pursue the worse! When I look on her, I burn with heat, and in her absence freeze With the cold blasts of jealousy, that another Should e'er taste those delights that are denied me; And which of these afflictions brings less torture, I hardly can distinguish: Is there then No mean? no; so my understanding tells me, And that by my cross fates it is determined That I am both ways wretched. Enter Usher and Montreville. 	Loud crying sins. Malef. And so, perhaps, they are: And therefore be not curious to learn that Which, known, must make you hate me. Montr. Think not so. I am yours in right and wrong; nor shall you find A verbal friendship in me, but an active; And here I vow, I shall no sooner know What the disease is, but, if you give leave, I will apply a remedy. Is it madness? I am familiarly acquainted with A deep-read man, that can with charms and
Usk. Yonder he walks, sir, In much vexation: he hath sent my lady, His daughter, weeping in; but what the cause is, Rests yet in supposition. Montr. I guess at it, But must be further satisfied; I will sift him In private, therefore quit the room. Usk. I am gone, sir. [Exil. Malef. Ha I who disturbs me? Montre- ville ! your pardon. Montr. Would you could grant one to yourself ! I speak it With the assurance of a friend, and yet,	Malef. Oh press me no further. Montr. Are you wrung there ! Why,
Before it be too late, make reparation	what of her? hath she
Of the gross wrong your indiscretion offer'd	Made shipwreck of her houour, or conspired

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Against your life? or seal'd a contract with The devil of hell, for the recovery of Her young Inamorato? Malef. None of these; And yet, what must increase the wonder in you, Being innocent in herself, she hath wounded me ; But where, enquire not. Yet, I know not how I am persuaded, from my confidence Of your vow'd love to me, to trust you with My dearest secret ; pray you chide me for it, But with a kind of pity, not insulting On my calamity. Montr. Forward. Malef. This same daughter-Montr. What is her fault? Malef. She is too fair to me. Montr. Ha ! how is this? Malef. And I have looked upon her More than a father should, and languish to Enjoy her as a husband, Montr. Heaven forbid it ! Malef. And this is all the comfort you can give me ! Where are your promised aids, your charms, your herbs, Your deep-read scholar's spells and magic rites? Can all these disenchant me? No, I must be My own physician, and upon myself Practise a desperate cure. Montr. Do not contemn nie : Enjoin me what you please, with any hazard I'll undertake it. What means have you practised To quench this hellish fire? Malef. All I could think on, But to no purpose; and yet sometimes absence Does yield a kind of intermission to The fury of the fit. Montr. See her no more, then. Malef. "Tis my last refuge ; and 'twas my intent And still 'tis, to desire your help. Montr. Command it. Malef. Thus then : you have a fort, of which you are The absolute lord, whither, I pray you, bear her : And that the sight of her may not again Nourish those flames, which I feel something lessen'd, By all the ties of friendship I conjure you, And by a solemn oath you must confirm it, That though my now calm'd passions should rage higher Than ever heretofore, and so compel me

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Once more to wish to see her ; though I use Persuasions mix'd with threatenings, (nay, add to it. That I, this failing, should with hands held up thus, Kneel at your feet, and bathe them with my tears,) Prayers or curses, vows or imprecations, Only to look upon her, though at distance, You still must be obdurate. Montr. If it be Your pleasure, sir, that I shall be unmoved, I will endeavour. Malef. You must swear to be Inexorable, as you would prevent The greatest mischief to your friend, that fate Could throw upon him. Montr. Well, I will obey you. But how the governor will be answer'd yet, And 'tis material, is not consider'd. Malef. Leave that to me. I'll presently give order How you shall surprise her ; be not frighted. with Her exclamations. Montr. Be you constant to Your resolution, I will not fail In what concerns my part. Malef. Be ever bless'd for't ! Excunt. SCENE II.-A Street. Enter Beaufort junior, Chamont, and Lanour. Cham. Not to be spoke with, say you? Beauf. jun. No. Lan. Nor you Admitted to have conference with her? Beauf. jun. Neither. His doors are fast lock'd up, and solitude Dwells round about them, no access allow'd To friend or enemy ; but-Cham. Nay, be not moved, sir; Let his passion work, and, like a hot-rein'd horse 'Twill quickly tire itself. Beauf. jun. Or in his death, Which, for her sake, till now I have forborn, I will revenge the injury he hath done to My true and lawful love Lan. How does your father, The governor, relish it? Beauf. jun. Troth, he never had Affection to the match ; yet in his pity To me, he's gone in person to his house, Nor will he be denied ; and if he find not

Strong and fair reasons, Malefort will hear from him

In a kind he does not look for.

57 Cham. In the mean time. Than a shopkeeper, or a lawyer that lends Pray you put on cheerful looks. money In a long dead vacation. Enter Montaigne. Mont. How do you like Beauf. jun. Mine suit my fortune. Lan. O, here's Montaigne. His meditation? Cham. Peace ! let him proceed. Mont. I never could have met you Belg. I cannot now go on the score for More opportunely. I'll not stale the jest shame. By my relation ; but if you will look on And where I shall begin to pawn-ay, marry, The malecontent Belgarde, newly rigg'd up, That is consider'd timely ! I paid for With the train that follows him, 'twill be an This train of yours, dame Estridge, fourteen object CTOWDS. Worthy of your noting. And yet it is so light, 'twill hardly pass For a tavern reckoning, unless it be, To save the charge of painting, nuil'd on a Beauf. jun. Look you the comedy Make good the prologue, or the scorn will dwell post, For the sign of the feathers. Pox upon the Upon yourself. Mont. I'll hazard that ; observe now. fashion, That a captain cannot think himself a captain. Belgarde comes out of his house in a gallant If he wear not this, like a fore-horse | yet it habit; stays at the door with his sword is not drawn. Staple commodity : these are perfumed too Several voices within. Nay, captain ! glo-O' the Roman wash, and yet a stale red rious captain ! herring Belg. Fall back, rascals ! Would fill the belly better, and hurt the head Do you make an owl of me? this day I will less : Receive no more petitions .-And this is Venice gold ; would I had it again Here are bills of all occasions, and all sizes ! In French crowns in my pocket? O you com-If this be the pleasure of a rich suit, would manders. I were That, like me, have no dead pays, nor can Again in my buff jerkin, or my armour ! cozen Then I walk'd securely by my creditors' noses, The commissary at a muster, let me stand Not a dog mark'd me; every officer shunn'd For an example to you ! as you would Enjoy your privileges, videlicet, me. And not one lousy prison would receive me : To pay your debts, and take your letchery But now, as the ballad says, I am turn d gratis ; gallant, To have your issue warm'd by others fires ; There does not live that thing I owe a sous to, To be often drunk, and swear, yet pay no But does torment me. A faithful cobler told forfeit To the poor, but when you share with one me With his awl in his hand, I was behindhand another: With all your other choice immunities : with him For setting me upright, and bade me look Only of this I seriously advise you, to myself. Let courtiers trip like courtiers, and your A sempstress too, that traded but in socks, lords Swore she would set a serjeant on my back Of dirt and dunghills mete their woods and For a borrow'd shirt: my pay, and the acres, benevolence In velvets, satins, tissues ; but keep you The governor and the states bestow'd upon Constant to cloth and shamois. me. Mont. Have you heard The city cormorants, my money-mongers, Of such a penitent homily? Have swallow'd down already; they were Belg. I am studying now Where I shall hide myself till the rumour of sums, I grant,-but that I should be such a fool, My wealth and bravery vanish : let me see, Against my oath, being a cashier'd captain. There is a kind of vaulting-house not far To pay debts, though grown up to one and off. twenty, Where I used to spend my afternoons, among Deserves more reprehension, in my judg-Suburb she-gamesters ; and yet, now I think ment. on't.

I have crack'd a ring or two there, which they made Others to solder : No-

Enter a Bawd, and two Courtezans, with two Children.

t Court. O! have we spied you ! Bawd. Upon him without ceremony ! now's the time,

While he's in the paying vein.

- 2 Court. Save you, brave captain ! Beauf. jun. 'Slight, how he stares ! they
- are worse than she-wolves to him.
- Belg. Shame me not in the streets ; I was coming to you.
- I Court. O, sir, you may in public pay for the fiddling

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- You had in private. 2 Court. We hear you are full of crowns, sir.
 - I Court. And therefore, knowing you are open-handed,
- Before all be destroy'd, I'll put you in mind, sir.
- Of your young heir here.
- 2 Court. Here's a second, sir,
- That looks for a child's portion.
- Bawd, There are reckonings
- For muscadine and eggs too, must be thought on.
 - I Court. We have not been hasty, sir.
- Bared. But staid your leisure : But now you are ripe, and loaden with fruit-
- 2 Court. "Tis fit you should be pull'd ;
- here's a boy, sir, Pray you, kiss him ; 'tis your own, sir. I Court, Nay, buss this first,
- It hath just your eyes; and such a promising nose,
- That, if the sign deceive me not, in time 'Twill prove a notable striker, like his father.
- Belg. And yet you laid it to another, I Court. True,

While you were poor ; and it was policy ; But she that has variety of fathers,

And makes not choice of him that can maintain it,

Ne'er studied Aristotle.

Lan. A smart quean !

Belg. Why, braches, will you worry me? 2 Court. No, but ease you

Of your golden burthen ; the heavy carriage may

Bring you to a sweating sickness.

- Belg. Very likely ; I foam all o'er already. I Court. Will you come off, sir?

Belg. Would I had ne'er come on ! Hear me with patience, Or I will anger you. Go to, you know me ;

And do not yex me further : by my sins, And your diseases, which are certain truths, Whate'er you think, I am not master, at This instant, of a livre.

a Court. What, and in

Such a glorious suit 1 Belg. The liker, wretched things, To have no money.

- Bawd. You may pawn your clothes, sir. I Court. Will you see your issue starve?
- 2 Court. Or the mothers beg ?
- Belg. Why, you unconscionable strumpets, would you have me,
- Transform my hat to double clouts and biggins?
- My corslet to a cradle? or my belt
- To swaddlebands? or turn my cloak to
- blankets? Or to sell my sword and spurs, for soap and
- candles? Have you no mercy? what a chargeable devil
- We carry in our breeches !
- Beauf. jun. Now 'tis time To fetch him off. [They They come forward.

Enter Beaufort senior.

Mont. Your father does it for us. Bawd. The governor ! Beauf. sen. What are these? I Court. An it like your lordship, Very poor spinsters. Bawd. I am his nurse and laundress. Belg. You have nurs'd and launder'd me, hell take you for it! Vanish ! Cham. Do, do, and talk with him hereafter. I Court. 'Tis our best course. 2 Court. We'll find a time to fit him. [Excunt Bawd and Courtezans. Beanf. sen. Why in this heat, Belgarde? Belg. You are the cause of 't. Beauf. sen. Who, 1? Belg. Yes, your pied livery and your gold Draw these vexations on me ; pray you strip me,

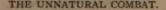
And let me be as I was : I will not lose The pleasures and the freedom which I had In my certain poverty, for all the wealth

Fair France is proud of. Beauf. sen. We at better leisure Will learn the cause of this.

Beauf. jun. What answer, sir, From the admiral?

Beauf. sen. None ; his daughter is removed To the fort of Montreville, and he himself In person fled, but where, is not discover'd :

I could tell you wonders, but the time denies Montr. Let not that afflict you. You shall not want observance; I will be me Fit liberty. In a word, let it suffice Your page, your woman, parasite, or fool. The power of our great master is contemn'd, The sacred laws of God and man profaned; Or any other property, provided You answer my affection. And if I sit down with this injury Theoc. In what kind? I am unworthy of my place, and thou Montr. As you had done young Beaufort's. Of my acknowledgment : draw up all the Theor. How ! troops Montr. So, lady As I go, I will instruct you to what purpose. Or, if the name of wife appear a yoke Such as have power to punish, and yet spare, Too heavy for your tender neck, so I From fear or from connivance, others ill, Enjoy you as a private friend or mistress, "Twill be sufficient. Though not in act, assist them in their will. [Excunt. Theor. Blessed angels guard me ! What frontless impudence is this? what devil Hath, to thy certain ruin, tempted thee ACT V. To offer me this motion? by my hopes SCENE I.- A Street near Malefort's House. Of after joys, submission nor repentance **Enter Montreville and Servants**, with Theo-Shall expiate this foul intent. crine, Page, and Waiting-women. Montr. Intent ! Montr. Bind them, and gag their mouths 'Tis more, I'll make it act. sure; I alone Theor. Ribald, thou darest not : Will be your convoy And if (and with a fever to thy soul 1 Wom. Madam ! Thou but consider that I have a father, 2 Wom. Dearest lady! And such a father, as, when this arrives at Page. Let me fight for my mistress. Serv. 'Tis in vain, His knowledge, as it shall, the terror of His vengeance, which as sure as fate must Little cockerel of the kind. follow, Montr. Away with them, Will make thee curse the hour in which lust And do as I command you. taught thee [Exennt Servants with Page and To nourish these bad hopes ;---and 'tis my Waiting-women. wonder Theor. Montreville, Thou darest forget how tender he is of me, You are my father's friend; nay more, a And that each shadow of wrong done to me. soldier, Will raise in him a tempest not to be But with thy heart-blood calm'd : this, when And if a right one, as I hope to find you, Though in a lawful war you had surprised I see him-A city, that bow'd humbly to your pleasure, Montr. As thou shalt never. In honour you stand bound to guard a virgin Theoe. Wilt thou murder me? Montr. No, no, 'tis otherwise determined, From violence ; but in a free estate, Of which you are a limb, to do a wrong Which noble enemies never consent to, fool. The master which in passion kills his slave Is such an insolence-That may be useful to him, does himself Montr. How her heart beats ! The injury: know, thou most wretched Much like a partridge in a sparhawk's foot, creature. That with a panting silence does lament That father thou presumest upon, that father, The fate she cannot fly from !--Sweet, take That, when I sought thee in a noble way, comfort, Denied thee to me, fancying in his hope You are safe, and nothing is intended to you. A higher match, from his excess of dotage, But love and service. Hath in his bowels kindled such a flame Theor. They came never clothed Of impious and most unnatural lust, In force and outrage. Upon what assurance That now he fears his furious desires Remembering only that my father lives, May force him to do that, he shakes to Who will not tamely suffer the disgrace,) think on. Theor. O me, most wretched ! Montr. Never hope again Have you presumed to hurry me from his house, And, as I were not worth the waiting on, To blast him with those eyes : their golden To snatch me from the duty and attendance beams Of my poor servants? Are unto him arrows of death and hell,



But unto me divine artillery.

And therefore, since what I so long in vain Pursued, is offer'd to me, and by him Given up to my possession ; do not flatter Thyself with an imaginary hope, But that I'll take occasion by the forelock, And make use of my fortune. As we walk,

I'll tell thee more.

Theor. I will not stir.

Montr. I'll force thee.

Theor. Help, help !

Montr. In vain. Theor. In me my brother's blood

Is punish'd at the height.

Montr. The coach there ! Theoc. Dear sir-

Montr. Tears, curses, prayers, are alike to me ;

I can, and must enjoy my present pleasure, And shall take time to mourn for it at leisure. [He bears her off.

SCENE II.—A Space before the Fort. Enier Malefort.

I have play'd the fool, the gross fool, to believe The bosom of a friend will hold a secret, Mine own could not contain ; and my industry In taking liberty from my innocent daughter, Out of false hopes of freedom to myself, Is, in the little help it yields me, punish d, She's absent, but I have her figure here ; And every grace and rarity about her, Are by the pencil of my memory, In living colours painted on my heart. My fires too, a short interim closed up, Break out with greater fury. Why was I, Since 'twas my fate, and not to be declined, In this so tender-conscienced? Say I had Enjoy'd what I desired, what had it been But incest? and there's something here that tells me

I stand accomptable for greater sins I never check'd at. Neither had the crime Wanted a precedent : I have read in story, Those first great heroes, that, for their brave deeds,

Were in the world's first infancy styled gods, Freely enjoy'd what I denied myself. Old Saturn, in the golden age, embraced His sister Ops, and, in the same degree, The Thunderer Juno, Neptune Thetis, and, By their example, after the first deluge, Deucalion Pyrrha. Universal nature, As every day 'tis evident, allows it To creatures of all kinds: the gallant horse Covers the mare to which he was the sire ; The bird with fertile seed gives new increase To her that hatch'd him : why should envious man then

Brand that close act, which adds proximity To what's most near him, with the abhorred title

Of incest? or our later laws forbid,

What by the first was granted? Let old men, That are not capable of these delights, And solemn superstitious fools, prescribe

Rules to themselves; I will not curb my freedom.

But constantly go on, with this assurance, I but walk in a path which greater men Have trod before me. Ha! this is the fort: Open the gate! Within, there!

Enfer two Soldiers.

I Sold. With your pardon

We must forbid your entrance.

Malef. Do you know me? 2 Sold. Perfectly, my lord.

Malef. I am [your] captain's friend. I Sold. It may be so; but till we know his pleasure,

You must excuse us.

2 Sold. We'll acquaint him with

Your waiting here.

Malef. Waiting, slave! he was ever

By me commanded.

1 Sold. As we are by him. Malef. So punctual ! pray you then, in my name entreat

His presence. 2 Sold. That we shall do. [Exeant Sold. Malef. I must use

Some strange persuasions to work him to Deliver her, and to forget the vows,

And horrid oaths I, in my madness, made him Take to the contrary : and may I get her Once more in my possession, I will bear her Into some close cave or desert, where we'll end Our lusts and lives together,

Enter Montreville and Soldiers, upon the Walls.

Montr. Fail not, on

The forfeit of your lives, to execute

Excunt Soldiers. What I command. Malef. Montreville ! how is't friend?

Montr. I am glad to see you wear such cheerful looks;

The world's well alter'd.

Malef. Yes, I thank my stars: But methinks thou art troubled.

Montr. Some light cross,

But of no moment.

Malef. So I hope : beware

Of sad and impious thoughts ; you know how far

They wrought on me.

Montr. No such come near me, sir.

u, no daughter, and much M str. You say well: And very aptly call to memory seen curs'd with one. Two oaths, against all ties and rites of 1? friendship, Broken by you to me. Malef. No more of that. Montr. Yes, 'tis material, and to the pured, I am most happy in her. glad to hear it. cestuous fires quite burnt out ; I love her pose: The first (and think upon't) was, when I no further. brought you As a visitant to my mistress then, (the mother iere then ace, and do not try a second Of this same daughter,) whom, with dreadn her. ful words, riend, though she were Too hideous to remember, you swore deeply For my sake never to attempt ; yet then, egrees more excellent is; nay, though she could Then, when you had a sweet wife of your own, I know not with what arts, philtres, and I to take my frailty, charms o: and therefore, Montre-(Unless in wealth and fame you were above me) t next her, I come to tell You won her from me; and, her grant obtain'd, nd I are reconciled, A marriage with the second waited on The burial of the first, that to the world and with all possible speed, Brought your dead son : this I sat tamely satisfaction to young Beaudown by, Wanting, indeed, occasion and power I have so much wrong'd; To be at the height revenged. er custody, of which Malef. Yet this you seem'd Freely to pardon. ze thee, there is nothing in rtunes, but shall ever be Montr. As perhaps I did. Your daughter Theocrine growing ripe, (Her mother too deceased,) and fit for marpromise fairly, performance ; yet I would riage, I was a suitor for her, had your word, Upon your honour, and our friendship made ported to have been casion of your falling Authentical, and ratified with an oath, She should be mine: but vows with you or but suppose, out of my nature, and assurance being like To your religion, a nose of wax i can hold out, I could con-To be turn'd every way, that very day know there are so many lets The governor's son but making his approaches Of courtship to her, the wind of your ambition nst it, that it is my wonder motion ; having bound me, For her advancement, scatter'd the thin sand In which you wrote your full consent to me, imprecations, on no terms, And drew you to his party. What hath pass'd uments, you could propose, lmit you to her sight, since. You bear a register in your own bosom, re her to you. e soldiers. That can at large inform you. Malef. Montreville, aths ! seyond my knowledge I do confess all that you charge me with To be strong truth, and that I bring a cause Most miserably guilty, and acknowledge tore worthy, than in keeping h more our vows. in pardon all ! That though your goodness made me mine sands, in our heat of wine, own judge, I should not shew the least compassion Or mercy to myself. O, let not yet ay, and in our younger days, / say, between ourselves, My foulness taint your pureness, or my falsehave we to answer for, rupulous that way? hood

Divert the torrent of your loyal faith ! My ills, if not return'd by you, will add Lustre to your much good ; and to o'ercome

With noble sufferance, will express your strength,

And triumph o'er my weakness. If you please too,

My black deeds being only known to you, And, in surrendering up my daughter, buried, You not alone make me your slave, (for J At no part do deserve the name of friend,) But in your own breast raise a monument Of pity to a wretch, on whom with justice You may express all cruelty. Montr. You much move me.

Malef. O that I could but hope it ! To revenge

An injury, is proper to the wishes

Of feeble women, that want strength to act it : But to have power to punish, and yet pardon, Peculiar to princes. See ! these knee Kneels.

That have been ever stiff to bend to heaven. To you are supple. Is there aught beyond this

That may speak my submission? or can pride (Though I well know it is a stranger to you) Desire a feast of more humility,

To kill her growing appetite?

Montr. I required not

To be sought to this poor way ; yet 'tis so far A kind of satisfaction, that I will

Dispense a little with those serious oaths You made me take : your daughter shall come to you,

I will not say, as you deliver'd her, But, as she is, you may dispose of her As you shall think most requisite. []

Exit. Malef. His last words

Are riddles to me. Here the lion's force

Would have proved useless, and, against my nature,

Compell'd me from the crocodile to borrow Her counterfeit tears : there's now no turning backward.

May I but quench these fires that rage within me

And fall what can fall, I am arm'd to bear it !

Enter Soldiers below, thrusting forth Theocrine ; her garments loose, her hair dishe-

2 Sold. You must be packing. Theor. Hath he robb'd me of Mine honour, and denies me now a room To hide my shame ! 2 Sold. My lord the admiral Attends your ladyship.

I Sold, Close the port, and leave them. Excunt Soldiers.

Malef. Ha! who is this? how alter'd ! how deform'd !

It cannot be : and yet this creature has A kind of a resemblance to my daughter, My Theocrine ! but as different From that she was, as bodies dead are, in Their best perfections, from what they were When they had life and motion. Theoe. 'Tis most true, sir ;

I am dead indeed to all but misery O come not near me sir, I am infectious : To look on me at distance, is as dangerous As, from a pinnacle's cloud-kissing spire, With giddy eyes to view the deep descent ; But to acknowledge me, a certain ruin. O, sir !

Malef. Speak, Theocrine, force me not To further question ; my fears already Have choked my vital spirits.

These. Pray you turn away Your face and hear me, and with my last breath

Give me leave to accuse you : What offence, From my first infancy, did I commit,

That for a punishment you should give up My virgin chastity to the treacherous guard Of goatish Montreville?

Malef. What hath he done? Theoe, Abused me, sir, by violence ; and this told,

I cannot live to speak more : may the cause In you find pardon, but the speeding curse Of a ravish'd maid fall heavy, heavy on

him !-Beaufort, my lawful love, farewell for ever.

Malef. Take not thy flight so soon, immaculate spirit !

'Tis fled already.-How the innocent, As in a gentle slumber, pass away ! But to cut off the knotty thread of life

In guilty men, must force stern Atropos

To use her sharp knife often. I would help

The edge of hers with the sharp point of mine, But that I dare not die, till I have rent

This dog's heart piecemeal. O, that I had wings

To scale these walls, or that my hands were cannons,

To bore their flinty sides, that I might bring The villain in the reach of my good sword ! The Turkish empire offer'd for his ransom, Should not redeem his life. O that my voice Were loud as thunder, and with horrid sounds Might force a dreadful passage to his ears, And through them reach his soul | Libidinous monster !

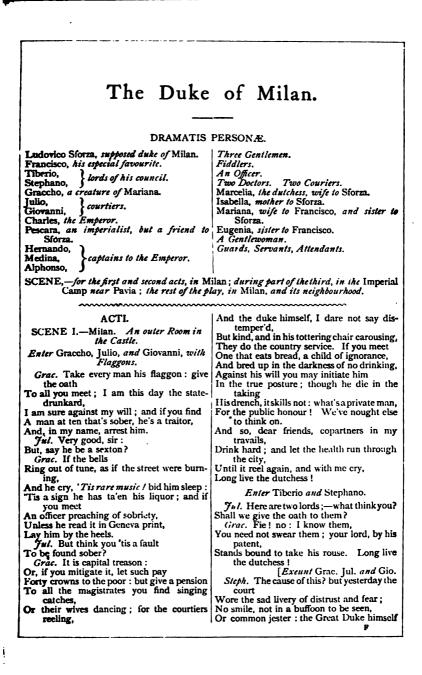
Foul ravisher ! as thou durst do a deed Enter the Ghost of young Malefort, naked from the waist, full of wounds, leading in Which forced the sun to hide his glorious face Behind a sable mask of clouds, appear, the Shadow of a Lady, her face leprons. And as a man defend it ; or, like me. Hal is't fancy? Or hath hell heard me, and makes proof if I Dare stand the trial? Yes, I do; and now Shew some compunction for it. Enter Montreville on the Walls, above. Montr. Ha, ha, ha! I view these apparitions, I feel I once did know the substances. For what Malef. Is this an object to raise mirth? come you? Montr. Yes, yes. Are your aerial forms deprived of language, Malef. My daughter's dead. Montr. Thou hadst best follow her ; And so denied to tell me, that by signs [*The* Ghosts use various gestures. You bid me ask here of myself? "Tis so : Or, if thou art the thing thou art reported, Thou shouldst have led the way. Do tear And there is something here makes answer thy hair, for you. Like a village nurse, and mourn, while I You come to lance my sear'd-up conscience ; laugh at thee. Be but a just examiner of thyself, yes, And to instruct me, that those thunderbolts, And in an equal balance poise the nothing, That hurl'd me headlong from the height of Or little mischief I have done, compared With the pond'rous weight of thine : and glory Wealth, honours, worldly happiness, were how canst thou forged Accuse or argue with me? mine was a rape, Upon the anvil of my impious wrongs, And she being in a kind contracted to me, The fact may challenge some qualification : And cruelty to you ! I do confess it ; And that my lust compelling me to make But thy intent made nature's self run backward. way For a second wife, I poison'd thee; and that And done, had caused an earthquake. The cause (which to the world is undis-Enter Soldiers above. cover'd) I Sold. Captain ! That forced thee to shake off thy filial duty Afontr. Ha! 2 Sold. Our outworks are surprised, the To me, thy father, had its spring and source From thy impatience, to know thy mother, sentinel slain. That with all duty and obedience served me, The corps de guard defeated too. (For now with horror I acknowledge it,) Montr. By whom ? 1 Sold. The sudden storm and darkness Removed unjustly : yet, thou being my son, Wert not a competent judge mark'd out by of the night heaven Forbids the knowledge ; make up speedily, For her revenger, which thy falling by Or all is lost. Excunt. My weaker hand confirm'd. - [Answered still Montr. In the devil's name, whence comes by signs.]- 'Tis granted by thee. Exit. this ? Can any penance expiate my guilt, A storm ; with thunder and lightning. Or can repentance save me ? Malef. Do, dorage on ! rend open, Æolus, [The Ghosts disappear. Thy brazen prison, and let loose at once Thy stormy issue ! Blustering Boreas, They are vanish'd ! What's left to do then? I'll accuse my fate, Aided with all the gales the pilot numbers That did not fashion me for nobler uses : Upon his compass, cannot raise a tempest For if those stars, cross to me in my birth, Through the vast region of the air, like that Had not denied their prosperous influence I feel within me : for I am possess'd to it. With whirlwinds, and each guilty thought With peace of conscience, like to innocent to me is men, A dreadful hurricano. Though this centre I might have ceased to be, and not as now, Labour to bring forth earthquakes, and hell To curse my cause of being open [He is kill d with a flash of lightning. Her wide-stretch'd jaws, and let out all her Enter Belgarde, with Soldiers. furies, They cannot add an atom to the mountain Belg. Here's a night To season my silks ! Buff-jerkin, now I miss Of fears and terrors that each minute threaten thee : To fall on my accursed head.—

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Thou hast endured many foul nights, but Already told you : I expect no favour ; I have cast up my accompt. never Beauf. sen. Take you the charge Of the fort, Belgarde; your dangers have One like to this. How fine my feather looks now! Just like a capon's tail stol'n out of the pen, deserved it. And hid in the sink ; and yet 't had been Belg. I thank your excellence : this will keep me safe yet dishonour From being pull'd by the sleeve, and bid To have charged without it .-- Wilt thou never cease? remember Is the petard, as I gave directions, fasten'd The thing I wot of. On the portcullis? Beauf. jun. All that have eyes to weep, I Sold. It hath been attempted Spare one tear with me. Theocrine's By divers, but in vain. dead. Belg. These are your gallants, That at a feast take the first place, poor I Mont. Her father too lies breathless here, I think Hardly allow'd to follow ; marry, in Struck dead with thunder. Cham. 'Tis apparent : how These foolish businesses they are content His carcass smells ! That I shall have precedence ; I much thank Their manners, or their fear. Second me, Lan. His face is alter'd to soldiers ; Another colour. They have had no time to undermine, or if Beauf. jun. But here's one retains They have, it is but blowing up, and fetching Her native innocence, that never yet Call'd down heaven's anger. Beauf. sen. 'Tis in vain to mourn A caper or two in the air; and I will do it, Rather than blow my nails here. 2 Sold. O brave captain ! Excunt. For what's past help.-We will refer, bad man. An Alarum; noise and cries within. After Your sentence to the king. May we make a flourish, enter Beaufort senior, Beaufort use of junior, Montaigne, Chamont, Lanour, Belgarde, and Soldiers, with Montreville This great example, and learn from it, that prisoner. There cannot be a want of power above, Montr. Racks cannot force more from me To punish murder, and unlawful love ! than I have [Excunt.



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Had sorrow in his face ! which, waited on By his mother, sister, and his fairest dutchess, Dispersed a silent mourning through al. Milan ; As if some great blow had been given the state, Or were at least expected. Tib. Stephano, I know as you are noble, you are honest, And capable of secrets of more weight Than now I shall deliver. If that Sforza, The present duke, (though his whole life hath been But one continued pilgrimage through dangers, Affrights, and horrors, which his fortune, guided By his strong judgment, still hath overcome,) Appears now shaken, it deserves no wonder : All that his youth hath labour'd for, the harvest Sown by his industry ready to be reap'd too, Being now at stake ; and all his hopes confirm'd, Or lost for ever. Steph. I know no such hazard : His guards are strong and sure, his coffers full ; The people well affected ; and so wisely His provident care hath wrought, that though war mges In most parts of our western world, there is No enemy near us. Tib. Dangers, that we see To threaten ruin, are with case prevented ; But those strike deadly, that come unexpected : The lightning is far off, yet, soon as seen, We may behold the terrible effects That it produceth. But I'll help your knowledge, And make his cause of fear familiar to you. The wars so long continued between The emperor Charles, and Francis the French king, Have interess'd, in either's cause, the most Of the Italian princes; among which, Sforza, As one of greatest power, was sought by both; But with assurance, having one his friend, The other lived his enemy. Steph. "Tis true : And 'twas a doubtful choice. Tib. But he, well knowing, And hating too, it seems, the Spanish pride, Lent his assistance to the king of France : Which hath so far incensed the emperor, That all his hopes and honours are embark'd With his great patron's fortune.

Steph. Which stands fair, For aught I yet can hear. Tib. But should it change, The duke's undone. They have drawn to the field Two royal armies, full of fiery youth ; Of equal spirit to dare, and power to do : So near intrench'd, that 'tis beyond all hope Of human counsel they can e'er be severed, Until it be determined by the sword, Who hath the better cause : for the success, Concludes the victor innocent, and the vanquish'd Most miserably guilty. How uncertain The fortune of the war is, children know ; And, it being in suspense, on whose fair tent Wing'd Victory will make her glorious stand, You cannot blame the duke, though he appear Perplex'd and troubled. Steph. But why, then, In such a time, when every knee should bend For the success and safety of his person, Are these loud triumphs? in my weak opinion, They are unseasonable. Tib. I judge so too; But only in the cause to be excused. It is the dutchess' birthday, once a year Solemnized with all pomp and ceremony ; In which the duke is not his own, but hers : Nay, every day, indeed, he is her creature, For never man so doated ;-but to tell The tenth part of his fondness to a stranger, Would argue me of fiction. Steph. She's, indeed, A lady of most exquisite form. Tib. She knows it, And how to prize it. Steph. I ne'er heard her tainted In any point of honour. Tib. On my life, She's constant to his bed, and well deserves His largest favours. But, when beauty is Stamp'd on great women, great in birth and fortune. And blown by flatterers greater than it is Tis seldom unaccompanied with pride ; Nor is she that way free : presuming on The duke's affection, and her own desert, She bears hersel) with such a majesty, Looking with scorn on all as things beneath her. That Siorza's mother, that would lose no part Of what was once her own, nor his fair sister. A lady too acquainted with her worth,

Will brook it well; and howsoe'er their hate Is smother'd for a time, 'tis more than lear'd It will at length break out.

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Though I confess, you give her but her own, Forces her modesty to the defence Of a sweet blush.

Sfor. It need not, my Marcelia ;

When most I strive to praise thee, I appear A poor detractor : for thou art, indeed, So absolute in body and in mind,

That, but to speak the least part to the height,

Would ask an angel's tongue, and yet then end

In silent admiration !

Isab. You still court her,

As if she were a mistress, not your wife,

Sfor. A mistress, mother ! she is more to me,

And every day deserves more to be sued to. Such as are cloy'd with those they have embraced,

May think their wooing done : no night to me

But is a bridal one, where Hymen lights

His torches fresh and new; and those delights,

Which are not to be clothed in airy sounds, Enjoy'd, beget desires as full of heat,

And jovial fervour, as when first I tasted Her virgin fruit.-Blest night ! and be it

number'd Amongst those happy ones, in which a

blessing

Was, by the full consent of all the stars, Conferr'd upon mankind.

Marc, My worthiest lord !

The only object I behold with pleasure,-My pride, my glory, in a word, my all ! Bear witness, heaven, that I esteem myself In nothing worthy of the meanest praise You can bestow, unless it be in this, That in my heart I love and honour you. And, but that it would smell of arrogance, To speak my strong desire and zeal to serve you.

I then could say, these eyes yet never saw The rising sun, but that my vows and prayers Were sent to heaven for the prosperity And safety of my lord : nor have I ever Had other study, but how to appear Worthy your favour ; and that my embraces Might yield a fruitful harvest of content For all your noble travail, in the purchase Of her that's still your servant : By these lips,

Which, pardon me, that I presume to kiss

Sfor. O swear, for ever swear !

Marc. I ne'er will seek

Delight but in your pleasure : and desire, When you are sated with all earthly glorics,

And age and honours make you fit for heaven,

That one grave may receive us. Sfor. 'Tis believed,

Believed, my blest one.

Mari. How she winds herself Into his soul !

Sfor. Sit all .- Let others feed

On those gross cates, while Sforza banquets with

Immortal viands ta'en in at his eyes.

I could live ever thus,-Command the eunuch To sing the ditty that I last composed,

Enter a Courier.

In praise of my Marcelia. ---- From whence? Cour. From Pavia, my dread lord. Sfor. Speak, is all lost?

Cour. [Delivers a letter,] The letter will inform you. Exil.

Fran. How his hand shakes,

As he receives it !

Mari. This is some allay

To his hot passion.

Sfor. Though it bring death, I'll read it :

May it please your excellence to under-stand, that the very hour I wrote this, P heard a bold defiance delivered by a herald from the emperor, which was cheerfully received by the king of France. The battailes being ready to join, and the vanguard com-mitted to my charge, enforces me to end.

abruptly. Your Highness's humble servant. GASPE GASPERO.

Ready to join I-By this, then, I am nothing, Or my estate secure. Aside.

Marc. My lord. Sfor. To doubt,

Is worse than to have lost ; and to despair, Is but to antedate those miseries

That must fall on us; all my hopes depending. Upon this battle's fortune. In my soul, Methinks, there should be that imperious

power,

By supernatural, not usual means,

T' inform me what I am. The cause consider'd,

Why should I fear? The French are bold and strong.

Their numbers full, and in their councils wise ;

But then, the haughty Spaniard is all fire, Hot in his executions ; fortunate

In his attempts ; married to victory :-

Ay, there it is that shakes me. Aside. Fran. Excellent lady,

This day was dedicated to your honour :



One gale of your sweet breath will easily	Enter another Courier.
Disperse these clouds; and, but yourself,	
there's none	From Gaspero?
That dare speak to him.	Cour. That was, my lord.
Marc. I will run the hazard.—	Sfor. How ! dead ?
My lord !	Cour. [Delivers a letter.] With the de-
Sfor. Ha!-pardon me, Marcelia, I am	livery of this, and prayers,
troubled;	To guard your excellency from certain dan-
And stand uncertain, whether I am master	gers,
• Of aught that's worth the owning.	He ceased to be a man. Exit.
Marc. I am yours, sir;	Sfor. All that my fears
And I have heard you swear, I being safe,	Could fashion to me, or my enemies wish,
There was no loss could move you. This	Is fallen upon me Silence that harsh music ;
dav, sir,	"I'is now unseasonable : a tolling bell,
'Is by your gift made mine. Can you revoke	As a sad harbinger to tell me, that
A grant made to Marcelia? your Marcelia?	This pamper'd lump of flesh must feast the
For whose love, nay, whose honour, gentle	worms,
sir.	Is fitter for me : I am sick.
All deep designs, and state-affairs deferr'd,	Marc. My lord !
Be, as you purposed, merry.	S/or. Sick to the death, Marcelia. Remove
Sfor. Out of my sight !	These signs of mirth; they were ominous,
[Throws away the letter.	and but usher'd
And all thoughts that may strangle mirth	Sorrow and ruin.
forsake me.	Marc. Bless us, heaven !
Fall what can fall, I dare the worst of fate :	Isab. My son.
Though the foundation of the earth should	
shrink.	
	Sfor. All leave the room ;
The glorious eye of heaven lose his splen-	I'll bear alone the burden of my grief,
dour,	And must admit no partner. 1 am yet
Supported thus, I'll stand upon the ruins,	Your prince, where's your obedience?Stay,
And seek for new life here. Why are you	Marcelia;
sad?	I cannot be so greedy of a sorrow,
No other sports! by heaven, he's not my	In which you must not share.
friend,	Exenut Tiberio, Stephano, Francisco,
That wears one furrow in his face. I was told	Isabella, Mariana, and Attendants.
There was a masque.	Marc. And cheerfully
Fran. They wait your highness' pleasure,	I will sustain my part. Why look you pale?
And when you please to have it.	Where is that wonted constancy and cou-
Sfor. Bid them enter :	rage,
Come, make me happy once again. I am	That dared the worst of fortune? where is
rapt	Sforza,
Tis not to-day, to-morrow, or the next,	To whom all dangers that fright common
But all my days, and years, shall be em-	men,
ploy'd	Appear'd but panic terrors? why do you
To do thee honour.	eye me
.Marc. And my life to serve you.	With such fix'd looks? Love, counsel, duty,
[.A horn without.	service,
Sfor. Another post ! Go hang him, hang	May flow from me, not danger.
him, I say;	Sfor. O, Marcelia !
I will not interrupt my present pleasures,	It is for thee I fear; for thee, thy Sforza
Although his message should import my	Shakes like a coward : for myself, unmoved,
head :	I could have heard my troops were cut in
Hang him, I say.	pieces,
Marc. Nay, good sir, I am pleased	My general slain, and he, on whom my hopes
To grant a little intermission to you;	Of rule, of state, of life, had their depen-
Who knows but he brings news we wish to	dence,
bear,	The king of France, my greatest friend,
To heighten our delights.	made prisoner
Sfor. As wise as fair !	To so proud enemics.

Marr, Then you have just cause To shew you are a man. Sfor. All this were nothing,

Though I add to it, that I am assured, For giving aid to this unfortunate king, The emperor, incens'd, lays his command On his victorious army, flesh'd with spoil, And bold of conquest, to march up against me.

And seize on my estates : suppose that done too,

The city ta'en, the kennels running blood, The ransack'd temples falling on their saints ; My mother, in my sight, toss'd on their pikes, And sister ravish'd ; and myself bound fast In chains, to grace their triumph ; or what

An enemy's insolence could load me with, I would be Sforza still. But, when I think That my Marcelia, to whom all these

Are but as atoms to the greatest hill,

Must suffer in my cause, and for me suffer !

All earthly torments, nay, even those the

Howl for in hell, are gentle strokes, compared

To what I feel, Marcelia.

Marc, Good sir, have patience :

I can as well partake your adverse fortune, As I thus long have had an ample share In your prosperity. "Tis not in the power Of fate to alter me ; for while I am,

In spite of it, I'm yours.

Sfor. But should that will

To be so be forced, Marcelia ; and I live To see those eyes I prize above my own,

Dart favours, though compell'd, upon another ;

Or those sweet lips, yielding immortal nectar, Be gently touch'd by any but myself ;

Think, think, Marcelia, what a cursed thing I were, beyond expression !

Marc. Do not feed

Those jealous thoughts ; the only blessing

Heaven hath bestow'd on us, more than on beasts,

Is, that 'tis in our pleasure when to die. Besides, were I now in another's power,

There are so many ways to let out life,

I would not live, for one short minute, his;

I was born only yours, and I will die so.

Sfor. Angels reward the goodness of this woman |

Enter Francisco.

All I can pay is nothing .- Why, uncall'd for?

Fran. It is of weight, sir, that makes me thus press

Upon your privacies. Your constant friend, The marquis of Pescara, tired with haste, Hath business that concerns your life and fortunes,

And with speed, to impart. Sfor. Wait on him hither

Exit Francisco.

And, dearest, to thy closet. Let thy prayers Assist my councils. Marc. To spare imprecations

Against myself, without you I am nothing. Exit.

Sfor. The marquis of Pescara ! a great soldier ;

And, though he serv'd upon the adverse

Ever my constant friend.

Re-enter Francisco with Pescara.

Fran. Yonder he walks,

Full of sad thoughts,

Pesc. Blame him not, good Francisco,

He hath much cause to grieve ; would I might end so,

And not add this,-to fear ! Sfor. My dear Pescara ;

A miracle in these times ! a friend, and happy,

Cleaves to a falling fortune !

Pesc. If it were

As well in my weak power, in act, to raise it,

As 'tis to bear a part of sorrow with you, You then should have just cause to say,

- Pescara
- Look'd not upon your state, but on your virtues.

When he made suit to be writ in the list

Of those you favour'd .- But my haste for-

All compliment ; thus, then, sir, to the purpose :

The cause that, unattended, brought me bither,

Was not to tell you of your loss, or danger;

For fame hath many wings to bring ill tidings,

And I presume you've heard it ; but to give you

Such friendly counsel, as, perhaps, may make Your sad disaster less.

Sfor. You are all goodness ;

And I give up myself to be disposed of,

As in your wisdom you think fit. Pesc. Thus, then, sir :

To hope you can hold out against the emperor.

Were flattery in yourself, to your undoing :

Therefore, the safest course that you can take Is, to give up yourself to his discretion, Before you be compell'd ; for, rest assured, A voluntary yielding may find grace, And will admit defence, at least, excuse But, should you linger doubtful, till his powers Have seized your person and estates perforce, You must expect extremes. Sfor. I understand you ; And I will put your counsel into act, And speedily. I only will take order For some domestical affairs, that do Concern me nearly, and with the next sun Ride with you : in the mean time, my best friend, Pray take your rest. Peer, Indeed, I have travell'd hard ; And will embrace your counsel. Exit. Sfor. With all care, Attend my noble friend. Stay you, Francisco. You see how things stand with me? Fran. To my grief : And if the loss of my poor life could be A sacrifice to restore them as they were, I willingly would lay it down. Sfor: I think so ; For I have ever found you true and thank-Which makes me love the building I have In your advancement; and repent no grace I have conferr'd upon you. And, believe me, Though now I should repeat my favours to you. The titles I have given you, and the means mitable to your honours ; that I thought you Worthy my sister and my family, And in my dukedom made you next myself; It is not to upbraid you ; but to tell you I find you are worthy of them, in your love And service to me. Fran. Sir, I am your creature ; And any shape, that you would have me wear, I gladly will put on. Sfor. Thus, then, Francisco : I now am to deliver to your trust A weighty secret ; of so strange a nature, And 'twill, I know, appear so monstrous to That you will tremble in the execution. As much as I am tortured to command it : For 'tis a deed so horrid, that, but to hear it, Would strike into a ruffian flesh'd in murders Or an obdurate hangman, soft compassion ;

And from me most deserving, such my state And strange condition is, that thou alone

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Must know the fatal service, and perform it Fran. These preparations, sir, to work as stranger,

Or to one unacquainted with your bounties, Might appear useful ; but to me they are Needless impertinencies : for 1 dare do Whate'er you dare command

Sfor. But you must swear it ;

And put into the oath all joys or torments That fright the wicked, or confirm the good Not to conceal it only, that is nothing, But, whensoe'er my will shall speak, Strike now !

To fall upon't like thunder.

Fran. Minister

The oath in any way or form you please, I stand resolved to take it.

Sfor. Thou must do, then,

What no malevolent star will dare to look on

It is so wicked : for which men will cursethee

For being the instrument ; and the bless angels

Forsake me at my need, for being the anthor :

For 'tis a deed of night, of night, Francisco" In which the memory of all good actions

We can pretend to, shall be buried quick :

Or, if we be remember'd, it shall be

To tright posterity by our example, That have outgone all precedents of villains.

That were before us ; and such as succeed.

Though taught in hell's black school, shalls ne'er come near us.

Art thou not shaken yet?

Fran. I grant you move me :

But to a man confirm'd-

Sfor. I'll try your temper What think you of my wife?

Fran. As a thing sacred ; To whose fair name and memory 1 page

gladly

These signs of duty. Sfor. Is she not the abstract

Of all that's rare, or to be wish'd in woman ? Fran. It were a kind of blasphemy todispute it :

But to the purpose, sir. *S/or*. Add too, her goodness, Her tenderness of me, her care to please me. Her unsuspected chastity, ne'er equali'd ; Her innocence, her honour :----O, I am lost

In the ocean of her virtues and her graces, When I think of them ! Fran, Now I find the end

And yet, Francisco, of all men the dearest, | Of all your conjurations ; there's some service-

enemies,

That she would have removed-

Sfor. Alas | Francisco,

Her greatest enemy is her greatest lover ; Yet, in that hatred, her idolater.

One smile of hers would make a savage tame ;

One accent of that tongue would calm the seas,

Though all the winds at once strove there for empire.

Yet I, for whom she thinks all this too little, Should I miscarry in this present journey, From whence it is all number to a cipher, I ne'er return with honour, by thy hand Must have her murder'd.

Fran. Murder'd !- She that loves so, And so deserves to be beloved again ! And I, who sometimes you were pleased to

favour, Pick'd out the instrument !

Sfor. Do not fly off :

What is decreed can never be recall'd ;

"I'is more than love to her, that marks her out

A wish'd companion to me in both fortunes : And strong assurance of thy zealous faith, That gives up to thy trust a secret, that

Racks should not have forced from me. O. Francisco !

There is no heaven without her ; nor a hell, Where she resides. I ask from her but justice, And what I would have paid to her, had sickness,

Or any other accident, divorced

Her purer soul from her unspotted body. The slavish Indian princes, when they die, Are cheerfully attended to the fire,

By the wife and slave that, living, they loved best.

To do them service in another world : Nor will I be less honour'd, that love more. And therefore trifle not, but, in thy looks, Express a ready purpose to perform

What I command ; or, by Marcelia's soul, This is thy latest minute. Fran. 'Tis not fear

Of death, but love to you, makes me embrace it ;

But for mine own security, when 'tis done, What warrant have I? If you please to sign one.

I shall, though with unwillingness and horror, Perform your dreadful charge.

Sfor. 1 will, Francisco :

But still remember, that a prince's secrets Are balm conceal'd; but poison, if dis-

cover'd.

To be done for this sweet lady. If she have I may come back ; then this is but a trial To purchase thee, if it were possible, A nearer place in my affection :- but

I know thee honest.

Fran. 'Tis a character

I will not part with.

Sfor. I may live to reward it. Exeant.

ACT II.

SCENE 1. - The same. An open space before the Castle,

Enter Tiberio and Stephano.

Steph. How ! left the court ?

Tib. Without guard or retinue

Fitting a prince. Steph. No enemy near, to force him To leave his own strengths, yet deliver up Himself, as 'twere, in bonds, to the discretion Of him that hates him ! 'tis beyond example. You never heard the motives that induced him

To this strange course?

Tib. No, those are cabinet councils,

And not to be communicated, but

To such as are his own, and sure. Alas! We fill up empty places, and in public

Are taught to give our suffrages to that

Which was before determined ; and are safe so.

Signior Francisco (upon whom alone

His absolute power is, with all strength, conferr'd,

During his absence) can with ease resolve you :

To me they are riddles.

Steph. Well, he shall not be

My Ædipus ; I'll rather dwell in darkness. But, my good lord Tiberio, this Francisco Is, on the sudden, strangely raised. Tib. O sir.

He took the thriving course ; he had a sister, A fair one too, with whom, as it is rumour'd, The duke was too familiar; but she, cast off, (What promises soever past between them,) Upon the sight of this, forsook the court, And since was never seen. To smother this, As honours never fail to purchase silence, Francisco first was graced, and, step by step, Is raised up to this height.

Steph. But how is

His absence born?

Tib. Sadly, it seems, by the dutchess ; For since he left the court,

For the most part she hath kept her private chamber,

No visitants admitted. In the church. She hath been seen to pay her pure devotions,



Season'd with tears ; and sure her sorrow's

Or deeply counterfeited ; pomp, and state, And bravery cast off : and she, that lately Rivall'd Poppæa in her varied shapes, Or the Egyptian queen, now, widow-like, In table colours, as her husband's dangers Strangled in her the use of any pleasure, Mourns for his absence.

Steph. It becomes her virtue,

And does confirm what was reported of her. Tib. You take it right : but, on the other side.

The darling of his mother, Mariana, As there were an antipathy between Her and the dutchess' passions ; and as Sue'd no dependence on her brother's fortune,

She ne'er appear'd so full of mirth. Steph. "Tis strange.

Enter Graccho with Fiddlers.

But see ! her favourite, and accompanied, To your report

Grac. You shall scrape, and I will sing A seurvy ditry to a seurvy tune,

Repine who dares.

I Fid. But if we should offend,

The dutchess having silenced us; and these

Stand by to hear us. --Grac. They in name are lords

Hut I am one in power : and, for the dutchess, But yestenday we were merry for her pleasure,

We now 'll be for my lady's.

176. Signior Graccho

Grac. A poor man, sir, a servant to the princess :

But you, great lords and counsellors of state, Whom I stand bound to reverence.

Tit. Come ; we know You are a man in grace.

Grac. Fie ! no : 1 grant,

bear my fortunes patiently; serve the princess,

And have access at all times to her closet,

Such is my impudence | when your grave lordships

Are masters of the modesty to attend

Three hours, nay sometimes four ; and then bid wait

Upon her the next morning.

Steph. He derides us.

Tio. Pray you, what news is stirring? you know all. Grac. Who, 1? alas | I've no intelligence

At home nor abroad ; I only sometimes guess The change of the times : I should ask of your lordships,

Who are to keep their honours, who to lose them ;

Who the dutchess smiled on last, or on whom frown'd,

You only can resolve me; we poor waiters Deal, as you see, in mirth, and foolish fiddles ; It is our element ; and-could you tell me What point of state 'tis that I am commanded To muster up this music, on mine honesty, You should much befriend me.

Steph. Sirrah, you grow saucy. Tib. And would be laid by the heels.

Grac. Not by your lordships, Without a special warrant; look to your own stakes :

Were I committed, here come those would bail me :

Perhaps, we might change places too,

Enter Isabella, and Mariana; Graecho whispers the latier.

Tib. The princess !

We must be patient,

Steph. There is no contending. Tib. See, the informing rogue!

Steph. That we should stoop

To such a mushroom !

Mari. Thou dost mistake ; they durst not Use the least word of scorn, although provoked,

To anything of mine.-Go, get you home,

And to your servants, friends, and flatterers, number

How many descents you're noble :- look to your wives too ;

The smooth-chinned courtiers are abroad. Tib. No way to be a freeman !

[Excunt Tiberio and Stephano. Grac, Your Excellence hath the best gift

to dispatch These arras pictures of nobility,

I ever read of.

Mari. I can speak sometimes,

Grac. And cover so your bitter pills with sweetness

Of princely language to forbid reply, They are greedily swallow'd.

Ind. But the purpose, daughter, That brings us hither? Is it to bestow A visit on this woman, that, because

She only would be thought truly to grieve The absence and the dangers of my son,

Proclaims a general sadness? Mari. If to vex her

May be interpreted to do her honour, She shall have many of them. I'll make use Of my short neign : my lord now governs all; And she shall know that her idolater,

My brother, being not by now to protect her. I am her equal. Grac. Of a little thing,

It is so full of gall ! A devil of this size,

Should they run for a wager to be spiteful, Gets not a horse-head of her. Aside.

Mari. On her birthday,

We were forced to be merry, and now she's musty.

We must be sad, on pain of her displeasure : We will, we will ! this is her private chamber, Where, like an hypocrite, not a true turtle, She seems to mourn her absent mate ; her servants

Attending her like mutes : but I'll speak to her.

And in a high key too .- Play anything

That's light and loud enough but to torment her.

And we will have rare sport.

Music and a song.

Marcelia appears at a window above, in black.

Isab. She frowns as if

Her looks could fright us.

Mari. May it please your greatness,

We heard that your late physic hath not work'd ;

And that breeds melancholy, as your doctor tells us ;

To purge which, we, that are born your highness' vassals,

And are to play the fool to do you service, Present you with a fit of mirth. What think you

Of a new antic?

Isc.b. 'Twould shew rare in ladies.

Mart, Being intended for so sweet a creature,

Were she but pleased to grace it. Isab. Fie ! she will,

Be it ne'er so mean ; she's made of courtesy, Mari. The mistress of all hearts. One smile, I pray you,

On your poor servants, or a fiddler's fee ; Coming from those fair hands, though but a ducat, We will enshrine it as a holy relic.

Isab. 'Tis wormwood, and it works. Marc. If I lay by

My fears and griefs, in which you should be sharers,

If doting age could let you but remember, You have a son ; or frontless impudence, You are a sister ; and, in making answer To what was most unfit for you to speak, Or me to hear, borrow of my just anger-Isab. A set speech, on my life,

Mari. Penn'd by her chaplain. Marc. Yes, it can speak, without instruction speak, And tell your want of manners, that you are rude, And saucily rude, too. Grac. Now the game begins. Marc. You durst not, else, on any hire or hope, Remembering what I am, and whose I am, Put on the desperate boldness, to disturb The least of my retirements. Mari. Note her, now Marc. For both shall understand, though the one presume Upon the privilege due to a mother, The duke stands now on his own legs, and needs No nurse to lead him. Isab. How, a nurse! Mare. A dry one, And useless too :- but I am merciful, And dotage signs your pardon. Isab. I defy thee ; Thee, and thy pardons, proud one ! Marc. For you, puppet______ Mari. What of me, pine-tree? Marc. Little you are, I grant, And have as little worth, but much less wit ; You durst not else, the duke being wholly mine, His power and honour mine, and the allegiance, You owe him as a subject, due to me-Mari. To you? Marc. To me: and therefore, as a vassal, From this hour learn to serve me, or you'll feel I must make use of my amhority, And, as a princess, punish it. Isab. A princess ! Mari. 1 had rather be a slave unto a Moor, Than know thee for my equal. Isab. Scornful thing ! Proud of a white face. Mari. Let her but remember The issue in her leg. Isab. The charge she puts The state to, for perfumes. Mari. And howsoe'er She seems, when she's made up, as she's herself, She stinks above the ground. O that I could reach you !

The little one you scorn so, with her nails Would tear your painted face, and scratch those eyes out.

Do but come down,

Marc. Were there no other way, Or that the least neglect is fall'n upon you, But leaping on thy neck, to break my own, I then stand up a prince. 1 Fid. Without reward, Rather than be outbraved thus. Pray you dismiss us. She retires. Grac. Forty ducats Grac. Would I were five leagues hence ! Upon the little hen : she's of the kind, Fran. I will be partial To none, not to myself; Be you but pleased to shew me my offence, And will not leave the pit. Mari. That it were lawful Aside. Or if you hold me in your good opinion, To meet her with a poniard and a pistol ! But these weak hands shall shew my spleen-Name those that have offended you. Isab. I am one, Re-enter Marcelia below. And I will justify it. Mari. Thou art a base fellow, Marc. Where are you, To take her part. ¹You modicum, you dwarf ! Fran. Remember, she's the dutchess. Mari. Here, giantess, here. Marc. But used with more contempt, than if I were Enter Francisco, Tiberio, Stephano, and A peasant's daughter; baited, and hooted at, Guards. Like to a common strumpet; with loud Fran. A tumult in the court ! noises Mari. Let her come on. Fran. What wind hath raised this tem-Forced from my prayers; and my private chamber, pest? Which with all willingness, I would make Sever them, I command you. What's the my prison cause? During the absence of my lord, denied me : Speak, Mariana, But if he e'er return-Mari. I am out of breath ; Fran. Were you an actor But we shall meet, we shall .- And do you In this lewd comedy? hear, sir ! Mari. Ay, marry was I; And will be one again. Or right me on this monster, (she's three feet Too high for a woman,) or ne'er look to have Isab. I'll join with her, A quiet hour with me. Though you repine at it. Fran. Think not, then, I speak, Isab. If my son were here, And would endure this, may a mother's curse For I stand bound to honour, and to serve Pursue and overtake him ! you ; Fian. O forbear But that the duke, that lives in this great In me he's present, both in power and will ; lady, And, madam, I much grieve that, in his ab-For the contempt of him in her, commands sence, you There should arise the least distaste to move To be close prisoners. Isab. Mari. Prisoners! you; It being his principal, nay, only charge, Fran. Bear them hence ; To have you in his absence, served and This is your charge, my lord Tiberio, honour d And, Stephano, this is yours. As when himself perform'd the willing office. Marc. I am not cruel, Mari. This is fine, i' faith. But pleased they may have liberty. Grac. I would I were well off ! Isab. Pleased, with a mischiei ! Fran. And therefore, I beseech you, Mari. I'll rather live in any loathsome madam, frown not, dungeon, Till most unwittingly he hath deserved it, Than in a paradise at her entreaty : **On your poor servant**; to your excelience And, for you, upstart-Steph. There is no contending. I ever was and will be such ; and lay Tib. What shall become of these? The duke's authority, trusted to me, Fran. See them well whipp'd, With willingness at your feet. Mari. O base ! Isab. We are like As you will answer it. Tib. Now, signior Graccho, To have an equal judge ! What think you of your greatness? Fran. But, should I find Grac. I preach patience, That you are touch'd in any point of honour, And must endure my fortune.

I Fid. 1 was never yet

At such a hunt's-up, nor was so rewarded, Excunt all but Francisco and Marcelia. Fran. Let them first know themselves, and how you are

To be served and honour'd ; which, when they confess,

You may again receive them to your favour :

And then it will shew nobly. Marc. With my thanks

The duke shall pay you his, if he return To bless us with his presence.

Fran, There is nothing

That can be added to your fair acceptance ; That is the prize, indeed ; all else are blanks, And of no value. As, in virtuous actions, The undertaker finds a full reward, Although conferr'd upon unthankful men ;

So, any service done to so much sweetness, However dangerous, and subject to An ill construction, in your fayour finds

A wish'd, and glorious end.

Marc. From you, I take this As loyal duty ; but, in any other,

It would appear gross flattery.

Fran. Flattery, madam !

You are so rare and excellent in all things, And raised so high upon a rock of goodness, As that vice cannot reach you; who but

looks on This temple, built by nature to perfection, But must bow to it ; and out of that zeal,

Not only learn to adore it, but to love it? Marc, Whither will this fellow? [Aside. Fran. Pardon, therefore, madam,

If an excess in me of humble duty, Teach me to hope, and though it be not in The power of man to merit such a blessing, My piety, for it is more than love,

May find reward,

Marc. You have it in my thanks ; And, on my hand, I am pleased that you

shall take

A full possession of it : but, take heed

That you fix here, and feed no hope beyond It :

If you do, it will prove fatal. Fran. Be it death,

And death with torments tyrants ne'er found out,

Yet I must say, I love you.

Marc. As a subject ;

And 'twill become you.

Fran. Farewell, circumstance !

And since you are not pleased to understand mc.

But by a plain and usual form of speech ; All superstitious reverence laid by, I love you as a man, and, as a man,

I would enjoy you. Why do you start, and fly me?

I am no monster, and you but a woman,

A woman made to yield, and by example Told it is lawful : favours of this nature

Are, in our age, no miracles in the greatest ; And, therefore, lady-

- Marc. Keep off !-- O you Powers !-Libidinous beast ! and, add to that, unthankful !
- A crime, which creatures wanting reason fly from.

Are all the princely bounties, favours, honours,

Which, with some prejudice to his own wisdom,

Thy lord and raiser hath conferr'd upon thee,

In three days' absence buried? Hath he made thee,

A thing obscure, almost without a name,

The envy of great fortunes? Have I graced thee,

Beyond thy rank, and entertain'd thee, as

A friend, and not a servant? and is this,

This impudent attempt to taint mine honour,

The fair return of both our ventured favours! Fran. Hear my excuse

Marc. The devil may plead mercy,

And, with as much assurance, as thou yield one,

Burns lust so hot in thee? or is thy pride

Grown up to such a height, that, but a princess,

No woman can content thee ; and, add to it, His wife and princess, to whom thou art tied In all the bonds of duty?-Read my life,

And find one act of mine so loosely earried, That could invite a most self-loving fool,

Set off with all that fortune could throw on him,

To the least hope to find way to my favour; And what's the worst mine enemies could wish me,

I'll be thy strumpet. Fran. "Tis acknowledged, madam,

That your whole course of life hath been a pattern

For chaste and virtuous women. In your beauty,

Which I first saw, and loved, as a fair crystal,

I read your heavenly mind, clear and untainted ;

And while the duke did prize you to your value,

Could it have been in man to pay that duty, I well might envy him, but durst not hope

To stop you in your full career of goodness: Or anything that is averse to nature : But now I find that he's fall'n from his for-And I will sooner credit it, than that My lord can think of me, but as a jewel, tune. And, howsoever he would appear doting, He loves more than himself, and all the Grown cold in his affection ; I presume, world. From his most barbarous neglect of you, Fran. O innocence abused ! simplicity To offer my true service. Nor stand I cozen'd ! bound. It were a sin, for which we have no name, To keep you longer in this wilful error. To look back on the courtesies of him, That, of all living men, is most unthankful. Read his affection here ; - [Gives her a paper.] Marc. Unheard-of impudence ! Fran. You'll say I am modest, -and then observe How dear he holds you ! 'Tis his character, When I have told the story. Can he tax Which cunning yet could never counterfeit. Marc. 'Tis his hand, I'm resolv'd of it. me. That have received some worldly trifles I'll try What the inscription is. from him. For being ungrateful; when he, that first Fran. Pray you, do so. tasted. Marc. [reads.] You know my pleasure, And hath so long enjoy'd, your sweet emand the hour of Marcelia's death, which fail braces In which all blessings that our frail condition not to execute, as you will answer the contrary, not with your head alone, but with Is capable of, are wholly comprehended, the ruin of your whole family. And this, written with mine own hand, and signed As cloy'd with happiness, contemns the giver with my privy signet, shall be your sufficient Of his felicity ; and, as he reach'd not warrant. The masterpiece of mischief which he aims LODOVICO SFORZA. at. Unless he pay those favours he stands bound to, I do obey it ! every word's a poniard, With fell and deadly hate !- You think he And reaches to my heart. Swoons. Fran. What have I done? loves you With unexampled fervour; nay, dotes on Madam ! for heaven's sake, madam !-- O my fate ! you, As there were something in you more than I'll bend her body : this is yet some pleasure : I'll kiss her into a new life. Dear lady !--woman : When, on my knowledge, he long since She stirs. For the duke's sake, for Sforza's hath wish'd sake-You were among the dead ;--and I, you Marc. Sforza's ! stand off ; though dead, scorn so. I will be his, Perhaps, am your preserver. And even my ashes shall abhor the touch Of any other.-O unkind, and cruel ! Marc. Bless me, good angels, Or I am blasted ! Lies so false and wicked, Learn, women, learn to trust in one another ; And fashion'd to so damnable a purpose, There is no faith in man : Sforza is false, Cannot be spoken by a human tongue. False to Marcelia ! My husband hate me ! give thyself the lie, Fran. But I am true. False and accurs d ! Thy soul, if thou hast And live to make you happy. All the pomp, State, and observance you had, being his, any, Can witness, never lady stood so bound Compared to what you shall enjoy, when To the unfeign'd affection of her lord, minc, As I do to my Sforza. If thou wouldst work Shall be no more remember'd. Lose his Upon my weak credulity, tell me, rather, memory, That the earth moves; the sun and stars And look with cheerful beams on your new stand still; creature ; The ocean keeps nor floods nor ebbs; or And know, what he hath plotted for your that good, There's peace between the lion and the Fate cannot alter. If the emperor lamb ; Take not his life, at his return he dies. Or that the ravenous eagle and the dove And by my hand : my wife, that is his heir, Keep in one aerie, and bring up their young ; Shall quickly follow :- then we reign alone !

For with this arm I'll swim through seas of The hazard of a dreadful day, and forced A passage with our swords through all the blood. Or make a bridge, arch'd with the bones of dangers That, page-like, wait on the success of war ; men But I will grasp my aims in you, my dearest, Dearest, and best of women ! And now expect reward. Hern. Hell put in Marc. Thou art a villain ! The enemy's mind to be desperate, and hold All attributes of arch-villains made into one, out ! Cannot express thee. I prefer the hate Vieldings and compositions will undo us ; Of Sforza, though it mark me for the grave, And what is that way given, for the most part, Before thy base affection. I am yet Comes to the emperor's coffers to defray Pure and unspotted in my true love to him ; The charge of the great action, as 'tis ru-Nor shall it be corrupted, though he's mour'd : When, usually, some thing in grace, that tainted : Nor will I part with innocence, because ne'er heard He is found guilty. For thyself, thou art The cannon's roaring tongue, but at a tri-A thing, that, equal with the devil himself, umph, Puts in, and for his intercession shares I do detest and scorn. All that we fought for ; the poor soldier left To starve, or fill up hospitals. Fran. Thou, then, art nothing : Thy life is in my power, disdainful woman ! Think on't, and tremble. Alph. But, when Marc. No, though thou wert now We enter towns by force, and carve our-To play thy hangman's part .- Thou well selves, may'st be Pleasure with pillage, and the richest wines My executioner, and art only fit Open our shrunk-up veins, and pour into For such employment; but ne'er hope to have them The least grace from me. I will never see New blood and fervour-Med. I long to be at it ; thee. But as the shame of men : so, with my curses To see these chuffs, that every day may Of horror to thy conscience in this life, spend And pains in hell hereafter, I spit at thee ; A soldier's entertainment for a year, And, making haste to make my peace with Yet make a third meal of a bunch of raisins; heaven, These sponges, that suck up a kingdom's Expect thee as my hangman. Exil. fat, Fran. I am lost Battening like scarabs in the dung of In the discovery of this fatal secret. peace, Curs d hope, that flatter'd me, that wrongs To be squeezed out by the rough hand of could make her war A stranger to her goodness ! all my plots And all that their whole lives have heap'd Turn back upon myself; but I am in, together. And must go on : and, since I have put off By cozenage, perjury, or sordid thrift, From the shore of innocence, guilt be now With one gripe to be ravish'd. my pilot ! Hern. I would be tousing Revenge first wrought me; murder's his Their fair madonas, that in little dogs, twin brother : Monkeys, and paraquittos, consume thou-One deadly sin, then, help to cure another ! sands ; [Exit. Yet, for the advancement of a noble action, Repine to part with a poor piece of eight : War's plagues upon them ! I have seen ACT III. them stop Their scornful noses first, then seem to SCENE I .- The Imperial Camp, before swoon, Pavia. At sight of a buff jerkin, if it were not Enter Medina, Hernando, and Alphonso. Perfumed, and hid with gold : yet these Med. The spoil, the spoil ! 'tis that the nice wantons, soldier fights for. Spurr'd on by lust, cover'd in some disguise, Our victory, as yet, affords us nothing But wounds and empty honour. We have To meet some rough court-stallion, and be leap'd, pass'd Durst enter into any common brothel.

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Though all varieties of stink contend there; Yet praise the entertainment. <i>Med.</i> I may live	Had rather held us out a siege, like Troy, Than, by a feign'd submission, he should cheat you
To see the tatter'd'st rascals of my troop	Of a just revenge; or us, of those fair glories
Drag them out of their closets, with a ven- geance !	We have sweat blood to purchase ! Med. With your honour
When neither threat'ning, flattering, kneel- ing, howling,	You cannot hear him. .1/ph. The sack alone of Milan
Can ransome one poor jewel, or redeem	Will pay the army.
Themselves, from their blunt wooing.	Charl. I am not so weak,
Hern. My main hope is,	To be wrought on, as you fear ! nor ignorant
To begin the sport at Milan : there's enough,	That money is the sinew of the war;
And of all kinds of pleasure we can wish for,	And on what terms soever he seek peace,
To satisfy the most covetous.	Tis in our power to grant it, or deny it :
Alph. Every day	Yet, for our glory, and to shew him that
We look for a remove.	We've brought him on his knees, it is re-
Med. For Lodowick Sforza,	solved
The duke of Milan, I, on mine own know-	To hear him as a suppliant. Bring him in ;
ledge,	But let him see the effects of our just anger,
Can say thus much : he is too much a soldier,	In the guard that you make for him.
Too confident of his own worth, too rich	Exit Pescara.
too.	Hern. I am now
And understands too well the emperor hates	
him,	He will appear in some dejected habit,
To hope for composition.	His countenance suitable, and, for his order,
Alph. On my life,	A rope about his neck : then kneel and tell
We need not fear his coming in.	Old stories, what a worthy thing it is
Hern. On mine,	To have the power, and not to use it; then
I do not wish it : I had rather that,	add to that
To shew his valour, he'd put us to the trouble	
To fetch him in by the cars.	Who said, forsooth, and wisely! 'twas more
Med. The emperor !	honour
brea, The competent	To make a king than killone; which, applied
Flourish. Enter Charles, Pescara, and Attendants.	To the emperor, and himself, a pardon's granted
Charl. You make me wonder : nay, it is	To him an enemy; and we, his servants,
no counsel,	Condemn'd to beggary. [Aside to Micd.
You may partake it, gentlemen : who'd have	
thought,	But not as you expected.
That he, that scorn'd our proffer'd amity	the set in you expected.
	Re-enter Pescara with Sforia, strongly
When he was sued to, should, ere he be	guarded.
summon'd,	
(Whether persuaded to it by base fear,	Alph. He looks as if
Or flatter'd by false hope, which, 'tis uncer-	
tain,)	Ilern. I am cozen'd :
First kneel for mercy?	A suitor, in the devil's name !
Med. When your majesty	Med. Hear him speak.
Shall please to instruct us who it is, we may	
Admire it with you.	mercy,
Charl. Who, but the duke of Milan,	By fawning on thy fortune; nor bring with me
The right hand of the French! of all that	
stand	And with a good man's confidence, even
In our displeasure, whom necessity	this instant
Compels to seek our favour, I would have	
sworn	Thy deadly and vow'd enemy: one that
Sforza had been the last.	wish d
Hern. And should be writ so,	Confusion to thy person and estates ;
In the list of those you pardon. Would his	And with my utmost powers, and decpes
city	counsels.

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Had they been truly follow'd, further'd it.	This sword was girt; and witness truth,
Nor will I now, although my neck were under	that, now
The hangman's axe, with one poor syllable	'Tis in another's power, when I shall part
Confess, but that I honour'd the French king,	With them and life together, I'm the same :
More than thyself, and all men.	My veins then did not swell with pride;
Med. By Saint Jacques,	nor now
This is no flattery.	Shrink they for fear. Know, sir, that Sforza
Hern. There is fire and spirit in't :	stands
	Prepared for either fortune.
But not long-lived, I hope,	
Sfor. Now give me leave,	Hern. As I live,
My hate against thyself, and love to him	I do begin strangely to love this fellow :
Freely acknowledged, to give up the reasons	And could part with three quarters of my
That make me so affected : In my wants	share in
I ever found him faithful; had supplies	The promised spoil, to save him.
Of men and monies from him; and my	Sfor. But, if example
hopes,	Of my fidelity to the French, whose honours,
Quite sunk, were, by his grace, buoy'd up	Titles, and glories, are now mix'd with yours,
again;	As brooks, devour'd by rivers, lose their
He was, indeed, to me, as my good angel	names,
To guard me from all dangers. I dare speak,	Has power to invite you to make him a
Nay, must and will, his praise now, in as	friend,
high	That hath given evident proof he knows to
And loud a key, as when he was thy equal.	love,
The benefits he sow'd in me, met not	And to be thankful: this my crown, now
Unthankful ground, but yielded him his own	yours,
With fair increase, and I still glory in it.	You may restore me, and in me instruct
And, though my fortunes, poor, compared	These brave commanders, should your for-
to his,	tune change,
And Milan, weigh d with France, appear as	Which now I wish not, what they may
nothing,	expect
Are in thy fury burnt, let it be mention'd,	From noble enemies, for being faithful.
They served but as small tapers to attend	From noble encmies, for being faithful. The charges of the war I will defray,
They served but as small tapers to attend	The charges of the war I will defray,
They served but as small tapers to attend The solemn flame at this great funeral ;	The charges of the war I will defray, And, what you may, not without hazard.
They served but as small tapers to attend The solemn flame at this great funeral; And with them I will gladly waste myself, Rather than undergo the imputation	The charges of the war I will defray, And, what you may, not without hazard. force, Bring freely to you : I'll prevent the cries
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81 If you will please to excuse my abrupt de-For such I hold thee ;---and true constancy, Raised on a brave foundation, bears such parture, palm Designs that most concern me, next this mercy, And privilege with it, that where we behold it, Calling me home, I shall hereafter meet you, Though in an enemy, it does command us And gratify the favour. To love and honour it. By my future hopes, Hern. In this, and all things, I am glad for thy sake, that in seeking favour, We are your servants. Thou did'st not borrow of vice her indirect, Sfor. A name I ever owe you. [Exeunt Medina, Hernando, and Crooked, and abject means; and for mine Alphonso. OWD. That, since my purposes must now be Pesc. So, sir; this tempest is well overchanged blown, Touching thy life and fortunes, the world And all things fall out to our wishes : but, In my opinion, this quick return, cannot Tax me of levity in my settled counsels ; Before you've made a party in the court I being neither wrought by tempting bribes, Among the great ones, (for these needy Nor servile flattery ; but forced into it captains By a fair war of virtue. Have little power in peace,) may beget Hern. This sounds well. danger, Charl. All former passages of hate be At least suspicion. Sfor. Where true honour lives, buried : For thus with open arms I meet thy love, Doubt hath no being : I desire no pawn And as a friend embrace it ; and so far Beyond an emperor's word, for my assurance. I am from robbing thee of the least honour, Besides, Pescara, to thyself, of all men, I will confess my weakness :-- though my That with my hands, to make it sit the faster, I set thy crown once more upon thy head; state And do not only style thee, Duke of Milan, But vow to keep thee so. Yet, not to take And crown's restored me, though I am in grace, From others to give only to myself, And that a little stay might be a step I will not hinder your magnificence To greater honours, I must hence. Alas ! To my commanders, neither will I urge it; I live not here; my wife, my wife, Pescara, Being absent, I am dead. Prithee, excuse, But in that, as in all things else, I leave you To be your own disposer. And do not chide, for friendship's sake, my Flourish. Exit with Attendants. fondness. Sfor. May I live But ride along with me; I'll give you reasons, To seal my loyalty, though with loss of life, And strong ones, to plead for me. In some brave service worthy Cæsar's favour, Pesc. Use your own pleasure ; And I shall die most happy ! Gentlemen, I'll bear you company, Receive me to your loves ; and, if henceforth Sfor. Farewell, grief ! I am stored with There can arise a difference between us, Two blessings most desired in human life, A constant friend, an unsuspected wife. It shall be in a noble emulation Who hath the fairest sword, or dare go Excunt. farthest, SCENE II. -- Milan. A Room in the Castle. To fight for Charles the emperor. Enter an Officer with Graecho. Hern. We embrace you, As one well read in all the points of honour : Offic. What I did, I had warrant for ; you And there we are your scholars. have tasted Sfor. True; but such My office gently, and for those soft strokes, As far outstrip the master. We'll contend Flea-bitings to the jerks I could have lent In love hereafter : in the meantime, pray you, you, Let me discharge my debt, and, as an earnest There does belong a feeing. Grac. Must I pay Of what's to come, divide this cabinet : For being tormented, and dishonour'd? In the small body of it there are jewels Will yield a hundred thousand pistolets, Offic. Fie! no, Which honour me to receive. Your honour's not impair'd in't. What's the Med. You bind us to you. letting out Sfor. And when great Charles commands Of a little corrupt blood, and the next way me to his presence, too?

G

There is no surgeon like me, to take off

A courtier's itch that's rampant at great ladies, Or turns knave for preferment, or grows

proud

Of his rich cloaks and suits, though got by brokage,

And so forgets his betters.

Grac. Very good, sir : But am I the first man of quality

That e'er came under your fingers?

Offic. Not by a thousand ;

And they have said I have a lucky hand too : Both men and women of all sorts have bow'd Under this sceptre. I have had a fellow

That could endite, forsooth, and make fine metres To tinkle in the ears of ignorant madams,

That, for defaming of great men, was sent me

Threadbare and lousy, and in three days after,

Discharged by another that set him on. I have seen him

Cap à pié gallant, and his stripes wash'd off With oil of angels. Grac, "Twas a sovereign cure, Offic, There was a sectary too, that would

not be

Conformable to the orders of the church,

Nor yield to any argument of reason,

But still rail at authority, brought to me,

When I had worm'd his tongue, and truss'd his haunches,

Grew a fine pulpit man, and was beneficed : Had he not cause to thank me?

Grac. There was physic

Was to the purpose.

Offic. Now, for women, sir,

For your more consolation, I could tell you Twenty fine stories, but I'll end in one,

And 'tis the last that's memorable.

Grac. Prithee, do

For I grow weary of thee.

Offic. There was lately

A fine she-waiter in the court, that doted

Extremely of a gentleman, that had

His main dependence on a signior's favour I will not name, but could not compass him On any terms. This wanton, at dead midnight.

Was found at the exercise behind the arras, With the 'foresaid signior : he got clear off, But she was seized on, and, to save his honour,

Endured the lash ; and, though I made her often

Curvet and caper, she would never tell Who play'd at pushpin with her.

Grac. But what follow'd? Prithee be brief.

Offic. Why this, sir : She deliver'd, Had store of crowns assign'd her by her

patron.

Who forced the gentleman, to save her credit,

To marry her, and say he was the party Found in Lob's pound : so she, that, before, gladly

- Would have been his whore, reigns o'er him as his wife ;
- Nor dares he grumble at it. Speak but truth, then,

Is not my office lucky?

Grac. Go, there's for thee; But what will be my fortune?

Offic. If you thrive not

After that soft correction, come again. Grac. I thank you, knave.

Offic. And then, knave, I will fit you.

Exit. Grac. Whipt like a rogue ! no lighter

punishment serve

To balance with a little mirth ! "Tis well :

My credit sunk for ever, I am now

Fit company only for pages and for footboys, That have perused the porter's lodge.

Enter Julio and Giovanni.

Giov. See, Julio,

Yonder the proud slave is. How he looks now,

After his castigation !

Jul. As he came

From a close fight at sea under the hatches,

With a she-Dunkirk, that was shot before Between wind and water; and he hath

sprung a leak too,

Or I am cozen'd.

Giov. Let's be merry with him.

Grac. How they stare at me ! am I turn'd to an owl?-

The wonder, gentlemen? Jul. I read, this morning,

Strange stories of the passive fortitude

Of men in former ages, which I thought Impossible, and not to be believed :

But now I look on you, my wonder ceases. Grac. The reason, sir? Jul. Why, sir, you have been whipt,

Whipt, signior Graccho; and the whip, I take it,

Is to a gentleman, the greatest trial That may be of his patience. Grac. Sir, I'll call you

To a strict account for this,

Giov. I'll not deal with you, Unless I have a beadle for my second :

And then I'll answer you.



OF MILAN TTTT? DUVE

THE DUKE	OF MILAN. 83
Jui. Farewell, poor Graccho. [Excunt Julio and Giovanni. Grac. Better and better still. If ever wrongs Could teach a wretch to find the way to vengeance,	If I am dull now, may I live and die The scorn of worms and slaves !—Let me consider : My lady and her mother first committed, In the favour of the dutchess; and I whipt ! That, with an iron pen, is writ in brass On my tough heart, now grown a harder
Enter Francisco and a Servant.	metal
 Hell now inspire me! How, the lord protector! My judge; I thank him! Whither thus in private? I will not see him. [Stands aside. Fram. If I am sought for, 	But this may prove but courtship ! let it be, I care not, so it feed her jealousy. [Exit.
Say I am indisposed, and will not hear Or suits, or suitors.	SCENE III.—Another Room in the same.
Serv. But, sir, if the princess	Enter Marcelia and Francisco.
Enquire, what shall I answer?	Marc. Believe thy tears or oaths! can it. be hoped,
Abroad to take the air; but by no means Let her know I'm in court. Serv. So I shall tell her. [Exit. Fram. Within there, ladies !	After a practice so abhor'd and horrid, Repentance e'r can find thee? Fran. Dearest lady, Great in your fortunc, greater in your good-
Enter a Gentlewoman.	ness,
Gentlew. My good lord, your pleasure? Fram. Prithee, let me beg thy favour for access To the dutchess. Gentlew. In good sooth, my lord, I dare	Make a superlative of excellence, In being greatest in your saving mercy. I do confess, humbly confess my fault, To be beyond all pity; my attempt So barbarously rude, that it would turn A saint-like patience into savage fury. But you, that are all innocence and virtue,
she's very private.	No spleen or anger in you of a woman,
Fran. Come, there's gold to buy thee A new gown, and a rich one. Genilew. 1 once swore If e'er I lost my maidenhead, it should be With a great lord, as you are; and, I know not how,	But when a holy zeal to piety fires you, May, if you please, impute the fault to love. Or call it beastly lust, for 'is no better : A sin, a monstrous sin ! yet with it many That did prove good men atter, have been tempted ;
I feel a yielding inclination in me, If you have appetite.	And, though I'm crooked now, 'tis in your power
 Fran. Pox on thy maidenhead ! Where is thy lady? Gentleno. If you venture on her, She's walking in the gallery; perhaps, You will find her less tractable. Fran. Bring me to her. Gentleno. I fear you'll have cold entertain- 	To make me straight again. <i>Mare.</i> Is't possible This can be cunning ! [Aside. <i>Fran.</i> But, if no submission, Nor prayers can appease you, that you may know
ment, when You are at your journey's end; and 'twere discretion	thus,
 To take a snatch by the way. Fran. Prithee, leave fooling : My page waits in the lobby; give him sweet- meats; He is train'd up for his master's case, And he will cool thee. 	pardon; I will not wait the sentence of the duke, Since his return is doubtful, but I myself Will do a fearful justice on myself, No witness by but you, there being no more When I offended. Yet, before I do it,
<i>Excent</i> Fran. and Gentlew. <i>Grac.</i> A bruve discovery beyond my hope, A plot even ofier'd to my hand to work on !	For I perceive in you no signs of mercy, I will disclose a secret, which dying with me.

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Marc. Speak it ; it will take from The burthen of thy conscience.

Fran. Thus, then, madam ;

The warrant by my lord sign'd for your death.

Was but conditional ; but you must swear By your unspotted truth, not to reveal it, Or I end here abruptly.

Marc. By my hopes

Of joys hereafter. On.

Fran. Nor was it hate

That forced him to it, but excess of love. And, if I ne'er return, (so said great Sforza,) No living man deserving to enjoy

My best Marcelia, with the first news That I am dead, (for no man after me Must e'er enjoy her,) fail not to kill her But till certain proof

Assure thee I am lost, (these were his words,) Observe and honour her, as if the soul

Of woman's goodness only dwelt in hers. This trust I have abused, and basely wrong'd ;

And, if the excelling pity of your mind Cannot forgive it, as I dare not hope it, Rather than look on my offended lord, I stand resolved to punish it.

[Draws his sword.

Marc. Hold ! 'tis forgiven, And by me freely pardon'd. In thy fair life Hereafter, study to deserve this bounty, Which thy true penitence, such I believe it, Against my resolution hath forced from me .-But that my lord, my Sforza, should esteem

My life fit only as a page, to wait on The various course of his uncertain fortunes ;

Or cherish in himself that sensual hope,

In death to know me as a wife, afflicts me; Nor does his envy less deserve mine anger, Which though, such is my love, I would not nourish.

Will slack the ardour that I had to see him Return in safety. Fran, But if your entertainment

Should give the least ground to his jealousy, To raise up an opinion I am false

You then destroy your mercy. Therefore, madam,

(Though I shall ever look on you as on My life's preserver, and the miracle

Of human pity,) would you but vouchsafe,

In company, to do me those fair graces, And favours, which your innocence and

honour

May safely warrant, it would to the duke, I being to your best self alone known guilty, Make me appear most innocent.

At least, to make him know a constant wife Is not so slaved to her husband's doting humours.

But that she may deserve to live a widow, Her fate appointing it.

Fran, It is enough ;

Nay, all I could desire, and will make way To my revenge, which shall disperse itself On him, on her, and all,

Aside and exit .- Shout and flourish. Marc. What shout is that?

Enter Tiberio and Stephano,

Tib. All happiness to the dutchess, that may flow

From the duke's new and wish'd return ! Marc. He's welcome. Steph. How coldly she receives it !

Tib. Observe the encounter.

Flourish. Enter Sforza, Pescara, Isabella, Mariana, Graecho, and Attendants.

Mari. What you have told me, Graceho, is believed,

And I'll find time to stir in't.

Grac. As you see cause ; I will not do ill offices.

Sfor. I have stood

Silent thus long, Marcelia, expecting

When, with more than a greedy haste, thou wouldst

Have flown into my arms, and on my lips

Have printed a deep welcome. My desires To glass myself in these fair eyes, have

borne me With more than human speed : nor durst I stay

In any temple, or to any saint

To pay my vows and thanks for my return, Till I had seen thee.

Marc. Sir, I am most happy

To look upon you sale, and would express My love and duty in a modest fashion, Such as might suit with the behaviour

Of one that knows herself a wife, and how

To temper her desires, not like a wanton

Fired with hot appetite; nor can it wrong me To love discreetly.

Sfor. How ! why, can there be A mean in your affections to Sforza?

Or any act, though ne'er so loose, that may Invite or heighten appetite, appear

Immodest or uncomely? Do not move me ;

My passions to you are in extremes, And know no bounds :- come ; kiss me.

Mare. I obey you. Sfor. By all the joys of love, she does Marc. Have your wishes ; And something I may do to try his temper, As if I were her grandfather ! What witch,



With cursed spells, hath quench'd the amorous heat That lived upon these lips? Tell me, Marcelia And truly tell me, is't a fault of mine That hath begot this coldness? or neglect Of others, in my absence? Marc. Neither, sir : I stand indebted to your substitute, Noble and good Francisco, for his care And fair observance of me : there was nothing With which you, being present, could supply That I dare say I wanted. Sher. How ! Marr. The pleasures That sacred Hymen warrants us, excepted, Of which, in troth, you are too great a doter And there is more of beast in it than man. Let us love temperately ; things violent last not, And too much dotage rather argues folly Than true affection Grac. Observe but this, And how she praised my lord's care and observance; And then judge, madam, if my intelligence Have any ground of truth. Mart. No more; I mark it. Steph. How the duke stands! Th. As he were rooted there, And had no motion. Pese, My lord, from whence Grows this amazement? Sfor. It is more, dear my friend ; For I am doubtful whether I've a being, But certain that my life's a burden to me. Take me back, good Pescara, shew me to In all his rage and fury; I disclaim His mercy : to live now, which is his gift, Is worse than death, and with all studied torments. Marcelia is unkind, nay, worse, grown cold In her affection ; my encess of fervour, Which yet was never equall'd, grown dis-tasteful. But have thy wishes, woman ; thou shalt know That I can be myself, and thus shake off The fetters of fond dotage. From my sight, Without reply; for I am apt to do Something I may repent.-[Exit Mare. Oh | who would place His happiness in most accursed woman, In whom obsequiousness engenders pride; And harshness deadly hatred | From this

I'll labour to forget there are such creatures ; True friends be now my mistresses. Clear your brows,

And, though my heart-strings crack for't I will be

To all a free example of delight.

We will have sports of all kinds, and propound

Rewards to such as can produce us new ; Unsatisfied, though we surfeit in their store ; And never think of curs'd Marcelia more,

Excunt.

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ACT IV.

SCENE I .- The same. A Room in the Castle.

Enter Francisco and Graccho.

Fran. And is it possible thou shouldst forget

A wrong of such a nature, and then study My safety and content?

Grac, Sir, but allow me

Only to have read the elements of courtship, Not the abstruse and hidden arts to thrive there ;

And you may please to grant me so much knowledge,

That injuries from one in grace, like you, Are noble favours. Is it not grown common, In every sect, for those that want, to suffer From such as have to give? Your captain cast.

If poor, though not thought daring, but approved so,

To raise a coward into name, that's rich,

Suffers disgraces publicly ; but receives Rewards for them in private.

Fran, Well observed.

Put on ; we'll be familiar, and discourse

A little of this argument, That day,

In which it was first rumour'd, then confirm'd,

Great Sforza thought me worthy of his favour, I found myself to be another thing :

Not what I was before. I passed then

For a pretty fellow, and of pretty parts too, And was perhaps received so; but, once raised

The liberal courtiers made me master of Those virtues which I ne'er knew in myself ;

If I pretended to a jest, 'twas made one By their interpretation ; if I offer d To reason of philosophy, though absurdly, They had helps to save me, and without a

86 Would swear that I, by nature, had more And, add to them, this form, to have my knowledge, pleasures Than others could acquire by any labour : Confined and limited ? I delight in change, Nay, all I did, indeed, which in another And sweet variety; that's my heaven on Was not remarkable, in me shew'd rarely. earth, Grac. But then they tasted of your bounty. For which I love life only. I confess, Fran. True : My wife pleased me a day, the dutchess, They gave me those good parts I was not two. born to, (And yet I must not say I have enjoy'd her,) And, by my intercession, they got that But now I care for neither : therefore, Which, had I cross'd them, they durst not Graccho, have hoped for. So far I am from stopping Mariana Grac. All this is oracle : and shall I, then, In making her complaint, that I desire thee For a foolish whipping, leave to honour To urge her to it. Grac. That may prove your ruin ; him, That holds the wheel of fortune ? no ; that The duke already being, as 'tis reported, Doubtful she hath play'd false. savours Too much of the ancient freedom. Since Fran. There thou art cozen'd ; His dotage, like an ague, keeps his course, great men Receive disgraces and give thanks, poor And now 'tis strongly on him. But I lose knaves time, Must have nor spleen, nor anger. Though And therefore know, whether thou wilt or I love no. My limbs as well as any man, if you had Thou art to be my instrument ; and, in spite Of the old saw, that says, It is not safe now A humour to kick me lame into an office, On any terms to trust a man that's wrong'd, I dare thee to be false. Grar. This is a language, My lord, I understand not. Fran. You thought, sirrah, Where I might sit in state and undo others, Stood I not bound to kiss the foot that did it? Though it seem strange, there have been such things seen To put a trick on me for the relation In the memory of man. Of what I knew before, and, having won Fran. But to the purpose, Some weighty secret from me, in revenge To play the traitor. Know, thou wretched And then, that service done, make thine own tortunes. thing, My wife, thou say'st, is jealous I am too By my command thou wert whipt; and Familiar with the dutchess. every day Grac. And incensed I'll have thee freshly tortured, if thou miss For her commitment in her brother's ab-In the least charge that I impose upon thee. Though what I speak, for the most part, is sence ; And by her mother's anger is spurr'd on To make discovery of it. This her purpose Was trusted to my charge, which I declined true : Nay, grant thou hadst a thousand witnesses To be deposed they heard it, 'tis in me As much as in me lay ; but, finding her With one word, such is Sforza's confidence Determinately bent to undertake it, Of my fidelity not to be shaken, To make all void, and ruin my accusers. Therefore look to't; bring my wife hotly on To accuse me to the duke—I have an end Though breaking my faith to her may destroy My credit with your lordship, I yet thought, Though at my peril, I stood bound to rein't. veal it. Or think what 'tis makes man most mise-Fran. I thank thy care, and will deserve rable, And that shall fall upon thee. Thou wert this secret, In making thee acquainted with a greater, a fool And of more moment. Come into my To hope, by being acquainted with my bosom, courses, To curb and awe me ; or that I should live Thy slave, as thou didst saucily divine : And take it from me : Canst thou think, dull Graccho, My power and honours were conferr'd upon For prying in my counsels, still live mine. Exil. me,

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I

THE DUKE	OF MILAN.	87
Grac. I am caught on both sides. This 'tis for a puisne	Enter Francisco.	
In policy's Protean school, to try conclusions With one that hath commenced, and gone out doctor.	I should wear yellow breeches. He comes. <i>Tib.</i> Nay, spare your labour, lad	ere he lv. we
If I discover what but now he bragg'd of, I shall not be believed : if I fall off From him, his threats and actions go to-	know our duty, And quit the room. Steph. Is this her privacy !	,,
gether, And there's no hope of safety. Till I get A plummet that may sound his deepest	Though with the hazard of a check, pe This may go to the duke. [Exeunt Tiberio and Ster	• •
counsels, I must obey and serve him : Want of skill Now makes me play the rogue against my	Marc. Your face is full Of fears and doubts : the reason? Fran. O, best madam,	1
will. [Exit. SCENE II.—Another Room in the same.	They are not counterfeit. I, your convert, That only wish to live in sad repentat	· .
Enter Marcelia, Tiberio, Stephano, and Gentlewoman.	To mourn my desperate attempt of yo That have no ends nor aims, but the goodness	ou,
Marc. Command me from his sight, and with such scorn As he would rate his slave !	Might be a witness of my penitence, Which seen, would teach you how t your mercy,	o lov e
Tib. 'Twas in his fury. Steph. And he repents it, madam. Marc. Was I born	Am robb'd of that last hope. The the duke, I more than fear, hath found that I am	duke, guilty.
To observe his humours ! or, because he dotes, Must I run mad ?	Marc. By my unspotted honour, no me; Nor have I with him changed one sy	i
7 ib. If that your Excellence Would please but to receive a feeling know- ledge	Since his return, but what you heard. Fran. Yet malice Is eagle eyed, and would see that w	•
Of what he suffers, and how deep the least Unkindness wounds from you, you would excuse	not; And jealousy's too apt to build upon Unsure foundations.	
His hasty language. Stepk. He hath paid the forfeit Of his offence, I'm sure, with such a sorrow,	Marc. Jealousy ! Fran. [Aside.] It takes. Marc. Who dares but only think	Ican
As, if it had been greater, would deserve A full remission. <i>Marc.</i> Why, perhaps, he hath it;	be tainted? But for him, though almost on certain To give it hearing, not belief, deserve	proof,
And I stand more afflicted for his absence, Than be can be for mine :so, pray you, tell him.	My hate for ever. Fran. Whether grounded on Your noble, yet chuste favours shew	
But, till I have digested some sad thoughts, And reconciled passions that are at war Within myself, I purpose to be private :	To you, by my command, my frantic	pt
And have you care, unless it be Francisco, That no man be admitted.	Hath put it in his head. Marc. Have I then lived	
[Exil Gentlewoman. Tib. How ! Francisco? Steph. He, that at every stage keeps livery mistresses;	The themes of her discourse? or what	t I do,
The stallion of the state ! <i>Tib.</i> They are things above us, And so no way concern us.	daunted; For now, as of a creature that is min I rise up your protectress : all the gra	c,
Steph. If I were The duke, (I freely must confess my weak- ness.)	I hitherto have done you, was bestow	/d
,	1.1.	

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Though counterfeited to the life, teach you To nourish saucy hopes.

Fran. May I be blasted,

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Marc. I will stand then

Between you and all danger. He shall know, Suspicion overturns what confidence builds; And he that dares but doubt when there's no ground,

Is neither to himself nor others sound.

Exit. Fran. So, let it work ! Her goodness, that denied

My service, branded with the name of lust, Shall now destroy itself ; and she shall find, When he's a suitor, that brings cunning arm'd

With power, to be his advocates, the denial Is a disease as killing as the plague,

And chastity a clue that leads to death.

Hold but thy nature, duke, and be but rash And violent enough, and then at leisure Repent ; I care not.

And le: my plots produce this long'd-for birth, In my revenge I have my heaven on earth. Exit.

SCENE III.-Another Room in the same. Enter Sforza, Pescara, and three Gentlemen.

Pesc. You promised to be merry. I Gent. There are pleasures, And of all kinds, to entertain the time. 2 Gent, Your excellence vouchsafing to make choice Of that which best affects you. Sfor. Hold your prating. Learn manners too ; you are rude. 3 Gent. I have my answer, Before I ask the question. Aside. Pesc. I must borrow The privilege of a friend, and will ; or else I am like these, a servant, or, what's worse, A parasite to the sorrow Sforza worships In spite of reason.

Sfor. Pray you, use your freedom ; And so far, if you please, allow me mine, To hear you only; not to be compell'd To take your moral potions. I am a man, And, though philosophy, your mistress, rage Now I have cause to grieve I must be sad ; And I dare shew it. Pese, Would it were bestow'd

Upon a worthier subject !

Sfor, Take heed, triend.

You rub a sore, whose pain will make me mad

And I shall then forget myself and you. Lance it no further.

Pesc. Have you stood the shock

Of thousand enemies, and outfaced the

Of a great emperor, that vow'd your ruin, Though by a desperate, a glorious way,

That had no precedent? are you return'd with honour,

Loved by your subjects? does your fortune court you.

Or rather say, your courage does command it?

Have you given proof, to this hour of your life,

Prosperity, that searches the best temper,

Could never puff you up, nor adverse fate Deject your valour? Shall, I say, these virtues,

So many and so various trials of

Your constant mind, be buried in the frown (To please you, I will say so) of a fair woman?

-Yet I have seen her equals.

Sfor. Good Pescarn,

This language in another were profane ;

In you it is unmannerly .- Her equal !

I tell you as a friend, and tell you plainly, (To all men else my sword should make reply.)

Her goodness does disdain comparison,

And, but herself, admits no parallel.

But you will say she's cross; 'tis fit she should be,

When I am foolish ; for she's wise, Pescara, And knows how far she may dispose her bounties,

Her honour safe ; or, if she were averse,

Twas a prevention of a greater sin

Ready to fall upon me; for she's not ignorant.

But truly understands how much I love her, And that her rare parts do deserve all honour. Her excellence increasing with her years

I might have fallen into idolatry,

And, from the admiration of her worth.

Been taught to think there is no Power

above her ;

And yet I do believe, had angels sexes,

The most would be such women, and assume

No other shape, when they were to appear

In their full glory. Pesc. Well, sir, I'll not cross you, Nor labour to diminish your esteem,

Hereatter, of her. Since your happiness,

As you will have it, has alone dependence Upon her favour, from my soul I wish you

A fair atonement.

Sfor. Time, and my submission,

ange

When I prove such a monster !

The undeserving lord, or the unable ! Enter Tiberio and Stephano. Lock up thy own wife, fool, that must take May work her to it.-O! you are well rephysic turn'd ; From her young doctor, physic upon her Say, am I blest? hath she vouchsafed to back. hear you? Because thou hast the palsy in that part Is there hope left that she may be appeased? That makes her active. I could smile to Let her propound, and gladly I'll subscribe think To her conditions. What wretched things they are that dare be Tib. She, sir, yet is froward, jealous ' And desires respite, and some privacy. Were I match'd to another Messaline, Steph. She was harsh at first ; but, ere we While I found merit in myself to please her, parted, seem'd not I should believe her chaste, and would not Implacable. seek Sfor. There's comfort yet : I'll ply her To find out my own torment ; but, alas ! Each hour with new ambassadors of more Enjoying one that, but to me, 's a Dian, honours, I am too secure. Titles, and eminence : my second self, Tib. This is a confidence Francisco, shall solicit her. Beyond example. Steph. That a wise man, Enter Graccho, Isabella, and Mariana. And what is more, a prince that may com-Grac. There he is --- now speak, mand. Should sue thus poorly, and treat with his Or be for ever silent. Sfor. If you come wife, As she were a victorious enemy To bring me comfort, say that you have made My peace with my Marcelia. At whose proud feet, himself, his state, and country, Isab. I had rather Basely begg'd mercy ! Sfor. What is that you mutter? Wait on you to your funeral. Sfor. You are my mother ; I'll have thy thoughts. Or, by her life, you were dead elsc. Steph. You shall. You are too fond, Mari. Would you were, And feed a pride that's swollen too big To your dishonour ! and, since dotage makes already, vou Wilfully blind, borrow of me my eyes And surfeits with observance. Sfor. O my patience ! Or some part of my spirit. Are you all flesh? My vassal speak thus? A lump of patience only? no fire in you? But do your pleasure :- here your mother Steph. Let my head answer it, If I offend. She, that you think a saint, was Committed by your servant, (for I scorn I fear, may play the devil. Pesc. Well said, old fellow. Aside. To call him husband,) and myself, your sister, Steph. And he that hath so long engross'd If that you dare remember such a name, your favours, Mew'd up, to make the way open and free Though to be named with reverence, lord For the adultress, I am unwilling To say, a part of Sforza. Francisco, Who, as you purpose, shall solicit for you, Sfor. Take her head off ! She hath blasphemed, and by our law must I think's too near her. Sforza lays his hand on his sword. dic. Pesc. Hold, sir I this is madness. Isab. Blasphemed ! for calling of a whore, Steph. It may be they confer of joining a whore? lordships ; Sfor. O hell, what do I suffer ! Mari. Or is it treason I'm sure he's private with her. Sfor. Let me go, For me, that am a subject, to endeavour I scorn to touch him ; he deserves my pity, To save the honour of the duke, and that And not my anger. Dotard ! and to be one He should not be a wittol on record? Is thy protection, else thou durst not think For by posterity 'twill be believed, That love to my Marcelia hath left room As certainly as now it can be proved, Francisco, the great minion, that sways all, In my full heart for any jealous thought :-That idle passion dwell with thick-skinn'd To meet the chaste embraces of the dutchess,

Hath leap'd into her bed.

tradesmen.

Sfor. Some proof, vile creature ! Please you to lend your car, a weighty secret, I am in labour to deliver to you. Or thou hast spoke thy last. Mari. The public fame, Sfor. All leave the room. Their hourly private meetings; and, e'en [Excunt Isab. Mari. and Graccho. now. Excuse me, good Pescara, When, under a pretence of grief or anger. Ere long I will wait on you. Pesc. You speak, sir, You are denied the joys due to a husband, And made a stranger to her, at all times The language I should use. The door stands open to him. To a Dutch-Sfor. Be within call, man Perhaps we may have use of you. This were enough, but to a right Italian Tib. We shall, sir. A hundred thousand witnesses. Isab. Would you have us Sfor. Say on, my comfort. To be her bawds? Fran. Comfort ! no, your torment, Sfor. O the malice For so my fate appoints me. I could curse And envy of base women, that, with horror, The hour that gave me being. Knowing their own defects and inward guilt, Sfor. What new monsters Dare lie, and swear, and damn, for what's Of misery stand ready to devour me? most false, To cast aspersions upon one untainted 1 Ye are in your natures devils, and your ends, kill me; Knowing your reputation sunk for ever, And not to be recover'd, to have all Wear your black livery. Wretches! you have raised mercy A monumental trophy to her pureness, In this your studied purpose to deprave her : And all the shot made by your foul detracrows, tion. Falling upon her sure-arm'd innocence, Returns upon yourselves; and, if my love Could suffer an addition, I'm so far born From giving credit to you, this would teach me nature? More to admire and serve her. You are not worthy To fall as sacrifices to appease her ; shunn'd And therefore live till your own envy burst you. Isab. All is in vain ; he is not to be moved. me Mari. She has bewitch'd him. Pese. 'Tis so past belief, To me it shews a fable. others Enter Francisco, speaking to a Servant within. Fran. On thy life, Provide my horses, and without the port With care attend me. Serv. [within.] I shall, my lord. love you, Grac. He's come. What gimcrack have we next? Fran. Great sir. pointed, Sfor. Francisco, Though all the joys in women are fled from me, you In thee I do embrace the full delight That I can hope from man. Fran. I would impart.

Let them at once dispatch me. Fran. Draw your sword then, And, as you wish your own peace, quickly Consider not, but do it. Sfor. Art thou mad? Fran. Or, if to take my life be too much As death, indeed, concludes all human sor-Cut off my nose and ears ; pull out an eye, The other only left to lend me light To see my own deformities. Why was I Without some mulct imposed on me by Would from my youth a loathsome leprosy Had run upon this face, or that my breath Had been infectious, and so made me Of all societies ! Curs'd be he that taught Discourse or manners, or lent any grace That makes the owner pleasing in the eve Of wanton women ! since those parts, which Value as blessings, are to me afflictions, Such my condition is. Sfor. I am on the rack : Dissolve this doubtful riddle. Fran. That I alone, Of all mankind, that stand most bound to And study your content, should be ap-Not by my will, but forced by cruel fate, To be your greatest enemy !-- not to hold In this amazement longer, in a word, Your dutchess loves me. Sfor. Loves thee !

Exit.

[Excunt Tib. and Steph.

Fran. Is mad for me, Purmes me hourly. Sfor. Oh ! · Fran, And from hence grew Her late neglect of you. Sfor. O women ! women !

Fran. I labour'd to divert her by per-

suasion, Then urged your much love to her, and the

danger ;

Denied her, and with scorn. Sfor. "Twas like thyself.

Fran. But when I saw her smile, then

heard her say, Your love and extreme dotage, as a cloak, Should cover our embraces, and your power Fright others from suspicion ; and all favours

That should preserve her in her innocence, By lust inverted to be used as bawds ; I could not but in duty (though I know That the relation kills in you all hope Of peace hereafter, and in me 'twill shew Both base and poor to rise up her accuser) Freely discover it.

Sfor. Eternal plagues Pursue and overtake her ! for her sake, To all posterity may he prove a cuckold, And, like to me, a thing so miserable

As words may not express him, that gives

To all-deceiving women ! Or, since it is

The will of heaven, to preserve mankind, That we must know and couple with these scrpents,

No wise man ever, taught by my example, Hereafter use his wife with more respect Than he would do his horse that does him

service ; Hase woman being in her creation made

A slave to man. But, like a village nurse, Stand I now cursing and considering, when The tamest fool would do !--Within there !

Tiberio, and the rest !--- I will be sudden, And she shall know and seel, love in ex-

Abused, knows no degree in hate.

Enter Tiberio and Stephano.

Tib. My lord.

Sfor. Go to the chamber of that wicked woman

Steph. What wicked woman, sir? Sfor, The devil, my wife. Force a rude entry, and, if she refuse To follow you, drag her hither by the hair, And know no pity ; any gentle usage To her will call on cruelty from me,

To such as shew it .- Stand you staring? Go, And put my will in act.

Steph. There's no disputing.

Tib. But 'tis a tempest, on the sudden

Who durst have dream'd of?

Extunt Tiberio and Stephano. Sfor. Nay, since she dares damnation, I'll be a fury to her.

Fran. Yet, great sir,

Exceed not in your fury ; she's yet guilty Only in her intent.

Sfor, Intent, Francisco !

It does include all fact ; and I might sooner

Be won to pardon treason to my crown,

Or one that kill'd my father.

Fran. You are wise,

And know what's best to do :- yet, if you please,

To prove her temper to the height, say only That I am dead, and then observe how far She'll be transported. I'll remove a little, But be within your call .- Now to the upshot !

Howe'er, I'll shift for one.

Aside and exit.

Re-enter Tiberio, Stephano, and Guard with Marcelia,

Marc. Where is this monster,

This walking tree of jealousy, this dreamer, This horned beast that would be? Ob ! are

you here, sir? Is it by your commandment or allowance,

I am thus basely used? Which of my virtues,

My labours, services, and cares to please you,

For, to a man suspicious and unthankful, Without a blush I may be mine own trumpet, Invites this barbarous course? dare you look

on me Without a seal of shame?

Sfor. Impudence,

How ugly thou appear'st now ! Thy intent

To be a whore, leaves thee not blood enough To make an honest blush : what had the act done ?

Marc. Return'd thee the dishonour thou deserv'st ;

Though willingly I had given up myself To every common letcher. Sfor. Your chief minion,

Your chosen favourite, your woo'd Francisco, Has dearly paid for't ; for, wretch ! know, he's dead,

And by my hand.

Mare, The bloodier villain thou ! But 'tis not to be wonder'd at, thy love

Does know no other object :- thou hast kill'd then,

A man I do profess I loved ; a man

For whom a thousand queens might well be rivals.

But he, I speak it to thy teeth, that dares be A jealous fool, dares be a murderer,

And knows no end in mischief.

Sfor. I begin now

In this my justice. Marc. Oh ! I have fool'd myself Stabs her.

Into my grave, and only grieve for that

Which, when you know you've slain an innocent,

You needs must suffer.

Sfor. An innocent ! Let one

Call in Francisco ;- for he lives, vile creature, Exit Stephano.

To justify thy falsehood, and how often, With whorish flatteries, thou hast tempted him ;

I being only fit to live a stale,

A bawd and property to your wantonness.

Re-enter Stephano.

Steph. Signior Francisco, sir, but even now Took horse without the ports. Marc. We are both abused,

And both by him undone. Stay, death, a little, Till I have clear'd me to my lord, and then

I willingly obey thee. -- O, my Sforza !

Francisco was not tempted, but the tempter; And, as he thought to win me, shew'd the warrant

That you sign'd for my death. Sfor. Then I believe thee ;

Believe thee innocent too.

Marc. But, being contemn'd,

Upon his knees with tears he did beseech me,

Not to reveal it ; I, soft-hearted fool, Judging his penitence true, was won unto it : Indeed, the unkindness to be sentenced by

you, Before that I was guilty in a thought,

Made me put on a seeming anger towards you. And now-behold the issue I As I do, May heaven forgive you ! Dies.

Tib. Her sweet soul has left

Her beauteous prison. Steph. Look to the duke; he stands

As if he wanted motion.

Tib, Grief hath stopp'd

The organ of his speech. Steph. Take up this body,

And call for his physicians.

Sfor. O, my heart-strings !

ACT V.

SCENE I.- The Milanese. A Room in Eugenia's House.

Enter Francisco, and Eugenia in maleattire.

Fran. Why, could'st thou think, Eugenia, that rewards,

Graces, or favours, though strew'd thick upon me,

Could ever bribe me to forget mine honour? Or that I tamely would sit down, before

I had dried these eyes still wet with showers of tears,

By the fire of my revenge? look up, my dearest !

For that proud fair, that, thief-like, stepp'd between

Thy promis'd hopes, and robb'd thee of a fortune

Almost in thy possession, hath found,

With horrid proof, his love, she thought her glory,

And an assurance of all happiness,

But hastened her sad ruin.

Eng. Do not flatter

A grief that is beneath it ; for, however

The credulous duke to me proved false and cruel.

It is impossible he could be wrought

To look on her, but with the eyes of dotage, And so to serve her.

Fran. Such, indeed, I grant,

The stream of his affection was, and ran A constant course, till I, with cunning malice-

And yet I wrong my act, for it was justice, Made it turn backwards ; and hate, in ex-

tremes. (Love banish'd from his heart,) to fill the

room :

In a word, know the fair Marcelia's dead. Eug. Dead !

Fran. And by Sforza's hand. Does it not move you?

How coldly you receive it ! I expected The mere relation of so great a blessing, Borne proudly on the wings of sweet revenge, Would have call'd on a sacrifice of thanks, And joy not to be bounded or conceal'd.

You entertain it with a look, as if

You wish'd it were undone.

Eug. Indeed I do:

Excunt.

For, if my sorrows could receive addition, Her sad fate would increase, not lessen them. She never injured me, but entertain'd A fortune humbly offer'd to her hand, Which a wise lady gladly would have kneel'd for.

Unless you would impute it as a crime,

She was more fair than I, and had discretion Not to deliver up her virgin fort,

Though strait besieged with flatteries, vows, and tears.

Until the church had made it safe and lawful. And had I been the mistress of her judgment And constant temper, skilful in the knowledge

Of man's malicious falsehood, I had never, pon his hell-deep oaths to marry me,

Given up my fair name, and my maiden honour.

To his foul lust; nor lived now, being

In the forehead for his whore, the scorn and hame

Of all good women.

Fran. Have you then no gall,

Anger, or spleen, familiar to your sex?

Or is it possible, that you could see Another to possess what was your due,

And not grow pale with envy? Eug. Yes, of him

That did deceive me. 'There's no passion,

A maid so injured ever could partake of, But I have dearly suffer'd. These three years, In my desire and labour of revenge, Trusted to you, I have endured the throes Of teeming women ; and will hazard all Fate can inflict on me, but I will reach Thy heart, false Sforza ! You have trifled

with me. And not proceeded with that fiery zeal, I look'd for from a brother of your spirit. Sorrow forsake me, and all signs of grief Farewell for ever ! Vengeance, arm'd with fury.

Possess me wholly now !

Fran. The reason, sister,

Of this strange metamorphosis? Eug. Ask thy fears :

Thy base, unmanly fears, thy poor delays, Thy dull forgetfulness equal with death ;

My wrong, else, and the scandal which can

neve

Be wash'd off from our house, but in his blood,

Would have stirr'd up a coward to a deed In which, though he had fallen, the brave

intent Had crown'd itself with a fair monument

Of noble resolution. In this shap

I hope to get access ; and, then, with shame, Hearing my sudden execution, judge

What honour thou hast lost, in being

By a weak woman.

Fran. Still mine own, and dearer ! And yet in this you but pour oil on fire, And offer your assistance where it needs not, And, that you may perceive I lay not fallow, But had your wrongs stamp'd deeply on my heart

By the iron pen of vengeance, I attempted, By whoring her, to cuckold him : that failing, I did begin his tragedy in her death,

To which it served as prologue, and will make

A memorable story of your fortunes In my assured revenge : Only, best sister, Let us not lose ourselves in the performance, By your rash undertaking : we will be As sudden as you could wish,

Eug. Upon those terms

I yield myself and cause to be disposed of As you think fit.

Enter a Servant.

Fran, Thy purpose? Serv. There's one Graccho,

That follow'd you, it seems, upon the track, Since you left Milan, that's importunate To have access, and will not be denied : His haste, he says, concerns you.

Fran. Bring him to me. [Exit Servant. Though he hath laid an ambush for my life, Or apprehension, yet I will prevent him, And work mine own ends out.

Enter Graceho,

Grac. Now for my whipping ! And if I now outstrip him not, and catch him.

And by a new and strange way too, hereafter I'll swear there are worms in my brains.

Aside.

Fran. Now, my good Graceho !

We meet as 'twere by miracle.

Grac, Love, and duty,

And vigilance in me for my lord's safety,

First taught me to imagine you were here, And then to follow you. All's come forth,

my lord,

That you could wish conceal'd, The dutchess' wound,

In the duke's rage put home, yet gave her leave

To acquaint him with your practices, which your flight

Did easily confirm, Fran. This I expected ; But sure you come provided of good counsel, To help in my extremes.

Grac. I would not hurt you. Fran. How 1 hurt me? such another word's thy death;

Why, dar'st thou think it can fall in thy will, To outlive what I determine? Grac, How he awes me ! Aside Fran. Be brief; what brought thee hither? Grac. Care to inform you You are a condemn'd man, pursued and sought for, And your head rated at ten thousand ducats To him that brings it. Fran. Very good. Grac. All passages Are intercepted, and choice troops of horse Scour o'er the neighbour plains ; your picture sent To every state confederate with Milan : That, though I grieve to speak it, in my judgment, So thick your dangers meet, and run upon you, It is impossible you should escape Their curious search. Eug. Why, let us then turn Romans, And, falling by our own hands, mock their threats, And dreadful preparations. Fran. 'Twould show nobly ; But that the honour of our full revenge Were lost in the rash action. No, Eugenia, Graccho is wise, my friend too, not my servant, And I dare trust him with my latest secret. We would, and thou must help us to perform it. First kill the duke-then, fall what can upon us ! For injuries are writ in brass, kind Graccho, And not to be forgotten. Grac. He instructs me What I should do. Aside. Fran. What's that? Grac. I labour with A strong desire to assist you with my service; And now I am deliver'd of 't. Fran. I told you .-Speak, my oraculous Graceho. Grac. I have heard, sir, Of men in debt that, lay'd for by their creditors, In all such places where it could be thought They would take shelter, chose, for sanctuary, Their lodgings underneath their creditors' noses Or near that prison to which they were design'd, If apprehended ; confident that there They never should be sought for.

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Eug. 'Tis a strange one !

Fran, But what infer you from it?

Grac. This, my lord ;

That, since all ways of your escape are stopp'd,

In Milan only, or, what's more, in the court, Whither it is presumed you dare not come,

Conceal'd in some disguise, you may live safe. Fran. And not to be discover'd?

Grac. But by myself.

Fran. By thee ! Alas ! I know thee honest, Graccho.

And I will put thy counsel into act, And suddenly. Yet, not to be ungrateful

For all thy loving travail to preserve me,

What bloody end soe'er my stars appoint,

Thou shalt be safe, good Graccho,-Who's within there?

Grac. In the devil's name, what means he !

Enter Servants.

Fran. Take my friend

Into your custody, and bind him fast : I would not part with him.

Grac. My good lord.

Fran. Dispatch :

'Tis for your good, to keep you honest, Graccho !

I would not have ten thousand ducats tempt you,

Being of a soft and wax-like disposition,

To play the traitor ; nor a foolish itch

To be revenged for your late excellent whipping.

Give you the opportunity to offer

My head for satisfaction. Why, thou fool ! I can look through and through thee; thy intents

Appear to me as written in thy forehead,

In plain and easy characters : and but that I scorn a slave's base blood should rust that sword

That from a prince expects a scarlet dye,

Thou now wert dead ; but live, only to pray For good success to crown my undertakings ;

And then, at my return, perhaps, I'll free thee,

To make me further sport. Away with him ! I will not hear a syllable.

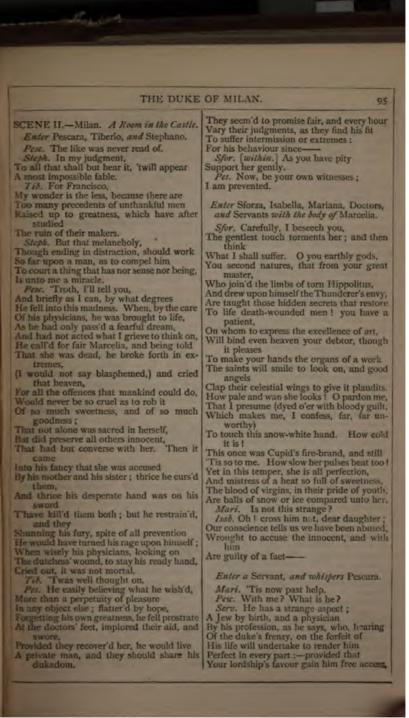
Exeant Servants with Graccho. We must trust

Ourselves, Eugenia; and though we make use of

The counsel of our servants, that oil spent, Like snuffs that do offend, we tread them out.-

But now to our last scene, which we'll so carry.

That few shall understand how 'twas begun, Till all, with half an eye, may see 'tis done. Exeunt.



96 THE DUKE	C OF MILAN.
And your power with the duke a safe pro-	And for that dog Francisco, that seduced me,
tection,	In wounding her, to rase a temple built
Till the great work be ended.	To chastity and sweetness, let her know
<i>Pesc.</i> Bring me to him;	I'll follow him to hell, but I will find him,
As I find cause, I'll do.	And there live a fourth fury to torment him.
<i>[Excunt Pesc. and Serv.</i>	Then, for this curs'd hand and arm that
<i>Sfor.</i> How sound she sleeps !	guided
Heaven keep her from a lethargy !How	The wicked steel, I'll have them, joint by
long	joint,
(But answer me with comfort, I beseech you)	With burning irons sear'd off, which I will
Does your sure judgment tell you that these	eat,
lids,	I being a vulture fit to taste such carrion;
That cover richer jewels than themselves,	Lastly—
Like envious night, will bar these glorious	<i>i Doct.</i> You are too loud, sir; you disturb
suns	Her sweet repose.
From shining on me?	<i>Sfor.</i> I am hush'd. Yet give us leave,
I Doct. We have given her, sir,	Thus prostrate at her feet, our eyes bent
A sleepy potion, that will hold her long, That she may be less sensible of the torment The searching of her wound will put her to. 2 Doct. She now feels little; but, if we should wake her, To hear her speak would fright both us and you, And therefore dare not hasten it.	 downwards, Unworthy, and ashamed, to look upon her, To expect her gracious sentence. 2 Doct. He's past hope. 1 Doct. The body too will putrify, and then We can no longer cover the imposture. Tib. Which, in his death, will quickly be discover'd.
Sfor. 1 am patient. You see I do not rage, but wait your pleasure. What do you think she dreams of now? for sure, Although her body's organs are bound fast, Her fancy cannot slumber. r Doct. That, sir, looks on	I can but weep his fortune. Steph. Yet be careful You lose no minute to preserve him; time May lessen his distraction. Re-enter Pescara, with Francisco, as a Jew doctor, and Eugenia disguised as before.
Your sorrow for your late rash act, with pity	Fran. I am no god, sir,
Of what you suffer for it, and prepares	To give a new life to her; yet I'll hazard
To meet the free confession of your guilt	My head, I'll work the senseless trunk
With a glad pardon.	t'appear
<i>Sfor.</i> She was ever kind ;	To him as it had got a second being,
And her displeasure, though call'd on, short-	Or that the soul, that's fled from't, were call'd
lived	back
Upon the least submission. O you Powers,	To govern it again. I will preserve it
That can convey our thoughts to one another	In the first sweetness, and by a strange
Without the aid of eyes or ears, assist me !	vapour,
Let her behold me in a pleasing dream	Which I'll infuse into her mouth, create
[Kneels.	A seeming breath; I'll make her veins run
Thus, on my knees before her; (yet that duty	high too,
In me is not sufficient;) let her see me	As if they had true motion.
Compel my mother, from whom I took life,	Pesc. Do but this,
And this my sister, partner of my being,	Till we use means to win upon his passions
To bow thus low unto her; let her hear us	T'endure to hear she's dead with some small
In my acknowledgment freely confess	patience,
That we in a degree as high are guilty	And make thy own reward.
As she is innocent. Bite your tongues, vile	Fran. The art I use
creatures,	Admits no looker on : I only ask
And let your inward horror fright your souls,	The fourth part of an hour, to perfect that
For having belied that pureness, to come	I boldly undertake.
near which,	Pesc. I will procure it.
All women that posterity can bring forth	2 Dect. What stranger's this?
Must be, though striving to be good, poor	Pesc. Sooth me in all I say;
rivals.	There's a main end in it.

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Fran. Beware ! Eng. I am warn'd. Pesc. Look up, sir, cheerfully ; comfort in me Flows strongly to you. Sfor. From whence came that sound? Was it from my Marcelia ? If it were, Rises. I rise, and joy will give me wings to meet it. Pesc. Nor shall your expectation be deferr'd But a few minutes. Your physicians are Mere voice, and no performance; I have found A man that can do wonders. Do not hinder The dutchess' wish'd recovery, to enquire Or what he is, or to give thanks, but leave him To work this miracle. Sfor. Sure, 'tis my good angel. I do obey in all things : be it death For any to disturb him, or come near, Till he be pleased to call us. O, be prosperous. And make a duke thy bondman ! [Exenst all but Francisco and Eugenia. Fran. 'Tis my purpose : If that to fall a long-wish'd sacrifice To my revenge can be a benefit. I'll first make fast the doors :-- so ! Eng. You amaze me : What follows now? Fran. A full conclusion Of all thy wishes. Look on this, Eugenia, Even such a thing, the proudest fair on earth (For whose delight the elements are ransack'd, And art with nature studied to preserve her,) Must be, when she is summon'd to appear In the court of Death. But I lose time. Eug. What mean you? Fran. Disturb me not.—Your ladyship looks pale ; But I, your doctor, have a ceruse for you .-See, my Eugenia, how many faces, That are adorned in court, borrow these helps, Paints the checks. And pass for excellence, when the better part Of them are like to this .- Your mouth smells

sour too, But here is that shall take away the scent :

A precious antidote old ladies use, When they would kiss, knowing their gums are rotten. Paints the lips, These hands, too, that disdained to take a

touch From any lip, whose owner writ not lord, Are now but as the coarsest earth ; but I Am at the charge, my bill not to be paid too,

To give them seeming beauty.

[Paints the hands.

So ! 'tis done. How do you like my workmanship? *Eug.* I tremble :

And thus to tyrannize upon the dead, Is most inhuman.

Fran. Come we for revenge,

And can we think on pity ! Now to the upshot,

And, as it proves, applaud it .- My lord the duke !

Enter with joy, and see the sudden change Your servant's hand hath wrought.

Re-enter Sforza and the rest.

Sfor. I live again

In my full confidence that Marcelia may

Pronounce my pardon. Can she speak vet? Fran. No:

You must not look for all your joys at once ; That will ask longer time.

Pesc. 'Tis wondrous strange ! Sfor. By all the dues of love I have had from her.

This hand seems as it was when first I kiss'd it.

These lips invite too : I could ever feed

Upon these roses, they still keep their colour And native sweetness : only the nectar's wanting,

That, like the morning dew in flowery May, Preserved them in their beauty.

Enter Graccho hastily.

Grac. Treason, treason!

Tib. Call up the guard.

Fran. Graccho! then we are lost.

Aside.

Enter Guard.

Grac. I am got off, sir Jew ; a bribe hath done it,

For all your serious charge; there's no disguise

Can keep you from my knowledge.

Sfor. Speak. Grac. I am out of breath,

But this is-

Fran. Spare thy labour, fool,-Francisco. All. Monster of men !

Fran. Give me all attributes

Of all you can imagine, yet I glory

To be the thing I was born. I AM Francisco ;

Francisco, that was raised by you, and made The minion of the time ; the same Francisco, That would have whored this trunk, when it had life :

And, after, breathed a jealousy upon thee, п

As killing as those damps that belch out plagues

When the foundation of the earth is shaken : I made thee do a deed heaven will not pardon, Which was-to kill an innocent,

Sfor. Call forth the tortures

For all that flesh can feel.

Fran. I dare the worst. Only, to yield some reason to the world

Why I pursued this course, look on this face, Made old by thy base falsehood : 'tis Eugenia.

Sfor. Eugenia !

Fran. Does it start you, sir? my sister, Seduced and fool'd by thee : but thou must

The forfeit of thy falsehood. Does it not work yet !-

Whate'er becomes of me, which I esteem not, THOU art mark'd for the grave : I've given thee poison

In this cup, now observe me, which, thy lust Carousing deeply of, made thee forget Thy vow'd faith to Eugenia.

Pesc. O damn'd villain !

Isab. How do you, sir?

Sfor. Like one That learns to know in death what punish-

ment

Waits on the breach of faith. Oh ! now I feel

An Ætna in my entrails .- I have lived

A prince, and my last breath shall be command.

-I burn, I burn ! yet ere life be consumed,

Let me pronounce upon this wretch all torture

That witty cruelty can invent.

Pesc. Away with him ! Tib. In all things we will serve you.

Fran. Farewell, sister !

Now I have kept my word, torments I scorn : I leave the world with glory. They are men,

And leave behind them name and memory, That, wrong'd, do right themselves before they die.

[Excunt Guard with Francisco. Steph. A desperate wretch !

Sfor. I come : Death ! I obey thee.

Yet I will not die raging ; for, alas !

My whole life was a frenzy. Good Eugenia,

In death forgive me .- As you love me, bear her

To some religious house, there let her spend The remnant of her life : when I am ashes, Perhaps she'll be appeased, and spare a prayer

For my poor soul. Bury me with Marcelia, And let our epitaph be-Dies,

Tib. His speech is stopp'd. Steph. Already dead ! Pesc. It is in vain to labour

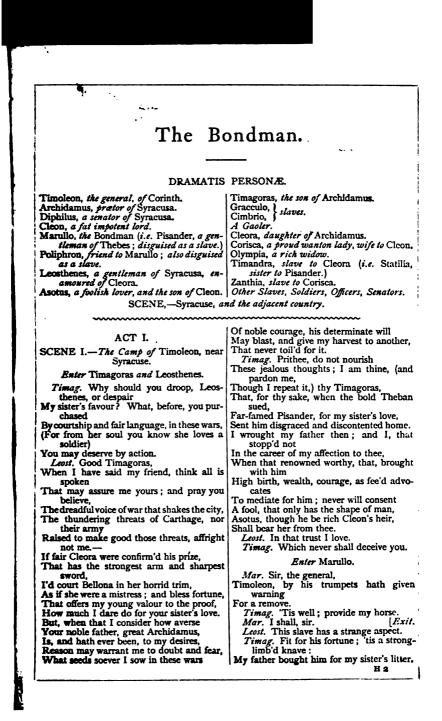
To call him back. We'll give him funeral,

And then determine of the state affairs : And learn, from this example, There's no trust

In a foundation that is built on lust.

[Exeunt.





THE PONDMAN

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O pride of women ! Coaches are too common— They surfeit in the happinese of peace, And ladies think they keep not state enough, If, for their pomp and ease, they are not born In triumph on men's shoulders. Least. Least. Main addies think they keep not state enough, If, for their pomp and ease, they are not born In triumph on men's shoulders. Least. Least. Main 'is our happiness; a raw young fellow, One never train'd in arms, but rather fashion'd To tilt with ladies' lips, than crack a lance; Ravish a feather from a mistress' fan, And wear it as a favour. As teel helmet, Made horrid with a glorious plume, will crack His woman's neck. Least. No more of him.—The motives, That Corinth gives us aid? Timag. The common danger; For Sicily being afire, she is not safe: It being apparent that ambitious Carthage, That, to enlarge her empire, strives to fasten An unjust gripe on us that live free lords Of Syracusa, will not end, till Greece Acknowledge her their sovereign. Leas	 For she's so pleasant in the taking them, She tickles again. Coris. And all's to make you merry. When you come home. Cleon. You flatter me; I am old, And wisdom cries, Beware! Coris. Old ! duck. To me You are a young Adonis. Grac. Well said, Venus ! I am sure she Vulcans him. Coris. I will not change thee For twenty boisterous young things without beards. These bristles give the gentlest titillations. And such a sweet dew flows on them, it curess My lips without pomatum. Here's a round belly! "Tis a down pillow to my back; I sleep So quietly by it: and this tunable nose, Faith, when you hear it not, affords such music, That I curse all night-fiddlers. Grais. This is gross. Not finds she flouts him ! Coris. As I live, I am jealous. Cleon. Jealous of me, wife? Coris. Yes; and I have reason; Knowing how husty and active a man you are. Cleon. Hum, hum ! Grac. This is no cunning quean ! 'slight, she will make him To think that, like a stag, he has cast his
To morrow, in the senate-house, at large He will express himself.	horns, And is grown young again. [Aside.
Leost. I'll follow you. [Excunt.	Coris. You have forgot What you did in your sleep, and, when you
SCENE II, -Syracuse. A Room in Cleon's House.	waked, Call'd for a caudle.
Enter Cleon, Corisca, and Graceulo. Coris, Nay, good chuck.	Grac. It was in his sleep ; For, waking, I durst trust my mother with
Cleon. I've said it ; stay at home : I cannot brook your gadding ; you're a fair one,	him. Coris. I long to see the man of war: Cleora,
Beauty invites temptations, and short heels Are soon tripp'd up.	Archidamus' daughter, goes, and rich Olympia:
Coris. Deny me ! by my honour, You take no pity on me. I shall swoon	I will not miss the show. <i>Cleon.</i> 'There's no contending :
As soon as you are absent ; ask my man else, You know he dares not tell a lie. Grac. Indeed,	For this time I am pleased, but I'll no more on't. [E.reunt
You are no sooner out of sight, but she	SCENE III The Same. The Senate-house.
Does feel strange qualms; then sends for her young doctor,	Enter Archidamus, Cleon, Diphilus, Olym- pia, Corisca, Cleora, and Zanthia.
Who ministers physic to her on her back, Her ladyship lying as she were entranced :	Archid. So carcless we have been, my noble lords,
(I've peep'd in at the keyhole, and observed them :) And sure his potions never fail to work,	In the disposing of our own affairs, And ignorant in the art of government, That now we need a stranger to instruct us.
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THE BONDMAN. 101	
Yet we are happy that our neighbour Corinth,	To welcome him and his followers with all
Pitying the unjust gripe Carthage would lay	duty:
On Syracusa, hath vouchsafed to lend us Her man of men, Timoleon, to defend	For rest resolved, their hands and swords must keep you
Our country and our liberties.	In that full height of happiness you live;
Diph. 'Tis a favour	A dreadful change else follows.
We are unworthy of, and we may blush	[Excunt Archidamus, Cleon, and
Necessity compels us to receive it.	Diphilus.
Archid. O shame! that we, that are a	Olymp. We are instructed.
populous nation, Engaged to liberal nature, for all blessings	Coris. I'll kiss him for the honour of my country,
An island can bring forth; we, that have	
limbs.	Olymp. Were he a courtier,
And able bodies; shipping, arms, and	
treasure,	him,
The sinews of the war, now we are call'd	Be his palate ne'er so curious.
To stand upon our guard, cannot produce	Coris. And, if need be,
One fit to be our general. Cleon. I am old and fat;	I have a couch and a banqueting-house in my orchard,
I could say something, else.	Where many a man of honour has not scorn'd
Archid. We must obey	To spend an afternoon.
The time and our occasions ; ruinous build-	Olymp. These men of war,
ings,	As I have heard, know not to court a lady.
Whose bases and foundations are infirm,	They cannot praise our dressings, kiss our
Must use supporters : we are circled round	hands,
With danger; o'er our heads, with sail- stretch'd wings,	Usher us to our litters, tell love-stories,
Destruction hovers, and a cloud of mischief	Commend our feet and legs, and so search upwards;
Ready to break upon us; no hope left us	A sweet becoming boldness ! they are rough,
That may divert it, but our sleeping virtue,	Boisterous, and saucy, and at the first sight
Roused up by brave Timoleon.	Ruffle and touze us, and, as they find their
Cleon. When arrives he?	stomachs,
Diph. He is expected every hour.	Fall roundly to it.
Archid. The braveries	Coris. 'Troth, I like them the better :
Of Syracusa, among whom my son, Timagoras, Leosthenes, and Asotus,	I can't endure to have a perfumed sir Stand cringing in the hams, licking his lips
Your hopeful heir, lord Cleon, two days	Like a spaniel over a furmenty-pot, and yet
since	Has not the boldness to come on, or offer
Rode forth to meet him, and attend him to	What they know we expect.
The city; every minute we expect	Olymp. We may commend
To be bless'd with his presence.	A gentleman's modesty, manners, and fine
[Shouts within; then a flourish of trumpets.	language, His singing, dancing, riding of great horses,
Clean. What shout 's this?	The wearing of his clothes, his fair com-
Diph. 'Tis seconded with loud music.	plexion;
.Irchid. Which confirms	Take presents from him, and extol his
His wish'd-for entrance. Let us entertain	bounty:
him With all second colourity and some	Yet, though he observe, and waste his estate
With all respect, solemnity, and pomp,	upon us, If he has staunch, and hid not for the stock
A man may merit, that comes to redeem us From slavery and oppression.	If he be staunch, and bid not for the stock That we were born to traffic with ; the truth
Cleon. I'll lock up	is,
My doors, and guard my gold : these lads of Corinth	We care not for his company. <i>Coris.</i> Musing, Cleora?
Have nimble fingers, and I fear them more,	Olymp. She's studying how to entertain
Being within our walls, than those of	these strangers,
Carthage ;	And to engross them to herself.
They are far off.	Cleo. No, surely ;
Archid. And, ladies, be it your care	I will not cheapen any of their wares,

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Till you have made your market ; you will buy.

I know, at any rate.

Coris. She has given it you. Olymp. No more; they come: the first

kiss for this jewel.

Flourish of trumpets. Enter Timagoras, Leosthenes, Asotus, Timoleon in black, led in by Archidamus, Diphilus, and Cleon ; followed by Marullo, Gracculo, Cimbrio, and other Slaves.

Archid. It is your seat : which, with a general suffrage,

Offering Timoleon the state. As to the supreme magistrate, Sicily tenders, And prays Timoleon to accept.

Timol. Such honours

To one ambitious of rule or titles,

Whose heaven on earth is placed in his command.

And absolute power o'er others, would with

joy, And veins swollen high with pride, be entertain'd

They take not me ; for I have ever loved An equal freedom, and proclaim'd all such

As would usurp on others' liberties, Rebels to nature, to whose bounteous blessings

All men lay claim as true legitimate sons : But such as have made forfeit of themselves By vicious courses, and their birthright lost, "Tis not injustice they are mark'd for slaves, To serve the virtuous. For myself, I know Honours and great employments are great burthens,

And must require an Atlas to support them. He that would govern others, first should be The master of himself, richly endued

With depth of understanding, height of courage,

And those remarkable graces which I dare not

Ascribe unto myself.

Archid. Sir, empty men

Are trumpets of their own deserts ; but you, That are not in opinion, but in proof, Really good, and full of glorious parts,

Leave the report of what you are to fame ; Which, from the ready tongues of all good men,

Aloud proclaims you, Difh. Besides, you stand bound, Having so large a field to exercise Your active virtues offer'd you, to impart Your strength to such as need it. Timol. 'Tis confess'd :

And, since you'll have it so, such as I am,

For you, and for the liberty of Greece, I am most ready to lay down my life : But yet consider, men of Syracusa, Before that you deliver up the power,

Which yet is yours, to me,-to whom 'tis given ;

To an impartial man, with whom nor threats,

Nor prayers, shall prevail ; for I must steer An even course.

Archid. Which is desired of all. Timol. Timophanes, my brother, for whose death

I am tainted in the world, and foully tainted ;

In whose remembrance I have ever worn,

In peace and war, this livery of sorrow,

Can witness for me how much I detest

Tyrannous usurpation. With grief,

I must remember it; for, when no persuasion Could win him to desist from his bad practice.

To change the aristocracy of Corinth

Into an absolute monarchy, I chose rather

To prove a pious and obedient son

To my country, my best mother, than to lend Assistance to Timophanes, though my brother,

That, like a tyrant, strove to set his foot Upon the city's freedom. Timag. 'Twas a deed

Deserving rather trophies than reproof. Leost. And will be still remember'd to

your honour,

If you forsake not us.

Diph. If you free Sicily

From barbarous Carthage' yoke, it will be said,

In him you slew a tyrant. Archid. But, giving way

To her invasion, not vouchsafing us

That fly to your protection, aid and comfort, 'Twill be believed, that, for your private ends,

You kill'd a brother.

Timol. As I then proceed,

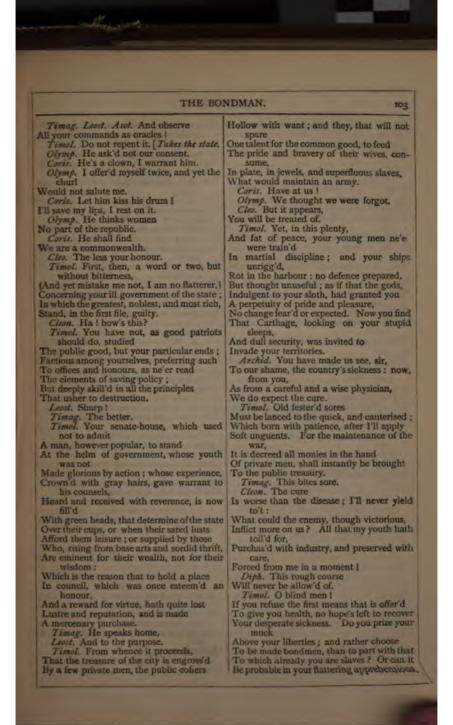
To all posterity may that act be crown'd With a deserved applause, or branded with The mark of infamy !-Stay yet ; ere I take This seat of justice, or engage myself To fight for you abroad, or to reform

Your state at home, swear all upon my sword, And call the gods of Sicily to witness The oath you take, that whatsoe er I shall

Propound for safety of your commonwealth, Not circumscribed or bound in, shall by you

Be willingly obey'd.

Archid. Diph. Clean. So may we prosper, As we obey in all things !



You can capitulate with the conquerors,

And keep that yours which they come to

And, while you kneel in vain, will ravish from you?

-But take your own ways; brood upon your gold.

Sacrifice to your idol, and preserve

The prey entire, and merit the report

Of careful stewards : yield a just account To your proud masters, who, with whips of iron,

Will force you to give up what you conceal, Or tear it from your throats : adorn your walls

With Persian hangings wrought of gold and pearl;

Cover the floors, on which they are to tread, With costly Median silks? perfume the rooms

With cassia and amber, where they are

To feast and revel; while, like servile grooms.

You wait upon their trenchers : feed their

With massy plate, until your cupboards crack With the weight that they sustain ; set forth your wives

And daughters in as many varied shapes

As there are nations, to provoke their lusts, And let them be embraced before your eyes, The object may content you ! and, to perfect

Their entertainment, offer up your sons, And able men, for slaves; while you, that

Unfit for labour, are spurn'd out to starve, Unpitied, in some desert, no friend by,

Whose sorrow may spare one compassionate tear,

In the remembrance of what once you were. Leost. The blood turns.

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

Coris. I am sick ; the man

Speaks poniards and diseases.

Olymp. O my doctor !

I never shall recover.

Cleo. [coming forward.] If a virgin. Whose speech was ever yet usher'd with fear ; One knowing modesty and humble silence To be the choicest ornaments of our sex, In the presence of so many reverend men Struck dumb with terror and astonishment. Presume to clothe her thought in vocal sounds,

Let her find pardon. First to you, great sir, A bashful maid's thanks, and her zealous prayers

Wing'd with pure innocence, bearing them to heaven,

For all prosperity that the gods can give To one whose piety must exact their care, Thus low 1 offer. Timol. "Tis a happy omen.

Rise, blest one, and speak boldly. On my virtue.

I am thy warrant, from so clear a spring Sweet rivers ever flow.

Cleo. Then, thus to you,

My noble father, and these lords, to whom I next owe duty : no respect forgotten

To you, my brother, and these bold young men,

(Such I would have them,) that are, or should be,

The city's sword and target of defence.

To all of you I speak ; and, if a blush

Steal on my cheeks, it is shown to reprove

Your paleness, willingly I would not say, Your cowardice or fear; Think you all treasure

Hid in the bowels of the earth, or shipwreck'd

In Neptune's wat'ry kingdom, can hold weight,

When liberty and honour fill one scale, Triumphant Justice sitting on the beam?

Or dare you but imagine that your gold is

Too dear a salary for such as hazard

Their blood and lives in your defence? For me,

An ignorant girl, bear witness, heaven ! so far

I prize a soldier, that, to give him pay

With such devotion as our flamens offer Their sacrifices at the holy altar,

I do lay down these jewels, will make sale Of my superfluous wardrobe, to supply

The meanest of their wants.

Lays down her jewels, Erc.; the rest follow her example.

Timol. Brave masculine spirit ! Diph. We are shown, to our shame, what we in honour

Should have taught others. Archid. Such a fair example

Must needs be follow'd.

Timag. Ever my dear sister, But now our family's glory !

Leost. Were she deform'd. The virtues of her mind would force a stoic

To sue to be her servant.

Cleon. I must yield ;

And, though my heart-blood part with it, I will

Deliver in my wealth. Asot. I would say something ; But, the truth is, I know not what.



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Timol. We have money ;	The privilege and prerogative of great
And men must now be thought on.	minds,
Archid. We can press	Which you were born to? Honour won in
Of labourers in the country, men inured	war,
To cold and heat, ten thousand.	And to be styled preservers of their country,
Diph. Or, if need be,	Are titles fit for free and generous spirits,
Enrol our slaves, lusty and able variets,	And not for bondmen: had I been born a
And fit for service.	man,
Cleon. They shall go for me;	And such ne'er-dying glories made the prize
I will not pay and fight too.	To bold heroic courage, by Diana,
Cleo. How ! your slaves?	I would not to my brother, nay, my father,
O stain of honour !Once more, sir, your	Be bribed to part with the least piece of
pardon ;	honour
And, to their shames, let me deliver what	I should gain in this action !
I know in justice you may speak.	Timol. She's inspired,
Timol. Most gladly :	Or in her speaks the genius of your country,
I could not wish my thoughts a better organ	To fire your blood in her defence : I am
Than your tongue, to express them.	rapt
Clea. Are you men !	With the imagination. Noble maid,
(For age may qualify, though not excuse,	Timoleon is your soldier, and will sweat
The backwardness of these,) able young	Drops of his best blood, but he will bring
men !	home
Yet, now your country's liberty's at the	Triumphant conquest to you. Let me wear
stake,	Your colours, lady; and though youthful
Honour and glorious triumph made the	heats,
garland	That look no further than your outward
For such as dare deserve them ; a rich feast	form,
Prepared by Victory, of immortal viands,	Are long since buried in me ; while I live,
Not for base men, but such as with their	
swords	That does transcend all precedents.
Dare force admittance, and will be her	Cleo. 'Tis an honour, Gives her scarf.
guests :	And so I do receive it.
And can you coldly suffer such rewards	Coris. Plague upon it !
To be proposed to labourers and slaves?	She has got the start of us : I could even
While you, that are born noble, to whom	burst
these.	With envy at her fortune.
Valued at their best rate, are next to horses,	Olymp. A raw young thing !
Or other beasts of carriage, cry aim !	We have too much tongue sometimes, our
Like idle lookers on, till their proud worth	husbands say,—
Make them become your masters !	And she outstrip us !
Timol. By my hopes,	Leost. I am for the journey.
There's fire and spirit enough in this to make	Timag. May all diseases sloth and letchery
	bring, Fall upon him that stars at home t
Thersites valiant.	Fall upon him that stays at home !
<i>Cleo.</i> No; far, far be it from you:	Archid. Though old,
Let these of meaner quality contend	I will be there in person.
Who can endure most labour; plough the	Diph. So will 1 :
earth,	Methinks I am not what I was; her words
And think they are rewarded when their	
sweat	Than I was when I came hither.
Brings home a fruitful harvest to their lords ;	Cleon. I am still
Let them prove good artificers, and serve	Old Cleon, fat and unwieldy; I shall never
you	Make a good soldier, and therefore desire
For use and ornament, but not presume	To be excused at home.
To touch at what is noble. If you think	Asol. "The my suit too :
them	I am a gristle, and these spider fingers
Unworthy to taste of those cates you feed on,	Will never hold a sword. Let us alone
Or wear such costly garments, will you grant	To rule the slaves at home : I can so yerk
them	them

But in my conscience I shall never prove Good justice in the war.

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Timol. Have your desires; You would be burthens to us, no way aids .-

Lead, fairest, to the temple ; first we'll pay A sacrifice to the gods for good success : For all great actions the wish'd course do run,

That are, with their allowance, well begun. [Excunt all but Mar. Grac. and Cimb. Mar. Stay, Cimbrio and Gracculo.

Cimb. The business?

Mar. Meet me to-morrow night near to the grove,

Neighbouring the east part of the city.

Grac. Well. Mar. And bring the rest of our condition with you :

I've something to impart may break our fetters,

If you dare second me.

Cimb. We'll not fail.

Grac. A cart-rope

Shall not bind me at home. Mar. Think on't, and prosper. [Excunt.

ACT IL.

SCENE I .- The Same. A Room in Archidamus's House.

Enter Archidamus, Timagoras, Leosthenes, with gorgets; and Marullo.

Archid. So, so, 'tis well : how do I look? Mar. Most sprightfully.

Archid. I shrink not in the shoulders though I'm old

I'm tough, steel to the back; I have not wasted

My stock of strength in feather-beds : here's an arm too;

There's stuff in't, and I hope will use a sword As well as any beardless boy of you all.

Timag, I'm glad to see you, sir, so well prepared

To endure the travail of the war.

Archid. Go to, sirrah !

I shall endure, when some of you keep your cabins,

For all your flaunting feathers; nay, Leosthenes,

You are welcome too, all friends and fellows now

Least. Your servant, sir.

Archid. Pish! leave these compliments, They stink in a soldier's mouth; I could be merry,

For, now my gown's off, farewell gravity !

And must be bold to put a question to you, Without offence, I hope. Lcost. Sir, what you please. Archid. And you will answer truly? Timag. On our words, sir. Archid. Go to, then : I presume you will confess That you are two notorious whoremasters-Nay, spare your blushing, I've been wild myself, A smack or so for physic does no harm; Nay, it is physic, if used moderately; But to lie at rack and manger-Leost. Say we grant this, For if we should deny't, you will not believe 115. What will you infer upon it? Archid. What you'll groan for, I fear, when you come to the test. Old stories tell us, There's a month call'd October, which brings in Cold weather; there are trenches too, 'tis rumour'd, In which to stand all night to the knees in water, In gallants breeds the toothach; there's a sport too, Named lying perdue, do you mark me? 'tis a game Which you must learn to play at : now in these seasons, And choice variety of exercises, (Nay, I come to you,) and fasts, not for devotion, Your rambling hunt-smock feels strange alterations; And, in a frosty morning, looks as if He could with ease creep in a pottle-pot, Instead of his mistress' placket. Then he curses The time he spent in midnight visitations ; And finds what he superfluously parted with, To be reported good at length, and well breath'd, If but retrieved into his back again, Would keep him warmer than a scarlet waistcoat. Enter Diphilus and Cleora. Or an armour lined with fur -O welcome! welcome! You have cut off my discourse; but I will pérfect My lecture in the camp. Diph. Come, we are stay'd for: The general's afire for a remove,

And longs to be in action, Archid, 'Tis my wish too.

THE BONDMAN.	
 We must part—nay, no tears, my best Cleora; I shall melt too, and that were ominous. Millions of blessings on thee! All that's mine I give up to thy charge; and, sirrah, look [To Marullo. You with that care and reverence observe her, which you would pay to me, —A kiss; farewell, girl! Dif/h. Peace wait upon you, fair one! [Excunt Archidamus, Diphilus, and Marullo. Timag. Twere impertinence To wish you to be careful of your honour, That ever keep in pay a guard about you of faitful virtues: farewell.—Friend, I leave you To wipe our kisses off ; I know that lovers Part with more circumstance and ceremony: Which I give way to. [Exrit. Least. Tis a noble favour, For which I ever owe you. We are alone; But how I should begin, or in what language Speak the unwilling word of parting from you. I am yet to learn. [Cloo. And still continue ignorant: For I must be most cruel to myself, if I should teach you. [Aast. Vet it must be spoken, Or you will chide my slackness. You have fired me With the heat of noble action to deserve you; and cherish d, and cherish d, Must moure the took life From your sweet breath, still fann'd by it and cherish d. [And as a seamark, serve to guide time lovers, Toss d on the cocean of luxtuious wishes, Safe from the rocks of lust into the harbour Of pure affection? rising up an example Which aftertimes shall witness, to our glory, First took from us beginning. Leart. Tis a happiness My duty to my country, and mine honour Cannot consent to ; besides, add to these, It was your pleasure, fortified by persuasion, And strength of reason, for the general good, That J should go. [Cloo. Alas I then was witty] 	NDMAN. 107 For so, to serve my own ends, and to gain A petty wreath myself, I rob you of A certain triumph, which must fall upon you. Or Virtue's turn'd a handmaid to blind Fortune. How is my soul divided ! to confirm you In the opinion of the world, most worthy To be beloved, (with me you're at the height, And can advance no further,) I must send you To court the goddess of stern war, who, if She see you with my eyes, will ne'er return you, But grow enamour'd of you. Least. Sweet, take comfort ! And what I offer you, you must vouchsafe me Or I am wretched. All the dangers that I can encounter in the war, are trifles; My enemies abroad to be contem'd : The dreadful foes, that have the power to hurt me, I leave at home with you. I leave at home with you. Cleo. With me ! Least. Nay, in you, In every part about you, they are arm'd To fight against me, and all sworn To my destruction. Cleo. Where? Least. But true, sweet ; Excess of love can work such miracles ! Upon this ivory forehead are intrench'd Ten thousand rivals, and these suns command Supplies from all the world, on pain to forfeit Their comfortable beams; these ruby lips, Arich exchequer to assure their pay:
Upon the hill of honour, ne'er descended To look into the vale of certain dangers, Through which you were to cut your passage to it.	Loose notes to your chaste ears ; or brought rich presents For my artillery, to batter down Thefortress of your honour; nor endeavour'd To make your blood run high at solemn
<i>Leost.</i> I'll stay at home, then, <i>Cleo.</i> No, that must not be;	feasts,

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With viands that provoke ; the speeding At your return, how I have born myself, philtres : And what an austere penance I take on me, I work'd no bawds to tempt you; never To satisfy your doubts ; when, like a Vestal, I shew you, to your shame, the fire still practised The cunning and corrupting arts they study, burning, That wander in the wild maze of desire ; Committed to my charge by true affection, Honest simplicity and truth were all The people joining with you in the wonder When, by the glorious splendour of my suf-The agents I employ'd ; and when I came To see you, it was with that reverence ferings. As I beheld the altars of the gods : The prying eyes of jealousy are struck blind, And Love, that came along with me, was The monster too that feeds on fears, e'en taught starv'd To leave his arrows and his torch behind, For want of seeming matter to accuse me ; Quench'd in my fear to give offence. Expect, Leosthenes, a sharp reproof From my just anger. Least. What will you do? Cleo. And 'twas That modesty that took me, and preserves me, Cleo. Obey me, Like a fresh rose, in mine own natural Or from this minute you are a stranger to. sweetness me; Which, sullied with the touch of impure And do't without reply. All-seeing sun, hands, Thou witness of my innocence, thus I close Loses both scent and beauty. Mine eyes against thy comfortable light, Leost. But, Cleora, Till the return of this distrustful man ! When I am absent, as I must go from you, Now bind them sure ;---nay, do't : (Such is the crucity of my fate,) and leave He binds her eyes with her scarf. you, If, uncompell'd, Unguarded, to the violent assaults I loose this knot, until the hands that made it. Of loose temptations ; when the memory Be pleased to untie it, may consuming plagues Of my so many years of love and service Is lost in other objects; when you are Fall heavy on me! pray you guide me to courted your lips. By such as keep a catalogue of their con-This kiss, when you come back, shall be a quests. virgin Won upon credulous virgins; when nor To bid you welcome ; nay, I have not done father vet ; Is here to owe you, brother to advise you, I will continue dumb, and, you once gone, No accent shall come from me. Now to my Nor your poor servant by, to keep such off, By lust instructed how to undermine, chamber, And blow your chastity up ; when your weak My tomb, if you miscarry ; there I'll spend senses, My hours in silent mourning, and thus much At once assaulted, shall conspire against you, Shall be reported of me to my glory, And play the traitors to your soul, your And you confess it, whether I live or die, My chastity triumphs o'er your jealousy. virtue ; How can you stand? 'Faith, though you Excunt. fall, and I SCENE II .- The same. A Room in The judge, before whom you then stood Cleon's House, accused, I should acquit you. Enter Asotus, driving in Gracculo, Cleo. Will you then confirm That love and jealousy, though of different Asot. You slave ! you dog ! down, cur. Grac. Hold, good young master, matures. Must of necessity be twins; the younger For pity's sake ! Created only to defeat the elder, 4 sof. Now am I in my kingdom :-Who says I am not valiant? I begin And spoil him of his birthright? 'tis not well. But being to part, I will not chide, I will not; Nor with one syllable or tear, express To frown again ; quake, villain ! Grac. So I do, sir I How deeply I am wounded with the arrows Your looks are agues to me. Of your distrust : but when that you shall Asot. Are they so, sir ! 'Slight, if I had them at this bay that flout me, hear,

And say I look like a sheep and an ass, I'd make them	Nor are they to be trusted. Some great
	women,
Feel that I am a lion.	Which I could name, in a dearth of visitants,
Grac. Do not roar, sir,	Rather than be idle, have been glad to play
As you are a valiant beast : but do you know	At small game; but I am so queasy-
Why you use me thus?	stomach'd,
Asot. I'll beat thee a little more,	And from my youth have been so used to
Then study for a reason. O! I have it :	dainties,
One brake a jest on me, and then I swore,	I cannot taste such gross meat. Some that
(Because I durst not strike him,) when I	are hungry
came home,	Draw on their shoemakers, and take a fall
That I would break thy head.	From such as mend mats in their galleries;
Grac. Plague on his mirth !	Or when a tailor settles a petticoat on,
I'm sure I mourn for't.	Take measure of his bodkin ; fie upon't !
Asot. Remember, too, I charge you,	Tis base; for my part, I could rather lie with
To teach my horse good manners yet; this	
morning,	them,
As I rode to take the air, the untutor'd jade	Than stoop so low.
Threw me, and kicked me.	Asot. Fair madam, and my mother.
Grac. I thank him for't. [Aside.	Coris. Leave the last out, it smells rank
Asof. What's that?	
	of the country,
Grac. I say, sir, I will teach him to hold	And shews coarse breeding; your true
his heels,	courtier knows not
If you will rule your fingers.	His niece, or sister, from another woman,
A sot. I'll think upon't.	If she be apt and cunning.—I could tempt
Grac. I am bruised to jelly : better be a	now
dog,	This fool, but he will be so long a working !
Than slave to a fool or coward. [Aside.	Then he's my husband's son : the fitter to
Asot. Here's my mother,	Supply his wants ; I have the way already,
Asor. Here's my mouner,	
Enter Corisca and Zanthia.	1'll try if it will take.—When were you with
Enter Corisca and Zanthia.	Your mistress, fair Cleora?
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 She is chastising too: how brave we live, That have our slaves to beat, to keep us in breath When we want exercise ! Coris. Careless harlotry, [Striking her. Look to'; if a curl fall, or wind or sun Take my complexion off, I will not leave One hair upon thine head. Grac. Here's a second show Of the family of pride ! [Aside. Coris. Fie on these wars ! I'm starv'd for want of action; not a gamester left To keep a woman play. If this world last A little longer with us, ladies must study Some new-found mystery to cool one another, We shall burn to cinders else. I have heard there have been Such arts in a long vacation; would they were Reveal'd to me ! they have made my doctor, too, Physician to the army : he was used To serve the turn at a pinch; but I am now Quite unprovided. Asst. My mother-in-law is, sure, 	 Your mistress, fair Cleora? Asot. Two days sithence; But she's so coy, forsooth, that ere I can Speak a penn'd speech I have bought and studied for her, Her woman calls her away. Coris. Here's a dull thing ! But better taught, I hope.—Send off your man. Asot. Sirrah, begone. Grac. This is the first good turn She ever did me. [Aside and exit. Coris. We'll have a scene of mirth; I must not have you shamed for want of practice. I stand here for Cleora, and, do you hear, minion, That you may tell her what her woman should do, Repeat the lesson over that I taught you, When my young lord came to visit me: if you miss In a syllable or posture— Zant. I am perfect. Asot. Would I were so ! I fear I shall be out. Coris. If you are, I'll help you in. Thus.
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 She is chastising too: how brave we live, That have our slaves to beat, to keep us in breath When we want exercise ! Coris. Careless harlotry, [Striking her. Look to'; if a curl fall, or wind or sun Take my complexion off, I will not leave One hair upon thine head. Grac. Here's a second show Of the family of pride ! [Aside. Coris. Fie on these wars ! I'm starv'd for want of action; not a gamester left To keep a woman play. If this world last A little longer with us, ladies must study Some new-found mystery to cool one another, We shall burn to cinders else. I have heard there have been Such arts in a long vacation; would they were Reveal'd to me ! they have made my doctor, too, Physician to the army : he was used To serve the turn at a pinch; but I am now Quite unprovided. Asst. My mother-in-law is, sure, 	Your mistress, fair Cleora? Asot. Two days sithence; But she's so coy, forsooth, that ere I cnn Speak a penn'd speech I have bought and studied for her, Her woman calls her away. Coris. Here's a dull thing ! But better taught, I hope.—Send off your man. Asot. Sirrah, begone. Grac. This is the first good turn She ever did me. Coris. We'll have a scene of mirth; I must not have you shamed for want of practice. I stand here for Cleora, and, do you hear, minion, That you may tell her what her womany should do, Repeat the lesson over that I taught you, When my young lord came to visit me: if you miss In a syllable or posture— Zant. I am perfect. Asot. Would I were so ! I fear I shall be out. Coris. If you are, I'll help you in. Thus. I walk musing:

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Salute my woman ;- be but bold enough, For young Asotus, I cannot live without him; You'll speed, I warrant you. Begin. Asot. Have at it-Pray him to visit me ; yet, when he's present, Save thee, sweethcart ! a kiss. Zant, Venus forbid, sir. I must be strange to him. Asot. Not so, you are caught : I should presume to taste your honour's lips Before my lady. Coris. This is well on both parts. Asot. How does thy lady? shall not speak Zant. Happy in your lordship, they must As oft as she thinks on you. Lie open to discovery. Coris. Very good ; This wench will learn in time. Asot. Does she think of me? her again. Zant. O, sir ! and speaks the best of you ; hand, But that 'tis gloved, and civet makes me admires Your wit, your clothes, discourse; and swears, but that sick ; You are not forward enough for a lord, you Your woman by, were The most complete and absolute man, -I'll show Your lordship a secret. Asot. Not of thine own? Zant. O ! no, sir, "Tis of my lady : but, upon your honour, cient; You must conceal it. Asot. By all means. Asot. I would serve in Zant. Sometimes I lie with my lady, as the last night I did ; woman. She could not say her prayers for thinking of you : Nay, she talk'd of you in her sleep, and sigh'd out, O sweet Asotus, sure thou art so backward, That I must ravish thee! and in that ferno time now vour She took me in her arms, threw me upon her, Kiss'd me, and hugg'd me, and then waked, and wept, Because 'twas but a dream. Coris. This will bring him on, Or he's a block .- A good girl ! Asot. I am mad, Coris. You are grown conceited. Asot. You teach me. Lady, now your Till I am at it. Zant. Be not put off, sir, cabinet-With, Away, I dare not ;- fie, you are immodest ;-My brother's up; My father will hear .-Shoot home, sir, You cannot miss the mark. I only play Cleora's part. Asot. No matter, Now we've begun, let's end the act. Asot. There's for thy counsel. This is the fairest interlude-if it prove carnest, I shall wish I were a player. Coris. Forbear, sir; Your father's wife !-Coris. Now my turn comes .-I am exceeding sick, pray you send my

Lo, whom you wish ; behold Asotus here ! Coris. You wait well, minion ; shortly I My thoughts in my private chamber, but

Asol. 'Slid, she's angry. Zant. No, no, sir, she but seems so. To

- Asot. Lady, I would descend to kiss your
- And to presume to taste your lip's not safe,

Coris. I hope she's no observer

- Of whom I grace. [Zanthia looks on a book. Asot, She's at her book, O rare !
- Kisses her. Coris. A kiss for entertainment is suffi-

Too much of one dish cloys me.

The second course ; but still I fear your

Coris. You are very cautelous. Zanthia seems to sleep.

Asot. 'Slight, she's asleep !

"Tis pity these instructions are not printed ; They would sell well to chambermaids, "Tis

To play with my good fortune, and your favour;

Yet to be taken, as they say :- a scout,

To give the signal when the enemy comes,

Excunt Zanthia.

Were now worth gold .- She's gone to watch. A waiter so train'd up were worth a million To a wanton city madam.

Coris. You speak as it were yours. Asot. When we are there,

I'll shew you my best evidence. [Selsing her. Coris. Hold ! you forget,

Asot. Why, being his heir, I am bound, Since he can make no satisfaction to you, To see his debts paid.

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THE BONDMAN.	
Re-enter Zanthia running. Zant. Madam, my lord ! Coris. Fall off : I must trifle with the time too, hell confound it ! Asot. Flague on his toothless chaps ! he cannot do't Himself, yet hinders such as have good stomachs. Enter Cleon. Cleon. Where are you, wife? I fain would go abroad, But cannot find my slaves that bear my litter; I am tired. Your shoulder, son;nay, sweet, thy hand, too: A turn or two in the garden, and then to	 NDMAN. I'll offer my design ; nay, we are cold yet These glasses contain nothing ;—do r right, [Takes the bold. As e'er you hope for liberty. 'Tis do bravely ; How do you feel yourselves now ? Cimb. 1 begin To have strange conundrums in my head. Grac. And 1 To loath base water : I would be hang'd peace now, For one month of such holidays. Mar. An age, boys, And yet defy the whip ; if you are men, Or dare believe you have souls. Cimb. We are no brokers. Grac. Nor whores, whose marks are o of their mouths, they have none; They hardly can get salt enough to keel
supper, And so to bed. Asot. Never to rise, I hope, more. [Aside. [Excunt.	The standing above ground. From stinking above ground. Mar. Our lords are no gods Grac. They are devils to us, 1 am sure.
SCENE III.—A Grove near the Walls of Syracuse.	Mar. But subject to Cold, hunger, and diseases. Grac. In abundance.
Enter Marullo and Poliphron. A Table set out with Wine, &c.	Your lord that feels no ach in his chine twenty,
Mar. Twill take, I warrant thee. Polish. You may do your pleasure; But, in my judgment, better to make use of The present opportunity. Mar. No more. Polish. I am silenced. Mar. More wine; prithee drink hard, friend, And when we're hot, whatever I propound.	Mar. Equal Nature fashion'd us All in one mould. The bear serves not the bear, Nor the wolf the wolf; 'twas odds of streng in tyrants,
Enter Cimbrio, Gracculo, and other Slaves.	That pluck'd the first link from the gold chain With which that THING OF THINGS bour
 Second with vehemence.—Men of your words, all welcome ! Slaves use no ceremony; sit down, here's a health. Polijh. Let it run round, fill every man his glass. Grac. We look for no waiters ;—this is wine ! Mar. The better, Strong, lusty wine : drink deep, this juice will make us As free as our lords. [Drinks. Grac. But if they find we taste it, We are all damn'd to the quarry during life, Without hope of redemption. Mar. Pish ! for that We'll talk anon : another rouse ! we lose time ; [Drinks. When our low blood's wound up a little higher, 	in the world. Why then, since we are taught, by the examples, To love our liberty, if not command, Should the strong scrve the weak, the fai deform'd ones? Or such as know the cause of things, pa tribute To ignorant fools? All's but the outwar gloss, And politic form, that does distinguish us. Cimbrio, thou art a strong man; if, in pla Of carrying burthens, thou hadst been train up In martial discipline, thou might'st hav proved A general, fit to lead and fight for Sicily, As fortunate as Timoleon. <i>Cimb</i> , A little fighting Will serve a general's turn.

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Mar. Thou, G Hast fluency of la And, I think, coo Formally set on appear As brave a senato Grac. Would I Or money to bu not Sleep on the ber them, play w Look on my wat twelve, and y A state beard, wi with them In their most cho me, And put me to drift have tasted winn Mar. 'Tis spok And like a gownn too, But would prove f Grac. Hum ! t I know their in fellow, (But that will not if he did not in a In the selling of tradesman In Syraeuse, I hav Observe but what Hold up thy he gallants Into mortgages I heirs With your new or gumid velv He does not trans hin, Call in his patent make Sufficient beccos antlers, Bear up the cap o	racculo, nguage, quick conceit ; er'd with a senator's robe, the bench, thou wouldst r. had lands, y a place 1 and if I did uch with the drowsiest of ith my chain, ch, when my guts chimed vear th my barber's help, rank ice peculiar gifts ; degrade ok water again, which, now e, were poison 1 e nobly, an : none of these, I think good burghers. he fools are modest ; aides : here's an ill-faced be seen in a dark shop,) month learn to outswear, his wares, the cunning'st e no skill. Here's another, a cozening look he has 1 ud, man ; if, for drawing for commodities, cheating panterfeit gold thread, and ets, cend all that went before : pass the rest ; they'll all , and, with their brow- f maintenance.	 Your stripes, your unregarded toil, the prid The insolence of such as tread upon Your patient sufferings; fill your famish's mouths With the fat and plenty of the land; redeen you From the dark vale of servitude, and sea you From the dark vale of servitude, and sea you Trom the dark vale of servitude, and sea you To burn a church or two, and dance by the light on't, Were but a May-game. Poliph. I have a father living; But, if the cutting of his throat could work this, He should excuse me. Cimb. Slight I would cut mine own, Rather than miss it; so I might but have A taste on't, cre I die. Mar. Be resolute men; You shall run no such hazard, nor groat under The burthen of such crying sins. Cimb. The means? Grate. I feel a woman's longing. Poliph. On ot torment us With expectation. Mar. Thus, then : Our proud masters, And all the able freemen of the city, Are gone unto the wars— Poliph. Observe but that. Mar. Old men, and such as can make more sistance, Are only left at home— Grate. And the proud young fool, My master—if this take. Til hamper him. Mar. Their arsenal, their treasure's in our power. If we have hearts to seize them. If our lord fail In the present action, the whole country' ours; Say they return victorious, we have means
Mar. Is't not p Men of such er slaves? Cimb. Our fort Mar. 'Tis your	ity, then, ninent virtues should be une. folly; daring men	To keep the town against them; at the worst To make our own conditions. Now, if yo dare Fall on their daughters and their wives break up
Command and r this instant, I mark'd you out	nake their fates. Say, at	Their iron chests, banquet on their rich beds And carve yourselves of all delights an pleasures You have been barr'd from, with one voic cry with me,
So long have su sweetest,	rfeited in; and, what is ower, by strong hand to	Liberty ! liberty ! All. Liberty ! liberty ! Mar. Go then, and take possession : us all freedom :

THE BONDMAN.		
But shed no blood. [Excent Slaves.]—So, this is well begun ; But not to be commended, till't be done. [Exit.	As I'm Marullo, caused this sudden uproar, To make way to enjoy her. <i>Timand.</i> Punctually I will discharge my part. [Exit.	
	Enter Poliphron.	
ACT III. SCENE I.— The same. A Gallery in Archidamus's House.	Poliph. O, sir, I sought you : You've missed the best sport Hell, I think's broke loose ;	
Enter Marullo and Timandra.	There's such variety of all disorders, As leaping, shouting, drinking, dancing,	
Mar. Why, think you that I plot against myself?	whoring, Among the slaves; answer'd with crying,	
Fear nothing, you are safe : these thick- skinn'd slaves, I use as instruments to serve my ends,	howling, By the citizens and their wives ; such a con- fusion.	
Pierce not my deep designs ; nor shall they dare	In a word, not to tire you, as I think, The like was never read of.	
To lift an arm against you. <i>Timand</i> . With your will.	Mar. I share in The pleasure, though I'm absent. This is	
But turbulent spirits, raised beyond them- selves	some Revenge for my disgrace. <i>Poliph</i> . But, sir, I fear,	
With ease, are not so soon laid; they oft prove	If your authority restrain them not, They'll fire the city, or kill one another,	
Dangerous to him that call'd them up. Mar. 'Tis true,	They are so apt to outrage ; neither know I	
In what is rashly undertook. Long since	Whether you wish it, and came therefore to Acquaint you with so much.	
have considered seriously their natures, Proceeded with mature advice, and know	Mar. I will among them;	
I hold their will and faculties in more awe Than I can do my own. Now, for their	But must not long be absent. Poliph. At your pleasure. [Excunt.	
license, And riot in the city, I can make	SCENE II.—The same. A Room in the same.	
A just defence and use : it may appear too A politic prevention of such ills	Shouts within. Enter Cleora and Timandra.	
As might, with greater violence and danger, Hereafter be attempted ; though some smart for't,	Timand. They are at our gates : my heart ! affrights and horrors Increase each minute. No way left to save	
t matters not :however, I'm resolved; And sleep you with security. Holds Cleora	us, No flattering hope to comfort us, or means,	
Constant to her rash vow? <i>Timand.</i> Beyond belief; Co me, that see her hourly, it seems a fable.	But miracle, to redeem us from base lust And lawless rapine ! Are there gods, yet suffer	
By signs 1 guess at her commands, and serve them With silence; such her pleasure is, made	Such innocent sweetness to be made the spoil Of brutish appetite? or since they decree	
known By holding herfair hand thus. She eats little,	To ruin nature's masterpiece, of which They have not left one pattern, must they choose,	
Sleeps less, as I imagine ; once a day I lead her to this gallery, where she walks Some half a dozen turns, and, having offer'd	To set their tyranny off, slaves to pollute The spring of chastity, and poison it With their most loath'd embraces? and, of	
To ber absent saint a sacrifice of sighs, She points back to her prison. Mar. Guide her hither, And make her understand the clours' mucht.	those, He that should offer up his life to guard it, Marullo, curs'd Marullo, your own bond-	
And make her understand the slaves' revolt; And, with your utmost cloquence, enlarge Their insolence, and rapes done in the city.	man, Purchased to serve you, and fed by your favours?	
Forget not too, I am their chief, and tell her You strongly think my extreme dotage on her,	captain	
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Of these libidinous beasts, that have not left One cruel act undone, that barbarous conquest

Yet ever practised in a captive city,

He, doating on your beauty, and to have fellows

In his foul sin, hath raised these mutinous slaves,

Who have begun the game by violent rapes Upon the wives and daughters of their lords :

And he, to quench the fire of his base lust,

By force, comes to enjoy you-do not wring Your innocent hands, 'tis bootless ; use the means

That may preserve you. 'Tis no crime to break

A vow when you are forced to it ; shew your face,

And with the majesty of commanding beauty,

Strike dead his loose affections : if that fail, Give liberty to your tongue, and use entreaties ;

There cannot be a breast of flesh and blood, Or heart so made of flint, but must receive Impression from your words ; or eyes so stern,

But, from the clear reflection of your tears, Must melt, and bear them company. Will you not

Do these good offices to yourself? poor I, then,

Can only weep your fortune : here he comes.

Enter Marullo, speaking at the door.

Mar. He that advances

A foot beyond this, comes upon my sword : You have had your ways, disturb not mine. Timand. Speak gently,

Her fears may kill her else.

Mar. Now Love inspire me !

Still shall this canopy of envious night

Obscure my suns of comfort? and those dainties

Of purest white and red, which I take in at My greedy eyes, denied my famish'd senses ?-

The organs of your hearing yet are open ; And you infringe no vow, though you vouchsafe

To give them warrant to convey unto Your understanding parts the story of A tortured and despairing lover, whom Not fortune but affection marks your slave :-Shake not, best lady ! for believ't, you are As far from danger as I am from force : All violence I shall offer, tends no further

Than to relate my sufferings, which I dare not

Presume to do, till, by some gracious sign, You shew you are pleased to hear me. Timand. If you are,

Hold forth your right hand. [Cleorn holds forth her right hand.

Mar. So, 'tis done ; and I With my glad lips seal humbly on your foot,

My soul's thanks for the favour : I forbear To tell you who I am, what wealth, what

honours I made exchange of, to become your ser-

vant :

And, though I knew worthy Leosthenes

(For sure he must be worthy, for whose love You have endured so much) to be my rival;

When rage and jealousy counsell'd me to kill him,

Which then I could have done with much more ease,

Than now, in fear to grieve you, I dare speak it,

Love, seconded with duty, boldly told me

The man I hated, fair Cleora favour'd

And that was his protection. [Cleora bows. Timand. See, she bows

Her head in sign of thankfulness.

Mar. He removed by

The occasion of the war, (my fires increasing By being closed and stopp'd up,) frantic affection

Prompted me to do something in his absence, That might deliver you into my power, Which you see is effected : and, even now,

When my rebellious passions chide my dulness

And tell me how much I abuse my fortunes, Now it is in my power to bear you hence,

Cleora starts. Or take my wishes here, (nay, fear not, madam,

True love's a servant, brutish lust a tyrant,) I dare not touch those viands that ne'er taste well,

But when they're freely offer'd : only thus much.

Be pleased I may speak in my own dear cause.

And think it worthy your consideration,

(I have loved truly, cannot say deserved, Since duty must not take the name of merit,) That I so far prize your content, before All blessings that my hope can fashion to me,

That willingly I entertain despair, And, for your sake, embrace it : for I know,

This opportunity lost, by no endeavour The like can be recover'd. To conclude,

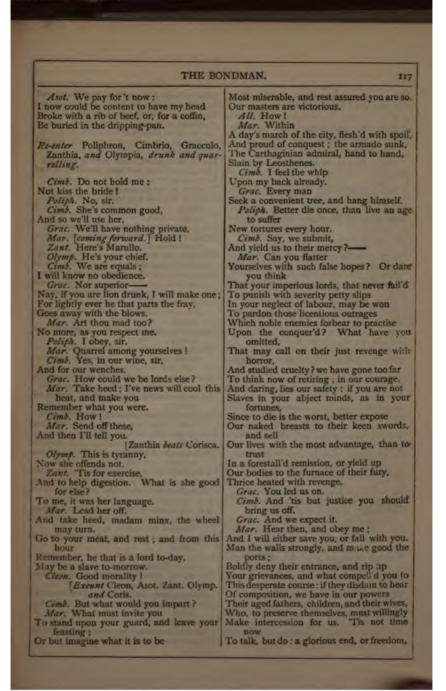
Forget not, that I lose myself to save you :

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THE BONDMAN. II		
 For what can I expect but death and torture, The war being ended ? and, what is a task. Would trouble Hercules to undertake. I do deny you to myself, to give you, A pure unspotted present, to my rival. I have said: If it distaste not, best of virgins, Reward my temperance with some lawful favour, Though you contermn my person. [Cleora kneels, then pulls off her glove, and offers her hand to Marulo. Timand. See, she kneels; And seems to call upon the gods to pay The debt she owes your virtue : to perform which. As a sure pledge of friendship, she vouchsafes you Her fair right hand. Mar. I am paid for all my sufferings. Now, when you please, pass to your private chamber: My love and duty, faithful guards, shall keep you From all disturbance; and when you are saided. With thinking of Leosthenes, as a fee Due to my service, spare one sigh for me. [Exent. Cleon's House. Scente III.—The same. A Room in Cleon's House. State grace off. State off. <	 So-stand there like an image ; if you stir, Till, with a quarter of a look, 1 call you, You know what follows. Corrit. O, what am I fallen to ! But 'tis a punishment for my lust and pride. Justly return'd upon me. Grat. How dost thou like Thy ladyship, Zanthia? Zant. Very well ; and bear it With as much state as your lordship. Grac. Give me thy hand: Let us, like conquering Romans, walk in tritumph. Our captives following ; then mount out tribunals. And make the slaves our footstools. Zant. Fine, by Jove ! And make the slaves our footstools. Zant. Fine, by Jove ! And make the slaves our footstools. Zant. Fall off then. So ! now come on ; and having made you three duties— Down, I say—are you stiff in the hams ?- now kneel, And tie our shoe : now kiss it, and be happy Grac. This is state, indeed ! Zant. It is such as she taught me ; A tickling itch of greatness, your proud ladie Expect from their poor waiters : we hav changed parts ; She does what she forced me to do in he reign. And I must practise it in mine. Grac. This justice : O ! here come more. Enter Cimbrio, Cleon, Poliphron, and Olympia. Cimb. Discover to a drachma, Or I will famish thee. Chon. O ! I am pined already. Cimb. Hunger shall force thee to cut of the brawns From thy arms and thighs, then broil ther on the coals For earbonadoes. Poliph. Spare the old jade, he's founder of Graz. Cut his throat then, And hang him out for a scarecrow. Poliph. You have all your wishes In your revenge, and I have mine. You se I use no tyranny : when I was her slave, She kept me as a sinner, to lie at her backs In routing ; And in nequital of those coprtexies, 	

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Having made one another free, we are mar-To better nature ; that from those that served ried : me Expected adoration, am made justly And, if you wish us joy, join with us in A dance at our wedding The scorn of my own bondwoman. Grac. Agreed ; for I have thought of Asot. I am punish'd, a most triumphant one, which shall express For seeking to cuckold mine own natural We are lords, and these our slaves. father : Had I been gelded then, or used myself Like a man, I had not been transform'd, and Poliph. But we shall want A woman. Grac. No, here's Jane-of-apes shall serve; Carry your body swimming.-Where's the forced To play an overgrown ape. Cleon. 1 know I cannot music? Poliph. I have placed it in yon window. Last long, that's all my comfort. Come, I Grac. Begin then sprightly. forgive both : 'Tis in vain to be angry ; let us, therefore, Lament together like friends. Music, and then a dance. Mar. What a true mirror Enter Marullo behind. Were this sad spectacle for secure greatness ! Here they, that never see themselves, but in Poliph. Well done on all sides ! I have prepared a banquet ; The glass of servile flattery, might behold Let's drink and cool us. The weak foundation upon which they build Grac. A good motion. Cimb. Wait here; Their trust in human frailty. Happy are those, You have been tired with feasting, learn to That knowing, in their births, they are subfast now. ject to Grac. I'll have an apple for jack, and may Uncertain change, are still prepared, and be some scraps arm'd May fall to your share. [Exeunt Grac. Zant. Cimb. Poliph. For either fortune : a rare principle, And with much labour, learn'd in wisdom's and Olymp. school ! Coris. Whom can we accuse For, as these bondmen, by their actions, shew But ourselves, for what we suffer? Thou art That their prosperity, like too large a sail just. For their small bark of judgment, sinks them Thou all-creating Power ! and misery with Instructs me now, that yesterday acknow-A fore-right gale of liberty, ere they reach ledged The port they long to touch at : so these No deity beyond my lust and pride, wretches There is a heaven above us, that looks down Swollen with the false opinion of their worth, With the eyes of justice, upon such as number And proud of blessings left them, not ac-Those blessings freely given, in the accompt quired ; Of their poor merits : else it could not be, That did believe they could with giant arms Now miserable I, to please whose palate The elements were ransack'd, yet complain'd Fathom the earth, and were above their fates, Those borrow'd helps, that did support them, Of nature, as not liberal enough vanish'd, Fall of themselves, and by unmanly suffering, In her provision of rarities To sooth my taste, and pamper my proud flesh, Betray their proper weakness, and make Should wish in vain for bread. Cleon. Yes, I do wish too, For what I fed my dogs with. known Their boasted greatness was lent, not their own. Coris. I, that forgot Clean. O for some meat ! they sit long. I was made of firsh and blood, and thought Coris. We forgot, the silk When we drew out intemperate feasts till Spun by the diligent worm out of their entrails, midnight ; Their hunger was not thought on, nor their Too coarse to clothe me, and the softest watchings ; Nor did we hold ourselves served to the down Too hard to sleep on ; that disdain'd to look height, On virtue being in rags, that stopp'd my nose But when we did exact and force their duties At those that did not use adulterate arts Beyond their strength and power.



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Is now proposed us; stand resolved for either, Appointed for the sacrifice ; and the altars And, like good fellows, live or die together. Smoaking with thankful incense to the gods: The soldiers chanting loud hymns to your Excunt. praise, SCENE IV .- The Country near Syracuse. The windows fill'd with matrons and with The Camp of Timoleon. virgins, Enter Leosthenes and Timagoras. Throwing upon your head, as you pass by, Timag. Iam so far from envy, I am proud The choicest flowers, and silently invoking You have outstripp'd me in the race of The queen of love, with their particular vows, To be thought worthy of you ; can Cleora (Though, in the glass of self-love, she behold Her best deserts) but with all joy acknowhonour. O 'twas a glorious day, and bravely won ! Your bold performance gave such lustre to Timoleon's wise directions, as the army ledge, Rests doubtful, to whom they stand most What she endured was but a noble trial You made of her affection? and her anger, engaged For their so great success Rising from your too amorous cares, soon drench'd Leost. The gods first honour'd, The glory be the general's; 'tis far from me In Lethe, and forgotten. Leost. If those glories To be his rival. Timag. You abuse your fortune, To entertain her choice and gracious favours You so set forth were mine, they might plead for me ; With a contracted brow ; plumed Victory But I can lay no claim to the least honour. Is truly painted with a cheerful look, Which you, with foul injustice, ravish from Equally distant from proud insolence, her. And base dejection. Leost. O, Timagoras, Her beauty in me wrought a miracle, Taught me to aim at things beyond my You only are acquainted with the cause power, That loads my sad heart with a hill of lead ; Which her perfections purchased, and gave Whose ponderous weight, neither my newto me From her free bounties ; she inspired me with got honour, Assisted by the general applause That valour which I dare not call mine own ; The soldier crowns it with, nor all war's And, from the fair reflexion of her mind, glories, Can lessen or remove : and, would you please, My soul received the sparkling beams of courage. With fit consideration, to remember She, from the magazine of her proper good-How much I wrong'd Cleora's innocence TIPSS With my rash doubts; and what a grievous Stock'd me with virtuous purposes ; sent me penance forth She did impose upon her tender sweetness, To trade for honour; and, she being the To pluck away the vulture, jealousy, owner That fed upon my liver ; you cannot blame Of the bark of my adventures, I must yield her But call it a fit justice on myself, A just account of all, as fits a factor, Though I resolve to be a stranger to And, howsoever others think me happy, The thought of mirth or pleasure. And cry aloud, I have made a prosperous Timag. You have redeem'd voyage; The forfeit of your fault with such a ransom One frown of her dislike at my return, Of honourable action, as my sister Which, as a punishment for my fault, I Must of necessity confess her sufferings, look for, Weigh'd down by your fair merits ; and, Strikes dead all comfort. Timag. Tush ! these fears are needless ; when she views you, Like a triumphant conqueror, carried She cannot, must not, shall not, be so cruel. A free confession of a fault wins pardon, The streets of Syracusa, the glad people But, being seconded by desert, commands it. Pressing to meet you, and the senators The general is your own, and, sure, my Contending who shall heap most honours on father you; Repents his harshness; for myself, I am The oxen, crown'd with garlands, led before Ever your creature. - One day shall be happy 2011 In your triumph, and your marriage.

In which she silently seemed to complain Leost. May it prove so, With her consent and pardon. Of heaven's injustice. Mar. 'Tis enough : wait carefully, Timag. Ever touching On that harsh string ! She is your own, And, on all watched occasions, continue Speech and discourse of me : 'tis time mus and you Without disturbance seize on what's your work her. Excunt. Timand. I'll not be wanting, but sti due. strive to serve you. Exi Enter Poliphron. ACT IV. Mar. Now, Poliphron, the news? SCENE I.—Syracuse. A Room in Poliph. The conquering army Archidamus's House. Is within ken. Enter Marullo and Timandra. Mar. How brook the slaves the object ? Poliph. Cheerfully yet ; they do refuse n Mar. She has her health, then? labour, Timand. Yes, sir; and as often And seem to scoff at danger; 'tis you As I speak of you, lends attentive ear presence To all that I deliver ; nor seems tired, That must confirm them : with a full conser Though I dwell long on the relation of You are chosen to relate the tyranny Your sufferings for her, heaping praise on Of our proud masters; and what you sul praise scribe to, On your unequall'd temperance, and com-They gladly will allow of, or hold out mand To the last man. You hold o'er your affections. Mar. I'll instantly among them. Mar. To my wish : If we prove constant to ourselves, goo Have you acquainted her with the defeature fortune Of the Carthaginians, and with what ho-Will not, I hope, forsake us. nours Poliph. 'Tis our best refuge. Exeun Leosthenes comes crown'd home with? Timand. With all care. SCENE II. -Before the Walls of Syracuse Mar. And how does she receive it? Enter Timoleon, Archidamus, Diphilut Timand. As I guess, With a seeming kind of joy; but yet ap-Leosthenes, Timagoras, and Soldiers. pears not Timol. Thus far we are return'd victorious Transported, or proud of his happy fortune. crown'd With wreaths triumphant, (famine, blood But when I tell her of the certain ruin You must encounter with at their arrival and death, In Syracusa, and that death, with torments, Banish'd your peaceful confines.) and brin Must fall upon you, which you yet repent not, home Esteeming it a glorious martyrdom, Security and peace. 'Tis therefore fit And a reward of pure unspotted love, That such as boldly stood the shock of wa Preserved in the white robe of innocence, And with the dear expense of sweat an Though she were in your power; and, still blood spurr'd on Have purchased honour, should with ple: By insolent lust, you rather chose to suffer sure reap The fruit untasted, for whose glad possession The harvest of their toil: and we stan You have call'd on the fury of your lord, bound. Than that she should be grieved, or tainted Out of the first file of the best deservers, in (Though all must be considered to the Her reputationmerits, Mar. Doth it work computction? To think of you, Leosthenes, that stand, Pities she my mistortune? Timand. She express d And worthily, most dear in our esteem, For your heroic valour. All signs of sorrow which, her vow observed, Archid. When I look on Could witness a grieved heart. At the first The labour of so many men and ages, This well-built city, not long since design hearing, She fell upon her face, rent her fair hair, Her hands held up to heaven, and vented To spoil and rapine, by the favour of The gods, and you, their ministers, pr sighs. served.

I cannot, in my height of joy, but offer These tears for a glad sacrifice. Diph. Sleep the citizens? Or are they overwhelm'd with the excess Of comfort that flows to them? Least. We receive A silent entertainment. Timag. I long since Expected that the virgins and the matrons, The old men striving with their age, the priests, Carrying the images of their gods before them, Should have met us with procession .- Ha ! the gates Are shut against us ! Archid. And, upon the walls, Arm'd men seem to defy us ! Enter above, on the Walls, Marullo, Poliphron, Cimbrio, Gracculo, and other Slaves. Diplt, I should know These faces : they are our slaves. Timag. The mystery, rascals ! Open the ports, and play not with an anger That will consume you. Timol. This is above wonder. Archid. Our bondmen stand against us ! Grac. Some such things We were in man's remembrance. The slaves are turn'd Lords of the town, or so-nay, be not angry : Perhaps, upon good terms, giving security You will be quiet men, we may allow you Some lodgings in our garrets or outhouses : Your great looks cannot carry it. Cimb. The truth is, We've been bold with your wives, toy'd with your daughters-Leost. O my prophetic soul ! Grac. Rifled your chests, Been busy with your wardrobes. Timag. Can we endure this? Leost. O my Cleora ! Grac. A caudle for the gentleman ; He'll die o' the pip else. Timag. Scorn'd too ! are you turn'd stone? Hold parley with our bondmen! force our entrance, Then, villains, expect-Timol. Hold ! You wear men's shapes, And if, like men, you have reason, shew a cause That leads you to this desperate course, which must end In your destruction.

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Grac. That, as please the Fates ; But we vouchsafe-Speak, captain. Timag. Hell and furies ! Archid. Bay'd by our own curs ! Cimb. Take heed you be not worried. Poliph. We are sharp set. Cimb. And sudden. Mar. Briefly thus, then, Since I must speak for all-Your tyranny Drew us from our obedience. Happy those times When lords were styled fathers of families, And not imperious masters ! when they number'd Their servants almost equal with their sons, Or one degree beneath them! when their labours Were cherish'd and rewarded, and a period Set to their sufferings; when they did not press Their duties or their wills, beyond the power And strength of their performance ! all things order'd With such decorum, as wise lawmakers, From each well-govern'd private house derived The perfect model of a commonwealth. Humanity then lodged in the hearts of men, And thankful masters carefully provided For creatures wanting reason. The noble horse, That, in his fiery youth, from his wide nostrils Neigh'd courage to his rider, and brake through Groves of opposed pikes, bearing his lord Safe to triumphant victory ; old or wounded, Was set at liberty, and freed from service. The Athenian mules, that from the quarry drew Marble, hew'd for the temples of the gods, The great work ended, were dismiss'd, and fed At the public cost ; nay, faithful dogs have found Their sepulchres; but man, to man more cruel, Appoints no end] to the sufferings of his slave ; Since pride stepp'd in and riot, and o'erturn'd This goodly frame of concord, teaching masters To glory in the abuse of such as are Brought under their command ; who, grown unuseful. Are less esteem'd than beasts .- This you have practised. Practised on us with rigour; this hath forced us

To shake our heavy yokes off; and, if redress Of these just grievances be not granted us,

We'll right ourselves, and by strong hand What we are now possess'd of. Grac, And not leave One house unfired. Cimb. Or throat uncut of those We have in our power. Poliph. Nor will we fall alone ; You shall buy us dearly. Timag. O the gods ! Unheard-of insolence ! Timol. What are your demands? Mar. A general pardon first, for all Committed in your absence. Liberty To all such as desire to make return Into their countries ; and, to those that stay, A competence of land freely allotted To each man's proper use, no lord acknow-Lastly, with your consent, to choose them wives Out of your families. Timag. Let the city sink first. Least. And ruin seize on all, ere we sub-To such conditions. Archid. Carthage, though victorious, Could not have forced more from us. Leost. Scale the walls ; limol. He that wins the top first. Shall wear a mural wreath. Exennt. Mar. Each to his place. Flourish and alarms, Or death or victory! Charge them home, and fear not.

Excunt Marullo and Slaves. Re-enter Timoleon, Archidamus, and

Senators.

Timol. We wrong ourselves, and we are justly punish'd,

To deal with bondmen, as if we encounter d An equal enemy.

Archid. They fight like devils ;

And run upon our swords, as if their breasts Were proof beyond their armour.

Re-enter Leosthenes and Timagoras,

Timag. Make a firm stand.

offences

ledged :

scribe

Capitulate after.

The slaves, not satisfied they have beat us off, Trepare to sally forth. Timol. They are wild beasts, And to be tamed by policy. Each man take

A tough whip in his hand, such as you used To punish them with, as masters : ii your

Carry severity and awe ; 'twill fright them

More than your weapons. Savage lions fly from

The sight of fire ; and these, that have forgot That duty you ne'er taught them with your swords.

When, unexpected, they behold those terrors Advanced aloft, that they were made to shake at.

Twill force them to remember what they are, And stoop to due obedience. Archid. Here they come.

Enter, from the City, Cimbrio, Gracculo, and other Slaves.

Cimb. Leave not a man alive ; a wound's but a flea-biting, To what we suffer'd, being slaves.

Grac. O, my heart !

Cimbrio, what do we see? the whip ! our masters !

Timag. Dare you rebel, slaves ! The Senators shake their whips, the Slaves throw away their weapons. and run off

Cimb. Mercy ! mercy ! where Shall we hide us from their fury ?

Grac. Fly, they follow. O, we shall be tormented ! Timol. Enter with them,

But yet forbear to kill them : still remember They are part of your wealth ; and being disarm'd.

There is no danger.

Archid, Let us first deliver

Such as they have in fetters, and at leisure Determine of their punishment.

Least. Friend, to you I leave the disposition of what's mine : I cannot think I am safe without your sister. She is only worth my thought; and, till I see What she has suffer d, I am on the rack, And Furies my tormentors. Excunt.

SCENE III .- Syracuse. A Room in Archidamus's House,

Enter Marullo and Timandra.

Mar. I know I am pursued ; nor would I fly

Although the ports were open, and a convoy Ready to bring me off: the baseness of These villains, from the pride of all my hopes, Hath thrown me to the bottomless abyss Of horror and despair : had they stood firm, I could have bought Cleora's free consent With the safety of her father's life, and

brother's ; And forced Leosthenes to quit his claim, And kneel a suitor for me. Timand, You must not think

What might have been, but what must now be practised,

And suddenly resolve.

Mar. All my poor fortunes Are at the stake, and I must run the hazard. Unseen, convey me to Cleora's chamber ; For in her sight, if it were possible, I would be apprehended : do not enquire

The reason why, but help me. Knocking within.

Timand. Make haste,-one knocks. [Exit Marullo.

Jove turn all to the best !

Enter Leosthenes.

You are welcome, sir. Leost. Thou giv'st it in a heavy tone.

Timand. Alas ! sir, We have so long fed on the bread of sorrow, Drinking the bitter water of afflictions, Made loathsome too by our continued fears, Comfort's a stranger to us.

Leost. Fears ! your sufferings :-For which I am so overgone with grief, I dare not ask, without compassionate tears, The villain's name that robbed thee of thy honour :

For being train'd up in chastity's cold school, And taught by such a mistress as Cleora, Twere impious in me to think Timandra Fell with her own consent.

Timand. How mean you, fell, sir? I understand you not.

Leost. I would thou did'st not, Or that I could not read upon thy face, In blushing characters, the story of Libidinous rape : confess it, for you stand not Accountable for a sin, against whose strength

Your o'ermatched innocence could make no resistance ; Under which odds, I know, Cleora fell too,

Heaven's help in vain invoked ; the amazed

Hiding his face behind a mask of clouds, Nor daring to look on it ! In her sufferings All sorrow's comprehended : what Timandra, Or the city, has endured, her loss consider'd, Deserves not to be named.

Timand. Pray you, do not bring, sir, In the chimeras of your jealous fears, New monsters to affright us.

Leost. O, Timandra,

That I had faith enough but to believe thee ! I should receive it with a joy beyond Assurance of Elysian shades hereafter, Or all the blessings, in this life, a mother Could wish her children crown'd with-but I must not

Credit impossibilities ; yet I strive

To find out that whose knowledge is a curse, And ignorance a blessing. Come, discover What kind of look he had that forced thy lady,

(Thy ravisher I will enquire at leisure,) That when, hereafter, I behold a stranger,

But near to him in aspect, I may conclude, Though men and angels should proclaim him honest,

He is a hell bred villain.

Timand. You are unworthy

To know she is preserved, preserved untainted :

Sorrow, but ill bestow'd, hath only made

A rape upon her comforts in your absence.

- Come forth, dear madam. [Leads in Cleora. Leost. Ha! Kneels. Timand. Nay, she deserves
- The bending of your heart ; that, to content you.

Has kept a vow, the breach of which a Vestal, Though the infringing it had call'd upon her

A living funeral, must of force have shrunk at. No danger could compel her to dispense with

Her cruel penance, though hot lust came arm'd

To seize upon her; when one look or accent Might have redeem'd her.

Leost. Might ! O do not shew me

A beam of comfort, and straight take it from me.

The means by which she was freed? speak,

O speak quickly; Each minute of delay's an age of torment; O speak, Timandra.

Timand. Free her from her oath ; Herself can best deliver it.

Least. O blest office ! [Unbinds her eyes. Never did galley-slave shake off his chains, Or look'd on his redemption from the oar, With such true feeling of delight, as now I find myself possess'd of .- Now I behold

True light indeed ; for, since these fairest

stars Cover'd with clouds of your determinate will, Denied their influence to my optic sense,

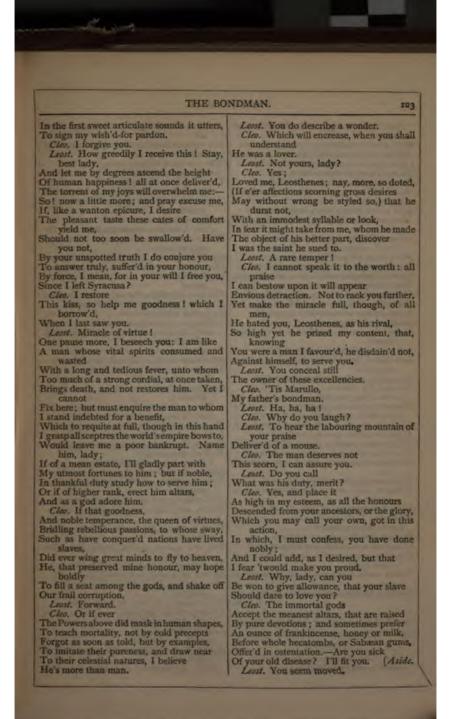
The splendour of the sun appear'd to me

But as some little glimpse of his bright beams Convey'd into a dungeon, to remember

The dark inhabitants there, how much they wanted.

Open these long shut lips, and strike mine ears

With music more harmonious than the spheres Yield in their heavenly motions : and if ever A true submission for a crime acknowledged, May find a gracious hearing, teach your tongue,



They are all under guard, their fangs pared Cleo. Zealous, I grant, in the defence of virtue off : Why, good Leosthenes, though I endured The wounds their insolence gave you, to be A penance for your sake, above example ; cured I have not so far sold myself, I take it, With the balm of your revenge. Asot. And shall I be To be at your devotion, but I may Cherish desert in others, where I find it. The thing I was born, my lord? How would you tyrannize, if you stood Timag. The same wise thing. possess'd of Slight, what a beast they have made thee ! That which is only yours in expectation, Africk never That now prescribe such hard conditions to Produced the like. Asot. I think so :- nor the land me? Where apes and monkeys grow, like crabs Leost. One kiss, and I am silenced. and walnuts, Cleo. I vouchsafe it ; Yet, I must tell you 'tis a favour that Marullo, when I was his, not mine own, On the same tree. Not all the catalogue Of conjurers or wise women bound together Durst not presume to ask : no; when the city Could have so soon transform'd me, as my Bow'd humbly to licentious rapes and lust, rascal Did with his whip; for not in outside only, But in my own belief, I thought myself And when I was, of men and gods forsaken, Deliver'd to his power, he did not press me To grace him with one look or syllable, As perfect a baboon-Or urged the dispensation of an oath Timag. An ass thou wert ever. Made for your satisfaction :- the poor Asot. And would have given one leg, wretch, with all my heart, Having related only his own sufferings, For good security to have been a man And kiss'd my hand, which I could not After three lives, or one and twenty years, Though I had died on crutches. deny him, Defending me from others, never since Cleon. Never varlets Solicited my favours. Leost. Pray you, end : So triumph'd o'er an old fat man : I was famish'd. The story does not please me. Cleo. Well, take heed Timag. Indeed you are fallen away. Asot. Three years of feeding On cullises and jelly, though his cooks Lard all he eats with marrow, or his doctors Of doubts and fears ;- for know, Leosthenes, A greater injury cannot be offer'd To innocent chastity, than unjust suspicion. Pour in his mouth restoratives as he sleeps, I love Marullo's fair mind, not his person ; Will not recover him. Let that secure you. And I here command Timag. But your ladyship looks Sad on the matter, as if you had miss'd ou. Your ten-crown amber possets, good to If I have any power in you, to stand Between him and all punishment, and smooth The cutis, as you call it, and prepare you Active, and high, for an afternoon's enoppose His temperance to his folly ; if you fail-No more ; I will not threaten. Leost. What a bridge Exit. counter With a rough gamester, on your couch. Of glass I walk upon, over a river Fie on't ! Of certain ruin, mine own weighty fears Cracking what should support me ! and those helps, You are grown thrifty, smell like other women ; The college of physicians have not sat, Which confidence lends to others, are from As they were used, in counsel, how to fill The crannies in your checks, or mise a Ravish'd by doubts, and wilful jealousy. [Exit. rampire With mummy, ceruses, or infants' fat, To keep off age and time. Coris. Pray you, forbear : SCENE IV .- Another Room in the same. I am an alter'd woman. Enter Timagoras, Cleon, Asotus, Corisca, Timag, So it seems ; and Olympia. A part of your honour's ruff stands out of Cleon. But are you sure we are safe ? rank too. Timag. You need not fear ; Coris. No matter, I have other thoughts,

Timag. O strange ! Not ten days since it would have vex'd you more

Than the loss of your good name : pity, this cure

For your proud itch came no sooner! Marry, Olympia Seems to bear up still.

Olymp. I complain not, sir ; I have borne my fortune patiently.

Timag. Thou wert ever An excellent bearer ; so is all your tribe, If you may choose your carriage.

Enter Leosthenes and Diphilus with a Guard.

How now, friend !

Looks our Cleora lovely? Leost. In my thoughts, sir. Timag. But why this guard? Diph. It is Timoleon's pleasure : The slaves have been examin'd, and confess Their riot took beginning from your house; And the first mover of them to rebellion, Your slave Marullo.

Excunt Diph. and Guard, Leost. Ha! I more than fear. Timag. They may search boldly.

Enter Timandra, speaking to the Guard within.

Timand. You are unmanner'd grooms, To pry into my lady's private lodgings ; There's no Marullos there.

Re-enter Diphilus, and Guard with Marullo.

Timag. Now I suspect too. Where found you him ? Diph. Close hid in your sister's chamber. Timag. Is that the villain's sanctuary? Least. This confirms All she deliver'd, false. Timag. But that I scorn To rust my good sword in thy slavish blood, Thou now wert dead. Mar. He's more a slave than fortune Or misery can make me, that insults Upon unweapon'd innocence. Timag. Prate you, dog ! Mar. Curs snap at lions in the toil, whose looks Frighted them, being free. Timag. As a wild beast, Drive him before you.

Mar. O divine Cleora I

Lesst. Dar'st thou presume to name her? Mar. Yes, and love her

And may say, have deserved her,

Timag. Stop his mouth, Load him with irons too.

Exit Guard with Marullo. Cleon. I am deadly sick

To look on him. Asot. If he get loose, I know it,

I caper like an ape again : I seel

The whip already.

Timand. This goes to my lady. [Exit. Timag. Come, cheer you, sir; we'll urge his punishment

To the full satisfaction of your anger. Leost. He is not worth my thoughts. No

corner left In all the spacious rooms of my vex'd heart, But is fill'd with Cleora : and the rape

She has done upon her honour, with my wrong.

The heavy burthen of my sorrow's song. Excunt.

ACT V.

SCENE I .- The same. A Room in Archidamus's House.

Enter Archidamus and Cleora.

Archid. 'Thou art thine own disposer. Were his honours

And glories centupled, as I must confess,

Leosthenes is most worthy, yet I will not,

However I may counsel, force affection. Cleo. It needs not, sir ; I prize him to his

worth, Nay, love him truly; yet would not live

slaved

To his jealous humours : since, by the hopes of heaven,

As I am free from violence, in a thought

I am not guilty. Archid. "Tis believed, Cleora ; And much the rather, our great gods be praised for't !

In that I find, beyond my hopes, no sign Of riot in my house, but all things order'd,

As if I had been present. *Cleo.* May that move you To pity poor Marullo I *Archid.* Tis my purpose To do him all the good I can, Cleora ; But this offence, being against the state, Must have a public trial. In the mean time, Be careful of wourself and stand emgand

Be careful of yourself, and stand engaged No further to Leosthenes, than you may

Come off with honour ; for, being once his wife,

You are no more your own, nor mine, but must

Resolve to serve, and suffer his commands.

And not dispute them :--ere it be too late, Timand. That will bring fuel To the jealous fires which burn too hot Consider it duly. I must to the senate. Exit already Cleo. I am much distracted : in Leos-In lord Leosthenes. Cleo. Let them consume him ! thenes. I am mistress of myself. Where cruelty I can find nothing justly to accuse, But his excess of love, which I have reigns, There dwells nor love, nor honour. [Exit. studied To cure with more than common means; Timand. So ! it works. Though hitherto I have run a desperate yet still It grows upon him. And, if I may call My sufferings merit, I stand bound to think course To serve my brother's purposes, now 'tis fit on Enter Leosthenes and Timagoras. Marullo's dangers-though I save his life, I study mine own ends. They come :- assist His love is unrewarded :- I confess, Both have deserved me; yet, of force, must me In these my undertakings, Love's great be Unjust to one ; such is my destiny .-patron, As my intents are honest! Enter Timandra. Leost. 'Tis my fault : How now ! whence flow these tears ? Timand. I have met, madam, Distrust of others springs, Timagoras, From diffidence in ourselves : but I will strive, An object of such cruelty, as would force With the assurance of my worth and merits, A savage to compassion. To kill this monster, jealousy. Cleo. Speak, what is it? Timag. 'Tis a guest, In wisdom, never to be entertain'd Timand. Men pity beasts of rapine, if On trivial probabilities ; but, when o'ermatch'd. Though baited for their pleasure ; but these He does appear in pregnant proofs, not monsters, fashion'd Upon a man that can make no resistance, By idle doubts and fears, to be received : They make their own horns that are too Are senseless in their tyranny. Let it be granted, secure, As well as such as give them growth and heing From mere imagination. Though I prize Marullo is a slave, he's still a man ; A capital offender, yet in justice Not to be tortured, till the judge pronounce Cleora's honour equal with mine own, His punishment. And know what large additions of power Cleo. Where is he? This match brings to our family, I prefer Our friendship, and your peace of mind so far Timand, Dragg'd to prison With more than barbarous violence ; spurn'd Above my own respects, or hers, that if She hold not her true value in the test, and spit on "Tis far from my ambition, for her cure That you should wound yourself. By the insulting officers, his hands Pinion'd behind his back; loaden with Timand. This argues for me. [Aside. Timag. Why she should be so passionate fetters : Yet, with a saint-like patience, he still offers His face to their rude buffets. for a bondman, Cleo. O my grieved soul !-Falls not in compass of my understanding. By whose command? But for some nearer interest : or he raise Timand. It seems, my lord your brother's, This mutiny, if he loved her, as, you say, She does confess he did, but to enjoy. For he's a looker-on : and it takes from Honour'd Leosthenes, to suffer it, By fair or foul play, what he ventured for, For his respect to you, whose name in vain The grieved wretch loudly calls on. To me's a riddle. Least. Pray you, no more ; already Cleo. By Diana, I have answered that objection, in my strong 'Is base in both; and to their teeth I'll Assurance of her virtue. tell them Timag. 'Tis unfit then, That I am wrong'd in't. Timand. What will you do? That I should press it further. Timand. Now I must [Going forth. Make in, or all is lost. Cleo. In person Visit and comfort him. Rushes forward distractedly.

THE BONDMAN. 127		
THE BO Times. What would Timandra? Loss: How wild she looks I How is it with thy lady? Times. Collect thyself, and speak. Timand. As you are noble, Have pity, or love piety.—Oh ! Loss: Take breath. Timand. O, the best of ladies, Lass: Gone for ever. Lass: Who, Cleora? Timand. Take it then in as many sights as words, My lady—— Timand. No sooner heard Marulo was imprison d, but she fell Marulo before I fard. Marulo No your respect her safety as a Marulo No your respect her safety as a Marulo No your respect her safety as a Marulo No your nespect her safety as a Maruno. Sheft run mad, else, Maruno. Sheft run mad, else, Maruno. Sheft run mad, else, Maruno. Sheft run mad, else	 Timand. I knew 'twould take. Pardon me, fair Cleora. Though I appear a traitress; which thou wilt do. In pity of my woes, when I make known My lawful claim, and only seek mine own. <i>[Exrl.</i>] SCENE II<i>A Prison</i>. Marullo discovered in chains. SCENE II<i>A Prison</i>. Marullo discovered in chains. Case. There's for your privacy. Stay, unbind his hands. Gal. I dare not, madam. Cas. I will buy thy danger: Take more gold ;do not trouble me with thanks. I dose nore gold ;do not trouble me with thanks. I dose nore gold ;do not trouble me with thanks. I dose nore gold ;do not trouble me with thanks. I dose nore gold ;do not trouble me with thanks. I dose nore gold ;do not trouble me with thanks. I dose nore gold ;do not trouble me with thanks. I dose nore gold ;do not trouble me with thanks. I dose nore gold ;do not trouble me with thanks. I dose nore gold ;do not trouble me with thanks. I dose nore gold ;do not trouble me with thanks. I dose nore gold ;do not trouble me with thanks. I dose nore gold ;do not trouble me with thanks. I dose nore gold ;do not trouble me with thanks. I dose nore gold ;do not trouble me with thanks. I dose nore gold ;do not trouble me with thanks. I dose nore gold ;do not trouble me with this shape to comfort me, and wisely ; Since, from the choice of all celestial figures, that do partale thy tortures. Mar Can it be. That charity should persuade you to descend for form your own height, as to vouchsaft to upon my sufferings? How I bless My fetters now, and stand engaged to fortune? For who dare think that place a prison, which you sanctify with your presence? or believe, Sorrow has power to use her sting on him. That is in your compassion arm'd, and made impregnable, though tyranny raise at onc	
This sword shall disenchant her. Least. O my heart-strings 1 [Recunt Leosthenes and Timagoras.	Were a large ransom to redeem a kingdom From a consuming plague, or stop heaven's vengeance,	

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Call'd down by crying sins, though, at that Which, you presume, will taint me in my instant, honour, In dreadful flashes falling on the roofs Though jealousy use all her eyes to spy out One stain in my behaviour, or env Of bold blasphemers. I am justly punish'd For my intent of violence to such pureness; As many tongues to wound it, shall appear And all the torments flesh is sensible of, My best perfections. For, to the world, I can in my defence allege such reasons, A soft and gentle penance. Cleo. Which is ended As my accusers shall stand dumb to hear In this your free confession. them ; When in his fetters this man's worth and virtues Enter Leosthenes and Timagoras behind. But truly told, shall shame your boasted Leost. What an object glories, Have I encountered ! Which fortune claims a share in. Timag. The base villain Timag. I am blasted too : Yet hear a litle further. Shall never live to hear it. Mar. Could I expire now, Draws his sword. These white and innocent hands closing my Cleo. Murder ! help ! Through me, you shall pass to him. eyes thus, "Twere not to die, but in a heavenly dream To be transported, without the help of Enter Archidamus, Diphilus, and Officers. Charon, To the Elysian shades. You make me bold ; And, but to wish such happiness, I fear, Archid. What's the matter? On whom is your sword drawn? are you a May give offence. judge? Cleo. No; for believ't, Marullo, Or else ambitious of the hangman's office, You've won so much upon me, that I know Before it be design'd you?-You are bold, too;. not Unhand my daughter. Leost. She's my valour's prize. Archid. With her consent, not otherwise. That happiness in my gift, but you may challenge. Leost. Are you yet satisfied? You may urge Your title in the court ; if it prove good, Possess her freely.—Guard him safely off too, *Timag.* You'll hear me, sir? *Archid.* If you have aught to say, Cleo. Nor can you wish But what my vows will second, though it were Your freedom first, and then in me full power To make a second tender of myself, And you receive the present. By this kiss, Deliver it in public ; all shall find A just judge of Timoleon. Diph. You must From me a virgin bounty, I will practise All arts for your deliverance ; and that purchased, Of force now use your patience. In what concerns your further aims, I Exeant all but Timagoras and Leosthenes, Timag. Vengeance rather ! speak it, Do not despair, but hope-Whirlwinds of rage possess me : you are [Timagoras and Leosthenes come forward, wrong'd Timag. To have the hangman, When he is married to the cross, in scorn Beyond a Stoic sufferance ; yet you stand As you were rooted. To say Gods give you joy! Leost. But look on me, Least. I feel something here, That boldly tells me, all the love and service And be not too indulgent to your folly ; I pay Cleora is another's due, And then, but that grief stops my speech, And therefore cannot prosper. Timag. Melancholy ; imagine Which now you must not yield to. Leost. 'Tis apparent : What language I should use. Cleo. Against thyself : Thy malice cannot reach me. In fact your sister's innocent, however Timag. How? Cleo. No, brother, Changed by her violent will. Timag. If you believe so, Though you join in the dialogue to accuse Follow the chase still ; and in open court Plead your own interest : we shall find the me judge What I have done, I'll justify; and these Our friend, I fear not. favours,

Least. Something I shall say, But what-

Timag. Collect yourself as we walk thither. Excunt.

SCENE III .- The Court of Justice. Enter Timoleon, Archidamus, Cleora, and Officers.

Timol. 'Tis wonderous strange ! nor can it fall within

The reach of my belief, a slave should be The owner of a temperance which this age Can hardly parallel in freeborn lords, Or kings proud of their purple, Archid. "Tis most true;

And, though at first it did appear a fable, All circumstances meet to give it credit ; Which works so on me, that I am compell'd To be a suitor, not to be denied,

He may have equal hearing. Cleo. Sir, you graced me With the title of your mistress; but my fortune Is so far distant from command, that I

Lay by the power you gave me, and plead humbly

For the preserver of my fame and honour. And pray you, sir, in charity believe, That, since I had ability of speech,

My tongue has been so much inured to truth,

I know not how to lie.

Timel. I'll rather doubt

The oracles of the gods, than question what Your innocence delivers ; and, as far As justice and mine honour can give way, He shall have favour. Bring him in unbound:

Exennt Officers,

And though Leosthenes may challenge from

For his late worthy service, credit to All things he can allege in his own cause, Marullo, so, I think, you call his name, Shall find I do reserve one ear for him,

Enter Cleon, Asotus, Diphilus, Olympia, and Corisca.

To let in mercy. Sit, and take your places; The right of this fair virgin first determined, Vour bondmen shall be censured.

Clean, With all rigour, We do expect.

Coris. Temper'd, I say, with mercy.

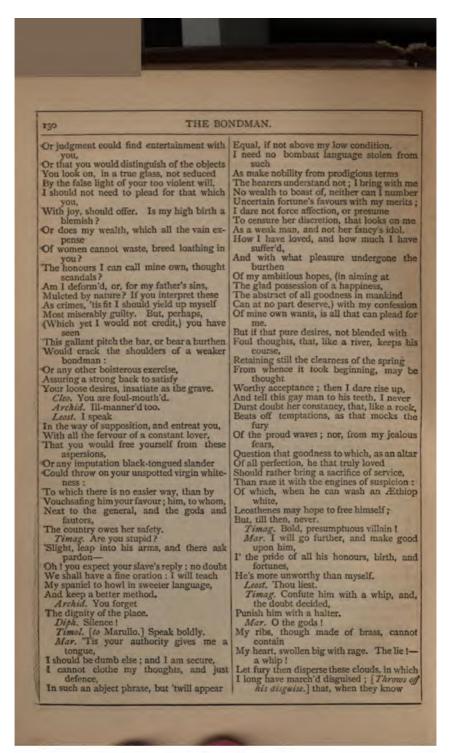
Enter at one door Leosthenes and Timagoras; at the other, Officers with Marullo, and Timandra.

Timol. Your hand, Leosthenes: I cannot doubt.

You, that have been victorious in the war,

Should, in a combat fought with words, come off But with assured triumph. Leost. My deserts, sir, If, without arrogance, I may style them such, Arm me from doubt and fear. Timol. 'Tis nobly spoken. Nor be thou daunted (howsoc'er thy fortune Has mark'd thee out a slave) to speak thy merits : For virtue, though in rags, may challenge more Than vice, set off with all the trim of greatness. Mar. I had rather fall under so just a judge, Than be acquitted by a man corrupt, And partial in his censure. Archid. Note his language ; It relishes of better breeding than His present state dares promise. Timol. I observe it. Place the fair lady in the midst, that both, Looking with covetous eyes upon the prize They are to plead for, may, from the fair object, Teach Hermes eloquence. Least. Am I fallen so low? My birth, my honour, and, what's dearest to me, My love, and, witness of my love, my service, So undervalued, that I must contend With one, where my excess of glory must Make his o'erthrow a conquest? Shall my fulness Supply defects in such a thing, that never Knew anything but want and emptiness, Give him a name, and keep it such, from Unequal competition? If my pride, Or any bold assurance of my worth, Has pluck'd this mountain of disgrace upon me, I am justly punish'd, and submit ; but if I have been modest, and esteem'd myself More injured in the tribute of the praise Which no desert of mine, prized by self-love, Ever exacted, may this cause and minute For ever be forgotten ! I dwell long Upon mine anger, and now turn to you, Ungrateful fair one ; and, since you are such, Tis lawful for me to proclaim myself, And what I have deserved. Cleo. Neglect and scorn From me, for this proud vaunt. Leost, You nourish, lady, Your own dishonour in this harsh reply, And almost prove what some hold of your

sex, You are all made up of passion : for, if reason



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Whom they have injured, they may faint with horror	For a slave to you, my lord, and gave my sister,
Of my revenge, which, wretched men!	As a present, to Cleora.
expect,	Timol. Strange meanders !
As sure as fate, to suffer.	Pisan. There how I bare myseli, needs no
Leost. Ha! Pisander!	relation :
Timag. 'Tis the bold Theban !	But, if so far descending from the height
A sot. There's no hope for me then :	Of my then flourishing fortunes, to the
I thought I should have put in for a share,	lowest
And borne Cleora from them both ; but now,	Condition of a man; to have means only
This stranger looks so terrible, that I dare not	To feed my eye with the sight of what I honour'd;
So much as look on her.	The dangers too I underwent, the suffer-
Pisan. Now as myself,	ings;
Thy equal at thy best, Leosthenes.	The clearness of my interest, may deserve
For you, Timagoras, praise heaven you were	A noble recompense in your lawful favour;
born	Now tis apparent that Leosthenes
Cleora's brother, 'tis your safest armour.	Can claim no interest in you, you may
But I lose time, -The base lie cast upon me,	please
I thus return : Thou art a perjured man,	To think upon my service.
False, and perfidious, and hast made a tender	Cleo. Sir, my want
Of love and service to this lady, when Thy soul, if thou hast any, can bear witness,	Of power to satisfy so great a debt, Makes me accuse my fortune ; but if that,
That thou wert not thine own : for proof of	Out of the bounty of your mind, you think
this,	A free surrender of myself full payment,
Look better on this virgin, and consider,	I gladly tender it.
This Persian shape laid by, and she appear-	Archid. With my consent too,
ing	All injuries forgotten.
In a Greekish dress, such as when first you	Timag. I will study,
saw her,	In my future service, to deserve your favour,
If she resemble not Pisander's sister,	And good opinion.
One call'd Statilia?	Leost. Thus I gladly fee
Leost. 'Tis the same ! My guilt	This advocate to plead for me.
So chokes my spirits, I cannot deny	Kissing Statilia.
My falsehood, nor excuse it.	Pisan. You will find me
Pisan. This is she,	An easy judge. When I have yielded
To whom thou wert contracted : this the	reasons
lady,	Of your bondmen's falling off from their
That, when thou wert my prisoner, fairly	obedience,
taken	Then after, as you please, determine of me.
In the Spartan war, that, begg'd thy liberty,	I found their natures apt to mutiny
And with it gave herself to thee, ungrate-	From your too cruel usage, and made trial
ful!	How far they might be wrought on; to in-
Statil. No more, sir, I entreat you: I	struct you
perceive True sorrow in his looks, and a consent	To look with more prevention and care
To make me reparation in mine honour ;	To what they may hereafter undertake Upon the like occasions. The hurt's little
And then I am most happy.	They have committed ; nor was ever cure,
Pisan. The wrong done her,	But with some pain, effected. I confess,
Drew me from Thebes, with a full intent to	
kill thee :	I urged them to defend the town against
But this fair object met me in my fury,	you;
And quite disarm'd me. Being denied to	Nor had the terror of your whips, but that
have her.	I was preparing for defence elsewhere,
By you, my lord Archidamus, and not able	So soon got entrance : In this I am guilty;
To live far from her ; love, the mistress of	Now, as you please, your censure.
All quaint devices, prompted me to treat	Timol. Bring them in ;
With a friend of mine, who, as a pirate,	And, though you've given me power, I do
sold me	entreat K.2
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Such as have undergone their insolence, It may not be offensive, though I study Pity, more than revenge. <i>Coris.</i> 'Twill best become you. <i>Clon.</i> I must consent. <i>Asol.</i> For me, I'll find a time To be revenged hereafter.	Or any such like accident, and, before They are cold in their graves, some damn'd ditty's made, Which makes their ghosts walk.—Let the state take order For the redress of this abuse, recording "Twas done by my advice, and, for my part, I'll cut as clean a caper from the ladder,
Enter Gracculo, Cimbrio, Poliphron, Zan- thia, and the other Slaves, with halters about their necks.	As ever merry Greek did.
Grac. Give me leave; I'll speak for all. <i>Timel.</i> What canst thou say, to hinder The course of justice? Grac. NothingYou may see We are prepared for hanging, and confess We have deserved it: our most humble suit is, We may not twice be executed. <i>Timol.</i> Twice ! How meanest thou? Grac. At the gallows first, and after in a ballad Sung to some villainous tune. There are ten-groat rhymers About the town, grown fat on these occa-	You would snew more activity to delight Your master for a pardon, Grac. O! I would danbe, As I were all air and fire. [Capers. Timol. And ever be Obedient and humble ? Grac. As his spaniel, Though he kick'd me for exercise; and the like I promise for all the rest. Timol. Rise then, you have it. All the Slaves. Timoleon ! Timoleon ! Timol. Cease these clamours. And now, the war being ended to our wishes, And such as went the pilgrimage of love, Happy in full fruition of their hopes, Tis lawful, thanks paid to the Powers
sions. Let but a chapel fall, or a street be fired, A foolish lover hang himself for pure love,	divine, To drown our cares in honest mirth and wine. [Excunt.



The Renegado.

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

ACTORS' NAMES.

John Blanve. Asambeg, viceroy of Tunis Mustapha, basha of Aleppo John Sumner. Vitelli, a Venetian gentleman, disguised as a

 Vitelin, a Venetian geniteman, alignized as a merchant
 Mich. Bowyer.

 Francisco, a Jesnit
 Wm. Reignalds.

 Antonio Grimaldi, the RENEGADO
 Wm. Allen.

 Carazie, an eunach
 Wm. Robins.

 Gazet, servant to Vitelli
 Ed. Shakerley.

 Aga. Capinga. Janizaries. Master. Boatswain. Sailors. A Gaoler. Turks. Donusa, niece to Amurath Ed. Rogers. Manto, servant to Donusa, SCENE,-Tunis.

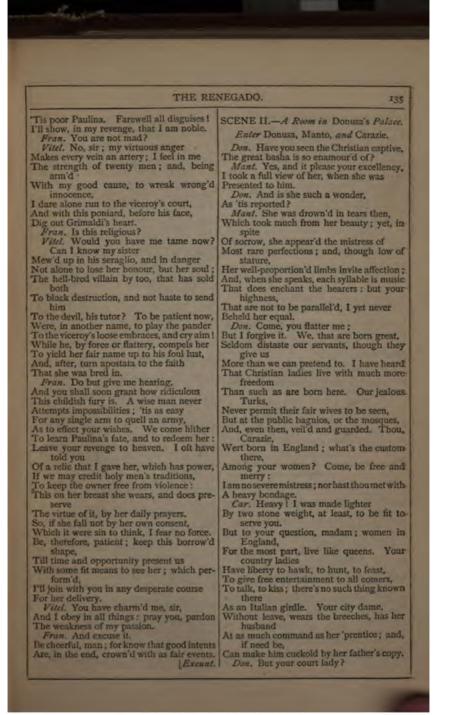
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I cannot find but to abuse a Turk

ACT I.

In the sale of our commodities, must be SCENE I.-A Street near the Bazaar. thought Enter Vitelli and Gazet. A meritorious work. Vitel. You have hired a shop, then? Gaz. Yes, sir; and our wares, Vitel. I wonder, sirrah, What's your religion? Gaz. Troth, to answer truly, Though brittle as a maidenhead at sixteen, I would not be of one that should command Are safe unladen ; not a crystal crack'd, Or China dish needs soldering ; our choice me pictures. To feed upon poor John, when I see pheasants As they came from the workman, without And partridges on the table : nor do I like blemish : The other, that allows us to eat flesh And I have studied speeches for each piece, In Lent, though it be rotten, rather than be Thought superstitious; as your zealous And, in a thrifty tone, to sell them off, Will swear by Mahomet and Termagant, cobler. That this is mistress to the great duke of And learned botcher, preach at Amsterdam, Florence. Over a hotchpotch. I would not be confined That, niece to old king Pepin, and a third, In my belief : when all your sects and sectaries Are grown of one opinion, if I like it, An Austrian princess by her Roman nose, Howe'er my conscience tells me they are I will profess myself,—in the mean time, Live I in England, Spain, France, Rome, figures Of bawds and common courtezans in Venice. Geneva, Vitel. You make no scruple of an oath, I'm of that country's faith. then? Vitel. And what in Tunis? Gas. Fie, sir ! Will you turn Turk here? 'Tis out of my indentures ; I am bound there, Gas. No: so I should lose To swear for my master's profit, as securely A collop of that part my Doll enjoin'd me As your intelligencer must for his prince, To bring home as she left it : 'tis her venture, That sends him forth an honourable spy, Nor dare I barter that commodity, To serve his purposes. And, if it be lawful Without her special warrant. In a Christian shopkeeper to cheat his father, Vitel. You are a knave, sir :

THE RENEGADO. 134 They are made of fiesh and blood ; all that Leaving your roguery, think upon my busi-I challenge, Des It is no time to fool now. Is manly patience. Will you, that were train'd up Remember where you are too : though this In a religious school, where divine maxims mart time Scorning comparison with moral precepts, We are allow'd free trading, and with safety, Temper your tongue, and meddle not with the Turks, Were daily taught you, bear your constancy's trial, Not like Vitelli, but a village nurse, Their manners, nor religion. Gas. Take you heed, sir, With curses in your mouth, tears in your What colours you wear. Not two hours cycs?-How poorly it shows in you. Vitel. I am school'd, sir, since, there landed An English pirate's whore, with a green And will hereafter, to my utmost strength, apron, And, as she walked the streets, one of their Study to be myself. Fran. So shall you find me muftis, We call them priests at Venice, with a razor Most ready to assist you ; neither have I Cuts it off, petticoat, smock and all, and Slept in your great occasions : since I left you, leaves her I have been at the viceroy's court, and press'd, As naked as my nail; the young fry wondering As far as they allow, a Christian entrance ; What strange beast it should be. I scaped And something I have learn'd, that may a scouring concern The purpose of this journey My mistress's busk point, of that forbidden Vitel. Dear sir, what is it? colour, Fran. By the command of Asambeg, the Then tied my codpiece ; had I been discoverd, viceroy, I had been capon'd. The city swells with barbarous pomp and Vitel. And had been well served. pride, For the entertainment of stout Mustapha, Haste to the shop, and set my wares in order, The basha of Aleppo, who in person I will not long be absent. Gaz. Though I strive, sir, To put off melancholy, to which you are ever Comes to receive the niece of Amurath, The fair Donusa, for his bride. Too much inclined, it shall not hinder me, Vitel. I find not With my best care to serve you. How this may profit us. Exit. Fran. Pray you, give me leave. Enter Francisco. Among the rest that wait upon the viceroy, Such as have, under him, command in Tunis, Vitel. I believe thee .--O welcome, sir1 stay of my steps in this life, Who, as you've often heard, are all false And guide to all my blessed hopes hereafter. pirates, What comforts, sir? Have your endeavours I saw the shame of Venice, and the scorn prosper'd? Of all good men, the perjured RENEGADO, Have we tired Fortune's malice with our Antonio Grimaldi. sufferings? Vitel. Ha! his name Is she at length, after so many frowns, Is poison to me. Pleased to vouchsafe one cheerful look upon Fran. Yet again? Vitel. I have done, sir. 118 ? Fran. You give too much to fortune and Fran. This debauch'd villain, whom we your passions, ever thought O'er which a wise man, if religious, triumphs. (After his impious scorn done, in St. Mark's, That name fools worship ; and those tyrants, To me, as I stood at the holy altar) which The thief that ravish'd your fair sister from We atm against our better part, our reason, you, May add, but never take from our afflictions. The virtuous Paulina, not long since, Vitel, Sir, as I am a sinful man, I cannot As I am truly given to understand. But like one suffer. Sold to the viceroy a fair Christian virgin Fran. I exact not from you On whom, maugre his fierce and cruel nature, Asambeg dotes extremely. A fortitude insensible of calamity, To which the saints themselves have bow'd Vitel. Tis my sister : and shown It must be she, my better angel tells me



Car. She, I assure you, madam,

Knows nothing but her will; must be allow'd Her footmen, her caroch, her ushers, pages, Her doctor, chaplains; and, as I have heard, They're grown of late so learn'd, that they maintain

A strange position, which their lords, with all Their wit, cannot confute.

Don. What's that, I prithee?

Car. Marry, that it is not only fit, but lawful,

Your madam there, her much rest and high feeding

Duly consider'd, should, to ease her husband, Be allow'd a private friend : they have drawn a bill

To this good purpose, and, the next assembly,

Doubt not to pass it.

Don. We enjoy no more,

That are o' the Othoman race, though our religion

Allows all pleasure. I am dull : some music. Take my chapines off, So, a lusty strain.

A galliard. Knocking within, Who knocks there?

Manto goes to the door, and returns. Mant. "Tis the basha of Aleppo,

Who humbly makes request he may present His service to you.

Don, Reach a chair. We must

Receive him like ourself, and not depart with One piece of ceremony, state, and greatness, That may beget respect and reverence

In one that's born our vassal. Now admit him.

Enter Mustapha; he puts of his yellow pantofies.

Musta. The place is sacred; and I am to enter

The room where she abides, with such devotion

As pilgrims pay at Mecca, when they visit The tomb of our great prophet. [Kneels.

Don, Rise ; the sign Carazie takes up the pantofles.

That we vouchsafe your presence.

Musta, May those Powers

That raised the Othoman empire, and still guard it,

Reward your highness for this gracious favour You throw upon your servant! It hath pleased

The most invincible, mightiest Amurath, (To speak his other titles would take from

him That in himself does comprehend all greatness,) To make me the unworthy instrument Of his command. Receive, divinest lady, [Delivers a letter.

This letter, sign'd by his victorious hand, And made authentic by the imperial seal. There, when you find me mention'd, far be it from you

To think it my ambition to presume At such a happiness, which his powerful will, From his great mind's magnificence, not my merit,

Hath shower'd upon me. But, if your consent Join with his good opinion and allowance, To perfect what his favours have begun, I shall, in my obsequiousness and duty, Endeavour to prevent all just complaints,

Which want of will to serve you may call on me. Don. His sacred majesty writes here, that your valour

Against the Persian hath so won upon him. That there's no grace or honour in his gift,

Of which he can imagine you unworthy ; And, what's the greatest you can hope, or

aim at, It is his pleasure you should be received Into his royal family—provided,

For so far I am unconfined, that I

Affect and like your person. I expect not The ceremony which he uses in

Bestowing of his daughters and his nieces : As that he should present you for my slave, To love you, if you pleased me; or deliver A poniard, on my least dislike, to kill you. Such tyranny and pride agree not with My softer disposition. Let it suffice.

My softer disposition. Let it suffice, For my first answer, that thus far I grace you: [Gives him her hand to kiss, Hereafter, some time spent to make enquiry Of the good parts and faculties of your mind, You shall hear further from me.

Musta. Though all torments Really suffer'd, or in hell imagined By curious fiction, in one hour's delay Are wholly comprehended ; I confess That I stand bound in duty, not to check at Whatever you command, or please to impose, For trial of my patience, Don. Let us find

Some other subject ; too much of one theme cloys me :

Is't a full mart?

Musta. A confluence of all nations Are met together : there's variety, too, Of all that merchants traffic for.

Don. I know not-

I feel a virgin's longing to descend So far from my own greatness, as to be, Though not a buyer, yet a looker on Their strange commodities. Musta. If without a train

You dare be seen abroad, I'll dismiss mine, And wait upon you as a common man, And satisfy your wishes.

Don. I embrace it.

Provide my veil; and, at the postern gate, Convey us out unseen. I trouble you.

Musta. It is my happiness you deign to command me. Excunt.

SCENE III. - The Bazar.

Gazet in his Shop; Francisco and Vitelli walking before it.

Gas. What do you lack? Your choice China dishes, your pure Venetian crystal of all sorts, of all neat and new fashions, from the mirror of the madam, to the private utensil of her chambermaid : and curious pictures of the rarest beauties of Europe : What do you lack, gentlemen? Fran. Take heed, I say; howe'er it may

appear

Impertinent, I must express my love,

My advice, and counsel. You are young, Vitelli

- And may be tempted; and these Turkish dames
- (Like English mastiffs, that increase their fierceness
- By being chain'd up,) from the restraint of freedom,

If lust once fire their blood from a fair object. Will run a course the fiends themselves would shake at.

To enjoy their wanton ends.

Vitel. Sir, you mistake me :

I am too full of woe, to entertain

- One thought of pleasure, though all Europe's queens
- Kneel'd at my feet, and courted me; much less

To mix with such, whose difference of faith Must, of necessity, (or I must grant

Myself neglectful of all you have taught me,) Strangle such base desires.

Fran. Be constant in

That resolution ; I'll abroad again,

And learn, as far as it is possible,

What may concern Paulina. Some two hours Shall bring me back. Exit.

Vitel. All blessings wait upon you ! Gas. Cold doings, sir ? a mart do you call this? 'slight!

A pudding-wife, or a witch with a thrum cap, That sells ale underground to such as come To know their fortunes in a dead vacation. Have, ten to one, more stirring. Vitel. We must be patient.

Gaz. Your seller by retail ought to be angry

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But when he's fingering money.

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

Vitel. Here are company-

Defend me, my good angel, [seeing Gri-maldi.] I behold

A basilisk !

Gaz. What do you lack? what do you lack? pure China dishes, clear crystal glasses, a dumb mistress to make love to? What do you lack, gentlemen? Grim. Thy mother for a bawd; or, if thou

- hast
- A handsome one, thy sister for a whore ;

Without these, do not tell me of your trash, Or I shall spoil your market.

Vitel. -Old Grimaldi !

Grim. 'Zounds, wherefore do we put to sea, or stand

The raging winds, aloft, or p-— upon

The foamy waves, when they rage most; deride

The thunder of the enemy's shot, board boldly A merchant's ship for prize, though we behold The desperate gunner ready to give fire,

And blow the deck up? wherefore shake we off Those scrupulous rags of charity and con-

science. Invented only to keep churchmen warm,

Or feed the hungry mouths of famish'd beggars;

But, when we touch the shore, to wallow in All sensual pleasures ?

Mast. Ay, but, noble captain,

To spare a little for an after-clap,

Were not improvidence.

Grim. Hang consideration !

When this is spent, is not our ship the same, Our courage too the same, to fetch in more?

The earth, where it is fertilest, returns not More than three harvests, while the glorious sun

- Posts through the zodiac, and makes up the vear :
- But the sea, which is our mother, (that embraces
- Both the rich Indies in her outstretch'd arms,)

Yields every day a crop, if we dare reap it. No, no, my mates, let tradesmen think of thrift,

And usurers hoard up ; let our expense Be, as our comings in are, without bounds. We are the Neptunes of the ocean,

And such as traffic shall pay sacrifice

Of their best lading ; I will have this canvass

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Your boy wears, lined with tissue, and the You taste, serv'd up in gold :- Though we carouse The tears of orphans in our Greekish wines, The sighs of undone widows paying for The music bought to cheer us, ravish'd virgins l'o slavery sold, for coin to feed our riots, We will have no compunction. Gas. Do you hear, sir? We have paid for our ground. Grim. Hum ! Gaz. And hum, too ! For all your big words, get you further off, And hinder not the prospect of our shop, Or Grim. What will you do? Gas. Nothing, sir-but pray Your worship to give me handsel. Grim. [Seiting him.] By the ears, Thus, sir, by the ears, Mast. Hold, hold ! Vitel. You'll still be prating. Grim. Come, let's be drunk; then each man to his whore, 'Slight, how do you look ? you had best go find a corner To pray in, and repent : do, do, and cry ; It will show fine in pirates. Mast. We must follow, Exil. Or he will spend our shares. Boatsw. I fought for mine, Mast. Nor am I so precise but I can drab too : We will not sit out for our parts. Boalsto, Agreed. Exeunt Mast. Boatsw. Sailors. Gas. The devil gnaw off his fingers ! If he were In London, among the clubs, up went his For striking of a prentice:-What do you lack? What do you lack, gentlemen? I Turk. I wonder how the viceroy can endure The insolence of this fellow. 2 Turk. He receives profit From the prizes he brings in ; and that excuses Whatever he commits. Ha ! what are these? Enter Mustapha with Donusa veiled. I Turk. They seem of rank and quality : observe them. Gaz. What do you lack ? see what you please to buy ; Wares of all sorts, most honourable madona. Vitel. Peace, sirrah, make no noise; these are not people To be jested with.

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Don. Is this the Christians' custom, In the venting their commodities? Musta. Yes, best madam. But you may please to keep your way, here's nothing But toys and trifles, not worth your observing. Don. Yes, for variety's sake : pray you, shew us, friend, The chiefest of your wares. Vitel. Your ladyship's servant ; And if, in worth, or title you are more, My ignorance plead my pardon ! Don. He speaks well. Vitel. Take down the looking-glass, Here is a mirror Steel'd so exactly, neither taking from Nor flattering the object it returns To the beholder, that Narcissus might (And never grow enamour'd of himself) View his fair feature in't. Don. Poetical, too! Vitel. Here China dishes to serve in a banquet, Though the voluptuous Persian sat a guest. Here crystal glasses, such as Ganymede Did fill with nectar to the Thunderer, When he drank to Alcides, and received him In the fellowship of the gods; true to the owners : Corinthian plate, studded with diamonds, Conceal'd oft deadly poison ; this pure metal So innocent is, and faithful to the mistress Or master that possesses it, that, rather Than hold one drop that's venomous, of itself It flies in pieces, and deludes the traitor. Don. How movingly could this fellow treat upon A worthy subject, that finds such discourse To grace a trifle ! Vitel. Here's a picture, madam ; The master-piece of Michael Angelo, Our great Italian workman; here's another, So perfect at all parts, that had Pygmalion Seen this, his prayers had been made to Venus To have given it life, and his carved ivory image By poets ne'er remember'd. They are, indeed, The rarest beauties of the Christian world, And no where to be equall'd. Don. You are partial In the cause of those you favour; I believe I instantly could show you one, to theirs Not much inferior.

Vitel. With your pardon, madam, I am incredulous.

Don. Can you match me this? [Lifts her veil hastily.



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hazard :

ITE RENEGADO. 139		
Vitel. What wonder look I on ! I'll search above,	She may be a means to free distress'd Paulina	
And suddenly attend you. [Exit. Don. Are you amazed !	Or, if offended, at the worst, to die Is a full period to calamity. [Excunt.	
I'll bring you to yourself.		
[Throws down the glasses. Musta. Ha! what's the matter?	ACT II.	
Gas. My master's ware!—Weare undone! —O strange !	SCENE IA Room in Donusa's Palace.	
A lady to turn roarer, and break glasses !	Enter Carazie and Manto.	
Tis time to shut up shop then. Musta. You seem moved :	Car. In the name of wonder, Manto, what hath my lady	
If any language of these Christian dogs	Done with herself, since yesterday?	
Have called your anger on, in a frown shewit,	Mant. I know not.	
And they are dead already.	Malicious men report we are all guided	
Don. The offence	In our affections by a wandering planet :	
Looks not so far. The foolish, paltry fellow,	But such a sudden change in such a person,	
Shew'd me some trifles, and demanded of me,	May stand for an example, to confirm	
For what I valued at so many aspers,	Their false assertion.	
A thousand ducats. I confess he moved me;	Car. She's now pettish, froward;	
Yet I should wrong myself, should such a	Music, discourse, observance, tedious to her.	
beggar	Mant. She slept not the last night; and	
Receive least loss from me.	yet prevented	
Musta. Is it no more?	The rising sun, in being up before him :	
Don. No, I assure you. Bid him bring his bill	Call'd for a costly bath, then will'd the rooms	
To-morrow to the palace, and enquire	Should be perfumed; ransack'd her cabinets For her choice and richest jewels, and	
Forone Donusa; that word gives him passage	appears now	
Through all the guard : say, there he shall	Like Cynthia in full glory, waited on	
receive	By the fairest of the stars.	
Full satisfaction. Now, when you please.	Car. Can you guess the reason,	
Musta. I wait you.	Why the aga of the janizaries, and he	
Excunt Musta. and Don.	That guards the entrance of the inmost port,	
I Turk. We must not know themLet's	Were call'd before her?	
shift off, and vanish. [Excunt Turks.	Mant. They are both her creatures,	
Gaz. The swine's-pox overtake you! there's	And by her grace preferred : but I am	
a curse For a Turk, that eats no hog's flesh.	ignorant To what purpose they were sent for.	
Tor a Tura, that cats no hog 5 heat.		
Re-enter Vitelli.	Enter Donusa. Car. Here she comes,	
Vitel. Is she gone?	Full of sad thoughts : we must stand further	
Gaz. Yes: you may see her handywork.	off.	
Vitel. No matter.	What a frown was that !	
Said she aught else?	Mant. Forbear.	
Gas. That you should wait upon her,	Car. I pity her.	
And there receive court payment; and, to	Don. What magic hath transform'd me	
, pass The monde che bide were en la service come	from myself?	
The guards, she bids you only say you come To one Donusa.	Where is my virgin pride? how have I lost	
Vitel. How! Remove the wares;	My boasted freedom? what new fire burns up My scorched entrails; what unknown desires	
Do it without reply. The sultan's niece !	Invade, and take possession of my soul,	
I have heard among the Turks, for any lady	All virtuous objects vanish'd? I, that have	
To shew her face bare, argues love, or speaks	stood	
Her deadly hatred. What should I fear? my	The shock of fierce temptations, stopp'd	
fortune	mine ears	
Is sunk so low, there cannot fall upon me Aught worth my shunning. I will run the	Against all Syrcn notes lust ever sung, To draw my bark of chastity (that with	

wonder

Hath kept a constant and an honour'd A smock employment, which has made more course) Into the gulf of a deserved ill-fame, Now fall unpitied ; and, in a moment, With mine own hands, dig up a grave to bury The monumental heap of all my years, Employ'd in noble actions. O my fate 1 -But there is no resisting. I obey thee, Imperious god of love, and willingly Put mine own fetters on, to grace thy triumph : "Twere therefore more than cruelty in thee, To use me like a tyrant. What poor means Must I make use of now ! and flatter such, To whom, till I betray'd my liberty, One gracious look of mine would have erected An altar to my service! How now, Manto !-My ever careful woman ; and Carazie, Thou hast been faithful too. Car. I dare not call My life mine own, since it is yours, but gladly Will part with it, whene'er you shall command me ; And think I fall a martyr, so my death May give life to your pleasures. Mant. But vouchsafe To let me understand what you desire Should be effected ; I will undertake it, And curse myself for cowardice, if I paused To ask the reason why. Don. I am comforted In the tender of your service, but shall be Confirm'd in my full joys, in the performance. Yet, trust me, I will not impose upon But what you stand engaged for to a mis-Such as I have been to you. All I ask, Is faith and secrecy. Car. Say but you doubt me, And, to secure you, I'll cut out my tongue ; I am libb'd in the breech already. Mant. Do not hinder Yourself, by these delays, Don. Thus then 1 whisper Mine own shame to you .- O that I should To speak what I so much desire to do ! And, further- Whispers, and uses vehement action. Mant. Is this all? Don. Think it not base ; Although I know the office undergoes A coarse construction. Car. Coarse ! 'tis but procuring ;

knights,

In a country I could name, than twenty years

Of service in the field.

Don. You have my ends. Mant. Which say you have arrived at : be not wanting

To yourself, and fear not us,

Car. I know my burthen ;

I'll bear it with delight.

Mant. Talk not, but do.

Excunt Car. and Mant. Don. O love, what poor shifts thou dost force us to ! Exit.

SCENE II.-A Court in the same.

Enter Aga, Capiaga, and Janizaries.

Aga. She was ever our good mistress, and our maker,

And should we check at a little hazard for her,

We were unthankful.

Cap. I dare pawn my head,

"Tis some disguised minion of the court,

Sent from great Amurath, to learn from her The viceroy's actions. Aga. That concerns not us ;

His fall may be our rise : whate'er he be, He passes through my guards.

Cap. And mine-provided

He give the word.

Enter Vitelli.

Vitel. To faint now, being thus far, Would argue me of cowardice. Aga. Stand : the word ;

Or, being a Christian, to press thus far,

Forfeits thy life, Vitel, Donusa.

Aga. Pass in peace.

[Excunt Aga and Janizaries.

Vitel. What a privilege her name bears ! "Tis wondrous strange ! If the great officer,

The guardian of the inner port, deny not-Cap. Thy warrant : Speak, or thou art dead.

Vitel. Donusa. Cap. That protects thee ; Without fear enter. So :- discharge the watch. [Excunt Vitelli and Capiaga.

SCENE III .- An outer Room in the same. Enter Carazie and Manto.

Car. Though he hath past the aga and chief porter,

This cannot be the man,

Mant. By her description,

I am sure it is,

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Car. O women, women,	Men into statues; rather they have power,
What are you? A great lady dote upon	Or I have been abused, where they bestow
A haberdasher of small wares 1	Their influence, (let me prove it truth in you,)
Mant. Pish ! thou hast none.	To give to dead men motion.
Car. No ; if I had, I might have served	Vittl. Can this be?
the turn :	May I believe my senses? Dare I think
This 'tis to want munition, when a man	I have a memory, or that you are
Should make a breach, and enter.	That excellent creature that of late disdain'd
Enter Vitelli.	not
Mant. Sir, you are welcome :	To look on my poor trifles?
Think what 'tis to be happy, and possess it.	Don. I am she.
Car. Perfume the rooms there, and make	Vittl. The owner of that blessed name,
way. Let music	Donusa,
With choice notes entertain the man the	Which, like a potent charm, although pro-
princess	nounced
Now purposes to honour.	By my profane, but much unworthier,
Vicit I care privided	tongue,
Vitel. I am ravish'd. [Exeunt. SCENE IV.—A Room of State in the same.	Hath brought me safe to this forbidden place, Where Christian ne'er yet trod?
A table set forth, with jewels and bags of money upon it.	Where Christian ne'er yet trod? Don. I am the same. Vitel. And to what end, great lady-par-
Loud music. Enter Donusa, (followed by	don me,
Carazie,) and takes her seat.	That I presume to ask, did your command
Don. Sing o'er the ditty that I last com-	Command me hither? Or what am I, to
posed	whom
Upon my love-sick passion : suit your voice	You should vouchsafe your favours; nay,
To the music that's placed yonder, we shall	your angers?
hear you	If any wild or uncollected speech,
With more delight and pleasure.	Offensively deliver'd, or my doubt
Car. I obey you. [Song.	Of your unknown perfections, have displeased
During the song, enter Manto and Vitelli. Vitel. Is not this Tempe, or the blessed shades, Where innocent spirits reside? or do I dream,	you, You wrong your indignation to pronounce, Yourself, my sentence : to have seen you only, And to have touch'd that fortune-making hand,
And this a heavenly vision? Howsoever, It is a sight too glorious to behold,	Will with delight weigh down all tortures, that
For such a wretch as I am.	A flinty hangman's rage could execute,
Car. He is daunted.	Or rigid tyranny command with pleasure.
Mant. Speak to him, madam; cheer him	Don. How the abundance of good flowing
up, or you	to thee,
Destroy what you have built.	Is wronged in this simplicity ! and these-
<i>Car.</i> Would I were furnish'd	bounties,
With his artillery, and if I stood	Which all our Eastern kings have kneeled
Gaping as he does, hang me. [Aside. [Excunt Carazie and Manto.]	in vain for, Do, by thy ignorance, or wilful fear, Most with a false construction to Chaintien
Vitel. That I might	Meet with a false construction ! Christian,
Ever dream thus ! [Kneels.	know,
Don. Banish amazement :	(For till thou art mine by a nearer name,
You wake; your debtor tells you so, your debtor.	That title, though abhorr'd here, takes not from
And, to assure you that I am a substance,	Thy entertainment) that 'tis not the fashion
And no aerial figure, thus I raise you.	Among the greatest and the fairest dames
Why do you shake? my soft touch brings	This Turkish empire gladly owes and bows to,
no ague ;	To punish where there's no offence, or nourish
No biting frost is in this palm ; nor are	Displeasures against those, without whose
My looks like to the Gorgon's head, that	mercy
turn	They part with all felicity. Prithee, be wise,

Which thou hast robb'd me of. Yet. I And gently understand me; do not force her, That ne'er knew aught but to command, nor profess, e'er read The elements of affection, but from such As gladly sued to her, in the infancy Of her new-born desires, to be at once Importunate and immodest. Vitel. Did I know. Great lady, your commands; or, to what purpose This personated passion tends, (since 'twere A crime in me deserving death, to think It is your own.) I should, to make you sport, Take any shape you please t'impose upon me; And with joy strive to serve you, Don, Sport I thou art cruel, ladies, Is that thou canst interpret my descent From my high birth and greatness, but to be A part, in which I truly act myself : And I must hold thee for a dull spectator, If it stir not affection, and invite Compassion for my sufferings. Be thou taught By my example, to make satisfaction For wrongs unjustly offer'd. Willingly ask it. I do confess my fault ; I injured thee In some poor petty trifles ; thus I pay for The trespass I did to thee. Here-receive thus, These bags, stuff'd full of our imperial coin ; Or, if this payment be too light, take here locks, These gems, for which the slavish Indian dives To the bottom of the main : or, if thou scorn These as base dross, which take but common minds, But fancy any honour in my gift, Which is unbounded as the sultan's power, And be possest of it. Vitel. I am overwhelm'd With the weight of happiness you throw enter, upon me : Nor can it fall in my imagination, What wrong you e'er have done me; and much less How, like a royal merchant, to return dumb, Your great magnificence. Don. They are degrees Not ends, of my intended favours to thee. These seeds of bounty I yet scatter on A glebe I have not tried ;-but, be thou thankful ; The harvest is to come. Vitel, What can be added To that which I already have received, I cannot comprehend. Don. The tender of Myself. Why dost thou start? and in that pift. Full restitution of that virgin freedom

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I so far prize the lovely thief that stole it, That, were it possible thou couldst restore What thou unwittingly hast ravish'd from me, I should refuse the present, Vitel. How I shake In my constant resolution 1 and my flesh, Rebellious to my better part, now tells me, As if it were a strong defence of frailty, A hermit in a desert, trench'd with prayers, Could not resist this battery. Don. Thou an Italian, Nay more, I know't, a natural Venetian, Such as are courtiers born to please fair Yet come thus slowly on ! " Vitel. Excuse me, madam ; What imputation soe'er the world Is pleased to lay upon us, in myself I am so innocent, that I know not what 'tis That I should offer. Don. By instinct I'll teach thee, And with such ease as love makes me to When a young lady wrings you by the hand. Or with an amorous touch presses your foot, Looks babies in your eyes, plays with your Do not you find, without a tutor's help, What 'tis she looks for ? Vitel. I am grown already Skilful in the mystery. Don. Or, if thus she kiss you, Then tastes your lips again- [Kisses him, Vitel. That latter blow Has beat all chaste thoughts from me. Don. Say, she points to Some private room the sunbeams never Provoking dishes passing by, to heighten Declined appetite, active music ushering Your fainting steps, the waiters too, as born Not daring to look on you. Exit, inviting him to follow. Vitel. Though the devil Stood by, and roar'd, I follow : Now I find That virtue's but a word, and no sure guard, If set upon by beauty and reward. SCENE V .- A Hall in Asambeg's Palace. Enter Aga, Capiaga, Grimaldi, Master, Boatswain, and Sailors. Aga. The devil's in him, I think. Grim. Let him be damn'd too.

I'll look on him, though he stared as wild as hell ;

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Nay, I'll go near to tell him to his teeth, His rugged forehead in the neighbouring lake. If he mends not suddenly, and proves more To throw yourselves down headlong? or, like thankful. faggots, We do him too much service. Were't not To fill the ditches of defended forts. for shame now, While on your backs we march'd up to the I could turn honest, and forswear my trade; breach? Which, next to being truss'd up at the Grim. What would not I. mainyard Asam. Ha! By some low country butterbox, I hate Grim. Yet I dare as much As deadly as I do fasting, or long grace As any of the sultan's boldest sons. When meat cools on the table. Whose heaven and hell hang on his frown Cap. But take heed ; or smile. You know his violent nature. His warlike janizaries. Grim. Let his whores Asam. Add one syllable more, And catamites know't | I understand my-Thou dost pronounce upon thyself a sentence self, That, earthquake-like, will swallow thee. And how unmanly 'tis to sit at home, Grim. Let it open, And rail at us, that run abroad all hazards, I'll stand the hazard : those contemned If every week we bring not home new pillage, thieves. For the fatting his scraglio. Your fellow-pirates, sir, the bold Maltese, Whom with your looks you think to quell, at Enter Asambeg, Mustapha, and Attendants. Rhodes Aga. Here he comes. Laugh'd at great Solyman's anger : and, if Cap. How terrible he looks ! treason Grim. To such as fear him. Had not delivered them into his power. The viceroy, Asambeg! were he the sultan's He had grown old in glory as in years, At that so fatal siege; or risen with shame, self He'll let us know a reason for his fury ; His hopes and threats deluded. Or we must take leave, without his allowance, Asam. Our great prophet ! To be merry with our ignorance. Asam. Mahomet's hell How have I lost my anger and my power! Grim. Find it, and use it on thy flatterers, Light on you all ! You crouch and cringe And not upon thy friends, that dare speak now :--Where truth. Was the terror of my just frowns, when you These knights of Malta, but a handful to suffer'd Your armies, that drink rivers up, have stood Those thieves of Malta, almost in our harbour, Your fury at the height, and with their To board a ship, and bear her safely off, crosses While you stood idle lookers on? Struck pale your horned moons ; these men of Malta, Aga. The odds In the men and shipping, and the suddenness Since I took pay from you, I've met and Of their departure, yielding us no leisure fought with To send forth others to relieve our own. Upon advantage too; yet, to speak truth, Deterr'd us, mighty sir. By the soul of honour, I have ever found them Asam. Deterr'd you, cowards ! As provident to direct, and bold to do, How durst you only entertain the knowledge As any train'd up in your discipline, Of what fear was, but in the not performance Ravish'd from other nations. Of our command? In me great Amurath Musta. I perceive The lightning in his fiery looks ; the cloud spake Is broke already. Grim. Think not, therefore, sir, My voice did echo to your ears his thunder, [Aside. And will'd you, like so many sea-born tritons, Arm'd only with the trumpets of your courage, That you alone are giants, and such pigmies You war upon. Asam. Villain ! I'll make thee know To swim up to her, and, like remoras Hanging upon her keel, to stay her flight, Till rescue, sent from us, had fetch'd you off. You think you're safe now. Who durst but Thou hast blasphemed the Othoman power, and safer, At noonday, might'st have given fire to St. dispute it. Or make it questionable, if, this moment, Mark's. Your proud Venetian temple.-Seize upon I charged you, from yon hanging cliff, that glasses him:

144 I am not so near reconciled to him, Of all perfection ! any simile Borrow'd from diamonds, or the fairest stars, To hid him die ; that were a benefit The dog's unworthy of. To our use con-To help me to express how dear I prize Thy unmatch'd graces, will rise up, and All that he stands possess'd of ; let him taste chide me The misery of want, and his vain riots, For poor detraction. Like to so many walking gbosts, affright Paul. I despise thy flatteries : Thus spit at them, and scorn them ; and Where'er he sets his desperate foot. Who is't being arm'd That does command you? In the assurance of my innocent virtue, I stamp upon all doubts, all fears, all tortures Grim. Is this the reward Thy barbarous cruelty, or, what's worse, thy For all my service, and the rape I made dotage, On fair Paulina? Asam. Drag him hence :- he dies, The worthy parent of thy jealousy, That dallies but a minute. Can shower upon me. Grimaldi is dragg'd off, his head covered. Asam. If these bitter taunts Ravish me from myself, and make me think Boatsw. What's become of Our shares now, master? Mast. Would he had been born dumb ! My greedy ears receive angelical sounds ; How would this tongue, tuned to a loving note. Invade, and take possession of my soul, The beggar's cure, patience, is all that's left us. Which then I durst not call mine own ! Excunt Master, Boatswain, and Sailors. Paul. Thou art false, Musta. "Twas but intemperance of speech, Falser than thy religion. Do but think me Something above a beast, nay more, a excuse him ; Let me prevail so far. Fame gives him out monster Would fright the sun to look on, and then For a deserving fellow. Asam. At Aleppo, tell me, I durst not press you so far : give me leave To use my own will, and command in Tunis ; If this base usage can invite affection? If to be mewed up, and excluded from And, if you please, my privacy. Human society ; the use of pleasures ; Musta. I will see you The necessary, not superfluous duties Of servants, to discharge those offices. When this high wind's blown o'er. Exit. Asam. So shall you find me I blush to name-Asam. Of servants! Can you think Ready to do you service. Rage, now leave me; That I, that dare not trust the eye of heaven Stern looks, and all the ceremonious forms Attending on dread majesty, fly from Transformed Asambeg. Why should I hug To look upon your beauties ; that deny Myself the happiness to touch your pureness, Pulls out a key. Will e'er consent an eunuch, or bought So near my heart, what leads me to my prison ; handmaid, Where she that is inthrall'd, commands her Shall once approach you?- There is somekeeper, thing in you That can work miracles, or I am cozen'd; And robs me of the fierceness I was born Dispose and alter sexes, to my wrong, with? In spite of nature. I will be your nurse, Stout men quake at my frowns, and, in return, Your woman, your physician, and your fool; I tremble at her softness. Base Grimaldi But only named Paulina, and the charm Till, with your free consent, which I have Had almost choak'd my fury, ere I could Pronounce his sentence. Would, when first vow'd Never to force, you grace me with a name I saw her. That shall supply all these. Paul. What is it? Mine eyes had met with lightning, and, in Asam. Your husband. Paul. My hangman, when thou pleasest. Asam. Thus I guard me place Of hearing herenchanting tongue, the shrieks Of mandrakes had made music to my slum-Against your further angers. bers ! For now I only walk a loving dream, And, but to my dishonour, never wake ; Though I were in the centre. And yet am blind, but when I see the object,

And madly dote on it. Appear, bright spark [Opens a door; Paulina comes forth.

Leads her to the door. Paul. Which shall reach thee, [Asambeg closes the door upon her, and locks if.

Gaz. Rivo ! then.

Asam. Such a spirit, In such a small proportion, I ne'er read of, Which time must alter. Ravish her I dare not ; The magic that she wears about her neck, I think, defends her :- this devotion paid To this sweet saint, mistress of my sour pain, "Tis fit I take mine own rough shape again. Exit. SCENE VI.-A Street near Donusa's Palace. Enter Francisco and Gazet. Fran. I think he's lost. Gaz. 'Tis ten to one of that ; I ne'er knew citizen turn courtier vet, But he lost his credit though he saved himself. Why, look you, sir, there are so many lobbies, Out-offices, and dispartations here, Behind these Turkish hangings, that a Christian Hardly gets off but circumcised. Exter Vitelli, richly habited, Carazie, and Manto. Fran. I am troubled, Troubled exceedingly. Hat what are these? Gas. One, by his rich suit, should be some French ambassador : For his train, I think they are Turks. Fran. Peace | be not seen. Car. You are now past all the guards, and, undiscover'd, You may return. Vitel. There's for your pains ; forget not My humblest service to the best of ladies. Mant. Deserve her favour, sir, by making haste For a second entertainment. [Excunt Carazie and Manto. Vitel. Do not doubt me ; I shall not live till then. Gas. The train is vanish'd : They have done him some good office, he's so free And liberal of his gold .- Ha ! do I dream, Or is this mine own natural master? Fran. 'Tis he : But strangely metamorphosed.-You have made, sir, A prosperous voyage; heaven grant it be honest. I shall rejoice then, too. Gas. You make him blush, To talk of honesty :- you were but now In the giving vein, and may think of Gazet, Your worship's prentice. Vitel. There's gold : be thou free too, And master of my shop, and all the wares We brought from Venice.

Vitel. Dear sir, This place affords not privacy for discourse ; But I can tell you wonders : my rich habit Deserves least admiration ; there is nothing That can fall in the compass of your wishes, Though it were to redeem a thousand slaves From the Turkish gallies, or, at home, to erect Some pious work, to shame all hospitals, But I am master of the means. Fran. 'Tis strange. Vitel. As I walk, I'll tell you more. Gaz. Pray you, a word, sir ; And then I will put on : I have one boon more Vitel. What is't? speak freely. Gaz. Thus then : As I am master Of your shop and wares, pray you help me to some trucking With your last she-customer; though she crack my best piece, I will endure it with patience. Vitel. Leave your prating. Gaz. I may : you have been doing ; we will do too.

Fran. I am amazed, yet will not blame nor chide you,

Till you inform me further : yet must say, They steer not the right course, nor traffic well.

That seek a passage to reach heaven through hell. [Excunt.

ACT III.

SCENE I.- A Room in Donusa's Palace.

Enter Donusa and Manto.

Don. When said he he would come again? Mant. He swore,

Short minutes should be tedious ages to him,

Until the tender of his second service ;

So much he seemed transported with the first.

Don. I'm sure I was. I charge thee, Manto, tell me,

By all my favours, and my bounties, truly,

Whether thou art a virgin, or, like me,

Hast forfeited that name?

Mant. A virgin, madam,

At my years ! being a waiting-woman, and in court too !

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

Don. And could thy friends

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Don. How deserved? Read in thy face, thy maidenhead gone, that tion I have considered you from head to foot, Had'st parted with it? And can find nothing in that wainscot face. Mani. No, indeed : I past That can teach me to dote; nor am I taken For current many years after, till, by fortune, With your grim aspect, or tadpole-like Long and continued practice in the sport complexion. Blew up my deck ; a husband then was found Those scars you glory in, I fear to look on; And had much rather hear a merry tale, 1.0.1 By my indulgent father, and to the world Than all your battles won with blood and All was made whole again. What need you sweat, fear, then, Though you belch forth the stink too in the That, at your pleasure, may repair your service, honour, And swear by your mustachios all is true. Durst any envious or malicious tongue You are yet too rough for me : purge and Presume to taint it? take physic, Purchase perfumers, get me some French Enter Carazie. tailor Dan. How now? To new-create you; the first shape you were Car. Madam, the basha made with Humbly desires access, Is quite worn out : let your barber wash Don. If it had been your face too, My neat Italian, thou hadst met my wishes. You look yet like a bugbear to fright children; Tell him we would be private. Till when I take my leave. - Wait me, Carazie. Car. So I did, Exeant Donusa and Carazie. But he is much importunate, Musta. Stay you, my lady's cabinet-key. Mant. Best despatch him : Seizes Manto. His lingering here else will deter the other Mant. How's this, sir? Musta. Stay, and stand quietly, or you From making his approach. shall fall else, Dan. His entertainment Not to firk your belly up, flounder-like, but Shall not invite a second visit. Go; Say we are pleased, never To rise again. Offer but to unlock Enter Mustapha. These doors that stop your fugitive tongue, Musta. All happiness-(observe me,) Don. Be sudden. And, by my fury, I'll fix there this bolt 'Twas saucy rudeness in you, sir, to press [Draws his scimitar. To bar thy speech for ever. So ! be safe now; On my retirements ; but ridiculous folly And but resolve me, not of what I doubt, To waste the time, that might be betterspent, In complimental wishes, But bring assurance to a thing believed, Car. There's a cooling Thou makest thyself a fortune; not depending [Aside. For his hot encounter t On the uncertain favours of a mistress, But art thyself one. I'll not so far question Don. Come you here to stare? If you have lost your tongue, and use of My judgment and observance, as to ask Why I am slighted and contemn'd ; but in speech, Resign your government ; there's a mute's place void Whose favour it is done? I, that have read The copious volume of all women's falsehood, In my uncle's court, I hear; and you may Commented on by the heart-breaking groans work me, Of abused lovers; all the doubts wash'd off With fruitless tears, the spider's cobweb veil To write for your preferment. Musta. This is strange ! Of arguments alleged in their defence, I know not, madam, what neglect of mine Blown off with sighs of desperate men, and Has call'd this scorn upon me. they Don. To the purpose Appearing in their full deformity ; My will's a reason, and we stand not bound Know that some other hath displanted me, To yield account to you. With her dishonour. Has she given it up? Musta. Not of your angers Confirm it in two syllables. But with crected ears I should hear from you Mant. She has. Musta. I cherish thy confession thus, and The story of your good opinion of me, Confirm'd by love and favours. thus : [Gives her jewels.

Be mine. Again I court thee thus, and thus :	Thrust out these fiery eyes, that yesterday
Now prove but constant to my ends.	Would have look d thee dead.
Mant. By all —	Gaz. O save me, sir !
Musta. Enough; I dare not doubt thee.	Grim. Fear nothing.
-O land crocodiles, Made of Egyptian slime, accursed women !	I am tame and quiet; there's no wrong can force me
But 'tis no time to rail-come, my best	To remember what I was. I have forgot
Manto. [Excunt.	I e'er had ireful fierceness, a steel d heart,
L	Insensible of compassion to others ;
SCENE II.—A Street.	Nor is it fit that I should think myself
Enter Vitelli and Francisco.	Worth mine own pity. Oh! Fran. Grows this dejection
Vitel. Sir, as you are my confessor, you	From his disgrace, do you say?
stand bound	Gaz. Why, he's cashier'd, sir ;
Not to reveal whatever I discover	His ships, his goods, his livery-punks, con-
In that religious way; nor dare I doubt you.	fiscate :
Let it suffice you have made me see my follies,	And there is such a punishment laid upon
And wrought, perhaps, computction; for I would not	him !— The miserable rogue must steal no more, .
Appear an hypocrite. But, when you impose	Nor drink, nor drab.
A penance on me beyond flesh and blood	Fran. Does that torment him?
To undergo, you must instruct me how	Gaz. O, sir,
To put off the condition of a man :	Should the state take order to bar men of
Or, if not pardon, at the least, excuse	acres
My disobedience. Yet, despair not, sir;	From these two laudable recreations,
For, though I take mine own way, I shall do	Drinking and whoring, how should panders
Something that may hereafter, to my glory,	purchase,
Speak me your scholar.	Or thrifty whores build hospitals? 'Slid! if I,
Fran. I enjoin you not	That, since I am made free, may write myself
To go, but send. Vitel. That were a petty trial;	A city gallant, should forfeit two such charters, I should be stoned to death, and ne'er be
Not worth one, so long taught, and exercised,	pitied
Under so grave a master. Reverend Fran-	By the liveries of those companies.
cisco,	Fran. You'll be whipt, sir,
My friend, my father, in that word, my all !	If you bridle not your tongue. Haste to the
Rest confident you shall hear something of	palace,
me,	Your master looks for you.
That will redeem me in your good opinion;	Gaz. My quondam master.
Or judge me lost for ever. Send Gazet	Rich sons forget they ever had poor fathers
(She shall give order that he may have en- trance)	In servants 'tis more pardonable : as a com- panion,
To acquaint you with my fortunes. $\begin{bmatrix} Exit. \end{bmatrix}$	Or so, I may consent : but, is there hope,
Fran. Go, and prosper.	sir,
Holy saints guide and strengthen thee!	He has got me a good chapwoman? pray
however,	you, write
As thy endeavours are, so may they find Gracious acceptance.	A word or two in my behalf. Fran. Out, rascal !
Enter Gazet, and Grimaldi in rags.	Gaz. I feel some insurrections.
G.12. Now, you do not roar, sir;	Fran. Hence ! Gaz. I vanish. [Exit.
You speak not tempests, nor take ear-rent	Grim. Why should I study a defence or
from	comfort,
A poor shop-keeper. Do you remember	In whom black guilt and misery, if balanced,
that, sir?	I know not which would turn the scale?
I wear your marks here still.	look upward
Fran. Can this be possible?	I dare not; for, should it but be believed
All wonders are not ceased, then.	That I, died deep in hell's most horrid colours,
Grim. Do, abuse me, Spit on me, spurn me, pull me by the nose,	Should dare to hope for mercy, it would leave . No check or feeling in men innocent,
where are and share mot har me of me work	L3

To catch at sins the devil ne'er taught mankind yet. No ! I must downward, downward ; though repentance Could borrow all the glorious wings of grace, My mountainous weight of sins would crack their pinions, And sink them to hell with me. Fran. Dreadful! Hear me, Thou miserable man. Grim. Good sir, deny not But that there is no punishment beyond Damnation. Enter Master and Boatswain. Master. Yonder he is ; I pity him. Boatmo. Take comfort, captain ; we live still to serve you. Grim. Serve me 1 I am a devil already : leave me-Stand further off, you are blasted else ! I have heard Schoolmen affirm man's body is composed Of the four elements ; and, as in league together They nourish life, so each of them affords Liberty to the soul, when it grows weary Of this fleshy prison. Which shall I make choice of The fire? no ; I shall feel that hereafter ; The earth will not receive me. Should Seldom environ truth. some whirlwind Snatch me into the air, and I hang there, Perpetual plagues would dwell upon the earth; And those superior bodies, that pour down Their cheerful influence, deny to pass it, Through those vast regions I have infected. The sea? ay, that is justice: there I plough'd Mischief as deep as hell: there, there, I'll hide This cursed lump of clay. May it turn rocks, Where plummet's weight could never reach the sands, And grind the ribs of all such barks as press 'The ocean's breast in my unlawful course ! I haste then to thee; let thy ravenous womb, Whom all things else deny, be now my tomb! Exit. Master. Follow him, and restrain him. [Exit Boatswain. Fran. Let this stand For an example to you. I'll provide A lodging for him, and provide such cures To his wounded conscience, as heaven hath lent me. He's now my second care ; and my profession

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Binds me to teach the desperate to repent, As far as to confirm the innocent, [Excunt.]

SCENE III .- A Room in Asambeg's Palace-Enter Asambeg, Mustapha, Aga, and Capiaga. Asam. Your pleasure? Musta. 'Twill exact your private ear ; And, when you have received it, you will think Too many know it. Asam. Leave the room ; but be Within our call .-Excunt Aga, and Capiaga. Now, sir, what burning secret (With which, it seems, you are turn'd cinders) bring you, To quench in my advice or power? Musta. The fire Will rather reach you. Asam. Me! Musta. And consume both : For 'tis impossible to be put out, But with the blood of those that kindle it : And yet one vial of it is so precious, In being borrow'd from the Othoman spring, That better 'tis, I think, both we should perish, Than prove the desperate means that must restrain it From spreading further. Asam. To the point, and quickly ; These winding circumstances in relations, Musta. Truth, Asambeg! Asam. Truth, Mustapha. I said it, and add more, You touch upon a string that, to my ear, Does sound Donusa. Musta. You then understand Who 'tis I aim at. Asam. Take heed, Mustapha ; Remember what she is, and whose we are : Tis her neglect, perhaps, that you complain of: And, should you practise to revenge her scorn, With any plot to taint her in her honour, — Musta. Hear me. Asam. I will be heard first, —there's no tongue A subject owes, that shall out-thunder mine, Musta. Well, take your way. Asam. I then again repeat it; If Mustapha dares with malicious breath, On jealous suppositions, presume To blast the blossom of Donusa's fame, Because he is denied a happiness Which men of equal, nay, of more desert, Have sued in vain for-

Musta, More!

Asam. More. 'Twas I spake it. The basha of Natolia and myself Were rivals for her; either of us brought More victories, more trophies, to plead for us To our great master, than you dare lay claim to :

Yet still, by his allowance, she was left To her election : each of us owed nature As much for outward form and inward worth, To make way for us to her grace and favour, As you brought with you. We were heard, repulsed ;

Yet thought it no dishonour to sit down With the disgrace, if not to force affection May merit such a name,

Musta. Have you done yet?

Asam. Be, therefore, more than sure the ground on which

You raise your accusation, may admit No undermining of defence in her : For if, with pregnant and apparent proofs, Such as may force a judge, more than inclined, Or partial in her cause, to swear her guilty, You win not me to set off your belief ; Neither our ancient friendship, nor the rites Of sacred hospitality, to which I would not offer violence, shall protect you : -Now, when you please. Musta. I will not dwell upon Much circumstance ; yet cannot but profess, With the assurance of a loyalty Equal to yours, the reverence I owe The sultan, and all such his blood makes That there is not a vein of mine, which yet is Unemptied in his service, but this moment Should freely open, so it might wash off The stains of her dishonour. Could you think. Or, though you saw it, credit your own eyes, That she, the wonder and amazement of Her sex, the pride and glory of the empire, That hath disdain'd you, slighted me, and boasted A frozen coldness, which no appetite Or height of blood could thaw ; should now so far Be hurried with the violence of her lust, As, in it burying her high birth, and fame, Basely descend to fill a Christian's arms ; And to him yield her virgin honour up, Nay, sue to him to take it ? Asam. A Christian I Musta, Temper

Masta, Temper Your admiration :---and what Christian, think you?

No prince disguised, no man of mark, nor honour;

No daring undertaker in our service,

But one, whose lips her foot should scorn to touch :

A poor mechanic pedlar,

Asam. Hel

Musta, Nay, more ;

- Whom do you think she made her scout, nay bawd,
- To find him out, but me? What place make choice of
- To wallow in her foul and loathsome pleasures,

But in the palace? Who the instruments

Of close conveyance, but the captain of Your guard, the aga, and that man of trust,

The warden of the inmost port ?---1'll prove this :

And, though I fail to shew her in the act,

Glued like a neighing gennet to her stallion, Your incredulity shall be convinced

With proofs I blush to think on.

Asam. Never yet

This flesh felt such a fever. By the life

- And fortune of great Amurath, should our prophet
- (Whose name I bow to) in a vision speak this,

And, when my eyes and ears are, like yours, guilty,

My rage shall then appear ; for I will do

Something-but what, I am not yet determin'd. [Excunt.

SCENE IV. - An outer room in Donusa's Palace.

Enter Carazie, Manto, and Gazet gaily dressed.

Car. They are private to their wishes? Mant. Doubt it not.

Gaz. A pretty structure this 1 a court do you call it?

Vaulted and arch'd ! O, here has been old jumbling

Behind this arras.

Car. Prithee let's have some sport With this fresh codshead.

Mant. 1 am out of tune,

But do as you please.-My conscience !tush ! the hope

Of liberty throws that burthen off; I must Go watch, and make discovery.

[Aside, and exit.

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

Gas. I am in my master's clothes, They fit me to a hair too ; let but any

Indifferent gamester measure us inch by In the day, I wait on my lady when she eats,

Or weigh us by the standard, I may pass; I have been proved and proved again true

Car. How he surveys himself 1

Gaz. I have heard, that some Have fooled themselves at court into good fortunes.

That never hoped to thrive by wit in the city,

Or honesty in the country. If I do not

Make the best laugh at me, I'll weep for myself.

If they give me hearing : 'tis resolved-I'll try

What may be done. By your favour, sir,

I pray you, Were you born a courtier? Car. No, sir ; why do you ask? Gaz. Because I thought that none could be preferred,

But such as were begot there.

Car. O, sir ! many ;

And, howsoe'er you are a citizen born, Yet if your mother were a handsome woman,

And ever long'd to see a masque at court, It is an even lay, but that you had

A courtier to your father; and I think so,

You bear yourself so sprightly. Gas. It may be ;

But pray you, sir, had I such an itch upon

To change my copy, is there hope a place May be had here for money?

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

Gan. I have a pretty stock,

And would not have my good parts undiscover'd ;

What places of credit are there?

Car. There's your beglerbeg.

Gaz. By no means that ; it comes too near the beggar,

And most prove so, that come there.

Car. Or your sanzacke. Gaz. Sauce-jack ! fie, none of that.

Car. Your chiaus.

Gaz. Nor that.

Car. Chief gardener.

Gaz. Out upon't !

Twill put me in mind my mother was an herb-woman.

What is your place, I pray you?

Car. Sir, an eunuch. Gaz; An eunuch ! very fine, i'faith ; an eunuch !

And what are your employments? Car. Neat and easy :

Carry her pantofles, bear up her train ; Sing her asleep at night, and, when she pleases,

I am her bedfellow.

Gaz. How ! her bedfellow?

And lie with her? Car, Yes, and lie with her,

Gaz. O rare !

I'll be an eunuch, though I sell my shop for't, And all my wares.

Car. It is but parting with

- A precious stone or two: I know the price on't. Gaz. I'll part with all my stones; and when I am
- An eunuch, I'll so toss and touse the ladies-

Pray you help me to a chapman. Car. The court surgeon

Shall do you that favour.

Gaz. I am made ! an eunuch !

Enter Manto.

Mant. Carazie, quit the room.

Car. Come, sir ; we'll treat of

Your business further.

- Gaz. Excellent ! an eunuch ! Excunt.
- SCENE V .- An inner Room in the same. Enter Donusa and Vitelli.

Vitel. Leave me, or I am lost again : no prayers,

No penitence, can redeem me.

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

Vitel. You are still,

(Although the sating of your lust hath sullied The immaculate whiteness of your virgin

beauties,)

- Too fair for me to look on : and, though pureness,
- The sword with which you ever fought and conquer'd,

Is ravish'd from you by unchaste desires,

You are too strong for flesh and blood to treat with,

Though iron grates were interpos'd between 115.

To warrant me from treason.

Don. Whom do you fear? Vitel. That human frailty I took from my mother,

- That, as my youth increased, grew stronger on me;
- That still pursues me, and, though once recover'd,

In scorn of reason, and, what's more, religion, Again seeks to betray me.

Don. If you mean, sir,

THE RENEGADO. 15	
To my embraces, you turn rebel to The laws of nature, the great queen and mother of all productions, and deny allegiance, Where you stand bound to pay it. <i>Vitel.</i> I will stop Mine ears against these charms, which, if Ulysses	Greedily swallow; and then the offence, If my opinion may be believed, Is not so great : howe'er, the wrong no more, Than if Hippolitus and the virgin huntress Should meet and kiss together. <i>Vitel.</i> What defences Can lust raise to maintain a precipice
Could live again, and hear this second Syren,	Enter Asambeg and Mustapha, above.
Though bound with cables to his mast, his	To the abyss of looseness !—but affords not
ship too	The least stair, or the fastening of one foot,
Fasten'd with all her anchors, this enchant-	To reascend that glorious height we fell from,
ment	Musta. By Mahomet, she courts him !
Would force him, in despite of all resistance,	[Donusa kneels.
To leap into the sea, and follow her;	Asam. Nay, kneels to him !
Although destruction, with outstretch darms,	Observe, the scornful villain turns away too,
Stood ready to receive him.	As glorying in his conquest.
Don. Gentle sir,	Don. Are you marble?
Though you deny to hear me, yet vouchsafe	If Christians have mothers, sure they share in
To look upon me: though I use no language,	The tigress' fierceness; for, if you were
The grief for this unkind repulse will print	owner
Such a dumb eloquence upon my face,	Of human pity, you could not endure
As will not only plead but prevail for me.	A princess to kneel to you, or look on
Vitel, I am a coward. I will see and	These falling tears which hardest rocks
hear you,	would soften,
The trial, else, is nothing; nor the conquest,	And yet remain unmoved. Did you but
My temperance shall crown me with here-	give me
after,	A taste of happiness in your embraces,
Worthy to be remember'd. Up, my virtue !	That the remembrance of the sweetness of it
And holy thoughts and resolutions arm me	Might leave perpetual bitterness behind it?
Against this fierce temptation ! give me voice	Or shew'd me what it was to be a wife,
Tuned to a zealous anger, to express	To live a widow ever?
At what an over-value I have purchased The wanton treasure of your virgin bounties; That, in their false fruition, heap upon me Despair and horror.—That I could with that ease	Asam. She has confest it !
Redeem my forfeit innocence, or cast up	[Excunt Asambeg and Mustapha above.
The poison I received into my entrails,	Don. How !
From the alluring cup of your enticements,	Are we betray'd?
As now I do deliver back the price	Vitel. The better ; I expected
[Returns the jewels.	A Turkish faith.
And salary of your lust 1 or thus unclothe me	Don. Who am I, that you dare this?
Of sin's gay trappings, the proud livery	'Tis I that do command you to forbear
[<i>Throws off his cloak and doublet</i> .	A touch of violence.
Of wicked pleasure, which but worn and	Aga. We, already, madam,
heated	Have satisfied your pleasure further than
With the fire of entertainment and consent,	We know to answer it.
Like to Alcides' fatal shirt, tears off	Cap. Would we were well off!
Our flesh and reputation both together,	We stand too far engaged, I fear.

Our flesh and reputation both together, Leaving our ulcerous follies bare and open To all malicious censure !

Don. You must grant, If you hold that a loss to you, mine equals,

If not transcends it. If you then first tasted That poison, as you call it, I brought with me

A palate unacquainted with the relish Of those delights, which most, as I have heard,

What is our pleasure? Re-enter Asambeg and Mustapha, below.

We'll bring you safe off : who dares contra-

Asam. Spurn the dog to prison. I'll answer you anon.

Vitel. What punishment

Don. For us?

dict

Soe'er I undergo, I am still a Christian. Exit Guard with Vitelli. Don. What bold presumption's this? Under what law Am I to fall, that set my foot upon Your statutes and decrees? Musta. The crime committed, Our Alcoran calls death. Don. Tush ! who is here, That is not Amurath's slave, and so, unfit To sit a judge upon his blood? Asam. You have lost, And shamed the privilege of it ; robb'd me 100 Of my soul, my understanding, to behold Your base unworthy fall from your high virtue. Don. I do appeal to Amurath. Asam. We will offer No violence to your person, till we know His sacred pleasure ; till when, under guard You shall continue here. Don. Shall ! Asam. I have said it. Don. We shall remember this. Asam. It ill becomes Such as are guilty, to deliver threats Against the innocent. The Guard leads of Donusa. I could tear this flesh now, But 'tis in vain ; nor must I talk, but do. Provide a well-mann'd galley for Constantinople: Such sad news never came to our great master. As he directs, we must proceed, and know No will but his, to whom what's ours we owe. Excunt. ACT IV. SCENE L -A Room in Grimaldi's House. Enter Master and Boatswain. Mast. He does begin to eat? Boatsw. A little, master ; But our best hope for his recovery is, that His raving leaves him; and those dreadful words, Damnation and despair, with which he ever Ended all his discourses, are forgotten. Mast. This stranger is a most religious man sure ; And I am doubtful, whether his charity In the relieving of our wants, or care To cure the wounded conscience of Grimaldi,

Deserves more admiration.

Boatrio. Can you guess

What the reason should be, that we never mention The church, or the high altar, but his melancholy

Grows and increases on him?

Mast. I have heard him,

When he gloried to profess himself an atheist, Talk often, and with much delight and boasting,

Of a rude prank he did ere he turn'd pirate ; The memory of which, as it appears, Lier heavy on him.

Lies heavy on him, Boatsto. Pray you, let me understand it. Mast. Upon a solemn day, when the

me whole city Join'd in devotion, and with barefoot steps

Passed to St. Mark's, the duke, and the whole signiory,

Helping to perfect the religious pomp

With which they were received; when all men else

Were full of tears, and groan'd beneath the weight

Of past offences, of whose heavy burthen They came to be absolved and freed; our captain,

Whether in scorn of those so pious rites

He had no feeling of, or else drawn to it

Out of a wanton, irreligious madness,

(I know not which.) ran to the holy man, As he was doing of the work of grace,

And snatching from his hands the sanctified means,

Dash'd it upon the pavement.

Boatsw. How escaped he,

It being a deed descrying death with torture? Mast, Thegeneral amazement of the people

Gave him leave to quit the temple, and a gondola,

Prepared, it seems, before, brought him aboard;

Since which he ne'er saw Venice. The remembrance

Of this, it seems, torments him ; aggravated With astrong belief he cannot receive pardon

For this foul fact, but from his hands, against whom

It was committed.

Boatsw, And what course intends

His heavenly physician, reverend Francisco, To beat down this opinion?

Mast. He promised

To use some holy and religious fineness,

To this good end; and, in the meantime, charged me

To keep him dark, and to admit no visitants ; But on no terms to crosshim. Here he comes.

Enter Grimaldi, with a book.

Grim. For theft, he that restores treble the value,

THE RENEGADO.	
Makes satisfaction ; and, for want of means To do so, as a slave must serve it out, Till he hath made full payment. There's hope left here. Oh ! with what willingness would I give up My liberty to those that I have pillaged ; And wish the numbers of my years, though wasted	What penance is there I'll not undergo, Though ne'er so sharp and rugged, with more pleasure Than flesh and blood e'er tasted ! show me true Sorrow, Arm'd with an iron whip, and I will meet The stripes she brings along with her, as if They were the gentle touches of a hand
In the most sordid slavery, might equal The rapines I have made; till, with one voice, My patient sufferings might exact, from my Most cruel creditors, a full remission, An eye's loss with an eye, limb's with a limb :	That comes to cure me. Can good deeds redeem me? I will rise up a wonder to the world, When I have given strong proofs how I am alter'd.
A sad account !yet, to find peace within bere, Though all such as I have maim'd and dis- member'd In drunken quarrels, or o'ercome with rage,	I, that have sold such as profess'd the faith That I was born in, to captivity, Will make their number equal, that I shall Deliver from the oar; and win as many By the clearness of my actions, to look on
When they were given up to my power, stood here now, And cried for restitution : to appease them, I would do a bloody justice on myself : Pull out these eyes, that guided me to ravish	Their misbelief, and loath it. I will be A convoy for all merchants; and thought worthy To be reported to the world, hereafter, The child of your devotion; nurs d up,
Their sight from others; lop these legs, that bore me To barbarous violence; with this hand cut off This instrument of wrong, till nought were left me	And made strong by your charity, to break through All dangers hell can bring forth to oppose mc. Nor am I, though my fortunes were thought
But this poor bleeding limbless trunk, which gladly I would divide among them.—Ha! what think I	desperate, Now you have reconciled me to myself, So void of worldly means, but, in despite Of the proud viceroy's wrongs, I can do something To wither of muchance , when you place
Enter Francisco in a cope, like a Bishop. Of petty forfeitures In this reverend habit, All that I am turn'd into eyes, 1 look on A deed of mine so fined-like, that repentance, Though with my tears I taught the sea new	To witness of my change : when you please, try me, And I will perfect what you shall enjoin me, Or fall a joyful martyr. Fran. You will reap The comfort of it : live yet undiscover'd,
tides, Can never wash off : all my thefts, my rapes, Are venial trespasses, compared to what I offer'd to that shape, and in a place too, Where I stood bound to kneel to't. [Kneels. Frag. 'Tis forgiven :	And with your holy meditations strengthen Your Christian resolution : cre long, You shall hear further from me. [Exil. Grim. I'll attend All your commands with patience ;—come, my mates,
I with his tongue, whom, in these sacred vestments, With impure hands thou didst offend, pro- nounce it. I bring peace to thee; see that thou deserve it	
In thy fair life hereafter. Grim. Can it be ! Dare I believe this vision, or hope A pardon e'er may find me?	will,) His good endeavours did weigh down his ill. [<i>Excunt</i> .
Fran. Purchase it By zealous undertakings, and no more Twill be remembered. Grim. What celestial balm [Rises.	Re-enter Francisco, in his usual habit. Fran. This penitence is not counterfeit : howsoever,
I feel now pour'd into my wounded con- science !	Good actions are in themselves rewarded. My travail's to meet with a double crown.

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For ever take your leave, no threats shall If that Vitelli come off safe, and prove Hinnelf the master of his wild affections awe rou, No jealous doubts of mine disturb your Enter Gazet. freedom, O, I shall have intelligence; how now, No fee'd spies wait upon your steps : your Gazet, virtue, Why these sad looks and tears? And due consideration in yourself Gaz, Tears, sir ! I have lost Of what is noble, are the faithful helps My worthy master. Your rich heir seems I leave you, as supporters, to defend you From falling basely. to mourn for A miserable father, your young widow, Following a bedrid husband to his grave, Paul. This is wondrous strange : Whence flows this alteration? Would have her neighbours think she cries Asam. From true judgment ; And strong assurance, neither grates of iron, and roars, That she must part with such a goodman Hemm'd in with walls of brass, strict guards, Do-nothing : high birth, When 'tis, because he stays so long above The forfeiture of honour, nor the fear Of infamy or punishment, can stay And hinders a rich suitor .- All's come out, A woman slaved to appetite, from being False, and unworthy. SIT. We are smok'd for being concy-catchers : Paul. You are grown satirical Against our sex. Why, sir, I durst produce my master Is put in prison ; his she-customer Myself in our defence, and from you chal-Is under guard too ; these are things to weep lenge A testimony that's not to be denied, for :-But mine own loss consider'd, and what a All fall not under this unequal censure. I, that have stood your flatteries, your fortune I have had, as they say, snatch'd out of my threats, Borne up against your fierce temptations; scorn'd chops. Would make a man run mad. Fran. I scarce have leisure, The cruel means you practised to supplant I am so wholly taken up with sorrow me. For my loved pupil, to enquire thy fate ; Having no arms to help me to hold out, Yet I will hear it. But love of piety, and constant goodness ; Gaz. Why, sir, I had bought a place, If you are unconfirm'd, dare again boldly, A place of credit too, an I had gone through Enter into the lists, and combat with with it ; All opposites man's malice can bring forth I should have been made an eunuch : there To shake me in my chastity, built upon was honour The rock of my religion. For a late poor prentice ! when, upon the Asam. I do wish sudden, I could believe you ; but, when I shall shew There was such a hurly-burly in the court, you That I was glad to run away, and carry The price of my office with me. A most incredible example of Your frailty, in a princess, sued and Fran. Is that all? sought to You have made a saving voyage ; we must By men of worth, of rank, of eminence ; think now, courted Though not to free, to comfort sad Vitelli ; By happiness itself, and her cold temper My grieved soul suffers for him. Approved by many years ; yet she to fall, Fall from herself, her glories, nay, her safety, Gaz. I am sad too ; But had I been an eunuch-Into a gulf of shame and black despair ; Fran. Think not on it. Excunt. I think you'll doubt yourself, or, in beholding Her punishment, for ever be deterr'd SCENE II .- A Hall in Asambeg's Palace. From yielding basely. Enter Asambeg ; he unlocks a door, and Paul. I would see this wonder ; Paulina comes forth. 'Tis, sir, my first petition. Asam. Be your own guard : obsequious-Asam. And thus granted : Above, you shall observe all. ness and service [Exit Paulina. Shall win you to be mine. Of all restraint

THE RENEGADO.	
Enter Mustapha, Musta. Sir, I sought you, And must relate a wonder. Since I studied, And knew what man was, I was never witness Of such invincible fortitude as this Christian Shews in his sufferings : all the torments that We could present him with, to fright his constancy, Confirm d, not shook it ; and those heavy chains, That eat into his flesh, appear'd to him Like bracelets made of some loved mistress' hairs, We kiss in the remembrance of her favours. I am strangely taken with it, and have lost Much of my fury. Asam. Had he suffer'd poorly, It had call'd on my contempt ; but manly patience, And all-commanding virtue, wins upon An enemy. I shall think upon-him.—Ha ! Enter Aga, with a black box. So soon return'd! This speed pleads in excuse Of your late fault, which I nomore remember. What's the grand signior's pleasure? Aga. 'Tis enclosed here. The box too that contains it may inform you How he stands affected : I am trusted with Nothing but this, On forfeit of your head, She must have a speedy trial. Asam. Bring her in In black, as to her funeral : [Exit Aga.] 'tis the colour Her fault wills her to wear, and which, in justice, I dare not pity. Sit, and take your place : However in her life she has degenerated, May she die nobly, and in that confirm	 Yet must I not part so with mine own strengths, But borrow, from my modesty, boldness, to Enquire by whose authority you sit My judges, and whose warrant digs my grave In the frowns you dart against my life? Asam. See here, This fatal sign and warrant 1 This, broughtto A general, fighting in the head of his Victorious troops, ravishes from his hand His even then conquering sword; this, shewn unto The saltal sign and warrant 1 This, broughtto A general, fighting in the head of his Victorious troops, ravishes from his hand His even then conquering sword; this, shewn unto The sultan's brothers, or his sons, delivers His deadly anger; and, all hopes laid by, Commands them to prepare themselves for heaven; Which would stand with the quiet of your soul, To think upon, and imitate. Don. Give me leave A little to complain; first, of the hard Condition of my fortune, which may move you, Though not to rise up intercessors for me, Yet, in remembrance of my former life, (This being the first spot tainting mine honour,) To be the means to bring me to his presence: And then I doubt not, but I could allege Such reasons in mine own defence, or plead So humbly, (my tears helping.) that it should Awake his sleeping pity. Asam. Tis in vain. If you have aught to say, you shall have hearing; And, in me, think him present. Don. I would thus then First kneel, and kiss his feet; and after, tell him How long I had been his darling; what delight My infant years afforded him ; how dear
In black, as to her funeral : [<i>Exit</i> Aga.] 'tis the colour Her fault wills her to wear, and which, in justice, I dare not pity. Sit, and take your place : However in her life she has degenerated, May she die nobly, and in that confirm	 And, in me, think him present. Don. I would thus then First kneel, and kiss his feet; and after, tell him How long I had been his darling; what delight My infant years afforded him; how dear
Her greatness and high blood ! Solemn music. Re-enter the Aga, with the Capiaga leading in Donusa in black, her train borne up by Carazie and Manto. A Guard attending. Paulina enters above. Musta. I now could melt— But soft compassion leave me. Munt. I am affrighted	That she like him had frailty, that to me Descends as an inheritance; then conjure him, By her blest ashes, and his father's soul, The sword that rides upon his thigh, his right hand Holding the sceptre and the Othoman for- tune,
With this dismal preparation. Should the enjoying Of loose desires find ever such conclusions, All women would be Vestals. Dow. That you clothe me In this sad livery of death, assures me Your sentence is gone out before, and I Too late am call'd for, in my guilty cause To use qualification or excuse	To have compassion on me. Asam. But suppose (As I am sure) he would be deaf, what then Could you infer? Don. I, then, would thus rise up, And to his teeth tell him he was a tyrant, A most voluptuous and insatiable epicure In his own pleasures; which he hugs so dearly,

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As proper and peculiar to himself, That he denies a moderate lawful use Of all delight to others. And to thee, Unequal judge, I speak as much, and charge thee, But with impartial eyes to look into Thyself, and then consider with what justice Thou canst pronounce my sentence. Unkind nature, To make weak women servants, proud men masters ! Indulgent Mahomet, do thy bloody laws Call my embraces with a Christian death, Having my heat and May of youth, to plead In my excuse? and yet want power to punish These that, with scorn, break through thy cobweb edicts, And laugh at thy decrees? To tame their lusts There's no religious bit : let her be fair, And pleasing to the eye, though Persian, Moor, Idolatress, Turk, or Christian, you are privileged. And freely may enjoy her. At this instant, I know, unjust man, thou hast in thy power A lovely Christian virgin ; thy offence Equal, if not transcending mine : why, then, (We being both guilty,) dost thou not descend From that usurp'd tribunal, and with me Walk hand in hand to death? Asam. She raves; and we Lose time to hear her : Read the law. Don. Do, do; I stand resolved to suffer. Aga. [reads.] If any virgin, of what degree, or quality soever, born a natural Turk, shall be convicted of corporal looseness, and incontinence with any Christian. she is, by the decree of our great prophet, Mahomet, to lose her head. Asam. Mark that, then tax our justice ! Aga. Ever provided, That if she, the said offender, by any reasons, arguments, or persuasion, can win and prevail with the said Christian offending with her, to alter his religion, and marry her, that then the winning of a soul to the Mahometan sect, shall acquit her from all shame, disgrace, and sunishment whatsoever. Don. I lay hold on that clause, and challenge from you The privilege of the law. Musta. What will you do?

Don. Grant me access and means, I'll Enjoy it freely. undertake Fran. O, my

To turn this Christian Turk, and marry him : This trial you cannot deny. Musta, O base 1

Can fear to die make you descend so low From your high birth, and brand the Othoman line

With such a mark of infamy? Asam. This is worse

Than the parting with your honour, Better suffer

Ten thousand deaths, and without hope to have

A place in our great prophet's paradise, Than have an act to aftertimes remember'd, So foul as this is.

Musta. Cheer your spirits, madam ;

To die is nothing, 'tis but parting with A mountain of vexations.

Asam. Think of your honour :

In dying nobly, you make satisfaction

For your offence, and you shall live a story Of bold heroic courage.

Don. You shall not fool me

Out of my life: I claim the law, and sue for A speedy trial; if I fail, you may

Determine of me as you please.

Asam. Base woman!

But use thy ways, and see thou prosper in them ;

For, if thou fall again into my power,

Thou shalt in vain, after a thousand tortures,

Cry out for death, that death which now thou fliest from.

Unloose the prisoner's chains. Go, lead her on,

To try the magic of her tongue. I follow : [Execut all but Asambeg.

I'm on the rack-descend, my best Paulina. [Exit with Paulina,

SCENE III .- A Room in the Prison.

Enter Francisco and Gaoler.

Fran. I come not empty-handed; I will purchase

Your favour at what rate you please. There's gold.

Gaol, 'Tis the best oratory. I will hazard A check for your content.—Below, there !

Vitel. [below.] Welcome ! Art thou the happy messenger, that brings

me News of my death?

Gaol. Your hand. [Plucks up Vitelli. Fran. Now, if you please,

A little privacy.

Gaol. You have bought it, sir ;

Enjoy it freely. [Exit. Fran. O, my dearest pupil !

Witness these tears of joy, I never saw you, Till now, look lovely; nor durst I ever glory In the mind of any man I had built up

THE RENEGADO.	
With the hands of virtuous and religious	You shall be visited. You must leave the
precepts, Till this glad minute. Now you have made good	room too, And do it without reply. Fran. There's no contending :
My expectation of you. By my order,	Be still thyself, my son.
All Roman Cæsars, that led kings in chains, Fast bound to their triumphant chariots, if	[Excunt Aga and Francisco. Vitel, 'Tis not in man
Compared with that true glory and full lustre	
You now appear in; all their boasted honours,	Enter Donusa, followed at a distance by
Purchased with blood and wrong, would	Asambeg, Mustapha, and Paulina.
lose their names, And be no more remember'd !	To change or alter me. Paul. Whom do I look on?
Vitel. This applause,	My brother? 'tis he !but no more, my
Confirm'd in your allowance, joys me more	tongue ;
Than if a thousand full-cramm'd theatres Should clap their eager hands, to witness that	Thou wilt betray all. [Aside.] Asam. Let us hear this temptress :
The scene I act did please, and they ad-	The fellow looks as he would stop his ears
mire it. But these are, father, but beginnings, not	Against her powerful spells. <i>Paul.</i> He is undone else. [Aside.]
The ends, of my high aims. I grant, to	Vitel. I'll stand the encounter-charge
have master'd The rebel appetite of flesh and blood,	me home. Don. I come, sir, [Bows herself.
Was far above my strength; and still owe	A beggar to you, and doubt not to find
for it To that much Bauer that lant it , but, when I	A good man's charity, which if you deny,
To that great Power that lent it : but, when I Shall make't apparent the grim looks of Death	You are cruel to yourself; a crime a wise man (And such I hold you) would not willingly
Affright me not, and that I can put off	Be guilty of : nor let it find less welcome,
The fond desire of life, (that, like a garment, Covers and clothes our frailty,) hastening to	Though I, a creature you contemn, now shew you
My martyrdom, as to a heavenly banquet,	The way to certain happiness ; nor think it
To which I was a choice invited guest; Then you may boldly say, you did not plough,	Imaginary or fantastical, And so not worth the acquiring, in respect
Or trust the barren and ungrateful sands	The passage to it is nor rough nor thorny;
With the fruitful grain of your religious counsels.	No steep hills in the way which you must climb up,
Fran. You do instruct your teacher. Let	No monsters to be conquer'd, no enchant-
the sun	ments
Of your clear life, that lends to good men light,	To be dissolved by counter charms, before You take possession of it.
But set as gloriously as it did rise,	Vitel. What strong poison
(Though sometimes clouded,) you may write nil ultra	Is wrapp'd up in these sugar'd pills? Don. My suit is,
To human wishes.	That you would quit your shoulders of a
<i>Vitel.</i> I have almost gain'd The end o' the race, and will not faint or	burthen, Under whose ponderous weight you wilfully
tire now.	Have too long groan'd, to cast those fetters
Re-enter Gaoler with Aga.	off, With which, with your own hands, you
Aga. Sir, by your leave, -nay, stay not,	chain your freedom :
[to the Gaoler, who goes out.] I bring comfort.	Forsake a severe, nay, imperious mistress, Whose service does exact perpetual cares,
The viceroy, taken with the constant bearing Of your afflictions; and presuming too	Watchings, and troubles; and give enter- tainment
You will not change your temper, does	To one that courts you, whose least favours
command	are
Your irons should be ta'en off. [They take of his irons.] Now arm yourself	Variety, and choice of all delights Mankind is capable of.
With your old resolution ; suddenly	Vitel. You speak in riddles.

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What burthen, or what mistress, or what And faculties of discourse, beyond a woman, Were by his liberal gift conferr'd, shouldst fetters, Are those you point at? Don. 'Those which your religion, still Remain in ignorance of him that gave it ! The mistress you too long have served, com-I will not foul my mouth to speak the sorceries Of your seducer, his base birth, his whorepels you To bear with slave-like patience, doms, Vitel. Ha ! Paul. How bravely His strange impostures ; nor deliver how He taught a pigeon to feed in his ear, That virtuous anger shews ? Then made his credulous followers believe Don. Be wise, and weigh It was an angel, that instructed him The prosperous success of things ; if bless-In the framing of his Alcoran-pray you, ings mark me. Asam. These words are death, were he in Are donatives from heaven, (which, you nought else guilty. Vitel. Your intent to win me must grant, Were blasphemy to question,) and that They are call'd down and pour'd on such as To be of your belief, proceeded from Your fear to die. Can there be strength in Most gracious with the great Disposer of that them, Religion, that suffers us to tremble Look on our flourishing empire, if the At that which every day, nay hour, we splendor, haste to? The majesty, and glory of it dim not Don. This is unanswerable, and there's Your feeble sight ; and then turn back, and something tells me I err in my opinion. Vitel. Cherish it, see The narrow bounds of yours, yet that poor remnant It is a heavenly prompter ; entertain Rent in as many factions and opinions This holy motion, and wear on your forehead As you have petty kingdoms ;-and then, if The sacred badge he arms his servants with ; You are not obstinate against truth and You shall, like me, with scorn look down reason, upon You must confess the Delty you worship All engines tyranny can advance to batter Your constant resolution. Then you shall Wants care or power to help you. Paul, Hold out now, Look truly fair, when your mind's pureness And then thou art victorious. Aside. answers Asam. How he eyes her ! Your outward beauties. Musta, As if he would look through her. Asam. His eyes flame too, Don. I came here to take you, But I perceive a yielding in myself To be your prisoner. Vitel. 'Tis an overthrow, As threatening violence, Vilel. But that I know The devil, thy tutor, fills each part about thee, That will outshine all victories. O Donusa, And that I cannot play the exorcist Die in my faith, like me ; and 'tis a marriage At which celestial angels shall be waiters, To dispossess thee, unless I should tear Thy body limb by limb, and throw it to And such as have been sainted welcome us : The Furies, that expect it ; I would now Are you confirm'd? Pluck out that wicked tongue, that hath Don. I would be ; but the means That may assure me? Vitel. Heaven is merciful, blasphemed The great Omnipotency, at whose nod The fabric of the world shakes. Dare you And will not suffer you to want a man To do that sacred office, build upon it. bring Your juggling prophet in comparison with Don. Then thus I spit at Mahomet. That most inscrutable and infinite Essence, Asam. [coming forward.] Stophermouth: In death to turn apostata | I'll not hear That made this All, and comprehends his One syllable from any .- Wretched creature ! work !-The place is too profane to mention him Whose only name is sacred. O Donusa ! How much, in my compassion, I suffer, Be thy faith right or wrong, receive this That thou, on whom this most excelling favour : In person I'll attend thee to thy death : form,

y challenge all that I can give, s not in my grant, which is—to	Of sweat and enemies' blood, have made their helmets
Excunt.	The fount, out of which, with their holy hands They drew that heavenly liquor; 'twas ap-
	proved then By the holy church, nor must I think it now,
ACT V.	In you, a work less pious.
E I.—A Room in the Prison.	Vitel. You confirm me;
uter Vitelli and Francisco.	I will find a way to do it. In the mean time,
You are wondrous brave and jo-	Your holy vows assist me ! Fran. They shall ever
	Be present with you.
Velcome, father.	<i>Vitel.</i> You shall see me act This last scene to the life.
spare cost, or not wear cheerful	Fran. And though now fall,
wedding day, it were ominous,	Rise a bless'd martyr.
d I did repent it; which I dare	Vitel. That's my end, my all. [Excunt.
marriage, howsoever sad	SCENE II.—A Street.
t ceremonies that confirm it,	Enter Grimaldi, Master, Boatswain, and
for ever arm me against fears,	Sailors.
ce, doubts, or jealousies, and bring comforts, peace of mind, and quiet	Boatsw. Sir, if you slip this opportunity,
ad couple.	Never expect the like. Mast. With as much ease now
I well understand you ;	We may steal the ship out of the harbour,
ull joy to see you so resolved	captain,
ords cannot express. What is the	As ever gallants, in a wanton bravery,
for this solemnity?	Have set upon a drunken constable, And bore him from a sleepy rug-gown'd
The sixth :	watch :
g before the setting of the sun,	Be therefore wise.
our last leave of his fading light, 1 our scul's eyes seek for beams	Grim. I must be honest too.
al.	And you shall wear that shape, you shall observe me,
s one scruple with which I am much	If that you purpose to continue mine.
land troubled, which I know you can ne of.	Think you ingratitude can be the parent
What is't?	To our unfeign'd repentance? Do I owe A peace within here, kingdoms could not
This, sir; my bride,	purchase,
first courted, and then won, not with	To my religious creditor, to leave him
s, poorflatteries, apish compliments, d and religious zeal. yet wants	Open to danger, the great benefit Never remembered ! no; though in her
badge that should proclaim her fit	bottom
celestial nuptials : willing she is,	We could stow up the tribute of the Turk ;
to wear it, as the choicest jewel, ir forehead; but to you, that well	Nay, grant the passage safe too; I will never
that work of grace, I know the	Consent to weigh an anchor up, till he, That only must, commands it.
oy	Boatsw. This religion
er grant access. Now, in a case	Will keep us slaves and beggars.
ecessity, I would gladly learn, , in me, a layman, without orders,	Mast. The fiend prompts me To change my copy: plague upon't ! we
ot be religious and lawful,	are seamen ;
> to our deaths, to do that office?	What have we to do with't, but for a snatch
A question in itself with much answer'd :	or so,
s, upon necessity, perform it;	At the end of a long Lent?
ghts that, in the Holy Land, fought	Enter Francisco.
dom of Issues when full	Boatsw. Mum : see who is here. Grim. My father !
dom of Jerusalem, when full	

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Fran. My good of Of serious business To hold long comin thus much Briefly receive; a di Shall make me fit to Or give me lost for Grim. Days nor Provided that my sit But to me shall be Fran. I much th In this smail scroll What my intents and I will instruct you fit Borrow your late dist The more dejected The viceroy must su Grim. I am noth But what you pleass Fran. Farewell, Be cheerful, master That shall reward it And that's true priz Matt. I am obed Boatrae. And I : [Excant G Sailors. Fran. Peace to y Prosper, thou Gri deavours, As they religiously Eater Paulina, Or glorious ostenta In this blest opport I long have waited fo O, she has found me All hope will not fo Paul. Further of And not as spies to And far to betray I any look of mine I am not ignorant of And not as spies to And far to betray I any look of mine I am not ignorant of And far to betray I any look of mine I am not ignorant of And far to betray I any look of mine I am not ignorant of And for the start I car. Note this, I The pride and scor tuins us, Now we are made I Our sweet conditior Rest in her death w With such contempi	convert. I am full which denies me leave erence with you : only ay or two, at the most, over. years, aw my leave of Tunis, ever. years, ank you : you may in private read e: and, as they grow ripe, inther : in the mean time mated looks and gesture ; you appear, the less ispect you. ing. e to have me be. sir. , something we will do, self in the performance ; e indeed. ient. there's no contending. rim. Mast. Boatsw. and rou all ! eat Existence, my en- are undertaken, from servile gain, Carazie, and Manto. tion ! I am heard, unity, which in vain or. I must show myself. e! now if she prove right, rsake us. f; e know your duties too. n me asslaves to serve me, yme. You shall find be unobserved. of a mistress' power, receive it. Manto, n with which she enter- hers by the viceroy's gift !	 NEGADO. And though, ten times a day, she tears these locks. Or makes this face her footstool, 'tis but justice. Paul. 'Tis a true story of my fortunes, father. My chastity preserved by miracle. Or your devotions for me ; and, believe it, What outward pride soe'er I counterfet. Or state, to these appointed to attend me, I am not in my disportion alter'd. But still your humble daughter, and share with you In my poor brother's sufferings :all hell's torments Revenge it on accurs'd Grimaldi's soul. That, in his rape of me, gave a beginning to all the miseries that since have follow'd <i>I True</i>. Be charitable, and forgive him, gentle daughter. He's a changed man, and may redeem his fault In his fair life hereafter. You must bear too Your forced captivity, for 'is no better.'' Though you wear golden fetters, and of him, Whom death affrights not, learn to hold out nobly. Paul. You are still the same good counsellor. Fran. And who knows. Since what above is purposed, is insernatiole.) But that the viceroys's extreme dotage on you May be the parent of a happier birth.'' Than yet our hopes dare fashion. Longer conference. May prove unsafe for you and me ; however (Perhaps for trial) he allows you freedom

THE RE	NEGADO. 161
Had he appeared in a more sordid	Vitel. A joyful preparation ! To whose
e sguised greatness ever deign'd to	bounty
: in,	Owe we our thanks for grateing thus our hymen?
int bearing of his present fortune	The notes, though dreadful to the ear, sound here
If you doubt him	As our epithalamium were sung
an built up for great employments, cunning spy, sent to explore	By a celestial choir, and a full chorus Assured us future happiness. These that
's strength or weakness, you by	lead me
re e him to discover it.	Gaze not with wanton eyes upon my bride, Nor for their service are repaid by me
That were base ;	With jealousies or fears ; nor do they envy
I do such injury to virtue assured courage; neither can I	My passage to those pleasures from which death
o think, but if I should attempt it,	Cannot deter me. Great sir, pardon me ;
against the moon. He that hath	Imagination of the joys I haste to
thest battery, that captivity	Made me forget my duty ; but the form And ceremony past, I will attend you,
er bring to shake a constant temper ; the fawnings of a future greatness,	And with our constant resolution feast you ; Not with coarse cates, forgot as soon as
y, in her full perfection, tender'd;	tasted,
rs of death as of a quiet slumber, the surplusage of his own firmness,	But such as shall, while you have memory, Be pleasing to the palate.
e enough of fortitude, to assure	Fran. Be not lost
woman ; will not, Mustapha, I in his soul for any torments	In what you purpose, [Exil. Gas. Call you this a marriage !
afflict his body with.	It differs little from hanging ; I cry at it.
Do your pleasure : fer'd you a friend's advice,	Vitel. See, where my bride appears ! in what full lustre !
out gall or envy to the man	As if the virgins that bear up her train
suffer. But what do you determine irimaldi? the disgrace call'd on him,	Had long contended to receive an honour Above their births, in doing her this service.
as run him mad.	Nor comes she fearful to meet those delights,
There weigh the difference temper of their minds. The one,	Which, once past o'er, immortal pleasures follow.
sold to mischiefs, rapes, and all	I need not, therefore, comfort or encourage
ke a slave relentless and obdurate, inself wanting the inward strengths	Her forward steps ; and I should offer wrong To her mind's fortitude, should I but ask
ould defend him, sinks beneath	How she can brook the rough high-going
bassion f a man : whereas this merchant,	sea, Over whose foamy back our ship, well rigg'd
ed only with a civil life ; himself, intrench'd and fortified	With hope and strong assurance, must
himself, intrench'd and fortified	transport us. Nor will I tell her, when we reach the haven,
own virtue, valuing life and death me price, poorly does not invite	which tempests shall not hinder, what loud
but commands us to do him right ; nto him, and her we both once	welcome
ur'd	Shall entertain us; nor commend the place, To tell whose least perfection would strike
debt, I gladly pay ;-they enter. ve equal hearers.	dumb
A CONTRACT OF THE OWNER	The eloquence of all boasted in story, Though join'd together.
anizaries, Vitelli, Francisco, and	Though join'd together. Dow. Tis enough, my dearest. I dare not doubt you; as your humble
at the other, Donusa, (her train	shadow,
p), Paulina, Carazie, and Manto.	Lead where you please, I follow.
I shall hear sir, without passion; my wrongs	Vitel. One suit, sir, And willingly I cease to be a beggar:
me,	And that you may with more security hear it,

162 THE RE	NEGADO.
162 THE REL Know, 'tis not life I'll ask, nor to defer Our deaths, but a few minutes. Asam. Speak ; 'tis granted. The second	 Though ready to embrace me in his arms, Cannot take from me : let me kiss the hand That did this miracle, and seal my thanks Upon those lips from whence these sweet words vanish'd. That freed me from the cruellest of prisons, Blind ignorance and misbelief. False prophet ! Impostor Mahomet ! Asam. I'll hear no more, You do abuse my favours : sever them i Wretch, if thou hadst another life to lose, This blasphemy deserved it ;instantly Carry them to their deaths. Vitel. We part now, blest one, To meet hereafter in a kingdom, where Hell's malice shall not reach us. Paul. Ha t ha t ha! Asam. What means my mistress? Paul. Ha t ha tha! Asam. What means my mistress? Paul. Ha t ha tha folles are presented, The scene, too, made religion? O, my lord, How from one cause two contrary effects Spring up upon the sudden ! Asam. This is strange. Paul. That which hath fool'd her in here death, wins me, That thile to have hard'd myself from pleasure, To live in all delight. Asam. There's music in this. Paul. I now will run as fiercely to your arms As ever longing woman did, borne high On the swift wings of appetite. Vitel. O devil ! Paul. Nay, more; for there shall to no odds betwixt us, I will turn Turk. Gar. Most of your tribe do so.
To purge those spots that cleave upon the	When they begin in whore. [Aside.
mind, [Sprinkles it on her face.	Asam. You are serious, lady?
If thankfully received.	Paul. Serious 1-but satisfy me in a suit
Asam. 'Tis a strange custom.	That to the world may witness that I have
'Vitel, How do you entertain it, my	Some power upon you, and to-morrow
Donusa?	challenge
Feel you no alteration, no new motives,	Whatever's in my gift; for I will be
No unexpected aids, that may confirm you	At your dispose.
In that to which you were inclined before?	Gaz. That's ever the subscription
Don. I am another woman;—till this	To a damn'd whore's false epistle. [Atide.
minute	Asam. Ask this hand,
I never lived, nor durst think how to die.	Or, if thou wilt, the heads of these. I am
How long have I been blind ! yet on the	rapt
sudden,	Beyond myself with joy. Speak, speak,
By this blest means, I feel the films of error	what is it?
Ta'en from my soul's eyes. O divine phy-	Paul. But twelve short hours' reprieve
sician 1	for this base couple.
That hast bestow'd a sight on me, which	Asam. The reason, since you hate them ?
Death,	Paul. That I may

Have time to triumph o'er this wretched To free you from a present execution, But by my personating that which never woman I'll be myself her guardian ; I will feast, My nature was acquainted with, Don. I believe you. Paul. You will, when you shall under-Adorned in her choice and richest jewels : Commit him to what guards you please. Grant this. stand I may Receive the honour to be known unto you I am no more mine own, but yours. Asam. Enjoy it; By a nearer name :---and, not to rack you Repine at it who dares : bear him safe off further, To the black tower, but give him all things The man you please to favour is my brother ; No merchant, madam, but a gentleman useful : Of the best rank in Venice. The contrary was not in your request? * Paul. I do contemn him. Don. I rejoice in't; Don. Peace in death denied me ! But what's this to his freedom? for myself, Paul. Thou shalt not go in liberty to thy Were he well off, I were secure. Paul. I have grave ; For one night a sultana is my slave. A present means, not plotted by myself, Musta. A terrible little tyranness ! But a religious man, my confessor, That may preserve all, if we had a servant Asam. No more ; Her will shall be a law. Till now ne'er happy ! Whose faith we might rely on. Don. She, that's now Excunt. Your slave, was once mine ; had I twenty SCENE IV .-. A Street. lives, Enter Francisco, Grimaldi, Master, Boat-I durst commit them to her trust. swain, and Sailors. Mant. O madam ! Grim. Sir, all things are in readiness; I have been false,-forgive me: I'll rethe Turks, deem it That seized upon my ship, stow'd under By anything, however desperate, hatches : You please to impose upon me. My men resolved and cheerful. Use but Paul. Troth, these tears, means I think, cannot be counterfeit; I believe To get out of the ports, we will be ready her. To bring you aboard, and then (heaven be And, if you please, will try her. but pleased) Don. At your peril; This, for the viceroy's fleet ! There is no further danger can look towards Fran. Discharge your parts; me. In mine I'll not be wanting: Fear not, Paul. This only then-canst thou use master : means to carry Something will come along to fraught your This bake-meat to Vitelli? Mant. With much ease ; bark. That you will have just cause to say you I am familiar with the guard ; beside, never It being known it was I that betray'd him, My entrance hardly will of them be ques-Made such a voyage. Must. We will stand the hazard. tion'd. Fran. What's the best hour? Paul. About it then. Say, that 'twas Boatsw. After the second watch. sent to him Fran. Enough ; each to his charge. From his Donusa; bid him search the midst Grim. We will be careful. Excunt. of it. He there shall find a cordial. SCENE V .- A Room in Asambeg's Palace. Mant. What I do Enter Paulina, Donusa, Carazie, and Shall speak my care and faith. [Exit. Manto. Don. Good fortune with thee ! Paul. You cannot eat? Don. The time we thus abuse Paul. Sit, madam, it is fit that I attend you ; And pardon, I beseech you, my rude We might employ much better. language, Paul. I am glad To which the sooner you will be invited. To hear this from you. As for you, Carazie, When you shall understand, no way was If our intents do prosper, make choice, left me whether M 2

You'll steal away with your two mistresses, Or take your fortune. Car. I'll be gelded twice first ; Hang him that stays behind.

Paul. I wait you, madam.

Were but my brother off, by the command Of the doting viceroy there's no guard dare stay me;

And I will safely bring you to the place, Where we must expect him.

Don. Heaven be gracious to us ! [Eacuni,

SCENE VI.-A Room in the Black Tower. Enter Vitelli, Aga, and Guard, at the door.

Vitel. Paulina to fall off thus ! 'tis to me More terrible than death, and, like an earth-

quake, Totters this walking building, such I am ;

And in my sudden ruin would prevent,

By choaking up at once my vital spirits,

This pompous preparation for my death. But I am lost ; that good man, good Francisco,

Deliver'd me a paper, which till now

I wanted leisure to peruse. [Reads the paper. Aga. This Christian

Fears not, it seems, the near approaching sun, Whose second rise he never must salute.

Enter Manto with the baked-meat.

I Guard. Who's that? 2 Guard. Stand.

Aga. Manto !

Mant. Here's the viceroy's ring,

Gives warrant to my entrance ; yet you may Partake of anything I shall deliver.

"Tis but a present to a dying man,

Sent from the princess that must suffer with him.

Aga. Use your own freedom. Mant. I would not disturb

This his last contemplation.

Vitel. O, 'tis well !

He has restored all, and I at peace again With my Paulina.

Mant. Sir, the sad Donusa,

Grieved for your sufferings, more than for her own,

Knowing the long and tedious pilgrimage You are to take, presents you with this

cordial. Which privately she wishes you should taste of;

And search the middle part, where you shall find

Something that hath the operation to Make death look lovely.

Vitel. I will not dispute

What she commands, but serve it. [E.vit.

Aga. Prithee, Manto,

How hath the unfortunate princess spent this night.

Under her proud new mistress? Mant. With such patience

As it o'ercomes the other's insolence

Nay, triumphs o'er her pride. My much haste now

Commands me hence ; but, the sad tragedy past,

I'll give you satisfaction to the full

Of all hath pass'd, and a true character

Of the proud Christian's nature, Exit. Aga. Break the watch up ;

What should we fear i' the midst of our own strengths?

'Tis but the basha's jealousy. Farewell. soldiers ! Excant.

SCENE VII .- An upper Room in the same. Enter Vitelli with the baked-meat.

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

A hungry appetite, which I must discover. She will'd me search the midst : thus, thus

I pierce it. -Ha ! what is this? a scroll bound up in packthread !

What may the mystery be? Reads.

Son, let down this packthread at the west window of the castle. By it you shall draw up a ladder of ropes, by which you may descend : your dearest Donusa with the rest of your friends below attend you. Heaven prosper you !

O best of men ! he that gives up himself To a true religious friend, leans not upon A false deceiving reed, but boldly builds Upon a rock ; which now with joy I find In reverend Francisco, whose good vows, Labours, and watchings, in my hoped-for freedom,

Appear a pious miracle. I come,

I come with confidence ; though the descent Were steep as hell, I know I cannot slide, Being call'd down by such a faithful guide. Exil.

SCENE VIII .- A Room in Asambeg's Palace.

Enter Asambeg, Mustapha, and Janizaries. Asam. Excuse me, Mustapha, though

this night to me Appear as tedious as that treble one Was to the world, when Jove on fair Alcmena Begot Alcides. Were you to encounter Those ravishing pleasures, which the slowpaced hours

THE RENEGADO. 165 (To me they are such) bar me from, you And those that guarded it stowed under hatches. would. With your continued wishes, strive to imp With him the condemn'd princess, and the New feathers to the broken wings of time, merchant, That, with a ladder made of ropes, descended And chide the amorous sun, for too long dalliance From the black tower, in which he was en-In Thetis' watery bosom. Musta. You are too violent closed. And your fair mistress-Asam. Ha! Aga. With all their train, In your desires, of which you are yet uncertain ; Having no more assurance to enjoy them, And choicest jewels, are gone safe aboard : Their sails spread forth, and with a fore-Than a weak woman's promise, on which wise men right gale Faintly rely. Asam. Tush ! she is made of truth ; Leaving our coast, in scorn of all pursuit, As a farewell, they shew'd a broadside to us. And what she says she will do, holds as firm Asam. No more. As laws in brass, that know no change : Musta. Now note your confidence! Asam. No more. A chamber shot off. O my credulity! I am too full What's this? Some new prize brought in, sure-Of grief and rage to speak. Dull, heavy fool! Worthy of all the tortures that the frown Enter Aga hastily. Of thy incensed master can throw on thee, Without one man's compassion ! I will Why are thy looks So ghastly? Villain, speak ! hide Aga. Great sir, hear me, This head among the desarts, or some cave Then after, kill me :- we are all betray'd. Fill'd with my shame and me; where I alone The false Grimaldi, sunk in your disgrace, May die without a partner in my moan. With his confederates, has seized his ship, Excunt.



The Parliament of Love.

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ,

AS FAR AS THEY APPEAR IN THE REMAINING SCENES OF THIS PLAY.

Charles VIII, king of France. Duke of Orleans. Duke of Nemours. Chamont, a nobleman ; once guardian to Bellisant. Philamour, } counseliors. Lafort, Montrose, a noble gentleman, in love with Bellisant. Cleremond, in love with Leonora. Clarindore, a wild courtier.

Novall, wild courtiers. Dinant, physician to the court. Bellisant, a noble lady, Lamira, wife to Chamont. Beaupre, (supposed Calista,) avie to Clarindore. Leonora. Clarinda, wife to Dinant. Other Courtiers, Priest, Officers, Servants, Bec.

SCENE,-Paris, and the adjacent country.

ACT I.

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SCENE IV .- A Room in Bellisant's House. Enter Chamont and Bellisant.

Cham. . .

I did discharge the trust imposed upon me, Being your guardian. Bell. 'Tis with truth acknowledged. Cham. The love I then bore to you, and

desire

To do you all good offices of a friend, Continues with me, nay, increases, lady ;

And, out of this assurance, I presume,

What, from a true heart, I shall now deliver, Will meet a gentle censure.

Bell. When you speak, Whate'er the subject be, I gladly hear. Cham. To tell you of the greatness of your state,

And from what noble stock you are derived, Were but impertinence, and a common theme,

Since you well know both. What I am to speak of,

Touches you nearer ; therefore, give me leave

To say, that, howsoever your great bounties, Continual feasting, princely entertainments, May gain you the opinion of some few

Of a brave generous spirit, (the best harvest That you can hope for from such costly seed.)

You cannot yet, amongst the multitude,

(Since, next unto the princes of the blood, The eyes of all are fix'd on you,) but give Some wounds, which will not close without a scar, To your fair reputation, and good name : In suffering such a crew of riotous gallants, Not of the best repute, to be so frequent Both in your house and presence : this, 'tis rumour'd, Little agrees with the curiousness of honour, Or modesty of a maid. Bell. Not to dwell long Upon my answer, I must thank your goodness, And provident care, that have instructed me What my revenues are, by which I measure How far I may expend ; and yet I find not That I begin to waste ; nor would I add To what I now possess. I am myself; And for my fame, since I am innocent here, This, for the world's opinion ! Cham. Take heed, madam.

That [world's] opinion, which you slight, confirms

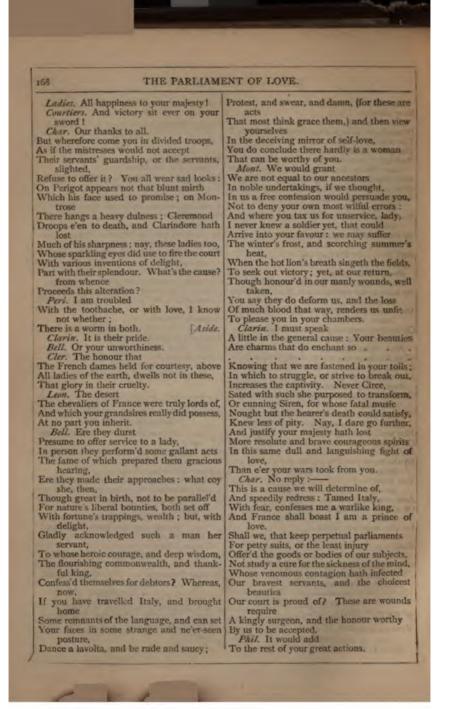
This lady for immodest, and proclaims Another for a modest ; whereas the first Ne'er knew what loose thoughts were, and the praised second

Had never a cold dream. Bell. I dare not argue :

But what means to prevent this? Cham. Noble marriage.

Bell. Pardon me, sir ; and do not think I SCOTH

THE PARLIAMENT OF LOVE. 16; Your grave advice, which I have ever fol-Bell. Call you this a suit? Cham. Come in, Calista. lowed. Though not pleased in it. Enter Beaupré, disguised as a Moorisk Would you have me match with wealth? I Slave need it not : This is one I would Or hunt for honour, and increase of titles? In truth, I rest ambitious of no greater Bestow upon you. Bell. "Tis the handsomest, Than what my father left. Or do you judge My blood to run so high, that 'tis not in I e'er saw of her country ; she hath neither Physic to cool me? I yet feel no such heat : Thick lips, nor rough curl'd hair. Cham. Her manners, lady, But when, against my will, it grows upon me, I'll think upon your counsel. Upon my honour, better her good shape : Cham. If you resolve, then, She speaks our language too, for being sur To live a virgin, you have prised To which you may retire, and ha-In Barbary, she was bestow'd upon To A pirate of Marseilles, with whose wife • . . In She lived five years, and learn'd it; there 1 . And live contbought her, Bell. What proof As pitying her hard usage ; if you please Should I give of my continence, if I lived To make her yours, you may, Not seen, nor seeing any? . Spartan Helen, Bell. With many thanks. Corinthian Lais, or Rome's Messaline, Come hither, pretty one ; fear not, you shall So mew'd up, might have died as they were find me born, A gentle mistress. By lust untempted : no, it is the glory Beau. With my care and service, Of chastity to be tempted, tempted home too, I'll study to preserve you such. Bell. Well answered. The honour else is nothing ! I would be Come, follow me; we'll instantly to court, The first example to convince, for liars, Those poets, that with sharp and bitter And take my guests along. rhymes Chamb. They wait you, madam. Proclaim aloud, that chastity has no being, Excunt. But in a cottage: and so confident SCENE V.-A State-room in the Palace. I am in this to conquer, that I will Expose myself to all assaults ; see masques. Flourish. Enter Charles, Orleans, Nemours, Philamour, and Lafort. And hear bewitching sonnets ; change discourse Char. What solitude does dwell about our With one that, for experience, could teach court ! Ovid Why this dull entertainment? Have I To write, a better way, his Art of Love : march'd Feed high, and take and give free entertain-Victorious through Italy, enter'd Rome, ment. Like a triumphant conqueror, set my foot Lend Cupid eyes, and new artillery, Upon the neck of Florence, tamed the pride Deny his mother for a deity ; Of the Venetians, scourged those petty Yet every burning shot he made at me, tyrants, Meeting with my chaste thoughts, should den of the world, to be That lose their ardour ; home, nay, my house neglected ! Which when I have o'ercome, malicious (New Speaker.) the courtiers men would appear Must, to their shame, confess it's possible, therefore they presumed For a young lady, (some say fair,) at court, To keep her virgin honour. the ladies, sir, (New Speaker.) Cham. May you prosper that glad time In this great undertaking ! I'll not use the choice. A syllable to divert you : but must be Enter Bellisant, Leonora, Lamira, Cla-A suitor in another kind. rinda, Chamont, Montrose, Cleremond, Bell. Whate'er it be, Clarindore, Perigot, Novall, and other 'Tis granted. Courtiers. Cham. It is only to accept Phil. Here they come. A present from me.



THE PARLIAMENT OF LOVE. 16	
Laf. But the means Most difficult, I fear.	The last part of the king's speech, though I was
Cham. You shall do more, sir,	Much taken with the first.
If you perform this, than I e'er could read	Nov. Your reason, tutor?
The sons of Saturn, that by lot divided	Peri. Why, look you, pupil; the decree,
The government of the air, the sea, and hell,	that women
Had spirit to undertake. Char. Why, this more fires me;	Should not neglect the service of their lovers,
And now partake of my design. With speed	But pay them from the exchequer they were
Erect a place of justice near the court,	born with,
Which we'll have styled, the PARLIAMENT	Was good and laudable; they being created
OF LOVE :	To be both tractable and tactable,
Here such whose humble service is not con- sider'd	When they are useful : but to have it order'd,
By their proud mistresses, freely may com-	All women that have stumbled in the dark, Or given, by owl-light, favours, should com-
plain;	plain,
And shall have hearing and redress.	Is most intolerable : I myself shall have,
Nov. O rare!	Of such as trade in the streets, and scaped
Peri. I like this well.	my pockets,
Char. And ladies that are wrong'd By such as do profess themselves their ser-	Of progress laundresses, and marketwomen. When the king's pleasure's known, a thou-
vants,	sand bills
May cite them hither, and their cause de-	Preferr'd against me.
liver'd	Clarin. This is out of season :
Or by their own tongues, or fee'd advocates,	Nothing to madam Bellisant, that, in public,
Find sudden satisfaction. Nov. What a rascal	Hath so inveigh'd against us. Nov. She's a Fury,
Was I to leave the law ! I might have had	I dare no more attempt her.
Clients and clients. Ne'er was such a time	Peri. I'll not venture
For any smooth-chinn'd advocate.	To change six words with her for half her
Peri. They will get the start	state,
Of the ladies' spruce physicians, starve their chaplains,	Or stay, till she be trimm'd, from wine and women,
Though never so well timber'd.	For any new monopoly.
Char. 'Tis our will,	Mont. I will study
Nor shall it be disputed. Of this court,	How to forget her, shun the tempting poison
Or rather, sanctuary of pure lovers,	Her looks, and magic of discourse, still offer,
My lord of Orleans, and Nemours, assisted	And be myself again : since there's no hope.
By the messicurs Philamour and Lafort, are judges.	Twere madness to pursue her. Peri. There are madams
You have worn Venus's colours from your	Better brought up, 'tis thought, and wives
youth,	that dare not
And cannot, therefore, but be sensible	Complain in parliament; there's safe trading,
Of all her mysteries : what you shall deter-	pupil :
mine, In the way of penance pupishment or	And, when she finds she is of all forsaken, Let my lady Pride repent in vain, and mump
In the way of penance, punishment, or reward,	And envy others' markets.
Shall . the trial; a month we grant you	Clarin. May I ne'er prosper
amours, which expired,	But you are three of the most fainting spirits,
. make your complaints, and be assured	That ever I conversed with ! You do well
 impartial hearing ; this determined, 	To talk of progress laundresses, punks, and
• • • rest of our affairs. [Excunt.	beggars ; The wife of some rich tradesman with three
ACT II.	teeth,
	And twice so many hairs :- truck with old
SCENE I.—A Room in Clarindore's House.	ladies,
Enter Clarindore, Montrose, Perigot, and Novall.	That nature hath given o'er, that owe their
Peri. I do not relish	doctors For an artificial life, that are so frozen,
a concerta de nocionada	i rot an artinetat me, that me so trozen,

That a sound plague cannot thaw them ; but despair, I give you over : never hope to take

A velvet petticoat up, or to commit

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With an Italian cutwork smock, when torn too.

Mont. And what hopes nourish you? Clarin. Troth, mine are modest,

I am only confident to win the lady

You dare not look on, and now, in the height Of her contempt and scorn, to humble her, And teach her at what game her mother play'd,

When she was got ; and, cloy'd with those poor toys,

As I find her obedient and pleasing,

I may perhaps descend to marry her :

Then, with a kind of state, I take my chair,

Command a sudden muster of my servants,

And, after two or three majestic hums,

It being known all is mine, peruse my writings,

Let out this manor, at an easy rate,

To such a friend, lend this ten thousand crowns,

For the redemption of his mortgaged land, Give to each by-blow I know mine, a farm, . . this in conse- . Erect .

That pleased me in my youth, but now grown stale.

These things first ordered by me, and confirm'd

By Bellisant, my wife, I care not much If, out of her own lands, I do assign her Some pretty jointure.

Peri. Talk'st thou in thy sleep?

Nov. Or art thou mad?

Clarin. A little elevated

With the assurance of my future fortune :

Why do you stare and grin? I know this must be,

And I will lay three thousand crowns, within A month I will effect this.

Mont. How !

Clarin. Give proof

I have enjoy'd fair Bellisant, evident proof I have pluck'd her virgin rose, so long preserved,

Not, like a play-trick, with a chain or ring Stolen by corruption, but, against her will, Make her confess so much.

Mont. Impossible.

Clarin. Then the disgrace be mine, the profit yours.

If that you think her chastity a rock Not to be moved or shaken, or hold me

A flatterer of myself, or overweener, Let me pay for my foolery.

Clarin. Leave that To the trial : let us to a notary, Draw the conditions, see the crowns deposited, And then I will not cry, St. Dennis for me ! But-Love, blind archer, aid me ! Peri. Look you thrive ;

Mont. I would gladly lose a third part for

I would not be so jeer'd and hooted at, As you will be else.

Clarin. I will run the hazard. Excunt.

SCENE II,-A Room in Leonora's House. Enter Leonora and a Servant.

Serv. He will not be denied. Leon. Slave, beat him back.

I feed such whelps !-

Peri. I'll engage

assurance

Myself for a thousand.

Nov. I'll not out for a second.

No virgin can stand constant long.

Serv. Madam, I rattled him, Rattled him home.

Leon. Rattle him hence, you rascal, Or never see me more.

Enter Cleremond.

Serv. He comes : a sword ! What would you have me do? Shall I cry murder, Or raise the constable? Leon. Hence, you shaking coward ! Serv. I am glad I am so got-off : here's a round sum [Looking at his moury. For a few bitter words ! Be not shook off, sir : I'll see none shall disturb you. Exit. Cler. You might spare These frowns, good lady, on me ; they are useless, I am shot through and through with your disdain, And on my heart the darts of scorn so thick, That there's no vacant place left to receive Another wound : their multitude is grown My best defence, and do confirm me that

You cannot hurt me further. Leon. Wert thou not

Made up of impudence, and slaved to folly, Did any drop of noble blood remain In thy lustful veins, hadst thou or touch, or

relish. Of modesty, civility, or manners, Or but in thy deformed outside only Thou didst retain the essence of a man,

- + . so many

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And loathing to thy person, thou wouldst not	Your malice, set off to the height with fiction, Allow meleave, (a poor request, which judges
Force from a blushing woman that rude language,	Seldom deny unto a man condemn d,) A little to complain : for, being censured,
Thy baseness first made me acquainted with.	Or to extenuate, or excuse my guilt,
<i>Cler.</i> Now saint-like patience guard me!	Were but to wash an Ethiop. How oft,
Leon. I have heard	with tears,
Of mountebanks, that to vent their drugs	When the inhuman porter has forbid
and oils, How so showed themselves to poison, that	My entrance by your most severe commands, Have these eyes wash'd your threshold !
Have so enured themselves to poison, that	
They could digest a venom'd toad, or spider,	Did there ever
Better than wholesome viands : in the list	Come novelty to Paris, rich or rare,
Of such I hold thee; for that bitterness	Which but as soon as known was not pre-
Of speech, reproof, and scorn, by her de-	sented,
livered	Howe'er with frowns refused? Have I not
Whom thou professest to adore, and shake at,	brought
Which would deter all mankind but thyself,	The braveries of France before your window,
Do nourish in thee saucy hopes, with	To fight at barriers, or to break a lance,
pleasure.	Or, in their full career, to take the ring.
Cler. Hear but my just defence.	To do you honour? and then, being refused
Leon. Yet, since thou art	To speak my grief, my arms, my impresses,
So spaniel-like affected, and thy dotage	The colours that I wore, in a dumb sorrow
Increases from abuse and injury,	Express'd how much I suffer'd in the rigour
That way I'll once more feast thee. Of all	Of your displeasure.
men	Leon. Two months hence I'll have
I ever saw yet, in my settled judgment,	The
Spite of thy barber, tailor, and perfumer,	Cler. Stay, best madam,
And thine adulterate and borrow'd helps,	I am growing to a period.
	Leon. Pray you do;
Thou art the ugliest creature; and when	
trimm'd up	I here shall take a nap else, 'tis so pleasing.
To the height, as thou imagin'st, in mine	<i>Cler.</i> Then only this : the voice you now
eyes,	contemn,
A leper with a clap-dish, (to give notice	You once did swear was musical; you have
He is infectious,) in respect of thee,	met too
Appears a young Adonis.	These lips in a soft encounter, and have
Cler. You look on me	brought
In a false glass, madam.	An equal ardour with you : never lived
Leon. Then thy dunghill mind,	A happier pair of lovers. I confess,
Suitable to the outside, never yet	After you promised marriage, nothing want-
Produced one gentle thought, knowing her	ing
want	But a few days expired, to make me happy,
Of faculties to put it into act.	My violent impatience of delay
Thy courtship, as absurd as any zany's,	Made me presume, and with some amorous
After a practised manner ; thy discourse,	force,
Though full of bombast phrase, never	To ask a full fruition of those pleasures
brought matter	Which sacred Hymen to the world makes
Worthy the laughing at, much less the	lawful,
hearing	Before his torch was lighted ; in this only,
But I grow weary; for, indeed, to speak thee,	You justly can accuse me.
Thy ills I mean, and speak them to the full,	Leon. Dar'st thou think
Would tire a thousand women's voluble	That this offence can ever find a pardon,
	Unworthy as thou art !
tongues, And twice so many lawyers'-for a farewell	
And twice so many lawyers'—for a farewell,	<i>Cler.</i> But you most cruel, That in your studied purpose of revenge.
I'll sooner clasp an incubus, or hug	That, in your studied purpose of revenge,
A fork'd-tongued adder, than meet thy em-	Cast both divine and human laws behind you,
braces,	And only see their rigour, not their mercy.
Which, as the devil, I fly from.	Offences of foul shape, by holy writ
Cler. Now you have spent	Are warranted remission, provided
The utmost of your spleen, I would not say	I hat the delinquent undergo the penance

Imposed upon him by his confessor : But you, that should be mine, and only can Or punish or absolve me, are so far From doing me right, that you disdain to hear me. Leon. Now I may catch him in my longbest. wish'd toils ; My hate help me to work it ! [Aside.]-To what purpose, Poor and pale spirited man, should I expect From thee the satisfaction of a wrong, Compared to which, the murder of a brother Were but a gentle injury? Cler. Witness, heaven, All blessings hoped by good men, and all tortures The wicked shake at, no saint left unsworn by, That, uncompell'd, I here give up myself Wholly to your devotion : if I fail To do whatever you please to command, To explate my trespass to your honour, So that, the task perform'd, you likewise swear, First to forgive, and after marry me, May I endure more sharp and lingering torments me. Than ever tyrants found out 1 may my friends With scorn, not pity, look upon my sufferings. And at my last gasp, in the place of hope, Sorrow, despair, possess me ! Leon. You are caught, Most miserable fool, but fit to be so ;-And 'tis but justice that thou art delivered Into her power that's sensible of a wrong, And glories to revenge it. Let me study What dreadful punishment, worthy my fury, I shall inflict upon thee ; all the malice Of injured women help me ! Death? that's nothing, "Tis, to a conscious wretch, a benefit, And not a penance ; else, on the next tree, out. For sport's sake I would make thee hang thyself. Cler. What have I done? Leon. What cannot be recall'd. To row for seven years in the Turkish gallies? A flea-biting t To be sold to a brothel,

Cler. But hear me. Leon. Not a syllable : And till then, never see me. Exit. Cler. I am lost, Foolishly lost and sunk by mine own baseness : I'll say only, With a heart-breaking patience, yet not rave, Better the devil's than a woman's slave. Exit. SCENE III.-A Room in Bellisant's House. Enter Clarindore and Beaupré, Clarin. Nay, prithee, good Calista-Beau. As I live, sir, She is determined to be private, and charged Till of herself she broke up her retirement, Not to admit a visitant. Clarin. Thou art a fool, And I must have thee learn to know thy strength ; There never was a sure path to the mistress, for : [Gives her his purse.] But yet this is but trash ; hark in thine ear-By love ! I like thy person, and will make Full payment that way ; be thou wise. Beau. Like me, sir ! One of my dark complexion ! Clarin. I am serious ; more Than colour, Venus' dressing, in the day time, Come, I must have thee mine, Beau. But how to serve you? lady, How much I love and languish for her bounties : You may remember too, how many madams Are rivals for me, and, in way of caution, Say you have heard, when I was wild, how dreadful

Still asking more than she could give-

Or a common bagnio? that's a trifle too ! Furies, The lashes of their whips pierce through the mind.

I'll imitate them :-- I have it too.

Cler, Remember

You are a woman. I.con. I have heard thee boast,

That of all blessings in the earth next me, The number of thy trusty, faithful friends,

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Made up thy happiness : out of these, I charge thee, And by thine own repeated oaths conjure thee,

To kill the best deserver. Do not start : I'll have no other penance. Then to practise,

To find some means he that deserves thee

By undertaking something others fly from : This done, I am thine.

But by her minister's help, which I will pay

The curtains drawn, and envious light shut

The soft touch heightens appetite, and takes

But never thought on in her midnight revels.

Clarin. Be speaking still my praises to thy

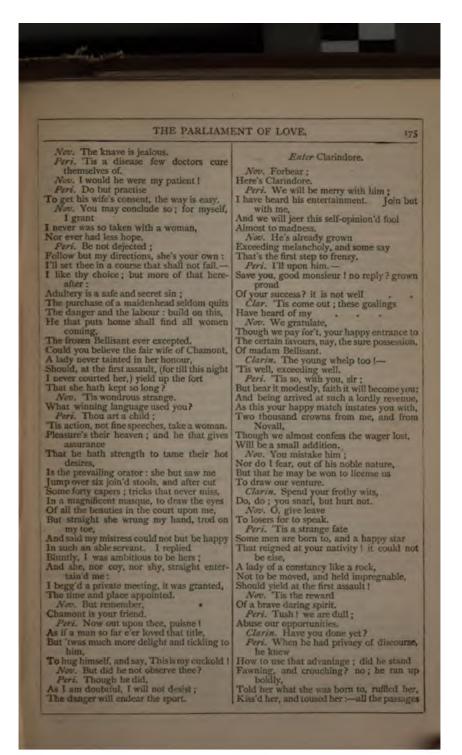
My name was to a profess'd courtezan, *

Clarin. Rude, lady ! manly boldness Enter Bellisant. Cannot deserve that name ; I have studied Beau. My lady ! you, Bell. Be within call :-And love hath made an easy gloss upon [Aside, to the Servants within. The most abstruse and hidden mysteries How now, Clarindore, Which you may keep conceal'd. You well Courting my servant ! Nay, 'tis not my envymay praise A bashful suitor, that is ravish'd with You now express yourself a complete lover, That, for variety's sake, if she be woman, A feather of your fan, or if he gain A riband from your shoe, cries out, Nil Can change discourse with any. Clarin. All are foils ultra l I practise on, but when you make me happy Bell. And what would satisfy you? In doing me that honour : I desired Clarin. Not such poor trifles, To hear her speak in the Morisco tongue ; I can assure you, lady. Do not I see Troth, 'tis a pretty language. Bell. Yes, to dance to :---You are gamesome, young, and active? that you love Look to those sweetmeats. [Exit Beaupré. A man that, of himself, comes boldly on, Clarin. How ! by heaven, she aims That will not put your modesty to trouble, To teach him how to feed, when meat's To speak with me in private ! Aside. Bell. Come, sit down ; before him ! Let's have some merry conference. That knows that you are flesh and blood, a Clarin. In which creature, And born with such affections, that, like me, It That my whole life employ'd to do you Now I have opportunity, and your favour, Will not abuse my fortune? Should I stand service, At no part can deserve. now Licking my fingers, cry Ah me ! then kneel, Bell. If you esteem it At such a rate, do not abuse my bounty, And swear you were a goddess, kiss the Or comment on the granted privacy, further skirts Of your proud garments, when I were gone, Than what the text may warrant; so you shall Destroy what I have built. I am sure Clarin. I like not this. [Aside. I should be kindly laugh'd at for a coxcomb; Bell. This new-erected Parliament of The story made the subject of your mirth, Love, At your next meeting, when you sit in It seems, has frighted hence my visitants : council. Among the beauties. Bell. Is this possible? Howspend Montrose and Perigot their hours? Novall and Cleremond vanish'd in a moment ; I like your constancy yet. All due respect forgotten ! Clarin. That's good again ; Clarin. Hang respect ! She hath restored all: [Aside.]-Pity them, Are we not alone? See, I dare touch this hand, good madam; The splendour of your house and entertain And without adoration unglove it. A spring of youth is in this palm; here ment, Enrich'd with all perfections by yourself, Cupid. Is too, too glorious for their dim eyes : The moisture turn'd to diamonds, heads his You are above their element ; modest fools, arrows : That only dare admire ! and bar them from The far-famed English Bath, or German Spa, Comparing of these eyes to the fairest flowers, Giving you Juno's majesty, Pallas' wit, One drop of this will purchase. Shall this Diana's hand, and Thetis' pretty foot ; nectar Run useless, then, to waste? or Or, when you dance, to swear that Venus leads The Loves and Graces from the Idalian green, these lips, That open like the morn, breathing perfumes And such hyperboles stolen out of playbooks, They would stand all day mute, and, as you On such as dare approach them, be unwere touch'd? Some curious picture only to be look'd on, They must, --- nay, 'tis in vain to make resis-Presume no further. tance,-Be often kiss'd and tasted : You seem angry Bell. Pray you, keep your distance, At I have displeased you. And grow not rude. . . .

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Bell. [to the Servants within.] ACT III. And come prepared, as if someAfrick monster, SCENE I .- A Room in Chamont's House. By force, had broke into my house. Enter Chamont, Perigot, Novall, Dinant, Enter Servants with drawn swords. Lamira, and Clarinda. Peri. 'Twas prince-like entertainment. Clarin. How's this? Cham. You o'erprize it. Din. Your cheerful looks made every dish Bell. Circle him round with death, and if he stir, a feast, Or but presume to speak, till I allow it, And 'tis that crowns a welcome. His body be the navel to the wheel, In which your rapiers, like so many spokes, Lam. For my part, I hold society and honest mirth Shall meet and fix themselves. Clarin. Were I off with life, The greatest blessing of a civil life. This for my wager ! Aside. Bell, Villain, shake and tremble dainties At my just anger ! Which, of all my actions, Confined in virtuous limits, hath given life And birth to this presumption? Hast thou grapes, Are only seen, not tasted. Now, By this light, ever Observed in me a wanton look or gesture, Not suiting with a virgin? Have I been her : Prodigal in my favours, or given hopes, To nourish such attempts ? swear, and swear truly. What in thy soul thou think'st of me. Cham. Let me see, Clarin. As of one Made up of chastity ; and only tried, guests. Which I repent, what this might work upon Such as dare come unto a VOU. table, Bell. The intent deserves not death ; but, sirrah, know "Tis in my power to look thee dead. Clarin. "Tis granted. married. Bell, I am not so cruel; yet, for this Peri. Yes, 'tis likely, insolence, Forbear my house for ever : if you are hot, You, ruffian-like, may force a parting kiss, dren As from a common gamester. Clarin. I am cool :-She's a virago. Aside. Bell. Or you may go boast, then. How bravely you came on, to your companions I will not bribe your silence : no reply .---Now thrust him headlong out of doors, and see night. He never more pass my threshold. [Exit. Clarin. This comes of serves, My daring : all hell's plagues light on the proverb art. That says, Faint heart-but it is stale. Serv. Pray you walk, sir, Din. All that's in me, We must shew you the way else. Clarin. Be not too officious. Perigot, I am no bar for you to try your strength on .-Sit quietly by this disgrace I cannot : Pray you command me. Some other course I must be forced to take, Not for my wager now, but honour's sake. Excunt.

Cla. Without good company, indeed, all Lose their true relish, and, like painted She speaks well, too! I'll have a fling at She is no fit electuary for a doctor : A coarser julap may well cool his worship; This cordial is for gallants, Aside. The night grows old : pray you often be my Although not crack'd with curious delicates, Have liberty to command it as their own : I may do the like with you, when you are When there's no forage to be had abroad, Nor credulous husbands left to father chil-Of bachelors' begetting; when court wives Are won to grant variety is not pleasing, And that a friend at a pinch is useless to · . but till then Cham. You have a merry time of't :-But we forget ourselves ;-Gallants, good Good master doctor, when your leisure Visit my house; when we least need their Physicians look most lovely. Is at your lordship's service. Monsieur Monsieur Novall, in what I may be useful, Nov. We'll wait on you home. Din. By no means, sir; good night. Excunt all but Novall and Perigot.



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Are at court already; and, 'tis said, a patent And faculties were wholly taken up Is granted him, if any maid be chaste, For him to humble her, and a new name To cloy my appetite, and could look no further : given him, But I rise up a new example of The scornful-virgin tamer. Calamity, transcending all before me ; Clarin. 1 may tame And I should gild my misery with false com-Your buffoon tongues, if you proceed. forts. Nov. No anger If I compared it with an Indian slave's, I have heard that Bellisant was so taken with That, with incessant labour to search out Your manly courage, that she straight pre-Some unknown mine, dives almost to the centre ; pared you A sumptuous banquet. And, if then found, not thank'd of his proud Peri, Yet his enemies master. Report it was a blanket. But this, if put into an equal scale Nov. Malice ! malice ! With my unparalleled fortune, will weigh She was shewing him her chamber too, and nothing ; For from a cabinet of the choicest jewels call'd for Perfumes, and cambric sheets. That mankind e'er was rich in, whose least Peri. When, see the luck on't ! gem Against her will, her most unmannerly All treasure of the earth, or what is hid In Neptune's watery bosom, cannot purgrooms, For so 'tis rumour'd, took him by the chase, I must seek out the richest, fairest, purest, shoulders, And thrust him out of doors. And when by proof 'tis known it holds the Nov. Faith, sir, resolve us value, How was it? we would gladly know the truth, As soon as found destroy it. O most cruel ! And yet, when I consider of the many To stop the mouth of calumny. Clarin. Troth, sir, I'll tell you : That have professed themselves my friends, One took me by the nose thus, -and a second and vow'd Made bold with me thus-but one word Their lives were not their own, when my enmore, you shall gagements Feel new expressions-and so, my gentle Should summon them to be at my devotion, boobies, Not one endures the test ; I almost grow Farewell, and be hang'd. Exit. Of the world's received opinion, that holds Nov. We have nettled him. Peri. Had we stung him to death, it were Friendship but a mere name, that binds no further but justice, Than to the altar-to retire with safety. An overweening braggard ! Here comes Montrose. Nov. This is nothing Enter Montrose and Beaupré. To the doctor's wife. What sudden joy transports him? Peri. Come, we'll consult of it, And suddenly. I never saw man rapt so. Nov. I feel a woman's longing Mon. Purse and all, Till I am at it. And 'tis too little, though it were cramm'd full Peri, Never fear ; she's thine own, boy. With crowns of the sun. O blessed, blessed Excunt. paper ! But made so by the touch of her fair hand. SCENE II.-A Street. What shall I answer? Say, I am her creature. Enter Cleremond. Or, if thou canst find out a word, that may Cler. What have my sins been, heaven? Express subjection in an humbler style, yet thy great pleasure Use it, I prithee; add too, her commands Must not be argued. Was wretch ever bound Shall be with as much willingness perform'd, On such a black adventure, in which only As I in this fold, this, receive her favours. Beau. I shall return so much. To wish to prosper is a greater curse Than to Mont. And that two hours Ofreason, understanding, and true ju 1gment. Shall bring me to attend her. "Twere a degree of comfort to myse'f Beau. With all care I were stark mad; or, like a beast of prey. And circumstance of service from yourself, Prick'd on by griping hunger, all my thoughts | I will deliver it.

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Mont. I am still your debtor.	My sorrows are infectious; and my company,
Exit Beaupre.	Likesuch as have foul ulcers running on them,
Cler. I read the cause now clearly; I'll	To be with care avoided. May your happiness,
slip by :	In the favour of the matchless Bellisant,
For though, even at this instant, he should	
prove Himself which others' falsehood makes me	you!
Himself, which others' falsehood makes me doubt.	'Tis all that I can give.
That constant and best friend I go in quest of,	<i>Mont.</i> You must not leave me. <i>Cler.</i> Indeed I must and will; mine own
It were inhuman in their birth to strangle	engagements
His promising hopes of comfort.	Call me away.
Mont. Cleremond	Mont. What are they? I presume
Pass by me as a stranger ! at a time too	There cannot be a secret of that weight,
When I am filled with such excess of joy,	You dare not trust me with; and should you
So swollen and surfeited with true delight,	doubt me,
That had I not found out a friend, to whom	I justly might complain that my affection
I might impart them, and so give them vent,	Is placed unfortunately.
In their abundance they would force a pas-	Cler. I know you are honest;
sage,	And this is such a business, and requires
And let out life together ! Prithee, bear,	Such sudden execution, that it cannot
For friendship's sake, a part of that sweet	Fall in the compass of your will, or power,
burthen	To do me a friend's office. In a word,
Which I shrink under; and when thou hast	
read	honour,
Fair Bellisant subscribed, so near my name	I am to fight the quarrel, mortal too,
· too,	The time some two hours hence, the place
Observe but that,—thou must, with me,	ten miles
confess,	Distant from Paris; and when you shall know
There cannot be room in one lover's heart Capacious enough to entertain	I yet am unprovided of a second,
Such multitudes of pleasures.	You will excuse my sudden parting from you.
<i>Cler.</i> I joy with you,	Farewell, Montrose ! Mont. Not so; I am the man
Let that suffice, and envy not your blessings;	Will run the danger with you; and must
May they increase ! Farewell, friend.	tell you,
Mont. How ! no more ?	That, while I live, it was a wrong to seek
By the snow white hand that writ these	
characters,	My horse stands ready.
It is a breach to courtesy and manners,	Cler. I confess 'tis noble,
So coldly to take notice of his good,	For you to offer this, but it were base
Whom you call friend ! See further : here	In me to accept it.
she writes	Mont. Do not scorn me, friend.
That she is truly sensible of my sufferings,	Cler. No; but admire and honour you;
And not alone vouchsafes to call me servant,	and from that
But to employ me in a cause that much	Serious consideration, must refuse
Concerns her in her honour; there's a favour!	The tender of your aid. France knows you
Are you yet stupid?—and that, two hours	valiant,
hence, She doer expect me in the private welks	And that you might, in single opposition,
She does expect me in the private walks Neighbouring the Louvre : cannot all this	Fight for a crown ; but millions of reasons
Neighbouring the Louvre : cannot all this	Forbid me your assistance. You forget
move you? I could be angry. A tenth of these bounties	Your own designs; being, the very minute I am to encounter with mine enemy,
But promised to you from Leonora,	To meet your mistress, such a mistress too,
To witness my affection to my friend,	Whose favour you so many years have sought:
In his behalf had taught me to forget,	And will you then, when she vouchsafes
All mine own miseries.	access,
Cler. Do not misinterpret	Nay more, invites you, check at her fair offer?
This coldness in me; for alas ! Montrose,	Or shall it be repeated, to my shame,
I am a thing so made up of affliction,	For my own ends I robb'd you of a fortune
So every way contemn'd, that I conclude	Princes might envy? Can you even hope
	N

Bell. "Tis the better. [Knocking within. She ever will receive you to her presence, One knocks. If you neglect her now ?- Be wise, dear friend, Beau. I am sure 'tis he. Bell. Convey him in ; And, in your prodigality of goodness Do not undo yourself. Live long and happy, But do it with a face of fear : And leave me to my dangers. Mont. Cleremond, Exit Beaupre. I have with patience heard you, and con-I cannot sider'd The strength of your best arguments; weigh'd the dangers revenge I run in mine own fortunes : but again, Wrongs done by such as scornfully deride When I oppose the sacred name of friend Your awful names, inspire me ! Against those joys I have so long pursued, Neither the beauty of fair Bellisant Her wealth, her virtues, can prevail so far, In such a desperate case as this, to leave Beau. Sir, I hazard My service, in this action. Clarin. Thou shalt live you. To have it to posterity recorded, At such a time as this I proved true gold, To be the mistress of thyself and others, And current in my friendship, shall be to me If that my projects hit : all's at the stake now; A thousand mistresses, and such embraces Or past expression wretched. As leave no sting behind them ; therefore, Bell. Ha! who's that? on : I am resolved, unless you beat me off, ness !-I will not leave you. From whence? what would he? Cler. Oh ! here is a jewel Fit for the cabinet of the greatest monarch ! Beau. He brings letters, madam, As he says, from lord Chamont. But I of all men miserable Mont. Come, be cheerful ; Good fortune will attend us. Cler. That, to me, such import, To have the greatest blessing, a true friend, Should be the greatest cursel-Be yet advised. Mont. It is in vain. Cler. That e'er I should have cause No more of this : your packet, sir? Clarin. The letters To wish you had loved less ! Mont. The hour draws on : Deliver'd to my trust and faith are writ In such mysterious and dark characters, We'll talk more as we ride. As will require the judgment of your soul, Cler. Of men most wretched ! Excunt. them SCENE III. - A Room in Bellisant's House. Enter Bellisant and Beaupré. And gentle nature ?- Fear not, I must shew Bell. Nay, pray you, dry your eyes, or your sad story, What new boist'rous courtship, Whose every accent still, methinks, I hear, 'Twas with such passion, and such grief dekiss, liver'd, Will make mine bear yours company. All my fear is, yond it. The rigorous repulse this worst of men, If you imagine that you may commit False, perjured Clarindore-I am sick to A rape in mine own house, and that my name himservants Received at his last visit, will deter him Will stand tame lookers on-Clarin. If I bring with me From coming again. Beau. No; he's resolved to venture; And has bribed me, with hazard of your anger, To get him access, but in another shape : The time prefix'd draws near too.

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Resolve yet with what looks to entertain him. You Powers that favour 'innocence, and

Walks aside.

Re-enter Beaupré with Clarindore disguised.

And as the die falls, I am made most happy.

What bold intruder usher you? This rude-

Clarin. How her frowns fright me ! Bell. From lord Chamont? Are they of

That you, before my pleasure be enquired, Dare bring the bearer to my private chamber?

More than your eye, to read and understand

Bell. What riddle's this? [Discovering Clarin.]-Ha ! am I then contemn'd?

Dare you do this, presuming on my soft

A seeming anger. [Aside to Beaupré.]-

After your late loose language, and forced

Come you to practise? I know none be-

One thought, but of submission and sorrow, Or nourish any hope, but that your goodness May please to sign my pardon, may I perish In your displeasure ! which, to me, is more

Than fear of hell hereafter. I confess, Bell. Heaven avert The violence I offered to your sweetness, This prodigy ! What mean you? In my presumption, with lips impure, Clarin. To confirm, To force a touch from yours, a greater crime In death, how truly I have loved. I grant Than if I should have mix'd lascivious flames Your favours done me, yield this benefit, With those chaste fires that burn at Dian's As to make way for me to pass in peace altar. To my long rest; what I have tasted from you, That 'twas a plot of treason to your virtues, Informs me only of the much I want : For in your pardon, and the kiss vouchsafed To think you could be tempted, or believe You were not fashion'd in a better mould, me You did but point me out a fore-right way And made of purer clay, than other women. Since you are, then, the phonix of your time, To lead to certain happiness, and then will'd And e'en now, while you bless the earth, me partake To move no further. Pray you, excuse me, therefore, Of their angelical essence, imitate Heaven's aptness to forgive, when mercy's Though I desire to end a lingering torment, sued for. And, if you please, with your fair hand, to make me And once more take me to your grace and favour. A sacrifice to your chastity, I will meet Bell. What charms are these ! What an The instrument you make choice of, with enchanting tongue ! more fervour What pity 'tis, one that can speak so well, Should, in his actions, be so ill ! Beau. Take heed, Than ever Cæsar did, to hug the mistress, He doated on, plumed Victory : but if that You do abhor the office, as too full Of cruelty, and horror, yet give leave, Lose not yourself. Bell. So well, sir, you have pleaded, That, in your presence, I myself may be Both priest and offering. [Draws his sword. And like an advocate, in your own cause, Bell. Hold, hold, frantic man ! That, though your guilt were greater, I ac-The shrine of love shall not be bathed in blood. quit you, The fault no more remember'd ; and for proof, Women, though fair, were made to bring My heart partakes in my tongue, thus seal forth men, your pardon; Kisses him. And not destroy them ; therefore, hold, I say ! And with this willing favour (which forced I had a mother, and she look'd upon me from me. As on a true epitome of her youth : Nor can I think I am forbid the comfort Call'd on my anger) make atonement with To bring forth little models of myself, vou. Clarin. If I dream now, O, may I never If heaven be pleased (my nuptial joys perwake, form'd) But slumber thus ten ages ! To make me fruitful. Clarin. Such celestial music Bell. Till this minute, Ne'er blest these ears. O! you have argued You ne'er to me look'd lovely. better Clarin. How ! For me, than I could for myself. Bell. For you! Bell. Nor have I E'er seen a man, in my opinion, worthy The bounty I vouchsafe you; therefore fix What, did I give you hope to be my husband? [Aside. Clarin. Fallen off again ! here. Bell. Yet since you have given sure proof And make me understand that you can bear Your fortune modestly. Of love and constancy, I'll unmask those thoughts, Clarin. I find her coming : This kiss was but the prologue to the play, That long have been conceal'd ; I am yours, but how? And not to seek the rest, were cowardice. Help me, dissimulation ! [Aside.]-Pardon, In an honourable way. Clarin. I were more than base, madam, Though now, when I should put on cheerful Should I desire you otherwise. Bell. True affection looks. Needs not a contract : and it were to doubt me, In being blest with what I durst not hope for, I change the comic scene, and do present To engage me further ; yet, my vow expired, you Which is, to live a virgin for a year, With a most tragic spectacle. Challenge my promise. 8 9

Clarin. For a year ! O, madam ! Play not the tyranness ; do not give me hopes, And in a moment change them to despair. A year I alas, this body, that's all fire, If you refuse to quench it with your favour, Will in three days be cinders; and your mercy Will come too late then. Dearest lady, marriage Is but a ceremony ; and a hurtful vow Is in the breach of it better commended, Than in the keeping. O ! 1 burn, I burn ; And if you take not pity, I must fy To my last refuge. [Offers to stab himself. Bell. Hold ! Say I could yield This night, to satisfy you to the full, And you should swear, until the wedding day, To keep the favours I now grant conceal'd ; You would be talking. Clarin. May my tongue rot out, then ! Bell. Or boast to your companions of your conquest, And of my easiness Clarin. I'll endure the rack first. Bell, And, having what you long for, cast me off, As you did madam Beaupré. Clarin, May the earth First gape, and swallow me ! Bell, I'll press you no further. Go in, your chamber's ready : if you have A bedfellow, so : but silence I enjoin you, And liberty to leave you when I please : I blush, if you reply. Clarin. Till now ne'er happy ! Clarin. Till now ne'er happy! Beau. What means your ladyship? Bell. Do not ask, but do Exit. As I direct you : though as yet we tread A rough and thorny way, faint not ; the ends I hope to reach shall make a large amends. Excunt. ACT IV. SCENE I.- A Room in Dinant's Honse. Enter Novall and Dinant. Din. You are welcome first, sir ; and that spoke, receive A faithful promise, all that art, or long Experience, hath taught me, shall enlarge Themselves for your recovery. Nov. Sir, I thank you, As far as a weak, sick, and unable man Has power to express ; but what wants in my tongue,

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My hand (for yet my fingers feel no gout) Shall speak in this dumb language. [Gives him his purse.

Din. You are too magnificent.

Nov. Fie ! no, sir ; health is, sure, a precious jewel, We cannot buy it too dear. Din. Take comfort, sir ; I find not, by your urine, nor your pulse, Or any outward symptom, that you are In any certain danger. Nov. Oh ! the more my fear : Infirmities that are known are cured, But when the causes of them are conceal'd, As these of mine are, doctor, they prove mortal : Howe'er, I'll not forget you while I live, Do but your parts, Din. Sir, they are at your service. I'll give you some preparatives, to instruct me Of your inward temper; then, as I find cause, Some gentle purge. Nov. Yes, I must purge ; I die else ; But where, dear doctor, you shall not find out. This is a happy entrance, may it end well ! I'll mount your nightcap, Doddipol. [Aride. Din. In what part, (We are sworn to secrecy, and you must be free,) Do you find your greatest agony? Nov. Oh ! I have Strange motions on the sudden ; villainous tumours That rise, then fall, then rise again ; oh. doctor ! Not to be shewn or named. Din. Then, in my judgment, You had best leave Paris : choose some fresher air ; That does help much in physic. Nov. By no means. Here, in your house, or no where, you must cure me The eye of the master fats the horse; and when His doctor's by, the patient may drink wine In a fit of a burning fever ; for your presence Works more than what you minister. Take physic, Attended on by ignorant grooms, mere strangers To your directions, I must hazard life, And you your reputation ! whereas, sir, I hold your house a college of your art, And every boy you keep, by you instructed, A pretty piece of a Galenist : then the females,

From your most fair wife to your kitchen drudge,

Are so familiar with your learned courses,

••

herb, they know to make thin ccasion serves, to cheer the heart, gredient I shall have most need of, cocks o' the game make a strong it's eggs a caudle.	Old Priam's impotence, or Nestor's hernia is Herculean activeness, if but compared To his debility : put him to his oath, He'll swear he can do nothing. Nov. Do ! O no, sir; I am past the thought of it. Din. But how do you like
im glad u argue with such strength.	The method I prescribe? Nov. Beyond expression :
larinda, and whispers Dinant.	Upon the mere report I do conceive Hope of recovery.
flash, sir :	Cla. Are you mad?
feel my fit again.—She is f all perfection; any danger	Din. Peace, fool. This night you shall take a cordial to
to the enjoying so much sweetness	strengthen
at the height : I am ravish'd with magination. O happiness !	Your feeble limbs :'twill cost ten crowns a draught.
ow's this! One from the duke	Nov. No matter, sir. Din. To-morrow you shall walk
urs?	To see my garden ; then my wife shall show
s, sir. s rank :	you The choice rooms of my house ; when you
of my wife hath forced him to	are weary,
rfeit : [Aside.]-I now guess at	Cast yourself on her couch. Nov. Oh, divine doctor !
ckness,	What man in health would not be sick, on
you not —	purpose
e gentleman stays you. come to him presently; in the	To be your patient? Din. Come, sir, to your chamber;
ime, wife,	And now I understand where your disease
of this monsieur ; nay, no coyness, alute him boldly ; his pale lips	li c s, (Nay, lead him by the hand,) doubt not I'll
ot in the touch.	cure you. [Excunt.
rs do, I'm sure. ss him again.	SCENE II.—An open part of the Country
this is more than modest.	near Paris.
dest! why, fool, desire is dead :	Enter Cleremond and Montrose.
aritable, pious work,	Cler. This is the place.
his spirits. s, indeed, sir.	Mont. An even piece of ground, Without advantage; but be jocund, friend;
ease in it.	The honour to have entered first the field,
rk that ! and would you man comfort ? meat's against	However we come off, is ours. Cier. I need not,
physic, must be granted too,	So well I am acquainted with your valour,
wife you shall, wait on him ; nay, hang not off,	To dare, in a good cause, as much as man, Lend you encouragement; and should I add,
hall : this night, with your own	Your power to do, which Fortune, howe'er blind,
u air his bed, and when he eats	Hath ever seconded, I cannot doubt
u have prepared, you shall sit by	But victory still sits upon your sword, And must not now forsake you.
some merry chat, help to repair	Mont. You shall see me
ppetite; watch by him when he rrs;	Come boldly up; nor will I shame your cause,
his page's part : more, I durst	By parting with an inch of ground not
ou, ur wedding day, you yet a virgin,	bought With blood on my part.
edfellow; for well I know	Cler. 'Tis not to be question'd :

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182 THE PARLIAMENT OF LOVE. Should he appear like man. Banish amaze-That which I would entreat, (and pray you ment. grant it,) Is, that you would forget your usual softness. And call thy ablest spirits up to guard thee Your foe being at your mercy; it hath been From him that's turn'd a Fury. I am made A custom in you, which I dare not praise, Her minister, whose cruelty but named, Having disarm'd your enemy of his sword, Would with more horror strike the pale-To tempt your fate, by yielding it again ; cheek'd stars, Then run a second hazard. Than all those dreadful words which con-Mont. When we encounter jurers use. A noble foe, we cannot be too noble. To fright their damn'd familiars. Look not Cler. That I confess ; but he that's now on me As I am Cleremond ; I have parted with to oppose you, I know for an archvillain ; one that hath lost The essence that was his, and entertain d All feeling of humanity, one that hates The soul of some fierce tigress, or a wolf's Goodness in others, 'cause he's ill himself ; New-hang'd for human slaughter, and 'tis fit: A most ungrateful wretch, (the name's too I could not else be an apt instrument gentle, To bloody Leonora. Mont. To my knowledge All attributes of wickedness cannot reach I never wrong'd her. Of whom to have deserved, beyond example, Cler. Yes, in being a friend Or precedent of friendship, is a wrong To me she hated, my best friend ; her malice Which only death can satisfy. Mont. You describe Would look no lower :- and for being such, By her commands, Montrose, I am to kill A monster to me. thee. Cler. True, Montrose, he is so. Oh, that thou hadst, like others, been all Afric, though fertile of strange prodigies, words, Never produced his equal ! be wise, therefore, And no performance ! or that thou hadst And if he fall into your hands, dispatch him : made Pity to him is crucity. The sad father, Some little stop in thy career of kindness ! That sees his son stung by a snake to death, Why would'st thou, to confirm the name of May, with more justice, stay his vengeful hand, friend. Despise the favours of fair Bellisant, And let the worm escape, than you vouch-And all those certain joys that waited for safe him thee? Snatch at this fatal offer of a second, A minute to repent : for 'tis a slave So sold to hell and mischief ; that a traitor Which others fled from ?- "Tis in vain to To his most lawful prince, a church-robber, mourn now, A parricide, who, when his garners are When there's no help; and therefore, good Cramm'd with the purest grain, suffers his Montrose, Rouse thy most manly parts, and think thou parents, Being old, and weak, to starve for want of stand'st now bread ; A champion for more than king or country ; Compared to him, are innocent. Since, in thy fall, goodness itself must suffer. Mont. I ne'er heard Remember too, the baseness of the wrong Of such a cursed nature ; if long-lived, . friendship; let it edge thy sword, He would infect mankind : rest you assured, And kill compassion in thee ; and forget not I will take all advantages ; and so, He finds from me small courtesy. Cler. And expect Without reply have at thee ! As little from him : blood is that he thirsts They fight. Cleremond falls. for, Mont. See, how weak Not honourable wounds. An ill cause is ! you are already fallen : Mont. I would I had him What can you look for now? Within my sword's length ! Cler. Fool, use thy fortune : Cler. Have thy wish : Thou hast ! And so he counsels thee, that, if we had [Cleremond draws his sword. Changed places, instantly would have cut Nay, draw thy sword, and suddenly ; I am That monster, temple-robber, parricide, thy throat, Or digg'd thy heart out. Ingrateful wretch ; friend-hater, or what else Mont. In requital of Makes up the perfect figure of the devil, That savage purpose, I must pity you ;

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Witness these tears, not tears of joy for con-A comic scene; in the pride of all their hopes, quest, We'll show these shallow fools sunk-eyed But of true sorrow for your misery. despair. Live, O live, Cleremond, and, like a man, And triumph in their punishment. Make use of reason, as an exorcist Din. My house, To cast this devil out, that does abuse you ; Or whatsoever else is mine, shall serve This fiend of false affection. As properties to grace it Cler. Will you not kill me? Cham. In this shape, then, You are then more tyrannous than Leonora. An easy thrust will do it : you had ever Leave me to work the rest. Din. Doubt not, my lord, A charitable hand ; do not deny me, You shall find all things ready. [Exit. For our old friendship's sake : no ! will't Enter Perigot. not be? There are a thousand doors to let out life ; Cham. This sorts well You keep not guard of all: and I shall find, With my other purposes. Perigot ! to my By falling headlong from some rocky cliff, wish. Poison, or fire, that long rest which your Aid me, invention ! sword Peri. Is the quean fallen off? Discourteously denies me. I hear not from her ?--- 'tis the hour and place [Exit. Mont. I will follow; That she appointed. And something I must fancy, to dissuade What have we here? This fellow has a him pimp's face, From doing sudden violence on himself : And looks as if he were her call, her fetch-That's now my only aim; and that to me, With me? Succeding well, is a true victory. Exit. Cham. Sir, from the party, The lady you should truck with, the lord's SCENE III.-Paris. An outer Room in wife Chamont's House. Your worship is to dub, or to make free Enter Chamont disguised, and Dinant. Of the company of the horners. Din. Your lady tempted too ! Peri. Fair Lamira? Cham. And tempted home; Cham. The same, sir. Summon'd to parley, the fort almost yielded, Peri. And how, my honest squire o' Had not I stepp'd in to remove the siege dames? I see Thou art of her privy council. But I have countermined his works, and if Cham. Her grant holds, sir. You second me, will blow the letcher up, And laugh to see him caper. Peri. O rare ! But when ? Cham. Marry, instantly. Din. Anything : Peri. But where? Command me as your servant, to join with Cham. She hath outgone the cunning of you; All ways are honest we take, to revenge us a woman, On these lascivious monkies of the court, In ordering it both privately and securely : You know Dinant, the doctor? That make it their profession to dishonour Grave citizens' wives ; nay, those of higher Peri. Good. Cham. His house rank, As 'tis, in yours, apparent. My young And him she has made at her devotion, sir. rambler Nay, wonder not ; most of these empirics That thought to cheat me with a feign'd Thrive better by connivance in such cases disease, Than their lame practice ; framing some dis-I have in the toil already; I have given him, temper, The fool, her lord-Under pretence to make him high and active, Peri. Lords may be what they please; A cooler :--- I dare warrant it will yield Rare sport to see it work ; I would your lord-I question not their patent. ship Cham. Hath consented. Could be a spectator. That this night, privately, she shall take a Cham. It is that I aim at : clyster ; And might I but persuade you to dispense Which he believes the doctor ministers, A little with your candour, and consent And never thinks of you. Peri. A good wench still. To make your house the stage, on which Cham. And there, without suspicion. we'll act

tongue,

oaths

Peri. Excellent ! Their bitter jests, and wound them with my I make this lord my cuckold? Cham. True ; and write Much deeper than my sword. Oh ! but the The reverend drudging doctor, my copariner, And fellow bawd : next year we will have I have made to the contrary, and her credit, him warden Of our society. Peri. There ! there ! I shall burst, I am so swollen with pleasure ; no more talking. Dear keeper of the vaulting door ; lead on. Cham. Charge you as boldly. Peri. Do not fear ; I have A staff to taint, and bravely. Cham. Save the splinters, If it break in the encounter. Exeunt. Peri. Witty rascal ! SCENE IV .- A room in Bellisant's House. Enter Clarindore, Bellisant, and Beaupré. Clarin. Boast of your favours, madam ! Bell. Pardon, sir, My fears, since it is grown a general custom, In our hot youth, to keep a catalogue Of conquests this way got ; nor do they think Their victory complete, unless they publish, To their disgrace, that are made captives to them How far they have prevail'd. Clarin. I would have such rascals First gelded, and then hang'd. Bell. Remember too, sir, To what extremities your love had brought you ; And, since I saved your life, I may, with justice, By silence charge you to preserve mine honour ; Which, howsoever to my conscious self I am tainted, foully tainted, to the world I am free from all suspicion. Clarin. Can you think I'll do myself that wrong? although I had A lawyer's mercenary tongue, still moving, . le this precious carcanet, these jewels, of your magnificence, would keep me A Pythagorean, and ever silent. No, rest secure, sweet lady ; and excuse My sudden and abrupt departure from you ; And if the fault makes forfeit of your grace, A quick return shall ransome and redeem it. Bell. Be mindful of your oaths [Walks aside with Beaupré. Clarin. I am got off, And leave the memory of them behind me. Now, if I can find out my scoffing gulls, Novall and Perigot, besides my wager, Which is already sure, I shall return

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Of which I should be tender :-- tush ! both With me an equal value. The wise say. That the whole fabric of a woman's lighter Than wind or feathers : what is then her fame? A kind of nothing ;- not to be preserved. With the loss of so much money : 'tis sound doctrine And I will follow it. Exit. Bell. Prithee, be not doubtful ; Let the wild colt run his course. Beau. I must confess I cannot sound the depth of what you purpose, But I much fear-Bell. That he will blab; I know it, And that a secret scalds him : that he suffers Till he hath vented what I seem to wish He should conceal ;-but let him, I am arm'd for't. Excunt. SCENE V .- A Room in Dinant's House. Enter Chamont, Dinant, Lamira, Clarinda, and Servants. Cham. For Perigot, he's in the toil ne'er doubt it, O, had you seen how his veins swell'd with lust, When I brought him to the chamber ! how he gloried And stretch'd his limbs, preparing them for action ; And, taking me to be a pander, told me Twas more delight to have a lord his cuckold, Than to enjoy my lady !- there I left him In contemplation, greedily expecting Lamira's presence ; but, instead of her, I have prepared him other visitants.-You know what you have to do? I Scro. Fear not, my lord, He shall curvet, I warrant him, in a blanket. 2 Serv. We'll discipline him with dogwhips, and take off His rampant edge. Cham. His life ; save that-remember, You cannot be too cruel. Din. For his pupil, My wife's Inamorato, if cold weeds, Removed but one degree from deadly poison, Have not forgot their certain operation,

You shall see his courage cool'd ; and in that temper,

Till he have howl'd himself into my pardon,	Nov. Oh! doctor,
I vow to keep him.	I cannot stand ; in every sense about me
Nov. [within.] Ho, doctor! masterdoctor!	I have the palsy, but my tongue.
Din. The game's afoot ; we will let slip :	Din. Nay then,
conceal	You are obstinate, and refuse my gentle offer;
Yourselves a little. [Excunt all but Dinant.	Or else 'tis foolish modesty :Come hither,
Rutu Marall	Come, my Clarinda,
Enter Novall.	Resultan Clasicada
Nov. Oh! a thousand agues	Re-enter Clarinda.
Play at barley-break in my bones; my blood's	'tis not common courtesy ;
a pool	Comfort the gentleman.
On the sudden frozen, and the isicles	Nov. This is ten times worse.
Cut every vein : 'tis here, there, everywhere ;	Cham. [within.] He does torment him
Oh dear, dear, master doctor !	rarely.
Din. I must seem	Din. She is not coy, sir.
Not to understand him ; 'twill increase his	What think you, is not this a pretty foot,
torture.— [Aside.	And a clean instep? I will leave the calf
How do you, sir? has the potion wrought?	For you to find and judge of : here's a hand
do you feel	too;
An alteration? have your swellings left you?	Try it, the palm is moist; the youthful blood
Is your blood still rebellious?	Runs strong in every azure vein : the face too
Nov. Oh, good doctor,	Ne'er knew the help of art ; and, all together,
I am a ghost ! I have nor flesh, nor blood,	May serve the turn, after a long sea-voyage,
Nor heat, nor warmth, about me.	For the captain's self.
Din. Do not dissemble ;	Nov. I am a swabber, doctor,
I know you are high and jovial.	A bloodless swabber; have not strength
Nov. Jovial ! doctor ;	enough
No, I am all amort, as if I had lain	To cleanse her poop.
Three days in my grave already.	Din. Fie ! you shame yourself,
Din. I will raise you :	And the profession of your rutting gallants,
For, look you, sir, you are a liberal patient,	That hold their doctors' wives as free for
Nor must I, while you can be such, part with	them,
you;	As some of us do our apothecaries'!
Tis against the laws of our college. Pray	Nov. Good sir, no more.
you, mark me ;	Din. Take her aside ; cornute me ;
I have with curiosity consider'd	I give you leave : what should a quacksalve,
Your constitution to be hot and moist,	A fellow that does deal with drugs, as I do, That has not means to give her choice of
And that at your nativity Jupiter And Venus were in conjunction, whence it	gowns,
follows,	Jewels, and rich embroidered petticoats,
By necessary consequence, you must be	Do with so fair a bedfellow? she being
A most insatiate letcher.	fashion'd
Nov. Oh ! I have been,	To purge a rich heir's reins, to be the-
I have been, I confess : but now I cannot	mistress
Think of a woman.	Of a court gallant? Did you not tell her so?
Din. For your health you must, sir,	Nov. I have betray'd myself ! I did, I did.
Both think, and see, and touch ; you're but	Din. And that rich merchants, advocates,
a dead man else.	and doctors,
Now. That way, I am already.	Howe'er deserving from the commonwealth,
Din. You must take,	On forfeit of the city's charter, were
And suddenly ('tis a conceal'd receipt),	Predestined cuckolds?
A buxom, juicy wench.	Nov. Oh, some pity, doctor !
Nov. Oh ! 'twill not down, sir ;	I was an heretic, but now converted.
I have no swallow for't.	Some little, little respite !
Din. Now, since I would	Din. No, you town-bull;
Have the disease as private as the cure,	venge all good men's wrongs,
(For 'tis a secret,) I have wrought my wife	And now will play the tyrant. To dissect
To be both physic and physician,	thee,
To give you ease :will you walk to her?	Eat thy flesh off with burning corrosives,

186 THE PARLIAMENT OF LOVE. Or write with aquafortis in thy forehead, That boys in the streets shall hoot at thee : Thy last intent to wrong my bed, were justice; come, Lamira, And to do less were foolish pity in me : And triumph o'er him .- Dost thou see this I speak it, ribald ! Nov. Perigot ! Perigot ! lady. My wife, whose honour foolishly thou thought'st Woe to thy cursed counsel. To undermine, and make a servant to Re-enter Chamont and Lamira. Thy brutish lusts, laughing at thy affliction? And, as a sign she scorns thee, set her foot Cham, Perigot ! Upon thy head? Do so :- 'Sdeath ! but Did he advise you to this course? resist, Nov. He did. Once more you caper. Cham. And he has his reward for't. Peri. I am at the stake, Peri. within. Will you murder me ! Serv. within. Once more, aloft with him. Peri. within. Murder! murder! murder! And must endure it. Cham. Spurn him, too, Lam. Troth, sir, I do him too much grace. Re-enter Servants, with Perigot in a blanket. Cham. Now, as a schoolboy Does kiss the rod that gave him chastisement, Cham. What conceal'd bake-meats have you there? a present? To prove thou art a slave, meet, with thy lips, Is it goat's flesh? It smells rank, This instrument that corrects thee, I Serv. We have had Peri. Have you done yet? Sweet work of it, my lord, 2 Serv.' I warrant you 'tis tender, Din. How like a pair of crest-fallen jades they look now ! Cla. They are not worth our scorn. It wants no cooking ; yet, if you think fit, Peri. O pupil, pupil ! Nov. Tutor, I am drench'd : let us con-We'll bruise it again. Peri. As you are Christians, spare me ! I am jelly within already, and without dole together. Embroidered all o'er with statute lace. Cham. And where's the tickling itch now, What would you more? my dear monsieur, Nov. My tutor in the gin, too ! To say, This lord's my cuckold !- I am tired: This is some comfort : he is as good as That we had fresh dogs to hunt them ! drench'd ; And now we'll both be chaste. Enter Clarindore. Cham. What, is't a cat Clarin. . . You have encounter'd, monsieur, you are scratch'd so? I am acquainted with the story : My lady, sure, forgot to pare her nails, The doctor's man has told me all. Before your soft embraces. Din. He has ta'en great pains : Din. Upon them. Peri. Clarindore ! worst of all :- for him What a sweat he's in ! to know this, Cham. O ! he's a master-dancer, Is a second blanketting to me. Nov. I again Knows how to caper into a lady's favour : One lofty trick more, dear monsieur. Nov. That I had Am drench'd to look on him. Clarin. How is't? nay, bear up ; You that commend adultery, I am glad But strength enough to laugh at him ! blanketted like a dog. To see it thrive so well. Fie, Perigot ! And like a cut-purse whipt ! I am sure that Dejected? Haply thou wouldst have us think, now. He cannot jeer me. This is the first time that thou didst curvet, Peri. May not a man have leave And come aloft in a blanket. By St. Dennis! Here are shrewd scratches too; but nothing to To hang himself ! Cham. No ; that were too much mercy. A man of resolution, whose shoulders Live to be wretched ; live to be the talk Are of themselves armour of proof, against Of the conduit, and the bakehouse. I will A bastinado, and will tire ten beadles. have thee Peri. Mock on ; know no mercy. Pictured as thou art now, and thy whole story Clarin. Thrifty young men ! What a charge is saved in wenching ! and Sung to some villainous tune in a lewd ballad; And make thee so notorious to the world, 'tis timely-

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A certain wager of three thousand crowns And, when he comes to trial for his life. Is lost, and must be paid, my pair of puppies: She'll rise up his accuser. The cov dame, Bellisant, hath stoop'd ! bear Cham. So 'tis rumour'd : And that's the motive that young Cleremond witness This chain and jewels you have seen her wear. Makes it his humble suit, to have his cause The fellow, that her grooms kick'd down Decided in the Parliament of Love ; For he pretends the bloody quarrel grew the stairs, From grounds that claim a reference to that Hath crept into her bed ; and, to assure you There's no deceit, she shall confess so much, place : I have enjoy'd her. Nor fears he, if you grant him equal hearing, Cham. Are you serious? But, with unanswerable proof, to render Clarin. Yes, and glory in it. The cruel Leonora tainted with Cham. Nay then, give over fooling. A guilt beyond his. Laf. The king is acquainted Thou liest, and art a villain, a base villain, Already with the accident ; besides, To slander her. Clarin. You are a lord, and that He hath vouchsafed to read divers petitions Bids me forbcar you ; but I will make good Preferr'd on several causes ; one against Whatever I have said. Monsieur Dinant, his doctor, by Novall : A second, in which madam Bellisant Cham. I'll not lose time To change words with thee. The king hath Complains 'gainst Clarindore; there is a ordain'd bill too, Brought in by Perigot, against your lordship; A Parliament of Love to right her wrongs, To which I summon thee. Clarin. Your worst : I care not. All which, in person, he resolves to hear, [Exit. -Fare-Then, as a judge, to censure. [Exit. well, babions ! A flourish within. Phil. See the form ! Din. Here was a sudden change ! Nay, you must quit my house : shog on, kind patient, Choice musick ushers him. Cham. Let us meet the troop, And, as you like my physic, when you are And mix with them. Rampant again, you know I have that can Phil. 'Twill poize your expectation. cool you. [Excunt. Nay, monsieur Perigot, help your pupil off Loud Music. Enter Charles followed by Orleans, Nemours, Chamont, Lafort, and too. Your counsel brought him on. Ha! no reply? Philamour. A Priest with the image of Are you struck dumb? If you are wrong'd, Cupid : then enter Cleremond, Clarincomplain. dore, Perigot, Novall, Bellisant, Leonora, Peri. We shall find friends to right us. Beaupré, Lamira, Clarinda, and Officers. Din. And I justice, Montrose is brought forward on a bier, The cause being heard; I ask no more. and placed before the bar. [Excunt. Hence ! vanish ! Char. Let it not seem a wonder, nor beget An ill opinion in this fair assembly, ACT V. That here I place this statue ; 'tis not done, Upon the forfeit of our grace, that you SCENE I.- A Court of Justice. Should, with a superstitious reverence, Fall down and worship it : nor can it be Enter Chamont, Philamour, and Lafort. Presumed, we hope, young Charles, that Phil. Montrose slain ! and by Cleremond ! justly holds Cham. 'Tis too true. The honour'd title of most Christian King, Laf. But wondrous strange, that any dif-Would ever nourish such idolatrous thoughts. ference, 'Tis rather to instruct deceived mankind, Especially of such a deadly nature, How much pure Love, that has his birth in Should e'er divide so eminent a friendship. heaven. Phil. The miracle is greater, that a lady, And scorns to be received a guest, but in His most devoted mistress, Leonora, A noble heart prepared to entertain him, Against the usual softness of her sex, Is, by the gross misprision of weak men, Should with such violence and heat pursue Abused and injured. That celestial fire, Which hieroglyphically is described. Her amorous servant ; since I'm inform'd In this his bow, his quiver, and his torch, That he was apprehended by her practice,

First warm'd their bloods, and after gave a name

To the old heroic spirits : such as Orpheus, That drew men, differing little then from beasts,

To civil government ; or famed Alcides, The tyrant-queller, that refused the plain

And easy path leading to vicious pleasures, And ending in a precipice deep as hell, To scale the ragged cliff, on whose firm top Virtue and Honour, crown'd with wreaths of stars,

Did sit triumphant. But it will be answer'd, (The world decaying in her strength,) that now

We are not equal to those ancient times, And therefore 'twere impertinent and tedious To cite more precedents of that reverend age, But rather to endeavour, as we purpose, To give encouragement, by reward, to such

As with their best nerves imitate that old goodness ;

And, with severe correction, to reform

'The modern vices .- Begin ; read the bills. Peri. Let mine be first, my lord ; 'twas first preferr'd. Bell. But till my cause be heard, our

whole sex suffers

Off. Back ! keep back, there !

Nov. Prithee, gentle officer,

Handle me gingerly, or I fall to pieces, Before I can plead mine.

Peri. I am bruised

Omner. Justice ! justice ! Char. Forbear these clamours, you shall

all be heard . And, to confirm I am no partial judge, By lottery decide it ; here's no favour.-

Whose bill is first, Lafort? The names are drawn,

Laf. 'Tis Cleremond's.

Char. The second? Laf, Perigot's ; the third Novall's.

Nov. Our cases are both lamentable, tutor. Peri. And I am glad they shall be heard

together ; We cannot stand asunder.

Char, What's the last? Laf. The injured lady Bellisant's.

Char. To the first, then ;

And so proceed in order.

Phil. Stand to the bar.

[Cler. comes forward. Leon. Speak, Cleremond, thy grief, as I will mine.

Peri. A confident little pleader ! were I in case,

I would give her a double fee. Nov. So would I, tutor.

Off. Silence ! silence !

Cler. Should I rise up to plead my innocence,

Though, with the favour of the court, I stood Acquitted to the world, yea, though the wounds

Of my dead friend, (which, like so many mouths

With bloody tongues, cry out aloud against me,)

By your authority, were closed ; yet here, A not to be corrupted judge, my conscience,

Would not alone condemn me, but inflict

Such lingering tortures on me, as the hangman,

Though witty in his malice, could not equal. I therefore do confess a guilty cause

Touching the fact, and, uncompell'd, acknowledge

Myself the instrument of a crime the sun, Hiding his face in a thick mask of clouds, As frighted with the horror, durst not look on. But if your laws with greater rigour punish Such as invent a mischief, than the organs By whom 'tis put in act, (they truly being

The first great wheels by which the lesser move,

Then stand forth, Leonora; and I'll prove The white robe of my innocence tainted with But one black spot of guilt, and even that one By thy hand cast on me; but thine, dyed o'er, Ten times in grain, in hell's most ugly colours.

Leon. The fellow is distracted : see how he raves !

Now as I live, if detestation of His baseness would but give me leave, I should Begin to pity him,

Cler. Frontless impudence, And not to be replied be ! Sir, to you, And these subordinate ministers of yourself. I turn my speech : to her I do repent I e'er vouchsafed a syllable. My birth Was noble as 'tis ancient, nor let it relish Of arrogance, to say my father's care, With curiousness and cost, did train me up In all those liberal qualities that commend A gentleman : and when the tender down Upon my chin told me I was a man, I came to court; there youth, ease, and ex-

ample,

First made me feel the pleasing pangs of love : And there I saw this woman ; saw, and loved her

With more than common ardour : for that deity,

(Such our affection makes him,) whose dread power

. . the choicest arrow, headed with



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You will, in her, grub up the root. I have said, sir.
<i>Leon.</i> Much, I confess, but much to little purpose.
And though, with your rhetorical flourishes,
You strive to gild a rotten cause, the touch
Of reason, fortified by truth, delivered
From my unletter'd tongue, shall shew it
dust;
And so to be contemn'd: You have trimm'd up
All your deservings, should I grant them such,
With more care than a maiden of threescore
Does hide her wrinkles, which, if she en-
counter
The rain, the wind, or sun, the paint wash'd off,
Are to dim eyes discover'd. I forbear
The application, and in a plain style
Come roundly to the matter. 'Tis confess'd,
This pretty, handsome, gentleman, (for
thieves Led to the gallows are held proper men,
And so I now will call him,) would needs
make me
The mistress of his thoughts; nor did I
scorn,
For truth is truth, to grace him as a servant.
Nay, he took pretty ways to win me too,
For a court novice; every year I was
His Valentine, and, in an anagram,
My name worn in his hat; he made me
banquets, As if he thought that ladies, like to flies,
Were to be caught with sweetmeats; quar-
rell'd with
My tailor, if my gown were not the first
Of that edition; beat my shoemaker,
If the least wrinkle on my foot appear'd,
As wronging the proportion ; and, in time,
Grew bolder, usher'd me to masques, and .
Or else paid him that wrote them;
With such a deal of p
gambols :
In a word, I was so; and a solemn contract
Did pass betwixt us; and the day appointed,
That should make our embraces warrantable,
And lawful to the world : all things so car-
ried,
As he meant nought but honourable love.
Char. A pretty method.
Phil. Quaintly, too, deliver'd.
Leon. But, when he thought me sure, he
then gave proof That foul lust lurk'd in the fair shape of love;
For, valuing neither laws divine, nor human,
His credit, nor my fame, with violence born
On black-sail'd wings of loose and base de-
sires,

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As if his natural parts had quite forsook him, What either of you have deserved, and why And that the pleasures of the marriage bed These instruments of our power are now Were to be reaped with no more ceremony thought useful : You shall hear more, anon .-Than brute beasts couple,-I yet blush to speak it, Cler. I like not this, Aside. Leon. A dreadful preparation ! He tempted me to yield my honour up I confess It shakes my confidence. Clarin. I presumed this court To his libidinous twines; and, like an Aride. atheist. Scoff d at the form and orders of the church ; Had been in sport erected ; but now find. Nor ended so, but, being by me reproved, With sorrow to the strongest hopes I built on, He offered violence ; but was prevented. That 'tis not safe to be the subject of of kings. Char. Note, a sudden change. Laf. "Twas foul in Cleremond. The (New Speaker.) To the second cause. Leon, I, burning then with a most vir-Laf. Perigot's. Nov. Nay, take me along too ; And, since that our complaints differ not tuous anger, Razed from my heart the memory of his name. much, Reviled, and spit at him ; and knew 'twas Dispatch us both together. I accuse This devilish doctor. iustice That I should take those deities he scorn'd, Peri. I, this wicked lord. Nov. 'Tis known I was an able, lusty man, Hymen and Cupid, into my protection, And be the instrument of their revenge : Fit to get soldiers to serve my king And so I cast him off, scorn'd his submission, And country in the wars ; and howsoever "Tis said I am not valiant of myself, His poor and childish whinings, will'd my servants I was a striker, one that could strike home To shut my gates against him : but, when too; neither And never did beget a girl, though drunk. Disdain, hate, or contempt, could free me To make this good, I could produce brave from boys, His loathsome importunities, (and fired too, That others father, twigs of mine own graft-To wreak mine injured honour,) I took ing, That loved a drum at four, and ere full ten, gladly Advantage of his execrable oaths Fought battles for the parish they were born To undergo what penance I enjoin'd him ; in ; Then, to the terror of all future ribalds, And such by-blows, old stories say, still That make no difference between love and proved Fortunate captains : now, whereas, in justice, lust, Imposed this task upon him. I have said, I should have had a pension from the state For my good service, this ingrateful doctor, too : Now, when you please, a censure. Having no child, and never like to have one, Char. She has put Because, in pity of his barrenness, The judges to their whisper. Nov. What do you think of these pro-I plotted how to help him to an heir, Has, with a drench, so far disabled me, ceedings, tutor? That the great Turk may trust me with his Peri. The truth is, virgins, I like not the severity of the court ; And never use a surgeon. Now consider, Would I were quit, and in an hospital, If this be not hard measure, and a wrong to I could let fall my suit !. Little Dan Cupid, if he be the god Nov. "Tis still your counsel. Char. We are resolved, and with an Of coupling, as 'tis said ; and will undo, If you give way to this, all younger brothers equal hand That carry their revenue in their breeches. Will hold the scale of justice ; pity shall not Have I not nick'd it, tutor? [Aside to Peri. Rob us of strength and will to draw her sword, Peri. To a hair, boy : Nor passion transport us : let a priest Our bills shall pass, ne'er fear it. [Aside.]-And headsman be in readiness ;- do you For my case, start. It is the same, sir ; my intent as noble As was my pupil's. Cham, Plead it not again, then : 'To hear them named? Some little pause we grant you, To take examination of yourselves, It takes much from the dignity of the court

But to give audience to such things as these,	Yet, to increase your pity, and call on
That do, in their defence, condemn them-	Your justice with severity, this fair outside
selves,	Was but the cover of a fairer mind.
And need not an accuser. To be short, sir,	Think, then, what punishment he must
And in a language as far from obsceneness, As the foul cause will give me leave be	deserve, And justly suffer that could arm his heart
As the foul cause will give me leave, be pleased	And justly suffer, that could arm his heart With such impenetrable flinty hardness,
To know thus much: This hungry pair of	To injure so much sweetness.
flesh-flies,	Clarin. I must stand
And most inseparable pair of coxcombs,	The fury of this tempest, which already
Though born of divers mothers, twins in	Sings in my ears.
baseness, Ware frequent at my table, had free welcome	Bell. Great sir, the too much praise
Were frequent at my table, had free welcome And entertainment fit for better men	This lord, my guardian once, has shower'd
And entertainment fit for better men ; In the return of which, this thankful monsieur	upon me, Could not but spring up blushes in my cheeks,
Tempted my wife, seduced her, at the least	If grief had left me blood enough to speak
To him it did appear so ; which discover'd,	My humble modesty: and so far I am
And with what treacheries he did abuse	From being litigious, that though I were
My bounties, treading underneath his feet	robb'd
All due respect of hospitable rights,	Of my whole estate, provided my fair name
Or the honour of my family; though the intent	Had been unwounded, I had now been silent, But since the wrongs I undergo, if smother'd
intent Deserved a stab, and at the holy altar,	But since the wrongs I undergo, if smother'd, Would injure our whole sex, I must lay by
I borrrow'd so much of your power to right	My native bashfulness, and put on boldness,
me,	Fit to encounter with the impudence
As to make him caper.	Of this bad man, that from his birth hath been
Din. For this gallant, sir,	So far from nourishing an honest thought,
I do confess I cool'd him, spoil'd his ram-	That the abuse of virgins was his study,
bling; Would all such as delight in it, were served so!	And daily practice. His forsaking of His wife, distressed Beaupré; his lewd wager
And since you are acquainted with the	With these, companions like himself, to
motives	abuse me ;
That did induce me to it, I forbear	His desperate resolution, in my presence,
A needless repetition.	To be his own assassin ; to prevent which,
Cham. 'Tis not worth it.	Foolish compassion forced me to surrender
The criminal judge is fitter to take	The life of life, my honour, I pass over :
Of pleas of this base nature. Be An injured lady, for whose wrong	I'll only touch his foul ingratitude, To scourge which monster, if your laws
I see the statue of the god of love	provide not
Drop down tears of compassion, his sad	A punishment with rigour, they are useless.
mother,	Or if the sword, the gallows, or the wheel,
And fair cheek'd Graces, that attend on her,	Be due to such as spoil us of our goods ;
Weeping for company, as if that all	Perillus' brazen bull, the English rack,
The ornaments upon the Paphian shrine Were with one grine by sacrilegious hands	The German pincers, or the Scotch oil'd-
Were, with one gripe, by sacrilegious hands, Torn from the holy altar : 'tis a cause, sir,	boots, Though join'd together, yet come short of
That justly may exact your best attention ;	torture,
Which if you truly understand and censure,	To their full merit, those accursed wretches,
You not alone shall right the present times,	That steal our reputations, and good names,
But bind posterity to be your debtor.	As this base villain has done mine :
Stand forth, dear madam :	Forgive me,
[Bellisant comes forward. Look upon this face	If rage provoke me to uncivil language; The cause requires it Was it not enough
Look upon this face, Examine every feature and proportion,	The cause requires it. Was it not enough That, to preserve thy life, I lost my honour,
And you with me must grant, this rare piece	
finish'd,	
Nature, despairing e'er to make the like,	whose means, unfortunate I,
Brake suddenly the mould in which 'twas	Whom, but of late, the city, nay, all France,
fashion'd.	Durst bring in opposition for chaste life,

Made sure by her confession of my service,) With any woman in the Christian world, If it had been conceal'd. Am now become a by-word, and a scorn, In mine own country. Char. Who would have thought Char. As I live, she moves me. Is this true, Clarindore? Nov. Oh! 'sis very true, sir ; harbour He bragg'd of it to me. Peri, And me. Nay, since we must be censured, we'll give nature. evidence ; "Tis comfort to have fellows in affliction : You shall not 'scape, fine monsieur. Thou art the captain of that That glory in their sins, and Clarin, Peace, you dog-bolts !-Sir, I address myself to you, and hope You have preserved one ear for my defence, The other freely given to my accuser : scorn'd, This lady, that complains of injury, If she have any, was herself the cause That brought it to her; for being young, and rich, And fair too, as you see, and from that proud, She boasted of her strength, as if it were not To marry you, it were to him a blessing, In the power of love to undermine the fort On which her chastity was strongly raised : Be your own judge ; whate'er you shall de-I, that was bred a courtier, and served Almost my whole life under Cupid's ensigns, termine, Could not, in justice, but interpret this By my crown, I'll see perform'd. Clarin. I am in a fine case, As an affront to the great god of love, And all his followers, if she were not brought To stand at a woman's mercy. To due obedience : these strong reasons, sir, Made me to undertake her. How I woo'd, Bell. Then thus, sir : I am not bloody, nor bent to revenge ; Or what I swore, it skills not ; (since 'tis said, And truly, Jupiter and Venus smile At lovers' perjuries ;) to be brief, she yielded, me, And I enjoy'd her : if this be a crime, And all such as offend this pleasant way Marry this Moor Are to be punish'd, I am sure you would have Char. It is not to be alter'd. Few followers in the court : you are young Clarin. This is cruelty Beyond expression, yourself, sir And what would you in such a cause ?-Laf. Forbear. Phil. You are rude and insolent. well, Clarin. Good words, gentle judges. off, I have no oil'd tongue; and I hope my Thou shalt find Beaupré. bluntness Clarin. Beaupré! Will not offend. Char. But did you boast your conquest Bell. Yes, his wife, sir, But long by him with violence cast off : And in this shape she serv'd me; all my Got on this lady? Clarin. After victory ; studies A little glory in a soldier's mouth Aiming to make a fair atonement for her, Is not uncomely; love being a kind of war

And what I did achieve, was full of labour As his that wins strong towns, and merits triumphs.

I thought it could not but take from my honour,

Besides the wager of three thousand crowns

That such an impudence could e'er have

In the heart of any gentleman? In this, Thou dost degrade thyself of all the honours Thy ancestors left thee, and, in thy base

"Tis too apparent that thou art a peasant. Boast of a lady's favours ! this confirms

With name of courtship ; such as dare bely Great women's bounties, and repuls'd and

Commit adultery with their good names, And never touch their persons. I am sorry, For your sake, madam, that I cannot make Such reparation for you in your honour As I desire ; for, if I should compel him

To you a punishment ; he being so unworthy ;

I therefore do resign my place to you;

Aside.

And study his amendment, not his ruin :

Yet, since you have given up your power to

For punishment, I do enjoin him to

Clarin. A devil ! hang me rather.

I have a wife. Cham. Ay, too good for thee. View her

And then, this varnish from her face wash'd

To which your majesty may now constrain him.

Clarin. It needs not; I receive her, and ask pardon

Of her and you,

Bell. On both our parts 'tis granted.

This was your bedfellow, and fill'd your arms,



THE PARLIAM	ENT OF LOVE. 193
When you thought you embraced me ; I am yet	Bell. For my part 'tis forgiven ; and thus I seal
A virgin; nor had ever given consent,	Char. Nor are we averse
In my chaste house, to such a wanton passage,	To your desires; may you live long, and
But that I knew that her desires were lawful	happy:
But now no more of personated passion :	Nov. Mercy to us, great sir.
This is the man I loved, [pointing to the	Peri. We will become
bier,] that I loved truly,	Chaste and reform'd men.
However I dissembled ; and, with him,	Cham. and Din. We both are suitors.
Dies all affection in me. So, great sir,	On this submission, for your pardon, sir.
Resume your seat.	Cham. Which we in part will grant : but,
Char. An unexpected issue,	to deter
Which I rejoice in. Would 'twere in our	Others, by their example, from pursuing
power	Unlawful lusts, that think adultery
To give a period to the rest, like this,	A sport to be oft practised; fix on them
And spare our heavy censure but the death	Two satyrs' heads; and so, in capital letters
Of good Montrose forbids it. Cleremond, Thou instantly shall marry Leonora;	Their foul intents writ on their breasts, we'll have them
Which done, as suddenly thy head cut off,	Led thrice through Paris; then, at the court
And corpse interr'd, upon thy grave I'll build	gate.
A room of eight feet square, in which this	To stand three hours, where Clarindore shall
lady,	make
For punishment of her cruelty, shall die	His recantation for the injury
An anchoress.	Done to the lady Bellisant; and read
Leon. I do repent, and rather	A sharp invective, ending with a curse
Will marry him, and forgive him.	Against all such as boast of ladies' favours :
Clarin. Bind her to	Which done, both truly penitent, my doctor
Her word, great sir; Montrose lives; this a	Shall use his best art to restore your strength,
plot	And render Perigot a perfect man
To catch this obstinate lady.	So break we up LOVE'S PARLIAMENT.
Leon. I am glad	which, we hope,
To be so cheated.	Being for mirth intended, shall not meet
Mont. [rises from the bier] Lady,	with
	An ill construction ; and if then, fair ladies
Your good opinion of me when thought dead.	You please to approve it, we hope you'ld
Nor let not my neglect to wait upon you,	invite
Considering what a business of import	Your friends to see it flen, with delight.
Diverted me, be thought unpardonable.	[Excunt.



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The Roman Actor.

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

ACTORS' NAMES.

Domitianus Casar	. I. Lowin.
Domitianus Cæsar	I Taylor
	(T. Pollard.
Ælius Lamia,	
Junius Rusticus, senators	Rob. Benfield,
Palphurius Sura,	W. Patricke.
Fulcinius,	(
Parthenius, Cæsar's freedman	. R. Sharpe.
Aretinus, Cæsar's sby	. E. Swanstone,
Stephanos, Domitilla's freedman.	
Æsopus,	R. Robinson.
Æsopus, } players	C. Greville,
Philargus, a rich miser ; father to Parthenius	. A. Smith.
Ascletario, an astrologer.	
Sejcius,)	G. Vernon.
Sejeius, conspirators	J. Horne,
Domitia, wife of Alius Lamia	- I. Tompson.
Domitia, wife of Ælius Lamia	. J. Hunnieman.
Julia, daughter of Titus	. W. Trigge.
Caenis, Vespasian's concubine	. A. Gough.
A Lady.	Street of the local division of the local di
	17 1 17 1 1 1

Tribunes, Lictors, Centurions, Soldiers, Hangmen, Servants, Captives. SCENE,-Rome.

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ACT I. SCENE 1.—The Theatre. Eater Paris, Latinus, and Æsopus. Æsop. What do we act to-day? Lat. Agave's frenzy. With Pentheus' bloody end. Par. It skills not what : The times are dull, and all that we receive With Hardly satisfy the day's expense. The Greeks, to whom we owe the first in- vention Both of the buskin'd scene, and humble sock, That reign in every noble family, Declaim against us ; and our theatre, Great Pompey's work, that hath given full delight Both to the eye and ear of fifty thousand Spectators in one day, as if it were Some unknown desart, or great Rome un- peopled, Is quite forsaken. Lat. Pleasures of worse natures	To buy diseases from a glorious strumpet, The most censorious of our Roman gentry, Nay, of the garded robe, the senators, Esteem an easy purchase. Par. Yet grudge us, That with delight join profit, and endeavour To build their minds up fair, and on the stage Decipher to the life what honours wait On good and glorious actions, and the shame That treads upon the heels of vice, the salary Of six settertii. <i>Matop.</i> For the profit, Paris, And mercenary gain, they are things be- neath us; Since, while you hold your grace and power with Caesar, We, from your bounty, find a large supply, Nor can one thought of want ever approach us. <i>Par.</i> Our aim is glory, and to leave our names To aftertime. Lat. And, would they give us leave,
Some unknown desart, or great Rome un- peopled,	names
<i>Lat.</i> Pleasures of worse natures Are gladly entertain'd; and they that shun us, Practise, in private, sports the stews would	Lat. And, would they give us leave, There ends all our ambition. Asop. We have enemies,
blush at. A litter borne by eight Liburnian slaves,	And great ones too, I fear. "Tis given out lately,

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The consul Aretinus, Cæsar's spy,	Rust. Noble Lamia.
Said at his table, ere a month expired,	So dangerous the age is, and such bad acts
For being gall'd in our last comedy,	Are practised every where, we hardly sleep,
He'd silence us for ever.	Nay, cannot dream with safety. All our
Par. I expect	actions
No favour from him; my strong Aventine is,	Are call'd in question ; to be nobly born
That great Domitian, whom we oft have	Is now a crime; and to deserve too well,
cheer'd	Held capital treason. Sons accuse their
In his most sullen moods, will once return,	fathers,
Who can repair, with ease, the consul's ruins.	Fathers their sons; and, but to win a smile
Lat. 'Tis frequent in the city, he hath	
subdued	From one in grace at court, our chastest matrons
The Catti and the Daci, and, ere long,	
	Make shipwreck of their honours. To be virtuous
The second time will enter Rome in triumph.	
Enter two Lictors.	Is to be guilty. They are only safe
Par. Jove hasten it? With us?-I now	That know to sooth the prince's appetite,
	And serve his lusts.
believe The consul's threats Alconus	Sura. 'Tis true; and 'tis my wonder,
The consul's threats, Æsopus.	That two sons of so different a nature
I Lict. You are summon'd	Should spring from good Vespasian. We
To appear to-day in senate.	had a Titus, Stul'd justily (the Delicity of all Mar
2 Lict. And there to answer	Styl'd, justly, "the Delight of all Man-
What shall be urged against you.	kind,"
Par. We obey you.	Who did esteem that day lost in his life
Nay, droop not, fellows; innocence should	In which some one or other tasted not
be bold.	Of his magnificent bounties. One that had
We, that have personated in the scene	A ready tear, when he was forced to sign
The ancient heroes, and the falls of princes,	The death of an offender : and so far
With loud applause ; being to act ourselves,	From pride, that he disdain'd not the con-
Must do it with undoubted confidence.	verse
Whate'er our sentence be, think 'tis in sport :	Even of the poorest Roman.
And, though condemn'd, let's hear it without	Lam. Yet his brother,
SOTTOW,	Domitian, that now sways the power of things,
As if we were to live again to-morrow.	Is so inclined to blood, that no day passes
1 Lict. Tis spoken like yourself.	In which some are not fasten'd to the hook,
Enter Ælius Lamia, Junius Rusticus, and	Or thrown down from the Gemonies. His freed men
Palphurius Sura,	
Lam Whithen mean Danis)	Scorn the nobility, and he himself,
Lam. Whither goes Paris?	As if he were not made of flesh and blood,
I Lict. He's cited to the senate.	Forgets he is a man.
Lat. I am glad the state is	Rust. In his young years,
So free from matters of more weight and trouble.	He shew'd what he would be when grown to ripeness :
That it has vacant time to look on us.	His greatest pleasure was, being a child,
Par. That reverend place, in which the	
affairs of kings And provinces were determined, to descend	
To the censure of a bitter word, or jest,	escape In the Vitellian war, he raised a temple
Dropp'd from a poet's pen! Peace to your	To Jupiter, and proudly placed his figure
lordships 1	In the bosom of the god : and, in his edicts,
We are glad that you are safe.	He does not blush, or start, to style himself
<i>Execut</i> Lictors, Paris, Latinus, and Æsopus.	Great Lord and God Domitian.
Lam. What times are these !	Sura. I have letters
To what 's Rome fallen ! may we, being	
alone, Sarak our thoughts freely of the prince and	To enter with all glory. The flattering senate Decrees him divine honours; and to cross it,
Speak our thoughts freely of the prince and state.	Were death with studied torments : for
And not fear the informer?	
THE HOLICAL THE IMPLIFIC L	i my part, O 2
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I will obey the time ; it is in vain To strive against the torrent.

Rust. Let's to the curia,

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And, though unwillingly, give our suffrages, Before we are compell'd.

Lam. And since we cannot

With safety use the active, let's make use of The passive fortitude, with this assurance, That the state, sick in him, the gods to friend, Though at the worst, will now begin to mend. Exeunt.

SCENE II .- A Room in Lamia's House. Enter Domitia and Parthenius.

Dom. To me this reverence !

Parth. I pay it, lady,

As a debt due to her that's Cæsar's mistress: For understand with joy, he that commands All that the sun gives warmth to, is your Servant :

Be not amazed, but fit you to your fortunes. Think upon state and greatness, and the honours

That wait upon Augusta, for that name

Ere long, comes to you :--still you doubt

Presents a letter. your vassal-But, when you've read this letter, writ and sign'd

With his imperial hand, you will be freed From fear and jealousy; and, I beseech you, When all the beauties of the earth bow to I will remove this scruple. you,

And senators shall take it for an honour, As I do now, to kiss these happy feet ;

Kneels. When every smile you give is a preferment, And you dispose of provinces to your crea-

tures, Think on Parthenius.

Dom. Rise. I am transported,

And hardly dare believe what is assured here. The means, my good Parthenius, that wrought Cæsar,

Our god on earth, to cast an eye of favour Upon his humble handmaid?

Parth. What, but your beauty?

When nature framed you for her masterpiece, As the pure abstract of all rare in woman, She had no other ends but to design you To the most eminent place. I will not say (For it would smell of arrogance, to insinuate The service I have done you) with what zeal I oft have made relation of your virtues,

Or how I've sung your goodness, or how Cæsar

Was fired with the relation of your story : I am rewarded in the act, and happy In that my project prosper'd. Dom. You are modest :

And were it in my power, I would be thankful. If that, when I was mistress of myself,

The emperor had vouchsafed to seek my favours,

I had with joy given up my virgin fort,

At the first summons, to his soft embraces ; But I am now another's, not mine own.

You know I have a husband :-- for my honour,

I would not be his strumpet ; and how law Can be dispensed with to become his wife, To me's a riddle.

Parth. I can soon resolve it :

When power puts in his plea the laws are silenced.

The world confesses one Rome, and one Cæsar,

And as his rule is infinite, his pleasures Are unconfined ; this syllable, his will, Stands for a thousand reasons.

Dom. But with safety,

Suppose I should consent, how can I do it? My husband is a senator, and of a temper Not to be jested with.

Enter Lamia.

Parth. As if he durst

Be Cæsar's rival !- here he comes ; with ease

Lam. How ! so private !

My own house made a brothel ! [Aside.]-Sir, how durst you,

Though guarded with your power in court, and greatness,

Hold conference with my wife? As for you, minion,

I shall hereafter treat-

Parth. You are rude and saucy,

Nor know to whom you speak.

Lam. This is fine, i'faith !

Is she not my wife?

Parth. Your wife ! But touch her, that respect forgotten

That's due to her whom mightiest Cæsar favours,

And think what 'tis to die. Not to lose time, She's Cæsar's choice : it is sufficient honour You were his taster in this heavenly nectar ; But now must quit the office. Lam. This is rare!

Cannot a man be master of his wife

Because she's young and fair, without a patent?

I in my own house am an emperor,

And will defend what's mine, Where are my knaves?

If such an insolence escape unpunish'd-

And in my way of youth, pure and untainted,

THE ROMAN ACTOR. 197 Parth. In yourself, Lamia-Cæsar hath That this my ravish'd wife may prove as fatal To proud Domitian, and her embraces forgot To use his power, and I, his instrument, Afford him, in the end, as little joy In whom, though absent, his authority As wanton Helen brought to him of Troy ! speaks, Exit. Have lost my faculties ! [Stamps. SCENE III. - The Curia or Senate-house. Enter a Centurion with Soldiers. Enter Lictors, Aretinus, Fulcinius, Rusticus, Sura, Paris, Latinus, and Æsopus. Lam. The guard ! why, am I Design'd for death? Aret. Fathers conscript, may this our Dom. As you desire my favour meeting be Take not so rough a course. Happy to Cæsar and the commonwealth ! Parth. All your desires Lict. Silence ! Are absolute commands : Yet give me leave Aret. The purpose of this frequent senate To put the will of Cæsar into act. Is, first, to give thanks to the gods of Rome, Here's a bill of divorce between your lordship That, for the propagation of the empire, And this great lady : if you refuse to sign it, Vouchsafe us one to govern it, like themselves. And so as if you did it uncompell'd, In height of courage, depth of understanding, Won to 't by reasons that concern yourself, And all those virtues, and remarkable graces, Her honour too untainted, here are clerks, Which make a prince most eminent, our Shall in your best blood write it new, till Domitian torture Transcends the ancient Romans : I can never Compel you to perform it. Bring his praise to a period. What good man, Lam. Is this legal? That is a friend to truth, dares make it Parth. Monarchs that dare not do unlawdoubtful. ful things, That he hath Fabius' staidness, and the Yet bear them out, are constables, not kings. courage Will you dispute? Of bold Marcellus, to whom Hannibal gave Lam. I know not what to urge The style of Target, and the Sword of Rome? Against myself, but too much dotage on her, But he has more, and every touch more Love, and observance. Roman ; Parth. Set it under your hand, As Pompey's dignity, Augustus' state, That you are impotent, and cannot pay Antony's bounty, and great Julius' fortune, With Cato's resolution. I am lost The duties of a husband; or, that you are In the ocean of his virtues : in a word, mad : Rather than want just cause, we'll make All excellencies of good men meet in him, Rut no part of their vices. Rust. This is no flattery! Sura. Take heed, you'll be observed. Arcl. 'Tis then most fit you so. Dispatch, you know the danger else ;-deliver it. Nay, on your knee.-Madam, you now are That we, (as to the father of our country, free, Like thankful sons, stand bound to pay true And mistress of yourself. Lam. Can you, Domitia, service Consent to this? For all those blessings that he showers upon Dom. 'Twould argue a base mind us,) To live a servant, when I may command. Should not connive, and see his government I now am Cæsar's : and yet, in respect Depraved and scandalized by meaner men, I once was yours, when you come to the That to his favour and indulgence owe palace, Themselves and being. Provided you deserve it in your service, Par. Now he points at us. You shall find me your good mistress. Wait Aret. Cite Paris, the tragedian. me, Parthenius; Par. Here. And now farewell, poor Lamia! Aret. Stand forth. [Excunt all bu: Lamia. In thee, as being the chief of thy profession, Lam. To the gods I do accuse the quality of treason, I bend my knees, (for tyranny hath banish'd As libellers against the state and Cæsar. Justice from men,) and as they would deserve Their altars, and our vows, humbly invoke Par. Mere accusations are not proofs, my lord; In what are we delinquents? them.

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Aret. You are they

That search into the secrets of the time,

And, under feign'd names, on the stage, present

Actions not to be touch'd at ; and traduce Persons of rank and quality of both sears, And, with satirical, and bitter Jests, Make even the senators ridiculous To the plebelant. Par, If I free not myself,

And, in myself, the rest of my profession, From these false imputations, and prove That they make that a libel which the poet Writ for a comedy, so activil too ; It is but justice that we undergo The heaviest censure.

Aret. Are you on the stage, You talk so boldly? Par. The whole world being one.

This place is not exempted ; and I am So confident in the justice of our cause, That I could wish Camar, in whose great TIATTIC

All kings are comprehended, sat as judge, To hear our plea, and then determine of us. If, to express a man sold to his lusts, Wasting the treasure of his time and fortunes In wanton dalliance, and to what sad end A wretch that's so given over does arrive at;

Deterring careless youth, by his example, From such licentious courses ; laying open The snares of bawds, and the consuming arts Of prodigal strumpets, can deserve reproof ; Why are not all your golden principles, Writ down hy grave philosophers to instruct

To choose fair virtue for our guide, not pleasure,

Condemn'd unto the fire?

Sura. There's spirit in this.

Par. Or if desire of honour was the base On which the building of the Roman empire Was raised up to this height ; if, to inflame The noble youth with an ambitious heat T' endure the frosts of danger, nay, of death, To be thought worthy the triumphal wreath By glorious undertakings, may deserve Reward, or favour from the commonwealth ; Actors may put in for as large a share As all the sects of the philosophers : They with cold precepts (perhaps seldom)

read) Deliver, what an honourable thing The active virtue is : but does that fire The blood, or swell the veins with emulation, To be both good and great, equal to that Which is presented on our theatres? Let a good actor, in a lofty scene, Show great Aleides honour'd in the sweat

Of his twelve labours ; or a bold Camillus Forbidding Rome to be redeem'd with gold From the insulting Gauls; or Scipio, After his victories, imposing tribute On conquer'd Carthage : if done to the life, As if they saw their dangers, and their glories, And did partake with them in their rewards, All that have any spark of Roman in them, The slothful arts laid by, contend to be Like those they see presented,

Russ. He has part

The consuls to their whisper. Par. But, 'tis urged

That we corrupt youth, and traduce superiors, When do we bring a vice upon the stage, That does go off unpunish'd? Do we teach, By the success of wicked undertakings, Others to tread in their forbidden steps? We shew no arts of Lydian panderism, Corinthian poisons, Persian flatteries, But mulcted so in the conclusion, that Even those spectators that were so inclined. Go home changed men. And, for traducing such

That are above us, publishing to the world. Their secret crimes, we are as innocent As such as are born dumb. When we present An heir, that does conspire against the life Of his dear parent, numbering every hour He lives, as tedious to him ; if there be, Among the auditors, one whose conscience

tells him He is of the same mould,-WE CANNOT HELP IT.

Or, bringing on the stage a loose adulteress, That does maintain the riotous expense

Of him that feeds her greedy lust, yet suffers The lawful pledges of a former bed To starve the while for hunger; if a matron,

However great in fortune, birth, or titles, Guilty of such a foul unnatural sin,

Cry out, "Tis writ for me,-WE CANNOT HELP IT.

Or, when a covetous man's express'd, whose wealth

Arithmetic cannot number, and whose lordships

A falcon in one day cannot fly over ;

Yet he so sordid in his mind, so griping,

As not to afford himself the necessaries

To maintain life ; if a patrician,

(Though honour'd with a consulship,) find himself

Touch'd to the quick in this,-WE CANNOT HELP IT.

Or, when we shew a judge that is corrupt, And will give up his sentence, as he favours The person, not the cause ; saving the guilty, If of his faction, and as oft condemning

The innocent, out of particular spleen ; Enter Captains with lawrels, Domitian in If any in this reverend assembly, his triumphant chariot, Parthenius, Paris, Nay, even yourself, my lord, that are the Latinus, and Æsopus, met by Aretinus, image Sura, Lamia, Rusticus, Fulcinius, Soldiers, Of absent Cæsar, feel something in your and Captives. bosom That puts you in remembrance of things Cas. As we now touch the height of human past. glory, Riding in triumph to the capitol, Or things intended, -'TIS NOT IN US TO Let these, whom this victorious arm hath HELP IT. I have said, my lord : and now, as you find made The scorn of fortune, and the slaves of Rome. cause. Or censure us, or free us with applause. Taste the extremes of misery. Bear them off Lat. Well pleaded, on my life! I never To the common prisons, and there let them saw him prove How sharp our axes are. Act an orator's part before. Excunt Soldiers with Captives. Æsop. We might have given Rust. A bloody entrance ! Ten double fees to Regulus, and yet Aside. Our cause deliver'd worse. [A shout within. Cas. To tell you you are happy in your prince, Were to distrust your love, or my desert ; Enter Parthenius. And either were distasteful ; or to boast Aret. What shout is that? How much, not by my deputies, but myself, Parth. Cæsar, our lord, married to con-I have enlarged the empire ; or what horrors quest, is The soldier, in our conduct, hath broke Return'd in triumph. through, Ful. Let's all haste to meet him. Aret. Break up the court; we will reserve Would better suit the mouth of Plautus" braggart, to him Than the adored monarch of the world. The censure of this cause. Sura. This is no boast ! [Aside. All. Long life to Cæsar ! Excunt. Cas. When I but name the Daci, And gray-eyed Germans, whom I have sub-SCENE IV .- The Approach to the Capitol. dued. The ghost of Julius will look pale with envy, And great Vespasian's and Titus' triumph, Enter Julia, Cænis, Domitilla, and Domitia. Canis. Stand back-the place is mine. (Truth must take place of father and of Jul. Yours! Am I not brother,) Great Titus' daughter, and Domitian's niece? Will be no more remember'd. I am above Dares any claim precedence? All honours you can give me : and the style Of Lord and God, which thankful subjects Canis. I was more : The mistress of your father, and, in his give me, right. Not my ambition, is deserved. Claim duty from you. Aret. At all parts Jul. I confess, you were useful Celestial sacrifice is fit for Cæsar, To please his appetite. In our acknowledgment. Dom. To end the controversy, Cas. Thanks, Arctinus ; For I'll have no contending, I'll be bold Still hold our favour. Now, the god of war, To lead the way myself. And famine, blood, and death, Bellona's Domitil. You, minion ! pages, Dom. Yes Banish'd from Rome to Thrace, in our good And all, ere long, shall kneel to catch my fortune, With justice he may taste the fruits of peace, favours. Whose sword hath plough'd the ground, and Jul. Whence springs this flood of greatness? reap'd the harvest Dom. You shall know Of your prosperity. Nor can I think Too soon, for your vexation, and perhaps That there is one among you so ungrateful, Repent too late, and pine with envy, when Or such an enemy to thriving virtue, You see whom Cæsar favours. That can esteem the jewel he holds dearest, Jul. Observe the sequel. Too good for Cæsar's use.

Sura. All we possess-Lam. Our liberties-Ful. Our children-Par. Wealth-Aret. And throats, Fall willingly beneath his feet. Rust. Base flattery ! What Roman can endure this? Cas. This calls on My love to all, which spreads itself among vou. The beauties of the time [[seeing the ladies.] Receive the honour To kiss the hand which, rear'd up thus, holds thunder ; To you'tis an assurance of a calm. Julia, my niece, and Cænis, the delight Of old Vespasian ; Domitilla, too, A princess of our blood. Rust. 'Tis strange his pride Affords no greater courtesy to ladies Of such high birth and rank. Sura. Your wife's forgotten. Lam. No, she will be remember'd, fear it not She will be graced and greased. Cas. But, when I look on Divine Domitia, methinks we should meet (The lesser gods applauding the encounter) As Jupiter, the Giants lying dead On the Phlegræan plain, embraced his Juno. Lamia, it is your honour that she's mine. Lam. You are too great to be gainsaid. Cas. Let all That fear our frown, or do affect our favour, Without examining the reason why, Salute her (by this kiss I make it good) With the title of Augusta. Dom. Still your servant. All. Long live Augusta, great Domitian's empress ! Cas. Paris, my hand. Par. [kissing it.] The gods still honour Cæsar ! Cas. The wars are ended, and, our arms laid by, We are for soft delights. Command the poets To use their choicest and most rare invention, To entertain the time; nor be you careful To give it action : we'll provide the people Pleasures of all kinds.—My Domitia, think not I flatter, though thus fond.-On to the capitol: "Tis death to him that wears a sullen brow. This 'tis to be a monarch, when alone He can command all, but is awed by none. Excunt.

ACT IL.

SCENE I.-A State Room in the Palace.

Enter Philargus in rags, and Parthenius. Phil. My son to tutor me ! Know your obedience, Aside, And question not my will.

Parth. Sir, were I one, Whom want compell'd to wish a full possession

Of what is yours : or had I ever number'd

Your years, or thought you lived too long, with reason

You then might nourish ill opinions of me : Or did the suit that I prefer to you

Concern myself, and aim'd not at your good, You might deny, and I sit down with patience, And after never press you.

Phil. In the name of Pluto, What wouldst thou have me do?

Parth. Right to yourself ;

Or suffer me to do it. Can you imagine This nasty hat, this tatter'd cloak, rent shoe

This sordid linen, can become the master

Of your fair fortunes? whose superfluous means,

Though I were burthensome, could clothe you in

The costliest Persian silks, studded with jewels,

The spoils of provinces, and every day Fresh change of Tyrian purple.

Phil. Out upon thee !

My monies in my coffers melt to hear thee. Purple ! hence, prodigal ! Shall I make my mercer,

Or tailor heir, or see my jeweller purchase? No, I hate pride.

Parth. Yet decency would do well. Though, for your outside, you will not be alter'd,

Let me prevail so far yet, as to win you

Not to deny your belly nourishment ; Neither to think you've feasted, when 'tis cramm'd

With mouldy barley-bread, onions, and leeks, And the drink of bondmen, water.

Phil. Wouldst thou have me

Be an Apicius, or a Lucullus,

And riot out my state in curious sauces ? Wise nature with a little is contented ;

And, following her, my guide, I cannot err. Parth. But you destroy her in your want of care

(I blush to see, and speak it) to maintain her In perfect health and vigour ; when you suffer, Frighted with the charge of physic, rheums, catarrhs.



The scurf, ach in your bones, to grow upon you,

And hasten on your fate with too much sparing :

When a cheap purge, a vomit, and good diet, May lengthen it. Give me but leave to send The emperor's doctor to you. Phil. I'll be borne first,

Halfrotten, to the fire that must consume me ! His pills, his cordials, his electuaries,

His syrups, julaps, bezoar stone, nor his

Imagined unicorn's horn, comes in my belly ; My mouth shall be a draught first, 'tis resolved.

No; I'll not lessen my dear golden heap, Which, every hour increasing, does renew My youth and vigor ; but, if lessen'd, then, Then my poor heart-strings crack. Let me enjoy it,

And brood o'er't, while I live, it being my life, My soul, my all : but when I turn to dust, And part from what is more esteem'd, by me,

Than all the gods Rome's thousand altars smoke to,

Inherit thou my adoration of it,

And, like me, serve my idol. Parth. What a strange torture Exit.

Is avarice to itself ! what man, that looks on Such a penurious spectacle, but must

Know what the fable meant of Tantalus,

Or the ass whose back is crack'd with curious viands,

Yet feeds on thistles. Some course I must take, To make my father know what cruelty He uses on himself.

Enter Paris.

Par. Sir, with your pardon, I make bold to enquire the emperor's pleasure; For, being by him commanded to attend, Your favour may instruct us what's his will Shall be this night presented.

Parth. My loved Paris,

Without my intercession, you well know, You may make your own approaches, since

his ear

To you is ever open.

Par. 1 acknowledge

His clemency to my weakness, and, if ever I do abuse it, lightning strike me dead ! The grace he pleases to confer upon me.

(Without boast 1 may say so much,) was never Employ'd to wrong the innocent, or to incense

His fury. Parth. "Tis confess'd: many men owe you For provinces they ne'er hoped for; and

Forfeited to his anger :-- you being absent, I could say more.

Par. You still are my good patron ; And, lay it in my fortune to deserve it, You should perceive the poorest of your clients To his best abilities thankful,

Parth, I believe so,

Met you my father?

Par. Yes, sir, with much grief, To see him as he is. Can nothing work him To be himself?

Parth, O, Paris, 'tis a weight

Sits heavy here ; and could this right hand's loss

Remove it, it should off : but he is deaf To all persuasion.

Par. Sir, with your pardon,

I'll offer my advice : I once observed, In a tragedy of ours, in which a murder Was acted to the life, a guilty hearer, Forced by the terror of a wounded conscience, To make discovery of that which torture Could not wring from him. Nor can it appear Like an impossibility, but that Your father, looking on a covetous man Presented on the stage, as in a mirror, May see his own deformity, and loath it. Now, could you but persuade the emperor To see a comedy we have, that's styled The Cure of Avarice, and to command Your father to be a spectator of it, He shall be so anatomized in the scene, And see himself so personated, the baseness Of a self-torturing miserable wretch Truly described, that I much hope the object Will work compunction in him.

Parth. There's your fee ;

I ne'er bought better counsel. Be you in readiness.

I will effect the rest,

Par. Sir, when you please ;

We'll be prepar'd to enter .- Sir, the emperor. Exit.

Enter Cæsar, Aretinus, and Guard.

Cas. Repine at us !

Aret. 'Tis more, or my informers, That keep strict watch upon him, are deceived In their intelligence : there is a list Of malcontents, as Junius Rusticus,

Palphurius Sura, and this Ælius Lamia, That murmur at your triumphs, as mere pageants;

And, at their midnight meetings, tax your justice,

(For so I style what they call tyranny,) For Partus Thrasea's death, as if in him Virtue herself were murdered : nor forget

Agricola, who, for his service done In the reducing Britain to obedience,

They dare affirm to be removed with poison And he compell'd to write you a coheir With his daughter, that his testament might stand. Which, else, you had made void. Then your much love To Julia your nions, orasured as incest, And done in scorn of Titus, your dead beother : vouchsafe But the divorce Lamia was forced to sign To her you honour with Augusta's title, Being only named, they do conclude there was blend A Lucrece once, a Collatine, and a Brutus ; But nothing Roman left now but, in you, The hast of Tarquin. Cas. Yes, his fire, and scorn Of such as think that our unlimited power Can be confined. Dares Lamia pretend An interest to that which I call mine ; Or but remember she was ever his, That's now in our possession? Fetch him hither. Exit Guard. I'll give him cause to wish he rather had Forgot his own name, than e'er mention'd bers. Shall we be circumscribed? Let such as upon us, cannot By force make good their actions, though wicked, Conceal, excuse, or qualify their crimes ! What our desires grant leave and privilege to, Though contradicting all divine decrees, Or laws confirm'd by Romulus and Numa, Shall be held sacred. Aret. You should, else, take from The dignity of Casar. Cas, Am I master Of two and thirty legions, that awe once, All nations of the triûmphed world, Yet tremble at our frown, to yield account tain'd Of what's our pleasure, to a private man ! Rome perish first, and Atlas's shoulders shrink, Heaven's fabric fall, (the sun, the moon, You glory in your act. the stars Losing their light and comfortable heat,) Ere I confess that any fault of mine May be disputed ! Aret. So you preserve your power, As you should, equal and omnipotent here, With Jupiter's above. Parthenius kneeling, whispers Cresar. Cas. Thy suit is granted; Whate'er it be, Parthenius, for thy service Done to Augusta .---- Only so ? a trifle : Command him hither. If the comedy fail To cure him, I will minister something to him

That shall instruct him to forget his gold,

And think upon himself.

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Partk. May it succeed well, Since my intents are pious !

Cier. We are resolved

What course to take; and, therefore, Arctinus,

Exit

Enquire no further. Go you to my empress, And say I do entreat (for she rules him Whom all men else obey) she would

The music of her voice at yonder window, When I advance my hand, thus. I will

Exil Arctinus. My cruelty with some scorn, or else 'tis lost.

Revenge, when it is unexpected, falling With greater violence; and hate clothed in smiles,

Strikes, and with horror, dead the wretch that comes not

Prepared to meet it .-

Re-enter Guard with Lamin.

Our good Lamia, welcome,

So much we owe you for a benefit, With willingness on your part conferr'd

That 'tis our study, we that would not live Engaged to any for a courtesy,

How to return it.

Lam. 'Tis beneath your fate

To be obliged, that in your own hand grasp The means to be magnificent,

Cæs. Well put off;

But yet it must not do : the empire, Lamia, Divided equally, can hold no weight,

If balanced with your gift in fair Domitia You, that could part with all delights at

The magazine of rich pleasures being con-

In her perfections, --uncompell'd, deliver'd As a present fit for Cæsar. In your eyes, With tears of joy, not sorrow, 'tis confirm'd

Lam. Derided too !

Sir, this is more-Cas, More than I can requite ;

It is acknowledged, Lamia. There's no drop Of melting nectar I taste from her lip,

But yields a touch of immortality To the blest receiver; every grace and

feature, Prized to the worth, bought at an easy rate,

If purchased for a consulship. Her discourse

So ravishing, and her action so attractive, That I would part with all my other senses, Provided I might ever see and hear her. The pleasures of her bed I dare not trust

The winds or air with ; for that would draw down,

In envy of my happiness, a war From all the gods upon me.

Lam. Your compassion To me, in your forbearing to insult On my calamity, which you make your sport, Would more appease those gods you have provoked.

Than all the blasphemous comparisons You sing unto her praise.

Domitia appears at the window.

Cas. I sing her praise ! Tis far from my ambition to hope it : It being a debt she only can lay down, And no tongue else discharge. [He raises his hand. Music above.

Hark ! I think, prompted With my consent that you once more should hear her,

She does begin. An universal silence Dwell on this place 1 "Tis death, with linger-ing torments,

To all that dare disturb her. -

A SONG by Domitia.

-Who can hear this, And fall not down and worship? In my fancy, Apollo being judge, on Latmos' hill Fair-hair'd Calliope, on her ivory lute, (But something short of this,) sung Ceres' praises

And grisly Pluto's rape on Proserpine. The motions of the spheres are out of time, Her musical notes but heard. Say, Lamia, say,

Is not her voice angelical? Lam. To your ear: But I, alas! am silent.

Cas. Be so ever,

That without adminition canst hear her !

Malice to my felicity strikes thee dumb, And, in thy hope, or wish, to repossess What I love more than empire, I pronounce thee

Guilty of treason .- Off with his head ! do you stare?

By her that is my patroness, Minerva, Whose statue I adore of all the gods, If he but live to make reply, thy life Shall answer it I

The Guard leads off Lamia, stopping his mouth.

My fears of him are freed now ; And he that lived to upbraid me with my wrong.

For an offence he never could imagine,

In wantonness removed .- Descend, my dearest;

Plurality of husbands shall no more Breed doubts or jealousies in you : [Exit Dom. above.] 'tis dispatch'd, And with as little trouble here, as if

I had kill'd a fly.

Enter Domitia, ushered in by Aretinus, her train borne up by Julia, Cænis, and Domitilla.

Now you appear, and in That glory you deserve ! and these, that stoop To do you service, in the act much honour'd! Julia, forget that Titus was thy father : Cænis, and Domitilla, ne'er remember Sabinus or Vespasian. To be slaves To her is more true liberty, than to live Parthian or Asian queens. As lesser stars, That wait on Phase in her full of brightness, Compared to her, you are. Thus, thus I seat you

By Cæsar's side, commanding these, that once

Were the adored glories of the time, To witness to the world they are your vassals, At your feet to attend you. Dom. 'Tis your pleasure,

And not my pride. And yet, when I consider That I am yours, all duties they can pay I do receive as circumstances due To her you please to honour.

Re-enter Parthenius with Philargus.

Parth. Cresar's will

Commands you hither, nor must you gainsay it.

Phil. Lose time to see an interlude ! must I pay too,

For my vexation? Parth, Not in the court :

It is the emperor's charge.

Phil. I shall endure

My torment then the better, Cas. Can it be

This sordid thing, Parthenius, is thy father? No actor can express him : I had held

The fiction for impossible in the scene,

Had I not seen the substance .- Sirrah, sit still,

And give attention ; if you but nod,

You sleep for ever.-Let them spare the prologue,

And all the ceremonies proper to ourself, And come to the last act-there, where the

By the doctor is made perfect. The swift

Seem years to me, Domitia, that divorce thee



From my embraces : my desires increasing As they are satisfied, all pleasures else Are tedious as dull sorrows. Kiss me again : If I now wanted heat of youth, these fires, In Priam's veins, would thaw his frozen blood, Enabling him to get a second Hector For the defence of Troy. Dom. You are wanton ! Pray you, forbear. Let me see the play. Cas. Begin there. Enter Paris, like a doctor of physic, and Asopus : Latinus is brought forth asleep in a chair, a key in his mouth. Æsop. O master doctor, he is past recovery ; A lethargy hath seized him ; and, however His sleep resemble death, his watchful care To guard that treasure he dares make no use of. Works strongly in his soul. Par. What's that he holds So fast between his teeth ? Asop. The key that opens His iron chests, cramm'd with accursed gold, Rusty with long imprisonment. There's no duty In me, his son, nor confidence in friends, That can persuade him to deliver up That to the trust of any. Phil. He is the wiser : We were fashion'd in one mould. Æsop. He eats with it ; And when devotion calls him to the temple Of Mammon, whom, of all the gods, he kneels to. THAT held thus still, his orisons are paid : Nor will he, though the wealth of Rome were pawn'd For the restoring of 't, for one short hour Be won to part with it. Phil. Still, still myself ! And if like me he love his gold, no pawn Is good security. Par. I'll try if I can force it-It will not be. His avaricious mind, Like men in rivers drown'd, make him gripe fast, To his last gasp, what he in life held dearest; And, if that it were possible in nature, Would carry it with him to the otherworld. Phil. As I would do to hell, rather than leave it. ALSOP. Is he not dead ? Par. Long since to all good actions, Or to himself, or others, for which wise men Desire to live. You may with safety pinch him.

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Or under his nails stick needles, yet he stirs not;

Anxious fear to lose what his soul doats on, Renders his flesh insensible. We must use Some means to rause the sleeping faculties Of his mind; there lies the lethargy. Take a trumpet. And blow it into his ears; 'tis to no purpose; The roaring noise of thunder cannot wake him And yet despair not; I have one trick left yet. Esop. What is it ? Par. I will cause a fearful dream To steal into his fancy, and disturb it With the horror it brings with it, and so free His body's organs. Dom. 'Tis a cunning fellow ; If he were indeed a doctor, as the play says, He should be sworn my servant ; govern my slumbers, And minister to me waking. Par. If this fail, [A chest brought in. I'll give him o'er. So; with all violence Rend ope this iron chest, for here his life lies Bound up in fetters, and in the defence Of what he values higher, 'twill return, And fill each vein and artery .- Louder yet ! -'Tis open, and already he begins To stir ; mark with what trouble. Latinus stretches himself. Phil. As you are Cæsar, Defend this honest, thrifty man ! they are thieves, And come to rob him. Parth. Peace ! the emperor frowns. Par. So; now pour out the bags upon the table ; Remove his jewels, and his bonds .- Again, Ring a second golden peal. His eyes arcopen ; He stares as he had seen Medusa's head. And were turn'd marble .- Once more. Lat. Murder ! murder ! They come to murder me. My son in the plot 9 Thou worse than parricide! if it be death To strike thy father's body, can all tortures The Furies in hell practise, be sufficient For thee, that dost assassinate my soul ?-My gold I my bonds I my jewels I dost thou CTEL'Y My glad possession of them for a day : Extinguishing the taper of my life Consumed unto the snut Par. Seem not to mind him. Lat. Have I, to leave thee rich, denied myself The joys of human being ; scraped and hoarded

A mass of treasure, which had Solon seen, The Lydian Crassis had appeared to him Poor as the beggar Irus # And yet I,

THE ROM	AN ACTOR.	20
Solicitous to increase it, when my entrails Were clean d with keeping a perpetual fast, Wardeaf to their loud windy cries, as foaring, Should I disburse one penny to their use. My heir might curse me. And, to save expense In outward ornaments, I did expose My naked body to the winter's cold. And summer's scorching heat: nay, when diseases Grew thick upon me, and a little cost Had purchased my recovery, I chose rather To have my ashes closed up in my urn. By hasting on my fate, than to diminish The gold my prodigal son, while I am living, Careicsily scatters. Would you'd dispatch and die once' Your ghost should feel in hell, THAT is my shad self-officient ? When your carke and caring. And self-officient ? When your starved trunk is Turn'd to forgotten dust, this hopeful youth Urness apon your monument, ne'er remem- hering How much for him you suffer'd, and then tells. To the companions of his lusts and riots. The hell you did endure on earth, to leave him. Large means to be an epicure, and to feast His sense all at once, a happiness You never granted to yourself. Your gold, then, Got with vexation, and preserved with trouble. Maintains the public stews, panders, and reuble. Maintains the public stews public stews the and make true we Mound tive and die like myself; and make true we Mound the stew the stew that s past f wound coperate sickn	As neither my heir should hav think lived too long, for being close-h Or cruel too long, for being a close the ruin'd building of your think not You have a son that hates you. To this good end : it being a close long you to show the cure of Ava [Exeant Paris, Latinus, Phil. An old fool, to be gull he died As I resolve to do, not to be al It had gone off twanging. Cas. How approve you, swe Of the matter and the actors? Dom. For the subject, 1 like it not; it was filch'd out -Nay, Ihave read the poets: That play'd the doctor, did it we He had a tuncable tongue, s livery: And yet, in my opinion, he wo A lover's part much better. Pri For 1 grow weary, let us see, to lphis and Anaxarete. Cas. Any thing For thy delight, Domitia; to y Till I come to disquiet you : we And I will straight be with you Aret. Dom. Julia, Caenis, Parth. Now, my dread sir, Endeavour to prevail. Cas. One way or other We'll cure him, never doub Philargus, Thou wretched thing, hast the sordid baseness; And but observed what a creature A covetous miser is? Dost thof Feel true compunction, with a To be a new man? Phil. This crazed body's Cae But for my mind— Cas. Triffe not with my ang Canst thou make good use of w presented ; And imitate, in thy sudden cha The miserable rich man, that e What thou art to the life? Phil. Pray you, give me leav Po die as I have lived. I must	anded to him health; an i the trath is i practised or vuice, and Asopus 'd thus ! had her'd, etest, of Horace, but the fellow ell, by Venus und neat de uld perform, ithee, Cresar or morrow, our rest, ait upon her dispatch, . [Excant and Domitil t it. Now nou seen thy contemptible ou in thyself resolution sar's; er. hat was now nge of life, xpress'd re

Cas. No; by Minerva, thou shalt never

Feel the least touch of avarice. Take him hence

And hang him instantly. If there be gold in bell,

Enjoy it :- thine here, and thy life together, Is forfeited.

Phil. Was I sent for to this purpose?

Parth. Mercy for all my service ; Cæsar, mercy

Cas. Should Jove plead for him, 'tis resolved he dies,

And he that speaks one syllable to dissuade me ;

And therefore tempt me not. It is but justice : Since such as wilfully would hourly die,

Must tax themselves, and not my cruelty.

Excunt.

ACT III.

SCENE I .- A Room in the Palace.

Enter Julia, Domitilla, and Stephanos.

Jul. No, Domitilla ; if you but compare What I have suffered with your injuries,

(Though great ones, I confess,) they will appear

Like molehills to Olympus.

Domitil. You are tender

Of your own wounds, which makes you lose the feeling

And sense of mine. The incest he committed With you, and publicly profess'd, in scorn Of what the world durst censure, may admit

Some weak defence, as being borne headlong to it,

But in a manly way, to enjoy your beauties : Besides, won by his perjuries, that he would Salute you with the title of Augusta,

Your faint denial show'd a full consent,

And grant to his temptations. But poor I, That would not yield, but was with violence forced

To serve his lusts, and in a kind Tiberius

At Capreæ never practised, have not here One conscious touch to rise up my accuser ; I, in my will, being innocent.

Steph. Pardon me,

Great princesses, though I presume to tell you,

Wasting your time in childish lamentations, You do degenerate from the blood you spring from :

For there is something more in Rome expected

From Titus' daughter, and his uncle's heir,

Than womanish complaints, after such wrongs

Which mercy cannot pardon. But you'll say, Your hands are weak, and should you but attempt

A just revenge on this inhuman monster, This prodigy of mankind, bloody Domitian Hath ready swords at his command, as well As islands to confine you, to remove

His doubts, and fears, did he but entertain The least suspicion you contrived or plotted Against his person. Jul. 'Tis true, Stephanos ;

The legions that sack'd Jerusalem,

Under my father Titus, are sworn his, And I no more remember'd.

Domitil. And to lose

Ourselves by building on impossible hopes,

Were desperate madness, Steph. You conclude too fast.

One single arm, whose master does contemn. His own life, holds a full command o'er his, Spite of his guards. I was your bondman, lady,

And you my gracious patroness ; my wealth And liberty your gift ; and, though nosoldier, To whom or custom or example makes

Grim death appear less terrible, 1 dare die To do you service in a fair revenge :

And it will better suit your births and honours

To fall at once, than to live ever slaves

To his proud empress, that insults upon Your patient sufferings. Say but you, Go on ! And I will reach his heart, or perish in The noble undertaking

Domitil. Your free offer

Confirms your thankfulness, which I acknowledge

A satisfaction for a greater debt

Than what you stand engaged for; but I must not,

Upon uncertain grounds, hazard so grateful And good a servant. The immortal Powers Protect a prince, though sold to impious acts, And seem to slumber, till his roaring crimes Awake their justice; but then, looking down, And with impartial eyes, on his contempt Of all religion, and moral goodness

They, in their secret judgments, do determine To leave him to his wickedness, which sinks him,

When he is most secure.

Jul. His cruelty Increasing daily, of necessity

Must-render him as odious to his soldiers, Familiar friends, and freedmen, as it hath done

Already to the senate : then forsaken



THE ROM	AN ACTOR. 207
Of his supporters, and grown terrible	Jul. What we cannot help,
Even to himself, and her he now so doats on,	We may deplore with silence.
We may put into act what now with safety	Canis. We are call'd for
We cannot whisper.	By our proud mistress.
Steph. I am still prepared	Domitii. We awhile must suffer.
To execute, when you please to command	Steph. It is true fortitude to stand firm
me:	against
Since I am confident he deserves much more	Allshocks of fate, when cowards faint and di
That vindicates his country from a tyrant,	In fear to suffer more calamity. [Execution
Than he that saves a citizen.	SCENE 11.—Another Room in the same.
Enter Cænis.	Enter Coesar and Parthenius.
Jul. O, here's Cænis,	Cas. They are then in fetters?
Domitiil. Whence come you?	Parth. Yes, sir, but—
Canis. From the empress, who seems	Cass, But what?
moved	I'll have thy thoughts; deliver them.
In that you wait no better. Her pride's	Parth. I shall, sir :
grown	But still submitting to your god-like pleasure
To such a height, that she disdains the	Which cannot be instructed—
service Of her own women ; and esteems herself Neglected, when the princesses of the blood, On every coarse employment, are not ready To stoop to her commands.	Cast. To the point. Parth. Nor let your sacred majesty believ Your vassal, that with dry eyes look'd upo His father dragged to death by your com mand, Can pity these, that durst presume to censure
Domitil. Where is her Greatness? Canis. Where you would little think she could descend To grace the room or persons. Jul. Speak, where is she? Canis. Among the players; where, all state laid by,	What you decreed. Cass. Well; forward. Parth. "Tis my zeal Still to preserve your elemency admired, Temper'd with justice, that emboldens me To offer my advice. Alas! I know, sir,
She does enquire who acts this part, who that, And in what habits? blames the tirewomen For want of curious dressings;—and, so taken She is with Paris, the tragedian's shape,	Sura, Deserve all tortures : yet, in my opinion, They being popular senators, and cried up With loud applauses of the multitude, For foolish honesty, and beggarly virtue,
That is to act a lover, I thought once	'Twould relish more of policy, to have their
She would have courted him.	Made away in private, with what exquisit
Domitif. In the mean time	forments
How spends the emperor his hours?	You please, —It skills not, —than to have their
Canis. As ever	drawn
He hath done heretofore ; in being cruel	To the Degrees in public; for 'tis doubted
To innocent men, whose virtues he calls	That the sad object may beget compassion
crimes.	In the giddy rout, and cause some sudde
And, but this morning, if 't be possible,	uproar
He hath outgone himself, having condemn'd,	That may disturb you.
At Aretinus his informer's suit,	<i>Cass.</i> Hence, pale-spirited coward!
Palphurius Sura, and good Junius Rusticus,	Can we descend so far beneath ourself,
Men of the best repute in Rome for their	As or to court the people's love, or fear
Integrity of life; no fault objected,	Their worst of hate? Can they, that are as du
But that they did lament his cruel sentence	Before the whitwind of our will and powe
On Pietus Thrasea, the philosopher,	Add any moment to us? Or thou think,
Their patron and instructor.	If there are gods above, or goddesses,
Steph. Can Jove see this, And hold his thunder ! Domitil. Nero and Caligula Only commanded mischiefs; but our Cæsar Delights to see them.	But wise Minerva, that's mine own, and sur That they have vacant hours to take into Their serious protection, or care,

And all those glorious constellations

That do adorn the firmament, appointed, Like grooms, with their bright influence to attend

The actions of kings and emperors, They being the greater wheels that move the less

Bring forth those condemn'd wretches ;-[Exit Parthenius.]-let me see

One man so lost, as but to pity them, And though there lay a million of souls Imprison d in his flesh, my hangmen's hooks Should rend it off, and give them liberty. Cæsar hath said it,

Re-enter Parthenius, with Arctinus, and Guard ; Executioners dragging in Junius Rusticus and Palphurius Sura, bound back to back.

Aret. 'Tis great Cæsar's pleasure, That with fix'd eyes you carefully observe The people's looks. Charge upon any man That with a sigh or murmur does express A seeming sorrow for these traitors' deaths. You know his will, perform it. Cas. A good bloodhound,

And fit for my employments.

Sura. Give us leave

To die, fell tyrant.

Rust. For, beyond our bodies, Thou hast no power. Cæs. Yes ; I'll afflict your souls,

And force them groaning to the Stygian lake, Prepared for such to howl in, that blaspheme The power of princes, that are gods on earth. Tremble to think how terrible the dream is After this sleep of death.

Rust. To guilty men

It may bring terror : not to us, that know What 'tis to die, well taught by his example For whom we suffer. In my thought I see The substance of that pure untainted soul Of Thrasea, our master, made a star,

That with melodious harmony invites us (Leaving this dunghill Rome, made hell by

thee To trace his heavenly steps, and fill a sphere Above yon crystal canopy. Cas. Do invoke him

With all the aids his sanctity of life

Have won on the rewarders of his virtue ; They shall not save you .- Dogs, do you grin? torment them.

The Executioners torment them, they still smiling.

So, take a leaf of Seneca now, and prove If it can render you insensible

Of that which but begins here. Now an oil, Drawn from the Stoic's frozen principles,

Predominant over fire, were useful for you. Again, again. You trifle. Not a groan !-----Is my rage lost? What cursed charms defend them !

Search deeper, villains. Who looks pale, or thinks

That I am cruel?

Aret. Over-merciful :

'Tis all your weakness, sir.

Parth. I dare not shew

A sign of sorrow ; yet my sinews shrink,

The spectacle is so horrid. Aside. Cas. I was never

O'ercome till now. For my sake roar a little, And shew you are corporeal, and not turn'd Aerial spirits .- Will it not do? By Pallas, It is unkindly done to mock his fury

Whom the world styles Omnipotent ! I am. tortured

In their want of feeling torments. Marius' story,

That does report him to have sat unmoved, When cunning surgeons ripp'd his arteries And veins, to cure his gout, compared to this, Deserves not to be named. Are they not dead ?

If so, we wash an Æthiop.

Sura. No; we live.

Rust. Live to deride thee, our calm patience treading

Upon the neck of tyranny. That securely, As 'twere a gentle slumber, we endure Thy hangman's studied tortures, is a debt

We owe to grave philosophy, that instructs us The flesh is but the clothing of the soul, Which growing out of fashion, though it be Cast off, or rent, or torn, like ours, 'tis then,

Being itself divine, in her best lustre. But unto such as thou, that have no hopes

Beyond the present, every little scar, The want of rest, excess of heat or cold,

That does inform them only they are mortal.

Pierce through and through them.

Cas. We will hear no more,

Rust. This only, and I give thee warning of it :

Though it is in thy will to grind this earth As small as atoms, they thrown in the sea too,

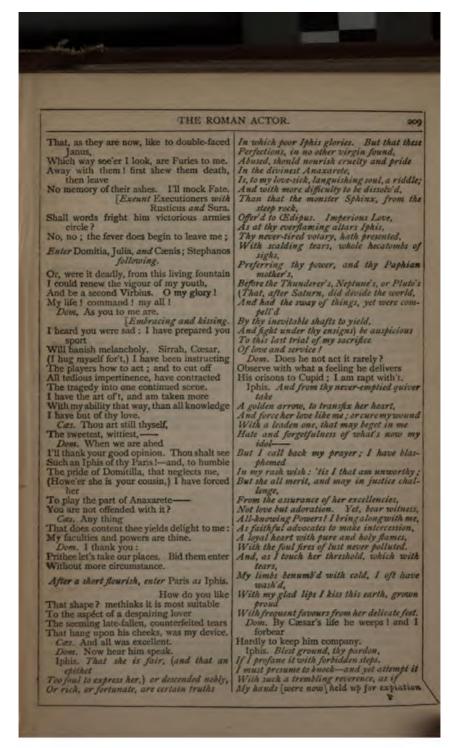
They shall seem re-collected to thy sense :-And, when the sandy building of thy greatness Shall with its own weight totter, look to see

As I was yesterday, in my perfect shape; For I'll appear in horror.

Cas. By my shaking

I am the guilty man, and not the judge,

Drag from my sight these cursed ominous wizards,



To the incensed gods to spare a kingdom. Within there, ho I something divine come forth

To a distressed mortal.

Enter Latinus as a Porter.

Port. Ha ! Who knocks there ? Dose. What a churlish look this knave has ! Port. Is't you, sirrah ? Are you come to pule and whine ? Avaunt, and quickly ; Dog-mhips shall drive you hence, else. Dom. Churlish devil ! But that I should disturb the scene, as I live I would tear his eyes out. Cas, Tis in jest, Domitia. Dom. I do not like such jesting : if he were not A flinty-hearted slave, he could not use One of his form so harshly. How the toad swells At the other's sweet humility ! Cer. 'Tis his part : Let them proceed. Dow. A rogue's part will ne'er leave him. Iphis. As you have, gentle sir, the happiness (When you please) to behold the figure of The masterpiece of nature, limn'd to the life, In more than human Anaxarete, Scorn not your servant, that with suppliant hands Takes hold upon your knees, conjuring you, As you are a man, and did not suck the milk Of wolves, and tigers, or a mother of A tougher temper, use some means these eyes, Before they are wept out, may see your lady. Will you be gracious, sir? Port. Though I lose my place for't, I can hold out no longer. Dom. Now he melts, There is some little hope he may die honest. Port. Madam! Enter Domitilla as Anaxarete. Anax. Who calls ? What object have we here ? Dom. Your cousin keeps her proud state still; I think I have fitted her for a part. Anax. Did I not charge thee I ne'er might see this thing more? Iphis. I am, indeed, What thing you please; a worm that you may tread on . Lower I cannot fall to show my duty. Till your disdain hath digg'd a grave to

conver

This body with forgotten dust ; and, when I know your sentence, cruellest of women ! FII, by a willing death, remove the object That is an eyesure to you. Anax. Wretch, thou dar'st not : That were the last and greatest service to me Thy doting love could boast of. What dull fool But thou could nourish any flattering hope. One of my height in youth, in birth and fortune, Could e'er descend to look upon thy lowness, Much less consent to make my lord of one I'd not accept, though offer'd for my slave? My thoughts stoop not so low. Dom. There's her true nature : No personated scorn. Anax. I wrong my worth, Or to exchange a syllable or look With one so far beneath me. Iphis. Yet take heed, Take heed of pride, and curiously consider. How brittle the foundation is, on which You labour to advance it. Niobe, Proud of her numerous issue, durst contemn Latona's double burthen ; but what follow'd? She was left a childless mother, and mourn'd to marble. The beauty you o'erprize so, time or sickness Can change to loath d deformity; your wealth The prey of thieves ; queen Hecuba, Troy fired. Ulysses' bondwoman ; but the love I bring you Nor time, nor sickness, violent thieves, nor fate, Can ravish from you. Dom. Could the oracle Give better counsel ! Iphis. Say, will you relent yet, Revoking your decree that I should die ? Or, shall I do what you command ? resolve; I am impatient of delay. Anax. Dispatch then : I shall look on your tragedy unmoved, Peradventure laugh at it; for it will prove A comedy to me. Dom. O devil ! devil ! Iphis. Then thus I take my last leave. All the curses Of lovers fall upon you ; and, hereafter; When any man, like me contemn'd, shall study. In the auguish of his soul, to give a name To a scornful, cruel mistress, let him only Say, This most bloody woman is to me, As Anaxarete was to wretched Iphis I-

Now feast your tyrannows mind, and glory

The ruins you have made: for Hymen's bands,	But never could imagine it could work her To such a strange intemperance of affection,
That should have made us one, this fatal halter	As to doat on him. Domitil. By my hopes, I think not
For ever shall divorce us : at your gate,	That she respects, though all here saw, and
As a trophy of your pride and my affliction,	mark'd it ;
Fil presently hang myself .	Presuming she can mould the emperor's will
Dom. Not for the world —	Into what form she likes, though we, and all
[Starts from her seat.	The informers of the world, conspired to
Restrain him, as you love your lives ! Cas. Why are you	cross it. Can. Then with what eagerness, this
Transported thus, Domitia? 'tis a play;	morning, urging
Or, grant it serious, it at no part merits	The want of health and rest, she did entreat
This passion in you.	Cæsar to leave her !
Par. I ne'er purposed, madam,	Domitil. Who no sooner absent,
To do the deed in earnest; though I bow	But she calls, Dwarf! (so in her scorn she
To your care and tenderness of me.	styles me,)
Dom. Let me, sir,	Put on my pantofles; fetch pen and paper,
Entreat your pardon; what I saw presented,	I am to write :—and with distracted looks, In her smock, impatient of so short delay
Carried me beyond myself. Cæs. To your place again,	As but to have a mantle thrown upon her,
And see what follows.	She seal'd—I know not what, but 'twas in-
Dom. No, I am familiar	dorsed,
With the conclusion; besides, upon the	
sudden	$\mathcal{J}ul.$ Add to this, I heard her
I feel myself much indisposed.	Say, when a page received it, Let him wait me,
Cas. To bed then;	And carefully, in the walk call dour Retreat,
I'll be thy doctor.	Where Cæsar, in his fear to give offence,
Aret. There is something more In this than passion,—which I must find out,	Unsent for, never enters. Parth. This being certain,
Or my intelligence freezes.	(For these are more than jealous supposi-
Dom. Come to me, Paris,	tions,)
To-morrow, for your reward.	Why do not you, that are so near in blood,
[Excunt all but Domitilla and Stephanos.	Discover it?
Steph. Patroness, hear me;	Domitil. Alas ! you know we dare not.
Will you not call for your share? Sit down	'Twill be received for a malicious practice,
with this, And the part action like a Caditana	To free us from that slavery which her pride Imposes on us. But, if you would please
And, the next action, like a Gaditane strumpet,	To break the ice, on pain to be sunk ever,
I shall look to see you tumble !	We would aver it.
Domitil. Prithee be patient.	Parth. I would second you,
I, that have suffer'd greater wrongs, bear	But that I am commanded with all speed
this ;	To fetch in Ascletario the Chaldæan ;
And that, till my revenge, my comfort is.	Who, in his absence, is condemn'd of treason,
[Excunt.	For calculating the nativity
	Of Cæsar, with all confidence foretelling, In every circumstance, when he shall die
ACT IV.	A violent death. Yet, if you could approve
	Of my directions, I would have you speak
SCENE I.—A Room in the Palace.	As much to Aretinus, as you have
Enter Parthenius, Julia, Domitilla, and	To me deliver'd : he in his own nature
Cænis.	Being a spy, on weaker grounds, no doubt,
Parth. Why, 'tis impossible.—Paris !	Will undertake it; not for goodness' sake,
Jul. You observed not,	(With which he never yet held correspon-
As it appears, the violence of her passion, When personating Iphis, he pretended,	dence,) But to endear his vigilant observings
For your contempt, fair Anaxarete,	Of what concerns the emperor, and a little
To hang himself.	To triumph in the ruins of this Paris,
Parth. Yes, yes, I noted that;	That cross'd him in the senate-house
··· ·	P 2

Enter Arctinus.

Here he comes,

His nose held up; he hath something in the wind,

Or I much err, already. My designs Command me hence, great ladies ; but I leave My wishes with you, Exit.

Aret. Have I caught your Greatness In the trap, my proud Augusta ! Domitil. What is't raps him?

Aret. And my fine Roman Actor ! Is't even so?

No coarser dish to take your wanton palate, Save that which, but the emperor, none durst taste of !

"Tis very well. I needs must glory in This rare discovery : but the rewards Of my intelligence bid me think, even now, By an edict from Cæsar, I have power To tread upon the neck of slavish Rome,

Disposing offices and provinces

To my kinsmen, friends, and clients, Domitil. This is more

Than usual with him.

Jul. Aretinus !

Aret. How !

No more respect and reverence tender'd to me

But Arctinus / 'Tis confess'd that title,

When you were princesses, and commanded all.

Had been a favour ; but being, as you are, Vassals to a proud woman, the worst bondage, You stand obliged with as much adoration To entertain him, that comes arm'd with strength

To break your fetters, as tann'd galley-slaves Pay such as do redeem them from the oar. I come not to entrap you ; but aloud

Pronounce that you are manumized : and to make

Your liberty sweeter, you shall see her fall, This empress,-this Domitia,-what you will,

That triumph'd in your miseries. Domitil. Were you serious,

To prove your accusation I could lend Some help. Can. And I.

Jul. And I.

Arel. No atom to me .-

My eyes and ears are every where ; I know all, To the line and action in the play that took

Her quick dissimulation to excuse

Her being transported, with her morning passion.

I bribed the boy that did convey the letter, I

And, having perused it, made it up again : Your griefs and angers are to me familiar. -That Paris is brought to her, and how far He shall be tempted.

Domitil. This is above wonder.

Aret. My gold can work much stranger miracles,

Than to corrupt poor waiters. Here, join with me-Takes out a petition.

'Tis a complaint to Cæsar. This is that Shall ruin her, and raise you. Have you set your hands

To the accusation?

Jul. And will justify What we've subscribed to.

Can. And with vehemence. Domitil, I will deliver it.

Aret. Leave the rest to me then,

Enter Cæsar, with his Guard.

Cas, Let our lieutenants bring us victory. While we enjoy the fruits of peace at home : And being secured from our intestine foes, (Far worse than foreign enemies,) doubts and fears,

Though all the sky were hung with blazing meteors,

Which fond astrologers give out to be Assured presages of the change of empires, And deaths of monarchs, we, undaunted yet, Guarded with our own thunder, bid defiance To them and fate; we being too strongly arm'd

For them to wound us.

Aret. Cæsar !

Jul. As thou art

More than a man-Can. Let not thy passions be

Rebellious to thy reason-

Domitil. But receive

Delivers the petition. This trial of your constancy, as unmoved

As you go to or from the capitol,

Thanks given to Jove for triumphs. Cas. Ha!

Domitil. Vouchsafe

A while to stay the lightning of your eyes, Poor mortals dare not look on.

Aret. There's no vein

Of yours that rises with high rage, but is An earthquake to us.

Domitil. And, if not kept closed

With more than human patience, in a moment

Will swallow us to the centre. Cren, Not that we

Repine to serve her, are we her accusers. Jul. But that she's fallen so low,

The same Beech	aconnea
Domitil. And shew she is unworthy	For my destruction; here the fatal stars
Of the least spark of that diviner fire	That threaten more than ruin; this the
You have conferr'd upon her.	Death's head
Cæs. I stand doubtful,	That does assure me, if she can prove false,
And unresolved what to determine of you.	That I am mortal, which a sudden fever
In this malicious violence you have offer'd	Would prompt me to believe, and faintly
To the altar of her truth and purchess to me,	yield to.
You have but fruitlessly labour'd to sully	But now in my full confidence what she
A white robe of perfection, black-mouth'd	suffers,
envy	In that, from any witness but myself,
Could belch no spot on But I will put off	I nourish a suspicion she's untrue,
The deity you labour to take from me,	My toughness returns to me. Lead on,
And argue out of probabilities with you,	monsters,
As if I were a man. Can I believe	And, by the forfeit of your lives, confirm
That she, that borrows all her light from me,	She is all excellence, as you all baseness ;
And knows to use it, would betray her	Or let mankind, for her fall, boldly swear
darkness	There are no chaste wives now, nor ever
To your intelligence; and make that ap-	were. [Exeunt.
parent,	
Which, by her perturbations in a play,	SCENE II.—A private Walk in the
Was yesterday but doubted, and find none	Gardens of the Palace.
But you, that are her slaves, and therefore	Enter Domitia, Paris, and Servants,

Enter Domitia, Paris, and Servants.

Here in this paper are the swords pre-

- Dom. Say we command, that none presume to dare,
- On forfeit of our favour, that is life,
- Out of a saucy curiousness, to stand

Within the distance of their eyes or ears, Till we please to be waited on.

[Excunt Servants.

And, sirrah,

Howe'er you are excepted, let it not Beget in you an arrogant opinion 'Tis done to grace you. Par. With my humblest service

I but obey your summons, and should blush else.

To be so near you.

Dom. 'Twould become you rather

To fear the greatness of the grace vouchsafed you

May overwhelm you; and 'twill do no less. If, when you are rewarded, in your cups

You boast this privacy. Par. That were, mightiest empress,

To play with lightning. Dom. You conceive it right.

The means to kill or save is not alone

- In Cæsar circumscribed ; for, if incensed,
- We have our thunder too, that strikes as deadly. Par. "Twould ill become the lowness of
- my fortune,

To question what you can do, but with all Humility to attend what is your will, And then to serve it.

Dom. And would not a secret,

And eloquence of her patron to defend her, And thereupon presuming, fell securely ;

Aret. Which on sure proofs

We can make good.

hate her,

for her?

her

A public actor?

power

shape

Of innocence?

.

Not fearing an accuser, nor the truth

Produced against her, which your love and favour

Whose aids she might employ to make way

Of Cæsar's secrets? Could her beauty raise

To this unequall'd height, to make her fall

The more remarkable? or must my desires

To her, and wrongs to Lamia, be revenged

By her, and on herself, that drew on both?

These more than human reasons, that have

To clothe base guilt in the most glorious

Domitil. Too well she knew the strength

Or she leave our imperial bed to court .

Aret. Who dares contradict

Or Aretinus, whom long since she knew To be the cabinet counsellor, nay, the key

Will ne'er discern from falsehood. Cas. I'll not hear

- A syllable more that may invite a change In my opinion of her. You have raised
- A fiercer war within me by this fable,
- Though with your lives you vow to make it story,
- Than if, and at one instant, all my legions Revolted from me, and came arm'd against me.

THE ROMAN ACTOR.

destined

Suppose we should commit it to your trust, Scald you to keep it? Par. Though it raged within me Till I turn'd cinders, it should ne'er have vent. To be an age a dying, and with torture, Only to be thought worthy of your counsel, Or actuate what you command to me A wretched obscure thing, not worth your knowledge, Were a perpetual happiness. Dom. We could wish That we could credit thee, and cannot find In reason, but that thou, whom oft I have seen To personate a gentleman, noble, wise, Faithful, and gainsome, and what virtues else The poet pleases to adorn you with ; But that (as vessels still partake the odour Of the sweet precious liquors they contain'd) Thou must be really, in some degree, The thing thou dost present .- Nay, do not tremble ; We seriously believe it, and presume Our Paris is the volume in which all Those excellent gifts the stage hath seen him graced with, Are curiously bound up, Par. The argument Is the same, great Augusta, that I, acting A fool, a coward, a traitor, or cold cynic, Or any other weak and vicious person, Of force I must be such. O, gracious madam, How glorious soever, or deform'd, I do appear in the scene, my part being ended. And all my borrow'd ornaments put off, I am no more, nor less, than what I was Before I enter'd. Dom. Come, you would put on A wilful ignorance, and not understand What 'tis we point at. Must we in plain language, Against the decent modesty of our sex, Say that we love thee, love thee to enjoy thee; Or that in our desires thou art preferr'd, And Cæsar but thy second ? Thou in justice, If from the height of majesty we can Lookdown upon thy lowness, and embrace it, Art bound with fervor to look up to me. Par. O, madam ! hear me with a patient ear, And be but pleased to understand the reasons That do deter me from a happiness Kings would be rivals for. Can I, that owe My life, and all that's mine, to Cæsar's bounties, Beyond my hopes or merits, shower'd upon Make payment for them with ingratitude,

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Falsehood, and treason ! Though you a shape

Might tempt Hippolitus, and larger p To help or hurt than wanton Phædra Let loyalty and duty plead my pardon Though I refuse to satisfy.

Dom. You are coy,

Expecting I should court you. Let ladies

Use prayers and entreaties to their cre To rise up instruments to serve pleasures ;

But for Augusta so to lose herself,

That holds command o'er Cresar an world,

Were poverty of spirit, Thou mustshalt :

The violence of my passion knows no And in my punishments, and my rew I'll use no moderation. Take this on As a caution from me; threadbare ch Is poor in the advancement of her ser But wantonness magnificent ; and ' quent

To have the salary of vice weigh down The pay of virtue. So, without more th Thy sudden answer.

Par. In what a strait am I brought Alas ! I know that the denial's death Nor can my grant, discover'd, th more.

Yet, to die innocent, and have the glo For all posterity to report, that I Refused an empress, to preserve my To my great master ; in true judgment Show fairer, than to buy a guilty life With wealth and honour. "Tis the build on :

I dare not, must not, will not.

Dom. How ! contemn'd?

Since hopes, nor fears, in the extreme vail not,

I must use a mean. [Aside.]-Thin 'tis sues to thee,

Deny not that yet, which a brother m Grant to a sister : as a testimony

Enter Cæsar, Aretinus, Julia, Dom Cænis, and a Guard behind.

I am not scorn'd, kiss me ;--kiss me Kiss closer. Thou art now my Trojan And I thy Helen.

Par. Since it is your will.

Cas. And I am Menelaus : but I s

Something I know not yet. Dom. Why lose we time And opportunity? These are but sala To sharpen appetite : let us to the fer Constraint Paris and Courting Paris was

Be that her prison, till in cooler blood I shall determine of her. [Exit Guard with Domitia. Aret. Now step I in, While he's in this calm mood, for my re-

ward.-Sir, if my service hath deserved-

Cas. Yes, yes : And I'll reward thee. Thou hast robb'd me of

All rest and peace, and been the principal means

To make me know that, of which if again I could be ignorant of, I would purchase it

Re-enter Guard.

With the loss of empire : Strangle him ; take these hence too,

And lodge them in the dungeon. Could your reason,

Dull wretches, flatter you with hope to think That this discovery, that hath shower'd upon me

Perpetual vexation, should not fall

Heavy on you? Away with them !-stop their mouths ;

I will hear no reply.

[Exit Guard with Aretinus, Julia, Cænis, and Domitilla.

-O, Paris, Paris ! How shall I argue with thee? how begin To make thee understand, before I kill thee,

With what grief and unwillingness 'tis forced from me? Yet, in respect I have favour'd thee, I'll hear

What thou canst speak to qualify or excuse Thy readiness to serve this woman's lust ;

And wish thou couldst give me such satisfaction,

As I might bury the remembrance of it.

Look up : we stand attentive.

Par. O, dread Cæsar !

To hope for life, or plead in the defence

Of my ingratitude, were again to wrong you. I know I have descrived death; and my suit is,

That you would hasten it : yet, that your highness,

When I am dead, (as sure I will not live,)

May pardon me, I'll only urge my frailty,

Her will, and the temptation of that beauty Which you could not resist. How could

poor I, then, Fly that which follow'd me, and Cæsar sued

for? This is all. And now your sentence.

Cas. Which I know not

How to pronounce. O that thy fault had been But such as I might pardon ! if thou hadst

Cas. [Comes forward.] While Amphitrio Stands by, and draws the curtains. Par. Oh !-[Falls on his face. Dom. Betray'd! Cas. No; taken in a net of Vulcan's

Where I shall wish that thou wert Jupiter,

To lengthen out one short night into three,

And I Alemena; and that I had power

And so beget a Hercules.

filing, Where, in myself, the theatre of the gods

Are sad spectators, not one of them daring To witness, with a smile, he does desire

To be so shamed for all the pleasure that You've sold your being for ! What shall I name thee?

Ingrateful, treacherous, insatiate, all

Invectives which, in bitterness of spirit,

- Wrong'd men have breathed out against wicked women,
- Cannot express thee! Have I raised thee from

Thy low condition to the height of greatness.

Command, and majesty, in one base act

To render me, that was, before I hugg'd thee,

An adder, in my bosom, more than man,

A thing beneath a beast ! Did I force these

Of mine own blood, as handmaids to kneel to Thy pomp and pride, having myself no

thought

But how with benefits to bind thee mine ;

And am I thus rewarded ! Not a knee, Nor tear, nor sign of sorrow for thy fault?

Break, stubborn silence : what canst thou

allege

To stay my vengeance? Dom. This. Thy lust compell'd me 'To be a strumpet, and mine hath return'd it In my intent and will, though not in act.

To cuckold thee.

Cas. O, impudence ! take her hence, And let her make her entrance into hell,

By leaving life with all the tortures that Flesh can be sensible of. Yet stay. What

power

Her beauty still holds o'er my soul, that wrongs

Of this unpardonable nature cannot teach me To right myself, and hate her !-Kill her.

- Hold !
- O that my dotage should increase from that Which should breed detestation. By Minerva.
- If I look on her longer, I shall melt,
- And sue to her, my injuries forgot,

Again to be received into her favour ;

Could honour yield to it ! Carry her to her chamber ;

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Wearing a beard, or other property, In wantonness, like Nero, fired proud Rome, Betray'd an army, butcher'd the whole senate, Will fit the person. Committed sacrilege, or any crime Esop. Only, sir, a foil, The justice of our Roman laws calls death, The point and edge rebated, when you To do the murder. If you please to us I had prevented any intercession, And freely sign'd thy pardon. And lay aside your own sword. Par. But for this, Cas. By no means. Alas ! you cannot, nay, you must not, sir ; Nor let it to posterity be recorded, In jest nor earnest this parts never from We'll have but one short scene-That, That Cæsar, unrevenged, suffer'd a wrong, the lady Which, if a private man should sit down In an imperious way commands the se To be unthankful to his patron : when with it. Cowards would baffle him. My cue's to enter, prompt me :- Nay, Cas. With such true feeling And do it sprightly: though but a new Thou arguest against thyself, that it When I come to execution, you shall No cause to laugh at me. Works more upon me, than if my Minerva, The grand protectress of my life and empire, Lat. In the name of wonder, On forfeit of her favour, cried aloud, What's Cæsar's purpose ! Cæsar, show mercy ! and, I know not how, Æsop. There is no contending. Cas. Why, when? I am inclined to it. Rise. I'll promise nothing ; Par. I am arm'd : Yet clear thy cloudy fears, and cherish hopes. And, stood grim Death now in my What we must do, we shall do : we remember · and his A tragedy we oft have seen with pleasure, Inevitable dart aim'd at my breast, Call'd the False Servant. His cold embraces should not bring a Par. Such a one we have, sir. Cas. In which a great lord takes to his To any of my faculties, till his pleasu Were served and satisfied ; which Nestor's years protection A man forlorn, giving him ample power To me would be unwelcome. To order and dispose of his estate Lady. Must we entreat. In's absence, he pretending then a journey : But yet with this restraint that, on no terms, That were born to command? or servant, (This lord suspecting his wife's constancy That owes his food and clothing to our She having play'd false to a former husband,) For that, which thou ambitiously s The servant, though solicited, should conkneel for? Urge not in thy excuse, the favours of sent. Though she commanded him to quench her Thy absent lord, or that thou stand st. flames. For thy life to his charity; nor thy J Par. That was, indeed, the argument. Cas. And what Of what may follow, it being in my To mould him any way. Didst thou play in it ! Par. As you may me, In what his reputation is not wound Par. The False Servant, sir. Cas. Thou didst, indeed. Do the players Nor I, hiscreature, in my thankfulnes. wait without? I know you're young and fair; bevirte Par. They do, sir, and prepared to act And loyal to his bed, that hath advan the story To the height of happiness. Lady. Can my love-sick heart Your majesty mention'd. Be cured with counsel? or durst reas Cas. Call them in. Who presents The injured lord ! Offer to put in an exploded plea In the court of Venus? My desires ad Enter Æsopus, Latinus, and a Lady. The least delay; and therefore insta Give me to understand what I must t Æsop. 'Tis my part, sir. Cæs. Thou didst not For, if I am refused, and not enjoy Do it to the life ; we can perform it better. Those ravishing pleasures from thee, Off with my robe and wreath : since Nero mad for, scorn'd not I'll swear unto my lord, at his retur The public theatre, we in private may (Making what I deliver good with te Disport ourselves. This cloak and hat, That brutishly thou wouldst have without from me

What I make suit for. And then but imagine What 'tis to die, with these words, slave and traitor, With ourning corsives writ upon thy fore head, And live prepared for't. Par. This he will believe Upon her information, 'tis apparent; And then I'm nothing : and of two extremes Wisdom says, choose the less. [Aside.]-Rather than fall Under your indignation, I will yield : This kiss, and this, confirms it. Esop. Now, sir, now. Ces. I must take them at it? Æ sop. Yes, sir ; be but perfect. Cas. O villain / thankless villain !--should talk now; But I've forgot my part. But I can do: Thus, thus, and thus! [Stabs Pa [Stabs Paris Par. Oh! I am slain in earnest. Ces. 'Tis true; and 'twas my purpose, my good Paris : And yet, before life leave thee, let the honour I've done thee in thy death bring comfort to thee. If it had been within the power of Cæsar, His dignity preserved, he had pardon'd thee But cruelty of honour did deny it. Yet, to confirm I loved thee, 'twas my study To make thy end more glorious, to dis tinguish My Paris from all others ; and in that Have shewn my pity. Nor would I le thee fall By a centurion's sword, or have thy limbs Rent piecemeal by the hangman's hook however Thy crime deserved it : but, as thou dids live Rome's bravest actor, 'twas my plot that thon Shouldst die in action, and to crown it, die With an applause enduring to all times, By our imperial hand.-His soul is freed From the prison of his flesh; let it moun upward ! And for this trunk, when that the funeral pile Hath made it ashes, we'll see it enclosed In a golden urn; poets adorn his hearse With their most ravishing sorrows, and th stage For ever mourn him, and all such as were His glad spectators, weep his sudden death The cause forgotten in his epitaph. [Sad music ; the Players bear of Pari body, Csesar and the rest following

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!	ACT V.
4	SCENE I A Room in the Palace, with
	an image of Minerva.
1	Enter Parthenius, Stephanos, and Guard.
	Parth. Keep a strong guard upon him,
	and admit not
	Access to any, to exchange a word
	Or syllable with him, till the emperor pleases To call him to his presence.—[<i>Exit</i> Guard.]
1	-The relation
	That you have made me, Stephanos, of
	these late
	Strange passions in Cæsar, much amaze me.
	The informer Aretinus put to death
	For yielding him a true discovery
I	Of the empress' wantonness; poor Paris
	kill'd first,
	And now lamented ; and the princesses
•	Confined to several islands; yet Augusta,
	The machine on which all this mischief
,	moved,
_	Received again to grace !
r	Steph. Nay, courted to it :
C	Such is the impotence of his affection ! Yet, to conceal his weakness, he gives out
	Yet, to conceal his weakness, he gives out
:	The people made suit for her, whom they
•	hate more Than civil war or famine. But take heed,
	Mylord, that, nor in your consent nor wishes,
	You lend or furtherance or favour to
	The plot contrived against her : should she
	prove it,
t	Nay, doubt it only, you are a lost man,
	Her power o'er doating Cæsar being now
	Greater than ever.
	Parth. 'Tis a truth I shake at ;
	And, when there's opportunity
t	Steph. Say but, Do,
	I am yours, and sure.
t	Parth. I'll stand one trial more,
	And then you shall hear from me.
,	Steph. Now observe The fondness of this tyrant, and her pride.
	The fondness of this tyrant, and her price.
t	
	Enter Cæsar and Domitia.
e	Cas. Nay, all's forgotten.
	Dom. It may be, on your part.
	Cas. Forgiven too, Domitia :- tis a
e	favour
	That you should welcome with more cheer-
	ful looks.
۱,	Can Cæsar pardon what you durst not hope
	for,
s'	That did the injury, and yet must sue To her, whose guilt is wash'd off by his
ŗ.	
	mercy,

Only to entertain it?

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Dom. I ask'd none ; Dare none of you do what I shake to th And I should be more wretched to receive And, in this woman's death, remo Remission for what I hold no crime, Furies But by a bare acknowledgment, than if, That every hour afflict me?-I By slighting and contemning it, as now, I dared thy utmost fury. Though thy wrongs When thy lust forced me from him, flatterers me, Persuade thee, that thy murders, lusts, and live Paris, rapes, Are virtues in thee ; and what pleases Cresar, Though never so unjust, is right and lawful ; Or work in thee a false belief that thou Art more than mortal ; yet I to thy teeth, When circled with thy guards, thy rods, thy axes And all the ensigns of thy boasted power, Will say, Domitian, nay, add to it Cæsar, Is a weak, feeble man, a bondman to His violent passions, and in that my slave ; powers? Nay, more my slave than my affections made me To my loved Paris. charms Cas. Can I live and hear this? Or hear, and not revenge it? Come, you anger ! know The strength that you hold on me, do not appear use it, With too much cruelty ; for though 'tis granted That Lydian Omphale had less command O'er Hercules, than you usurp o'er me, Reason may teach me to shake off the yoke To sign her death. Of my fond dotage. Minerva, Dom. Never; do not hope it : It cannot be. Thou being my beauty's now captive, And not to be redeem'd, my empire's larger Than thine, Domitian, which I'll exercise To die to-morrow. With rigour on thee, for my Paris' death. And, when I've forced those eyes, now red with fury. Parth. I begin To drop down tears, in vain spent to appease me, To doubt myself. I know thy fervour such to my embraces, Which shall be, though still kneel'd for, Cas. So! still denied thee, That thou with languishment shalt wish my actor at my frowns, Did live again, so thou mightst be his second wizard We charged you to fetch in? To feed upon those delicates, when he's sated. Cas. O my Minerva. Dom. There she is, [Points to the statue.] Cæs. Bring him in. invoke her : She cannot arm thee with ability To draw thy sword on me, my power being greater. Or only say to thy centurions,

At the height revenged ; nor would But that thy love, increasing with my May add unto thy torments ; so, with Contempt I can, I leave thee. Cæs. I am lost ; Nor am I Cæsar. When I first beira The freedom of my faculties and will To this imperious siren, I laid down The empire of the world, and of my At her proud feet. Sleep all my Or is the magic of my dotage such, That I must still make suit to hear That do increase my thraldom ! We For shame, break through this lethar With usual terror, and enable me, Since I wear not a sword to pierce her Nor have a tongue to say this, Let he Though 'tis done with a fever-shaker Pulls out a tab. Assist me, And vindicate thy votary ! [writes] So Among the list of those I have prose And are, to free me of my doubts and Steph. That same fatal book Was neverdrawn yet, but some men Were mark'd out for destruction. Cas. Who waits there? Parth. [coming forward.] Cæsar. These, that command arm'd troops, And yet a woman slights them. Whe

Parth. Ready to suffer What death you please to appoint hi

We'll question him ourself.

Enter Tribunes, and Guard wi Ascletario.

Now, you, the

Invites me to repose myself. [A couch brought in.] Let music, With some choice ditty, second it :-[Exit nce with the stars, and dare prefix and hour in which we are to part and empire, punctually foreteiling Parthenius. - The mean time ins and manner of our violent end ; Rest there, dear book, which open'd, when yould purchase credit to your art, I wake, me, since you are assured of us, Lays the book under his pillow. Shall make some sleep for ever. a knowledge, and as sure as thou Music and a song. Cresar sleeps. to-morrow, being the fourteenth of Re-enter Parthenius and Domitia. prevention, this carcass shall be Dom. Write my name d devoured by dogs ;---and let that In his bloody scroll, Parthenius 1 the fear's idle : He durst not, could not. Parth. I can assure nothing ; But I observed, when you departed from him, After some little passion, but much fury He drew it out : whose death he sign'd, I know not ; But in his looks appear'd a resolution Of what before he stagger'd at. What be hath Determined of is uncertain, but too soon Will fall on you, or me, or both, or any, His pleasure known to the tribunes and centurions, Who never use to enquire his will, but serve it, Now, if, out of the confidence of your power, The bloody catalogue being still about him, As he sleeps you dare peruse it, or remove it, You may instruct yourself, or what to suffer, Or how to cross it. Dom. I would not be caught With too much confidence. By your leave,

sir. Ha! No motion !--you lie nneasy, sir,

Takes away the book.

Parth. Have you it? Dom. "Tis here.

Cas, Oh !

Parth. You have waked him : softly, gracious madam,

While we are unknown; and then consult at leisure. Excunt.

The Apparitions of Junius Dreadful music. Rusticus and Palphurius Sura rise, with bloody swords in their hands ; they wave them over the head of Coesar, who seems troubled in his sleep, and as if praying to the image of Minerva, which they wornfully seize, and then disappear with it.

Cas. [starting.] Defend me, goddess, or this horrid dream

Will force me to distraction ! whither have These furies home thee? Let me rise and follow.

I am bathed o'er with the cold sweat of death,

on thee ! Are we the great disposer nd death, yet cannot mock the stars a trifle? Hence with the impostor ; ing cut his throat, erect a pile, with soldiers, till his cursed trunk 1 to ashes : upon forfeit of and theirs, perform it. Tis in vain ; at I have foretold is made apparent, to think what follows. Drag him hence bunes and Guard bear off Ascletario. is I command you. I was never confidence; for, having got ory of my passions, in my freedom and Domitia, (who shall cease to live, disdains to love,) I rest unmoved : defiance of prodigious meteors, s' vain predictions, jealous fears ar friends and freedmen, certain hate Let me mend your pillow ed and alliance, or all terrors iers' doubted faith, or people's rage g to shake my constancy, I am upulous thing styled conscience is d up sensible of all my actions, h, by moral and religious fools, ondemn'd, as they had never been. ce I have subdued triumphant love,

ite attends yourself? I have had long since

m prediction.

nds of October, the hour five

May our body, wretch, er nobler sepulchre, if this

t deify pale captive fear, thought receive it : for, till thou, linerva, that from my first youth in my sole protectress, dost forsake

us Rusticus' threaten'd apparition, t this soothsayer but even now fore-

ings impossible to human reason, a dream disturb me. Bring my th, there :

n but a secure drowsiness

THE ROMAN ACTOR.

And am deprived of organs to pursue These sacrilegious spirits. Am I at once Robb'd of myhopes and being? No, I live-

[*Riss distractedly*. Yes, live, and have discourse, to know myself Of gods and men forsaken. What accuser Within me cries aloud, I have deserved it, In being just to neither? Who dares speak this?

Am I not Cæsar?—How! again repeat it? Presumptuous traitor, thou shalt die!— What traitor?

He that hath been a traitor to himself,

And stands convicted here. Yet who can sit A competent judge o'er Cæsar? Cæsar. Yes, Cæsar by Cæsar's sentenced, and must sufier; Minerva cannot save him. Ha! where is she? Where is my goddess? vanish'd! I am lost then.

No; 'twas no dream, but a most real truth, That Junius Rusticus and Palphurius Sura, Although their ashes were cast in the sea, Were by their innocence made up again,

And in corporeal forms but now appear'd, Waving their bloody swords above my head, As at their deaths they threaten'd. And methought,

Minerva, ravish'd hence, whisper'd that she Was, for my blasphemies, disarm'd by Jove, And could no more protect me. Yes, 'twas so, (Thunder and lightning.

His thunder does confirm it, against which, Howe er it spare the laurel, this proud wreath

Enter three Tribunes.

Is no assurance. Ha ! come you resolved To be my executioners? 1 Trib. Allegiance And faith forbid that we should lift an arm Against your sacred head. 2 Trib. We rather sue For mercy. 3 Trib. And acknowledge that in justice Our lives are forfeited for not performing What Cæsar charged us. 1 Trib. Not did we transgress it In our want of will or care; for, being but men, It could not be in us to make resistance, The gods fighting against us. Cæs. Speak, in what Did they express their anger? we will hear it,

But dare not say, undaunted. r Trib. In brief thus, sir :

The sentence given by your imperial tongue, For the astrologer Ascletario's death, With speed was put in execution. *Cars.* Well, 1 Trib. For, his throat cut, his legand his arms

Pinion'd behind his back, the breathle Was with all scorn dragg'd to the Mars,

And there, a pile being raised of old dr Smear'd o'er with oil and brimstone, else

Could help to feed or to increase the The carcass was thrown on it ; but n The stuff, that was most apt, began t But suddenly, to the amazement of The fearless soldier, a sudden flash Of lightning, breaking through the clouds,

With such a horrid violence forced its And, as disdaining all heat but itsel In a moment quench'd the artificial And before we could kindle it again A clap of thunder iollow'd with suc As if then Jove, incensed against m Had in his secret purposes determin An universal ruin to the world.

This horror past, not at Deucalion's Such a stormy shower of rain (and word is

Too narrow to express it) was e'er s Imagine rather, sir, that with less fr The waves rush down the cataraets Or that the sea, spouted into the air By the angry Orc, endangering tall But sailing near it, so falls down ag Yet here the wonder ends not, but the For, as in vain we labour'd to consu The wizard's body, all the dogs of I Howling and yelling like to famish'd Brake in upon us; and though thousan Kill'd in th'attempt, some did ascend And with their eager fangs seized carcass.

Cas. But have they torn it?

I Trib. Torn it, and devour'd it.

Cas. I then am a dead man, predictions

Assure me I am lost. O, my loved Your emperor must leave you I yet, I cannot grant myself a short reprie I freely pardon you. The fatal hot Steals fast upon me : I must die this By five, my soldiers ; that's the late You e'r must see me living.

I Trib. Jove avert it !

In our swords lies your fate, and guard it.

Cas. O no, it cannot be ; it is de Above, and by no strength here to b Let proud mortality but look on Ca Compass'd of late with armies, in h Carrying both life and death, and in



22I

Fathoming the earth ; that would be styled Ent. I will put in a God For a part, myself. Parth. Be resolv'd, and stand close. And is, for that presumption, cast beneath The low condition of a common man. I have conceived a way, and with the hazard Sinking with mine own weight. Of my life I'll practise it, to fetch him hither. But then no trifling. z Trib. Do not forsake Yourself, we'll never leave you. 2 Trib. We'll draw up Steph. We'll dispatch him, fear not : A dead dog never bites. Parth. Thus then at all. More cohorts of your guard, if you doubt treason. [Exit; the rest conceal themselves. Cas. They cannot save me. The offended gods, Enter Cæsar and the Tribunes. That now sit judges on me, from their envy Cas. How slow-paced are these minutes ! Of my power and greatness here, conspire in extremes. against me. How miserable is the least delay ! I Trib. Endeavour to appease them. Could I imp feathers to the wings of time, Cas. 'Twill be fruitless : Or with as little ease command the sun I am past hope of remission. Yet, could I To scourge his coursers up heaven's eastern Decline this dreadful hour of five, these hill, termors. Making the hour to tremble at, past re-That drive me to despair, would soon fly calling, from me : As I can move this dial's tongue to six ; And could you but till then assure me-My veins and arteries, emptied with fear, 1 Trib. Yes, sir; Would fill and swell again. How do I look? Orwe'll fall with you, and make Rome the urn Do you yet see Death about me? In which we'll mix our ashes. I Trib. Think not of him ; Cas. 'Tis said nobly : There is no danger : all these prodigies I am something comforted : howe'er, to die That do affright you, rise from natural causes ; Is the full period of calamity. Excunt. And though you do ascribe them to yourself, Had you ne er been, had happened. SCENE II .- Another Room in the Palace. Cas. 'Tis well said, Enter Parthenius, Domitia, Julia, Cænis, Exceeding well, brave soldier. Can it be, Domitilla, Stephanos, Sejeius, and En-That I, that feel myself in health and tellus. strength, Should still believe I am so near my end, Porth. You see we are all condemn'd: And have my guards about me? perish all Predictions ! I grow constant they are false, there's no evasion ; We must do, or suffer. And built upon uncertainties. Stepk. But it must be sudden : I Trib. This is right ; The least delay is mortal. Dom. Would I were Now Cæsar's heard like Cæsar. Cas. We will to A man, to give it action ! The camp, and having there confirm'd the Domitil. Could I make my approaches, soldier though my stature With a large donative, and increase of pay, Does promise little, I have a spirit as daring Some shall-----I say no more. As hers that can reach higher. Steph. I will take Re-enter Parthenius. That burthen from you, madam. All the art is. Parth. All happiness, To draw him from the tribunes that attend Security, long life, attend upon The monarch of the world ! him : For, could you bring him but within my Cas. Thy looks are cheerful. Parth. And my relation full of joy and sword's reach. The world should owe her freedom from a wonder. Why is the care of your imperial body, tyrant To Stephanos. Sej. You shall not share alone My lord, neglected, the fear d hour being past. The glory of a deed that will endure In which your life was threaten'd? To all posterity. Cas. Is't past five?

THE ROMAN ACTOR. 222 Parth. Past six, upon my knowledge; Cas. Nay, then I am lost. Yet, though and, in justice, I am unarm'd, Your clock-master should die, that hath de-I'll not fall poorly. [Overthrows Stephanos. Steph. Help me ferr'd Est. Thus, and thus ! } They stab Sci. Are you so long a falling? } him. Cast. This done basely. [Falls, and dics. Parth. This for my father's death. Day. This for my father's death. Your peace so long. There is a post new lighted, That brings assured intelligence, that your legions Dom. This for my Paris. In Syria have won a giorious day, Yul. This for thy incest. Domitil. This for thy abuse And much enlarged your empire. I have kept him [They severally stab him. Of Domitilla. Conceal'd, that you might first partake the Tribunes. [within.] Force the doors ! pleasure In private, and the senate from yourself Be taught to understand how much they owe **Enter** Tribunes. To you and to your fortune. O Mars ! Cas. Hence, pale fear, then ! Lead me, Parthenius. What have you done? Partk. What Romeshall give us thanks for. Steph. Dispatch'd a monster. 1 2ris. Yet he was our prince, 1 Trib. Shall we wait you? Cas. No. However wicked; and, in you, this mur-After losses guards are useful. Know your der,distance. Which whosee'er succeeds him will revenge: Excust Cases and Parthenius. 2 Trib. How strangely hopes delude men ! Nor will we, that serv'd under his comm as I live, Consent that such a monster as thyself, The hour is not yet come. For in thy wickedness Augusta's title I Trib. Howe'er, we are Hath quite forsook thee,) thou, that wert To pay our duties, and observe the sequel. the ground Of all these mischiefs, shall go hence un-[Excunt Tribunes. Domitia and the rest come forward. punish'd. Dom. I hear him coming. Be constant. Lay hands on her, and drag her to her sentence.-Re-enter Caesar and Parthenius. We will refer the hearing to the senate, Cas. Where, Parthenius, Who may at their best leisure censure you, Is this glad messenger? Steph. Make the door fast.-Here; Take up his body : he in death hath paid For all his cruelties. Here's the difference; A messenger of horror. Good kings are mourn'd for after life; but ill, Cas. How ! betray'd? And such as govern'd only by their will, Dom. No; taken, tyrant. And not their reason, unlamented fall; Cas. My Domitia No good man's tear shed at their funeral. In the conspiracy ! [Excunt; the Tribunes bearing the body of Parth. Behold this book.

Cæsar.



The Great Duke of Florence.

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

Bernardo,

Petruchio, A Gentleman.

Fiorinda, duchess of Urbin. Lidia, daughter to Charomonte.

Calaminta, servant to Fiorinda.

Caponi,

Cozimo, duke of Florence. Giovanni, nephew to the duke. Sanazarro, the duke's favourite. Carolo Charomonte, Giovanni's tutor. Contarino, secretary to the duke. Alphonso,

Hippolito, counsellors of state.

Hieronimo,

Calandrino, a merry fellow, servant to Gio-

Petronella, a foolish servant to Lidia. Attendants, Servants, &c.

SCENE, -Partly in Florence, and partly at the residence of Charomonte in the country.

ACT L

SCENE I.-The Country. A Room in Charomonte's House.

Enter Charomonte and Contarino.

Char. You bring your welcome with you. Cont. Sir, I find it

In every circumstance. Char. Again most welcome.

Yet, give me leave to wish (and pray you, excuse me,

For I must use the freedom I was born with) The great duke's pleasure had commanded you

To my poor house upon some other service; Not this you are design'd to : but his will Must be obey'd, howe'er it ravish from me

The happy conversation of one As dear to me as the old Romans held.

Their household Lars, whom they believed had power

To bless and guard their families. Cont. 'Tis received so

On my part, signior ; nor can the duke But promise to himself as much as may

Be hoped for from a nephew. And 'twere weakness

In any man to doubt, that Giovanni, Train d up by your experience and care In all those arts peculiar and proper To future greatness, of necessity Must in his actions, being grown a man, Make good the princely education

Which he derived from you.

Char. I have discharged,

To the utmost of my power, the trust the

Committed to me, and with joy perceive The seed of my endeavours was not sown Upon the barren sands, but fruitful glebe, Which yields a large increase : my noblecharge, By hissharp wit, and pregnant apprehension, Instructing those that teach him ; making Not in a vulgar and pedantic form, Of what's read to him, but 'tis straight digested, And truly made his own. His grave discourse, In one no more indebted unto years, Amazes such as hear him : horsemanship, And skill to use his weapon, are by practice Familiar to him: as for knowledge in Music, he needs it not, it being born with him ; All that he speaks being with such grace deliver'd. That it makes perfect harmony. Cont. You describe A wonder to me.

servants to Charomonte.

Char. Sir, he is no less ;

And that there may be nothing wanting that May render him complete, the sweetness of His disposition so wins on all

Appointed to attend him, that they are Rivals, even in the coarsest office, who

Shall get precedency to do him service ; Which they esteem a greater happiness. Than if they had been fashion d and built up To hold command o'er others.

Cont. And what place

Does he now bless with his presence? Char, He is now



Running at the ring, at which he's excellent. He does allot for every exercise A several hour; for sloth, the nurse of vices, And rust of action, is a stranger to him. But I fear I am tedious, let us pass, If you please, to some other subject, though I cannot Deliver him as he deserves. Cont. You have given him A noble character. Char. And how, I pray you, (For we, that never look beyond our villas, Must be inquisitive,) are state affairs Carried in court? Cont. 'There's little alteration : Some rise, and others fall, as it stands with The pleasure of the duke, their great disoser Char. Does Lodovico Sanazarro hold Weight, and grace with him ? Cont. Every day new honours Are shower'd upon him, and without the Of such as are good men; since all confess The service done our master in his wars 'Gainst Pisa and Sienna may with justice Claim what's conferr'd upon him. Char. 'Tis said nobly ; For princes never more make known their wisdom, Than when they cherish goodness where they find it : They being men, and not gods, Contarino, They can give wealth and titles, but no virtues That is without their power. When they advance, Not out of judgment, but deceiving fancy, An undeserving man, howe'er set off With all the trim of greatness, state, and power, And of a creature even grown terrible To him from whom he took his giant form, This thing is still a comet, no true star ; And when the bounties feeding his false fire Begin to fail, will of itself go out, And what was dreadful, proves ridiculous. But in our Sanazarro 'tis not so. He being pure and tried gold; and anystamp Of grace, to make him current to the world, The duke is pleased to give him, will add honour To the great bestower; for he, though allow'd Companion to his master, still preserves His majesty in full lustre. Cont. He, indeed, At no part does take from it, but becomes A partner of his cares, and eases him,

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With willing shoulders, of a burthe He should alone sustain,

Char. Is he yet married?

Cont. No, signior, still a b

It is apparent that the choicest virg Forbeauty, bravery, and wealth, in I Would, with her parents' glad corwon.

Were his affection and intent but I To be at his devotion.

Char. So I think too.

But break we off-here comes my charge.

Enter Giovanni and Calandr

Make your approaches boldly : you A courteous entertainment. [Con Giov. Pray you, forbear

My hand, good signior ; 'tis a cerv Not due to me. "Tis fit we should With mutual arms.

Cont. It is a favour, sir,

I grieve to be denied.

Giov. You shall o'ercome : But 'tis your pleasure, not my p grants it.

Nay, pray you, guardian, and put on :

How ill it shews to have that reve Uncover'd to a boy !

Char. Your excellence

Must give me liberty to observe th And duty that I owe you.

Giov. Owe me duty ! I do profess (and when I do deny Good fortune leave me !) you have A second father, and may justly of For training up my youth in arts As much respect and service, as of To him that gave me life. An know, sir,

Or will believe from me, how may Good Charomonte hath broken, To build me up a man, you musi Chiron, the tutor to the great Ac Compared with him, deserves not ti And if my gracious uncle, the gr Still holds me worthy his conside Or finds in me aught worthy to 1 That little rivulet flow'd from thi And so from me report him.

Cont. Fame already Hath fill'd his highness' ears wi story

Of what you are, and how much him.

And 'tis his purpose to reward th Of this grave sir, with a magnifi

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For, though his tenderness hardly could con-Cont. What a sympathy sent There is between them ! Cal. Were I on the rack, To have you one hour absent from his sight, For full three years he did deny himself I could not shed a tear. But I am mad, And, ten to one, shall hang myself for sorrow, Before I shift my shirt. But hear you, sir, The pleasure he took in you, that you, here, From this great master, might arrive unto The theory of those high mysteries (I'll separate you,) when you are gone, what Which you, by action, must make plain in will court. Become of me? Giov. Why, thou shalt to court with me. "Tis, therefore, his request, (and that, from him, [Takes Char. aside. Your excellence must grant a strict command,) Cal. To see you worried? That instantly (it being not five hours riding) Cont. Worried, Calandrine ! Cal. Yes, sir : for, bring this sweet face You should take horse and visit him. These his letters to the court, Will yield you further reasons. There will be such a longing 'mong the [Delivers a packet. madams, Cal. To the court ! Who shall engross it first, nay, fight and Farewell the flower, then, of the country's scratch for't, garland. That, if they be not stopp'd, for entertainment They'll kiss his lips off. Nay, if you'll scape so, This is our sun, and when he's set, we must not Expect or spring or summer, but resolve And not be tempted to a further danger, For a perpetual winter. These succubæ are so sharp set, that you must Char. Pray you, observe Give out you are an cunuch. Giovanni reading the letters. Cont. Have a better The frequent changes in his face. Opinion of court-ladies, and take care Cont. As if Of your own stake. His much unwillingness to leave your house Cal. For my stake, 'tis past caring. I would not have a bird of unclean feathers Contended with his duty. Char. Now he appears Handsel his lime twig, -- and so much for him : Collected and resolved. There's something else that troubles me. Cont. What's that? Giov. It is the duke ! The duke, upon whose favour all my hopes Cal. Why, how to behave myself in court, and tightly And fortunes do depend. Nor must I check I have been told the very place transforms At his commands for any private motives That do invite my stay here, though they are men. Almost not to be master d. My obedience, And that not one of a thousand, that before In my departing suddenly, shall confirm Lived honestly in the country on plain salads, I am his highness' creature ; yet, I hope But bring him thither, mark me that, and A little stay to take a solemn farewell feed him Of all those ravishing pleasures I have tasted But a month or two with custards and court In this my sweet retirement, from my cake-bread, And he turns knave immediately .-- I'd be guardian, And his incomparable daughter, cannot meet honest; But I must follow the fashion, or die a beggar. An ill construction. Cont. I will answer that : Giov. And, if I ever reach my hopes, Use your own will. believe it, Giov. I would speak to you, sir, We will share fortunes. In such a phrase as might express the thanks Char. This acknowledgement My heart would gladly pay; but-Enter Lidia. Char. I conceive you : Binds me your debtor ever. -- Here comes one And something I would say; but I must not do it In whose sad looks you easily may read What her heart suffers, in that she is forced In that dumb rhetoric which you make To take her last leave of you. use of ; For I do wish you all-I know not how, Cont. As I live, A beauty without parallel ! Lid. Must you go, then, My toughness melts, and, spite of my discretion, I must turn woman. [Embraces Giovanni. | So suddenly? Q

1	the second se	
	Giov. There's no evasion, Lidia,	Of all the glob
1	To gain the least delay, though I would buy it	bows to,
1	At any rate. Greatness, with private men	At my best you h
	Esteem'd a blessing, is to me a curse ;	Howe'er unworth
1	And we, whom, for our high births, they	I wish you, as a
ļ	conclude	A princess equal
•		
t	The only freemen, are the only slaves.	That may make
i	Happy the golden mean ! had I been born	With all the obs
i	In a poor sordid cottage, not nurs'd up	you.
i	With expectation to command a court,	May you have he
ł	I might, like such of your condition, sweetest,	To be their hum
i	Have ta'en a safe and middle course, and	Giov. I am du
•	not,	And can make n
ī	As I am now, against my choice, compell'd	Cont. Your ex
i	Or to lie grovelling on the earth, or raised	Will be benighte
ł	So high upon the pinnacles of state,	Giov. This kis
1	That I must either keep my height with	May learn you w
	danger,	Lid. Give me
:	Or fall with certain rain.	To wait on you t
ļ	Lid. Your own goodness	Char. And me
•	Will be your faithful guard.	To the one half
•	Giov. O, Lidia	Giov. Your lo
	Cont. So passionate ! [Aside.	Your age to too
	Giov. For, had I been your equal,	Char. I grow
	I might have seen and liked with mine own	When most I ser
i	•	Cont. Sir, the
	eyes,	Com. Su, the
ł	And not, as now, with others; I might still,	
•	And without observation, or envy,	SCENE IIH
	As I have done, continued my delights	
	With you, that are alone, in my esteem,	
,	The abstract of society : we might walk	Enter Alphonso,
	In solitary groves, or in choice gardens;	Alph. His hig
	From the variety of curious flowers	Hip. However
•	Contemplate nature's workmanship, and	We with our du
	wonders :	For the safety of
	And then, for change, near to the murmur of	Hier. And ou
	Some bubbling fountain, I might hear you	
	sing,	E
	And, from the well-tuned accents of your	To his person
1	tongue,	boldly.
	In my imagination conceive	[They kneel
	With what melodious harmony a quire	Coz. What ne
	Of angels sing above their Maker's praises.	grown so pr
1	And then with chaste discourse, as we re-	As to disdain fai
	turn'd,	With such as an
	Imp feathers to the broken wings of time :	This kind of ado
•	And all this I must part from.	In the old Roma
1	Cont. You forget	That they were
1	The haste imposed upon us.	styled gods :
	Giov. One word more,	In us to suffer
1	And then I come. And after this, when, with	rise.
	Continued innocence of love and service,	Still the old suit
•	I had grown ripe for Hymeneal joys,	
		Ness
,	Embracing you, but with a lawful flame,	You have too o
1	I might have been your husband.	which yields
ļ	Lid. Sir, I was,	Security and res
	And ever am, your servant ; but it was,	For here you gri
	And tis, far from me in a thought to cherish	
į	Such saucy hopes. If I had been the heir	My want of issue
1		

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es and sceptres mankind had deserved me; as I am, hy, in my virgin seal partner of your bed, to you ; such a one it the study of her life, dience of a wife, to please appy issue, and I live blest handmaid t mb, o reply. cellence zd. s, bathed in tears. hat I should say. leave o your horse. e to bring you of your journey. ve puts much trouble. young, ve vou. duke shall thank you. Excant. Florence. A Room in the Palace. Hippolito, and Hieronimo. thness cannot take it ill. ties shall express our care his dukedom. r loves nter Cozimo. Here he comes : present it ; Alphonso tenders a paper. eds this form? We are not buo miliar conference e to counsel and direct us. oration showed not well n emperors, who, forgetting flesh and blood, would be it, were worse. Pray you, Reads. ! With too much curiousoften search'd this wound, t, not trouble to me. eve, that my firm resolution widower; and that

My want of issue to succeed me in

THE GREAT DUKE OF FLORENCE. 227	
My government, when 1 am dead, may breed	The harbinger of aught that might distaste you :
Distraction in the state, and make the name	And therefore know (for 'twere a sin to tortur
And family of the Medici, now admired,	Your highness' expectation) your vice-ad
Contemptible.	miral,
<i>Hip.</i> And with strong reasons, sir. <i>Alph.</i> For, were you old, and past hope to beget	By my directions, hath surprised the gallie Appointed to transport the Asian tribute Of the great Turk; a richer prize was neve
The model of yourself, we should be silent.	Brought into Florence.
<i>Hier.</i> But, being in your height and pride	Coz. Still my nightingale,
of years,	That with sweet accents dost assure me tha
As you are now, great sir, and having, too,	My spring of happiness comes fast upon me
In your possession the daughter of	Embrace me boldly. I pronounce that wretcl
The deceased duke of Urbin, and his heir,	An enemy to brave and thriving action, That dares believe but in a thought, we are
but pleased	Too prodigal in our favours to this man,
To think her worthy of you, besides chil-	Whose merits, though with him we should
dren,	divide
	Our dukedom, still continue us his debtor. <i>Hip</i> . 'Tis far from me.
Will yield a large increase of strength and power	Alph. We all applaud it. Coz. Nay, blush not, Sanazarro, we are
To those fair territories which already	proud
Acknowledge you their absolute lord.	Of what we build up in thee; nor can our
	Election be disparaged, since we have not Received into our bosom and our grace
Why we do this or that, (the full consent	A glorious lazy drone, grown fat with feeding On others' toil, but an industrious bee,
Of our subjects being included in our will,)	That crops the sweet flowers of our cnemies,
We, out of our free bounties, will deliver	And every happy evening returns
The motives that divert us. You well know	Loaden with wax and honey to our hive.
That, three years since, to our much grief,	Sanas. My best endeavours never can
we lost	discharge
Our dutchess; such a dutchess, that the world,	The service I should pay. Coz. Thou art too modest;
In her whole course of life, yields not a lady	But we will study how to give, and when,
That can with imitation deserve	Enter Giovanni and Contarino.
To be her second : in her grave we buried All thoughts of woman : let this satisfy	Before it be demandedGiovanni !
For any second marriage. Now, whereas	My nephew ! let me eye thee better, boy.
You name the heir of Urbin, as a princess	In thee, methinks, my sister lives again ;
Of great revenues, 'tis confess'd she is so :	For her love I will be a father to thee,
But for some causes private to ourself,	For thou art my adopted son.
We have disposed her otherwise. Vet despair	<i>Giov.</i> Your servant,
We have disposed her otherwise. Yet despair not; For you, ere long, with joy shall understand	And humblest subject. Coz. Thy hard travel, nephew,
That in our princely care we have provided	Requires soft rest, and therefore we forbear.
One worthy to succeed us.	For the present, an account how thou has
Enter Sanazarro.	spent Thy absent hours. See, signiors, see, our care
<i>Hip.</i> We submit,	Without a second bed, provides you of
And hold the counsels of great Cozimo	A hopeful prince. Carry him to his lodgings
Oraculous.	And, for his further honour, Sanazarro,
Coz. My Sanazarro !Nay,	With the rest, do you attend him.
Forbear all ceremony. You look sprightly,	Giov. All true pleasures
friend,	Circle your highness !
And promise in your clear aspect some novel	Sanaz. As the rising sun,
That may delight us.	We do receive you.
Sanaz. O sir, I would not be	Giov. May this never set,
wanna. O an, i would not be	02

But shine upon you ever ! [Exennt Giovanni, Sanazarro, Hieronimo, Alphonso, and Hippolito. Coz. Contarino ! Cont. My gracious lord. Coz. What entertainment found you From Carolo de Charomonte? Cont. Free. And bountiful. He's ever like himself, Noble and hospitable. Coz. But did my nephew Depart thence willingly? Cont. He obey'd your summons As did become him. Yet it was apparent, But that he durst not cross your will, he would Have sojourn'd longer there, he ever finding Variety of sweetest entertainment. But there was something else; nor can I blame His youth, though with some trouble he took leave Of such a sweet companion. Cos. Who was it? Cont. The daughter, sir, of signior Carolo, Fair Lidia, a virgin, at all parts, But in her birth and fortunes, equal to him. The rarest beautics Italy can make boast of, Are but mere shadows to her, she the substance Of all perfection. And what increases The wonder, sir, her body's matchless form Is better'd by the purchess of her soul. Such sweet discourse, such ravishing behaviour. Such charming language, such enchanting manners, With a simplicity that shames all courtship, Flow hourly from her, that I do believe Had Circe or Calypso her sweet graces, Wandering Ulysses never had remember'd Penelope, or lthaca. Cor. Be not rapt so. Cont. Your Excellence would be so, had vou seen her. Coz. Take up, take up.-But did your observation Note any passage of affection Between her and my nephew? Cont. How it should Be otherwise between them, is beyond My best imagination. Cupid's arrows Were useless there ; for, of necessity, Their years and dispositions do accord so, They must wound one another. Cos. Umph! Thou art My secretary, Contarino, and more skill'd In politic designs of state, than in Thy judgment of a beauty; give me leave, In this, to doubt it .- Here. Go to my cabinet, You shall find there letters newly received,

Touching the state of Uibin. Pray you, with care peruse them : leave the search Of this to us. *Cost.* I do obey in all things. *Cost.* Lidia ! a diamond so long conceal'd. And never worn in court ! of such sweet

feature ! And he on whom I fix my dukedom's hopes Made captive to it ! Umph ! 'tis somewhat strange.

Our eyes are everywhere, and we will make A strict inquiry.—Sanazarro !

Re-enter Sanazarro.

Sanaz. Sir.

Cos. Is my nephew at his rest?

Sanaz. I saw him in bed. sir.

Coz. Tis well; and does the princess-Fiorinds,

Nay, do not blush, she is rich Urbin's heir,

Continue constant in her favours to you? Sanaz. Dread sir, she may dispense them as she pleases;

But I look up to her as on a princess I dare not be ambitious of, and hope Her prodigal graces shall not render me Offender to your highness.

Coz. Not a scruple.

He whom I favour, as I do my friend,

May take all lawful graces that become him :

But touching this hereafter. I have now

(And though perhaps it may appear a trifle) Serious employment for thee.

Sanaz, I stand ready

For any act you please.

Coz. I know it, friend.

Have you ne'er heard of Lidia, the daughter Of Carolo Charomonte?

Sanaz. Him I know, sir,

For a noble gentleman, and my worthy friend; But never heard of her.

Coz. She is deliver'd.

And feelingly to us by Contarino,

For a masterpiece in nature. I would have you

Ride suddenly thither to behold this wonder. But not assent by us; that's our first caution : The second is, and carefully observe it,

That, though you are a bachelor, and endow'd with

All those perfections that may take a virgin. On forfeit of our favour do not tempt her : It may be her fair graces do concern us. Pretend what business you think fit, to gain Access unto her father's house, and, there, Make full discovery of her, and return me A true relation :--- have some ends in it, With which we will acquaint you.

Sanaz. This is. sir. An easy task. Coz. Yet one that must exact Your secrecy and diligence. Let not Your stay be long. Sanas. It shall not, sir. Cos. Farewell, And be, as you would keep our favour, careful. [Excunt. Excunt.

ACT IL

SCENE I.— The same. A Room in Fiorinda's House. **Enter** Fiorinda and Calaminta. Fior. How does this dressing shew? Calam. "Tis of itself Curious and rare; but, borrowing ornament, As it does from your grace, that deigns to wear it. Incomparable. Fior. Thou flatter'st me. Calam. I cannot, Your excellence is above it. Fior. Were we less perfect, Yet, being as we are, an absolute princess, We of necessity must be chaste, wise, fair, By our prerogative !- yet all these fail To move where I would have them. How received Count Sanazarro the rich scarf I sent him For his last visit? Calam. With much reverence, I dare not say affection. He express'd More ceremony in his humble thanks, Than feeling of the favour ; and appear d Wilfully ignorant, in my opinion, Of what it did invite him to. Fior. No matter; He's blind with too much light. Have you not heard Of any private mistress he's engaged to? Calam. Not any; and this does amaze me, madam, That he, a soldier, one that drinks rich wines, Feeds high, and promises as much as Venus Could wish to find from Mars, should in his manners Be so averse to women. Fior. Troth, I know not; He's man enough, and, if he has a haunt, He preys, far off, like a subtle fox. Calam. And that way do suspect him : for I learnt last night, When the great duke went to rest, attended by One private follower, he took horse; but whither

Enter Calandrino. We would not be abused .-- Who have we here? Calam. How the fool stares ! Fior. And looks as if he were Conning his neck-verse. Cal. If I now prove perfect In my A B C of courtship, Calandrino Is made for ever. I am sent-let me see, On a How d'ye, as they call't. Calum. What wouldst thou say? Cal. Let me see my notes. These are her lodgings; well. Calam. Art thou an ass? Cal. Peace ! thou art a court wagtail, [Looking on his instructions. To interrupt me. Fior. He has given it you. Cal. And then say to the illustrious Fi-orin-da-I have it. Which is she? Calam. Why this; fop-doodle. Cal. Leave chattering, bull-finch; you would put me out, But 'twill not do .- Then, after you have made Your three obeisances to her, kneel and kiss The skirt of her gown .- I am glad it is no worse. Calam. And why so, sir?

He's rid, or to what end, I cannot guess at,

But I will find it out.

Fior. Do, faithful servant ;

Cal. Because I was afraid

That, after the Italian garb, I should

Have kiss'd her backward. Calam. This is sport unlooked for.

Cal. Are you the princess?

Fior. Yes, sir. Cal. Then stand fair,

For I am choleric ; and do not nip A hopeful blossom. Out again :- Three low Obcisances.-

Fior. I am ready.

Cal. I come on, then.

Calam. With much formality.

Cal. Umph ! One, two, three. Makes antic curtesies. Thus far I am right. Now for the last. [Kisses the skirt of her gown.] -O, rare! She is perfumed all over ! Sure great women, Instead of little dogs, are privileged To carry musk-cats. Fior. Now the ceremony Is pass'd, what is the substance?

Cal. I'll peruse My instructions, and then tell you.-Her

skirt kiss'd.

Inform her highness that your lord-

THE GREAT DUKE OF FLORENCE. 230 Calam. Who's that? You shall o'ercome ; no more, I pray you, Cal. Prince Giovanni, who entreats your sir. And what delights, pray you be liberal grace. That he, with your good favour, may have In your relation, hath the country life Afforded you? Giov. All pleasures, gracious madam, leave To present his service to you. I think I But the happiness to converse with your sweet virtues. have nick'd it For a courtier of the first form. Fior. To my wonder. I had a grave instructor, and my hours Design'd to serious studies yielded me Enter Giovanni and a Gentleman. Pleasure with profit in the knowledge of Return unto the prince—but he prevents My answer. Calaminta, take him off ; What before I was ignorant in ; the signior, Carolo de Charomonte, being skilful To guide me through the labyrinth of wild And, for the neat delivery of his message, Give him ten ducats : such rare parts as yours passions. That labour'd to imprison my free soul Are to be cherish'd. Cal. We will share : I know A slave to vicious sloth. It is the custom of the court, when ten Fior. You speak him well. Are promised, five is fair. Fie ! fie ! the Giov. But short of his deserts. Then for princess Shall never know it, so you dispatch me the time Of recreation, I was allow'd (Against the form follow'd by jealous parents, In Italy) full liberty to partake quickly, And bid me not come to-morrow. Calam. Very good, sir. [Excunt Calandrino and Calaminta. His daughter's sweet society. She's a virgin Happy in all endowments which a poet Giov. Pray you, friend, Could fancy in his mistress ; being herself Inform the duke I am putting into act A school of goodness, where chaste maids What he commanded. may learn, Without the aid of foreign principles, Gent. I am proud to be employ'd, sir. By the example of her life and pureness, Exit. To be as she is, excellent. I but give you Giov. Madam, that, without warrant, I presume A brief epitome of her virtues, which, To trench upon your privacies, may argue Dilated on at large, and to their merit, Rudeness of manners; but the free access Would make an ample story. Your princely courtesy vouchsafes to all Fior. Your whole age, That come to pay their services, gives me hope So spent with such a father, and a daughter, To find a gracious pardon. Could not be tedious to you. Fior. If you please, not Giov. True, great princess : And now, since you have pleased to grant To make that an offence in your construction, Which I receive as a large favour from you, the hearing There needs not this apology. Of my time's expense in the country, give Giov. You continue, me lcave As you were ever, the greatest mistress of To entreat the favour to be made acquainted Fair entertainment. What service, or what objects in the court, Fior. You are, sir, the master ; Have, in your excellency's acceptance, proved And in the country have learnt to outdo Most gracious to you. Fior. I'll meet your demand, All that in court is practised. But why And make a plain discovery. The duke's should we Talk at such distance? You are welcome, sir. care We have been more familiar, and since For my estate and person holds the first You will impose the province (you should And choicest place: then, the respect the govern) courtiers Of boldness on me, give me leave to say You are too punctual. Sit, sir, and discourse Pay gladly to me, not to be contemn'd. But that which raised in me the most delight, (For I am a friend to valour,) was to hear The noble actions truly reported As we were used. Giov. Your excellence knows so well How to command, that I can never err Of the brave count Sanazarro. I profess

When it hath been, and fervently, deliver'd, How boldly, in the horror of a fight,

When I obey you.

Fior. Nay, no more of this.

d with fire and smoke, and, as if

nt him wings, like lightning he hath

the Turkish gallies, I have heard it kind of pleasure, which hath whisr'd to me,

orthy must be cherish'd.

wer can repeat.

I glory in it.

hen he did return, (but still with conrest.)

mour off, not young Antinous r'd more courtly ; all the graces that r a man's society dear to ladies,

ages waiting on him ; and it does strangely on me.

. To divert your thoughts, h they are fix'd upon a noble subject, suitor to you.

You will ask resume, what I may grant, and then t not be denied.

It is a favour ich I hope your excellence will thank

Nay, without circumstance. That you would please e occasion to move the duke, you, with his allowance, may com-

and natchless virgin, Lidia, (of whom ot speak too much,) to wait upon you. such a one, upon the forfeit of good opinion of me, that will not lemish to your train.

"Tis rank ! he loves her : will fit him with a suit. [Aside -] use not,

t bred or doubt or scruple in me what you desire, for I'll effect it, take use of a fair and fit occasion ; return, I ask a boon of you,

ope to find you, in your grant to me, ave been to you.

. Command me, madam. ou would be

or to the duke, not to expose, so many trials of his faith, oble Sanazarro to all dangers, te were a wall to stand the fury erpetual battery : but now ant him, after his long labours, rest berty to live in court; his arms is victorious sword and shield bung up

onuments. . Umph !--- I'll embrace, fair princess.

Enter Cozimo.

The soonest opportunity. The duke ! Cos. Nay, blush not ; we smile on your privacy,

And come not to disturb you. You are equals,

And, without prejudice to either's honours, May make a mutual change of love and courtship,

Till you are made one, and with holy rites, And we give suffrage to it. Give. You are gracious. Coz. To ourself in this : but now break

off; too much

Taken at once of the most curious viands, Dulls the sharp edge of appetite. We are now

For other sports, in which our pleasure is That you shall keep us company. *Fior*. We attend you. [Exem

Exerent.

SCENE II.- The Country. A Hall in Charomonte's House.

Enter Bernardo, Caponi, and Petruchio.

Bern. Is my lord stirring? Cap. No; he's fast. Pet. Let us take, then,

Our morning draught. Such as eat store of

beef, Mutton, and capons, may preserve their

With that thin composition call'd small beer, As, 'tis said, they do in England. But Italians, That think when they have supp'd upon an olive,

A root, or bunch of raisins, 'tis a feast, Must kill those crudities rising from cold herbs, With hot and histy wines.

Cap. A happiness

Those tramontanes ne'er tasted. Bern. Have they not

Store of wine there?

Cap. Yes, and drink more in two hours Than the Dutchmen or the Dane in four and twenty.

Pet. But what is't? French trash, made

of rotten grapes, And dregs and lees of Spain, with Walsh metheglin,

A drench to kill a horse ! But this pure nectar,

Being proper to our climate, is too fine To brook the roughness of the sea; the spirit Of this begets in us quick apprehensions,

And active executions ; whereas their

Gross feeding makes their understanding like it ;

They can fight, and that's their all. They drink.

Enter Sanazarro and Servant.

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Sawaz. Security Dwells about this house, I think ; the gate's wide open, And not a servant stirring. See the horses Set up, and elothed. Serv. I shall, sir. Sanaz. I'll make bold To press a little further. Bern. Who is this, Count Sanazarro?

Pet. Yes, I know him. Quickly Remove the flaggon.

Sanaz. A good day to you, friends.

Nay, do not concent your physic; I approve it, And, if you please, will be a patient with you. Pet. My noble lord. [Drinks.

Sanas. A health to yours. [Drinks.] Well done !

I see you love yourselves, and I commend you; 'Tis the best wisdom.

Pet. May it please your honour

To walk a turn in the gallery, I'll acquaint My lord with your being here. [Exit. Sanaz. Tell him I come

For a visit only. 'Tis a handsome pile this.

Caf. Why here is a brave fellow, and a right one;

Nor wealth nor greatness makes him proud. Bern. There are

Too few of them; for most of our new courtiers,

(Whose fathers were familiar with the prices Of oil and corn, with when and where to vent them,

And left their heirs rich, from their knowledge that way,)

Like gourds shot up in a night, disdain to speak

But to cloth of tissue.

Enter Charomonte in a nightgown, Petruchio following.

Char. Stand you prating, knaves,

When such a guest is under my roof! See all The rooms perfumed. This is the man that carries

The sway and swing of the court; and I had rather

Preserve him mine with honest offices,

But I'll make no comparisons. Bid my daughter

Trim herself up to the height; I know this courtier

Must have a smack at her; and, perhaps, by his place, Expects to wriggle further ; if he doe I shall deceive his hopes ; for I'll not My honour for the dukedom. Whic went he?

Cap. To the round gallery.

Char. I will entertain him As fits his worth and quality, but no fi

SCENE III .- A Gallery in the sa

Enter Sanazarro.

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Sauaz. I cannot apprehend, yet

All ways I can imagine, for what rear The great duke does employ me hither What does increase the miracle, I render

A strict and true account, at my reture Of Lidia, this lord's daughter, and de In what she's excellent, and where det "Tis a hard task : he that will underg To make a judgment of a woman's b And see through all her plastering paintings,

Had need of Lynceus' eyes, and with ease

May look, like him, through nine mud than make

A true discovery of her. But the inte And secrets of my prince's heart mus Served, and not search'd into.

Enter Charomonte,

Char. Most noble sir,

Excuse my age, subject to ease and a That with no greater speed I have pro My service with your welcome. Sanaz. 'Tis more fit

That I should ask your pardon, turbing

Your rest at this unseasonable hour. But my occasions carry me so near Your hospitable house, my stay bein too.

Your goodness, and the name of which you

Are pleased to grace me with, g assurance

A visit would not ofiend.

Char. Offend, my lord ! I feel myself much younger for the !

How is it with our gracious master? Sanaz. He, sir,

Holds still his wonted greatness, ar fesses

Himself your debtor, for your love a To the prince Giovanni; and had se Particular thanks by me, had his grace

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The quick dispatch of what I was design'd to	Homer bestow'd on Pallas, every limb
Would have licensed me to see you.	Proportion'd to it !
Char. I am rich	Char. This is strangeMy lord !
In his acknowledgment.	Sanaz. I crave your pardon, and yours,
Sanas. Sir, I have heard	matchless maid,
Your happiness in a daughter.	For such I must report you.
Char. Sits the wind there? [Aside.	Petron. There's no notice
Sanas. Fame gives her out for a rare	Taken all this while of me. Aside.
masterpiece. Char. Tis a plain village girl, sir, but	Sanaz. And I must add, If your discourse and reason parallel
obedient :	The rareness of your more than human form,
That's her best beauty, sir.	You are a wonder.
Sanas. Let my desire	Char. Pray you, my lord, make trial :
To see her, find a fair construction from you :	She can speak, I can assure you; and that
I bring no loose thought with me.	my presence
Char. You are that way,	May not take from her freedom, I will leave
My lord, free from suspicion. Her own	you:
manners,	For know, my lord, my confidence dares trust
Without an imposition from me,	her
I hope, will prompt her to it.	Where, and with whom, she pleases.
Enter Lidia and Petronella.	If he be Taken the right way with her, I cannot fancy
Ester Liute and retronena.	A better match; and, for false play, I know
As she is,	The tricks, and can discern them.—Petro-
She comes to make a tender of that service	nella !
Which she stands bound to pay.	Petron. Yes, my good lord.
Sanas. With your fair leave,	Char. I have employment for you.
I make bold to salute you.	[Excunt Charomonte and Petronella.
Lid. Sir, you have it.	Lid. What's your will, sir?
Petron. I am her gentlewoman, will he	Sanaz. Madam, you are so large a theme
not kiss me too? This is coarse, i'faith. [Aside.	to treat of,
Char. How he falls off !	And every grace about you offers to me Such copiousness of language, that I stand
Lid. My lord, though silence best becomes	Doubtful which first to touch at. If I err,
a maid,	As in my choice I may, let me entreat you,
And to be curious to know but what	Before I do offend, to sign my pardon :
-Concerns myself, and with becoming dis-	Let this, the emblem of your innocence,
tance,	Give me assurance.
May argue me of boldness, I must borrow	Lid. My hand join d to yours,
So much of modesty, as to inquire	Without this superstition, confirms it.
Prince Giovanni's health. Sanas. He cannot want	Nor need I fear you will dwell long upon me,
What you are pleased to wish him.	The barrenness of the subject yielding nothing That rhetoric, with all her tropes and figures,
Lid. Would 'twere so !	Can amplify. Yet since you are resolved
And then there is no blessing that can make	To prove yourself a courtier in my praise,
A hopeful and a noble prince complete,	As I'm a woman (and you men affirm
But should fall on him. O! he was our	Our sex loves to be flatter'd) I'll endure it.
north star,	Enter Charomonte above.
The light and pleasure of our eyes.	
Sanaz. Where am 1?	Now, when you please, begin.
I feel myself another thing ! Can charms	Sanas. [turning from her.] Such Læda's
Be writ on such pure rubies? her lips melt As soon as touch'd! Not those smooth	paps were, — (Down pillows styled by Jove,) and their
gales that glide	pure whiteness
O'er happy Araby, or rich Sabæa,	Shames the swan's down, or snow. No heat
Creating in their passage gums and spices,	of lust
Can serve for a weak simile to express	Swells up her azure veins; and yet I feel
The sweetness of her breath. Such a brave	That this chaste ice but touch'd fans fire in
stature	me.
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Lid. You need not, noble sir, be thus transported,

Or trouble your invention to express

Your thought of me; the plainest phrase and language

That you can use, will be too high a strain For such an humble theme.

Sanas. If the great duke

Made this his end to try my constant temper, Though I am vanquish'd, 'tis his fault, not mine :

For I am flesh and blood, and have affections Like other men. Who can behold the temples,

Or holy altars, but the objects work Devotion in him? And I may as well Walk over burning iron with bare feet, And be unscorch'd, as look upon this beauty Without desire, and that desire pursued too, Till it be quench'd with the enjoying those Delights, which to achieve, danger is nothing, And loyalty but a word.

Lid. I ne'er was proud ;

Nor can find I am guilty of a thought Deserving this neglect and strangeness from you

Nor am 1 amorous.

Sanaz. Suppose his greatness

Loves her himself, why makes he choice of me To be his agent? It is tyranny To call one pinch'd with hunger to a feast, And at that instant cruelly deny him To taste of what he sees. Allegiance Tempted too far is like the trial of A good sword on an anvil; as that often Flies in pieces without service to the owner, So trust enforced too far proves treachery, And is too late repented.

Lid. Pray you, sir,

Or license me to leave you, or deliver The reasons which invite you to command My tedious waiting on you.

Char. As I live,

I know not what to think on't. Is't his pride, Or his simplicity?

Sanaz. Whither have my thoughts Carried me from myself? In this my dulness, I've lost an opportunity-----

[Turns to her; she falls off. Lid. 'Tis true, I was not bred in court, nor live a star there; Nor shine in rich embroideries and pearl,

As they, that are the mistresses of great fortunes,

Are every day adorn'd with-Sanaz, Will you vouchsafe

Your ear, sweet lady?

Lid. Yet I may be bold,

For my integrity and fame, to rank

With such as are more glorious. The never

Did injury, yet I am sensible When I'm contemp'd and seem

When I'm contemn'd and scorn'd. Sanaz. Will you please to hear me

Lid. Othe difference of natures I Gio A prince in expectation, when he lived Stole courtesy from heaven, and would The meanest servant in my father's hi Have kept such distance.

Sanaz. Pray you, do not think me Unworthy of your ear; it was your b That turn'd me statue. I can speak, fa

Lid. And I can hear. The harsh your courtship

Cannot corrupt my courtesy. Sanaz. Will you hear me,

If I speak of love?

Lid. Provided you be modest; I were uncivil, else.

Char. They are come to parley : I must observe this nearer.

Sanaz. You are a rare one. And such (but that my haste commuhence)

I could converse with ever. Will you g With leave to visit you again? Lid. So you,

At your return to court, do me the f To make a tender of my humble set To the prince Giovanni,

Sanaz. Ever touching

Upon that string ! [Aside.] And give me hope

Of future happiness?

Lid. That, as I shall find you : The fort that's yielded at the first a Is hardly worth the taking.

Re-enter Charomonte below

Char. O, they are at it.

Sanaz. She is a magazine of all p And 'tis death to part from her, yet A parting kiss, fair maid.

Lid. That custom grants you. Char. A homely breakfast doe your lordship,

Such as the place affords.

Sanaz. No ; I have feasted Already here; my thanks, and so II I will see you again.—Till this unha I was never lost, and what to do, I have not yet determined. [Aride

Char. Gone so abruptly I

Tis very strange. Lid. Under your favour, sir, His coming hither was to little pur For anything I heard from him.



Char. Take heed, Lidia ! In her are sunk, never to be buoy'd up : For 'tis impossible, but, as soon as seen, I do advise you with a father's love, She must with adoration be sued to. And tenderness of your honour; as I would not Have you coarse and harsh in giving enter-A hermit at his beads but looking on her, tainment, Or the cold cynic, whom Corinthian Laïs So by no means to be credulous: for great (Not moved with her lust's blandishments) call'd a stone, At this object would take fire. Nor is the Till they have gain'd their ends, are giants in Their promises, but, those obtain'd, weak duke Such an Hippolytus, but that this Phædra, pigmies In their performance. And it is a maxim But seen, must force him to forsake the groves, Allow'd among them, so they may deceive, And Dian's huntmanship, proud to serve They may swear any thing; for the queen of under As they hold constantly, does never punish, Venus' soft ensigns. No, there is no way But smile, at lovers' perjuries .- Yet be wise For me to hope fruition of my ends, But to conceal her beauties ;--and how that And when you are sued to in a noble way, May be effected, is as hard a task Be neither nice nor scrupulous. As with a veil to cover the sun's beams, Or comfortable light. Three years the prince Lid. All you speak, sir, Lived in her company, and Contarino, I hear as oracles : nor will digress From your directions. The secretary, hath possess'd the duke Char. So shall you keep What a rare piece she is: - but he's my Your fame untainted. creature, And may with ease be frighted to deny Lid. As I would my life, sir. [Exennt. What he hath said ! and, if my long experience, ACT III. With some strong reasons I have thought SCENE 1.-Florence. An Anteroom upon, in the Palace. Cannot o'er-reach a youth, my practice yields me Enter Sanazarro and Servant. But little profit. Sanas. Leave the horses with my grooms; Enter Giovanni with the Servant. but be you careful, With your best diligence and speed, to find Giov. You are well return'd, sir. Sanaz. Leaveus.-[ExitServant.] When that your grace shall know the motives The prince, and humbly, in my name, entreat I may exchange some private conference with him That forced me to invite you to this trouble, You will excuse my manners. Before the great duke know of my arrival. Giov. Sir, there needs not This circumstance between us. You are ever Serv. I haste, my lord. Sanas. Here I'll attend his coming : My noble friend. Sanaz. You shall have further cause And see you keep yourself, as much as may be, Conceal'd from all men else. To assure you of my faith and zeal to serve Serv. To serve your lordship, you. And, when I have committed to your trust I wish I were invisible. [Exit. (Presuming still on your retentive silpace)

Sanaz. I am driven Into a desperate strait, and cannot steer A middle course; and of the two extremes Which I must make election of, I know not What value you hold with me. Which is more full of horror. Never servant Stood more engaged to a magnificent master, Than I to Cozimo : and all those honours And glories by his grace conferr'd upon me, Or by my prosperous services deserved, If now I should deceive his trust, and make A shipwreck of my loyalty, are ruin'd. And, on the other side, if I discover Lidia's divine perfections, all my hopes

men.

love.

too.

out

Shall keep the key: for here I pawn my honour, Which is the best security I can give yet, It shall not be discover'd.

What you deliver to me shall be lock'd up

In a strong cabinet, of which you yourself

A secret of no less importance than • My honour, nay, my head, it will confirm

Giov. Pray you, believe, sir,

Sanaz. This assurance

Is more than I with modesty could demand

From such a paymaster; but I must be His son, This is the prince, the ho sudden : And therefore, to the purpose. Can your Excellence, In your imagination, conceive On what design, or whither, the duke's will Commanded me hence last night? Giov. No, I assure you ; And it had been a rudeness to enquire Of that I was not call'd to. Sanaz. Grant me hearing, And I will truly make you understand It only did concern you. Giov. Me, my lord ! Sanaz. You, in your present state, and future fortunes ; For both lie at the stake. Giov. You much amaze me. Pray you, resolve this riddle. Sanaz. You know the duke, If he die issueless, as yet he is, Determines you his heir Giov. It hath pleased his highness Oft to profess so much. Sanaz. But say, he should Be won to prove a second wife, on whom He may beget a son, how, in a moment, With all those glorious expectations, which Render you reverenced and remarkable, Be in a moment blasted, howe'er you are His much-lov'd sister's son ! Giov. I must bear it With patience, and in me it is a duty That I was born with ; and 'twere much unfit For the receiver of a benefit me, To offer, for his own ends, to prescribe Laws to the giver's pleasure. Sanaz. Sweetly answer'd, And like your noble self. This your rare temper So wins upon me, that I would not live (If that by honest arts I can prevent it) To see your hopes made frustrate. And but think How you shall be transform'd from what you are, Should this (as heaven avert it !) ever happen. It must disturb your peace : for whereas now, Being, as you are, received for the heir apparent, You are no sooner seen, but wonder'd at ; The signiors making it a business to Enquire how you have slept; and, as you walk The streets of Florence, the glad multitude In throngs press but to see you ; and, with The father, pointing with his finger, tells

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prince, That must hereafter rule, and you

him,-Great ladies beg your picture, and mak

To that, despairing to enjoy the substan And, but the last night, when 'twas rumour'd

That you were come to court, as if yo By sea past hither from another world What general shouts and acclamation low'd !

The bells rang loud, the bonfires h and such

As loved not wine, carousing to your Were drunk, and blush'd not at it,

A happiness to part with?

Giov. I allow these

As flourishes of fortune, with which Are often sooth'd ; but never yet es them

For real blessings.

Sanaz. Yet all these were paid

To what you may be, not to what yo For if the Great Duke but shew to I vants

A son of his own, you shall, like c scure,

Pass unregarded,

Giov. I confess, command

Is not to be contemn'd, and if my fa Appoint me to it, as I may, I'll bear With willing shoulders. But, my lord You've told me of a danger coming

But have not named it.

Sanaz. That is soon deliver'd.

Great Cozimo, your uncle, as I more Than guess, for 'tis no frivolous circu That does persuade myjudgment to b Purposes to be married. Giov. Married, sir!

With whom, and on what terms? p instruct me.

Sanaz. With the fair Lidia. Giov. Lidia!

Sanas. The daughter

Of signior Charomonte.

Giov. Pardon me

Though I appear incredulous; for, My knowledge, he ne'er saw her. Sanaz. That is granted :

But Contarino hath so sung her pro And given her out for such a master That he's transported with it, sir :-Steals sometimes through the car heart,

As well as by the eye. The duke r

Heard her described, but I was sent in post	Giov. I will use
To see her, and return my judgment of her.	My best endeavour, sir.
Giov. And what's your censure?	Coz. Wait on my nephew.
Sanas. 'Tis a pretty creature.	[Excunt Giovanni, Alphonso,
Giov. She's very fair.	Hippolito, and Attendants.
Sanaz. Yes, yes, I have seen worse faces.	Nay, stay you, Contarino :be within call;
Giov. Her limbs are neatly form'd. Sanaz. She hath a waist	It may be we shall use you. [<i>Exit</i> Contarino.
Indeed sized to love's wish.	You have rode hard, sir,
Giov. A delicate hand too.	And we thank you for it : every minute seems
Sanaz. Then for a leg and foot-	Irksome, and tedious to us, till you have
Gior: And there I leave you,	Made your discovery. Say, friend, have you
For 1 presumed no further.	seen
Sanaz. As she is, sir,	This phœnix of our age?
I know she wants no gracious part that may	Sanaz. I have seen a maid, sir;
Allure the duke; and, if he only see her,	But, if that I have judgment, no such wonder
She is his own ; he will not be denied,	As she was deliver'd to you.
And then you are lost; yet, if you'll second me,	Coz. This is strange.
(As you have reason, for it most concerns you,)	Sanaz. But certain truth. It may be, she
I can prevent all yet.	was look'd on
Giov. I would you could,	With admiration in the country, sir;
A noble way.	But, if compared with many in your court,
Sanaz. I will cry down her beauties ;	She would appear but ordinary.
Especially the beauties of her mind,	Coz. Contarino
As much as Contarino hath advanced them ;	Reports her otherwise.
And this, I hope, will breed forgetfulness,	Sanaz. Such as ne'er saw swans,
And kill affection in him : but you must join With me in my report, if you be question'd.	May think crows beautiful. Coz. How is her behaviour?
Giov. I never told a lie yet; and I hold it	Sanaz. 'Tis like the place she lives in.
In some degree blasphémous to dispraise	Cos. How her wit,
What's worthy admiration : yet, for once,	Discourse, and entertainment?
I will dispraise a little, and not vary	Sanaz. Very coarse ;
From your relation.	I would not willingly say poor, and rude :
Sanaz. Be constant in it.	But, had she all the beauties of fair women,
Euter Alphoneo	The dullness of her soul would fright me
Enter Alphonso.	from her.
Δlph . My lord, the duke hath seen your	Coz. You are curious, sir. I know not
man, and wonders	what to think on't [Aside.
Enter Cozimo, Hippolito, Contarino, and	Contarino !
Attendants.	Re-cnier Contarino.
Vou some not to him. See if his desire	Cont. Sir.
You come not to him. See, if his desire	Coz. Where was thy judgment, man,
To have conference with you hath not brought him hither	To extol a virgin Sanazarto tells me
In his own person !	Is nearer to deformity?
Coz. They are comely coursers,	Sanaz. I saw her,
And promise swiftness.	And curiously perused her; and I wonder
Cont. They are, of my knowledge,	That she, that did appear to me, that know
Of the best race in Naples.	What beauty is, not worthy the observing,
Cez. You are, nephew,	Should so transport you.
As I hear, an excellent horseman, and we	Cont. Troth, my lord, I thought then
like it :	Coz. Thought! Didst thou not affirm it?
Tis a fair grace in a prince. Pray you, make	Cont. I confess, sir,
trial	I did believe so then ; but now, I hear
Of their strength and speed; and, if you	My lord's opinion to the contrary,
think them fit	I am of another faith : for 'tis not fit
For your employment, with a liberal hand	That I should contradict him. I am dim, sir;
Reward the gentleman that did present them From the viceroy of Naples.	But he's sharp-sighted. Sanas. This is to my wish. [Aside.
- total the therity of thapsest	wanter Time to to my arous funder

Coz. We know not what to think of this; yet would not

Re-enter Giovanni, Hippolito, and Alphonso.

Determine rashly of it. [Aside]-How do you like

My nephew's horsemanship?

Hip. In my judgment, sir,

It is exact and rare. Alph. And, to my fancy,

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He did present great Alexander mounted On his Bucephalus.

Coz. You are right courtiers,

And know it is your duty to cry up

All actions of a prince.

Sanaz. Do not betray

Yourself, you're safe ; I have done my part. A side to Giovanni.

Gioty, I thank you ;

Nor will I fail.

Cos. What's your opinion, nephew, Of the horses?

Giov. Two of them are, in my judgment, The best I ever back'd; I mean the roan, sir, And the brown bay: but for the chesnutcolour'd.

Though he be full of metal, hot, and fiery, He treads weak in his pasterns.

Cor. So ; come nearer ;

This exercise hath put you into a sweat ; Takethis and dryit : and now I command you To tell me truly what's your censure of Charomonte's daughter, Lidia.

Giov. I am, sir,

A novice in my judgment of a lady But such as 'tis, your grace shall have it freely. I would not speak ill of her, and am sorry, If I keep myself a friend to truth, I cannot Report her as I would, so much I owe Her reverend father ; but I'll give you, sir, As near as I can, her character in little. She's of a goodly stature, and her limbs Not disproportion'd ; for her face, it is Far from deformity ; yet they flatter her, That style it excellent : her manners are Simple and innocent ; but her discourse And wit deserve my pity, more than praise : At the best, my lord, she is a handsome picture.

And, that said, all is spoken.

Cor. I believe you :

I ne'er yet found you false. Giov. Nor ever shall, sir.-

Forgive me, matchless Lidia! too much love, And jealous fear to lose thee, do compel me, Against my will, my reason, and my knowledge.

To be a poor detractor of that beauty,

Which fluent Ovid, if he lived again, Would want words to express Coz. Pray you, make choice of

The richest of our furniture for these To San

And take my nephew with you ; we in Will follow his directions.

Giov. Could I find now

The princess Fiorinda, and persuade To be silent in the suit that I moved All were secure.

Sanaz. In that, my lord, I'll aid y Coz. We will be private ; leave us Exennt all but (All my

And serious meditations aim no furt Than this young man's good. He sister's son,

And she was such a sister, when she I could not prize too much ; nor can Make known how dear I hold her n Than in my cherishing the only issu Which she hath left behind her. Why

Enter Fiorinda.

Fior. Sir. Coz. My fair charge ! you are wel 115.

Fior. I have found it, sir.

Coz. All things go well in Urbin. Fior. Your gracious care tome, an frees me

From all suspicion that my jealous Can drive into my fancy.

Coz. The next summer

In our own person, we will bring you And seat you in your own,

Fior. When you think fit, sir. But in the meantime, with your pardon,

I am a suitor to you.

Cor. Name it, madam,

With confidence to obtain it. Fior. That you would please

To lay a strict command on Chard

To bring his daughter Lidia to the And pray you, think, sir, that 't purpose

To employ her as a servant, but to As a most wish'd companion.

Cor. Ha ! your reason ?

Fior. The hopeful prince, you sir, hath given her

To me for such an abstract of per In all that can be wish'd for in a As beauty, music, ravishing disco Quickness of apprehension, w manners

And learning too, not usual with

THE OPEAT DUKE OF FLOPENCE

THE GREAT DUR	LE OF FLORENCE. 239
The GREAT DOK That I am much ambitious (though I shall Appear but as a foil to set her off) To be by her it.structed, and supplied In what I am defective. Coz. Did my nephew Seriously deliver this? Fior. I assure your grace, With zeal and vehemency; and, even when, With his best words, he strived to set her forth. (Though the rare subject made him eloquent,) He would complain, all he could say came short Of her deservings. Coz. Pray you have patience. [Walks aside. This was strangely carried.—Ha! are we trifled with? Dare they do this? Is Cozimo's fury, that	Sanas. There's no sign Of anger in his looks. Giov. They are complete, sir. Coz. 'Tis well : to your rest. Soft sleeps wait on you, madam. To morrow, with the rising of the sun, Be ready to ride with us.—They with more safety Had trod on fork-tongued adders, than provoked me. [Aside and exit. Fior. I come not to be thank'd, sir, for the speedy Performance of my promise touching Lidia : It is effected. Sanaz. We are undone. Fior. The duke No sooner heard me with my best of language
Dare they do this? Is Cozimo's fury, that Of late was terrible, grown contemptible? Well; we will clear our brows, and under- mine Their secret works, though they have digg'd	Describe her excellencies, as you taught me, But he confirm'd it.—You look sad, as if You wish'd it were undone. <i>Giov.</i> No, gracious madam, I am your servant for't.
like moles, And crush them with the tempest of my wrath When I appear most calm. He is unfit To command others, that knows not to use it, And with all rigour : yet my stern looks shall not	Fior. Be you as careful For what I moved to you.—Count Sanazarro, Now I perceive you honour me, in vouch- safing To wear so slight a favour. Sanaz. Tis a grace
Discover my intents: for I will strike When I begin to frown.—You are the mistress Of that you did demand.	I am unworthy of. Fior. You merit more, In prizing so a trifle. Take this diamond; I'll second what I have begun; for know,
Fior. I thank your highness; But speed in the performance of the grant Doubles the favour, sir. Coz. You shall possess it	Your valour hath so won upon me, that 'Tis not to be resisted : I have said, sir. And leave you to interpret it. [<i>E.vit</i> , <i>Sanaz</i> . This to me
Sooner than you expect : Only be pleased to be ready when my secre- tary Waits on you to take the fresh air. My	Giov. I know not. And 'tis a punishment justly fallen upon me,
And my bosom friend, so to cheat me! 'tis not fair. [Aside.	For leaving truth, a constant mistress, that Ever protects her servants, to become A slave to lies and falsehood. What excuse Can be made to the duke, what mercy hope
Re-enter Giovanni and Sanazarro.	for, Our packing being laid open?
Sanaz. Where should this princess be? nor in her lodgings, Nor in the private walks, her own retreat, Which she so much frequented ! Giov. By my life, She's with the duke ! and I much more than fear Her forwardness to prefer my suit hath ruin'd	Sanaz. This not to Be question'd but his purposed journey is To see fair Lidia. Giov. And to divert him Impossible. Sanaz. There's now no looking backward. Giov. And which way to go on with safety,
What with such care we built up. Cos. Have you furnish'd Those coursers, as we will'd you?	Sanas. Give me leave : I have An embryon in my brain, which, I despair not,

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May be brought to form and fashion, provided

You will be open-breasted. Giov. "Tis no time now,

Our dangers being equal, to conceal

A thought from you.

Sanar. What power hold you o'er Lidia? Do you think that, with some hazard of her

She would prevent your ruin?

Giov. I presume so :

If, in the undertaking it, she stray not From what becomes her innocence ; and to that

"Tis far from me to press her : I myself

Will rather suffer. Sanaz. "Tis enough ; this night Write to her by your servant Calandrino, As I shall give directions ; my man

Enter Calandrino, fantastically dressed.

Shall bear him company. See, sir, to my wish He does appear ; but much transform'd from what

He was when he came hither.

Cal. I confess

I am not very wise, and yet I find

A fool, so he be parcel knave, in court

May flourish and grow rich.

Giov. Calandrino. Cal. Peace !

I am in contemplation.

Giov. Do not you know me?

Cal. I tell thee, no ; on forfeit of my place, I must not know myself, much less my father, But by petition ; that petition lined too With golden birds, that sing to the tune of

profit.

Or I am deaf.

Giov. But you've your sense of feeling. Offering to strike him.

Sanaz. Nay, pray you, forbear. Cal. I have all that's requisite

To the making up of a signior : my spruce

My hooded cloak, long stocking, and paned hose,

My case of toothpicks, and my silver fork, To convey an olive neatly to my mouth ;-And, what is all in all, my pockets ring

A golden peal. O that the peasants in the

country. My quondam fellows, but saw me as I am, How they would admire and worship me ! Giov. As they shall ;

For instantly you must thither.

Cal. My grand signior,

Vouchsafe a beso la manos, and a cringe Of the last edition.

Giov. You must ride post with lei This night to Lidia.

Cal. An it please your grace, Shall I use my coach, or footcloth n

Sanas. You widgeon, You are to make all speed ; think

pomp. Giov. Follow for your instructions Cal. I have

One suit to you, my good lord. Sanaz. What is't? Cal. That you would give me

A subtle court-charm, to defend me

The infectious air of the country. Giov. What's the reason?

Cal. Why, as this court-air tau knavish wit,

By which I am grown rich, if that a Should turn me fool and honest, vai farewell !

For I must die a beggar.

Sanaz. Go to, sitrah.

You'll be whipt for this.

Giov. Leave fooling, and attend

ACT IV.

SCENE I .- The Country. A H Charomonte's House.

Enter Charomonte, and Lidi

Char. Daughter, I have observe the prince left us,

(Whose absence I mourn with you,

Count Sanazarro gave us, you have a Sad and retired thoughts, and part That freedom and alacrity of spirit With which you used to cheer me. Lid. For the count, sir,

All thought of him does with his pe But I confess ingenuously, I canno So soon forget the choice and chaste The courteous conversation of the And without stain, I hope, afforded When he made this house a court Char. It is in us

To keep it so without him. Want not,

And all we can complain of, h praised for't,

Is too much plenty; and we will m

Enter Caponi, Bernardo, Petruc other Servants.

All lawful pleasures. How now when

Shall we have this lusty dance?



re afternoon, sir. , I wis, of my own making, one as shall make your signiorcen your butler for nothing, but ets in my head, We'll trip it my sad young mistress merry ear the cellar, re had alandrino here, to dance were perfect. e was a rare fellow : e court hath spoil'd him. en I was young, cut a caper on a pinnacle :

n old and wise .- Keep your out the sample I shall set you, nself will send for us, and laugh

re credit.

Enter Calandrino.

have we here?

awn in the country, in the court nder.

hese jolting jades ! I am bruised

ny money ! and that the courtew well ;

so makes them last three years

s are hacknied. andrino ! 'tis he. to my postures.-Let my hand honour

kiss from my lips to the cover of ear signior you stoop too low, sir. hem of your vestment, lady; we is for princes ; conn'd my distances. most courtly. w Calandrino! or de Caponi,

er of the mansion,

w is't, man? [Claps him on the showlder, of so rustic in your salutations, ardo, master of the accounts, uchio, may you long continue in in the chamber ! in shall we learn ls in our villa?

mushrooms are so. What news at court? Cal. Bastal they are mysteries, And not to be reveal'd. With your favour, signior; I am, in private, to confer awhile With this signora : but I'll pawn my honour, That neither my terse language, normy habit, Howe'er it may convince, nor my new shrugs, Shall render her enamour'd. Char. Take your pleasure ; Char. Take your precises may pass, A little of these apish tricks may pass, [Exit. Too much is tedious. Cal. The prince, in this paper, Presents his service. Nay, it is not courtly To see the seal broke open ; so I leave you,-Signiors of the villa, I'll descend to be

Char. 'Tis not unlike, for most of such

Familiar with you.

Cap. Have you forgot to dance? Cal. No, 1 am better'd.

Pet. Will you join with us? Cal. As I like the project.

Let me warm my brains first with the richest

grape, And then I'm for you.

Cap. We will want no wine.

Excunt all but Lidia. Lid. That this comes only from the best

of princes,

With a kind of adoration does command me To entertain it; and the sweet contents

[Kissing the letter. That are inscribed here by his hand must be Much more than musical tome. All the service Of my life at no part can deserve this favour. O what a virgin longing I feel on me To unrip the scal, and read it ! yet, to break

What he hath fastened, rashly, may appear A saucy rudeness in me,-I must do it,

(Nor can I else learn his commands, or serve

But with such reverence, as I would open Some holy writ, whose grave instructions beat down

Rebellious sins, and teach my better part How to mount upward .- So, [opens the letter] 'tis done, and I

With eagle's eyes will curiously peruse it. Reads.

Chaste Lidia, the favours are so great On me by you conferr'd, that to entreat The least addition to them, in true sense May argue me of blushless impudence. But, such are my extremes, if you deay A further grace, I must unpilies die. Haste cuts off circumstance. As you're admired

For beauty, the report of it hath fired

The duke my uncle, and, I fear, you'll	Coz. "Tis more. Thou hast
prove,	Abused our trust, and in a high degree
Not with a sacred, but unlawful love.	Committed treason.
If he see you as you are, my hoped for light	Char. Treason ! "Tis a word
Is changed into an everlasting night;	My innocence understands not. Were any
How to prevent it, if your goodness find,	breast
You save two loves, and me you ever bind,	Transparent, and my thoughts to be dis-
The honourer of your virtues,	cern'd,
GIOVANNI.	Not one spot shall be found to taint the
Were I more deaf than adders, these sweet charms Would through my ears find passage to my soul, And soon enchant it. To save such a prince, Who would not perish? virtue in him must	candour Of my allegiance : and I must be bold To tell you, sir, (for he that knows no guilt Can know no fear,) 'tis tyranny to o'ercharge An honest man ; and such, till now, I've lived, And such, my lord, I'll die.
And piety be forgotten. The duke's lust,	Cos. Sir, do not flatter
Though it raged more than Tarquin's, shall	Yourself with hope, these great and glo-
not reach me.	rious words,
All quaint inventions of chaste virgins aid me !	Which every guilty wretch, as well as you,
My prayers are heard; I have't. The duke	That's arm'd with impudence, can with ease
ne'er saw me—	deliver,
Or, if that fail, I am again provided— But for the servants !— They will take what form I please to put upon them. Giovanni, Be safe ; thy servant Lidia assures it. Let mountains of afflictions fall on me, Their weight is easy, so I set thee free.	And with as full a mouth, can work on us: Nor shall gay flourishes of language clear What is in fact apparent. <i>Char.</i> Fact ! what fact? You, that know only what it is, instruct me, For I am ignorant. <i>Coz.</i> This, then, sir : We gave up, On our assurance of your faith and care,
Exit. SCENE II.—Another Room in the same. Enter Cozimo, Giovanni, Sanazarro, Charomonte, and Attendants. Sanaz. Are you not tired with travel, sir?	Our nephcw Giovanni, nay, our heir In expectation, to be train d up by you As did become a prince. <i>Char.</i> And I discharg'd it : Is this the treason? <i>Coz.</i> Take us with you, sir.
Coz. No, no;	And, in respect we knew his youth was prone
I am fresh and lusty.	To women, and that, living in our court.
Char. This day shall be ever	He might make some unworthy choice,
A holiday to me, that brings my prince	before
Under my humble roof. [IVeeps.	His weaker judgment was confirm'd, we did
Giov. See, sir, my good tutor	Remove him from it; constantly presuming.
Sheds tears for joy.	You, with your best endeavours, rather would
 Coz. Dry them up, Charomonte; And all forbear the room, while we exchange Some private words together. Giov. O, my lord, How grossly have we overshot ourselves ! Sonaz. In what, sir? Giov. In forgetting to acquaint 	Have quench'd those heats in him, than light a torch, As you have done, to his locseness. <i>Char.</i> I ! my travail Is ill-requited, sir; for, by my soul, I was so curious that way, that I granted Access to none could tempt him; nor did
My guardian with our purpose : all that Lidia	ever
Can do avails us nothing, if the duke	One syllable, or obscene accent, touch
Find out the truth from him.	His ear, that might corrupt him.
Sanas. 'Tis now past help,	Coz. No ! Why, then,
And we must stand the hazard :hope the	With your allcwance, did you give free way
best, sir.	To all familiar privacy between
<i>Excunt</i> Giovanni, Sanazarro, and	My nephew and your daughter? Or why
Attendants,	did you
<i>Char.</i> My loyalty doubted, sir !	(Had you no other ends in't but our service)

m, and together, as they had I could say more. Nay, you yourself, dread

one form, grammar, rhetoric, story, and interpret to them mptations of lascivious poets? , for we still had spies upon you, I present, when, by your advice, th the use of his weapon, horse-

ay, swimming, but to fan in her of him? and then, forsooth, a ended, cover'd with

ice of recreation for him,

was instructed in those graces beauty,) he, brought to admire

her sing, while to her voice her

ing music ; and, this applauded,

ta with her. ve you ended charge me with? stopt you there, st unattended walk into proves, and hear the amorous

eir wanton notes ; here, a sure

amores, which the all-seeing sun sierce through; near that, an sung

ng eglantine ; there, a bubbling

bank of hyacinths and lilies; rements that could move to lust, is, Charomonte, (should I grant een equals both in birth and

gravity? nay, 'tis clear as air, imbitious hopes to match your

ily, gave connivance to it : bugh not in act, in the intent eason.

ar my just defence, sir ; you are my prince, it will not

ss, to acknowledge with a blush, ocusation you have been

by spleen, and jealous suppo-

grounds of reason. You had

memory !) that made frequent

I have broke through in his

Whenever I was put unto the test, Found me true gold, and not adulterate metal ; And am I doubted now? Coz. This is from the purpose. Char. I will come to it, sir : Your grace well knew, Before the prince's happy presence made My poor house rich, the chiefest blessing which I gloried in, though now it prove a curse. Was an only daughter. Nor did you command me. As a security to your future fears, To cast her off: which had you done, howe'er She was the light of my eyes, and comfort of My feeble age, so far I prized my duty Above affection, she now had been A stranger to my care. But she is fair ! Is that her fault, or mine? Did ever father Hold beauty in his issue for a blemish? Her education and her manners tempt too! If these offend, they are easily removed : You may, if you think fit, before my face. In recompense of all my watchings for you, With burning corrosives transform her to An ugly leper ; and, this done, to taint Her sweetness, prostitute her to a brothel. This I will rather suffer, sir, and more, Than live suspected by you. Coz. Let not passion Carry you beyond your reason. Char. I am calm, sir; Yet you must give me leave to grieve 1 find My actions misinterpreted. Alas ! sir, Was Lidia's desire to serve the prince Call'd an offence ? or did she practise to Seduce his youth, because with her best real And fervour she endeavoured to attend him? "Tis a hard construction. Though she be my daughter, I may thus far speak her : from her infancy She was ever civil, her behaviour nearer Simplicity than craft ; and malice dares not Affirm, in one loose gesture, or light language. She gave a sign she was in thought unchaste. I'll fetch her to you, sir; and but look on her With equal eyes, you must in justice grant That your suspicion wrongs her, Cos. It may be ; But I must have stronger assurance of it Than passionate words; and, not to triffe

As we came unexpected to your house, We will prevent all means that may prepare her

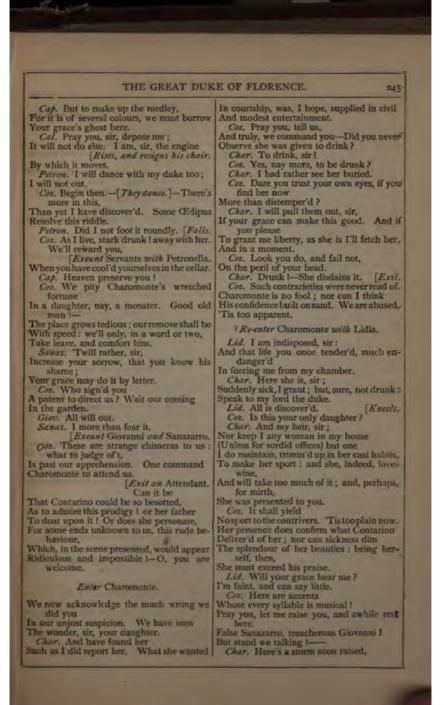
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How to answer that, with which we come to charge her.	Cor. Pray you, pause a little ; If I hold your cards, I shall pail down the
And howsoever it may be received	side;
As a foul breach to hospitable rites,	I am not good at the game,
On thy allegiance and boasted faith,	Petron. Then I'll drink for you.
Nay, forfeit of thy head, we do confine thee	Cor. Nay, pray you stay : I'll find you out
Close prisoner to thy chamber, till all doubts	a pledge
Are clear'd, that do concern us.	That shall supply my place ; what think you of
Char. I obey, sir,	This complete signior? You are a Juno,
And wish your grace had followed my hearse	And in such state must feast this Jupiter :
To my sepulchre, my loyalty unsuspected,	What think you of him?
Rather than now-but I am silent, sir,	Petron. I desire no better.
And let that speak my duty. [Exit.	Cos. And you will undertake this service
Coz. If this man	for me?
Be false, disguised treachery ne er put on	You are good at the sport. Cal. Who, I? a piddler, sir.
A shape so near to truth. Within, there !	Cal. Who, 1? a piddler, sir.
Re-enter Giovanni and Sanazarro, ushering	Cer. Nay, you shall sit enthroned, and
in Petronella. Calandrino and others	drink .
setting forth a banquet.	As you were a duke.
	Cel. If your grace will have me,
Sanas. Sir.	I'll eat and drink like an emperor.
Cos. Bring Lidia forth.	Cos. Take your place then :
Giov. She comes, sir, of herself,	[Calandrino takes the Duke's chair.
To present her service to you.	We are amazed.
Coz. Ha! this personage	Giov. This is gross : nor can the imposture
Cannot invite affection.	But be discover'd.
Sanas. See you keep state.	Sanas. The duke is too sharp-sighted,
Petron. I warrant you.	To be deluded thus.
Cos. The manners of her mind	Cal. Nay, pray you eat fair,
Must be transcendent, if they can defend	Or divide, and I will choose. Cannot you use
Her rougher outside. May we with your	Your fork, as I do? Gape, and I will feed
liking	you. [Feeds ker.
Salute you, lady?	Gape wider yet ; this is court-like.
Petron. Let me wipe my mouth, sir,	Petron. To choke daws with :
With my cambric handkerchief, and then	I like it not.
have at you.	Cal. But you like this?
Cos. Can this be possible?	Petron. Let it come, boy. [They drink.
Sanas. Yes, sir; you will find her	Coz. What a sight is this! We could be
Such as I gave her to you. Petron. Will your dukeship	angry with you.
	How much you did belie her when you told us
Sit down and eat some sugar-plums? Here's	She was only simple! this is barbarous rude-
a castle	ness, Beyond belief
Of march-pane too; and this quince-mar-	Beyond belief.
malade was Of my own making; all summ'd up together,	Giov. 1 would not speak her, sir,
Did cost the setting on : and here is wine too,	Worse than she was.
As good as e'er was tapp'd. I'll be your	Sanaz. And I, my lord, chose rather To deliver her better parted than she is,
taster,	Than to take from her.
For I know the fashion. [Drinks all off	That to take notif her.
Now you must do me right, sir;	Enter Caponi, with his fellow Servants for
You shall nor will nor choose.	the dance.
Giov. She's very simple.	Cap. Ere I'll lose my dance,
Cos. Simple ! 'tis worse. Do you drink	I'll speak to the purpose. I am, sir, no
thus often, lady?	prologue;
Petron. Still when I am thirsty, and eat	But in plain terms must tell you, we are
when I am hungry :	provided
Such junkets come not every day. Once	
more to you,	Cos. Prithee, let us have it,
With a heart and a half, i'faith.	For we grow dull.



Cas. As thou art our subject, Charomonte, SWEET

To act what we command.

Char. That is an oath

I long since took

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Cos. Then, by that oath we charge thee, Without excuse, denial, or delay,

To apprehend, and suddenly, Sanararro, And our ingrateful nephew. We have taid it.

Do it without reply, or we pronounce ther, Like them, a traitor to us. See them guarded In several lodgings, and forbid access To all, but when we warrant. Is our will

Heard sooner than obey'd? Char. These are strange turns ;

But I must not dispute them. Exit. Cos. Be severe in't .-

O my abused lenity ! from what height Is my power fall'n ! Lid. O me most miserable !

That, being innocent, makes others guilty. Most gracious prince

Cos. Pray you rise, and then speak to me. Lid. My knees shall first be rooted in this earth.

And, Myrrha-like, I'll grow up to a tree,

Dropping perpetual tears of sorrow, which Harden'd by the rough wind, and turn'd to amber,

Unfortunate virgins like myself shall wear ; Before I'll make petition to your greatness, But with such reverence, my hands held up thus

As I would do to heaven. You princes are As gods on earth to us, and to be sued to With such humility, as his deputies

May challenge from their vassals.

Coz. Here's that form

Of language 1 expected ; pray you, speak : What is your suit?

Lid. That you would look upon me

As an humble thing, that millions of degrees Is placed beneath you : for what am I, dread

Or what can fall in the whole course of my life,

That may be worth your care, much less your trouble?

As the lowly shrub is to the lofty cedar,

Or a molehill to Olympus, if compared,

I am to you, sir. Or, suppose the prince, (Which cannot find belief in me,) forgetting The greatness of his birth and hopes, hath thrown

An eye of favour on me, in me punish, That am the cause, the rashness of his youth. Shall the queen of the inhabitants of the air, The eagle, that bears thunder on her wings, In the adulterate and cobweb-mas

In her angry mood destroy her hopeful y For suffering a wren to perch too near Such is our disproportion. Coz. With what ferrous

She pleads against herself !

Lid. For me, poor maid,

I know the prince to he so far above That my wishes cannot reach him. Ve So much his creature, that, to fix him Your wonted grace and favour, I'll a His sight for ever, and betake myself To a religious life, (where in my pray I may remember him,) and ne'er a more.

But my ghostly father. Will you tru sir?

In truth I'll keep my word ; or, if this A little more of fear what may befall Will stop my breath for ever.

Cos. Had you thus argued Rai As you were yourself, and brought a cates

Your health and beauty, to make way No crime of his could put on such a But I should look with the eyes of mer What would I give to see this diamo The clouds of sickness dimm'd it take comfort ;

And, as you would obtain remission His treachery to me, cheer your d spirits,

And call the blood again into your And then plead for him ; and in such As in your highest hopes you would If we were to receive you for our bri

Lid. I'll do my best, sir. Coz. And that best will be

A crown of all felicity to me.

ACT V.

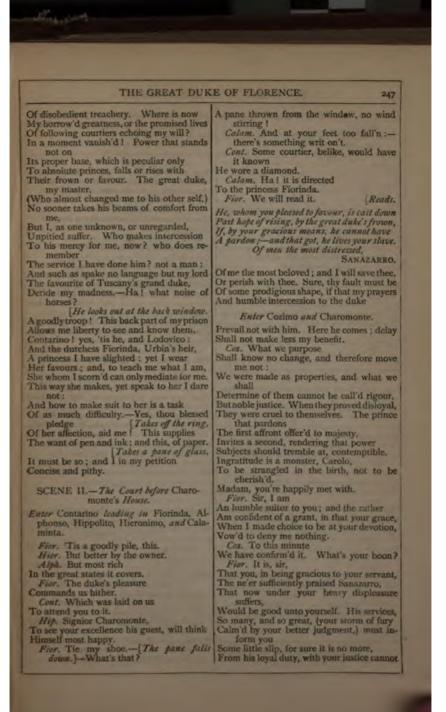
SCENE L-Thesame. An upper in Charomonte's House.

Enter Sanazarro.

Sanaz, "Tis proved in me : the human frailty,

Adding to our afflictions, makes us What's good ; and yet our violent force us

To follow what is ill. Reason assi It was not safe to shave a lion's sk And that to trifle with a sovereign To play with lightning : yet imperiou Treading upon the neck of underst Compell'd me to put off my natura Of loyal duty, to disguise myself





Make foul Ms fair deservings. Great sir, therefore.

Look tackward on his former worth, and turning

Your eye from his offence, what 'tis I know mot.

And, I am confident, you will receive him Once more into your favour. Ces. You say well. You are ignorant in the nature of his fault ;

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Which when you understand, as we'll instruct YOU.

Your pity will appear a charity, It being conferr'd on an unthankful man, To be repented. He's a traitor, madam, To you, to us, to gratitude ; and in that

All crimes are comprehended.

Fior, If his offence

Aim'd at me only, whatsoe'er it is, 'Tis freely pardon'd.

Coz. This compassion in you

Must make the colour of his guilt more ugly. The honours we have hourly heap'd upon him,

The titles, the rewards, to the envy of

The old nobility, as the common people, We now forbear to touch at, and will only

Insist on his gross wrongs to you. You were pleased.

Forgetting both yourself and proper greatness.

To favour him, nay, to court him to embrace A happiness, which, on his knees, with joy He should have sued for. Who repined not at The grace you did him? yet, in recompense Of your large bounties, the disloyal wretch Makes you a stale ; and, what he might be by you

Scorn'd and derided, gives himself up wholly To the service of another. If you can

Bear this with patience, we must say you have not

The bitterness of spleen, or ireful passions Familiar to women. Pause upon it,

And when you seriously have weigh'd his carriage

Move us again, if your reason will allow it, His treachery known : and then, if you continue

An advocate for him, we, perhaps, because We would deny you nothing, may awake Our sleeping mercy. Carolo !

Char. My lord. [They talk aside. Fior. To endure a rival that were equal to me

Cannot but speak my poverty of spirit ; But an inferior, more : yet true love must not Know or degrees, or distances. Lidia may be As far above me in her form, as she

Is in her birth beneath me ; and what I In Sanazarro liked, he loves in her. But, if I free him now, the benefit

Being done so timely, and confirming to My strength and power, my soul's faculties being

Bent wholly to preserve him, must supp With all I am defective in, and bind hi My creature ever. It must needs be so Nor will I give it o'er thus,

Coz. Does our nephew

Bear his restraint so constantly, as you Deliver it to us?

Char. In my judgment, sir,

He suffers more for his offence to you, Than in his fear of what can follow it. For he is so collected, and prepared To welcome that you shall determine o As if his doubts and fears were equal to And sure he's not acquainted with guilt.

That more laments the telling one un Under your pardon still, for 'twas a fau Than others, that pretend to conscien Their crying secret sins.

Cos. No more ; this gloss

Defends not the corruption of the text Urge it no more.

Charomonte and the others talk Fior. I once more must make bold To trench upon your patience. I have Consider'd my wrongs duly : yet that a Divert my intercession for a man Your grace, like me, once favourd.

still

A suppliant to you, that you would you The hearing his defence, and that I With your allowance, see and comfor Then, having heard all that he can a In his excuse, for being false to you, Censure him as you please. Coz. You will o'ercome ;

There's no contending with you. Pro enjoy

What you desire, and tell him, he shu A speedy trial ; in which, we'll forbe To sit a judge, because our purpose To rise up his accuser.

Fior. All increase

Of happiness wait on Cozimo ! Excunt Fiorinda and Cala

Alph. Was it no more? Char. My honour's pawn'd for it.

Cont. I'll second you. Hip. Since it is for the service safety

Of the hopeful prince, fall what c I'll run

The desperate hazard.

Hier. He's no friend to virtue That does decline it.

They all come forward and kneel. Cos. Ha! what sue you for? Shall we be ever troubled? Do not tempt That anger may consume you. Char. Let it, sir : The loss is less, though innocents we perish, Than that your sister's son should fall, unheard, Under your fury. Shall we fear to entreat That grace for him, that are your faithful ervants. Which you vouchsafe the count, like us a subject? Cor. Did not we yow, till sickness had forsook Thy daughter Lidia, and she appear'd

In her perfect health and beauty to plead for him,

We were deaf to all persuasion?

Char. And that hope, sir, Hath wrought a miracle. She is recover'd, And, if you please to warrant her, will bring The penitent prince before you.

Coz. To enjoy

Such happiness, what would we not dispense with ?

Alph, Hip, Hier, We all kneel for the prince

Cont. Nor can it stand

With your mercy, that are gracious to strangers,

To be cruel to your own.

Cor. But art thou certain

I shall behold her at the best?

Char. If ever She was handsome, as it fits not me to say so, She is now much better'd.

Coz. Rise ; thou art but dead

If this prove otherwise. Lidia, appear And feast an appetite almost pined to death

With longing expectation to behold Thy excellencies : thou, as beauty's queen,

Shalt censure the detractors. Let my nephew

Be led in triumph under her command ;

We'll have it so ; and Sanazarro tremble

To think whom he hath slander'd. We'll retire

Ourselves a little, and prepare to meet A blessing, which imagination tells us

We are not worthy of ; and then come

But with such reverence, as it I were Myself the priest, the sacrifice my heart, To ofter at the altar of that goodness Exit.

That must or kill or save me. Char. Are not these Strange gambols in the duke t

Alph. Great princes have, Like meaner men, their weakness.

Hip. And may use it

Without control or check.

Cont. "Tis fit they should :

- Their privilege were less else, than their subjects'
 - Hier. Let them have their humours ; there's no crossing them. Exennt.

SCENE III - A State-room in the same.

Enter Fiorinda, Sanazarro, and Calaminta.

Sanaz. And can it be, your bounties should fall down

In showers on my ingratitude, or the wrongs Your greatness should revenge, teach you to pity?

What retribution can I make, what service Pay to your goodness, that, in some proportion.

May to the world express I would be thankful? Since my engagements are so great, that all My best endeavours to appear your creature Can but proclaim my wants, and what I owe To your magnificence.

Fior, All debts are discharged

In this acknowledgment : yet, since you please

I shall impose some terms of satisfaction

For that which you profess yourself obliged for

They shall be gentle ones, and such as will not, I hope, afflict you. Sanaz. Make me understand,

Great princess, what they are, and my obedience

Shall, with all cheerful willingness, subscribe To what you shall command. Fior. I will bind you to

Make good your promise. First, I then enjoin you

To love a lady, that, a noble way,

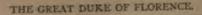
Truly affects you ; and that you would take To your protection and care the dukedom Of Urbin, which no more is mine, but yours, And that, when you have full possession of My person as my fortune, you would use me, Not as a princess, but instruct me in The duties of an humble wife, for such,

The privilege of my birth no more remember'd,

I will be to you. This consented to, All injuries forgotten, on your lips

I thus sign your quietus.

Sanaz. 1 am wretched, In having but one life to be employ'd As you please to dispose it. And, believe it, If it be not already forfeited To the fury of my prince, as 'tis your gift,



With all the faculties of my soul I'll study, In what I may to serve you.

Fior. I am happy

Enter Giovanni, and Lidia.

In this assurance. What sweet lady's this? Sanas. "Tis Lidia, madam, she-

Fior. 1 understand you.

Nay, blush not ; by my life, she is a rare one ! And, if I were your judge, I would not

blame you To like and love her. But, sir, you are mine now ;

And I presume so on your constancy,

That I dare not he jealous.

Sanaz. All thoughts of her

Are in your goodness buried.

Lid. Pray you, sir, Be comforted ; your innocence should not know

What 'tis to fear ; and if that you but look on The guards that you have in yourself, you cannot.

The duke's your uncle, sir, and, though a

Incensed against you, when he sees your SOITOW.

He must be reconciled. What rugged Tartar, Or cannibal, though bath'd in human gore, But, looking on your sweetness, would forget His cruel nature, and let fall his weapon, Though then aim'd at your throat ?

Giov. O Lidia,

Of maids the honour, and your sex's glory ! It is not fear to die, but to lose you

That brings this fever on me. I will now Discover to you, that which, till this minute, I durst not trust the air with. Ere you knew What power the magic of your beauty had, I was enchanted by it, liked, and loved it, My fondness still increasing with my years ; And, flattered by false hopes, I did attend Some blessed opportunity to move The duke with his consent to make you mine: But now, such is my star-cross d destiny, When he beholds you as you are, he cannot Deny himself the happiness to enjoy you. And I as well in reason may entreat him To give away his crown, as to part from

A jewel of more value, such you are. Yet, howsoever, when you are his dutchess,

And I am turn'd into forgotten dust, Pray you, love my memory :-- I should say

more.

But I'm cut off.

Enter Cozimo, Charomonte, Contarino, Hieronimo, Hippolito, and Alphonso.

Sanaz. The duke ! That countenance, once,

When it was clothed in smiles, shew'd nn angel's,

But, now 'tis folded up in clouds of fury, Tis terrible to look on.

Lid. Sir.

Coz. A while

Silence your musical tongue, and let me fe My eyes with the most ravishing object They ever gazed on. There's no miniat In her fair face, but is a copious theme Which would, discours'd at large of, n a volume.

What clear arch'd brows ! what spark eyes ! the lilies

Contending with the roses in her check Who shall most set them off. What lips !-

Or unto what can I compare her neck, But to a rock of crystal ! every limb Proportion'd to love's wish, and in neatness

Add lustre to the riches of her habit, Not borrow from it.

Lid. You are pleased to shew, sir, The fluency of your language, in adva A subject much unworthy,

Cez. How ! unworthy ?

By all the vows which lovers offer at The Cyprian goddess' altars, eloquene Itself presuming, as you are, to speak Would be struck dumb !--And what you deserved then,

[Giovanni and Sanazarro

(Wretches, you kneel too late,) that endeavour'd

To spout the poison of your black detr On this immaculate whiteness? was it To her perfections? or-

Fior. Your highness promised

A gracious hearing to the count. Lid. And prince too; Do not make void so just a grant.

Cos. We will not : Yet, since their accusation must be u

And strongly, ere their weak defend hearing. We seat you here, as judges, to deter

Of your gross wrongs and ours. [Seats the Ladies in the chairs

And now, remembering

Whose deputies you are, be neither s Or with particular spleen, or foolish For neither can become you.

Char. There's some hope yet, Since they have such gentle judges.

Coz. Rise, and stand forth, then, And hear, with horror to your guilty What we will prove against you. Co princess,

Thou enemy to thyself, To Sanazarro.] stoop her high flight death, Of towering greatness to invite thy lowness To look up to it, and with nimble wings Of gratitude couldst thou forbear to meet it ? Fior. We do resign Were her favours boundless in a noble way, And warranted by our allowance, yet, In thy acceptation, there appear'd no sign we fly Of a modest thankfulness? Fior. Pray you forbear To press that further ; 'tis a fault we have Already heard, and pardon'd, Coz. We will then . Pass over it, and briefly touch at that TIPSS Which does concern ourself, in which both being Equal offenders, what we shall speak points Indifferently at either. How we raised thee, Forgetful Sanazarro ! of our grace, To a full possession of power and honours, It being too well known, we'll not remember. on it : And what thou wert, rash youth, in expecta-tion, [7a Giovanni. And from which headlong thou hast thrown thyself, Not Florence, but all Tuscany can witness, wish With admiration. To assure thy hopes, We did keep constant to a widowed bed, And did deny ourself those lawful pleasures crimes, Our absolute power and height of blood you. allow'd us ; Made both, the keys that open'd our heart's And what you spake, believed as oracles ; But you, in recompense of this, to him That gave you all, to whom you owed your being. With treacherous lies endeavour'd to con-This jewel from our knowledge, which ourself Could only lay just claim to. does : Giov. "I'is most true, sir. Sanaz. We both confess a guilty cause. upon Car. Look on her Is this a beauty fit to be embraced never By any subject's arms? can any tire Become that forehead, but a diadem? Or, should we grant your being false to us me. Could be excused, your treachery to her, In seeking to deprive her of that greatness (Her matchless form consider'd) she was born to, Must ne'er find pardon. We have spoken, Indies, Like a rough orator, that brings more truth Than rhetoric to make good his accusation ; And now expect your sentence The Ladies descend from the state. Lid. In your birth, sir,

You were mark'd out the judge of life and

And we, that are your subjects, to attend, With trembling fear, your doom.

This chair, as only proper to yourself. Giov. And, since in justice we are lost,

Unto your saving mercy. [All kneeling. Sanaz. Which sets off

A prince, much more than rigour. Char. And becomes him,

When 'tis express'd to such as fell by weak-

That being a twin-born brother to affection,

Better than wreaths of conquest. Hier. Hip. Cont. Alph. We all speak

Their language, mighty sir.

Cor. You know our temper

And therefore with more boldness venture

And, would not our consent to your demands Deprive us of a happiness hereafter

Ever to be despair'd of, we, perhaps,

Might hearken nearer to you ; and could

With some qualification, or excuse,

You might make less the mountains of your

And so invite our clemency to feast with

But you, that knew with what impatiency

Of grief we parted from the fair Clarinda

Our dutchess, (let her memory still be sacred !)

And with what imprecations on ourself We vowed, not hoping e'er to see her equal,

Ne'er to make trial of a second choice If nature framed not one that did excel her, As this maid's beauty prompts us that she

And yet, with oaths then mix'd with tears,

Her monument we swore our eye should

Again be tempted ;-'tis true, and those vows Are register'd above, something here tells

Carolo, thou heardst us swear,

Char. And swear so deeply, That if all women's beauties were in this,

(As she's not to be named with the dead dutchess.)

Nay, all their virtues bound up in one story,

(Of which mine is scarce an epitome,) If you should take her as a wife, the weight Of your perjuries would sink you. If I durst, I had told you this before.

Cor. Tis strong truth, Carolo :

And yet, what was necessity in us. Enter Calandrino and Petronelia, Cannot free them from treason. All. Long live great Cozimo ! Char. There's your error ; Cal. Sure the duke is The prince, in care to have you keep your vows on, spouse ; Made unto heaven, vouchsafed to love my daughter. boon too. Lid. He told me so, indeed, sir. Fior. And the count Averr'd as much to me. Coz. You all conspire, part, To force our mercy from us. Char. Which given up, To aftertimes preserves you unforsworn : An honour which will live upon your tomb, When your greatness is forgotten. Your dukedom pleasure. Coz. Though we know All this is practice, and that both are false : Such reverence we will pay to dead Clarinda, And to our serious oaths, that we are pleased With our own hand to blind our eyes, and not Know what we understand. Here, Giovanni, serve We pardon thee; and take from us, in this, More than our dukedom : love her. As I part Shall ne er approach you. With her, all thoughts of women fly fast from us ! Sanazarro, we forgive you : in your service To this princess, merit it. Yet let not

others That are in trust and grace, as you have been, By the example of our lenity,

Presume upon their sovereign's clemency.

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In the giving vein, they are so loud. Come We have heard all, and we will have our Cor. What his? Cal. That your grace, in remembrance of My share in a dance, and that I play'd your When you should have drunk hard, would get this signior's grant To give this damsel to me in the church For we are contracted. In it you shall do Cos. How? Cal. Why the whole race Of such as can act naturally fools' parts, Are quite worn out ; and they that do survive, Do only zany us : and we will bring you, If we die not without issue, of both sexes Such chopping mirth-makers, as shall pre-Perpetual cause of sport, both to your grace And your posterity ; that sad melancholy Cos. We are pleased in it, And will pay her portion.-[Comes forward.

May the passage prove. Of what's presented, worthy of your love, And favour, as was aim'd; and we have al! That can in compass of our wishes fall. Exennt.



The Maid of Honour.

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

Roberto, king of Sicily. . Ferdinand, duke of Urbin. Bertoldo, the king's natural brother, a knight of Malta. 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.

Pierio, a colonel to Gonzaga.

Roderigo, } captains to Gonzagn. Druso, | captains to duke Ferdinand. Livio, Gonzaga, a knight of Malta, general to the Father Paulo, a priest, Camiola's confessor, dutchess of Sienna. Ambassador from the duke of Urbin. A Bishop. A Page. Aurelia, dutchess of Sienna. Camiola, th. MAID OF HONOUR. Clarinda, her woman. Scout, Soldiers, Gaoler, Attendants, Servants. Gec.

SCENE, -Partly in Sicily, and partly in the Siennese.

ACT I.

SCENE 1 .- 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 ambassador

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 there's one, if he please,

That may resolve you. Ader. 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.

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 : Exit. Move me no further. Ast. This you wonder at : With me, 'tis usual. Ador. Pray you, sir, what is he? Ast. A gentleman, yet no lord. 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 suitors, 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, Enter Bertoldo, Gasparo, Antonio, and a Servant. Ador. Most strange ! Ast. The presence fills. He in the Malta.

Is the natural brother of the king-aby-blow.

THE MAID OF HONOUR.

Ador. I understand you.	From a neighbour village. You will not find
Gasp. Morrow to my uncle.	there,
Ant. And my late guardian :but at length	Your masters of dependencies, to take up
I have	A drunken brawl, or, to get you the names
The reins in my own hands.	Of valiant chevaliers, fellows that will be,
Ast. Pray you, use them well,	For a cloak with thrice-dyed velvet, and a
Or you'll too late repent it.	cast suit
Bert. With this jewel	Kick'd down the stairs. A knave with half
Presented to Camiola, prepare	a breech there,
This night, a visit for me. [Exit Servant.] I	And no shirt, (being a thing superfluous
shall have	And worn out of his memory,) if you bear not
Your company, gallants, I perceive, if that	Yourselves both in, and upright, with a
The king will hear of war.	provant sword
Ant. Sir, I have horses	Will slash your scarlets and your plush a
Of the best breed in Naples, fitter far	new way ;
To break a rank than crack a lance; and are,	Or, with the hilts, thunder about your ears
In their career, of such incredible swiftness,	Such music as will make your worships dance
They outstrip swallows.	To the doleful tune of Lackryma.
Bert. And such may be useful	Gasp. I must tell you
To run away with, should we be defeated :	In private, as you are my princely friend,
You are well provided, signior.	I do not like such fiddlers.
Ant. Sir, excuse me;	Bert. No! they are useful
All of their race, by instinct, know a coward,	For your imitation; I remember you,
And scorn the burthen : they come on, like	When you came first to the court, and
lightning;	talk'd of nothing
Founder'd in a retreat.	But your rents and your entradas, ever
Bert. By no means back them;	chiming
Unless you know your courage sympathize	The golden bells in your pockets; you be-
With the daring of your horse.	licved
Ant. My lord, this is bitter.	The taking of the wall as a tribute due to
Gasp. I will raise me a company of foot;	Your gaudy clothes ; and could not walk at
And, when at push of pike I am to enter	midnight
A breach, to shew my valour, I have bought	Without a causeless quarrel, as if men
me	Of coarser outsides were in duty bound
An armour cannon proof.	To suffer your affronts : but, when you had
Bert. You will not leap, then.	been Cudgell'd well surice on thrice, and from the
O'er an outwork in your shirt?	Cudgell'd well twice or thrice, and from the
Gasp. I do not like	doctrine
Activity that way.	Made profitable uses, you concluded
Bert. You had rather stand	The sovereign means to teach irregular heirs
A mark to try their muskets on?	Civility, with conformity of manners,
Gasp. If I do	Were two or three sound beatings.
No good, I'll do no hurt.	Ant. I confess
Bert. 'Tis in you, signior,	They did much good upon me.
A Christian resolution, and becomes you l	Gasp. And on me :
But I will not discourage you.	The principles that they read were sound.
Ant. You are, sir,	Bert. You'll find
A knight of Malta, and, as I have heard,	The like instructions in the camp.
Have serv'd against the Turk.	Ast. The king !
Bert. "Tis true.	
Ant. Pray you, shew us	A flourish. Enter Roberto, Fulgentio,
The difference between the city valour,	
And service in the field.	Ambassadors, and Attendants.
Bert. Tis somewhat more	Rob. [ascends the throne.] We sit prepared
Than roaring in a tavern or a brothel,	to hear.
Or to steal a constable from a sleeping watch,	Amb. Your majesty
Then burn their halberds; or, safe guarded	Hath been long since familiar, I doubt not,
by	With the desperate fortunes of my lord ; and
Your tenants' sons, to carry away a May-pole	pity

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Tues in the

THE MAID OF HONOUR.

Of the much that your confederate bath He hath ta'en arms; with his good leave, he suffer'd, must You being his last refuge, may persuade you Not alone to compassionate, but to lend 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, Your royal aids to stay him in his fall To certain ruin. He, too late, is conscious That his ambition to encroach upon purchase His neighbour's territories, with the danger Increase of empire, and augment their cares In keeping that which was by wrongs ex-His liberty, nay, his life, hath brought in torted. question Gilding unjust invasions with the trim His own inheritance : but youth, and heat Of glorious conquests ; we, that would be Of blood, in your interpretation, may Both plead and mediate for him. known 1 must The father of our people, in our study And vigilance for their safety, must not change grant it An error in him, being denied the favours Their ploughshares into swords, and force 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. them from The secure shade of their own vines, to be Scorch'd with the flames of war : or, for our sport. Rob. Which now proves Expose their lives to ruin. Amb. Will you, then, The seat of his captivity, not triumph : Heaven is still just. In his extremity, forsake your friend ? Rob. No; but preserve ourself. Amb. And yet that justice is To be with mercy temper'd, which heaven's Bert. Cannot the beams Of honour thaw your icy fears? deputies Stand bound to minister. The injured Rob. Who's that ? Bert. A kind of brother, sir, howe'er your subject ; dutchess, By reason taught, as nature could not, with The reparation of her wrongs, but aim at Your father's son, and one who blushes that A brave revenge ; and my lord feels, too late, You are not heir to his brave spirit and That innocence will find friends. The great vigour. As to his kingdom. Gonzaga, Rob. How's this ! The honour of his order, (I must praise Virtue, though in an enemy,) he whose fights Bert. Sir, to be And conquests hold one number, rallying up His living chronicle, and to speak his praise, Cannot deserve your anger. Her scatter'd troops, before we could get Rob. Where's your warrant time For this presumption? Bert. Here, sir, in my heart : To victual or to man the conquer'd city, Sat down before it ; and, presuming that Let sycophants, that feed upon your favours, "Tis not to be relieved, admits no parley Style coldness in you caution, and prefer Our flags of truce hung out in vain : nor will he Lend an ear to composition, but exacts, Your ease before your honour ; and conclude, With the rendering up the town, the goods To eat and sleep supinely is the end Of human blessings : I must tell you, sir, and lives Of all within the walls, and of all sexes, Virtue, if not in action, is a vice ; To be at his discretion. And, when we move not forward, we go Rob. Since injustice backward : In your duke meets this correction, can you Nor is this peace, the nurse of drones and cowards, press us, With any seeming argument of reason, In foolish pity to decline his dangers. To draw them on ourself? Shall we not be Our health, but a disease. Gasp. Well urged, my lord. Ant. Perfect what is so well begun. Warn'd by his harms? The league pro-Amb. And bind My lord your servant. Rob. Hair-brain'd fool ! what reason claim'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. Canst thou infer to make this good ? Bert. A thousand, Not to be contradicted. But consider But since, without our counsel, or allowance,

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Where your command lies: 'tis not, sir, in France,	Of idleness, and redeem our mortgaged honours.
Spain, Germany, Portugal, but in Sicily ; An island, sir. Here are no mines of gold	Your birth, and justly, claims my father's kingdom;
Or silver to enrich you ; no worm spins	But his heroic mind descends to me :
Silk in her womb, to make distinction	I will confirm so much.
Between you and a peasant in your habits ;	Ador. In his looks he seems
No fish lives near our shores, whose blood can dye	To break ope Janus' temple. Ast. How these younglings
Scarlet or purple; all that we possess,	Take fire from him !
With beasts we have in common : nature did	Ador. It works an alteration
Design us to be warriors, and to break	Upon the king.
through	Ant. I can forbear no longer:
Our ring, the sea, by which we are environ'd; And we by force must fetch in what is	War, war, my sovereign ! Ful. The king appears
wanting,	Resolv'd, and does prepare to speak.
Or precious to us. Add to this, we are	Rob. Think not
A populous nation, and increase so fast,	Our counsel's built upon so weak a base,
That, if we by our providence are not sent	As to be overturn'd, or shaken, with
Abroad in colonies, or fall by the sword,	Tempestuous winds of words. As I, my land,
Not Sicily, though now it were more fruitful	
Than when 'twas styled the Granary of great	
Rome,	My subjects to maintain it : yet, to shew
•Can yield our numerous fry bread : we must starve,	My rule is gentle, and that I have feeling O' your master's sufferings, since these
Or eat up one another.	gallants, weary
Ador. The king hears	Of the happiness of peace, desire to taste
With much attention.	The bitter sweets of war, we do consent
Ast. And seems moved with what	That, as adventurers and volunteers,
Bertoldo hath delivered.	No way compell'd by us, they may make trial
Bert. May you live long, sir,	Of their boasted valours.
The king of peace, so you deny not us	Bert. We desire no more.
The glory of the war; let not our nerves	Rob. 'Tis well ; and, but my grant in this,
Shrink up with sloth, nor, for want of em-	expect not
ployment,	Assistance from me. Govern, as you please,
Make younger brothers thieves : it is their	The province you make choice of; for, I vow
swords, sir,	By all things sacred, if that thou miscarry
Must sow and reap their harvest. If examples	In this rash undertaking, I will hear it
May move you more than arguments, look	No otherwise than as a sad disaster,
on England, The empress of the European isles,	Fallen on a stranger : nor will I esteem That man my subject, who, in thy extremes,
And unto whom alone ours yields precedence:	In purse or person aids thee. Take your
When did she flourish so, as when she was	fortune:
The mistress of the ocean, her navies	You know me ; I have said it. So, my lord,
Putting a girdle round about the world?	You have my absolute answer.
When the Iberian quaked, her worthies	Amb. My prince pays,
named ;	In me, his duty.
And the fair flower-de-luce grew pale, set by	Rob. Follow me, Fulgentio,
The red rose and the white! Let not our armour	And you, Astutio. [Flourisk. Exeant Roberto, Fulgen-,
Hung up, or our unrigg'd armada, make us	tio, Astutio, and Attendants.
Ridiculous to the late poor snakes our	Gasp. What a frown he threw,
neighbours,	At his departure, on you !
Warm'd in our bosoms, and to whom again	Bert. Let him keep
We may be terrible; while we spend our	His smiles for his state catamite, I care not.
hours	Ant. Shall we aboard to-night?
Without variety, confined to drink,	Amb. Your speed, my lord,
Dice, cards, or whores. Rouse us, sir, from	Doubles the benefit.
the sleep	Bert. I have a business

Requires dispatch ; some two hours hence Excunt. I'll meet you. SCENE II .- The same. A Room in Camiola's House. Enter Signior Sylli, walking fantastically, followed by Camiola and Clarinda. Cam. Nay, signior, this is too much ceremony. In my own house. 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 practise with a peruked gentleman-usher, To teach him his true amble, and his postures, [Sylli walking by, and practising. 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 condolin The scorn of their Narcissus, as they call me, Bocause I love myself-Cam, Without a rival. What philters or love-powders do you use, To force affection ? I see nothing in our person but I dare look on, yet keep My own poor heart still. Swl. 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 1 m a Syren : If you observe, when I warble, the dogs howl, As ravish'd with my ditries ; and you will Run mad to hear me.

Cam. I will stop my cars,

And keep my little wits. Syl. Next, when I dance, And come aloft thus, [capers.] 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. 1 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 shallsurfeit ---

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 fealous ;

And, to assure your ladyship of so much,

I'll usher him in, and, that done-hide my-Aside, and exit. self. 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.

Re-enter Sylli with Bertoldo.

Syl. 1 must tell you, You lose your labour. Tisenough to prove it, Signior Sylli came before you; and you know, First come first serv'd : yet you shall have my countenance

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

Syl. Come, wench, wilt thou hear wisdom? Clar. Yes, from you, sir.

They walk 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

Being both beloved and honour'd; the northstar

And guider of all hearts ; and, to sum up Your full accompt 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 contract

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 min

wants : alas ! sir.

We are not parallels ; but, like lines (Can ne'er meet in one centre. Your h Without addition, were an ample do For one of fairer fortunes ; and this Were you ignoble, far above all val To this so clear a mind, so furnish's Harmonious faculties moulded from That though you were Thersites features,

Of no descent, and Irus in your for Ulysses-like, you'd force all eyes and To love, but seen ; and, when hear der at

Your matchless story : but all these b Together in one volume !--give me With admiration to look upon then But not presume, in my own flatterin I may or can enjoy them. Bert. How you ruin

What you would seem to build up ! I Disparity between us ; you're an he Sprung from a noble family ; fair, rich And every way my equal. Cam. Sir, excuse me;

One aerie with proportion ne'er dis The eagle and the wren :- tissue a In the same garment, monstron suppose

That what's in you excessive were di And my desert supplied ; the stro Religion, stops our entrance : you A knight of Malta, by your order To a single life ; you cannot marr And, I assure myself, you are too To seek me, though my frailty shoul In a base path.

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

Cam. O take heed, sir !

When what is yow'd to henven i with.

To serve our ends on earth, a follow,

And not a blessing.

Bert. Is there no hope left me Cam. Nor to myself, but is a ne Impossibility. True love should On equal feet ; in us it does not, But rest assured, excepting this, 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 Exit. thee ! Cam. How soon my sun is set, he being

absent,

Never to rise again ! What a fierce battle Is fought between my passions !--methinks We should have kiss'd at parting.

Syl. 1 perceive He has his answer : now must I step in

To comfort her. [comes forward.] 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 !

Excunt Camiola and Clarinda. Syl. She now,

I know, is going to bed, to ruminate 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 IL

SCENE I .- The same, A Room in the Palace.

Enter Roberto, Fulgentio, and Astutio.

Rob. Embark'd to-night, do you say? Ful. 1 saw him aboard, sir.

Rob. And without taking of his leave? Ast. "Twas strange !

Kob. 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, 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 To the general Gonzaga. Prepare you for your journey. Ast. With the wings Of loyalty and duty. 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 ! Ful. All sorts to my wishes : Exit.

Bertoldo was my hindrance ; he removed, I now will court her in the conqueror's style ; "Come, see, and overcome."—Boy !

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Enter Page.

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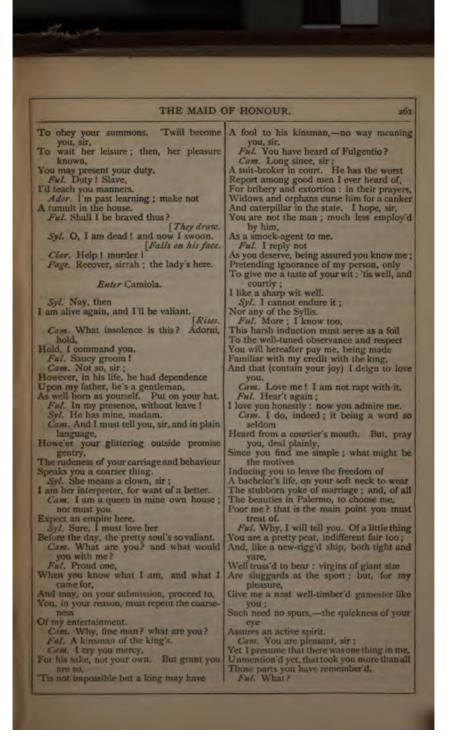
Page. Sir ; your pleasure ? Ful. Haste to Camiola; bid her prepare An entertainment suitable to a fortune She could not hope for. Tell her, I vouchsafe To honour her with a visit. Page. 'Tis a favour Will make her proud. Ful. I know it. [Exit. Page. I am gone, sir. Ful. Entreaties fit not me; a man in grace May challenge awe and privilege, by his [Exit. place. SCENE II. - The same. A Room in Camiola's House. Enter Adorni, Sylli, and Clarinda. Ador. So melancholy, say you ! 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. I, in my understanding, Pity your ignorance; yet, if you will Swear to conceal it, I will let you know Where her shoe wrings her. Clar. I vow, signior, By my virginity. Syl. A perilous oath, In a waiting-woman 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. Svl. 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 vizor 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. 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 fewterer, 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. 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 ! 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. 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? [To Sylli. Syl. Sure he will make A jointstool of me ! Ful. Or, if you belong To Ador. 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



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, The colour, I must tell you, in a man, Is weak and faint, and never will hold out, If put to labour : give me the lovely brown, A thick curl'd hair of the same dye, broad shoulders. A brawny arm full of veins, a leg without An artificial calf ;-I suspect yours ; But let that pass. 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 forward ; And so much for your person. Rich you are, Devilish rich, as tis reported, and sure have The aids of Satan's little fiends to get it ; And what is got upon his back, must be Spent, you know where :-- the proverb's stale-One word more. And I have done. Ful. I'll case you of the trouble, Cov 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-

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Ful. Yes, 'tis very likely, His dying mother's gift, prized at his crown l 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 yours. The king, heaven bless him ! Is good and gracious, and, being in hiraself 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-physic 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 ! Excunt 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. 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 Bertoldo Would not have heard this, Ador. Madam-Cam. Pray you, spare Your language. Prithee fool, and make me merr [To Sylli. Srl. That is my office ever. Ador. I must do,

Not talk; this glorious gallant shall hear from me. [Excunt.

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SCENE III .--- The Siennese. A Camp before the Walls of Sienna. Chambers shot off: a flourish as to an As-sault: after which, enter Gonzaga, Pierio, Roderigo, Jacomo, and Soldiers. Genz. 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 Use the extremity of war, --but, in Compassion to them, you to us prove cruel. Fac. And an enemy to yourself. Red. 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 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 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, hastily. 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? Scoul. They are, by their colours.

Sicilians, bravely mounted, and the brightness Of their rich armours doubly gilded with Reflection of the sun. Gong. From Sicily ?-The king in league ! no war proclaim'd ! 'tis foul : But this must be prevented, not disputed. Ha, how is this? your estridge 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, untrain'd But in a customary ostentation, Presented as a sacrifice to your valours, Cause a dejection in you 2 Pier. No dejection. Rod. However startled, where you leady we'll follow. Gonz. "Tis bravely said. We will not stay their charge, But meet them man to man, and horse horse. Pierto, 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, will bid These hunters welcome to a bloody breakfast :-But I lose time. Pier. I'll to my charge. 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. Excunt. Alarum within. SCENE IV .- The Same. The Citadel of Sienna. Enter Ferdinand, Druso, and Livio, on the Fer. No aids from Sicily ! Hath hope forsook us ; And that vain comfort to affliction, pily, By our vow'd friend denied us? we can norlive 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 ily from, stars'd with

wants, We die this night, to live again to-morrow, And suffer greater torments.



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Drw. There is not	Upon yourselves. The bloody sweat you
Three days provision for every soldier,	have suffer'd
At an ounce of bread a day, left in the city.	In this laborious, nay, toilsome harvest,
Liv. To die the beggar's death, with hunger made	Yields a rich crop of conquest ; and the spoil, Most precious balsam to a soldier's hurts,
Anatomies while we live, cannot but crack	Will case and cure them. Let me look upon
Our heart-strings with vexation.	[Gasparo and Antonio are brought
Fer. Would they would break,	forward.
Break altogether How willingly, like Cato,	The prisoners' faces. Oh, how much trans-
Could I tear out my bowels, rather than	form'd
Look on the conqueror's insulting face;	From what they were ! O Mars ! were these
But that religion, and the horrid dream	toys fashion'd
To be suffer'd in the other world, denies it !	To undergo the burthen of thy service?
<i>Enter a</i> Soldier.	The weight of their defensive armour bruised
What news with thee? Sold. From the turret of the fort,	Their weak effeminate limbs, and would have forced them, In a hot day, without a blow to yield.
By the rising clouds of dust, through which,	Ant. This insultation shews not manly in
like lightning.	you.
The splendour of bright arms sometimes	Gons. To men I had forborne it ; you
brake through,	are women,
I did descry some forces making towards us ;	Or, at the best, loose carpet-knights. What
And, from the camp, as emulous of their glory,	fury
The general, (for I know him by his horse,)	Seduced you to exchange your ease in court,
And bravely seconded, encounter'd them.	For labour in the field ? perhaps, you thought
Their greetings were too rough for friends;	To charge, through dust and blood, an
their swords,	armed foe,
And not their tongues, exchanging cour-	Was but like graceful running at the ring
tesies.	For a wanton mistress' glove ; and the en-
By this the main battalias are join'd;	counter,
And, if you please to be spectators of	A soft impression on her lips :but you
The horrid issue, I will bring you where,	Are gaudy butterflies, and I wrong myself
As in a theatre, you may see their fates	In parling with you.
In purple gore presented.	Gasp. Væ victis / now we prove it.
<i>Fer.</i> Heaven, if yet	Rod. But here's one fashion'd in another
Thou art appeased for my wrong done to	mould,
Aurelia, Take pity of my miseries ! Lead the way, friend. <i>Exempt.</i>	And made of tougher metal. Gonz. True; I owe him For this wound bravely given.
SCENE V.—The same. A Plain near the Camp.	Bert. O that mountains Were heap'd upon me, that I might expire, A wretch no more remember'd 1 [Aside. Gonz. Look up, sir;
A long Charge: after which, a Flourish for	To be o'ercome deserves no shame. If you
victory; then enter Gonzaga, Jacomo, and	Had fallen ingloriously, or could accuse
Roderigo wounded; Bertoldo, Gasparo,	Your want of courage in resistance, 'twere
and Antonio Prisoners. Officers and	To be lamented : but, since you perform'd
Soldiers.	As much as could be hoped for from a man,
Gonz. We have them yet, though they	(Fortune his enemy.) you wrong yourself
cost us dear. This was	In this dejection. I am honourd in
Charged home, and bravely follow'd. Be	My victory over you; but to have these
to yourselves	My prisoners, is, in my true judgment, rather
[To Jacomo and Roderigo.	Captivity than a triumph : you shall find
True mirrors to each other's worth; and,	Fair quarter from me, and your many
looking	wounds,
With noble emulation on his wounds,	Which I hope are not mortal, with such care
[Points to Bert.	Look'd to and cured, as if your nearest friend
The glorious livery of triumphant war,	Attended on you.
Imagine these with equal grace appear	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 resolv'd to suffer,

Gonz, Fellow-soldiers,

Behold this man, and, taught by his example, Know that 'tis safer far to play with lightning

Than trifle in things sacred. In my rage Weeps,

I shed these at the funeral of his virtue,

Faith, and religion :- why, I will tell you ; He was a gentleman so train'd up and fashion'd

For noble uses, and his youth did promise Such certainties, more than hopes, of great 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 courage

To execute, without a rival, by

The votes of good men, chosen general ;

As the prime soldier, and most deserving Of all that wear the cross : which now, in Justice

I thus tear from him.

Bert. Let me die with it

Upon my breast. Gonz. No ; by this thou wert sworn, On all occasions, as a knight, to guard Weak ladies from oppression, and never To draw thy sword against them ; whereas In hope of gain or glory, when a princess, And such a princess as Aurelia is, Was dispossess'd by violence, of what was Her true inheritance ; against thine onth Hast, to thy uttermost, labour'd to uphold Her talling 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

Excunt.

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 : 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. 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 : [Aside to Gonz. 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. *Ast.* My service waits you. Now, gentlemen, do not deal like merchants

with me,

But noble captains; you know, in great minds,

Porse et nolle, nobile. Rod. Pray you, speak

Jac. I find not, in my commission, Two thousand crowns apiece our companies An officer's bound to speak or understand cost us : And so much each of us will have, and that More than his mother-tongue. Rod. If he speak that In present pay. Juc. It is too little : yet, After midnight, 'tis remarkable. Since you have said the word, I am content; Ast. In plain terms, then, Antonio is your prisoner ; Gasparo, yours. But will not go a gazet less. Jac. You are in the right. Ast. Since you are not To be brought lower, there is no evading : Ast. At what sum do you rate Their several ransomes? I'll be your paymaster. Rod. We desire no better. Rod. I must make my market Ast. But not a word of what's agreed be-As the commodity cost me. Ast. As it cost you ! fareen us. You did not buy your captainship? your Till I have school'd my gallants. Jac. I am dumb, sir. desert, I hope, advanced you. Rod. How ! It well appears Enter a Guard with Bertoldo, Antonio, and Gasparo, in irons. You are no soldier. Desert in these days ! Desert may make a serjeant to a colonel, Bert. And where removed now? hath the And it may hinder him from rising higher ; tyrant found out But, if it ever get a company, Worse usage for us? Ant. Worse it cannot be. A company, pray you mark me, without My greyhound has fresh straw, and scraps, money. Or private service done for the general's in his kennel : mistress. But we have neither. With a commendatory epistle from her, Gasp. Did I ever think I will turn lanceprezado. To wear such garters on silk stockings ? or 7ac. Pray you observe, sir : That my too curious appetite, that turn'd I serv'd two prenticeships, just fourteen years, At the sight of godwits, pheasant, partridge, Trailing the puissant pike, and half so long Had the right-hand file ; and I fought well, quails, Larks, woodcocks, calver'd salmon, as twas said, too : coarse diet, But I might have serv'd, and fought, and Would leap at a mouldy crust? serv'd till doomsday, .Ant. And go without it, And ne'er have carried a flag, but for the So oft as I do? Oh ! how have I jeer'd legacy The city entertainment ! A huge shoulder Of glorious fat ram-mutton, seconded A bucksome widow of threescore bequeath d With a pair of tame cats or conies, a crabme ; And that too, my back knows, I labour'd tart. hard for. With a worthy loin of yeal, and valiant capon, But was better paid. Mortified to grow tender !- these 1 scorn'd, Ast. You are merry with yourselves : From their plentiful horn of abundance, But this is from the purpose. though invited : Red. To the point then. But now I could carry my own stool to a Prisoners are not ta'en every day; and, when tripe. We have them, we must make the best use And call their chitterlings charity, and bless of them. the founder. Our pay is little to the port we should bear, Berl. O that I were no further sensible And that so long a coming, that 'tis spent Of my miseries than you are ! you, like Before we have it, and hardly wipes off beasts. SCORES Feel only stings of hunger, and complain not At the tavern and the ordinary. But when you're empty : but your narrow Jac. You may add, too, souls Our sport ta'en up on trust. (If you have any) cannot comprehend Rod. Peace, thou smock vermin ! How insupportable the torments are, Discover commanders' secrets !- In a word, Which a free and noble soul, made captive, sir. suffers. Most miserable men !-- and what am I, We have inquired, and found our prisoners rich : then,

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That envy you? Fetters, though made of Or the horns may chook you; I am married, gold, SIT. Express base thraldom ; and all delicates Prepared by Median cooks for epicures, near the palace. When not our own, are bitter ; quilts fill'd Gasp. And my villa ; all-Ant. All that we have. Ast. Well, have more wit hereafter ; for high With gossamere and roses, cannot yield The body soft repose, the mind kept waking this time, With anguish and affliction. You are ransomed. Ast. My good lord-Jac. Off with their irons. Bert. This is no time nor place for flat-Rod. Do, do : tery, sir Pray you, style me as I am, a wretch forsaken believe Of the world, as myself, I am a free man, till I set my foot Ast. I would it were In Sicily again, and drink Palermo, And in Palermo too. In me to help you. Bert. If that you want power, sir, Ast. The wind sits fair, Lip-comfort cannot cure me. Pray you, leave me To mine own private thoughts. Walks by. your leaves Ast, [Comes forward.] My valiant ne-Of the late general first. phew1 Gasp. I will be brief. And my more than warlike ward ! I am Gasp, Yours, to use glad to see you, After your glorious conquests. Are these never Rewards for your good service? if they are You should wear them on your necks, since Bert. Have you they are massy. Like aldermen of the war. Ant. You jeer us too ! Gasp. Good uncle, name not, as you are dains a man of honour, That fatal word of war; the very sound of it Is more dreadful than a cannon. A patrimony of mine own, assign'd mey my deceased sire, to satisfy Ant. But redeem us From this captivity, and I'll vow hereafter ever to weat a sword, or cut my meat who yields With a knife that has an edge or point ; 1'll starve first Gasp. I will cry broom, or cat's-ment, in Palermo ; Than fifty thousand crowns, Turn porter, carry burthens, anything, Bert. I find it now, Rather than live a soldier. Art. This should have Been thought upon before. At what price, think you. Your two wise heads are rated ? Ant. A calf's head is tunes were At my devotion, and, among the rest, More worth than mine; I'm sure it has more brains in't. Yourself, my lord, when forfeited to the law 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 And may pay down the sum. An. I might, my lord ; own sake, sir : 'Twill boil in your stomach else,

GanA. Beware of mine,

Ant. You shall have my row of houses

If you are ours again, you know your price, Ant. Pray you dispatch us ; I shall ne'er

You shall aboard to-night : with the rising sun You may touch upon the coast. But take

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

In the way of peace ; but as your soldiers,

Ant. A pox of war ! no more of war. Exenut Rod. Jac. Ant. and Gasp.

Authority to loose their bonds, yet leave

The brother of your king, whose worth dis-

Comparison with such as these, in irons? If ransome may redeem them, I have lands,

Whate'er can be demanded for my freedom. Ast. 1 wish you had, sir ; but the king,

No reason for his will, in his displeasure Hathseized on all you had ; nor will Gonzaga, Whose prisoner now you are, accept of less

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 for-

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,

But partion me.



Bert. And will Astutio prove, then,	A tributary duty. I'll have something	
To please a passionate man, (the king's no	To give, if my intelligence prove true,	
more.)	Shall find acceptance. I am told, near this	
False to his maker, and his reason, which	grove	
· Co.nmands more than I ask? O summer-	Fulgentio, every morning, makes his markets	
friendship,	With his petitioners ; I may present him	
Whose flattering leaves, that shadow'd us in	With a sharp petition !Ha! 'tis he : my	
our	fate	
Prosperity, with the least gust drop off	Be ever bless'd for't !	
In the autumn of adversity How like		
A prison is to a grave ! when dead, we are	Enter Fulgentio and Page.	
With solemn pomp brought thither, and our	Ful. Command such as wait me	
heirs,	Not to presume, at the least for half an hour,	
Masking their joy in false, dissembled tears,	To press on my retirements.	
Weep o'er the herse; but earth no sooner	Page. I will say, sir,	
covers	You are at your prayers.	
The earth brought thither, but they turn	Ful. That will not find belief ;	
away,	Courtiers have something else to do :be	
With inward smiles, the dead no more re-	gone, sir. [Rxit Page.]	
member'd :	Challenged ! 'tis well; and by a groom ! still	
So, enter'd in a prison	better.	
Ast. My occasions	Was this shape made to fight? I have a	
Command me hence, my lord.	tongue yet,	
Bert. Pray you, leave me, do;	Howe'er no sword, to kill him; and what way,	
And tell the cruel king, that I will wear	This morning I'll resolve of.	
These fetters till my flesh and they are one	Ador. I shall cross	
Incorporated substance. [Exit Astutio.] In	Your resolution, or suffer for you.	
myself,	Exit following him.	
As in a glass, I'll look on human frailty,	SCENE III.—The same. A Room in	
And curse the height of royal blood : since I,	Camiola's House.	
In being born near to Jove, am near his		
thunder.	Enter Camiola, followed by Servants with Presents; Sylli, and Clarinda.	
Cedars once shaken with a storm, their own		
Weight grubs their roots outLead me	Syl. What are all these?	
where you please ;	<i>Clar</i> . Servants with several presents,	
I am his, not fortune's martyr, and will die	And rich ones too.	
The great example of his cruelty.	I Serv. With her best wishes, madam,	
Exit guarded.	Of many such days to you, the lady Petula	
SCENE IIPalermo. A Grove near	Presents you with this fan. 2 Serv. This diamond,	
the Palace.	From your aunt Honoria.	
Enter Adorni.	3 Serv. This piece of plate	
Ador. He undergoes my challenge, and	From your uncle, old Vicentio, with your	
contenins it,	arms	
And threatens me with the late edict made	Graven upon it.	
'Gainst duellists, - the altar cowards fly to.	Cam. Good friends, they are too	
But I, that am engaged, and nourish in me	Munificent in their love and favour to me.	
A higher aim than fair Camiola dreams of	Out of my cabinet return such jewels	
Must not sit down thus. In the court I	As this directs you :- [To Clarinda.] for	
dare not	your pains; and yours;	
Attempt him; and in public, he's so guarded,		
With a herd of parasites, clients, fools, and	[Gives them money.	
suitors,	Honour me	
That a musket cannot reach him : my		
designs	1 Serv. Gold, on my life !	
Admit of no delay. This is her birthday,	2 Serv. She scorns to give base silver.	
Which, with a fit and due solemnity,	3 Serv. Would she had been	
Camiola celebrates : and on it, all such	Born every month in the year,!	
As love or serve her usually present	I Serv. Month every day.	
· ·		

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2 Serv. Shew such another maid.

3 Serv. All happiness wait you ! Clar. I'll see your will done. [Excunt 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 matt, 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 t

Ador, Itdoesdeserveit, madam. Common

Is fit for hinds, and the reward proportion'd Totheir 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, wheretore

Went you not to the war? Couldst thou uppose

My innocence could over 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 1 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, 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 shewny

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 Giver him her hand to kiar.

Can hinder it, shall not suffer in my service.

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

Aside, and 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

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?

Sero. The signiors, madam, Gasparo and Antonio,

THE MAID OF HONOUR. 270 Selected friends of the renown'd Bertoldo, In himself refuse to pay it, but forbids Put ashore this morning. All other men. Cam. Without him? Cam. Are you sure of this? Serv. I think so. Gasp. You may read Cam. Never think more then. Serv. They have been at court, The edict to that purpose, publish'd by him; That will resolve you. Kiss'd the king's hand; and, their first duties Cam. Possible ! pray you, stand off. If I do not mutter treason to myself, done To him, appear ambitious to tender My heart will break; and yet I will not To you their second service. curse him ; Cam. Wait them hither. [Exit Servant. He is my king. The news you have de-Fear, do not rack me ! Reason, now, if ever, liver'd Haste with thy aids, and tell me, such a Makes me weary of your company; we'll wonder salute As my Bertoldo, is, with such care fashion'd, When we meet next. I'll bring you to the Must not, nay, cannot, in heaven's providence door. Nay, pray you, no more compliments. Gasp. One thing more, Enter Antonio and Gasparo. And that's substantial : let your Adorni So soon miscarry !- pray you, forbear ; ere Look to himself. Ant. The king is much incensed Against him for Fulgentio. vou take The privilege, as strangers, to salute me, (Excuse my manners,) make me first under-Cam. As I am, stand For your slowness to depart. How it is with Bertoldo. Both. Farewell, sweet lady. Gasp. The relation Excunt Gasparo and Antonio. Will not, I fear, deserve your thanks. Cam. O more than impious times ! when .Ant. I wish not alone Subordinate ministers of justice are Some other should inform you. Cam. Is he dead? Corrupted and seduced, but kings themselves, You see, though with some fear, I dare The greater wheels by which the lesser move, Are broken, or disjointed ! could it be, else, enquire it. Gasp. Dead ! Would that were the worst ; A king, to sooth his politic ends, should so a debt were paid then, far Kings in their birth owe nature. Forsake his honour, as at once to break Cam. Is there aught The adamant chains of nature and religion, More terrible than death? To bind up atheism, as a defence Ant. Yes, to a spirit To his dark counsels? Will it ever be, Like his; cruel imprisonment, and that That to deserve too much is dangerous, Without the hope of freedom. And virtue, when too eminent, a crime? Cam. You abuse me : Must she serve fortune still, or, when The royal king cannot, in love to virtue, stripp'd of (Though all springs of affection were dried Her gay and glorious favours, lose the beauties up,) But pay his ransome. Of her own natural shape? O, my Bertoldo, Gasp. When you know what 'tis, Thou only sun in honour's sphere, how soon You will think otherwise : no less will do it Art thou eclipsed and darken'd ! not the ! Than fifty thousand crowns, nearness Cam. A petty sum, Of blood prevailing on the king ; nor all The price weigh'd with the purchase : fifty The benefits to the general good dispens'd, thousand I Gaining a retribution ! But that To the king 'tis nothing. He that can spare To owe a courtesy to a simple virgin more Would take from the deserving, I find in me To his minion for a masque, cannot but Some sparks of fire, which, fann'd with ransome honour's breath, Such a brother at a million. You wrong Might rise into a flame, and in men darken The king's magnificence. Their usurp'd splendour. Ha! my aim is Ant. In your opinion ; high.

And, for the honour of my sex, to fall so,

Can never prove inglorious, - 'Tis resolv'd : Call in Adorni. Your virtue, madam. 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 I 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. 1 cannot ask Safer protection ; what's your will? Cam. To doubt Your ready desire to serve nic, 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 toster 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,----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, 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. Ader. They admit no rivals. Cam. You answer well. You have heard of Bertoldo's Captivity, and the king's neglect ; the greathis ransom; fifty thousand crowns, Of Adorni; Two parts of my estate ! Adar. To what tends this? [Aside. Caw. Yet I so love the gentleman, for to 1 Ott 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?

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. Ador. I am half Hang'd out o' the way already .-- Was there 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.

Ador. 'Tis in wonder of

ACT IV. SCENE L .- 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,

272 THE MAID OF HONOUR.		
For half a mouldy biscuit, sell herself	Of his unlimited desires to serve you,	
To a poor bisognion, and without shrieking.	As will, I hope, drown in forgetfulness	
<i>Conz.</i> Where is the duke of Urbin?	The memory of what's past.	
<i>Jac.</i> Under guard,	<i>Aurel</i> . We shall take time	
As you directed.	To search the depth of 't further, and pro-	
<i>Conz.</i> See the soldiers set	ceed	
In rank and file, and, as the dutchess passes,	As our council shall direct us.	
Bid them vail their ensigns; and charge	Gonz. We present you	
them on their lives,	With the keys of the city; all lets are remov'd,	
Not to cry Whores I	Your way is smooth and easy; at your feet	
Fac. The devil cannot fright them	Your proudest enemy falls.	
From their military license. Though they	A w rw. We thank your valours:	
know	A victory without blood is twice achieved,	
They are her subjects, and will part with	And the disposure of it, to us tender'd,	
being,	The greatest honour. Worthy captains,	
To do her service; yet, since she's a woman,	thanks !	
They will touch at her breech with their	My love extends itself to all.	
tongues; and that is all	Gonz. Make way there.	
That they can hope for.	[A Guard drawn w; Aurelia passes	
[A shout, and a general cry within,	through them. Loud music.	
Whores ! whores !	[Excent.	
Gonz. O the devil they are at it. Hell stop their brawling throats. Again ! make up,	SCENE III.—Sienna. A Room in the Prison.	
And cudgel them into jelly. <i>Rod.</i> To no purpose,	Bertoldo is discovered in jetters, reading.	
Though their mothers were there, they	Bert. "Is here determined, (great ex-	
would have the same name for them.	amples, arm'd	
[Exempt.	With arguments, produced to make it good,)	
SCENE II The same. Another Part of the Camp.	That neither tyrants, nor the wrested laws, The people's frantic rage, sad exile, want, Nor that which I endure, captivity,	
Loud music. Enter Roderigo, Jacomo,	Can do a wise man any injury.	
Pierio, Gonzaga, and Aurelia under a	Thus Seneca, when he wrote, thought.—But	
Canopy. Astutio presents her with letters.	then	
Gonz. I do beseech your highness not to	Felicity courted him; his wealth exceeding	
ascribe,	A private man's; happy in the embraces	
To the want of discipline, the barbarous	Of his chaste wife Paulina; his house full	
rudeness	Of children, clients, servants, flattering	
Of the soldier, in his profanation of	friends,	
Your sacred name and virtues.	Soothing his lip-positions; and created	
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	The prince's frowns and jealousies had thrown	
 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 	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	
Against us, To blast our spring of conquest in the bud; I cannot find, my lord ambassador, How we should entertain't but as a wrong. With purpose to detain us from our own, Howe'er the king endeavours, in his letters, To mitigate the affront. Ast. Your grace hereafter May hear from me such strong assurances	of his so boasted foritude fell off, [Thraws 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 calumities 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 am satisfied that I have it; nor allege One reason to excuse his crucl 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 [Aside.] Kneels by kim.]-no, he breathes-come near, And, if 't be possible, without his feeling, Take off his irons.- [His irons taken of].]-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? Adar. 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. Asler. To the shame of men, This great act is a woman's. Bert. The whole sex

For her take must be deified. How I wander

In my imagination, yet cannot Guess who this phænix should be ! Ador. "Tis Camiola. Bert. Prayyou, speak't again; there's music 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'erwhelmed 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 I 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 Wishes mine eyes might see her ! Ador. You must swear this. Bert, Swear it ! Collect all oaths and imprecations, Whose least breach is damnation, and those Minister'd to me in a form more dreadful ; Set 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 'ound out the captain Whose spoil they were ; his name is Roderigo, Bert. I know him.

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Hert. I know him. Ador. I have done my parts. Bert. So much, sir,

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As I am ever yours for't. Now, methinks, I walk in air ! Divine Camiola	Made good, since so far I must deal with caution.		
But words cannot express thee : I'll build to thee	You have your liberty. Fer. I could not hope for		
An altar in my soul, on which I'll offer	Gentler conditions.		
A still-increasing sacrifice of duty. [Exit. Ador. What will become of me now is	Asrel. My lord Gonzaga, Since my coming to Sienna, I've heard much		
apparent.	of		
Whether a poniard or a halter be The nearest way to hell, (for I must thither,	Your prisoner, brave Bertoldo. Gous. Such an one,		
After I've kill'd myself,) is somewhat doubtful.	Madam, I had.		
This Roman resolution of self-murder,	Ast. And have still, sir, I hope.		
Will not hold water at the high tribunal, When it comes to be argued; my good Genius	Genz. Your hopes deceive you. He is ransomed, madam.		
Prompts me to this consideration. He	Ast. By whom, I pray you, sir?		
That kills himself to avoid misery, fears it,	Gens. You had best enquire		
And, at the best, shows but a bastard valour.	Of your intelligencer : I am no informer.		
This life's a fort committed to my trust, Which I must not yield up till it be forced :	Ast. I like not this. [Aside. Aurel. He is, as 'tis reported,		
Nor will I. He's not valiant that dares die,	A goodly gentleman, and of noble pasts ;		
But he that boldly bears calamity. [Rsit.	A brother of your order.		
SCENE IV The same. A State-room	Goar. He was, madam, Till he, against his cath, wrong'd you, a.		
in the Palace.	princess,		
A Fivurish. Enter Pierio, Roderigo, Jacomo, Gonzaga, Aurelia, Ferdinand,	Which his religion bound him from. Awrel. Great minds,		
Astutio, and Attendants.	For trial of their valours, oft maintain		
Aurcl. A seat here for the duke. It is our glory	Quarrels that are unjust, yet without malice : And such a fair construction I make of him :		
To overcome with courtesies, not rigour;	I would see that brave enemy.		
The lordly Roman, who hald it the height	Gonz. My duty		
Of human happiness to have kings and queens To wait by his triumphant chariot-wheels,	Commands me to seek for him. Aurel. Pray you do;		
In his insulting pride, deprived himself	And bring him to our presence.		
Of drawing near the nature of the gods,	Exit Gonzaga.		
Best known for such, in being merciful. Yet, give me leave, but still with gentle	Ast. I must blast His entertainment. [Aside.] May it please		
language,	your excellency,		
And with the freedom of a friend, to tell you, To seek by force, what courtship could not	He is a man debauch'd, and, for his riots, Cast off by the king my master; and that, I		
win,	hope, is		
Was harsh, and never taught in Love's mild			
school. Wise poets feign that Venus' coach is drawn	Fer. To you, his subjects, That like as your king likes.		
By doves and sparrows, not by bears and	Awrel. But not to us ;		
tigers.	We must weigh with our own scale.		
I spare the application. Fer. In my fortune,	Re-enter Gonzaga, with Bertoldo, richly		
Heaven's justice hath confirm'd it ; yet,	habited, and Adorni.		
great lady,	This is he, sure.		
Since my offence grew from excess of love, And not to be resisted, having paid, too,	How soon mine eye had found him ! what a port		
With loss of liberty, the forfeiture	He bears ! how well his bravery becomes		
Of my presumption, in your clemency	him !		
It may find pardon. Aurel. You shall have just cause	A prisoner ! nay, a princely suitor, rather ! But I'm too sudden.		
To say it hath. The charge of the long siege			
Defray'd, and the loss my subjects have sus-	Unsent for, to present his service to you,		
tain'd	Ere his departure.		

these lips,

To be dimm'd with tedious watching? or Aurel. With what majesty He bears himself ! Aside. 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. [Descends 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 ransom 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. Aural, 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 pray to meagre famine? or these eyes, Whose every glance store Cupid's emptied miver,

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 On this description 1 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. Replace who dare ; It is our will. You'll follow me? Bert. To the centre, Such a Sybilla guiding me. [Excunt 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 sa 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. Aside. 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 fart fire, have at him. Re-eater 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 2.2

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. [Bertoklo walks by musing. Gons. 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? Gons. 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 ! Gons. 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 step 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 ! Cons. Sir.

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Re-enter Aurelia.

Do you dream waking? 'Slight, she's here again ! Walks she on woollen feet ! Aurel. You dwell too long In your deliberation, and co 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 hamrd 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 politic 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 fe 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. Gons. What, hand and lip too ! then the bargain'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? Aurel. You shall know hereafter. My lord, your pardon, for my too much trenching Upon your patience. Ador. Camiola! [Aside to Bertolda. Aurel. How do you? Bert. Indisposed ; but I attend you. [Excunt 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, OSylli, 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, Hazard my head, your majesty, set off With terror, cannot fright her. Rob. May she answer My expectation ! Aside. 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. 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. 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. While I reply to this : but thus rise up In my defence, and tell you, as a man, Since, when you are unjust, the deity, Which you may challenge as a king, parts from you,) Twas never read in holy writ, or moral, That subjects on their loyalty, were obliged To love their sovereign's vices ; your grace, SIL 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. Ros. Excellent virgin! How I admire her confidence ! Aside

Cam. He complains O, wrong done him : but, be no more a king, Unless you do me right. Burn your decroes,

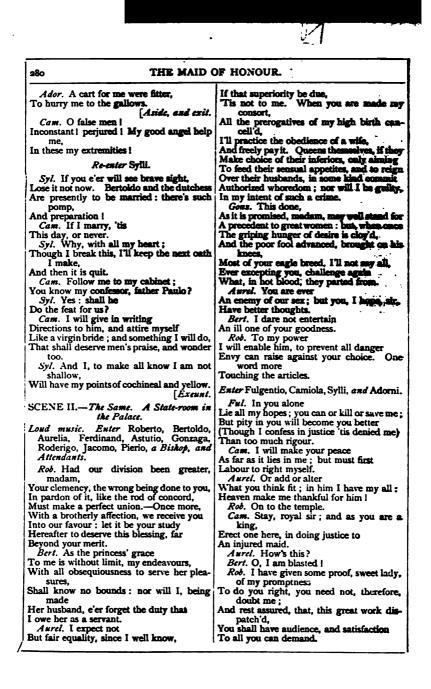
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And of your laws and statutes make a fire To thaw the frozen numbress of delinquents,	You may cry, Willow, willow / for your brother,
If he escape unpunish'd. Do your edicts	I'll only say, Go by / for my fine favourite,
Call it death in any man that breaks into	He may graze where he please ; his lips may
Another's house, to robhim, though of trifles;	water
And shall Fulgentio, your Fulgentio, live,	Like a puppy'so'era furmenty pot, while Sylli,
Who hath committed more than secrilege,	Out of his two-leaved charry-stone dish,
In the pollution of my clear fame,	drinks nectar
By his malicious slanders?	I cannot hold out any longer ; heaven for-
Rob. Have you done this?	give me l
Answer truly, on your life.	"Tis not the first oath I have broke ; I must
Ful. In the heat of blood,	take
Some such thing I reported.	A little for a preparative.
Rob. Out of my sight 1	[Ofers to hiss and embrace her.
For I vow, if by true penitence thou win not	Case, By no means.
This injured virgin to sue out thy pardon,	If you forswear yourself, we shall not prosper :
Thy grave is digg'd already.	I'll rather lose my longing.
Ful. Ful my own folly	Syl. Pretty soul 1
I have made a fair hand of 't.	How careful it is of me 1 let me buss yet
Aside, and exit.	Thy little dainty foot for't : that, I'm sure, is
Rob. You shall know, lady,	Out of my oath.
While I wear a crown, justice shall use her	Case. Why, if thou canst dispense with't
sword	So far, I'll not be scrupulous ; such a favour
To cut offenders off, though nearest to us.	My amorous shoe-maker steals.
Cam. Ay, now you shew whose deputy	Syl. O most rare leather !
you are :	Kisses her shoe often.
If now I bathe your feet with tears, it cannot	I do begin at the lowest, but in time
Be censured superstition.	I may grow higher.
Rob. You must rise ;	Cam. Fie ! you dwell too long there :
Rise in our favour and protection ever.	Rise, prithee rise.
[Kisses her.	Syl. O, I am up already.
Cam. Happy are subjects, when the prince	Enter Clarinda, hastily.
is still	
Guided by justice, not his passionate will.	Cam. How I abuse my hours !What
[Excunt.	news with thee, now?
	<i>Clar.</i> Off with that gown, 'tis mine ; mine
	by your promise :
ACT V.	Signior Adorni is return'd I now upon en-
SCENE I.—The same. A Room in	trance!
Camiola's House.	Off with it, off with it, madam 1
Cannoia 5 110036.	Cam. Be not so hasty :
Enter Camiola and Sylli.	When I go to bed, 'tis thine.
	Syl. You have my grant too;
Cam. You see how tender I am of the	But, do you hear, lady, though I give way
And peace of your affection, and what great	to this,
ones	You must hereafter ask my leave, before
I put off in your favour.	You part with things of moment.
<i>Syl.</i> You do wisely,	Cam. Very good ;
Exceeding wisely; and when I have said.	When I'm yours I'll be govern'd.
I thank you for't, be happy.	Syl. Sweet obedience !
Cam. And good reason,	Enter Adorni.
In having such a blessing.	
Syl. When you have it;	Cam. You are well return'd.
But the bait is not yet made Star the time	Ador. I wish that the success
But the bait is not yet ready. Stay the time, While I triumph by myself. King, by your	Of my service had deserved it.
While I triumph by myself. King, by your leave.	Cam. Lives Bertoldo?
I have wiped your royal nose without a	Ador. Yes, and return'd with safety. Cam. 'Tis not then
napkin;	In the power of fate to add to, or take from
/	I we say hower or mile to star to' of the HOIR

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My perfect happiness ; and yet-he should Ador. He's not worth Have made me his first visit, Your sorrow, madam. Ador. So I think too ; Cam. Tell me, when you saw this, Did not you grieve, as I do now to hear it? But he-Syl. Durst not appear, I being present ; Ador. His precipice from goodness raising That's his excuse, I warrant you. mine, Cam. Speak, where is he? And serving as a foil to set my faith off, With whom? who hath deserved more from I had little reason, Cam. In this you confess him? or Can be of equal merit? I in this The devilish malice of your disposition. Do not except the king. Ador. He's at the palace, As you were a man, you stood bound to lament it ; With the dutchess of Sienna. One coach And not, in flattery of your false hopes, To glory in it. When good men pursue brought them hither, Without a third : he's very gracious with her ; The path mark'd out by virtue, the blest saints You may conceive the rest. Cam. My jealous fears With joy look on it, and seraphic angels Clap their celestial wings in heavenly plau-Make me to apprehend. Ador. Pray you dismiss Signior Wisdom, and I'll make relation to you To see a scene of grace so well presented, The fiends, and men made up of envy, Of the particulars. mourning. Cam. Servant, I would have you Whereas now, on the contrary, as far To haste unto the court. As their divinity can partake of passion, Syl. 1 will outrun With me they weep, beholding a fair temple, Built in Bertoldo's loyalty, turn'd to ashes A footman for your pleasure. Cam. There observe By the flames of his inconstancy, the damn'd Rejoicing in the object .- Tis not well In you, Adorni. The dutchess' train, and entertainment. Syl. Fear not I will discover all that is of weight, Ador. What a temper dwells To the liveries of her pages and her footmen. In this rare virgin ! [Aside.] Can you pity This is fit employment for me. him, Exit. Cam. Gracious with That hath shewn none to you? Cam. 1 must not be The dutchess I sure, you said so? Ador. I will use Cruel by his example. You, perhaps, Expect now I should seek recovery All possible brevity to inform you, madam, Of what was trusted to me, and discharged Of what I have lost, by tears, and with bent With faith and loyal duty. knees Beg his compassion. No; my towering Cam. I believe it ; You ransomed him, and supplied his wantsvirtue, From the assurance of my merit, scorns To stoop so low. I'll take a nobler course, imagine That is already spoken ; and what vows Of service he made to me, is apparent ; And, confident in the justice of my cause, His joy of me, and wonder too, perspicuous ; The king his brother, and new mistress, Does not your story end so? Ador. Would the end Ravish him from her arms. You have the Had answered the beginning !-In a word, contract, Ingratitude and perjury at the height In which he swore to marry me? Ador. 'Tis here, madam. Cannot express him, Cam. Take heed. Cam. He shall be, then, against his will, Ador. Truth is arm'd, And can defend itself. It must out, madam: my husband ; And when I have him, I'll so use him !-Doubt not, I saw (the presence full) the amorous dutchess Kiss and embrace him; on his part ac-But that, your honesty being unquestion'd, This writing, with your testimony, clears all Ador. And huries me in the dark mists of With equal ardour ; and their willing hands No sooner join'd, but a remove was publish'd, And put in execution. Cam. I'll presently to court ; pray you, Cam. The proofs are give orde Too pregnant, O Bertoldo ! For my caroch,



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, back, 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 Auret. You seem troubled, sir. Gona, 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 plied ; 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. Rob. This writing is Aurel. But, done in heat of blood, Charm'd by her flatteries, as no doubt, he was, To be dispens'd with. Fer. Add this, if you please, The distance and disparity between For other feature, make all these, that are 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-And, as he was, consider him, and you Must grant him my inferior, Imagine You saw him now in fetters, with his honour, His liberty lost ; with her black wings Despair Circling his miseries, and this Gonzaga Trampling on his afflictions ; the great sum Proposed for his redemption ; the king Forbidding payment of it ; his near kinsmen. With his protesting followers and friends, Falling off from him; by the whole world. forsaken ; Dead to all hope, and buried in the grave Of his calamities ; and then weigh duly What she deserv'd, whose merits now are doubted, That, as his better angel, in her bounties Appear'd unto him, his great ransom paid, His wants, and with a prodigal hand, sup-Whether, then, being my manumised slave, He owed not himself to me? Aurel. Is this true? Rob. In his silence 'tis acknowledged. Gons. If you want A witness to this purpose, I'll depose it. Com. If I have dwelt too long on my deserving 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 re-member'd ! And on what ground, but his ambitious hopes To gain this dutchess' favour? Aurel. Ves ; 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 Offlattery and self-love, and that decrives you. That you were a dutchess, as I take it, was not that you were a dutchess, as I take it, was not Character'd on your face ; and, that not seen,

Experienced in women, judges of them,

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And, if they are not parasites, they must grant,	Branded, with mine own hand, in capital letters,
For beauty without art, though you storm at it.	DISLOYAL, and INGRATEFUL. Though barr'd from
I may take the right-hand file.	Human society, and hiss'd into
Gonz. Well said, i' faith !	Some desart ne'er yet haunted with the curses
I see fair women on no terms will yield	Of men and women, sitting as a judge
Priority in beauty.	Upon my guilty self, I must confises
Cam. Down, proud heart !	It justly falls upon me; and one tear,
Why do I rise up in defence of that,	Shed in compassion of my sufficiency, more
Which, in my cherishing of it, hath undone	Than I can hope for.
met	Cam. This computction
No, madam, I recant,-you are all beauty,	For the wrong that you have done me,
Goodness, and virtue; and poor I not worthy	though you should
As a foil to set you off: enjoy your conquest;	Fix here, and your true source move no
But do not tyrannize. Yet, as I am,	further,
In my lowness, from your height you may	Will, in respect I loved once, make these open
look on me,	Two springs of sorrow for you.
And, in your suffrage to me, make him know	Bert. In your pity -
That, though to all men else I did appear	My cruelty shews more monstrous ; yet I
The shame and scorn of women, he stands	am not,
bound	Though most ingrateful, grown to mak a
To hold me as the masterpiece.	height
Rob. By my life,	Of impudence, as, in my wishes only,
You have shewn yourself of such an abject	To ask your pardon. If, as now I fall
temper,	Prostrate before your feet, you will vouchsafe
So poor and low-condition'd, as I grieve for	To act your own revenge, treading upon me
Your nearness to me.	As a viper eating through the bowels of
Fer. I am changed in my	Your benefits, to whom, with liberty,
Opinion of you, lady; and profess	I owe my being, 'twill take from the burthen
The virtues of your mind an ample fortune	That now is insupportable.
For an absolute monarch.	Cam. Pray you, rise
Gonz. Since you are resolved	As I wish peace and quiet to my soul,
To damn yourself, in your forsaking of	I do forgive you heartily : yet, excuse me,
Your noble order for a woman, do it	Though I deny myself a blessing that,
For this. You may search through the	
world, and meet not	With your submission, is offer'd to me;
With such another phoenix.	Let not the reason I allege for't grieve you,
Aurcl. On the sudden I feel all fires of love quench'd in the water	You have been false once.—I have done: and if.
Of my compassion.—Make your peace; you	When I am married, as this day I will be,
have	As a perfect sign of your atonement with me,
My free consent ; for here I do disclaim	You wish me joy, I will receive it for
All interest in you : and, to further your	Full satisfaction of all obligations
Desires, fair maid, composed of worth and	In which you stand bound to me.
honour.	Bert. I will do it,
The dispensation procured by me,	And, what's more, in despite of sorrow, live
Freeing Bertoldo from his vow, makes way	To see myself undone, beyond all hope
To your embraces.	To be made up again.
Bert. Oh, how have I stray'd,	Syl. My blood begins
And wilfully, out of the noble track	To come to my heart again.
Mark'd me by virtue ! till now, I was never	Cam. Pray you, signior Sylli,
Truly a prisoner. To excuse my late	Call in the holy friar : he's prepared
Captivity, I might allege the malice	For finishing the work.
Of fortune; you, that conquer'd me, con-	Syl. I knew I was
fessing	The man : heaven make me thankful !
Courage in my defence was no way wanting.	Rob. Who is this?
But now I have surrender'd up my strengths	Ast. His father was the banker of Pa-
¹ Into the power of Vice, and on my forchead	lermo,

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The P	Picture.
DRAMATIS PERSON.E. Ladislaus, bing of Hungary Ferdinand, general of the army Eubulus, an old consellor Mathias, a knight of Bohemia Ubaldo, wild courtiers Julio Baptista, a great scholar Hilario, servant to Sophia Two Borz, representing Apollo and Two Consiers. A Guide. Servants to the queen. Servants to the queen.	R. Benfield. R. Sharpe. J. Lowin. J. Taylor. T. Pollard. W. Pen. J. Shaneka.
Honoria, the queen . Sophia, wife to Mathias . Acanthe, maids of konour . Sylvia, Sophia's woman Maskers, Attendants, Officers, Capit SCENE, — Partly in Hung	tains, &.c. ary, and partly in Bohemia.
ACT I. SCENE I.— <i>The Frontiers of</i> Bohemia. <i>Enter</i> 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 2—be now, as thy name, Truly interpreted, hath ever spoke thee, Wise, and discreet; and to thy understanding Marry thy constant patience. Sopt. You put me, sir, To the utmost trial of it. Math. Nay, no melling; 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	For a brave soldier, that puts on my armour: Such airy tumours take not me. You know How narrow our demeans are, and what's more, Having as yet no charge of children on us, We hardly can subsist. Sopk. 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 dis-
I grant that you, in birth, were far above me, And great men, my superiors, 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 public voice,	sention, Even in good women. Sopk. Have you found in me, sir, Any distaste, or sign of discontent, For want of what's superfluous? Matk. No, Sophia ; Nor shalt thou ever have cause to repent

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Exit

Thy constant course in goodness, if heaven To beg I may hear from you; where you are bless You cannot live obscure, nor shall one post, By night or day, pass unexamined by me .-My honest undertakings. 'Tis for thee That I turn soldier, and put forth, dearest, If I dwell long upon your lips, consider, Upon this sea of action, as a factor, Kisses him. To trade for rich materials to adorn After this feast, the griping fast that follows, Thy noble parts, and shew them in full lustre. And it will be excusable ; pray turn from me. All that I can, is spoken. I blush that other ladies, less in beauty And outward form, but in the harmony Of the soul's ravishing music, the same age Math. Follow your mistress. Forbear your wishes for me; let me find them, Not to be named with thee, should so out-At my return, in your prompt will to serve shine thee In jewels, and variety of wardrobes ; Hil. For my part, sir, I will grow lean While you, to whose sweet innocence both with study Indies To make her merry. Compared are of no value, wanting these, Coris. Though you are my lord, Yet being her gentlewoman, by my place Pass unregarded. Soph. If I am so rich, or-I may take my leave ; your hand, or, if you In your opinion, why should you borrow please Additions for me? To have me fight so high, I'll not be coy, Math. Why ! I should be censured But stand a-tip-toe for't. Of ignorance, possessing such a jewel Math. O. farewell, girl ! Kisses her. Hil. A kiss well begg'd, Corisca. Coris. "Twas my fee ; Love, how he melts ! I cannot blame my Above all price, if I forbear to give it The best of ornaments : therefore, Sophia, In few words know my pleasure, and obey lady's me As you have ever done. To your discretion Unwillingness to part with such marmalade I leave the government of my family, lips. There will be scrambling for them in the And our poor fortunes ; and from these command camp : Obedience to you, as to myself : And were it not for my honesty, I could To the utmost of what's mine, live plentiwish now I were his leaguer laundress; I would find fully And, ere the remnant of our store be spent, Soap of mine own, enough to wash his linen, With my good sword I hope I shall reap for Or I would strain hard for t. Hil. How the mammet twitters ! you A harvest in such full abundance, as Come, come ; my lady stays for us. Coris. Would I had been Shall make a merry winter. Her ladyship the last night ! Soph. Since you are not Hil. No more of that, wench. To be diverted, sir, from what you purpose, All arguments to stay you here are useless : Exenut Hilario, Corisca, and the rest. Go when you please, sir, Eyes, I charge Math. I am strangely troubled, yet why I you waste not should nourish One drop of sorrow ; look you hoard all up A fury here, and with imagined food, Till in my widow'd bed I call upon you, Having no real grounds on which to raise But then be sure you fail not. You blest A building of suspicion she was ever angels, Or can be false hereafter. I in this Guardians of human life, I at this instant But foolishly enquire the knowledge of Forbear t'invoke you : at our parting, 'twere A future sorrow, which, if I find out, To personate devotion. My soul My present ignorance were a cheap purchase, Shall go along with you, and, when you are Though with my loss of being. I have al-Circled with death and horror, seek and find you ; Dealt with a friend of mine, a general And then I will not leave a saint unsued to scholar, For your protection. To tell you what One deeply read in nature's hidden secrets, I will do in your absence, would shew And, though with much unwillingness, have poorly ; My actions shall speak for me i 'twere to won hun To do as much as art can, to resolve me doubt you, My fate that follows-To my wish, he's come.

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A thousand leagues, as if you then were with Enler Baptista. her You shall know truly when she is solicited, Julio Baptista, now I may affirm And how far wrought on. Your promise and performance walk Math. I desire no more. together : And therefore, without circumstance, to the Bapt. Take then this little model of Sophia, point : With more than human skill limn'd to the life ; [Gives him a picture. Each line and lineament of it, in the drawing, Instruct me what I am. Bapt. I could wish you had So punctually observed, that, had it motion, Made trial of my love some other way. Math. Nay, this is from the purpose. In so much 'twere herself. Bapt. If you can Math. It is, indeed, Proportion your desire to any mean, An admirable piece ! but if it have not I do pronounce you happy ; I have found Some hidden virtue that I cannot guess at, By certain rules of art, your matchless wife Is to this present hour from all pollution In what can it advantage me? Bapt. I'll instruct you : Free, and untainted. Carry it still about you, and as oft Math. Good. Bapt. In reason, therefore, 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, You should fix here, and make no further search She is not only innocent in fact, Of what may fall hereafter. But unattempted ; but if once it vary Math. O, Baptista, From the true form, and what's now white "Tis not in me to master so my passions ; and red Incline to yellow, rest most confident I must know further, or you have made good But half your promise. While my love stood She's with all violence courted, but unconby, quer'd ; Holding her upright, and my presence was But if it turn all black, 'tis an assurance A watch upon her, her desires being met The fort, by composition or surprise, Is forced, or with her free consent surtoo With equal ardour from me, what one proof render'd. Could she give of her constancy, being un-Math. How much you have engaged me tempted? for this favour. But when I am absent, and my coming back The service of my whole life shall make good. Uncertain, and those wanton heats in women, Bapt. We will not part so, I'll along with Not to be quench'd by lawful means, and she you, The absolute disposer of herself, And it is needful : with the rising sun, Without control or curb ; nay, more, invited The armies meet ; yet, ere the fight begin, In spite of opposition, I will place you By opportunity, and all strong temptations, In the head of the Hungarian general's troop, If then she hold out-Bapt. As, no doubt, she will. And near his person. Math. Those doubts must be made cer-Math. As my better angel, You shall direct and guide me, tainties, Baptista, Bapt. As we ride By your assurance ; or your boasted art Deserves no admiration. How you trifle, I'll tell you more. And play with my affliction ! I am on Math. In all things I'll obey you. The rack, till you confirm me. Excunt. Bapt. Sure, Mathias, SCENE II.-Hungary. Alba Regalis. I am no god, nor can I dive into A State-room in the Palace. Her hidden thoughts, or know what her Enter Ubaldo and Ricardo. intents are; That is denied to art, and kept conceal'd Ric. When came the post? E'en from the devils themselves : they can Ubald. The last night. but guess, Ric. From the camp? Out of long observation, what is likely : Ubald. Yes, as 'tis said, and the letter But positively to fortel that shall be, writ and sign'd You may conclude impossible. All I can, By the general, Ferdinand, I will do for you ; when you are distant from Ric. Nay, then, sans question, her It is of moment.

Ubald. It concerns the lives The likelier man, and of much more ex-Of two great armics. Ric, Was it cheerfully perience My good parts are my curses r there's no Received by the king? Ubald. Yes ; for being assured. beauty, But yields ere it be summon'd; and, as The armies were in view of one another, nature Having proclaim'd a public fast and prayer Had sign'd me the monopoly of maidenheads, For the good success, [he] dispatch'd a gen-There's none can buy till I have made my tleman market. Of his privy chamber to the general With absolute authority from him, Satiety cloys me; as I live, I would part with To try the fortune of a day, Half my estate, nay, travel o'er the world, Ric. No doubt then To find that only pheenix in my search, That could hold out against me. The general will come on, and fight it bravely. Ubald. Be not rapt so: Heaven prosper him! This military art, I grant to be the noblest of professions ; You may spare that labour. As she is a woman, And yet, I thank my stars for't, I was never What think you of the queen? Inclined to learn it : since this bubble honour Ric. I dare not aim at (Which is, indeed, the nothing soldiers fight The petticoat royal, that is still excepted ; for.) Yet, were she not my king's, being the ab-With the loss of limbs or life, is, in my stract, Of all that's rare, or to be wish'd in woman, judgment, Too dear a purchase, To write her in my catalogue, having en-Ubald. Give me our court warfare : joy'd her, The danger is not great in the encounter I would venture my neck to a halter-but Of a fair mistress. we talk of Impossibilities : as she hath a beauty Ric. Fair and sound together Would make old Nestor young; such Do very well, Ubaldo: but such are, With difficulty, to be found out ; and when majesty Draws forth a sword of terror to defend it, they know As would fright Paris, though the queen of Their value, prized too high. By thy own love report, Vow'd her best furtherance to him. Ubald. Have you observed The gravity of her language, mix'd with Thou wast at twelve a gamester, and since that. Studied all kinds of females, from the nightsweetness ? trader I' the street, with certain danger to thy pocket, Ric. Then, at what distance she reserves To the great lady in her cabinet ; That spent upon thee more in cullises, When the king himself makes his approaches To strengthen thy weak back, than would to hermaintain Ubald. As she were still a virgin, and his Twelve Flanders mares, and as many life running horses : But one continued wooing. Besides apothecaries and surgeons' bills, Ric. She well knows Paid upon all occasions, and those frequent. Her worth, and values it, Ubald. You talk, Ricardo, as if yet you Ubald. And so far the king is WEIG Indulgent to her humours, that he forbears A novice in those mysteries. The duty of a husband, but when she calls Ric. By no menns ; My doctor can assure the contrary : Ric. All his imaginations and thoughts I lose no time. I have felt the pain and Are buried in her ; the loud noise of war pleasure. Cannot awake him. Ubald. At this very instant, When both his life and crown are at the As he that is a gamester, and plays often, Must sometimes be a loser. Ubald, Wherefore, then, stake. Do you cmy me? He only studies her content, and when

Ric. It grows not from my want,

Nor thy abundance ; but being, as I am,

She's pleased to show herself, music and masques

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	Are with all care and cost provided for her.	She might command as slaves, but gladly pay The humble tribute of my love and service,
Ì	<i>Ric.</i> This night she promised to appear. <i>Ubald.</i> You may	Nay, if I said of adoration, to her, I did not err?
:	Believe it by the diligence of the king , As if he were her harbinger.	<i>Rubu</i> . Well, since you hug your fetters, In Love's name wear them I You area king,
	Enter Ladislaus, Eubulus, and Attendants with perfumes.	and that Concludes you wise : your will a powerful reason.
	Ladis. These rooms Are not perfumed, as we directed,	Which we, that are foolish subjects, must not argue.
	Eubu. Not, sir ! I know not what you would have; I am	And what in a mean man I should call fally, Is in your majesty remarkable wisdom :
•	sure the smoak	But for me, I subscribe. Ladis. Do, and look up.
	Cost treble the price of the whole week's provision	Upon this wonder.
	Spent in your majesty's kitchens. Ladis. How I scorn	Loud music. Enter Honoria in state, under a Canopy; her train borne up by Sylvia
	Thy gross comparison I When my Honoria, The amazement of the present time, and envy	and Acanthe.
	Of all succeeding ages, does descend To sanctify a place, and in her presence	Ric. Wonder! It is more, skr. Ubald. A rapture, an astonishment.
	Makes it a temple to me, can I be Too curious, much less prodigal to receive	Ric. What think you, sir? Easter. As the king thinks; that is the
	her? But that the splendour of her beams of beauty	surest guard We courtiers ever lie at.—Was prince ever
	Hath struck thee blind— Eubu. As dotage hath done you.	So drown'd in dotage? Without spectacles I can see a handsome woman, and she is so :
	Ladis. Dotage? O blasphemy ! is it in me To serve her to her merit? Is she not	But yet to admiration look not on her. Heaven, how he fawns ! and, as it were his
•	The daughter of a king? Eubu. And you the son	duty, With what assured gravity she receives it !
;	Of ours, I take it; by what privilege else, Do you reign over us? for my part, I know not	Her hand again ! O she at length vouchsafes Her lip, and as he had sucked nectar from it,
i	Where the disparity lies. Ladis. Her birth, old man,	How he's exalted ! Women in their natures Affect command ; but this humility
ł	Old in the kingdom's service, which protects thee,	In a husband and a king, marks her the way To absolute tyranny.
1	Is the least grace in her: and though her beauties	[The king seats her on his throne. So! Juno's placed
ļ	Might make the Thunderer a rival for her, They are but superficial ornaments,	In Jove's tribunal : and, like Mercury, (Forgetting his own greatness,) he attends
:	And faintly speak her: from her heavenly mind,	For her employments. She prepares to speak;
i	Were all antiquity and fiction lost, Our modern poets could not, in their fancy,	What oracles shall we hear now? [Aside. Hon. That you please, sir,
i	But fashion a Minerva far transcending The imagined one whom Homer only dreamt	With such assurances of love and favour, To grace your handmaid, but in being
1	of. But then add this, she's mine, mine, Eubülus!	yours, sir, A matchless queen, and one that knows
	And though she knows one glance from her fair eyes	herself so, Binds me in retribution to deserve
1	Must make all gazers her idolaters, She is so sparing of their influence	The grace conferr'd upon me. Ladis. You transcend
	That, to shun superstition in others, She shoots her powerful beams only at me.	In all things excellent : and it is my glory, Your worth weigh'd truly, to depose myself
	And can I, then, whom she desires to hold	From absolute command, surrendering up
)	Her kingly captive above all the world, Whose nations and empires, if she pleased,	My will and faculties to your disposure : And here I vow, not for a day or year,
1		

•



But my whole life, which I wish long, to You are a king's daughter, yet, under your 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 Frint 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 My life for't, I must speak.-By your good leave, sir- Passing before the king. 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. Gentlemenushers 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 soveroign, 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 minh's sake let us hear him. Eubn. Tis but to ask a question : Have you ne'er read The story of Semiramis and Ninus? Hon. Not as I remember. Euhu, 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

observe me)

not,

correction, 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 hisnobles, 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 1 as I live, apretty 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 commendsher 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 so 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. Ubald. Devilish counsel ! Ric. The king's amazed. 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. [Honorin 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 Doted on this Semiramis, a smith's wife ; Of your unequal graces shower'd upon me, (I must confess, there the comparison holds Hath, in his fabulous story, saucily Applied to me. Sir, that you only nourish

200 One doubt Honoria dares abuse the power Am ignorant how much I can deserve, And may with justice challenge. Eubu. This I look'd for ; With which she is invested by your favour ; Or that she ever can make use of it After this seeming humble ebb, I knew To the injury of you, the great bestower, Takes from your judgment. It was your A gushing tide would follow. Aside. delight Hon. By my birth, To seek to me with more obsequiousness And liberal gifts of nature, as of fortune, Than I desired : and stood it with my duty From you, as things beneath me, 1 expect What's due to majesty, in which I am Not to receive what you were pleased to A sharer with your sovereign. offer? I do but act the part you put upon me, Eubu. Good again ! Hon. And as I am most ensinent in place, And though you make me personate a queen, And you my subject, when the play, your In all my actions I would appear so. Ladis. You need not fear a rival. pleasure Hon. I hope not ; Is at a period, I am what I was Before I enter'd, still your humble wife, And till I find one, I disdain to know What envy is. Ladis. You are above it, madam. And you my royal sovereign. Ric. Admirable ! Hon. For beauty without art, discourse, Hon. I have heard of captains taken more and free with dangers Than the rewards ; and if, in your approaches From affectation, with what graces else To those delights which are your own, and Can in the wife and daughter of a king Be wish'd, I dare prefer myself, asfreely, To heighten your desire, you make the pas-Eubn. 1 Blush for you, lady. Trumpet your own sage Narrow and difficult, shall I prescribe you, praises ! Or blame your fondness? or can that swell This spoken by the people had been heard With honour to you. Does the court afford me Beyond my just proportion? No oil-tongued parasite, that you are forced Ubald. Above wonder ! Ladis. Heaven make me thankful for such To be your own gross flatterer? Ladis. Be dumb. goodness ! Thou spirit of contradiction ! Hon. The wolf Hon. Now, sir, But barks against the moon, and I contemn it. The state I took to satisfy your pleasure, I change to this humility ; and the oath The mask you promised. You made to me of homage, I thus cancel, A horn sounded within. Ladis. Let them enter. And seat you in your own. [Leads the king to the throne. Enter a Courier. Ladis. I am transported Beyond myself. How ! How. And now, to your wise lordship : Eubu. Here's one, I fear, unlook'd for. Am I proved a Semiramis? or hath Ladis. From the camp? My Ninus, as maliciously you made him, Cour. The general, victorious in your Cause to repent the excess of favour to me, fortune, Which you call dotage? Kisses your hand in this, sir. Ladis. Answer, wretch ! Eubu. I dare, sir, Delivers a letter. Ladis. That great Power, And say, however the event may plead Who at his pleasure does dispose of battles, Be ever praised for't ! Read, sweet, and In your defence, you had a guilty cause ; Nor was it wisdom in you, I repeat it, partake it : To teach a lady, humble in herself, The Turk is vanquish'd, and with little loss Upon our part, in which our joy is doubled. With the ridiculous dotage of a lover, To be ambitious. Eubu. But let it not exalt you ; bear it, sir, Hon. Eubulus, I am so; With moderation, and pay what you owe 'Tis rooted in me ; you mistake my temper. for't. I do profess myself to be the most Ladis. I understand thee, Eubuhas. I'll Ambitious of my sex, but not to hold not now Command over mylord ; such a proud torrent | Enquire particulars.-[Exit Courier.]-Our

delights deferr d.

Would sink me in my wishes : not that I

With reverence to the temples ; there we'll I am provided cap-à-pié, and have

Our souls' devotions to his dread might, Who edged our swords, and taught us how to fight. Excunt,

ACT II.

SCENE L-Bohemia, A Hall in Mathias' House.

Enter Hilario and Corisca.

Hil. You like my speech?

Coris. Yes, if you give it action

In the delivery

Hil. If ! 1 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 I 'tis a question

A widow only can resolve. There he some That in their husband's sicknesses have wept Their pottle of tears a day ; but being once

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 carnest.

She has made herself a prisoner to her cliamber

Dark as a dungeon, in which no beam Of comfort enters. She admits no visits ; Eats little, and her nightly music is

Of sighs and groans, tuned to such harmony Of feeling grief, that L against my nature, Am made one of the consort. 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 :

My properties in readiness.

Soph. [within.] Bring my veil, there. Coris. Begone, I hear her coming. Hil. If I do not

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

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 fantastic visions walk the round 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, To witness to posterity what you were ; Succeeding times, frighted with the example, But hearing of your story, would instruct Their faires 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 mise 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

His tenderness of me (knowing how much I languish for his absence) had provided C 2

Some trusty friend, om 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 expec t, and, ere long, ar from him. No doubt you shall 1 A horn without. Soph. Ha ! What's that? Coris. The fool has got a son horn. [Aside.] A post, T'S 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 ; followed by Hilario, in antic 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, 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. 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; 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

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Durst stay to shift a shirt, or lonse himself ; Yet, ere the armies join'd, that hopeful elf, Thy dear, thy dainty duckling, bold Mathias, Advanced, and stared like Hercules or Golias A hundred thousand Turks, it is no vaunt, Assail'd him ; every one a 'Termagaunt : 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 trulee 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. Aside to Coris. 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. 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 antic 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. 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 foliy? 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, Exit.

My doors are shut against thee. [Erit. Coris. You have made A fine piece of work on't ! How do you like

A fine piece of work on't ! How do you like the quality ?



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

(As the books say,) thus far help to disarm you :

And so, dear Don Quixote, taking my leave, I leave you to your fortune. Hil. Have I sweat Exit.

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 : 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.

SCENE II. - Alba Regalis. 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 bienvenu. Eubu. I hope I need not

Instruct you in your parts. Ubald. 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 ambassadors : for the general, He's a mere native, and it matters not

Which way we do accost him. *Ubald.* The great pity That such as sit at the helm provide no better

For the training up of the gentry. In my

An academy crected, 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 !

Ubald. 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 is 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

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 trumpel.

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. Eubu. Pray you what, Ricardo?

Ric. I'll fight at compliment with him,

Ubald. I'll charge home too.

Eubu. And that's a desperate service ; if you come off well.

Enter Ferdinand, Mathias, Baptista, and

Ferd. Captain, command the officers to keep

The soldier, as he march'd, in rank and file, Till they hear further from me. Exenut 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.

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Ferd. You undervalue what I cannot set That, with judicious eyes, looks on a soldier. Too high a price on. But must confess that fortune's swing is more Eubu. With a friend's true heart, O'er that profession, than all kinds else Of life pursued by man? They, in a state, Are but as surgeons to wounded men, I gratulate your return. Ferd. Next to the favour Of the great king, I am happy in your E'en desperate in their hopes : While pain friendship. and anguish Ubald. By courtship, coarse on both sides ! Make them blaspheme, and call in vain for Ferd, Pray you, receive death, This stranger to your knowledge; on my Their wives and children kiss the surgeon's knees. credit, Promise him mountains, if his saving hand At all parts he deserves it. Eubn. Your report Restore the tortured wretch to former Is a strong assurance to me.-Sir, most strength : But when grim death, by Æsenlapius' art, welcome. Math. This said by you, the reverence of Is frighted from the house, and health appears In sanguine colours on the sick man's face, your age Commands me to believe it. All is forgot ; and, asking his reward, He's paid with curses, often receives wounds From him whose wounds he cured: so soldiers, low To do your excellence that due observance Though of more worth and use, meet the Your fortune claims. same fate, As it is too apparent. I have observ'd, Eubu. He ne'er thinks on his virtue ! When horrid Mars, the touch of whose rough Ric. For being, as you are, the soul of soldiers, hand With palsies shakes a kingdom, hath put on And bulwark of Bellona-Ubald. The protection His dreadful helmet, and with terror fills Both of the court and king-The place where he, like an unwelcome guest, Ric. And the sole minion Resolves to revel, how the lords of her, like Of mighty Mars-The tradesman, merchant, and litigious Ubald. One that with justice may pleader, Increase the number of the worthies And such like scarabs bred in the dung of Eubu. Heyday ! peace, Ric. It being impossible in my arms to In hope of their protection, humbly offer circle Their daughters to their beds, heirs to their Such giant worthservice, And wash with tears their sweat, their dust, Ubald. At distance we presume To kiss your honour'd gauntlet. their scars : Eubu. What reply now But when those clouds of war, that menaced Can he make to this foppery? A bloody deluge to the affrighted state, Ferd. You have said, Are, by their breath, dispersed, and over-Gallants, so much, and hitherto done so little, blown. And famine, blood, and death, Bellona's That, till I learn to speak, and you to do, pages, I must take time to thank you. Whipt from the quiet continent to Thrace ; Eubn. As I live, Answer'd as I could wish. How the fops Soldiers, that, like the foolish hedge-sparrow, gape now ! Ric. This was harsh and scurvy. To their own ruin, hatch this cuckoo, peace, Are straight thought burthensome ; since Ubald. We will be revenged want of means, When he comes to court the ladies, and Growing from want of action, breeds conlaugh at him. tempt : Eubu. Nay, do your offices gentlemen, And that, the worst of ills, falls to their lot, Their service, with the danger, soon forgot. and conduct The general to the presence. Enter a Servant. Ric. Keep your order. Ubald. Make way for the general, Execut all but Eubulus. Serv. The queen, my lord, hath made choice of this room, Eubn. What wise man, To see the masque.

Eubu, I'll be a looker on : My dancing days are past.

Loud music. Enter Ubaldo, Ricardo, Ladislaus, Ferdinand, Honoria, Mathias, Sylvia, Acanthe, Baptista, Captains, and others. As they pass, a Song in praise of 20125.

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 vour

Relation, with crected cars, I'll hear

The music of your war, which must be sweet, Ending in victory. Ferd. Not to trouble

Your majesties with description of a battle Too full of horror 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 opened his gross body,

And rallied up his troops on either side, I found myself so far engaged, for I Just 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 home

Kill'd under me, I every minute looked 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

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. Math_ General,

Pray spare these strange hyperboles.

Enbu. 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.

Ubald. We have your good word still. Eubu. And shall, while you deserve it.

Ladis. Silence ; on.

Ford. He, as I said, like dreadful lightning thrown

From Jupiter's shield, dispersed the armed

With which I was environed ; horse and man Shrunk under his strong arm : more, with his looks

Frighted, the valiant fled, with which encouraged,

Mysoldiers, (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 fied before Boldly made head again ; and, to confirm them,

It suddenly was apparent, that the fortune Of the day was ours ; each soldier and com-mander

Perform'd his part ; but this was the great wheel

By which the lesser moved : and all rewards And signs of honour, as the civic 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

Deservedly fall on him. Sit ; 'tis our plea-

Ferd. Which I must serve, not argue. 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.

Music within.

Ladis, Let the masquers enser : by the preparation,

Tis a French brawl, an apish imitation Of what you really perform in battle :

And Pallas, bound up in a little volume, Apollo, with his lute, attending on her, Serve for the induction.

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Enter Masquers, Sec.: Pallas, accompanied by Apollo on the lute.

Though we contemplate to express The glory of your 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.

A Dance.

Ladis. Our thanks to all. To the banquet that's prepared to entertain them :

Exeant Masquers, 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

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 commanders,

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 !

To Mathias, Hon. With you, sir, 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, 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 Cashet.

For the greater honour, from your majesty's finger,

Twill not increase the value. He must purchase

Rich suits, the gay caparison of courtship, 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, 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, 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 arrearages

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,

THE PICTURE. From our loved queen received some recom-For your life hazarded in the late action ; And, that we may follow her great example In cherishing valour, without limit ask honour. 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, 5tay No region is more fertile of good knights, From whom my knowledge that way may be Hon. I will do better'd, My parts. 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 ly country's smoke, before the glorious fire signiors, With which your bounties warm me. All I take it, 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, me And, to set off that constancy, in her beauty And matchless excellences, 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, scruple 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 ser-

With all the engines wanton appetite

Could mount to shake the fortress of her

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 1 Hon. You have seen a better,

Ladis. I ever except yours :- nay, frown not, sweetest,

The Cyprian queen, compared to you, in my 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

This gentleman in our service,

Ladis. On to the camp.

[Excunt Ladislaus, Ferdinand, Eubulus, Baptista, and Officers.

Hon. I am full of thoughts,

And something there is here I must give form to,

Though yet an embryon: [Aside.] You,

Have no business with the soldier, as I

You are for other warfare; quit the place, But be within call.

Ric, Employment, on my life, boy !

Ubald. If it lie in our road, we are made for ever.

Exennt Ubaldo and Ricardo.

Hon. You may perceive the king is no way tainted

With the disease of jealousy, since he leaves

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 heroic courage, which sinks deeply Into a knowing woman's heart, besides

Your promising presence, might beget some

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

Sacred to your dear wife, to answer truly To what I shall demand.

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 converse bring 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 cannot 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, poison Hon. Strange ! and do you think still, The earth can show 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. 1 am caught ! Aside.

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Math. You need not use

Hon. And if I do not

write

fortune :

to her,

is she?

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,

To your chaste wife, acquaint her with your

The jewels that were mine you may send

For better confirmation. I'll provide you

Math. A day's hard riding.

Hon. There is no retiring ; I'll bind you to your word.

Of trusty messengers : but how far distant

Charms to this purpose, madam. Hon. Tell me, then, THE PICTURE.

Till then, I'll leave your majesty. [Ev.M. 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 deocived 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

No way to shun it, I will stand the hazard,

And instantly make ready my dispatch :

Math. Well, since there is

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 cynic, 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 waler, 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 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, Cut with a lenten face, in my own likeness : And it seem'd to speak, and say, Good morrow, cousin!

No man comes this waybut has a fling at me : A surgeon passing by, ask'd at what rare I would sell myself; I answered, For what use?

To make, said he, a living anatomy,	Hil. But are you sure
And set thee up in our hall, for thou art	
transparent	Ric. Never so well : conduct us
Without dissection; and, indeed, he had	
reason : For I am scourd with this poor purge to	Hil. Though a poor snake, I will leap
For I am scour'd with this poor purge to nothing.	Out of my skin for joy. Break, pitcher break !
They say that hunger dwells in the camp ;	
but till	To the next beggar ; thou, red herring, swim
My lord returns, or certain tidings of him,	To the Red Sea again : methinks I am already
He will not part with me :- but sorrow's dry,	
And I must drink howsoever	waking, dream
Enter Ubaldo, Ricardo, and a Guide.	Of wine and plenty !
	Ric. What's the mystery
Guide. That's her castle,	Of this strange passion?
Upon my certain knowledge,	Hil. My belly, gentlemen,
Ubald. Our horses held out	Will not give me leave to tell you; when
Fo my desire. I am afire to be at it.	have brought you
Rir, Take the jades for thy reward ;	
before I part hence, hope to be better carried. Give me the	There you shall know all. Follow; if outstrip you,
cabinet :	Know I run for my belly.
So ; leave us now.	Ubald. A mad fellow. [Excunt
Guide, Good fortune to you, gallants !	
Exil.	SCENE IIA Room in Mathias' House.
Utald. Being joint agents, in a design of trust too,	Enter Sophia and Corisca.
For the service of the queen, and our own	Soph. Do not again delude me.
pleasure,	Coris. If I do,
Let us proceed with judgment.	Send me a grazing with my fellow, Hilario
Ric. If I take not	I stood as you commanded, in the turret,
This fort at the first assault, make me an	Observing all that pass'd by; and even now
eunuch ;	I did discern a pair of cavaliers,
So I may have precedence,	For such their outside spoke them, with
Ubald. On no terms.	their guide, Dismounting from their horses; they said
We are both to play one prize; he that	something
works best	To our hungry centinel, that made him cape
In the searching of this mine, shall carry it,	And frisk in the air for joy : and, to confirm
Without contention.	this,
Ric. Make you your approaches As I directed.	See, madam, they're in view.
Ubald. I need no instruction ;	
work not on your anvil. I'll give fire	Enter Hilario, Ubaldo, and Ricardo.
With mine own linstock ; if the powder be	Hil. News from my lord !
dank,	Tidings of joy I these are no counterfeitz,
The devil rend the touch-hole ! Who have	
we here?	pardon,
What skeleton's this?	That I may feed again, and pick up my
Ric. A ghost or the image of famine	crumbs;
Where dost thou dwell?	I have had a long fast of it.
Hil. Dwell, sir 1 my dwelling is	Soph. Eat, I forgive thee.
In the highway : that goodly house was once	
My habitation, but I am banish'd,	thes /
And cannot be call'd home till news arrive	And if in this I the net soon obey you.
Of the good knight Mathias. Ric. If that will	And ram in to the purpose, billet me again In the highway. Butler and cook, be ready
Restore thee, thou art safe.	For I enter like a tyrant.
Ubild. We come from him,	Uhald. Since mine eyes
With presents to his lady.	Were never happy in so sweet an object,

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Give you assurance that he is in health, Without inquiry, I presume you are Graced by the king and queen, The lady of the house, and so salute you. Ubald. And in the court Ric. This letter, with these jewels, from With admiration look'd on. your lord, Warrant my boldness, madam. Ric. You must therefore Delivers a letter and a cashet. Put off these widow's garments, and appear Ubald. In being a servant Like to yourself. Ubald. And entertain all pleasures To such rare beauty, you must needs deserve Your fortune marks out for you. This courtesy from a stranger. Salutes Corisca. Ric. There are other Particular privacies, which on occasion Ric. You are still I will deliver to you. Beforehand with me. Pretty one, I descend To take the height of your lip; and, if I miss Sopt. You oblige me In the altitude, hereafter, if you please, To your service ever. I will make use of my Jacob's staff. Ric. Good ! your service ; mark that. [Salutes Corisca. Sopk. In the mean time, by your good Coris. These gentlemen acceptance make Have certainly had good breeding, as it ap-My rustic entertainment relish of The curiousness of the court. pears Ubald. Your looks, sweet maden By their neat kissing, they hit me so pat on Cannot but make each dish a feast. the lips, At the first sight. Soph. It shall be [In the interim, Sophia reads the letter, Such, in the freedom of my will to please you. and opens the cashet. I'll shew you the way : this is too great an Soph. Heaven, in thy mercy, make me honour, Thy thankful handmaid for this boundless From such brave guests, to me so mean an blessing, hostess. Excunt. In thy goodness shower'd upon me ! SCENE III. - Alba Regalis. An Outer-Ubald. I do not like room in the Palace. This simple devotion in her; it is seldom Practised among my mistresses. Enter Acanthe, and four or five Servants Ric. Or mine. with visors. Would they kneel to I know not who, for Acan. You know your charge; give it the possession action, and expect Of such inestimable wealth, before Rewards beyond your hopes. They thank'd the bringers of it? the poor 1 Serv. If we but eye them, ladv They are ours, I warrant you. Does want instruction, but I'll be her tutor, 2 Serv. May we not ask why And read her another lesson. We are put upon this? Soph. If I have Acan. Let that stop your mouth ; Shewn want of manners, gentlemen, in my [Gives them money. And learn more manners, groom. 'Tis upon slowness To pay the thanks I owe you for your travail, the hour To do my lord and me, howe'er unworthy In which they use to walk here : when you Of such a benefit, this noble favour, have them Impute it, in your clemency, to the excess your power, with violence carry them to In Of joy that overwhelm'd me. the place Ric. She speaks well. Where I appointed ; there I will expect you : Ubald. Polite and courtly. Be bold and careful. Soph. And howe'er it may Enter Mathias and Baptista. Increase the offence, to trouble you with more Demands touching my lord, before I have 1 Serv. These are they. Invited you to taste such as the coarseness 2 Serv. Are you sure? Of my poor house can offer ; pray you connive 1 Serv. Am I sure I am myself? 2 Serv. Seize on him strongly ; if he have On my weak tenderness, though I entreat To learn from you something he hath, it but means To draw his sword, 'tis ten to one we smart may be, In his letter left unmention d. for't : Ric. I can only Take all advantages.

Exit.

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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. I Serv. Now they stand fair ; Upon them. They rush forward. Math. Villains ! I 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 Tomake resistance. Mount them, and away. Excunt with Mathias and Baptista. SCENE IV .- A Gallery 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, 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, Acanthe ! 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 letchery, the old downright way Is worth a thousand on't. Ladis, Prithee, Acanthe, Mediate for me. Offering her a ring. 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 tomorrow I will watch all occasions, Ladis. Take this, To be mindful of me. 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 youpay for Your lawful pleasure in some kind, great sir, What do you make the queen ? cannot you Without a fee, or when she has a suit For you to grant? [Ladis, draws his sword, Ford, O hold, sir] Ladis. Off with his head ! Eubn. 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 kinglike 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

it, I much hope

Hath got the better The counsel that of ds now will deserve Your royal thanks. ranquillity of mind Stay with you, sir !---- I do begin to doubt There's something more in the queen's

strangeness than Is yet disclosed ; and I will find it out, Or lose myself in the search.

Aside, and 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 Excunt. lodgings.

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 ruminate; I'll anon unhood him : [They carry of 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 yourselves

As privately as you can : but, on your lives, No word of what hath pass'd. Exit. I Serv. If I do, sell

My tongue to a tripe-wife. Come, unbind his arms :

You are now at your own disposure; 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 Exennt Servants. vou.

Math. If I am in a prison, 'tis a neat one. What (Edipus 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.

Math. Whosoe'er thou art,

For him I thank thee. I cannot imagine Where I should be : though I have read the tales

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, [Music above.] Ha! music?

The blushing rose, and purple flower, Let grow too long, are soonest blasted ; Dainty fruits, though sweet, will some,

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.

A song too ! certainly, be it he or she That owes this voice, it hath not been acquainted

With much affliction. Whosoe'er you are That do inhabit here, if you have bodies, And are not mere aerial 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, it 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,

k'd on

but your best self, on whom I ever the king) vouchsafed an eye of our.

. The king, indeed, and only such a g.

s your rarities, madam ; and, but he, giant-like ambition in any,

vishes only, to presume to taste ctar of your kisses ; or to feed petite with that ambrosia, due

oper to a prince ; and, what binds

il husband. For myself, great queen, thing obscure, disfurnish'd of

it, that can raise me higher than, most humble thankfulness for your unty.

ard my life for you ; and, that way, ost ambitious.

I desire no more

hat you promise. If you dare expose e, as you profess, to do me service, in it be better employ'd than in

ing mine? which only you can do, ast do, with the danger of your own, rate danger too ! If private men ook no rivals in what they affect,

the death pursue such as invade aw makes their inheritance ; the king,

om you know I am dearer than his SS IL

dth, his eyes, his after hopes, with all sent blessings, must fall on that man, readful lightning, that is won by

, or rewards, to stain his bed, or make ped-for issue doubtful !

If you aim

I more than fear you do, the reasons you deliver, should, in judgment, I.C.T.

nc. than invite a grant, with my ruin.

True ; if that you were

ld temper, one whom doubt, or fear, nost horrid forms they could put on, each to be ingrateful. Your denial that have deserved so much, is more, have addition.

I know not

our commands are.

Have you fought so well

arm'd men, yet cannot guess what

to enter, when you are in private willing lady : one, that, to enjoy mpany this night, denied the king

nesses of my innocence : I ne'er Access to what's his own? If you will press

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, eloy'd with happiness, which is ever

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

By wounds, 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 Justre, 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'il of That you can covet? make me understand it, If it have a name

Hos. Yes, an imagined one ;

But is, in substance, nothing ; being a gar-



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.

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.

Or, if it be a jewel of that value,

As you with labour'd rhetoric would persuade me,

What can you stake against it?

Hon. A queen's fame,

And equal honour.

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Math. So, whoever wins,

Both shall be losers. Hon. That is that 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. Kisses

him.] Do you find them Infectious in the trial, that you start,

As frighted with their touch?

Math. Is it in man

To resist such strong temptations? Hon. He begins

Aside. To waver.

Math. Madam, as you are gracious, 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

í.

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 Gallery in Mathias' House.

Enter Ubaldo and Ricardo,

Ubald. What we spake on the voley 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 Such a fantastic 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 deserv'd, 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. Ubald. Now I make in.

Comes forward.

Madam, as you commanded, I attend Your pleasure.

Seph. I must thank you for the favour. Ubald. 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 Ubald. 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, Should be of equal value. Is my lord, then, In such grace with the queen? Ubald, You should best know, By what you have found from him, whether he can Deserve a grace or no. 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. Seph. Fie ! he more modest, Or 1 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. foolish jealousy in my head, my lord Hath gotien a new mistress. Ubaid. 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, "Twas well; but yet to yours he was a piddler Such a soldier and a courtier never came To Alba Regalis; the ladies run mad for 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 1 no; coarse mammets : and what's worse, they are old too, Some fifty, some threescore, and they pay dear for L Believing that he carries a powder in his breeches Will make them young again; and these suck shrewdly Ric. [whistles.] Sir, I must fetch you off.

Ubald. 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. [Wa. Soph. There is something more, Walks aside. 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 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? [Aside.]-Pray you, excuse my manners ; I left a letter in my chamber window, Which I would not have seen on any terms ; fic on it. Forgetful as I am ! but I'll straight attend you. Soph. This is strange. His letters said these jewels were Presented him by the queen, as a reward For his good service, and the tranks 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. II you are so skilful, Without premeditation answer me : Know you this gown, and these rich jewels? Uhald. Heaven, How things will come out 1 But that 1 should offend you, And wrong my more than noble friend, your

ou off. (For we are sworn brothers.) in the discovery (Aside, Of his nearest secrets, I could_____

of THE PICTURE.		
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 Sopk. By the hope of favour That you have from me, out with it. Ubald. 'Tis a potent spell Icannot 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 Faulina, a rich strumpet, 'Worn but a day, when she married old Gonzaga, And left off trading. Sopk. O my heart ! Ubald. This chain Of pearl, was a great widow's, that invited Your lord to a masque, 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. Sopk. Perjured man ! Ubald. This rign was Julietta's, a fine piece, But very good at the sport : this diamond Was madam Acanthe's, given him for a soug 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, parallel'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 	trash For which he had dishonour'd me, 1'll pur chase A just revenge : I am not yet so much In debt to years, nor so mis-shaped, that al	
court, But shall be at your service.	ACT IV.	
Soph. I commend him, It is a thriving trade; but pray you leave me	SCENE 1Alba Regalis. A Room in	
A little to myself.	the Palace. Futer Mathias and Bantieta	
Ubald. You may command Your servant, madam[Walks aside.]- She's stung unto the quick, lad. Ric. I did my part: if this potion work not hang mal.	Enter Mathias and Baptista. Bapt. We are in a desperate strait; there' no evasion, Nor hope left to come off, but by your yield	
not, hang me! Let her sleep as well as she can to-night, to- morrow We'll mount new batteries. Ubald, And till then leave her. [Excunt 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 ransom to redeem me. I begin	ing 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 bu An hour's reprieve with the loss of faith and virtue, To be made immortal here. Art thou a scholar.	



The many years that, by the course of nature, That I am falling : and this, the figure of We may travel in this tedious pilgrimage, And hold it as a blessing ; as it is, When innocence is our guide : yet know, Baptista, 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? Or shall I, for a momentary pleasure Which soon comes to a period, to all times Have breach of faith and perjury remember'd 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 :- [Takes out the picture.] 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 ! Bapf. 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 Ofimpudence cannot cover. Dide'er woman, In her will, decline from chastity, but found means, To give her hot lust fuel? It is more Impossible in nature for gross bodies, 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

My idol, few hourssince, 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 magicall glass, and does present Nothing hut horns and horror. Bapt. You may yet, And 'tis the best foundation, build up comfort On your own goodness Math. No, that liath undone me; For now I hold my temperance a sin Worse than excess, and what was vice, a 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 aspics, These weeping crocodiles, and all too little That hath been said against them. But I'll 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 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, Brith And thank you for the favour. Hon. Have you taken Good rest in your new lodgings ? T expect now Your resolute answer ; but advise maturely Before I hear it.

Math: Let my actions, mulam,

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For no words can dilate my joy, in all Upon my head ! I should-but we lose You can command, with cheerfulness to time Be gracious, mighty queen. serve you, Assure your highness ; and, in sign of my Hon. Pause yet a little : Submission, and contrition for my error, The bounties of the king, and, what weighs My lips, that but the last night shunn'd the more, Your boasted constancy to your matchless touch Of yours as poison, taught humility now, wife, Thus on your foot, and that too great an Should not so soon be shaken. honour Math. The whole fabric, When I but look on you, is in a moment For such an undeserver, seal my duty. O'erturn'd and ruin'd ; and, as rivers lose A cloudy mist of ignorance, equal to Cimmerian darkness, would not let me see, Their names when they are swallow'd by then. the ocean, What now, with adoration and wonder, In you alone all faculties of my soul With reverence I look up to : but those fogs Are wholly taken up ; my wife and king, At the best, as things forgotten. Dispersed and scatter'd by the powerful beams Hon. Can this be? With which yourself, the sun of all perfection, I have gain'd my end now. Aside. Vouchsafe to cure my blindness; like a Math. Wherefore stay you, madam? Hon. In my consideration what a nothing suppliant, As'low as I can kneel, I humbly beg Man's constancy is. What you once pleased to tender. Math. Your beauties make it so Hon. This is more In me, sweet lady. Than I could hope ! [Aside.]-What find Hon. And it is my glory : you so attractive I could be coy now, as you were, but I Upon my face, in so short time to make Am of a gentler temper ; howsoever, And in a just return of what I have suffer'd This sudden metamorphosis? pray you, In your disdain, with the same measure rise: I, for your late neglect, thus sign your pargrant me Kisses him. Equal deliberation : I ere long don. Ay, now you kiss like a lover, and not as Will visit you again ; and when I next Appear, as conquer'd by it, slave-like wait brothers Coldly salute their sisters, On my triumphant beauty. Exil. Math. I am turn'd Math. What a change Is here beyond my fear ! but by thy false-All spirit and fire. hood, Hon. Yet, to give some allay Sophia, not her beauty, is't denied me To this hot fervour, 'twere good to remem-To sin but in my wishes? what a frown, ber The king, whose eyes and ears are every-In scorn, at her departure, she threw on me ! I am both ways lost; storms of contempt where ; With the danger too that follows, this disand scorn cover'd. Are ready to break on me, and all hope Math. Danger ! a bugbear, madam ; let Of shelter doubtful : I can neither be [me] ride once Disloyal, nor yet honest ; I stand guilty Like Phaeton in the chariot of your favour. On either part ; at the worst, Death will end And I contemn Jove's thunder ; though the all ; king, And he must be my judge to right my wrong. In our embraces stood a looker on, Since I have loved too much, and lived too His hangman, and with studied cruelty, long. Exit. ready SCENE II .- Bohemia. A Room in Ma-To drag me from your arms, it should not thias' House, fright me Enter Sophia, with a book and a paper. From the enjoying that a single life is Too poor a price for. O, that now all vigour Soph. Nor custom, nor example, nor vast Of my youth were re-collected for an hour, numbers Of such as do offend, make less the sin. That my desire might meet with yours, and For each particular crime a strict account draw The envy of all men, in the encounter, Will be exacted ; and that comfort which

THE PI	CTURE
d, fellows in misery, m their torments : every self, the measure of if so, as I must grant,	Grow f am As I sh Beget a In this y
e in reason, ffend, it is no warrant his forbidden paths: a can explate my guilt, (transported then with	The left pul Likea F This is Soph. Uball
e wounds I give my fame, ; and, though I have fed h promises and hopes, tainted ; and I trust, ith my purity, where for itself, made	Soph. Uball bel Old bla sha In the t
we alleged prove true or	Soph. Shall I pro
isms as shall command , from me? What I have ag them, I am resolved a. Within, there !	I am eq Ubali The mo Take he
sca, with other Servants. le guests? madam, nself to your ladyship's	The mo And cor Soph, Ubala goo

Hil. The elder, Is drinking by him 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

The damn'd preter

Takes nothing fro

one. Must suffer, in him

His wickedness.

It being unrefutab Howe'er my lord o For me to walk in

What penance the For my consent passion)

Towantonness? th Cannot recover his

These courtiers with

I am yet in fact ut

My sorrow for it, And love to go

powerful, Though all they ha

Will be such exore This Fury, jealous Determined touchi

To put in executio

Enter Hilario, Cor

Where are my nob

false,

Prunes up himself, as if this night he were To act a bridegroom's part ; but to what I am ignorance itself.

Soph. Continue so.

Gives the servants the paper. Let those lodgings be prepared as this directs you :

And fail not in a circumstance, as you

Respect my favour. I Serv. We have our instructions.

2 Serv. And punctually will follow them. Excunt Servants.

Enler Uhaldo.

Hill. Here comes, madam, The lord Ubaldo. Ubaid. Pretty one, there's gold To buy thee a new gown ; [To Coris.] and there's for thee ;

at, and fit for service. [To Hil.] I ould be, at the height, and able to

giant. O my better angel !

ou shew your wisdom, when you pay ther in his own coin; shall you sit

atient Grizzle, and be laughed at? no: a fair revenge. Shall we to't?

To what, sir ?

The sport you promised.

Could it be done with safety. . I warrant you; I am sound as a

a tough

de, and steel to the back, as you ll find me

rial on your anvil.

So ; but how, sir,

satisfy your friend, to whom, by mise.

ually engaged?

. 1 must confess,

re the merrier ; but, of all men living,

eed of him : you may safer run upon uth of a cannon when it is unlading, ne off colder.

How ! is he not wholesome?

Wholesome ! I'll tell you, for your d: he is

spittle of diseases, 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 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 !

Ubald. "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

Ubald. I hope I have marr'd his market. Aside.

-But when ?

Soph. Why, presently ; follow my woman, She knows where to conduct you, and will

To-night for a page. Let the waistcoat I appointed, With the cambric shirt perfumed, and the

Be brought into his chamber.

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Ubald. Excellent And a caudle too in Coris. I will fit y. [Exer Ente Soph. So hot on he the other beagle Ric. Take purse a Hil. If this compe I should make a pred Soph. For your sa I have put him off; I gave it, and so par Ric. I hope better He did not touch yo Soph. Yes, I assur There was no dange Ric. No ! eat pre These lozenges of fo Or you are undone. Soph. What is the Ric. They are pres ing breath, Rising from rotten h Soph. If so, your of Of such dear antidot May render yours su Ric. Fie ! no ; I to When I talk with hi else, But I'll be free wit creature, It may be, of God's He is turn'd to a dru and fall Hold all the year wi he owes To art, not nature ; He moves, like the fi wheels, Made by his doctor's They are out of joint, He has a regiment o At his own charge, in best is, There's not a nose acquainted With the green wate Familiar to him : in You may thrust him i Rattle in his skin, bladder. If he but hear a coa The friction with fi him	ly 1 s morning. Ubaldo and Corisca. icardo. ac scent ! Here comes mel all. [70 Hilario. p would come often, we obtain the o ted. ur lips ? e you. r in it ? sently rty crowns an ounce, virtue of them ? servatives against stink- lings. carriage es, in my opinion, spected. ise them m, I should be poison'd th you : he was once a making, but long since uggist's shop ; the spring ith him : that he lives, she has given him o'er. airy king, on screws and s recipes, and yet still and every day repairing. f whores he keeps, n a lazar-house; but the s among them. He's r, and the spitting pill's	I will forbear his character, for I would not Wrong him in your opinion. SopA. 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, clock A vengeance on these buttons ! off with m 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. This is the way, sir. Ric. Dear lady, stay not long. Soph. I may come too soon, sir. Ric. Dear lady, stay not long. Soph. I may come too soon, sir. Ric. No, no ; I am ready now. Hill. This is the way, sir. [Excent Hilario and Ricarde Soph. I was much to blame to credit their reports Touching my lord, that so traduce each other And with such virulent malice ; though presume They are bad enough ; but I have studied for them A way for their recovery. [A noise of clapping a door ; Ubald appears above in his shirt. Ubald. What dost thou mean, wench? Why dost thou shut the door upon me? Ha My clothes are ta'en away too! shall I starv here? Is this my lodging? I am sure the lad talk'd of A rich cap, a perfum'd shirt, and awaistooat But here is nothing but a little fresh straw, A peticoat for a coverlet, and that tom too And an old woman's biggin, for a night-cap Re-enter Corisca below. 'Slight, 'tis a prison, or a pigsty. Ha ! The word word, and har's no common title, And shall I be used thus? SopA. Let him rave, he's fast ; 'TI parley with him at leisure. Ricardo entering with a great noise above, and if a leap down here, I break my neek i 'a moleray'd. Rogues! Villains! let meout it an a lord, and that's no common title, And shall I be used thus?

THE PICTURE. 311 Soph. The other bird's i'the cage too, let him flutter. Your wages, in the coarsest bread and water, Shall be proportionable. Ubald. 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 Ric, Whither am I fallen? into hell ! Ubald. 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. oft observed Ubald. How, Ricardo ! Prithee, throw me You were proud to shew the fineness of your Thy cloak, if thou canst, to cover me; I am hands, almost And softness of your fingers ; you should reel well Frozen to death. Ric, My cloak ! I have no breeches ; What he spins, if you give your mind to it, as I am in my shirt, as thou art; and here's I'll force you. Deliver him his materials. Now you know nothing For myself but a clown's cast suit, Your penance, fall to work ; hunger will teach Ubald. We are both undone. vou : Prithee, roar a little-Madam I And so, as slaves to your lust, not me, I leave you. Exenut Sophia and Corisca. Re-enter Hilario below, in Ricardo's clothes. Ubald. I shall spin a fine thread out now ! Ric. Lady of the house ! Ric. I cannot look On these devices, but they put me in mind Ubald. Grooms of the chamber ! Ric. Gentlewomen ! Milkmaids ! Of rope-makers. Ubald. Shall we be murder'd? Soph. No, but soundly punish'd, 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 ; To your deserts, Ric. You are not in earnest, madam? Soph. Judge as you find, and feel it; and now hear I was bountiful to thee, Hil. They are past your wearing. What I irrevocably purpose to you. And mine by promise, as all these can witness. Being received as guests into my house, You have no holidays coming, nor will I work And with all it afforded entertain'd, While these, and this lasts; and so, when you You have forgot all hospitable duties ; please You may shut up your shop windows. And, with the defamation of my lord, Exit. Wrought on my woman weakness, in revenge Of his injuries, as you fashion'd them to me, Ubald. I am faint, To yield my honour to your lawless lust, And must lie down. Hil. Mark that, poor fellows ! Ric. I am bungry too, and cold. O cursed women ! Soph. And so far you have Transgress'd against the dignity of men, Ubald. This comes of our whoring. Who should, bound to it by virtue, still defend But let us rest as well as we can to-night, But not o'ersleep ourselves, lest we fast to-Chaste ladies' honours, that it was your trade To make them infamous ; but you are caught They withdraw. morrow. In your own toils, like lustful beasts, and SCENE III. - Alba Regalis. A Room in therefore the Palace. Hope not to find the usage of men from me : Such mercy you have forfeited, and shall Enter Ladislaus, Honoria, Eubulus, Ferdinand, Acanthe, and Attendants. suffer Hon. Now you know all, sir, with the Lake the most slavish women. Utald. How will you use us? Soph. Ease, and excess in feeding, made motives why I forced him to my lodging. you wanton Ladis, 1 desire A plurisy of ill blood you must let out. No more such trials, lady. By labour, and spare diet that way got too, Hon. I presume, sir, Or perish for hunger. Reach him up that You do not doubt my chastity. Ladis, I would not ; With the flax upon it ; though no Omphale, But these are strange inducements. Nor you a second Hercules, as I take it, Euby. By no means, sir. Why, though he were with violence seized As you spin well at my command, and please upon, IDC.

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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 con- ceive, 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 ad- mire so; And when you see how soon it has trans- form'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. Eudis. Well, or its fit, sir. (Exemut,	 Hon. Not so, you may stay now, As a witness of our contract. Bat. I obey In all things, madam. Hon. Where's that reverence, Or rather superstitious adoration, Which, captive-like, tomy triumphant beauty 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 winess 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; 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. Hoa. How ! Math. And then She did appear a most magnificent queen, And, what's more, virtuous, though some- what darken'd With pride, and self-opinion. Eudw. Call you this courtship?
 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 ; 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, Fer- dinand, and Acanthe, with others, ap- pear above. Bapt. She already is Enter'd the lists. Math. And I prepared to meet her. 	 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, 'its 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, Inferior 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

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The throne of chastity once, how, in a The horror, in my thought of t, turns me marble : All that was gracious, great, and glorious But if it may be yet preventedin her, Re-enter Ladislaus, Eubulus, Ferdinand, And won upon all hearts, like seeming Acanthe, and others, below, shadows Wanting true substance, vanish'd ! O sir, Hon. How his reasons What can I do to shew my sorrow, or With what brow ask your pardon ? Work on my soul ! Math. Retire into yourself ; Ladis. Pray you, rise. Your own strengths, madam, strongly Hon. Never, till you forgive me, and remann'd with virtue, ceive And be but as you were, and there's no office So base, beneath the slavery that men Unto your love and favour a changed woman : My state and pride turn'd to humility, hence-Impose on beasts, but I will gladly bow to. forth But as you play and juggle with a stranger, Varying your shapes like Thetis, though the Shall wait on your commands, and my obedience Steer'd only by your will. Ladis. And that will prove beauties. Of all that are by poets' raptures sainted Were now in you united, you should pass A second and a better matriage to me. 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 : All is forgotten. How. Sir, I must not rise yet, Till, with a free confession of a crime Unknown to you yet, and a following suit, But to fall ever, damnable. We were both Which thus I beg, be granted. Ladis. I melt with you : Guilty, I grant, in tendering our affection ; But, as I hope you will do, I repented. 'Tis pardon'd, and confirm'd thus, When we are grown up to ripeness, our life is Raises her. Like to this [magick] picture. While we run Hon. Know then, sir, A constant race in goodness, it retains In malice to this good knight's wife, I The just proportion ; but the journey being practised Ubaldo and Ricardo to corrupt her. 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 Bapt, Thence grew the change of the picture. Aride Hon. And how far Our pilgrimage, it may, like this, turn yellow, Or be with blackness clouded : but when we They have prevail'd, I am ignorant : now, Find we have gone astray, and labour to Return unto our never-failing guide, if you, sir, For the honour of this good man, may be Virtue, contrition, with unfeigned tears, entreated The spots of vice wash'd off, will soon re-To travel thither, it being but a day's store it journey, To fetch them off-To the first purchess. Ladis. We will put on to-night. Hou. I am disenchanted : Bapt. I, if you please, your harbinger. Ladis. I thank you. Mercy, O mercy, heavens t Kneels. Ladiz, I am ravish'd With what I have seen and heard. Let me embrace you in my arms; your Fard. Let us descend, service And hear the rest below. Done on the Turk, compared with this, Eubu. This hath fallen out weighs nothing They retire. Math. I am still your humble creature. Beyond my expectation. Ladis. My true friend How, How have I wander'd Out of the track of piety ! and misled By overweening pride, and flattery Of fawning sycophants, (the bane of great-Ferd. And so you are bound to hold him. Eubu. Such a plant Imported to your kingdom, and here grafted, Would yield more truit than all the idle ness,) 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 tome ! weeds That suck up your rain of favour. Ladis. In my will

I'll not be wanting. Prepare for our journey.



weaty of

In ant be my Honoria now, not name, And to all aftertimes preserve thy fame. Excunt.

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 cating, and that, to starve to

death.

Was much against their stomach; by de-SPEE

Against their wills, they fell to it.

Caris. And now feed on

The little pittance you allow, with gladness. Hil. I doremember 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 cheeseparings,

With a spoonful of pall'd wine pour'd in their water,

For festival-exceedings.

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 ; 1'll undertake

To lead them out by the nose with a coarse thread

Of the one's spinning, and make the other reel after,

Their company, as easily return them. Coris. Dear madam, it will help to c away Your melancholy. Soph. Well, on this assurance, I am content ; bring them hither. Hil. I will do it In stately equipage. Soph. They have confess'd, then, They were set on by the queen, to taint 1 My loyalty to my lord? Coris. "Twas the main caus 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 aside,

And without grumbling ; and when you

They come : the object's so ridiculous, In spite of my sad thoughts, I cannot lend

A forced smile to grace it.

Re-enter Hilario, with Ubaldo spinn and Ricardo reeling.

Hil. Come away :

Work as you go, and lose no time, precious ;

You'll find it in your commons.

Ric. Commons, call you it! The word is proper ; I have grazed so Upon your commons, I am almost st here

Hil. Work harder, and they shall better'd.

Ubald. Better'd!

Worser they cannot be : would I might Like a dog under her table, and serve

footstool, 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 bra greyhounds,
- When they are led out of their kenne scumber ;
- But our case is ten times harder, we nothing

In our bellies to be vented : if you will An honest yeoman-fewterer, feed us fin And walk us after.

Hil. Yeoman-fewterer !

Such another word to your governor you go

Supperless to bed for't, Ubald. Nay, even as you please ;

Eliza Inter

THE PICTURE.

The comfortable names of breakfasts, din-Cold water is far better for your healths, Of which I am very tender : you had foul ners, Collations, supper, beverage, are words bodies, Worn out of our remembrance. And must continue in this physical diet, Ric. O for the steam Till the cause of your disease be ta'en away, For fear of a relapse ; and that is dangerous : Of meat in a cook's shop ! Yet I hope already that you are in some Ubald. I am so dry I have not spittle enough to wet my fingers Degree recover'd, and that way to resolve me, When I draw my flax from my distaff. Answer me truly ; nay, what I propound Ric. Nor I strength Concerns both ; nearer : what would you To raise my hand to the top of my reeler. Oh ! now give, I have the cramp all over me. If your means were in your hands, to lie all Hil. What do you think night Were best to apply to it? A cramp-stone, With a fresh and handsome lady? as I take it, Ubald. How ! a lady? Were very useful. O, I am past it; hunger with her razor Ric. Oh ! no more of stones, Hath made me an eunuch. We have been used too long like hawks Ric. For a mess of porridge, already Well sopp'd with a bunch of radish and a Uhald. We are not so high in our flesh carrot now to need casting, I would sell my barony ; but for women, oh! We will come to an empty fist, No more of women ; not a doit for a doxy, Hil. Nay, that you shall not. So ho, birds !- Holds up a piece of bread.]-After this hungry voyage. Soph. These are truly How the cyasses scratch and scramble ! Good symptoms; let them not venture too Take heed of a surfeit, do not cast your much in the air, gorges ; Till they are weaker. Ric. This is tyranny. This is more than I have commission for ; be thankful. Ubald. Soorn upon scorn. Soph. You were so Soph. Were all that study the abuse of women, In your malicious intents to me, Used thus, the city would not swarm with Enter a Servant. enckolds, Nor so many tradesmen break. And therefore 'tis but justice-What's the Coris. Pray you, appear now, business? And mark the alteration. Serv. My lord's great friend, signior Sophia comes forward. Baptista, madam, Is newly lighted from his horse, with certain IIII. To your work, My lady is in presence ; shew your duties : Assurance of my lord's arrival. Soph. How? Exceeding well Soph. How do your scholars profit? Hil. Hold up your heads demurely. And stand I triffing here? Hence with the mongrels To their several kennels ; there let them how! Prettily, For young beginners. in private : Coris. And will do well in time, I'll be no further troubled, If they be kept in awe. Exenat Sophia and Servant. Ubaid. O that ever Ric. In awe ! I am sure I quake like an aspen leaf. I saw this fury ! Unald, No mercy, lady? Ric. Or look'd on a woman Ric. Nor intermination ? But as a prodigy in nature ! Hil. Silence ; Soph. Let me see your work ; Fig upon't, what a thread's here I a poor cobler's wife No more of this Coris. Methinks you have no cause Would make a finer to sew a clown's rent To repent your being here, Hil. Have you not learnt, startup ; When your states are spent, your several trades to live by, And never charge the hospital? And here you reel as you were drunk. Ric. I am sure It is not with wine Coris, Work but tightly, Soph. O take heed of wine ;

And we will not use a dish-clout in the house, But of your spinning. Ubald. O, I would this hemp Were turn'd to a halter ! Hil. Will you march? Ric. A soft one, Good general, I beseech you. Ubald. I can hardly Draw my legs after me. Hil. For a crutch, you may use Your distaff; a good wit makes use of all Exennt. things. SCENE IL .- A 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 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 Baplista. 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 wel-He hopes in my embraces, may deceive Trumpels sounded. His expectation. The trumpets speak The king's arrival : help, a woman's

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To make him know his fault, and my ju anger!

SCENE III .- A Hail in the Same.

A Flourish. Enter Ladislaus, Ferdininh Eubulus, Mathias, Baptista, Honoria, a. 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 Herm was

More welcome to the cottage of Philemon And his poor Baucis, than your gracions se Your matchless queen, and all your row train.

Are to your servant and his wife, Ladis. Where is she?

Hon. I long to see her as my now-lon rival.

Eubu. And I to have a smack at her; a cordial

To an old man, better than sack and a to Before he goes to supper. Math. Ha ! is my house turn'd

To a wilderness? nor wile nor servants read With all rites due to majesty, to receive Such unexpected blessings ! You assured 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 I sure my fami 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 My sword should make a massacre am you.

Where is your mistress?

Hil. First, you are welcome home, si Then know, she says she's sick, sir.-The no notice

Taken of my bravery !

Math. Sick at such a time !

It cannot be : though she were on her des bed.

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And her spirit e'en now departed, here st they

Could call it back again, and in this hone Give her a second being. Bring me to I know not what to urge, or how to red alling and

THE PICTURE.

This mortgage of her manners. [Excunt 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. Ford. 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-enter Mathias with Sophia ; Hilario Joliowing. 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, 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 Ladit, 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, Sopic. In my duty I kiss her highness' robe, Hon. You stoop too low To her whose lips would meet with yours. Kisses her. Soth. 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 n the queen's lips. Aside to Mathias. Math. Upon your life be silent ;--On the queen's lips. 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 To Ferdinand. man, sir, And do descrye a free and hearty welcome : THE. Be this the prologue to it. Kisses him. Eady. An old man's turn In over last in kissing. I have lips too, However cold ones, madam,

317 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, Or you are disgraced for ever. Aside to Soph. Soph. How? with kissing Feelingly, as you taught me? would you have me Turn my cheek to them, as proud ladies use To their inferiors, 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, 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, And being for that time a kind of widow, To pass away her melancholy hours Without good company, and in charity, therefore, 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

Some minutes space I beg your majesties'

You are moved now :--- champ upon this bit a little,

Anon you shall have another. Wait me, Hilario. [Exennt 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 asnake 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 resolv'd, 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. How, 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 in rags, and spinning and reeling, as before. Eubu. What have we here? Soph. You must come on, and shew yourselves Ubald. The king ! Ric. And queen too ! would I were as far under the earth As I am above it ! Ubald. Some poet will, 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? How. And this thing, I take it, Was once Ubaldo.

Ubald. I am now I know not what. Ric. We thank your majesty for employ ing us To this subtle Circe. Eubu. How, my lord ! turn'd spinster ! Do you work by the day, or the great? Ferd. Is your theorbo Turn'd to a distaff, signior? and your voic With which you chanted, Room for a las gallant ! Tuned to the note of Lachryme ! Eubu. Prithee tell me. For I know thou'rt free, how oft, and to t You've been merry with this lady. Ric. Never, never. Ladis. Howsoever, you should say so I your credit, Being the only court-bull. Ubald. O, that ever I saw this kicking heifer ! Soph. You see, madam, How I have cured your servants, and wh favours, They, with their rampant valour, have w from me. You may, as they are physic'd, I presume Trust a fair virgin with them; they ha learn'd Their several trades to live by, and p nothing But cold and hunger for them; and may n Set up for themselves, for here I give the over. And now to you, sir ; why do you not ag Peruse your picture, and take the advice Of your learned consort? these are the m or none, That make you, as the Italian says, a bea Math. I know not which way to entry your pardon, Nor am I worthy of it. My Sophia, My best Sophia, here before the king, The queen, these lords, and all the lookers I do renounce my error, and embrace ye As the great example to all aftertimes, For such as would die chaste and noble with With reverence to imitate. Soph. Not so, sir ; yet hold off. However I have purged My doubted innocence, the foul aspersic In your unmanly doubts, cast on my hone Cannot so soon be wash'd off. Eubn. Shall we have More jiggobobs yet ! Soph. When you went to the wars,

Soph. When you went to the wars, I set no spy upon you, to observe Which way you wander'd, though our se nature



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 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 2—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 use it not with mercy. Ferd. Any penance You please to impose upon him, I dare warrant He will gladly suffer. Eaba. 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

The Emperor of the East.

PROLOGUE 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 himsef 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 wow, 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 marked 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.

PROLOGUE AT COURT.

As ever, sir, you lent a gracious ear To oppress d'innocence, nou vouchsafe to hear A short petition. At 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 suffered by the rage And entry 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, capitain of the guard. Timantus, Gratianus, Cleon, a traveller, friend to Paulinus. Patriarch. Informer. Projector. Master of the Habits and Manners. Manion of the Suburbs.

Countryman. Surgeon. Empiric. Pulcheria, the protectress, sister to the emperor. Athenais, a strange virgin, afterwards empress, and named Eudocia. Arcadia, Flaccilla, Che young sisters of the emperor. Officers, Suitors, Attendants, Guards, Huntsman, Executioners, Servants, See.

SCENE,-Constantinople.

CT I.

SCENE 1.- 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 liope 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 phornix, 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 borne herself, And with all possible brevity; though the 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 dis-Of his so many kingdoms. For his person, She hath so train d him up in all those arts That are both great and good, and to be wish'd In an imperial monarch, that the mother Of the Gracchi, grave Cornelia, Rome still boasts of, The wise Pulcheria but 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 practised : 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 conclude ; for here the wonder Begins, not ends. Her soul is so immense, And her strong faculties so apprehensive, To search into the depth of deep designs And of all natures, that the burthen, which To many men were insupportable,

To her is but a gentle exercise.

Made, by the frequent use, familiar to her.

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	Cle. With your good favour, let me in- terrupt you.	Will give them hearing. Have you especial care too.
	Being, as she is, in every part so perfect, Methinks that all kings of our eastern world Should become rivals for her.	That free access be granted unto all Petitioners. The morning wearsPray you, on, sir;
ĺ	Paul. So they have ;	Time lost is ne'er recover'd.
İ	But to no purpose. She, that knows her	[Excent all but Paulinus and Cleon. Paul. Did you note
	strength To rule and govern monarchs, scorns to wear	The majesty she appears in?
	On her free neck the servile yoke of mar-	Cle. Yes, my good lord ;
;	riage ;	I was ravish'd with it.
	And for one loose desire, envy itself Dares not presume to taint her. Venus' son	Paul. And then, with what speed She orders her dispatches, not one daring
:	Is blind indeed when he but gazes on her;	To interpose ; the emperor himself,
	Her chastity being a rock of diamonds,	Without reply, putting in act whatever
1	With which encounter'd, his shafts fly in	She pleased to impose upon him.
1	splinters;	<i>Cle.</i> Yet there were some,
	His flaming torches in the living spring Of her perfections quench'd : and, to crown	That in their sullen looks, rather confess'd A forced constraint to serve her, than a will
	all,	To be at her devotion ; what are they?
	She's so impartial when she sits upon	Paul. Eunuchs of the emperor's cham-
	The high tribunal, neither sway'd with pity,	ber, that repine
	Nor awed by fear, beyond her equal scale, That 'tis not superstition to believe	The globe and awful sceptre should give place Unto the distaff; for, as such, they whisper
	Astrea once more lives upon the earth,	A woman's government, but dare not yet
	Pulcheria's breast her temple.	Express themselves.
1	Cle. You have given her	<i>Cle.</i> From whence are the ambassadors
	An admirable character.	To whom she promised audience?
	Paul. She deserves it : And, such is the commanding power of	Paul. They are Employ'd by divers princes, who desire
	virtue,	Alliance with our emperor, whose years now.
	That from her vicious enemies it compels Pæans of praise, as a due tribute to her.	As you see, write him man. One would advance
1	Loud music.	A daughter to the honour of his bed;
'	Cle. What means this solemn music?	A second, his fair sister : to instruct you
	Paul. Sir, it ushers	In the particulars would ask longer time
	The emperor's morning meditation, In which Pulcheria is more than assistant.	Than my own designs give way to. I have letters
,	Tis worth your observation, and you may	From special friends of mine, that to my care
	Collect from her expense of time this day,	Commend a stranger virgin, whom this
	How her hours, for many years, have been	morning
I	disposed of. Cle. I am all eyes and ears.	I purpose to present before the princess : If you please, you may accompany me.
	Enter, after a strain of solemn music,	Cle. I'll wait on you. [Excunt.
	Philanax, Timantus, Patriarch, Theo-	SCENE 11 Another Room in the same.
ł	dosius, Pulcheria, Flaccilla, and Arcadia;	Enter the Informer, with Officers bringing
ļ	followed by Chrysapius and Gratianus;	in the Projector, the Minion of the Suburbs.
	Servants, and Officers.	and the Master of the Habit and Manners.
'	<i>Pul.</i> Your patience, sir. Let those corrupted ministers of the court,	Infor. Why should you droop, or hang
	Which you complain of, our devotions	your working heads? No danger is meant to you ; pray bear up :
;	ended,	For aught I know, you are cited to receive
	Be cited to appear : for the ambassadors	Preferment due to your merits.
	Who are importunate to have audience,	Proj. Very likely :
!	From me you may assure them, that to- morrow	In all the projects I have read and practised, I never found one man compell'd to come,
	They shall in public kiss the emperor's robe,	Before the seat of justice, under guard,
		To receive honour.
1		

Infor. No ! it may be, you are The first example. Men of qualities,

s I have deliver'd you to the protectress, Who knows how to advance them, cannot conceive

A fitter place to have their virtues publish'd, Than in open court, Could you hope that the princess,

Knowing your precious merits, will reward

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 galleys ; in your names

You carry no such crimes : your specious titles Cannot but take her :- President of the Projectors !

What a noise it makes ! The Master of the

How proud would some one country be that I know,

To be your first pupil! Minion of the Suburbs,

And now and then admitted to the court,

And honour'd with the style of Squire of Dames !

What hurt is in it ! One thing I must tell you, As I am the state-scout, you may think me an informer.

Mast. They are synonyma.

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 loss rodress : 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 choleric 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 brothers 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 i

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 cat one a month, I cannot live else

Paul. A notable cannibal | but should I

In what do your knaves concern me? Infor. In the begging

Of their estates.

Pawl, Before they are condemn'd

V.a

•

THE EMPEROR OF THE EAST. 324 Infor. Yes, or arraign'd : your lordship Ckry. I am glad yet, that may speak too late else. He dares look on a woman. [All this time the Informer is kneeling They are your own, and I will be content With the fifth part of a share. to Pulcheria, and delivering papers. They. Philanax, What is that comely stranger? Paul. Hence, rogue ! Infor. Such rogues In this kind will be heard and cherish'd too. Phil. A petitioner. Chry. Will you hear her case, and dis-Fool that I was, to offer such a bargain To a spiced-conscience chapman -but I patch her in your chamber? I'll undertake to bring her. care not : Theo. Bring me to What he disdains to taste, others will swal-Some place where I may look on her delow. meanor: Tis a lovely creature ! Loud Music. Enter Theodosius, Pulcheria, Chry. There's some hope in this yet. [Flowrish. Excunt Theodosius, Pa-triarch, Philanax, Timantus, Chryse-Arcadia, Flaccilla, Patriarch, Philanax, Timantus, Chrysapius, Gratianus, and Attendants. pius, and Gratianus. Cle. They are return'd from the temple. Pul. No; you have done your parts. Paul. Now opportunity courts you, Paul. See, she appears ; What think you now? Prefer your suit. Athen. [Kneeling.] As low as misery Can fall, for proof of my humility, Athen. A cunning painter thus, Her veil ta'en off, and awful sword and balance A poor distressed virgin bows her head. Laid by, would picture Justice. Pul. When you please, And lays hold on your goodness, the last altar Calamity can fly to for protection. You may intend those royal exercises Great minds erect their never-falling trophies Suiting your birth and greatness : I will bear On the firm base of mercy ; but to triumph The burthen of your cares, and, having Over a suppliant, by proud fortune captived, Argues a bastard conquest :- tis to you purged The body of your empire of ill humours, I speak, to you, the fair and just Pulcheria, Upon my knees surrender it. The wonder of the age, your sex's honour ; Chry. Will you ever And as such, deign to hear me. As you have Be awed thus like a boy? A soul moulded from heaven, and do desire Grat. And kiss the rod To have it made a star there, make the means Of a proud mistress? Of your ascent to that celestial height Virtue, wing'd with brave action : they draw Tim. Be what you were born, sir. Phil. Obedience and majesty never lodged near The nature and the essence of the gods, In the same inn. Who imitate their goodness. Theed. No more ; he never learn'd The right way to command, that stopp'd his Pul. If you were A subject of the empire, which your habit ears To wise directions. In every part denies Pul. Read o'er the papers Athen. O, fly not to Such an evasion ! whate'er I am. I left upon my cabinet, two hours hence Being a woman, in humanity I will examine you. You are bound to right me. Though the Flac. We spend our time well ! Nothing but praying and poring on a book. difference It ill agrees with my constitution, sister. Of my religion may seem to exclude me Arcad. Would I had been born some From your defence, which you would have masquing-lady's woman, confined : Only to see strange sights, rather than live The moral virtue, which is general, thus ! Must know no limits. By these blessed feet. Flac. We are gone, forsooth ; there is no That pace the paths of equity, and tread boldly On the stiff neck of tyrannous oppression, remedy, sister. [Excunt Arcadia and Flaccilla. By these tears by which I bathe them, I Grat. What hath his eye found out? Tim. 'Tis fix'd upon conjure you With pity to look on me! Pul. Pray you, rise; That stranger lady.

THE EMPEROR OF THE EAST. And, as you rise, receive this comfort from With curious punctuality set down, To a hair's breadth, how low a new-stamp'd me. Beauty, set off with such sweet language, courtier May vail to a country gentleman, and by Gradation, to his merchant, mercer, draper, Can want an advocate; and you must bring More than a guilty cause if you prevail not. His linen-man, and tailor. Some business, long since thought upon, Pul. Pray you, discover, This hidden mystery: Mast. If the foresaid courtier dispatch'd, You shall have hearing, and, as far as justice (As it may chance sometimes) find not his Will warrant me, my best aids. Athen. I do desire name Writ in the citizens' books, with a Jtate hum No stronger guard ; my equity needs no Walks aside. He may salute them after three days waitfavour. Pul. Are these the men? Proj. We were, an't like your highness, ing; But, if he owe them money, that he may The men, the men of eminence and mark, Preserve his credit, let him in policy never And may continue so, if it please your grace. Mast. This speech was well projected. Pul. Does your conscience, Appoint a day of payment, so they may hope still : But, if he be to take up more, his page I will begin with you, whisper unto you May attend them at the gate, and usher them What here you stand accused of? Are you Into his cellar, and when they are warm'd named with wine, The President of Projectors? Infor. Justify it, man, And tell her in what thou'rt useful. Conduct them to his bedchamber; and though then He be under his barber's hands, as soon as Proj. That is apparent ; secn, And if you please, ask some about the court, He must start up to embrace them, vail And they will tell you, to my rare inventions thus low Nay, though 'he call them cousins, 'tis the better, They owe their bravery, perhaps means to purchase. And cannot live without me. I, alas ! His dignity no way wrong'd in't. Lend out my labouring brains to use, and Paul. Here's a fine knave ! Pul. Does this rule hold without excep-For a drachma in the pound,-the more the tion, sirrah. pity For courtiers in general? I am all patience, and endure the curses Mast. No, dear madam, Of many, for the profit of one patron. Pul. I do conceive the rest. What is the For one of the last edition ; and for him I have composed a dictionary, in which second? He is instructed, how, when, and to whom, To be proud or humble ; at what times of Infor. The Minion of the Suburbs. Pul. What hath he the year He may do a good deed for itself, and that is To do in Constantinople? Min. I steal in now and then, Writ in dominical letters ; all days else As I am thought useful ; marry, there I am Are his own, and of those days the several cail'd The Squire of Dames, or Servant of the Sex, Mark'd out, and to what use. and by the allowance of some sportful ladies, Pul. Shew us your method ; I am strangely taken with it. Honour'd with that title. Pul. Spare your character, Mast. Twill deserve You are here decipher'd : stand by with your A pension, I hope. First, a strong culliscompeer. In his bed, to heighten appetite ; shuttle-What is the third? a creature I ne'er heard of : cock, The Master of the Manners and the Habit ! To keep him in breath when he rises; tennis courts You have a double office, Are chargeable, and the riding of great Mast. In my actions I make both good ; for by my theorems Which your polite and torser gallants practise, Too boisterous for my joung courtier : let I re-refine the court, and civilize the old ones Their barbarous natures. I have in a table, I think not of, use it ; next, his meditation

F THE EAST.

325 THE EMPEROR	0
How to court his mistress, and that he may	7
Let him be furnish'd with confederate jests	10
Between him and his friend, that, on occa- sion,	-
They may vent them mutually: what his pace and garb	-
Must be in the presence, then the length of his sword,	100
The fashion of the hilt-what the blade is It matters not, 'twere barbarism to use it.	10
Unless to shew his strength upon an andiron ; So, the sooner broke the better.	1
Pul. How I abuse This precious time ! Projector, I treat first	1007
Of you and your disciples ; you roar out, All is the king's, his will above his laws ;	115
And that fit tributes are too gentle yokes For his poor subjects : whispering in his ear,	1
If he would have their fear, no man should dare	CIN
To bring a salad from his country garden, Without the paying gabel; kill a hen,	1
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	1
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 music? must his	1
thresholds Be wash'd with widows and wrong'd orphans'	1
tears,	i
Or his power grow contemptible? Proj. I begin	1
To feel myself a rogue again. Pul. But you are	1
The squire of dames, devoted to the service Of gamesome ladies, the hidden mystery	1
Discover'd, their close bawd, thy slavish breath	1
Fanning the fires of lust ; the go-between This female and that wanton sir ; your art	1.
Can blind a jealous husband, and, disguised Like a milliner or shoemaker, convey	1
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
A mart of looseness :to discover all Your subtile brokages, were to teach in	1

hose private practices which are, in justice everely to be punish'd. Min. I am cast :

jury of my patronesses cannot quit me. Pal. You are master of the manners and the habit ;

lather the scorn of such as would live men and not, like apes, with servile imitation tudy prodigious fashions. You keep ntelligence abroad, that may instruct

Dur giddy youth at home what new-foun fashion

s now in use, swearing he's most comple That first turns monster, Know, villain I can thrust

This arm into your hearts, strip off the fie That covers your deformities, and shew y In your own nakedness. Now, though il law

all not your follies death, you are for eve Banish'd my brother's court .- Away w them ;

will hear no reply.

Excunt Informer, and Officers with Projector, Minion of the Suburbs, a Master of the Habit and Manne Athenais comes forward.

Enter above, Theodosius, Philanax, Time tus, Chrysapius, and Gratianus,

Paul. What think you now?

Cle. That I am in a dream ; or that I A second Pallas.

Pul. These removed, to you

clear my brow. Speak without fear, sw maid,

since, with a mild aspect, and ready ear, sit prepared to hear you.

Athen. Know, great princess, My father, though a pagan, was admired For his deep search into those hidden stud Whose knowledge is denied to common m The motion, with the divers operations of the superior bodies, by his long

And careful observation were made

Familiar to him ; all the secret virtues Of plants and simples, and in what deg They were useful to mankind, he could course of :

In a word, conceive him as a prophet hono In his own country. But being born a n It lay not in him to defer the hour

Of his approaching death, though long told :

In this so fatal hour he call'd before him His two sons and myself, the dearest ple ent him by nature, and with his right I Blessing our several heads, he thus beg 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 prophetic soul. Ready to take her flight, can truly guess at Thy future fate, I leave the strange as-

surance 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 !

Athen. Yet to prepare thee for that certain fortune,

And that I may from present wants defend thee,

I leave ten thousand crows :- 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 an 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 kizzes 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 ; 1, 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 youne'er had been. [Excunt. 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 ! Excunt.

ACT II.

SCENE 1.- 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

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

Or lie dead by you.



328 The words of the chase, or a fair m Enter Theodosius. arms. Theo. How's this? clouds in the chamber, Or to be able to pierce to the depth, And the air clear abroad ! Or write a comment on the obscurest poets, I grant are ornaments ; but your main scope Phil. When you, our sun, Obscure your glorious beams, poor we that Should be to govern men, to guard your borrow own Our little light from you, cannot but suffer If not enlarge your empire. A general eclipse. Ckry. You are built up Tim. Great sir, 'tis true ; By the curious hand of nature, to revive For, till you please to know and be yourself, The memory of Alexander, or by And freely dare dispose of what's your own, A prosperous success in your brave actio Without a warrant, we are falling meteors, To rival Cæsar. Tim. Rouse yourself, and let not. Your pleasures be a copy of her will. And not fix'd stars. Chry. The pale-faced moon, that should Govern the night, usurps the rule of day, Phil. Your pupilage is past, and manly And still is at the full in spite of nature, actions And will not know a change. Are now expected from you. Grat. Do not lose Theo. Speak you in riddles? Your subjects' hearts. Tim. What is't to have the mean I am no (Edipus, but your emperor, And as such would be instructed. To be magnificent, and not exercise Phil. Your command The boundless virtue? Shall be obey'd : till now, I never heard you Speak like yourself ; and may that Power, by Grat. You confine yourself To that which strict philosophy allows of, which You are so, strike me dead, if what I shall As if you were a private man. Deliver as a faithful subject to you, Tim. No pomp Or glorious shows of royalty rendering it Hath root or growth from malice, or base Both loved and terrible. envy Of your sister's greatness ! I could honour Grat. 'Slight ! you live, as it in her Begets some doubt, whether you have, or not, A power subordinate to yours ; but not, The abilities of a man. As 'tis, predominant. Tim. Is it fit that she, Chry. The firmament Hath not more stars than there are several In her birth your vassal, should command beauties the knees Ambitious, at the height, to impart their Of such as should not bow but to yourself? dear Grat. She with security walks upon the And sweetest favours to you. heads Grat. Yet you have not Of the nobility ; the multitude, Made choice of one, of all the sex, to serve As to a deity, offering sacrifice you, In a physical way of courtship. For her grace and favour. Chry. Her proud feet even wearied Theo. But that I would not Begin the expression of my being a man. With the kisses of petitioners. Grat. While you, In blood, or stain the first white robe I wear Of absolute power, with a servile imitation To whom alone such reverence is proper, Pass unregarded by. Of any tyrannous habit, my just anger Tim. You have not yet. Prompts me to make you, in your sufferings, Been master of one hour of your whole life, feel. Chry. Your will and faculties kept in more And not in words to instruct you, that the awe license Than she can do her own. Of the loose and saucy language you now Phil. And as a bondman, practised (O let my zeal find grace, and pardon from Hath forfeited your heads. you. Grat. How's this ! That I descend so low.) you are design'd Phil. I know not To this or that employment, suiting well What the play may prove, but I assure you A private man, 1 grant, but not a prince. that To be a perfect horseman, or to know 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 .Esop's foolish frogs, they trample on him As a senseless block, if his government be casy ; 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 norfeeling ; and in arguing with you, Convince you with strong proofs of common reason, And not with absolute power, against which, wretches, You are not to dispute. Dare you, that are My creatures, by my prodigal favours fashion'd. Presuming on the nearness of your service, Set off with my familiar acceptance, Condemn my obsequiousness to the wise directions Of an incomparable sister, whom all parts Of our world, that are made happy in 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 'his 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 1 Is that temperance So fathous in your cited Alexander, Or Roman Scipio, a crime in ma?

Cannot I be an emperor, unless

Your wives and daughters bow to my proud lusts?

And, 'cause I ravish not their fairest buildings

And fruitful vineyards, or what is dearest, From such as are my vassals, must you conclude

I do not know the awful power and strength Of my prerogative? Am I close-handed,

Because I scatter not among you that I must not call mine own? know you, courtleeches.

A prince is never so magnificent

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 carth, we beg Your gracious pardon.

Grat, Offering our necks

To be trod on, as a punishment for our late Presumption, and a willing testimony

Of our subjection.

Theo. Deserve our mercy

In your better life hereafter ; you shall find, Though, in my father's life, I held it mad-

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

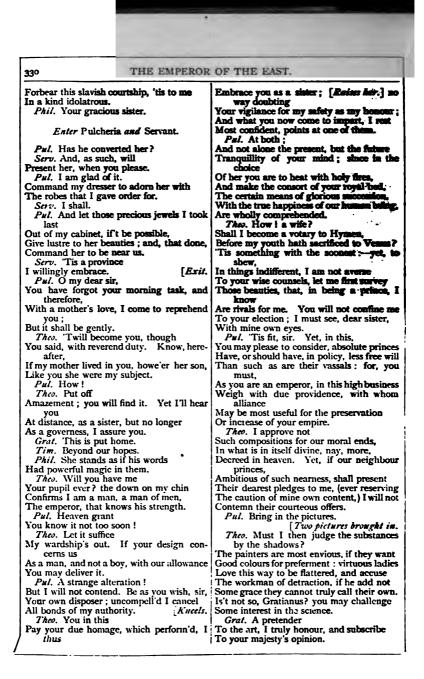
From what I was.

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





Reads. Theo. Let me see Cleanthe, daughter to the king of Epire, Etatis suce, 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 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 : here's a sharp frost. In the tip of her nose, which, by the length, assures me Of storms at midnight, if I fail to pay her The tribute she expects. I like her not : What is the other? Chry. How hath he commenced Doctor in this so sweet and secret art, Without our knowledge? Tim, Some of his forward pages Have robbed us of the honour. Phil. No such matter ; He has the theory only, not the practic. 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 ! she will have her elenchs To cut off any fallacy I can hope To put upon her, and expect I should Ever conclude in syllogisms, and those true In parle 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 I let the race Of Thmeus be match'd with Aristotle's : I'll none of her. Parl. You are curious in your choice, sir, And hard to please ; yet, if that your consent | In duty thus bow to him.

May give authority to it, I ll present you With one, that, if her birth and fortunes answer The rarities 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. 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 bonours 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

124 They Hall it speaks. Pal. like is no status, siz. Thes, Suppose her one, And that the had ner organs, whice, ner heat, Most willingly I would resign my empire, Bo it might be to aftertimes recorded That I was her Pygennisen ; though, Hhr him. I doted on my workmanship, without hope 200 Of having Cytherea so propitions To my sows or marifice, in her compansion To give it life or motion. Pad. Pray you, he not rapt so, Nor borrow from imaginary fiction Impossible aids: she's fiesh and blood, I manual you ; And if you please to honour her in the trial, And be your own accurity, as you'll find I fable not, she comes in a noble way To be at your devotion. Chry. 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 The nectar of her lip?-[Kisses her.]-I do not give it The praise is 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 satisfy 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 I 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 Elarily A period to my wishes. Pul. Yet, before

It be too late, consider her condition ;

Her father was a pagan, she hered A per-converted Christian Three Les me know The man to whese religious means 2 on So great a debt. First. You are advanced too high, air To acknowledge a behaldingness; 'tis charged, And I beyond my hopes rewarded, if My service please your mujesty. They, Take this pletige Of our assured love. Are there none he Have suits to prefer ! on such a day as My bounty's without limit. O my d est 1-I will not hear thee speak ; whatever in Thy thoughts is apprehended, I grant fro Thou wouldst plend thy unworthines thyself. The magazine of felicity, in thy lowness Our eastern queens, at their full height, to thee And are, in their best trim, thy foils shadows ! Excuse the violence of my love, which ca Admit the least delay. Command the triarch 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 re That may divert us. On. Pul. You may hereafter Please to remember to whose furtheran You owe this height of happiness. Athen. As I was Your creature when I first petition'd ye I will continue so, and you shall find n Though an empress, still your servant. [All go off, but Philanax, Grati and Timantus, Grat. Here's a marriage Made up o' the sudden ! Phil, I repine not at The fair maid's fortune, though I fea 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 ov By whose means she may still keep to self

The government of the empire. 77m. Whereas, if

or had espoused some neighbour

vith all her wisdom, could not e-eminence. it as it will, y to be alter'd. Heaven, I say, the best ! e we come to praying again? we thy profaneness, ould it would leave me ! thrive not by it. me to the temple en where you will-I know not think on't. Excunt.

ACT III.

I.-A Room in the Palace. r Paulinus and Philanax. r this, nor the age before us, k'd on emnity. udden fever t home. Pray you, my lord, t me rticulars. a may presume or ceremony could be wanting, was privilege to command, and

are inventions. lieve it ; of all in brief. y you, so take it ; is, not long since a suitor, in her hopes forsaken, first n'd and the emperor's mother's

he will'd, imposed upon her : ie ever-matchless princess, her reverend aunt Maria, who the masculine witness? the new empress' suit, I had the

must ever serve her. as a grace you may boast of. e marriage follow'd ; said, the emperor made bold day to night; for to bed they

they had dined, and there are

e merry lords, he buth already upon her. t is ret nined of ; but I am certain

A prince, so soon in his disposition alter'd, Was never heard nor read of. Panl. 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,

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. Excount.

SCENE 11 .- Another Room in the same.

Loud Music; Shonts within: Heaven pre-serve the Emperor! Heaven bless the Empress! Then enter in state, the Patriarch, Chrysapius, Paulinus, Theodosius, Eudocia, Pulcheria; Arcadia and Flaccilla, bearing up Eudocia's train; followed by Philanax, Gratianus, and Timantus. Several Suitors present 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

Grow the most dangerous vices.

Theo. In this, sister, Your wisdom is not circular; they that sow In narrow bounds, cannot expect in reason A crop beyond their ventures : what I do Disperse, I lend, and will with usury Return unto my heap. I only then Am rich and happy (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 cheer-

fulness

Supply not my defects, I being the stornach To the politic body of the state, the limbs Grow suddenly faint and feeble ; I could urge

THE SMINROK OF THE EAST.

dinne- aml

No. Tax. Inc. No. of Address, Taxa in control \$404 and the second s

The Distance of American Street the soil was apon wow; nor can I The lost makes much topositive with any a who receives A second design of the all excellence,

incompared west, and too indulgent, server humility exact a base above my power to pay

The manufactor goodness. Forward.

Excunt all but Pulcheria, Endocia, Arcadia, and Flaccilla. Non you find

View Jaing littler's prophecy, that foretold Your provide greatness, to the full accom-Stanling.

see the poor aids and furtherance I lent you, forget.

Fast more strict remembrance of the favour ; Not shall you, from my foul ingratitude, In max circumstance, ever find cause

To uphraid me with your benefit.

Per. 1 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 assu-

Of what is look'd for, if you not alone Hear, but obey my counsels. Emf. 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.

Fad. Good madam;

In this I must concer you; I am well Accounted 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 affections, For his private, as the public preservation, To which there is no greater enemy Than his exorbitant prodigality, Howe'er his sycophants and flatterers call i Royal magnificence ; and though you may Urge what's done for your honour mus not be Curb'd or controll'd by you, you cannot in Your wisdom but conceive, if that the torren Of his violent bounties be not stopp'd o 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 con mand him, As he would reap the plenty of your favour To use more moderation in his bounties : And that, before he gives, he would consid The what, to whom, and wherefore, Eud. Do you think

Such arrogance, or ursurpation rather, Of what is proper and peculiar

To every private husband, and mus 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, cr 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 anything 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 subtle 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 harken 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. 1 am so tired With your tedious exhortations, doctrines, Of your religious morality, That, for my health's sake, I must take the If yet there be aught wanting that may freedom To enjoy a little of those pretty pleasures That I was born to. fread. 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:

Norto discourse, but of schoolmen's opinions.

How shall I answer my suitors, since, I hope, Ere long I shall have many, without practice To write, and speak, something that's not 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.

Flac. But, when we are enter'd, We shall on a good round pace. Eud. I'll leave you, madam. Aread. And we our duties with you. Exennt Eudocia, Arcadia, and Flaccilla,

Pul. On all hands Thus slighted ! no way left ? Am 1 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.

Pwl. It shall be so :- nearer ; your ear. -Draw a petition to this end.

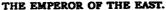
Whispers him.

Att. Besides The danger to prefer it, I believe "Twill ne'er be granted. Pul. How's this 1 are you grown, From a servant, my director? let me hear No more of this. Dispatch; [Exit Atten-dant.] I'll master him At his own weapon.

Enter Theodosius, Paulinus, Philanax, Timantus, and Grathanus.

Theo. Let me understand it, perfect A general happiness. Paul. The people's joys In seas of acclamations flow in, To wait on yours. Phil. Their love, with bounty lovied, 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, which he secretly delivers to Pulcheria. Kzals. Pul. 'Tis well. Theo. My dearest and my all-deserving sister As a petitioner kneel ! It must not be. Pray you, rise ; although your suit were half my empire, Tis freely granted. Pul. Your alacrity To give hath made a beggar ; yet, before that My suit is by your sacred hand and seal Confirm'd, 'tis necessary you peruse The sum of my request [Presents the petition. 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, but with your free consent, It is irrevocable. Tim. What if she now, Calling to memory how often we to her Have crossed 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, pleasure. Be bought, and as a sacrifice from us, Presented to Eudocia, she being only Worthy to wear them. I am angry with The unresistible necessity Of my occasions and important cares, That so long keep me from her. [Excunt 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 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 Exit. honest. SCENE III .- Another Room in the same. Enter Theodosius, Timantus, and Philanax. Theo. What is become of her? Can she, that carries

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Such giorious excellence of light about h Be any where conceal'd? Phil. We have sought her lodgings. And all we can learn from the serv She, by your majesty's sisters waited on, The attendance of her other officets, By her express command, denied The. Forbear she? speak. Phil. As they guess, to the inneal grove. Theo. So slightly guarded ! What an earthquake I feel in me I a Religion assures the contrary, The poets' dreams of lustful issues and as Would make me fear I know not what. d setye Enter Paulinus. Paul. I have found her, An it please your majesty. Theo. Yes, it doth please me : But why return'd without her? Paul. As she made Her speediest approaches to your pre-A servant of the princess's, Pulcheria, Encounter'd her : what 'twas he whisper'd 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 Go back, my good Paulinus, and entreat her Not to exceed a minute. Tim. Here's strange fondness ! [Excunt. SCENE IV.—Another Room in the same. Enter Pulcheria and Servants. Pul. You are certain she will come? I Serv. She is already Enter'd your outward lodgings. Pul. No train with her? I Serv. Your excellence' sisters only. Pul. 'Tis the better. See the doors strongly guarded, and deny Access to all, but with our special license : Why dost thou stay? shew your obeclience, 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 accustom'd to command, To acknowledge a superior. Arcad. There she walks, Flac. If she he not sick of the sullens, 1 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! End. You entreated A visit from me. Pul. True, my servant used Such language; but now, as a mistress, 1 Command your service. End. Service ! Arrad. She's stark mad, sure. Pul. You'll find I can dispose of what's mine own, Without a guardian. End. Follow me.- I will see you When your frantic 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 Flas. 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, End. 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. Pal. 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 No interest in her. Exit Servant. End. 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 horror 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 shape 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 unequall'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

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Pul. Pride and forgetfulness would not let thee see that,



338 THE EMPEROR OF THE EAST.		
338 THE EMPEROR Against which now thou canst not close thy eyes. What injury could be equal to thy late Contempt of my good counsel? When I urged The emperor's prodigal bounties, and en- treated 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	Deny your own act : As yon are a man, And stand on your own bottom, 'twill appear A childish weakness to make wold 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 [Deitwers 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 my own. According to my will. 'T is your own gift, sir ;	
 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, 	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 trans- action, Drawn in express and formal terms, I have Given and consign'd into your hands, to use And observe as you please, my dear Eu- docia ! 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 unbeseeming blemish. You have labour'd	
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.	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 pleased looks from me, Is all I can be charged 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. <i>Pul.</i> Royal sir, This was the mark I aim'd at, and I glory At the length, you so conceive it : 'twas a weakness To measure, by your own integrity, The purposes of others. I have shewn you, In a true mirror, what fruit grows upon The tree of hoodwink'd bounty, and what dangers Precipitation, in the managing Your great affairs, produceth.	
Strange trials on my patience. Pul. Do not you, sir,		

As a grave advertisement, and vow hereafter Of the affront, in the point of honour, cannot Never to sign petitions at this rate. But meet a fair construction, Pul. For mine, see, sir, 'tis cancell'd ; on my knees I re-deliver what I now begg'd from you. Tears the deed. She is my second gift. Theo. Which if I part from Till death divorce us- [Kisses Eudocia. Ewd. 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. End. 'Twas gentle language, princess,) carried, 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. Excunt Theodosius, Eudocia, Arcadia, and Flaccilla. which Pul. Building on That certain base, I fear not what can follow. you : Exit. Paul. These are strange devices, Philanax. Phil. True, my lord. May all turn to the best 1 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. Phil. Your old friend, the gout? Paul. My forced companion, Philanax. Chry. To your rest. Paul. Rest, and forbearing wine, with a Chry. In this temperate diet, you ; Though many mountebanks pretend the cure of r I have found my best physicians. upon you. Phil. Ease to your lordship. Exennt. ment : ACT IV.

End. 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 Not alone the reasons why things are thus 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 Which carry her to this proud height, in She with security soars, and still towers o'er But if you would employ the strengths you hold In the emperor's affections, and remember The orb you move in should admit no star 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. The sweetness of your temper does abuse And you call that a benefit to yourself, Which she, for her own ends, conferr'd "Tis yielded, she gave way to your advance-But for what cause? that she might still 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,

End. It may be. Chry. Nay, 'its most certain : whereas would you please

SCENE 1.- A Room in the Palace.

Enter Eudocia and Chrysapius,

Eud. Make me her property !

hry. Your majesty

Hath just cause of distaste ; and your resentment

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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 posses sion
- 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 determined of ; it will exact
- A long and serious consultation from me. In the meantime, Chrysapius, rest assured
- I live your thankful mistress. Exit. Chry. Is this all?
- Will the physic that I minister'd work no further?

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 wondrous honest man, and what he suffers, I know, will grieve my empress. Tim. He, indeed, is Much bound to her gracious favour. Thes. 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, at the least.

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 sweat at the plough To vill your mouths, you and your cars might starve else :
- We prune the orchards, and you cranch the fruit ;

Yet still you're 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 lie
- As any princox peacock of you all.
- Zookers ! had I one of you zingle, with this twig
- I would soo 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; 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 graffing ; zweet and zound, I assure thre.

Theo. It is the fairest fruit I ever saw.

Those golden apples in the Hesperian orchards,

So strangely guarded by the watchful dragon As they required great Hercules to get them ; Or those with which Hippomenes deceived Swift-footed Atalanta, when I look

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On this, deserve no wonder. You behald The poor man and his present with contempt ;

I to their value prize both : he that could So aid weak nature by his care and labour, As to compel a crab-tree stock to bear

A precious fruit of this large size and beauty, Would by his industry change a petty village Into a populous city, and from that

Erect a flourishing kingdom. Give the fellow,

For an encouragement to his future labours, Ten Attic 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. Excunt.

SCENE III.-A Room in the Palace.

Enter Eudocia, Pulcheria, Arcadia, and Flaccilla.

Eud. You shall know there's a difference between 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 pariner of the emperor's carrs, 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. Exil.

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. End. 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.

End. Have you seen So fair an apple !

Flac, Never, Arcad. If the taste

Answer the beauty.

End. 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

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

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. *Bud*, To him again, And tell him that I heartily with 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'erjoyed with the favour. Eud, He deserves more.

Excunt.

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m in Paulinus' House. SCENE IV .- A

Paulinus discovered and 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?

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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. Would there were ma 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,-

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 empiric. 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; 1 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 Empiric.

Emp. I come not, right honourable, to your presence, with any base and sordid end

rd ; the immortality of my fame is te I shoot at : the charge of my most and costly ingredients frayed, amountsome seventeen thousand crowns-a respect of health-writing your noble my catalogue, I shall acknowledge amply satisfied.

I believe so.

For your own sake, I most heartily at you had now all the diseases, s, and infirmities upon you, that er remembered by old Galen, Hips, or the later and more admired SUS.

. 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-beparalleled skill 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 over-come 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, 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 guiacum, so taken every morning and evening, in the space of threedays 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 maler metallorum, cum ossa paraleli, est universale medicamentum in podagra.

Cle. A conjuring balsamum !

Emp. This applied warm upon the pained place, with a feather of struthio-cameli, or a bird of paradise, which is everywhere 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 gonorrhea, 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 catholic sickness,

Paul. Hence with the rascal !

Yet hurt him not, he makes me smile, and

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

For a reward. -[Exewnt Cleon and Servant.] -Most glorious fruit 1 but made

More precious by her grace and love that sent it :

To touch it only, coming from her hand,

Makes me forget all pain. A diamond Of this large size, (though it would buy a kingdom.

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 relic 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.

Excunt.

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. Pul. My vigilance, since it hath well suc-

ceeded I am confident you allow of-yet it is not

Approved by all. Theo. Who dares repine at that

Which hath our sufirage?



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 to their mulcts 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!

Enler Guard.

May I not vent my sorrows in the air, Without discovery? Forbear the room ! [Exeant Pul. Chry. Tim. Grat. and Guard with Cle.

Yet be within call-What an earthquake 1 feel in me !

And on the sudden my whole fabric 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 mo ! 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

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 pur chase

The dull art of forgetfulness .- Who wait there?

Re-enter Timantus.

Tim. Most sacred sir-

Theo. Sacred, as 'tis accurs'd,

Is proper to me. Sirrah, upon your life,

Without a word concerning this, comman Eudocia to come to me. [Exit Tim Would I had

Ne'er known her by that name, my mother name,

Or that, for her own sake, she had continue Poor Athenais still !- No intermission ! Wilt thou so soon torment me? must I rea Writ in the table of my memory

To warrant my suspicion, how Paulinus (Though ever thought a man averse women)

First gave her entertainment, made her v 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 to me, too :-

She was his convert; what the rhetorie w He used, I know not ; and, since she mine.



In private as in public what a mass Theo. I find no scent of't here : you play Of grace and favour hath she heap'd upon with me; him ! You have it still? And, but to-day, this fatal fruit-She's come. 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. Re-enter Timantus with Eudocia, Flaccilla, and Arcadia, Theo. That ever man, to please his brutish Can she be guilty? sense, Eud. You seem troubled, sir; Should slave his understanding to his My innocence makes me bold to ask the passions, cause And, taken with soon-fading white and red, That I may case you of it. No salute, Deliver up his credulous ears to hear After four long hours' absence ! The magic of a Syren ; and from these Theo. Prithee, forgive me. - [Kisses her. Methinks I find Paulinus on her lips, Believe there ever was, is, or can be, More than a seeming honesty in bad woman ! And the fresh nectar that I drew from Eud. This is strange language, sir. thence Theo. Who waits? Come all. Is on the sudden pall'd .- How have you Re-enter Pulcheria, Philanax, Chrysapius, Your hours since I last saw you? Gratianus, and Guard. Eud. In the converse Of your sweet sisters Nay, sister, not so near, being of the sex, Theo. Did not Philanax, I fear you are infected too. Put. What mean you? From me deliver you an apple ? Rud. Yes, sir; Theo. To shew you a miracle, a prodigy Which Afric never equal'd :-----Can you Heaven, how you frown! pray you, talk of something else, Think not of such a trifle. Theo. How, a trifle! This masterpiece of heaven, this precious vellum. Does any toy from me presented to you, Of such a purity and virgin whiteness, Deserve to be so slighted ? do you value Could be design'd to have perjury and What's sent, and not the sender? from a whoredom, In capital letters, writ upon't? It had deserved your thanks. Pul. Dear sir. End. And meets from you, sir, Theo. Nay, add to this, an impudence All possible respect. Theo. I prized it, lady, beyond All prostituted boldness. Art not dead yet? Will not the tempests in thy conscience rend At a higher rate than you believe; and would thee not Have parted with it, but to one I did As small as atoms, that there may no sign Be left thou ever wert so? wilt thou live Prefer before myself. Till thou art blasted with the dreadful End. It was, indeed, The fairest that I ever saw. lightning Theo. It was ; Of pregnant and unanswerable proofs And it had virtues in it, my Eudocia, Of thy adulterous twines? die yet, that I With my honour may conceal it. End. Would long since Not visible to the eye. Eud. It may be so, sir. Theo. What did you with it?-tell me The Gorgon of your rage had turn'd mepunctually; I look for a strict accompt. marble ! Or, if I have offended-End. What shall I answer? Theo. If !---- good angels ! But I am tame ; look on this dumb accuser. Aside. Theo. Do you stagger? Ha ! End. No, sir ; I have eaten it. Showing the apple. It had the pleasant'st taste !-- I wonder that End. Oh, I am lost ! Theo. Did ever cormorant You found it not in my breath. Swallow his prey, and then digest it whole, As she hath done this apple? Philanax, As 'tis, from me presented it ; the good lady They, I'faith, I did not, And it was wonderous strange. End. Pray you, try again.



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how, It came entire into Paulinus' hands , And I from him received it, sent in scorn, Upon my life, to give me a close touch	Should be ever moving, at the least, the last part That stirs about you. <i>Psi.</i> Though I should, sed lady, In policy rejoice, you, as a rival
That he was weary of thee. Was there	Of my greatness, are removed, comparison,
nothing	Since I believe you innocent, commands mo
Left thee to fee him to give satisfaction	To mourn your fortune; credit me, I will
To thy insatiate lust, but what was sent	urge
As a dear favour from me? How have I	All arguments I can allege that may
sinn'd	Appease the emperor's fury.
In my dotage on this creature ! but to her,	Aread. I will grow too,
I have lived as I was born, a perfect virgin:	Upon my knees, unless he bid me rise,
Nay, more, I thought it not enough to be	And swear he will forgive you.
True to her bed, but that I must feed high,	<i>Flac.</i> And repent too:
To strengthen my abilities to cloy	All this pother for an apple 1
Her ravenous appetite, little suspecting	[<i>Excust</i> Pulcheria, Arcadia, and Flaccilla.
She would desire a change.	Ciry. Hope, dear madam,
<i>Eud.</i> I never did, sir.	And yield not to despair; I am atili your
<i>Theo.</i> Be dumb; I will not waste my	servant,
breath in taxing	And never will forsake you, though awhile
Thy base ingratitude. How I have raised	You leave the court and city, and give way
thee	To the violent passions of the emparer.
Will by the world be, to thy shame, spoke	Repentance, in his want of you, will soon
often :	find him :
But for that ribald, who held in my empire	In the mean time, I'll dispose of you, and
The next place to myself, so bound unto	omit
me	No opportunity that may invite him
by all the ties of duty and allegiance,	To see his error.
He shall pay dear for't, and feel what it is,	Eud. Oh! [Wringing her hands
In a wrong of such high consequence, to	Chry. Forbear, for heaven's sake.
pull down	[Excant
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	ACT V. SCENE I <i>A Room in</i> Paulinus' <i>House</i> .
Thank his physician. <i>Phil</i> . His cause unheard, sir? <i>Pul</i> . Take heed of rashness. <i>Theo</i> . Is what I command	Enter Philanax, Paulinus, Guard, and Executioners. P.u.l. This is most barbarous ! how have
To be disputed?	you lost
Phil. Your will shall be done, sir :	All feeling of humanity, as honour,
But that I am the instrument—	In your consent alone to have me used thus
Theo. Do you murmur?	But to be, as you are, a looker on,
[E.rit Phil. with Guard.	Nay, more, a principal actor in t, (the soft
What couldst thou say, if that my license	ness
should	Of your former life consider'd,) almost turns
Give liberty to thy tongue? [Eudocia kneel-	me
ing, points to Theodosius' sword.] thou	Into a senseless statue.
wouldst die? I am not	<i>Phil.</i> Would, long since,
So to be reconciled. See me no more :	Death, by some other means, had made you
The sting of conscience ever gnawing on thee, A long life be thy punishment ! [Exit. Flac. O sweet lady,	one, That you might be less sensible of what You have, or are to suffer ! Paul, Am to suffer !
How I could weep for her !	Let such, whose happiness and heaver
Arcad. Speak, dear madam, speak.	depend
Your tongue, as you are a woman, while you	Upon their present being, fear to part with
live	A fort they cannot long hold ; mine to me is

Phil. These false hopes,

demn'd.

That, by fair intercession for me, would A charge that I am weary of, all defences By pain and sickness batter'd :-- yet take So far prevail, that, my defence unheard, I should not, innocent or guilty suffer Take heed, lord Philanax, that, for private Without a fit distinction. spicen, My lord, abuse you. What man, when con-Or any false-conceived grudge against me, (Since in one thought of wrong to you I am Sincerely innocent,) you do not that Did ever find a friend? or who dares lend My royal master must in justice punish, An eye of pity to that star-cross'd subject If you pass to your own heart thorough mine ; The murder, as it will come out, discover'd. 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 raise up the head against him. I hold no place of strength, fortress, or castle, In my command, that can give sanctuary To malcontents, 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,)

On whom his sovereign frowns? Paul. She that dares plend 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 1 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 inferior, 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

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From the emperor's furious jealousy hinder Pul. Did he take No rest, as you could guess? her. It shall out, 'tis resolved ; but to be Chry. Not any, madam. ike a Numidian lion, by the cum whisper'd To you alone. What a solemn preparation Of the desperate huntsman taken in a t Is made here to put forth an inch of taper, And forced into a spacious cage, he About his chamber; we might h In itself almost extinguish'd ! mortal poison ! The hangman's sword ! the halter ! gnash Phil. 'Tis left to you His teeth in rage, which open the To make choice of which you please. groans And murmurs issued from his lips, His wi Paul. Any will serve To take away my gout and life together. I would not have the emperor imitate Imprison'd in the caverns of the entity Striving for liberty; and sometimes the His body on his bed, then on the get Rome's monster, Nero, in that cruel mercy He shew'd to Seneca. When you have dis-And with such violence, that we fear'd, charged What you are trusted with, and I have given And still do, if the tempest of his By your wisdom, be not laid, he will you Reasons beyond all doubt or disputation, Some outrage on himself. Of the empress' and my innocence; when I Pul. His better angel, I hope, will stay him from so foul a m am dead. (Since 'tis my master's pleasure, and high Nor shall my care be wanting. Tim. Twice I heard him treason In you not to obey it.) I conjure you. Say, False Eudocia, how much art th Unworthy of these tears ! then sigh'd; and By the hopes you have of happiness hereafter, straight Since mine in this world are now parting Roar'd out, Paulinus ! was his gouty age from me, To be preferr'd before my strength and youth ? That you would win the young man to re-Then groan'd again, so many ways expressing pentance Of the wrong done to his chaste wife, The afflictions of a tortured soul, that we. Who wept in vain for what we could not help, Eudocia. And if perchance he shed a tear for what Were sharers in his sufferings. In his rashness he imposed on his true Pul. Though your sorrow Is not to be condemn'd, it takes not from servant. So it cure him of future jealousy, The burthen of his miseries : we must prac-'Twill prove a precious balsamum, and find tise, With some fresh object, to divert his thoughts me When I am in my grave .-- Now, when you From that they are wholly fix'd on. Chry. Could I gain please ; For I am ready. The freedom of access, I would present him With this petition.—Will your highness Phil. His words work strangely on me, And I would do-but I know not what to please think on't. Excunt. To look upon it : you will soon find there What my intents and hopes are. SCENE II.-A Room in the Palace. Enter Theodosius. Enter Pulcheria, Flaccilla, Arcadia, Ti-Grat. Ha! 'tis he. mantus, Gratianus, and Chrysapius. Pul. Stand close, Pul. Still in his sullen mood? no inter-And give way to his passions ; 'tis not safe mission To stop them in their violent course, before Of his melancholy fit? They have spent themselves. Tim. It rather, madam, Theo. I play the fool, and am Increases, than grows less. Unequal to myself ; delinquents are Grat. In the next room. To suffer, not the innocent. I have done To his bedchamber we watch'd; for he, by Nothing, which will not hold weight in the signs. scale Gave us to understand he would admit Of my impartial justice ; neither feel I Nor company nor conference. The worm of conscience upbraiding me

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THE EMPEROR	OF THE EAST. 349
THE EMPEROR For one black deed of tyranny; wherefore, then, Should 1 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,	OF THE EAST. 349 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 weak- ness : In me, to whom you kneel, 'tis most ap-
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	parent. 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 make Eudocia chaste.
My anger ; though, I grant, it is cemented With a loose strumpet and adulterer's gore, Repent the justice of my fury? No. I should not : yet still my excess of love, Fed high in the remembrance of her choice And sweet embraces, would persuade me	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.
that Connivance or remission of her fault, Made warrantable by her true submission For her offence, might be excusable, Did not the cruelty of my wounded honour, With an open mouth, deny it.	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 comfort?
Pul. 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— [They all kneet.	Suppose it could be true, —a corsive rather, Not to eat our dead flesh, but putrify What yet is sound. Was murder ever held A cure for jealousy? or the crying blood Of innocence, a balm to take away Her festering anguish? As you do desire
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,	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
Unto yourself. Grat. The majesty of your fortune Should fly above the reach of grief. Ckry. And 'tis Impair'd, if you yield to it. Theo. Wherefore pay you	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. <i>Chry.</i> For your majesty's peace,
This adoration to a sinful creature ? 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,	I more than hope they were not : the false oath Ta'en by the empress, and for which abe can Plead no excuse, convicted her, and yields A sure defence for your suspicion of her.
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 com- pounded,	And yet, to be resolved, since strong doubts are More grievous, for the most part, than to know A certain loss—

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hind us,

They. 'Tis true, Chrysapius, But with wash'd feet and hands, the heathens Were there a possible means. dare not Chry. 'Tis offer'd to you, Enter their profane temples; and for me If you please to embrace it. Some few To hope my passage to eternity minutes Can be made easy, till I have shook off Make truce with passion, and but read, and The burthen of my sins in free confession, Aided with sorrow and repentance for them, Is against reason. "Tis not laying by follow What's there projected, - Delivers him a My royal ornaments, or putting on paper.]-you shall find a key Will make your entrance easy, to discover This garment of humility and contrition, Her secret thoughts ; and then, as in your The throwing dust and ashes on my head, Long fasts to tame my proud flesh, that can wisdom You shall think fit, you may determine of make her ; Atonement for my soul; that must be And rest confirm'd, whether Paulinus died humbled. All outward signs of penitence else are A villain or a martyr. useless. Theo. It may do, Nay, sure it must ; yet, howsoe'er it fall ; I am most wretched. Which way in my Chrysapius did assure me he would bring me A holy man, from whom (having discover'd My secret crying sins) I might receive wishes I should fashion the event, I'm so distracted Full absolution-and he keeps his word, I cannot yet resolve of .- Follow me ; Enter Theodosius disguised as a Friar, Though in my name all names are comwith Chrysapius. prehended. I must have witnesses in what degree Welcome, most reverend sir, upon my knee I entertain you. I have done wrong, or suffer'd. Theo. Noble sir, forbear Pul. Hope the best, sir. Excunt. The place ; the sacred office that I come for Exit Chrysapiu SCENE III -Another Room in the same. Commands all privacy. My peniter Enter Eudocia in sackcloth, her hair loose. daughter, [Sings.] Why art thou slow, thou rest of trouble, Death, Be careful, as you wish remission from me That, in confession of your sins, you hide n To stop a wretch's breath, One crime, whose ponderous weight, whe That calls on thee, and offers her sad heart you would make A prey unto thy dart ? Your flights above the firmament, may sin I am nor young nor fair ; be, therefore, you. bald : A foolish modesty in concealing aught. Sorrow hath made me old. Is now far worse than impudence to profe Deform'd and wrinkled; all that I can And justify your guilt, be therefore free ; crave So may the gates of mercy open to you ! Is, quiet in my grave. Such as live happy, hold long life a jewel; End. First then, I ask a pardon, for being But to me thou art cruel, Ingrateful to heaven's bounty. If thou end not my tedious misery ; Theo. A good entrance. And I soon cease to be. Eud. Greatness comes from above, and Strike, and strike home, then ; pily unto me, raised to it In one short hour's delay, is tyranny, From a low condition, sinfully forgot, Thus, like a dying swan, to a sad tune From whence it came ; and, looking on n I sing my own dirge ; would a requiem follow, self In the false glass of flattery, I received in Which in my penitence I despair not of, As a debt due to my beauty, not a gift (This brittle glass of life already broken Or favour from the emperor. Theo. 'Twas not well. Eud. Pride waited on unthankfulne With misery.) the long and quiet sleep Of death would be most welcome !--Yet, before and no more We end our pilgrimage, 'tis fit that we Remembering the compassion of the princ Should leave corruption and foul sins be-And the means she used to make me wh

Was.

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flow'd mand, as thy rbeen

A lover of the king, and thy whole life Can witness thy obedience to my will, Theo. I am rapt 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 Lieby 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.

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With joy beyond myself. Now, my Endocia, My jealousy puff'd away thus, in this breath scent the natural sweetness. [Kisser her. Arcad. Secred 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 Pulch Arcad. "Tis but this, sir : We have observed the falling out and in Between the husband and the wife shew rarely; Their jars and reconcilements strangel 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 a husbands. That we may taste the pleasure of t. Flac. And with speed, sir; For so your favour's doubled. Theo. Take my word, 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 yows to heaven, that it may please, As it is gracious, to quench in me All future sparks of burning jealousy

Excunt.

EPILOGUE.

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 ove, 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 your please to do, You make the player and the poet too.

The Fatal Dowry.

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

Rochfort, ex-premier president of the parlia- ment of Dijon. Charalois, a noble gentleman, son to the de- ceased marshal. Romont, a brave officer, friend to Charalois.	house, also dependent on Novall junior. Advocates. Three Creditors.
Novall senior, premier president of the par- liament of Dijon.	Tailor. Barber.
Novall, junior his son, in love with Beau- melle.	Page,
Du Croy, president of the parliament of Dijon.	Beaumelle, daughter to Rochfort. Floring (servants to Beaumelle; the lat-
Charmi, an advocate. Beaumont, secretary-to Rochfort.	Florimel, Servants to Beaumelle; the lat- ter the secret agent of Novall junior.
Pontalier. Malotin, friends of Novall junior.	Presidents, Captains, Soldiers, Mourners, Gaoler, Bailiffs, Servants.
Liladam, a parasite, dependent on Novall junior,	
SCENE	Diion.

ACT L SCENE I.- A Street before the Court of Fustice.

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,

As I could run the hazard of a check for't. Rom. From whom ?

Char. Some of the bench, that watch to And that no slight one. give it,

More than to do the office that they sit for : But give me, sir, my fee.

Rom. Now you are noble.

Gives him his purse. Char. I shall deserve this better yet, in

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, 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 Rochfort 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. Exil. Rom. Now, put on your spirits. Du Croy. The ease that you prepare your

self, my lord,

In giving up the place you hold in court, Will prove, I fear, a trouble in the state,

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

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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. Hal they name you. Du Crey. 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 ! [They salute him as they pass by. 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 cycs 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 ! where now, Romont,

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The damn'd with more case may from hell Than we arrive at her. One Center Forbids the passage, in our course sand, As loud and fertile-headed ; and th That wants the sops to fill their : throats, Must hope for no access ; why sh then, Attempt impossibilities ; you, friend Too well acquainted with my de means To make my entrance that way? Rom. Would I were not ! But, sir, you have a cause, a cause se Of such necessity, not to be deferred As would compel a maid, whose for never Set o'er her father's threshold, nor wi The house where she was born, even word Which was not usher'd with pure blushes, To drown the tempest of a pleader's to And force corruption to give back the It took against her. Let examples move You see men great in birth, esteem, ar tune Rather than lose a scruple of their rigi Fawn basely upon such, whose gowns pu They would disdain for servants. Charal. And to these Can I become a suitor? Rom. Without loss : Would you consider, that, to gain favours, Our chastest dames put off their mode Soldiers forget their honours, usurers Make sacrifice of gold, poets of wit, And men religious part with fame and en Be therefore won to use the means that r Advance your pious ends. Charal, You shall o'ercome. Rom. And you receive the glory. P you, now practise. Charal, 'Tis well, Enter Novall senior, Advocates, Liladan 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. I Cred. And, that your lordship

Will please to do your knowledge, we of

THE FATAL DOWRY. 355 Our thankful hearts here, as a bounteous Lilad. Look upon me better ; earnest Are these the ensigns of so coarse a fellow? Be well advised. To what we will add. Nov. sen. One word more of this, Rom. Out, rogue ! do not I know These glorious weeds spring from the sordid I am your enemy. Am I a man Your bribes can work on? ha? dunghill Of thy officious baseness? wert thou worthy Lilad. Friends, you mistake [Aside to Cred. Of anything from me, but my contempt, The way to win my lord ; he must not hear I would do more than this, -[Beats him.] more, you court-spider ! this, But I, as one in favour, in his sight Lilad. But that this man is lawless, he May hearken to you for my profit .-- Sir ! should find Pray hear them. That I am valiant, Nov. sen. It is well. I Cred. If your ears are fast, Lilad. Observe him now. 'Tis nothing. What's a blow or two? as Nov. sen. Your cause being good, and much. your proceedings so, 2 Cred. These chastisements as useful are Without corruption I am your friend ; as frequent, To such as would grow rich. Speak your desires. 2 Cred. Oh, they are charitable ; Rom. Are they so, rascals? The marshal stood engaged unto us three I will befriend you, then. [Kicks them. Two hundred thousand crowns, which, by I Cred. Bear witness, sirs ! Lilad. Truth, I have borne my part his death. We are defeated of : for which great loss already, friends We aim at nothing but his rotten flesh; In the court you shall have more. Exit. Nor is that cruelty. Rom. I know you for I Cred. I have a son The worst of spirits, that strive to rob the That talks of nothing but of guns and tombs Of what is their inheritance, the dead : armour, And swears he'll be a soldier ; 'tis an humour For usurers, bred by a riotous peace, I would divert him from ; and I am told, That hold the charter of your wealth and That if I minister to him in his drink, freedom Powder made of this bankrupt marshal's By being knaves and cuckolds; that ne'er bones pray Provided that the carcass rot above ground, But when you fear the rich heirs will grow Twill cure his foolish frenzy. wise, To keep their lands out of your parchment Nov. sen. You shew in it A father's care. I have a son myself, toils ; A fashionable gentleman, and a peaceful : And then, the devil your father's call'd upon, And, but I am assured he's not so given, To invent some ways of luxury ne'er thought He should take of it too. on. Be gone, and quickly, or I'll leave no room Upon your foreheads for your horns to Charal. Sir ! [Tenders his petition. Nov. sen. What are you? Charal. A gentleman. sprout on-Without a murmur, or I will undo you ; Nov. sen. So are many that rake dunghills. If you have any suit, move it in court For I will beat you honest. I take no papers in corners. Rom. Yes, Exit. I Cred. Thrift forbid ! We will bear this, rather than hazard that. As the matter may be carried-and where-[Excunt Creditors. by-To manage the conveyance----Follow him. Lilad. You are rude : I say he shall not Re-enter Charalois. Rom. I am somewhat eased in this yet. pass. Excunt Charalois and Advocates. Char. Only friend, Rom. You say so ! To what vain purpose do I make my sorrow Wait on the triumph of their cruelty? On what assurance ? For the well cutting of his lordship's corns, Or teach their pride, from my humility, To think it has o'ercome? They are de-Picking his toes, or any office else Nearer to baseness ! termined A N 2

What they will do ; and it may well become

To rob them of the glory they expect From my submiss entreaties. Rom. Think not so, sir :

The difficulties that you encounter with

Will crown the undertaking-heaven 1 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 bravely

That sudden fire of anger shews in you ! Give fuel to it. Since you are on a shelf Of extreme danger, suffer like yourself. Excunt.

SCENE II .- The Court of Justice.

Enter Rochfort, 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 Cruy. Which is

With honour todispose the place and power Of premier president, which this reverend man,

Grave Rochfort, whom for honour's sake I name,

Is purposed 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.

Roch. I may not sit to hear this.

Du Crov. Let the love

And thankfulness we are bound to pay to goodness,

In this o'ercome your modesty. Roch. My thanks

For this great favour shall prevent you trouble

The honourable trust that was imposed Upon my weakness, since you witness for me

It was not ill discharged, I will not mentio 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 or years !

Du Croy. Or strength !

Nov. sen. Or, as you are, persuade you continue

The noble exercise of your knowing jud ment!

Roch. That may not be ; nor can yo lordships' goodness,

Since your employments have conferr'd up me

Sufficient wealth, deny the use of it :

And, though old age, when one foot's int! grave,

In many, when all humours else are spent Feeds no affection in them, but desire To add height to the mountain of their riche In me it is not so. I rest content With the honours and estate I now posses And, that I may have liberty to use What heaven, still blessing my poor industr 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 it 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 sultors 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 rhetoric in me that plead, or favour



From your grave lordships, to determine of Rom. Why, does your lordship think the moving of Since to the praise of your impartial justice A cause more honest than this court had ever The honour to determine, can deserve (Which guilty, nay, condemn'd men, dare not scandal) A check like this? Nov. sen. Strange boldness ! Rom. 'Tis fit freedom : Nov. sen. Speak to the cause. Or, do you conclude an advocate cannot hold Char. I will, my lord. To say, the late His credit with the judge, unless he study His face more than the cause for which he dead marshal, The father of this young lord here, my client, pleads? Char. Forbear. Hath done his country great and faithful Rom. Or cannot you, that have the power service, To qualify the rigour of the laws When you are pleased, take a little from Might task me of impertinence, to repeat What your grave lordships cannot but remembe 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, Which the sworn enemies of the Christian 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 terror of all bankrupts? Go home; and with more care peruse the statutes ; Or the next motion, savouring of this bold-May force you, sir, to leap, against your will, Over the place you plead at. Char, I forest this.

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, 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. Heat me. Rom. Yet I, that, in my service done my country Disdain to be put in the scale with thee, Confess mysell unworthy to be valued With the least part, nay, hair of the dead marshal ; Of whose so many glorious undertakings meanest,

Make choice of any one, and that the

Perform'd against the subtle fox of France, The politic Louis, or the more desperate Swiss.

And 'twill outweigh all the good purposes, Though put in act, that ever gownman prac-

Now. sen. Away with him to prison ! Rom. If that curses

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 1 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.

[Aside to Charalois. Roch. Good counsel, were it a praiseworthy deed.

Excunt officers with Romont. Remember what we are. Dn Croy.

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,

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

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 A prisoner for it. Load me with those iron

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,

E know, you'll grant; after those great defeatures,

Which in their dreadful ruins buried quick

Re-ender Officers.

Courage and hope in all men but himself, He forced the proud foc, 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. sen. 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.

^a 2 Cred. And so they are. I 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 music to your ears

So pleasing as the groans of men in prison And that the tears of widows, and the cries Of famish'd orphans, are the feasts that take you.

That to be in your danger, with more care Should be avoided than infectious air,

The loath'd embraces of diseased women, A flatterer's poison, or the loss of honour.-Yet rather than my father's reverend dust Shall want a place in that fair monument, In which our noble ancestors lie entomb'd, Before the court I offer up myself



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. I Cred. What mean you, sir? 2 Advo. Only your fee again : there's so to me, much said Already in this cause, and said so well, That, should I only offer to speak in it, here, 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. Roch. Be advised, young lord, And well considerate ; you throw away Your liberty and joys of life together : been Your bounty is employ'd upon a subject That is not sensible of it, with which wise man Never abused his goodness. The great president virtues Of your dead father vindicate themselves firm From these men's malice, and breal: ope the prison, may Though it contain his body. Nov. sen. Let him alone : I now prefer it to you. If he love cords, in God's name let him wear them ; Provided these consent. Charal. I hope they are not wrons 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. I Cref. Accept it by all means. Let's My first and last request? shut him up : He is well shaped, and has a villainous 3 Pre. And I. 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. Dw Crey. What's your answer? 2 Cred. Speak you for all. 2 Cred. Why, let our executions That lie upon the father, be return'd You have what you desire. 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 Roch. I follow you. As no time can take from me : I am ready, Come, lead me where you please. Captivity, Beau. My lord. Rock. You are a scholar, Beaumont ; That comes with honour, is true liberty. And can search deeper into the intents of

Exeant Charalois, Charmi, Officers,

Nov. sen. Strange rashness ! Roch. A brave resolution rather. Worthy a better fortune : but, however, It is not now to be disputed ; therefore To my own cause. Already I have found Your lordships bountiful in your favours And that should teach my modesty to end 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 A custom many years, at the surrendering The place I now give up, to grant the One boon, that parted with it ; and, to con-Your grace towards me, against all such as Detract my actions and life hereafter, Du Croy. Speak it freely. Roch. 1 then desire the liberty of Romont, And that my lord Novali, whose private 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 anything Within my power, but this. Roch. Am I denied then Du Croy. It must not be. 2 Pre. I have a voice to give in it. 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 Made trial of my love in anything But this, you should have found then-but it skills not : Roch. I thank your lordships. Du Croy, The court is up. Make way, Exeant all but Rochfort and Beaumont.

Than those that are less knowing .- How appear'd

The piety and brave behaviour of Young Charalois, to you?

Beru. It is my wonder,

Since I want language to express it fully : And sure the colonel-

Roch. Fie I he was faulty.

What present money have 1? Bean. 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.

Excunt.

ACT II.

SCENE 1.- 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 ; theoric and practic In all humanity, and, to increase the wonder, Religious, yet a soldier; that he should Yield his free-living youth a captive for The freedom of his aged father's 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

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 impious or licentious path l

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-adays

'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 ! Beau. They come :- observe their order

Solemn music. Enter the Funeral Pro cession. The Coffin borne by jour, pre ceded by a Priest. Captains, Lieutenants Ensigns, and Soldiers; Mourners, Scutch cons, &c., and very good order. Romon and Charalois, followed by the Gaolen 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 blacks filling the simile ; Whilst I, the only murmur in this grove Of death, thus hollowly break forth. Vouch

safe [To the Bearers, who set down the Coffin

To stay awhile .- Rest, rest in peace, dea earth !

Thou that brought'st rest to their unthank ful lives,

Whose cruelty denied thee rest in death ! Here stands thy poor exécutor, thy son,

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THE FATAL DOWRY. 361 3 Cred. Yes, faith, sir ; we would be very That makes his life prisoner to bail thy death ; glad To please you either way. t Cred, Your are ne'er content, Who gladlier puts on this captivity, Than virgins, long in love, their wedding weeds. Crying nor laughing. Of all that ever thou hast done good to, Rom. Both with a birth, ve rogues? These only have good memories ; for they Remember best forget not gratitude. 2 Cred. Our wives, sir, taught us, Rom. Look, look, you slaves ! your thank-I thank you for this last and friendly love. less cruelty. To the Soldiers. And savage manners of unkind Dijon, And though this country, like a viperous Exhaust these floods, and not his father's death. mother, Not only hath eat up ungratefully I Cred. 'Slid, sir! what would you? you're All means of thee, her son, but last, thyself, so choleric ! Leaving thy heir so bare and indigent, 2 Cred. Most soldiers are so, i'faith ;-let He cannot raise thee a poor monument, him alone Such as a flatterer or a usurer hath ; They have little else to live on. We've not Thy worth, in every honest breast, builds had A penny of him, have we? one. Making their friendly hearts thy funeral 3 Cred. 'Slight ! would you have our hearts? stone. Pont. Sir. Cred. We have nothing but his body Charal. Peace ! O, peace ! this scene is here in durance, For all our money. wholly mine. What I weep ye, soldiers? blanch not .-Priest. On. Romont weeps !-Charal. One moment more, But to bestow a few poor legacies, Ha! let me see !- my miracle is eased, The gaolers and the creditors do weep ; All I have left in my dead father's rights, Even they that make us weep, do weep themselves ! And I have done. Captain, wear thou these spurs, Be these thy body's baim ! these and thy That yet ne'er made his horse run from a virtue foc. Keep thy fame ever odoriferous, icutenant, thou this scarf ; and may it tie Thy valour and thy honesty together ! Whilst the great, proud, rich, undeserving man. For so it did in him. Ensign, this cuirass, Alive, stinks in his vices, and, being vanish'd, Your general's necklace once. You, gentle The golden calf, that was an idol deck'd With marble pillars, jet, and porphyry, Shall quickly, both in bone and name, conbearers, Divide this purse of gold ; this other, strew Among the poor; 'tis all I have, Romont-Wear thou this medal of himself-that, Though rapt in lead, spice, searcloth, and perfume ! like I Cred. Sir A hearty oak, grew'st close to this tall pine, Charal. What? away, for shame 1 you, Even in the wildest wilderness of war, Whereon foes broke their swords, and tired profane rogues, Must not be mingled with these holy themselves relics ; Wounded and hack'd ye were, but never This is a sacrifice -our shower shall crown fell'd. His sepulchre with olive, myrrh, and bays, For me, my portion provide in heaven !-The plants of peace, of sorrow, victory ; My root is carth'd, and I, a desolate branch, Your tears would spring but weeds, 1 Cred. Would they so 1 Left scatter'd in the highway of the world, Trod under foot, that might have been a We'll keep them to stop bottles then. column Ross, No, keep them Mainly supporting our demolish'd house. This would I wear as my inheritance For your own sins, you rogues, till you And what hope can arise to me from it, When I and it are both here prisoners! repent ; You'll die else, and be damn'd. 2 Gred, Dann'd-ha ! ha ! ha ! Only may this, if ever we be free Rom. Laugh ye? Keep, or redrem, me from all infamy.

A DIRGE TO SOLEMN MUSIC.

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Fiel cease to wonder, Though you hear Orphens 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 transformed thyself to

stone.

I 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! 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. Excunt.

SCENE II.- 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.

Beanmel. '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 waitinggentlewoman-

Flor. And thou, Bellapert, a grain too light.

Bell. Well, go thy ways, goody wisdom, 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 pip 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. 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.

- Beaumel. 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,

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. Prithce, distinguish me a mui

and wife. Bell. 'Faith, madam, one may bear an man's children, t'other must bear no man's Beaumel. What is a husband?

Bell. Physic, that, tumbling in your bell will make you sick in the stomach. Th only distinction betwixt a husband and servant is, the first will lie with you who he pleases ; the last shall lie with you whe you please. Pray tell me, lady, do y love, to marry after, or would you marry, love after?

Beaumel. I would meet love and marriag both at once.

Bell. Why then you are out of the fashio and will be contemn'd : for I will assu you, there are few women in the wor but either they have married first, and lo after ; or love first, and married after. must do as you may, not as you would your father's will is the goal you must to. If a husband approach you, you won have further off, is he you love, the l

near you? A husband in these days is but a cloak, to be oftener laid upon your bed, than in your bed.

Beaumel. Humph !

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 1

Perpetual spring dwell on thy rosy cheeks,

Whose breath is perfume to our continent !-

See! Flora trimm'd in her varieties.

Bell. O, divine lord ! Nov. No autumn nor no age ever approach

This heavenly piece ; which nature having wrought,

She lost her needle, and did then despair Ever to work so lively and so fair !

Lilad. Uds-light! my lord, one of the purls of your band is, without all discipline, 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 anything.

Beaumel. Prithee peace, wench; thou dost but blow the fire.

That flames too much already.

[Liladam and Aymer trim Novall, while Bellapert dresses her lady.

Aym. By gad, my lord, you have the divinest 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 music-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 Galleyfoist, at noon in the Bullion, in the evening in Quirpo, 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?

Pont. Oh, no ! 'twould spoil their clothes, and put their bands out of order.

Nor. jun. Mistress, 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.

- Not. 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 Twelfthtide.
 - 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 !

Beaumel. 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; [Kisses her.] 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.

MUSIC, -AND A SONG BY AYMER.

A Dialogue between a Man and a Woman.

Man. Sct. 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.

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Wom.		Upon my word Sit down, good colonel.
	eyes do lend To warm thy blood, thou dost so	Why I did wish you hither, noble sir,
	vainly spend,	Is to advise you from this iron carriage,
	Come, strangle breath.	Which, so affected, Romont, you will wear
Man.	What note so sweet as this,	To pity, and to counsel you submit
	That calls the spirits to a further	With expedition to the great Novall :
Warm	bliss ? Vat this and second ship	Recant your stern contempt, and slight
wom.	Yet this out-savours wine, and this	neglect
Man	perfume.	Of the whole court and him, and oppo
Man.	Let's die; I languish, I consume.	tunely, Or you will undergo a heavy censure
	Enter Rochfort and Beaumont.	
Bear	. Romont will come, sir, straight.	In public, very shortly. Rom. Reverend sir,
	. Tis well.	I have observed you, and do know you we
	umel. My father !	
	. jun. My honourable lord.	And am now more afraid you know not me By wishing my submission to Novall,
	b. My lord Novall, this is a virtue in	Than I can be of all the bellowing mouths
	u;	That wait upon him to pronounce the ce
	ly up and ready before noon,	sure.
	re the map of dressing through all	Could it determine me torments and sham
	ance !	Submit, and crave forgiveness of a beast !
	jun. I rise to say my prayers, sir ;	'Tis true, this boil of state wears purp
	re's my saint.	tissue,
Rock	. Tis well and courtly :you must	Is high fed, proud; so is his lordship
	ve me leave,-	horse,
	some private conference with my	And bears as rich caparisons, I know
	ughter;	This elephant carries on his back not only
	se my garden : you shall dine with me.	Towers, castles, but the ponderous republic
	d. We'll wait on you.	And never stoops for't; with his strong
	jun. Good morn unto your lordship!	breath'd trunk
Remen	nber, what you have vow'd-	Snuffs others' titles, lordships, offices,
	Aside to Beaumelle.	Wealth, bribes, and lives, under his ravenou
Beau	umelPerform I must.	jaws :
	Exeant all but Rochfort and	What's this unto my freedom? I dare die
	Beaumelle.	And therefore ask this camel, if these bless
	t. Why, how now, Beaumelle? thou	ings
	ok'st not well.	(For so they would be understood by a man
	art sad of late :-come, cheer thee, I	But mollify one rudeness in his nature,
	ve found	Sweeten the eager relish of the law,
	esome remedy for these maiden fits;	At whose great helm he sits. Helps he th
	lly oak whereon to twist my vine,	poor,
	r fair branches grow up to the stars.	In a just business? nay, does he not cross
	r at hand.—Success crown my intent !	Every deserved soldier and scholar,
	siness fills my little time so full,	As if, when nature made him, she had mad
	ot stand to talk ; I know thy duty Imaid to my will, especially	The general antipathy of all virtue?
	it presents nothing but good and fit.	How savagely and blasphemously he spake
Beau	mel. Sir, I am yours Oh! if my	Touching the general, the brave general dead !
	its prove true,	I must weep when I think on't.
r ate na	hth wrong'd love, and will destroy me [Aside, and exit.]	Roch. Sir. Rom. My lord,
100		I am not stubborn ; I can melt, you see,
	Enter Romont and Gaoler.	And prize a virtue better than my life :
Rom	. Sent you for me, sir?	For though I be not learn'd, I ever loved
	. Yes.	That holy mother of all issues good,
	Your lordship's pleasure?	Whose white hand, for a sceptre, holds a fil
	Keeper, this prisoner I will see	To polish roughest customs ; and, in you,
	theoming,	She has her right : see! I am calm as sleep

THE FATAL DOWRY. 365 But when I think of the gross injuries, That nothing granted is even all I have, The godless wrong done to my general dead, For, all know, I have nothing left to grant. I rave indeed, and could eat this Novall; Roch. Sir, have you any suit to me? I'll A soulless dromedary ! grant Roch. Oh ! be temperate. You something, anything Sir, though I would persuade, I'll not con-Charal. Nay, surely, I that can Give nothing, will but sue for that again. Each man's opinion freely is his own No man will grant me anything I sue for, But begging nothing, every man will give it. Concerning anything, or any body ; Be it right or wrong, 'tis at the judge's peril. Roch. Sir ! The love I bore your father, and the worth Re-enter Beaumont. I see in you, so much resembling his, Beau. These men, sir, wait without ; my Made me thus send for you :-- and tender lord is come too. here. Rock. Pay them those sums upon the [Draws a curtain and discovers a table with money and jewels upon it. Their full releases :---stay, I want a witness. Whatever you will take, gold, jewels, both, All, to supply your wants, and free yourself. Let me entreat you, colonel, to walk in, And stand but by to see this money paid Where heavenly virtue in high blooded veins It does concern you and your friend; it was Is lodged, and can agree, men should kneel The better cause you were sent for, though dewn. Adore, and sacrifice all that they have ; The deed shall make this my request more And well they may, it is so seldom seen.-Put off your wonder, and here freely take, Rom. I shall obey your pleasure, sir, Or send your servants : nor, sir, shall you use, though ignorant In aught of this, a poor man's fee, or bribe Unjustly taken of the rich, but what's [Excunt Romont and Beaumont. Directly gotten, and yet by the law. Charal. How ill, sir, it becomes those-Enter Charalois. hairs to mock ! Roch. Worthiest sir, Roch. Mock ! thunder strike me then ! You are most welcome. Fie, no more of Charal. You do amaze me : But you shall wonder too. I will not take You have outwept a woman, noble Charalois. One single piece of this great heap. Why No man but has or must bury a father. should I Charal. Grave sir, I buried sorrow for his Borrow, that have no means to pay? nay, am A very bankrupt, even in flattering hope In the grave with him. I did never think Of ever raising any. All my begging, He was immortal---though I vow I grieve, Is Romont's liberty. And see no reason why the vicious, Re-enter Romont and Beaumont, with Virtuous, valiant, and unworthy man, Creditors. Roch. They do not. Roch. Here is your friend, Charal. In the manner Enfranchised ere you spake. I give him to you ; Of dying, sir, they do not ; but all die, And, Charalois, I give you to your friend, As free a man as he. Your father's debts And therein differ not :--but I have done. I spied the lively picture of my father, Passing your gallery, and that cast this water Are taken off. Into mine eyes : See,-foolish that I am, Charal. How ! Rom. Sir, it is most true ; I am the witness. Roch. Sweet and gentle nature ! How silken is this well, comparatively I Cred. Yes, faith, we are paid. 2 Cred. Heaven bless his lordship ! I did. To other men ! [Aside.] I have a suit to you, think him wiser. Charal. Take it, 'tis granted.

strain :

table ; take

said otherwise.

plain.

this !

death.

Should die alike.

To let it do so l

Roch. What?

Charal. Nothing, my lord. Rock. Nothing is quickly granted.

Charal. Faith, my lord,

sir.

To what it tends.

3 Cred. He a statesman ! he an ass. Pay other men's debts ! I Cred. That he was never bound for.

Rom. One more such

Would save the rest of pleaders.

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Charal. Honour'd Rochfort-In true-love knots, which nought but death Lie still, my tongue, and, blushes, scald my shall loose. And let these tears, an emblem of our loves, cheeks, Like crystal rivers individually That offer thanks in words, for such great Flow into one another, make one source, deeds. Roch. Call in my daughter. Still I have Which never man distinguish, less divide ! [Exit Beaumont. Breath marry breath, and kisses mingle souls, a suit to you, Two hearts and bodies here incorporate ! And, though with little wooing I have won, Would you requite me. Rom. With his life, I assure you. Roch. Nay, would you make me now your My future life shall be a wooing time, debtor, sir-And every day new as the bridal one. Oh, sir ! I groan under your courtesies, Re-enter Beaumont with Beaumelle. More than my father's bones under his wrongs: This is my only child : what she appears, You, Curtius like, have thrown into the gulf Your lordship well may see : her education Of this his country's foul ingratitude, Follows not any; for her mind, I know it Your life and fortunes, to redeem their To be far fairer than her shape, and hope shames. It will continue so. If now her birth Roch. No more, my glory! come, let's Be not too mean for Charalois, take her, take in, and hasten This virgin by the hand, and call her Wife, This celebration. Endow'd with all my fortunes. Bless me so ; Rom. Mal. Pont. Beau. All fair bliss Requite me thus, and make me happier, upon it ! In joining my poor empty name to yours, Exeunt Rochfort, Charalois, Ro-Than if my state were multiplied tenfold. mont, Beaumont, and Malotin. Charal. Is this the payment, sir, that you Nov. jun. [As Beaumelle is going out.] expect ! Mistress ! Why, you precipitate me more in debt, Beaumel. Oh, servant !- Virtue strengthen That nothing but my life can ever pay. me! This beauty being your daughter, in which Thy presence blows round my affection's YOURS vane :-I must conceive necessity of her virtue, You will undo me, if you speak again. Without all dowry is a prince's aim : Exit. Then, as she is, for poor and worthless me Lilad. Aym. Here will be sport for you! How much too worthy! Waken me, this works, Excunt. Romont, Nov. jun. Peace ! peace ! That I may know I dream'd, and find this Pont. One word, my lord Novall. vanish'd. Nov. jun. What, thou wouldst money?-Rom. Sure, I sleep not. there ! Roch. Your sentence-life or death. Pont. No, I will none ; I'll not be bought Charal. Fair Beaumelle, can you love me? a slave, Beaumel. Yes, my lord. A pander, or a parasite, for all Your father's worth. Though you have Enter Novall junior, Pontalier, Malotin, saved my life, Liladam, and Aymer. They all salute. Rescued me often from my wants, I must not Charal. You need not question me if I Wink at your follies : that will ruin you. can you : You know my blunt way, and my love to You are the fairest virgin in Dijon, truth-And Rochfort is your father. Forsake the pursuit of this lady's honour, Nov. jun. What's this change? [Aside. Now you do see her made another man's, Roch. You meet my wishes, gentlemen. Rom. What make And such a man's, so good, so popular ! Or you will pluck a thousand mischiefs on These dogs in doublets here? you. The benefits you have done me are not lost, Beau. A visitation, sir. Charal. Then thus, fair Beaumelle, I Nor cast away, they are purs'd here in my write my faith, heart; But let me pay you, sir, a fairer way, Thus seal it in the sight of heaven and men ! Your fingers tie my heart-strings with this Than to defend your vices, or to sooth them. touch,



Nov. jun. Ha, ha ! what are my courses unto thee ?-

Good cousin Pontalier, meddle with that That shall concern thyself. 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. Nev. jun. To what purpose, trifler?

Can anything 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.

Beil. 1 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

But, that the first or last should be your hinderance,

1 utterly deny ; for, but observe me ;

While she went for, and was, I swear, a

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 critics In women's books, may talk of maiden-
- heads-

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 donts 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. Beaumel. Stay, Bellapert. Going.
 - Bell. In this I must not, with your leave, obey you.

Your tailor and your tirewoman wait with-

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.

Beauwel, I shall grow angry. Non, just. 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, Exit. But say so, and 'tis done.

Beaumel. You come to chideme, 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 vet

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. They court.

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? Bezumel. 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 As true a friend and servant to your honour,

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 commis for.

Nov. jun. Your presence and the place make him presume

Upon my patience.

Rom. As if thou e'er wert angry mu

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. Exit. 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,

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,

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,



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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 ser- vice. 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 Caesar, 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 they te be careful: Detraction's a bold monster, and fears not To overthrow your honour. In my sight, With yonder painted fool I frighted from you, You used familiarity beyond Am modest entertainment: you embraced him With too much ardour for a stranger, and Met him with kisses neither chasten to would this storeg bein, as I will Your bounties to him; you will find it safer shews well, And, being coarse and little worth, it speaks shews well, And bis strong beit, in which you hay Scuamel. And Lime, I's strong beit, in which you hay shews well, And bis strong beit, in which you hay souniform in spite of handsomeness, Shews well, And bis strong beit, in which you hay souniform in spite of handsomeness, The userd. And lime if dies about you capa-bié.Deliver d gravely, but to little purpose, tambiant with kisses neither chasten to space, perhaps grant larger favours; you honour, Hat has thering the of handsomeness, Shews such a bold contenpt of comeliness, from. Madam ! Beaumel. And lime i all else about you capa-bié.Deliver d gravely, but to lime with worting to favours; You looks ad; just I'li to worthow you, lady?Boy mother and twith love of you. Row. Madam ! Duramed. And with love of you. Row. Mathen I power law with love of you. Row. The a bold contenpt of comelines, the appliet. <b< th=""><th></th><th></th></b<>		
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You must endeavour not alone to BE, But to APPEAR, worthy such love and ser- yrice. Braumel. To what tends this? Row. 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 i. to to aly innocent from crime, but free From all taint and suspicion. Beaumel. They are base That judge me otherwise. Row. 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 11' be plainer with you: had the people From all 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 Met him with kisses neither chaste nor comely. But learn you to forget him, as I will Your bouncits to him; you will find it safer Rather to be uncourtly than immodest. Beaumel. This pretty rag about you rece shews well, And, being coarse and little worth, it speak, you as terrible as thrify. Row. Madam ! Beaumel. And (then] all else about you rap-pić, Shews such. Abold (then] all else about you forouri, in sny free counsel, And with his not strange your laundress in the leaguer Grew mad with love of you. Rowm. Is my free counsel Answerd with his not strange your laundress in the leaguer Grew mad with love of you. Rowm. Is my free counsel Answerd with his not strange your laundress in the leaguer Grew mad with love of you. Rowm. Is my free counsel Answerd with his sidiculous scon? Beaumel. These objects Shoule very much of my attention from me ; Beaumel. These objects Shoule very much of my attention from me ; Beaumel. These objects Shoule very much of my attention from me ; Beaumel. And I wittings. Beaumel. And I was the about procempt of comelines, That the prose it. O, how Shoule very much of my attention from me ;	As ever man did goodness :but then,	some curate
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Rom. A happy man, indeed ! pray you,	Preferring his complaint ; but be thou perfect,
in what?	And we will fit him.
Bean. I dare swear, you would think so	Bell. Fear not me; pox on him!
good a lady	A captain turn informer against kissing !
A dower sufficient.	Would he were hang'd up in his rusty
Rom. No doubt. But on.	armour !
Bean. So fair, so chaste, so virtuous, so-	But, if our fresh wits cannot turn the plots
indeed.	Of such a mouldy murrion on itself,
All that is excellent !	Rich clothes, choice fare, and a true friend
Rom. Women have no cunning	at a call,
To gull the world ! [Aside.	With all the pleasures the night yields, for-
Beau. Yet, to all these, my lord,	sake us !
Her father, gives the full addition of	Rock. This in my daughter ! do not wrong
All he does now possess in Burgundy :	her.
These writings, to confirm it, are new seal'd,	Bell. Now
And I most fortunate to present him with	Begin : the game's afoot, and we in distance.
them;	Beaumel. [comes forward.] "Tis thy fault,
I must go seek him out. Can you direct me?	foolish girl ! pin on my veil,
Rom. You'll find him breaking a young	I will not wear those jewels. Am I not
horse.	Already match'd beyond my hopes? yet still .
Beau. I thank you. [Exit.	Yon prune and set me forth, as if I were
Rom. I must do something worthy Cha-	Again to please a suitor.
ralois' friendship.	Bell. 'Tis the course
If she were well inclined, to keep her so	That our great ladies take.
Deserved not thanks; and yet, to stay a	Beaumel. A weak excuse !
woman	Those that are better seen in what concerns
Spurr'd headlong by hot lust to her own ruin,	A lady's honour and fair fame, condemn it.
Is harder than to prop a falling tower	You wait well ! in your absence, my lord's
With a deceiving reed.	friend,
D. J. D. Martin M. Martin Comment	The understanding, grave, and wise Ro
Enter Rochfort, speaking to a Servant	mont
Enter Rochion, spearing to a Servant within.	mont
	Rom. Must I be still her sport?
within.	mont— Rom. Must I be still her sport? Beaumel. Reproved me for it ;
within. Roch. Some one seek for me As soon as he returns.	mont— Rom. Must I be still her sport? Beaumel. Reproved me for it; And he has travell'd to bring home a judg-
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Judge you malicious in your disposition, But study to repent what I have done To such a nature. him ; 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, bruise 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 I 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 it. Convert your heresy? speak. Beaumel. Of keeping a lady that is married, From entertaining servants-Enter No all junior, Malotin, Liladam, Aymer, and Pontalier. -O, you are welcome ! Use any means to yex him, And then with welcome follow me. Aside to them, and exit. Not jun You are tired With your , rave exhortations, colonel | Lilad, How is it? faith, your lordship may de well ouf, To help hum to some church preferment : 'lis The fashiot now for men of all conditions, However ti ey have lived, to end that way. Aym. That face would do well in a surplice. Rom. Rogues, such Be silent-or-Pont. 'Sdeath 1 will you suffer this? Rom. And you, the master-rogue, the coward miscal, I shall be with you suddenly.

Nov. jun. Pontalier, If I should strike him, I know I should kill 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 A courtlike hand to touch it. Aym. He looks like A currier when his hides grow dear. Pont. Take heed He curry not some of you. Nov. jnn. 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 Excunt 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 So I not heard them ; beat me, not being Leave, leave these fits to conscious men, to As are obnoxious to those foolish things As they can gibe at. Rom. Well, air. Charal. Thou art known Valiant without defect, rightly defined,

Which is as fearing to do mjury, BB2

As tender to endure it ; not a brabbler, A sweater

Rom. Pish, pish ! what needs this, my lon1?

If I be known none such, how vainly you Do cast away good counsel | I have loved VOU.

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 bath 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 I it will strike disease into your bones, Beyond the cure of physic ; 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 whatsoe er ensues, Upbraid not me hereafter, as the cause of Jealousy, discontent, slaughter, and ruin :

Make me not parent to sin .- You will know

This secret that I burn with?

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 arithmetic ; or whose eyes would Be first burnt out with gazing on the other's I saw their mouths engender, and their palm Glew'd, as if love had lock'd them; thei words flow

And melt each other's, like two circlin flames,

Where chastity, like a phœnix, methough burn'd,

But left the world nor ashes, nor an heir. Why stand you silent thus? what cold do 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 cou within,

Like George a-horseback, on her, nor a-be Rom. No.

Charal. Ha! ha!

Rom. Laugh you ! even so did your w 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 manhoo

suspect, On such thin airy circumstance as this

Mere compliment and courtship. Was tale

The hideous monster which you so ceal'd ?

Away, thou curious impertinent, And idle searcher of such lean, nice to



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 I 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 ad-

minister This potion, that hath wrought so viru-

Iently !

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 graved with thy great sire,

Ere lived to have men's marginal fingers

At Charalois, as a lamented story!

An emperor put away his wife for touching Another man; but thou wouldst have thine tasted,

And keep her, I think-Phoh! I am a fire To warm a dead man, that waste out myself.

Bleed-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

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 foc

Like lightning Chartel. 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,

air! 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, may, 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.

Exil. 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 Tallor adjusts a new suit which he wears. Liladam, Aymer, and a Page attending.

Nov. jun. Mend this a little 1 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 1 Page, That's his tailor. Nov. jun. Monsieur Liladam, Aymer, how allow you the model of these clothes?

Aym. Admirably, admirably; oh, sweet lord I assuredly it's pity the worms should eat thee

Page. Here's a fine cell I 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 Aside. hunest man 1

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.

[Aside. Page. That were a miracle. [Aside. 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 deep 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 Aside. 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. Iside.

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 anything 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 accoutred? 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.

Page. An admirable lecture ! oh, all you

galiants, that hope to be saved by your clothes, edify, edify ! Aside.

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. Aside.

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. [Aside
- Aym. Flatters | detracts, impairs-yet, put it by, Lest thou, dear lord, Narcissus like, should at
- doat

Upon thyself, and die; and rob the world Of nature's copy, that she works form by.

Lilad. O that I were the infanta queen of Europe!

- Who, but thyself, sweet lord, should marry me?
- Nov. jan. 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 will 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. Ärt 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.

THE FATAL DOWRY. 375		
Nov. jun. Pish ! no more.	For no companions fit but fools and knaves.	
Thy gall sure's overflown; these are my council,	Come, Malotin. Excunt Pontalier and Malotin.	
And we were now in serious discourse. Pont. Of perfume and apparel! Can	Enter Romont.	
you rise,		
And spend five hours in dressing-talk with these !	Lilad. 'Sfoot, Colbrand, the low giant ! Aym. He has brought a battle in his face,	
Nov. jun. Thou'ldst have me be a dog: up, stretch, and shake,	let's go. Page. Colbrand, d'ye call him? he'll make	
And ready for all day. Pont. Sir, would you be	some of you Smoke, I believe.	
More curious in preserving of your honour trim,		
It were more manly. I am come to wake	Rom. Do you take me for	
Your reputation from this lethargy You let it sleep in ; to persuade, importune,	A fiddler? you're deceived : look ! I'll pay you.	
Nay, to provoke you, sir, to call to account		
This colonel Romont, for the foul wrong Which, like a burthen, he hath laid upon	Page. It seems he knows you one, he bumfiddles you so. Lilad. Was there ever so base a fellow?	
you, And, like a drunken porter, you sleep	Aym. A rascal.	
under. Tis all the town talks; and, believe it, sir,	<i>Lilad.</i> A most uncivil groom. <i>Aym.</i> Offer to kick a gentleman in a	
f your tough sense persist thus, you are undone.		
Utterly lost; you will be scorn'd and baffled By every lacquey: season now your youth	Lilad. Let him alone, let him alone : thou shalt lose thy aim, fellow; if we stir	
With one brave thing, and it shall keep the	against thee, hang us.	
odour Even to your death, beyond, and on your		
tomb Scent like sweet oils and frankincense. Sir,	Lilad. Let's leave the mad ape. [Going. Nov. jun. Gentlemen!	
this life, Which once you saved, I ne'er since counted	Lilad. Nay, my lord, we will not offer to dishonour you so much as to stay by you,	
mine: I borrow d it of you, and now will pay it :	since he's alone. Nov. jun. Hark you !	
l tender you the service of my sword, Fo bear your challenge ; if you'll write, your	Aym. We doubt the cause, and will not disparage you so much as to take your	
fate	lordship's quarrel in hand. Plague on him,	
l'll make mine own ; whate'er betide you, I, That have lived by you, by your side will die.	how he has crumpled our bands ! Page. I'll c'en away with them, for this	
Nov. jun. Ha! ha! wouldst have me	soldier beats man, woman, and child.	
challenge poor Romont?— Fight with close breeches, thou mayst think		
I dare not : Do not mistake me, coz, I am very valiant ;	Rom. Your boy's gone, [Locks the door.	
But valour shall not make me such an ass. What use is there of valour now-a-days?	And your door's lock'd; yet for no hurt to you,	
Tis sure or to be kill'd, or to be hang'd.	But privacy. Call up your blood again :	
right thou as thy mind moves thee, 'tis thy trade;	Be not afraid, I do beseech you, sir; And, therefore, come, without more cir-	
Thou hast nothing else to do. Fight with Romont !	cumstance, Tell me how far the passages have gone	
No; I'll not fight, under a lord. Pont. Farewell, sir!	Twixt you and your fair mistress, Beaumelle, Tell me the truth, and by my hope of heaven,	
pity you,	It never shall go further.	
Such living lords walk, their dead honour's	Nov. jun. Tell you ! why, sir, are you my	

.

Exit.

Rom. I will be your confounder, if you do The caroch stays : now have your wish, and not. Draws a pocket dag. Stir not, nor spend your voice. Nov. jun. What will you do? Rom. Nothing but line your brain-pan, If I have been forgetful, Nov. jun. Hah ! Bell. Do you stand sir, with lead, Humming and hahing now? If you not satisfy me suddenly: Nov. jun. Sweet wench, I come. I am desperate of my life, and command Hence, fear ! I swore-that's all one ; my next onth 171 yours. Nov. jun. Hold ! hold ! I'll speak. I vow keep to heaven and you, That I did mean to break, and then 'is quit. She's yet untouch'd, more than her face and No pain is due to lovers' perjury hands. If Jove himself laugh at it, so will L. [Exit. I cannot call her innocent : for, I yield, SCENE II .- An outer Room in Aymer's On my solicitous wooing, she consented, House. Where time and place met opportunity, Enter Charalois and Beaumont. To grant me all requests. Bean. I grieve for the distaste, though I Rom. But may I build On this assurance? have manners Nov. jun. As upon your faith. Rom. Write this, sir ; nay, you must. Not to inquire the cause, fallen out between Your lordship and Romont. Nov. jun. Pox of this gun ! Rom. Withal, sir, you must swear, and Charal. I love a friend, So long as he continues in the bounds put your oath Prescribed by friendship; but, when he Under your hand, (shake not,) ne'er to usurps frequent Too far on what is proper to myself, This lady's company, nor ever send And puts the habit of a governor on, Token, or message, or letter, to incline 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, This, too much prone already, yielding lady. Nov. jun. "Tis done, sir. Rom. Let me see this first is right. Whose voice for song, and excellent know Reading. ledge in And here you wish a sudden death may light The chiefest parts of music, you bestow Upon your body, and hell take your soul, Such praises on? If ever more you see her, but by chance; Much less allure her. Now, my lord, your Bean. He is a gentleman (For so his quality speaks him) well received Among our greatest gallants; but yet hold hand. His main dependence from the young lor Nov. jun. My hand to this ! Rom. Your heart else, I assure you. Novall. Nov. jun. Nay, there 'tis. Some tricks and crotchets he has in his head Rom. So ! keep this last article As all musicians have, and more of him Of your faith given, and, stead of threaten-I dare not author : but, when you have hear him. ings, sir, The service of my sword and life is yours. I may presume your lordship so will like hin But not a word of it ;- 'tis fairies' treasure, That you'll hereafter be a friend to music. Which but reveal'd, brings on the blabber's Charal. I never was an enemy to't, Bear THIN. mont, Use your youth better, and this excellent Nor yet do I subscribe to the opinion form Of those old captains, that thought nothin Heaven hath bestow'd upon you. So, good musical morrow But cries of yielding enemies, neighing To your lordship ! Exit. horses, Nov. jun. Good devil to your rogneship ! Clashing of armour, loud shouts, drums, a No man's safetrumpets ; I'll have a cannon planted in my chamber, Nor, on the other side, in favour of it, Affirm the world was made by musical d Against such roaring rogues. cord ; Enter Bellapert, hastily. Or that the happiness of our life consists. Bell. My lord, away ! In a well-varied note upon the lute :

THE FATAL DOWRY.		
I love it to the worth of t, and no	Yet I may be deceived, and should be sorry,	
further.	Upon uncertain suppositions, rashly	
But let us see this wonder.	To write myself in the black list of those	
Beau. He prevents	I have declaim'd against, and to Romont.	
My calling of him.	[Aside.	
Enter Aymer, speaking to one within. Aym. Let the coach be brought	Aym. I would he were well off! Perhaps your lordship Likes not these sad tunes? I have a new	
To the back gate, and serve the banquet up. — My good lord Charalois ! I think my house Much honour'd in your presence.	song, Set to a lighter note, may please you better; 'Tis call'd the Happy Husband. Charal. Pray you, sing it.	
Charal. To have means To know you better, sir, has brought me hither	Courtier's SONG of the Cilizen.	
A willing visitant ; and you'll crown my wel- come In making me a witness to your skill,	Poor citizen, if thou will be A happy husband, learn of me To set hy wife first in thy shop; A fair wife, a kind wife, a sweet wife, sets a	
Which, crediting from others, I admire.	poor man up.	
<i>Aym.</i> Had I been one hour sooner made	What though thy shelves be ne'er so bare,	
acquainted	A woman still is current ware;	
With your intent, my lord, you should have	Each man will cheapen, foe and friend;	
found me Better provided : now, such as it is, Pray you grace with your acceptance. Beau. You are modest.	But, whilst thou art at t other end, Whate er thou seest, or what dost hear, Fool, have no eye to, nor an ear;	
Aym. Begin the last new air.	And after supper, for her sake,	
[To the Musicians within.	When thow hast fed, snort, though thou wake:	
Charal. Shall we not see them?	What though the gallants call thee Mome !	
Aym. This little distance from the instru-	Yet with thy lantern light her home;	
ments,	Then look into the town, and tell	
Will to your ears convey the harmony	If no such tradesmen there do well.	
With more delight.	Beaumel. [within.] Ha! ha! tis such a	
Charal. I'll not contend.	groom !	
Aym. You are tedious.	Charal. Do I hear this,	
[To the Musicians.	And yet stand doubtful ?	
By this means shall I with one banquet	<i>Rushes into the house.</i>	
please	<i>Aym.</i> Stay him—I am undone,	
Two companies, those within and these gulls	And they discover d.	
here. Cilizen's SONG of the Conrtier.	Beau. What's the matter? Aym. Ah ! That women, when they're well pleas'd.	
Courtier, if thou needs will wive,	cannot hold ;	
From this lesson learn to thrive;	But must laugh out.	
If thou match a lady, that	Re-enter Charalois, with his sword drawn,	
Passes thee in birth and state,	pursuing Novall junior, Beaumelle,	
Let her curious garments be	and Bellapert.	
Twice above thine own degree;	Nov. jun. Help ! save me ! murder ! mur-	
This will draw great eves upon her,	der !	
Get her servants, and thee honour.	Beaumel. Undone, undone, for ever !	
Beaumel. [within.] Ha! ha! ha!	Charal. Oh, my heart !	
Charal. How's this! it is my lady's laugh,	Hold yet a little—do not hope to 'scape	
most certain.	By flight, it is impossible. Though I might	
When I first pleased her, in this merry	On all advantage take thy life, and justly;	
language	This sword, my father's sword, that ne'er	
She gave me thanks. [Aside.	was drawn	

Beau. How like you this? Charal. 'Tis rare-

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But to a noble purpose, shall not now Do the office of a hangman. I reserve it

	Starting of the second	A CARLES AND A CARLES
378	THE FATA	L DOWRY.
cut off Thy family, with all To thee in lust on short of All terms of satisfact Nov. jun. I dare I have already done To fight in such a cu Charal. Why, da Be honest coward, T In such a cause ! co self : Such whose bloods to themselves Could never heat, au Of their whores dar You thought her w soul, And yet stand doub Venture your body. Beau. No, he feau More than his flesh. Charal. Keep fro Or, as thou hast shalt Die iike a sheep. Nov. jun. Since t Despair of safety no Charal. How so thrown! Lend Bear this to the c taught me To say, you must at [Execut Beaumo	gh with thee it should that are allied baseness, 'twere still ion. Draw ! not: you too much wrong, muse. rest thou neither for yet valiant knave, me, do not shame thy- wrongs, or wrong done re yet in the defence ing. Look on her again : orth the hazard of your thul, in her quarrel, to is his clothes, in me ! guard thy life, lived like a goat, thou here's no remedy, w in me prove courage ! <i>They fight</i> , Novall falls. on weak wrong's o'er- me your hand : uroch—come, you have ad shall? nt and Bellapert, with ' Novall ; followed by	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. SCENE IVA 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.
love.—	I wrong you not, eep him company you Beaumont.	do nothing But what may stand with honour. Pray
Is't done? 'tis well. care All you can apprehe May be forthcomin moved? Beau, No, sir. Charal. Mygriefs Hereafter I'll find ti SCENE I Enter Romo	Raise officers, and take end within the house og. Do I appear much are now thus to be borne; me and place to mourn. [Exeunt. HIA Street. and Pontalier. ad to seek you, sir.	rise; I am not worth the looking on, but only To feed contempt and scorn; and that from you, Who, with the loss of your fair name have caused it, Were too much cruelty.

My sorrow for it, and believe these tears Which, in your better judgment, you re-Are the true children of my grief, and not pent of, A woman's cunning. And study to forget. Charal. Can you, Beaumelle, Charal. O Beaumelle, Having deceived so great a trust as mine, That you can speak so well, and do so ill ! Though I were all credulity, hope again But you had been too great a blessing, if To get belief? No, no; if you look on me You had continued chaste : see, how you With pity, or dare practise any means force me To make my sufferings less, or give just To this, because mine honour will not yield That I again should love you. cause To all the world to think what I must do Beaumel. In this life Was call'd upon by you, use other ways : It is not fit you should : yet you shall find, Deny what I have seen, or justify Though I was bold enough to be a strumpet, I dare not yet live one. Let those famed What you have done; and, as you desperately matrons, Made shipwreck of your faith, to be a That are canonized worthy of our sex, Transcend me in their sanctity of life ; whore, Use the arms of such a one, and such de-I yet will equal them in dying nobly, Ambitious of no honour after life, fence. And multiply the sin with impudence. But that, when I am dead, you will forgive Stand boldly up, and tell me to my teeth, me. That you have done but what is warranted Charal. How pity steals upon me ! should By great examples, in all places where I hear her Knocking within. Women inhabit ; urge your own deserts, But ten words more, I were lost.-One Or want of me in merit ; tell me how knocks, go in. Exit Beaumelle. That to be merciful should be a sin ! Your dower, from the low gulf of poverty, Weighed up my fortunes to what they now are : Enter Rochfort. That I was purchased by your choice and O, sir, most welcome! Let me take your practice, cloak, To shelter you from shame, that you might I must not be denied.-Here are your robes, sin As you love justice, once more put them on. As boldly as securely : that poor men There is a cause to be determined of, Are married to those wives that bring them That does require such an integrity wealth As you have ever used.—I'll put you to The trial of your constancy and goodness : One day their husbands, but observers ever. And look that you, that have been eagle-eyed That when, by this proud usage, you have In other men's affairs, prove not a mole blown In what concerns yourself. Take you your The fire of my just vengeance to the height, I then may kill you, and yet say 'twas done seat ; I will be for you presently. Exit. In heat of blood, and after die myself, Roch. Angels guard me ! To witness my repentance. To what strange tragedy does this induction Beaumel. O my fate ! Serve for a prologue? That never would consent that I should see How worthy you were both of love and duty, Resenter Charalois, Beaumelle, and Beau-Before I lost you ; and my misery made mont, with Servants bearing the body of The glass in which I now behold your virtue! Novall junior. While I was good, I was a part of you, And of two, by the virtuous harmony Charal. So, set it down before Of our fair minds, made one; but, since I The judgment seat-[Excunt Servants.]wander'd and stand you at the bar : To Beaumelle In the forbidden labyrinth of lust, What was inseparable is by me divided.-For me, I am the accuser. With justice, therefore, you may cut me off, Roch. Novall slain ! And from your memory wash the remem-And Beaumelle, my daughter, in the place Of one to be arraign'd ! brance That c'er I was; like to some vicious pur-Charal. O, are you touch'd ! I find that I must take another course. pose,

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Fear nothing, I will only blind your eyes ; Charal. Stay, just judge :-- may not what's {He binds his eves. lost For justice should do so, when 'tis to meet By her one fault, (for I am charitable, An object that may sway her equal doom And charge her not with many,) he for-From what it should be aim'd at.-Good, gotten my lord, In her fair life hereafter? Rock. Never, sir. A day of hearing. The wrong that's done to the chaste married Rock. It is granted, speak-You shall have justice. bed. Charal. I then here accuse, Repentant tears can never explate ; And be assured, --- to pardon such a sin, Most equal judge, the prisoner, your fair daughter, Is an offence as great as to commit it. For whom I owed so much to you; your Charal. I may not then forgive her?. Rock. Nor she hope it. daughter, Nor can she wish to live : no sun shall ris So worthy in her own parts, and that worth But, ere it set, shall shew her ugly hast Set forth by yours, to whose so rare per-In a new shape, and every one more horrid. fections. Truth witness with me, in the place of service Nay, even those prayers which, with such I almost paid idolatrous sacrifice, humble fervour. To be a false adultress. She seems to send up yonder, are beat back, Roch. With whom? And all suits which her penitence ca Charal. With this Novall here dead. proffer. Roch. Be well advised ; As soon as made, are with contempt thrown And ere you say *adultress* again, out Her fame depending on it, be most sure Of all the courts of mercy. That she is one. Charal. Let her die, then ! He stabs her. Charal. 1 took them in the act : I know no proof beyond it. Roch. O my heart ! Better prepared, I'm sure, I could not take her. Charal. A judge should feel no passions. Nor she accuse her father, as a judge Roch. Yet remember Partial against her. He is a man, and cannot put off nature. Beaumel. I approve his sentence, What answer makes the prisoner? And kiss the executioner. My lust Beaumel. I confess Is now run from me in that blood in which The fact I am charged with, and yield my-It was begot and nourish'd. [Dies. self Rock. Is she dead, then? Charal. Yes, sir; this is her heart-blood. Most miserably guilty. is it not? Rock. Heaven take mercy I think it be. Upon your soul, then ! it must leave your body. Roch. And you have kill'd her? Now free mine eves ; I dare unmoved look Charal. True, And did it by your doom. Charalois unbinds his eyes. on her. And fortify my sentence with strong reasons. Roch. But I pronounced it Since that the politic law provides that ser-As a judge only, and a friend to justice ; And, zealous in defence of your wrong'd vants, To whose care we commit our goods, shall honour, Broke all the ties of nature, and cast off die If they abuse our trust, what can you look The love and soft affection of a father. for, I, in your cause, put on a scarlet robe To whose charge this most hopeful lord Of red-dyed cruelty ; but in return, You have advanced for me no flag of mercy. gave up All he received from his brave ancestors, I look'd on you as a wrong'd husband ; but Or he could leave to his posterity, You closed your eyes against me as a father. His honour, wicked woman ! in whose safety O Beaumelle ! my daughter ! All his life's joys and comforts were lock'd Charal. This is madness. up, Rock. Keep from me !---Could not one Which thy . . . lust, a thief, hath now good thought rise up, To tell you that she was my age's comfort, stolen from him ; And therefore-Begot by a weak man, and born a woman,

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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 ! <i>Charal.</i> Nature does prevail Above your virtue. <i>Roch.</i> 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'rds you hath render'd me most mise- rable, And foolish charity undone myself. But there's a heaven above, from whose just wreak No mists of policy can hide offenders. <i>Nov. sen.</i> [within.] Force ope the doors! <i>Enter</i> 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 assis- tance For the revenge	 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. 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 dis- grace 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 satis- faction, 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 corre- spondence With officers of the hanger, and leave swords- men, The learn'd conclude, the tailor and the ser- jeant, In the expression of a knave and thief, To be synonyma. Look, therefore, to it, And let us part in peace; I would be loth
cause.	You should undo yourself.
	Enter Novall senior, and Pontalier.
ACT V. SCENE I.—A Street. Enter Tailor, and two Bailiffs with Liladam.	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. Why, 'tis both most unconscion- able and untimely, To arrest a gallant for his clothes, before He has worn them out : besides, you said you ask'd	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 :—
My name in my lord's bond but for form only. And now you'll lay me up for't! Do not think	Twould be a witty jest ! <i>Tail.</i> I must have earnest :
The taking measure of a customer By a brace of varlets, though I rather wait	Imagine, while I live, and wear a sword,

By a brace of va Never so patiently, will prove a fashion

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Ao: . sen. . know not

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One reason why you should not do like others:	loaves,
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	I have with joy been oft acquainted with ; And therefore use a conscience, though it be Forbidden in our hall towards other men,
Of sorrow for him. Pont. All his bounties yet,	To me, that, as I have been, will again Be of the brotherhood.
Fell not in such unthankful ground : 'tis true, He had weaknesses, but such as few are free	I Bail. I know him now ; He was a prentice to Le Robe at Orleans.
from ; And, though none sooth'd them less than I, (for now	Lilad. And from thence brought by my young lord, now dead, Unto Dijon, and with him, till this hour.
To say that I foresaw the dangers that Would rise from cherishing them, were but	Have been received here for a complete monsieur;
untimely,) I yet could wish the justice that you seek for, In the revenge, had been trusted to me,	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,
And not the uncertain issue of the laws. It has robb'd me of a noble testimony	That smell rank of the dancing school or fiddle,
Of what I durst do for him :-but, however, My forfeit life redeem'd by him, though dead,	The pantofie, or pressing-iron :
Shall do him service. Nov. sen. As far as my grief	We'll talk of this. I will surrender up My suits again, there cannot be much loss ;
Will give me leave, I thank you. Lilud. O, my lord !	'Tis but the turning of the lace, with one Addition more you know of, and what wants,
Oh, my good lord ! deliver me from these Furies.	I will work out. Tail. Then here our quarrel ends :
Pont. Arrested ! this is one of them, whose base	The gallant is turn'd tailor, and all friends. [Excunt.
And abject flattery help'd to dig his grave :	SCENE II.— The Court of Justice.
He is not worth your pity, nor my anger. Go to the basket, and repent.	Enter Romont and Beaumont.
Nov. sen. Away !	Rom. You have them ready?
I only know thee now to hate thee deadly : I will do nothing for thee.	Bean. Yes, and they will speak Their knowledge in this cause, when you
Lilad. Nor you, captain? Pont. No; to your trade again; put off	think fit To have them call'd upon.
this case :	Rom. 'Tis well; and something
It may be, the discovering what you were, When your unfortunate master took you up,	I can add to their evidence, to prove This brave revenge, which they would have
May move compassion in your creditor. Confess the truth.	call'd murder, A noble justice.
<i>Excunt</i> Novall sen. and Pontalier. Lilad. And now I think on't better,	Bean. In this you express (The breach by my lord's want of you new
I will. Brother, your hand; your hand,	A faithful friend.
sweet brother : I'm of your sect, and my gallantry but a dream,	<i>Rom.</i> That friendship's raised on sand, Which every sudden gust of discontent,
Out of which these two fearful apparitions,	Or flowing of our passions, can change,
Against my will, have waked me. This rich sword,	As if it ne er had been : but do you know Who are to sit on him?
Grew suddenly out of a tailor's bodkin ;	Beau. Monsieur Du Croy,
These hangers, from my vails and fees in hell ;	Assisted by Charmi. Rom. The advocate
And where as now this beaver sits, full often	That pleaded for the marshal's funeral,
A thrifty cap, composed of broad-cloth lists,	And was check'd for it by Novall?
Near-kin unto the cushion where I sat, Cross-legg'd, and yet ungarter'd, hath been	Beau. The same. Rom. How fortunes that?
seen :	Bean. Why, sir, my lord Novall,



 Nor would grieved Rochfort, but lord Charalios However he might wrong him by his power. Should have an equal hearing. Rom. By my hopes Of Charalois's acquittal, I lament That reverend old man's fortune. Bean. 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, enraged again of ara to make war upon those hairs, Vhich not a barbarous Scythian durst presume ara to make war upon those hairs, Vhich not a barbarous Scythian durst presume ara to make war upon those hairs, Vhich not a barbarous Scythian durst presume ara to make war upon those hairs, Vhich not a barbarous Scythian durst presume ara to make war upon those hairs, Vieth not a barbarous Scythian durst presume ara to make war upon those hairs, Vieth not a barbarous Scythian durst presume ara to make war upon those hairs, Vieth not a barbarous Scythian durst presume ara to make war upon those hairs, Vieth not a barbarous Scythian durst presume ara to make war upon those hairs, Mut with more frequent violence, himself, As if he had been guilty of her fault, You would not only judge him worthy pity, Jut 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 bough they are too familiar I deserve them. And, knowing too what blood my sword hattd drunk, In wreak of that disgrace, they yet forbear To shake their heads, or to revie me for A murderer ; they rather all put on, As for great losses the oled Romans used, A general face of sorrow, waited on Ag seneral face of sorrow, waited on Mather their heads, or to revie me for A murderer ; they rather all put on, As for great losses the old Romans used, A ge	THE FATA	AL DOWRY. 383	
Rom. By my hopesOf Charalois's acquittal, I lamentThat reverend old man's fortune.Beaw. Had you seen him,As, to my grief, I have, now promisepatience.And, ere it was believed, though spake byhimThat never brake his word, enraged againo far as to make war upon those hairs,Which not a barbarous Scythian durst pre-sumeTo touch, but with a superstitious fear,As something sacred ;—and then curse hisdaughter,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,Jut suffer with him :—but here comes theprisoner ;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.I dare not stay to do my duty to him ;Rom. It is not doubted.Charal. Why, yet as I came hither,The people, apt to mock calamity,And krowing too what blood my sword hathdrunk,In wreak of that disgrace, they yet forbearTo shak their heads, or to revile me forTo shak their heads, or to revile me forAs for great losses the old Romans used,A general face of sorrow, waited onRom. Upon my soul! nor should the blood	Nor would grieved Rochfort, but lord Chara- lois,	Than when I saw you married. Charal. You have reason	
 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, enraged again o far as to make war upon those hairs, Vhich not a barbarous Scythian durst pre- sume 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, Jut suffer with him :—but here comes the prisoner ; <i>Enter Officers with</i> 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. 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. I mwrak 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 This not duck calamity, And general face of sorrow, waited on A general face of sorrow, waited on A general face of sorrow, waited on 	Rom. By my hopes	From such a friendship, with the scorn that	
patience, himdeath, A fit encounter for that hate which justly I have deserved from you.That never brake his word, enraged again o far as to make war upon those hairs, Vhich not a barbarous Scythian durst pre- sumeA fit encounter for that hate which justly I have deserved from you.That never brake his word, enraged again o far as to make war upon those hairs, Stall I still, then, Speak truth, and be ill understood?A fit encounter for that hate which justly I have deserved from you.To touch, but with a superstitious fear, As something sacred ;and then curse his daughter,Speak truth, and be ill understood?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, Jut suffer with him :but here comes the prisoner ;Must of necessity be more terrible to me, Han any detaut 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,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. And tread on the oppress'd, made no horms at me, The people, apt to mock calamity, And tread on the oppress'd, made no horms at me, Th wreak of that disgrace, they yet forbear To shake their heads, or to revile me for A snoreal lace of sorrow, waited on A general face of sorrow, waited on A general face of sorrow, waited on Charal. Think you so?Charal. Think you so? Rom. Upon my soul! nor should the blood	That reverend old man's fortune. Bean. Had you seen him,	Your too prophetic counsel, may well move you	
himI have deserved from you.That never brake his word, enraged aginRom. Shall I still, then,o far as to make war upon those hairs,Rom. Shall I still, then,Vhich not a barbarous Scythian durst pre-Rom. Shall I still, then,sumeI am conscious I have wrong'd you : andTo touch, but with a superstitious fear,I am conscious I have wrong'd you : andAs something sacred ;and then curse hisI am conscious I have abused and injured,But with more frequent violence, himself,Must of necessity be more terrible to me,As if he had been guilty of her fault,Whom foolishly I have abused and injured,But with more frequent violence, himself,Must of necessity be more terrible to me,You would not only judge him worthy pity,Than any death the judges can pronounce,You would not only judge him worthy pity,For the tribunal which I am to plead at.Wow mold not only judge him worthy pity,Charal. For what I have doneYou would not only judge him worthy pity,For the tribunal which I am to plead at.With mis :but here comes theGive some apparent cause; but touchingYet, rest assured, all possible means in meGharal. For what I have doneTo do him service, keeps you companyIn my defence, child-like, I can say nothingBut, I am sorty for'; a poor satisfaction IFor all I stand accused of.Rom. It is not doubted.Rom. You much weakenThough they are to familiar I deserve them.A pardon, were it offer d; you have givenAnd, knowing too what blood my sword hathA pardon, were it offer d; you have given <td>patience,</td> <td>death,</td>	patience,	death,	
 sume I am conscious I have wrong'd you : and allow me, 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, Jut 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. I tis not doubted. <i>Charal.</i> Why, yet as I came hither, The people, apt to mock calamity, And tread on the oppress d, made no horms 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 	him That never brake his word, enraged again	I have deserved from you. Rom. Shall I still, then,	
 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, Jut 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. I fare not stay to do my duty to him; Yet, rest assured, all possible means in me To do him service, keeps you company. <i>Rom.</i> It is not doubted. <i>Charal.</i> Why, yet as I came hither, The people, apt to mock calamity, And tread on the oppress'd, made no horns at me, 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 	sume	I am conscious I have wrong'd you : and.	
As if he had been guilty of her fault, By being incredulous of your report, You would not only judge him worthy pity, Jut suffer with him :—but here comes the prisoner; <i>Enter Officers with</i> 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. <i>Rom.</i> It is not doubted. <i>Charal.</i> 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	As something sacred ;—and then curse his daughter,	Only a moral man ;—to look on you, Whom foolishly I have abused and injured,	
Enter Opticity with Charalos.you,I dare not stay to do my duty to him ;you,I dare not stay to do my duty to him ;In my defence, child-like, I can say nothingWet, rest assured, all possible means in meIn my defence, child-like, I can say nothingTo do him service, keeps you company.I. I am sorry for't ; a poor satisfaction !And yet, mistake me not ; for it is moreI. And yet, mistake me not ; for it is moreCharal. Why, yet as I came hither,Than I will speak, to have my pardon sign'dThe people, apt to mock calamity,For all I stand accused of.And tread on the oppres'd, made no hornsRom. You much weakenThough they are too familiar I deserve them.And no for doing well could entertainAnd, knowing too what blood my sword hath drunk,A pardon, were it offer'd : you have givenTo 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 onFor all Think you so ? Rom. Upon my soul! nor should the blood	As if he had been guilty of her fault, By being incredulous of your report, You would not only judge him worthy pity, Jut suffer with him :but here comes the	Than any death the judges can pronounce, From the tribunal which I am to plead at. <i>Rom.</i> Passion transports you. <i>Charal.</i> For what I have done To my false lady, or Novall, I can	
Yet, rest assured, all possible means in me To do him service, keeps you company. And yet, mistake me not; for it is more And yet, mistake me not; for it is more For all I stand accused of. Rom. You much weaken 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. 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	Enter Officers with Charalois.		
 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 Rom. You much weaken The strength of your good cause, should you but think, The strength of your good cause, should you but think, The strength of your good cause, should you but think, 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. <i>Charal.</i> Think you so? <i>Rom.</i> Upon my soul! nor should the blood	Yet, rest assured, all possible means in me To do him service, keeps you company. [Exit.	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	
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 A general face of sorrow, waited on	Charal. Why, yet as I came hither, The people, apt to mock calamity,	<i>Rom.</i> You much weaken The strength of your good cause, should you	
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 Rom. Upon my soul! nor should the blood	at me, Though they are too familiar I deserve them. And, knowing too what blood my sword hath	A man for doing well could entertain A pardon, were it offer'd : you have given To blind and slow-paced justice wings and	
A general face of sorrow, waited on Rom. Upon my soul! nor should the blood	In wreak of that disgrace, they yet forbear To shake their heads, or to revile me for A murderer; they rather all put on,	To see and overtake impleties, Which, from a cold proceeding, had received Indulgence or protection.	
	A general face of sorrow, waited on By a sad murmur breaking through their	Rom. Upon my soul! nor should the blood	
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. Scruple In your soft conscience, than if your sword Had been sheath'd in a tiger or she-bear, That in their bowels would have made your	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.	scruple In your soft conscience, than if your sword	
Why should I, then, though for unusual tomb. wrongs, To injure innocence is more than murder : I chose unusual means to right those But when inhuman lusts transform us, then As beasts we are to suffer, not like men	wrongs, I chose unusual means to right those	tomb. To injure innocence is more than murder : But when inhuman lusts transform us, then	
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, Part So 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	Condemn myself, as over-partial In my own cause ?— Romont ! Rom. Best friend, well met !	To be lamented. Nor did Charalois ever Perform an act so worthy the applause Of a full theatre of perfect men,	

- The people, And tread of at me,
- Though the And, knowin drunk. In wreak of
- To shake th
- A murderer

- As for great
- A general fa
- By a sad n silence
- And no eye
- To witness
- Discern a f me.
- Why shoul
- wrongs I chose u
- wrongs Condemn n
- In my own
- Rom. Be
- By my heart's love to you, and join to that, 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 I 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,

And you shall, in contempt of their worst malice,

Come off with honour-here they come. Charal. I am ready.

Enter Du Croy, Charmi, Rochfort, 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 dyed him black, something good in him,

That may perhaps work with a wiser man That I have been, again to set him free, And give him all he has

Char. 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? Ruch. 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 against me. Could never undermine, and no way -To send these gray hairs to the grasorrow, Virtue, that was my patroness, betra For, entering, nay, possessing this man, It lent him such a powerful majesty To grace whate'er he undertook, that I gave myself up, with my liberty, To be at his disposing. Had his per Lovely I must confess, or far-famed Or any other seeming good, that yet Holds a near neighbourhood with ill, when on me. I might have borne it better : but goodness And piety itself in her best figure Were bribed to my destruction, coblame me. Though I forget to suffer like a man. Or rather act a woman? Beau. Good, my lord 1-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 prime Roch. Angels themselves must breal mont, that promise Beyond the strength and patience of But I have done :- My good lord, 14 me.

A weak old man, and pray you, add

A miserable father ; yet be careful

That your compassion of my age, ne Move you to anything that may disb The place on which you sit.

Char. Read the indictment.

Charal. It shall be needless ; I my lords,

Will be my own accuser, and confes-All they can charge me with, nor will To aggravate that guilt with circumstan They seek to load me with ; only I prov That, as for them you will vouchs it hearing,

I may

Not be denied it for myself, when I Shall urge by what unanswerable reason I was compell'd to what I did, which you Till you have taught me better, I repent

Roch. The motion's honest.

Char. And 'tis freely granted. Charal. Then I confess, my lords, 11

stood bound,

When, with my friends, even hope its left me,

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385 To this man's charity, for my liberty; Fell from her virtue, like the fatal gold Which Brennus took from Delphos, whose Nor did his bounty end there, but began ; For, after my enlargement, cherishing possession Brought with it ruin to himself and army : The good he did, he made me master of His only daughter, and his whole estate. Here's one in court, Beaumont, by whom I Great ties of thankfulness, I must acknow-All grants and writings back which made it ledge : Could any one, fee'd by you, press this mine. Before his daughter died by his own senfurther? But yet consider, my most honour'd lords, tence, If to receive a favour make a servant, As freely as, unask'd, he gave it to me. Beau. They are here to be seen. And benefits are boads to tie the taker To the imperious will of him that gives, Char. Open the casket. -Peruse that deed of gift. [To Du Croy. There's none but slaves will receive courtesies, Rom. Half of the danger Since they must fetter us to our dishonours. Can it be call'd magnificence in a prince Already is discharged ; the other part To pour down riches with a liberal hand As bravely ; and you are not only free Upon a poor man's wants, if that must bind | 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, 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 engaged to buy my freedom (And yet, being justly got, I'll not examine (When my captivity was honourable) Why it should be so fatal,) do you bestow it By making myself here, and fame hereafter, On pious uses : I'll go seek a grave. And yet, for proof I die in peace, your Bondslaves to men's scorn, and calumnious pardon tongues ?-Had his fair daughter's mind been like her I ask; and, as you grant it me, may heaven, Your conscience, and these judges, free you feature, Or, for some little blemish, I had sought For my content elsewhere, wasting on others What you are charged with ! So, farewell My body and her dower ; my forehead then for ever !-Exit. Deserved the brand of base ingratitude : Nov. sen. I'll be mine own guide. Passion But if obsequious usage, and fair warning To keep her worth my love, could not prenor example Shall be my leaders. I have lost a son, A son, grave judges; I require his blood serve her From being a whore, and yet no cunning From his accursed homicide. Char. What reply you, In your defence, for this? So to offend, and yet the fault kept from me, Charal. 1 but attended What should 1 do? Let any free-born spirit Your lordship's pleasure .- For the fact, as of Determine truly, if that thankfulness The former, I confess it ; but with what Choice form, with the whole world given for a dowry, Base wrongs I was unwillingly drawn to it. To my few words there are some other Could strengthen so an honest man with proofs, patience, As with a willing neck to undergo To witness this for truth. When I was The insupportable yoke of slave, or wittel. Char. What proof have you she did play marned, For there I must begin, the slain Novall false, besides Your oath ? Was to my wife, in way of our French courtship, Charal. Her own confession to her father: A most devoted servant : but yet aimed at I ask him for a witness. Nothing but means to quench his wanton Roch. 'Tis most true heat, would not willingly blend my last words His heart being never warm'd by lawful fires, With an untruth. As mine was, lords : and though, on these Charal, And then to clear myself, That his great wealth was not the mark I Join'd to the hate between his house and ahot a! mine. But that I held it, when fair Beaumelle I might, with opportunity and ease, CC

Have found a way for my revenge, I did not;	Nov. sen. Yes, 'tis my son's. Rom. May it please you lordships, read
But still he had the freedom as before, When all was mine: and, told that he	it:
abused it	mency
With some unseemly license, by my friend, My approved friend, Romont, I gave no	He did solicit Beaumelle ; how he got A promise from her to enjoy his wishes ;
credit	How after, he abjured her company,
To the reporter, but reproved him for it, As one uncourtly, and malicious to him. What could I more, my lords? Yet, after	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,
this, He did continue in his first pursuit,	Produce his bawds and hers.
Hotter than ever, and at length obtain'd it ; But, how it came to my most certain know- ledge,	Enter Officers with Aymer, Florimel, and Bellapert.
For the dignity of the court, and my own honour,	Char. Have they ta'en their oaths? Rom. They have, and, rather than endure
I dare not say.	the rack,
Nov. sen. If all may be believed A passionate prisoner speaks, who is so foolish	Confess the time, the meeting, nay, the act; What would you more? only this matron made
That durst be wicked, that will appear guilty?	
No, my grave lords ; in his impunity, But give example unto jealous men	Be placed in the black list of the delinquents. Pont. I see by this, Novall's revenge
To cut the throats they hate, and they will never	And I shall do [Aside.
Want matter or pretence for their bad ends.	Char. 'Tis evident. Nov. sen. That I
 Char. You must find other proofs to strengthen these 	Till now was never wretched; here's no place
But mere presumptions, Du Croy. Or we shall hardly	To curse him or my stars. [Exit. Char. Lord Charalois,
Allow your innocence. Charal. All your attempts	The injuries you have sustain'd appear So worthy of the mercy of the court,
Shall fall on me like brittle shafts on armour, That break themselves ; or waves against a	That, notwithstanding you have gone be-
rock,	The letter of the law, they yet acquit you.
That leave no sign of their ridiculous fury, But foam and splinters; my innocence, like	
these, Shall stand triumphant, and your malice serve	Charal. I am slain. Rom. Can I look on? Oh, murderous wretch !
But for a trumpet to proclaim my conquest, Nor shall you, though you do the worst fate can.	Thy challenge now I answer. So ! die with
Howe'er condemn, affright an honest man. Rom. May it please the court, I may be heard?	Rom. I yield up my sword
Nov. sen. You come not To rail again? but do-you shall not find Another Rochfort.	Mourn not for him that dies as he hath lived, Still constant and unmoved : what's fall'n upon me
Ront. In Novall I cannot ;	Is by heaven's will, because I made myself
But I come furnished with what will stop The mouth of his conspiracy 'gainst the life	A judge in my own cause, without their warrant; But. He that lets me know thus much in
Of innocent Charalois. Do you know this character?	

For you, Romont, although in your excuse,
You may plead what you did was in re-
venge
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.
Excunt.



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A New Way to Pay Old Debts. DRAMATIS PERSONÆ. : Willdo, a parson Lord Lovell. Sir Giles Overreach, a cruel extortioner. Tapwell, an alchouse keeper. Creditors, Servants, Sc. Frank Wellborn, a prodigal. Tom Allworth, a young gentleman, page to Lady Allworth, a rich widow. Margaret, Overreach's daughter. Lord Lovell. Froth, Tapwell's wife. Greedy, a hungry justice of peace. Marrall, a term-driver; a creature of Sir

Giles Overreach. Order, steward Anible, usher to Lady Allworth. Furnace, cook Watchall, forter

Chambermaid. Waiting Woman.

SCENE, - The country near Nottingham.

ACT J.

SCENE I.-Before Tapwell's House. Enter Wellborn in tattered apparel, Tapwell, and Froth. liquor, Well. No bouse? nor no tobacco? Tat. Not a suck, sir ; take it. Nor the remainder of a single can Lett by a drunken porter, all night pall d too. Froth. Not the dropping of the tap for your morning's draught, sir : 'Tis verity, 1 assure you. Well. Verity, you brache ! The devil turn'd precisian ! Rogue, what Tapwell am 1? Tap. Troth, durst I trust you with a looking-glass, To let you see your trim shape, you would not quit me, • And take the name yourself. Wz??. How, dog ! Tat. Even so, sir. And I must tell you, if you but advance farewell, Your Plymouth cloak, you shall be soon instructed There dwells, and within call, if it please your worship, A potent monarch, call'd the constable, That does command a citadel call'd the quorum, stocks; Whose guards are certain files of rusty billmen. Such as with great dexterity will hale

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

- As mighty ale, or beer, they are things, I
- You must no more remember; not in a dream, sir.
- 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

Does keep no other register. Well. Am not I he

Whose riots fed and clothed thee? wert thou

Born on my father's land, and proud to be A drudge in his house?

- Tap. What I was, sir, it skil What you are, is apparent:
- Since you talk of father, in my
- torment you,
- I'll briefly tell your story. Your
- My quondam master, was a man
- Old Sir John Wellborn, justice of prace and
- 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 toyou,



A NEW WAY TO PAY OLD DEBTS. 329 Late master Francis, but now forlorn Well- Your potent prince, the constable, shall not born save you. *Well*. Slave, stop ! or I shall lose myself. *Froth.* Very hardly ; Hear me, ungrateful hell-hound ! did not I Make purses for you? then you lick'd my boots. You cannot out of your way, Tay. But to my story : And thought your holiday cloak too coarse You were then a lord of acres, the prime to clean them. Twas I that, when I heard thee swear if ever gallant. Thou couldst arrive at forty pounds, thou And I your under butler ; note the change wouldst now : You had a merry time of't; hawks and Live like an emperor, 'twas I that gave it In ready gold. Deny this, wretch ! hounds. Tap. I must, sir ; With choice of running horses : mistresses Of all sorts and all sizes, yet so hot, For, from the tavern to the taphouse, all, As their embraces made your lordships melt ; On forfeiture of their licenses, stand bound Which your uncle, Sir Giles Overreach, ob-Ne er to remember who their best guests were, If they grew poor like you. Well. They are well rewarded serving. (Resolving not to lose a drop of them,) That beggar themselves to make such cuck-On foolish mortgages, statutes, and bonds, For a while supplied your looseness, and olds rich. then left you. Thou viper, thankless viper ! impudent Well. Some curate hath penn'd this inbawd !vective, mongrel, But since you are grown forgetful, I will help And you have studied it. Your memory, and tread you into mortar ; Tap. I have not done yet : Not leave one bone unbroken. Your land gone, and your credit not worth Bcats him again. Tap. Oh! a token. Froth. Ask mercy. You grew the common borrower ; no man scaped Enter Allworth. Your paper-pellets, from the gentleman Well. 'Twill not be granted. To the beggars on highways, that sold you All. Hold, for my sake hold. switches In your gallantry. Deny me, Frank ! they are not worth your IVell. I shall switch your brains out. anger. Tap. Where poor Tim Tapwell, with a *Well*. For once thou hast redeem'd them little stock, from this sceptre ; Some forty pounds or so, bought a small But let them vanish, creeping on their knees, cottage : And, if they grumble, I revoke my pardon. Humbled myself to marriage with my Froth Froth. This comes of your prating, hushere, band ; you presumed Gave entertainment-On your ambling wit, and must use your Well. Yes, to whores and canters, glib tongue, Clubbers by night. Though you are beaten lame for't. Tap. True, but they brought in profit. Tap. Patience, Froth; And had a gift to pay for what they called There's law to cure our bruises. [They crawl off on their hands and knees. for: Well. Sent to your mother? And stuck not like your mastership. The .411. My lady, Frank, my patroness, my poor income I glean'd from them hath made me in my all ! She's such a mourner for my father's death, parish Thought worthy to be scavenger, and in time And, in her love to him, so favours me, That I cannot pay too much observance to May rise to be overseer of the poor Which if I do, on your petition, Wellborn, her : I may allow you thirteen-pence a quarter, There are few such stepdames. And you shall thank my worship. Well. 'Tis a noble widow, And keeps her reputation pure, and clear Well. Thus, you dog-bolt, From the least taint of infamy; her life, And thus Beats and kicks him. Tap. [to his wife.] Cry out for help! With the splendour of her actions, leaves no Well, Stir, and thou diest : tongue

A NEW WAY TO PAY OLD DEBTS.

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.

I have heard all, and the choice that you have made ;

And, with my finger, can point out the north

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 it 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,

lodge, And yet sworn servant to the pantofie, dearm of marriage? I fear And dars't thou dream of marriage? "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, Between the goodness 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 yours too.

Well. I confess it.

True ; I must tell you as a friend, and freely, That, where impossibilities are apparent,

Tis indiscretion to nourish hope

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

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 something

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 !

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. Howsoe'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

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. Excunt.

All. A strange humour !

Λ ΝΕΨ ₩ΑΥ ΤΟ	PAY OLD DEBTS. 391
SCENE II.—A Room in Lady Allworth's House.	Ord. But what's this to your pet against my lady? Furn. What's this? marry this; when I
Enter Order, Amble, Furnace, and Watchall.	am three parts roasted, And the fourth part parboiled, to prepare her viands,
Ord. Set all things right, or, as my name	She keeps her chamber, dines with a panada,
is Order,	Or water-gruel, my sweat never thought on.
And by this staff of office that commands	Ord. But your art is seen in the dining-
you,	room.
This chain and double ruff, symbols of	Furn. By whom?
power,	By such as pretend love to her; but come
Whoever misses in his function,	To feed upon her. Yet, of all the harpies
For one whole week makes forfeiture of his	That do devour her, I am out of charity
breakfast,	With none so much as the thin-gutted squire,
And privilege in the wine-cellar.	That's stolen into commission.
Amb. You are merry,	Ord. Justice Greedy?
Good master steward.	Furn. The same, the same : meat's cart
Furn. Let him; I'll be angry.	away upon him,
Amb. Why, fellow Furnace, 'tis not twelve	It never thrives ; he holds this paradox,
o'clock yet,	Who cats not well, can ne'er do justice well:
Nor dinner taking up; then, 'tis allow'd,	His stomach's as insatiate as the grave,
Cooks, by their places, may be choleric.	Or strumpets' ravenous appetites.
Furn. You think you have spoke wisely,	[Knocking within.]
goodnian Amble,	Watch. One knocks.
My lady's go-before ! Ord. Nay, nay, no wrangling. Furm. Twit me with the authority of the kitchen !	Ord. Our late young master! Re-enter Watchall and Allworth. Amb. Welcome, sir.
At all hours, and all places, I'll be angry;	Furn. Your hand;
And thus provoked, when I am at my prayers	If you have a stomach, a cold bake-meat's
I will be angry.	ready.
Amb. There was no hurt meant.	Ord. His father's picture in little.
Furn. I am friends with thee; and yet I	Furn. We are all your servants.
will be angry.	Amb. In you he lives.
Ord. With whom?	All. At once, my thanks to all;
Furn. No matter whom : yet, now I think on it, I am angry with my lady.	stirring?
Watch. Heaven forbid, man !	Enter Lady Allworth, Waiting Woman,
Ord. What cause has she given thee ?	and Chambermaid.
Furn. Cause enough, master steward.	Ord. Her presence answers for us.
I was entertained by her to please her palate,	L. All. Sort those silks well.
And, till she forswore eating, I perform'd it.	I'll take the air alone.
Now, since our master, noble Allworth, died,	[Excunt Waiting Woman and Cham-
Though I crack my brains to find out tempting sauces, And raise fortifications in the pastry, Such as might serve for models in the Low	Furn. You air and air; But will you never taste but spoon-meat
Countries ; Which, if they had been practised at Breda, Spinola might have thrown his cap at it, and ne'er took it—	To what use serve I? L. All. Prithee, be not angry;
Amb. But you had wanted matter there	To buy thee aprons, and a summer suit.
to work on.	Furn. I am appeased, and Furnace now
Furn. Matter ! with six eggs, and a strike	grows cool.
of rye meal,	L. All. And, as I gave directions, if this
I had kept the town till doomsday, perhaps	morning
longer.	[am visited by any, entertain them

A NEW WAY TO PAY OLD DEBTS.

As heretofore ; but say, in my excuse, I am indisposed. Ond. I shall, madam. L. All. Do, and leave me. Nay, stay you, Allworth. Excunt Order, Amble, Furnace, and Watchall, 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 1 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

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Your bounties shower'd upon me.

L. All. I much hope it. These were your father's words : If eer 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 viots, they shall never meril The noble name of soldiers. To dare bolding In a fair cause, and for their country's safety, To run upon the cannon's mouth undawated To obey their leaders, and shun mutimees ; To bear with patience the winter's cold. And summer's scorching heat, and not to faint, When plenty of provision fails, with humger: 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. SCENE III.-A Hall in the Enler Overreach, Greedy, Order. Furnace, Watchall, and Marcal Greedy. Not to be seen ! Over. Still cloister'd up ! Her re-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 welcome;

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And, if you please to stay, that you may think so,	Enter Wellborn.	
There came, not six days since, from Hull, a pipe,	Over. Remember me to your lady. Who have we here?	
Of rich Canary, which shall spend itself For my lady's honour.	Well. You know me. Over. I did once, but now I will not;	
Greedy. Is it of the right race? Ord. Yes, master Greedy.	Thou art no blood of mine. Avaunt, thou beggar !	
Amb. How his mouth runs o'er! Furn. I'll make it run, and run. Save	If ever thou presume to own me more,	
your good worship !	Greedy. I'll grant the warrant.	
Greedy. Honest master cook, thy hand; again : how I love thee !	Think of pie-corner, Furnace ! [Exeant Overreach, Greedy, and Marrall,	
Are the good dishes still in being? speak, boy.	Watch. Will you out, sir? I wonder how you durst creep in.	
Furn. If you have a mind to feed, there is a chine	Ord. This is rudeness, And saucy impudence.	
Of beef, well season'd. Greedy. Good !	Amb. Cannot you stay To be serv d, among your fellows, from the	
Furn. A pheasant, larded. Greedy. That I might now give thanks		
for't ! Furn. Other kickshaws.	Furn. Prithee, vanish Into some outhouse, though it be the pigstie;	
Besides, there came last night, from the forest of Sherwood,	My scullion shall come to thee.	
The fattest stag I ever cook'd. Greedy. A stag, man !	<i>Enter</i> Allworth, <i>Well</i> . This is rare :	
Furn. A stag, sir; part of it prepared for dinner,	Oh, here's Tom Allworth. Tom !	
And baked in puff-paste. Greedy. Puff-paste too ! Sir Giles,	All. We must be strangers; Nor would I have you seen here for a million.	
A ponderous chine of beef! a pheasant larded!	<i>Well.</i> Better and better. He contemns	
And red decr too, sir Giles, and baked in puff-paste !	me too !	
All business set aside, let us give thanks here. Furn. How the lean skeleton's rapt?	Enter Waiting Woman and Chambermaid. Woman. Foh, what a smell's here ! what	
Over. You know we cannot. Mar. Your worships are to sit on a com-	thing's this? Cham. A creature	
mission,	Made out of the privy; let us hence, for love's sake,	
And if you fail to come, you lose the cause. Greedy. Cause me no causes. I'll prove t,	Or I shall swoon.	
for such a dinner, View, put off a commission : you shall	Woman. I begin to faint already. [Excunt Waiting Woman and Chamber- maid.	
Marte e decimo quarto.	Watch. Will you know your way?	
V is a cose me a thousand pounds for a	Amb. Or shall we teach it you, By the head and shoulders?	
for shame I we must forget the	Well. No; I will not stir; Do you mark, I will not: let me see the wretch	
When we think of profit.	That dares attempt to force me. Why, you slaves,	
Greedy. Well, you shall o'er-rule me; I could e'en cry now.—Do you hear, master	Created only to make legs, and cringe;	
cook, Send but a corner of that immortal pasty,	To carry in a dish, and shift a trencher; That have not souls only to hope a blessing	
And I, in thankfulness, will, by your boy, Send you—a brace of three-pences.	Beyond black jacks or flagons; you, that were born	
Furn. Will you be so prodigal?	Only to consume meat and drink, and batten	

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A NEW WAY TO PAY OLD DEBTS.

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

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; Ver, 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 cye,

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. 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.

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

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. Well. I thank you, lady.

Now what can be wrought out of such a suit

Is yet in supposition : [Aside,]-I have said

When you please, you may retire. Exi. Lady Allworth.]-Nay, all's forgoiten : [To the Servants

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.

A NEW WAY TO PAY OLD DEBTS. 395 Mar. 'Tis most fit, sir. ACT II. Over. I'll therefore buy some cottage near SCENE I.- A Room in Overreach's his manor. House. Which done, I'll make my men break ope Enter Overreach and Marrall. his fences. Over. He's gone, I warrant thee; this Ride o'er his standing corn, and in the commission crush'd him. night Mar. Your worships have the way on't, Set fire on his barns, or break his cattle's and ne'er miss legs: To squeeze these unthrifts into air : and These trespasses draw on suits, and suits expenses, yet, The chapfall'n justice did his part, re-Which I can spare, but will soon beggar turning him. For your advantage, the certificate, When I have harried him thus two or three Against his conscience, and his knowledge year, too. Though he sue in forma pauperis, in spite With your good favour, to the utter ruin Of all his thrift and care, he'll grow behind-Of the poor farmer. hand. 'Twas for these good ends Mar. The best I ever heard ! I could Over. I made him a justice : he that bribes his adore you. belly, Over. Then, with the favour of my man Is certain to command his soul. of law, Mar. I wonder, I will pretend some title: want will force Still with your license, why, your worship him having To put it to arbitrement ; then, if he sell For half the value, he shall have ready The power to put this thin-gut in commission, money, And I possess his land. Mar. 'Tis above wonder! You are not in't yourself? Over. Thou art a fool ; In being out of office I am out of danger ; Wellborn was apt to sell, and needed not Where, if I were a justice, besides the These fine arts, sir, to hook him in. trouble, Over. Well thought on. This varlet, Marrall, lives too long, to up-I might or out of wilfulness, or error, Run myself finely into a premunire, braid me And so become a prey to the informer. With my close cheat put upon him. Will No, I'll have none of't ; 'tis enough I keep nor cold, Greedy at my devotion : so he serve Nor hunger, kill him? My purposes, let him hang, or damn, I care Mar. I know not what to think on't. not I have used all means; and the last night I Friendship is but a word. caused His host, the tapster, to turn him out of Mar. You are all wisdom. Over. I would be worldly wise; for the doors; other wisdom, And have been since with all your friends That does prescribe us a well govern'd life, and tenants. And, on the forfeit of your favour, charged And to do right to others, as ourselves, I value not an atom. them, Mar. What course take you. Though a crust of mouldy bread would keep With your good patience, to hedge in the him from starving, Yet they should not relieve him. This is manor Of your neighbour, master Frugal? as 'tis done, sir. said Over. That was something, Marrall; but thou must go further, And suddenly, Marrall. He will nor sell, nor borrow, nor exchange; And his land, lying in the midst of your many lordships, Mar. Where, and when you please, sir. Is a foul blemish. Over. I would have thee seek him out, Over. I have thought on't, Marrall, and, if thou canst, Persuade him that 'tis better steal than And it shall take. I must have all men beg ; Then, if I prove he has but robb'd a henroost, sellers, And I the only purchaser.

A NEW WAY TO PAY OLD DEBTS. 396 Not all the world shall save him from the That would not be instructed. I swear gallows. deeply Do any thing to work him to despair ; Well. By what? And 'tis thy masterpiece. Mar. By my religion, Mar. I will do my best, sir. Well. Thy religion ! Over. I am now on my main work with The devil's creed :- but what would you have done? the lord Lovell. The gallant-minded, popular lord Lovell, Mar. Had there been but one tree in all. The minion of the people's love. I hear the shire. Nor any hope to compass a penny halter, He's come into the country, and my aims are To insinuate myself into his knowledge, Before, like you, I had outlived my fortunes And then invite him to my house. A withe had served my turn to hang myself, Mar. I have you ; I am zealous in your cause ; pray you hang yourself, This points at my young mistress. And presently, as you love your credit. Over. She must part with That humble title, and write honourable, Right honourable, Marrall, my right ho-Well. I thank you. Mar. Will you stay till you die in a ditch, nourable daughter ; or lice devour you? If all I have, or e'er shall get, will do it. Or, if you dare not do the feat yourself, T'll have her well attended ; there are ladies But that you'll put the state to charge and Of errant knights decay'd, and brought so trouble, Is there no purse to be cut, house to be low. That for cast clothes and meat will gladly broken, Or market-woman with eggs, that you may serve her. And 'tis my glory, though I come from the murder, And so dispatch the business? city, Well, Here's variety To have their issue whom I have undone, To kneel to mine as bondslaves. I must confess ; but I'll accept of none Mar. 'Tis fit state, sir. Of all your gentle offers, I assure you. Mar. Why, have you hope ever to eat Over. And therefore, I'll not have a chambermaid again, That ties her shoes, or any meaner office, Or drink? or be the master of three farthings? But such whose fathers were right worship-If you like not hanging, drown yourself; ful. take some course "Tis a rich man's pride ! there having ever For your reputation. Well. 'Twill not do, dear tempter, been More than a feud, a strange antipathy, With all the rhetoric the fiend hath taught Between us and true gentry. you. I am as far as thou art from despair ; Nay, I have confidence, which is more than Enter Wellborn. hope, Mar. Sec, who's here, sir. To live, and suddenly, better than ever. Over. Hence, monster ! prodigy ! Well. Sir, your wife's nephew , Mar. Ha! ha! these castles you build in the air. She and my father tumbled in one belly. Will not persuade me or to give, or ler d, Over. Avoid my sight I thy breath's in-A token to you. fectious, rogue ! Well. I'll be more kind to thee: I shun thee as a leprosy, or the plague .--Come, thou shalt dine with me. Mar. With you ! Well. Nay more, dine gratis. Come hither, Marrall-this is the time to [Aside, and exit. work him. Mar. I warrant you, sir. Mar. Under what hedge, I pray you? or Well. By this light I think he's mad. at whose cost ? Mar. Mad1 had you ta'en compassion on Are they padders, or abram-men that are yourself, your consorts ? Well. Thou art incredulous; but thou You long since had been mad. Well. You have ta'en a course shalt dine. Between you and my venerable uncle, Not alone at her house, but with a gallant To make me so. lady ; Mar. The more pale-spirited you, With me, and with a lady.

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Mar. Lady ! what lady ? With the lady of the lake, or queen of	Woman. We can bear. I warrant you. [Excunt Waiting Woman and Cham-	
fairies? For I know it must be an enchanted dinner. <i>Well</i> . With the lady Allworth, knave.	bermaid. Furn. Here, drink it off; the ingredients are cordial.	
Mar. Nay, now there's hope Thy brain is crack'd.	And this the true elixir; it hath boil'd Since midnight for you. 'Tis the quint-	
<i>Well.</i> Mark there, with what respect I am entertain'd.	essence Of five cocks of the game, ten dozen of	
Mar. With choice, no doubt, of dog- whips.	Knuckles of veal, potatoe-roots, and mar-	
Why, dost thou ever hope to pass her porter? Well. 'Tis not far off, go with me; trust	Coral, and ambergris : were you two years	
thine own eyes. Mar. Troth, in my hope, or my assurance	And I had a wife, or gamesome mistress,	
rather, To see thee curvet, and mount like a dog in		
a blanket, If ever thou presume to pass her threshold,	journey's long; You may ride on the strength of this till to-	
I will endure thy company. Well. Come along then. [Exeunt.	morrow morning. All. Your courtesies overwhelm me: L much grieve	
SCENE II.—A Room in Lady Allworth's House.	To part from such true friends; and yet find comfort,	
Enter Allworth, Waiting Woman, Cham- bermaid, Order, Amble, Furnace, and		
Watchall. Woman. Could you not command your	[Knocking within. Exit Watchall.] Mar. [within.] Dar'st thou venture fur-	
leisure one hour longer? Cham. Or half an hour?	ther? Well. [within.] Yes, yes, and knock	
All. I have told you what my haste is : Besides, being now another's, not mine own.	again. Ord. "Is he; disperse! Amb. Perform it bravely.	
Howe'er I much desire to enjoy you longer, My duty suffers, if, to please myself,	Furn. I know my cue, ne'er doubt me. [Excunt all but Allworth.]	
I should neglect my lord. Woman. Pray you do me the favour To put these few quince-cakes into your	Re-enter Watchall, ceremoniously introduc- ing Weilborn and Marrall.	
pocket ; They are of mine own preserving.	Watch. Beast that I was, to make you	
nd this marmalade ; table for your stomach. And, at parting,	stay ! most welcome ; You were long since expected. <i>Well</i> . Say so much	
if I beg a farewell from you. ou are still before me. I move	To my friend, I pray you. Watch. For your sake, I will, sir.	
e suit, sir. [Allworth kisses them severally.	Mar. For his sake ! Well. Mum ; this is nothing.	
of a beardless chin ! I think the tits will ravish him.	Mar. More than ever I would have believed, though I had found' it in my primer.	
All. My service	All. When I have given you reasons for my late harshness,	
Woman. Ours waits on you. Cham. And shall do ever.	You'll pardon and excuse me; for, believe me,	
Ord. You are my lady's charge, be there- fore careful	Though now I part abruptly, in my service I will deserve it.	
Fhat you sustain your parts.	Mar. Service ! with a vengeance !	

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Well. I am satisfied : farewell, Tom. All. All jcy stay with you ! Exit Re-enter Amble. Amb. You are happily encounter'd; I yet grow 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 1 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, favour 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 twelvemonth, table. Durst wish but cheeseparings and brown bread on Sundays. Aside. 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 plase-straw. Re-enter Waiting Woman and Chanbermaid. Woman. O ! sir, you are wish'd for. Cham. My lady dreamt, sir, of you. We min. And the first command she give, And forces the poor gentleman to these shifts ! after she rose,

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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 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. Aisses Wellborn. Mar. To such a friend ! heaven bless 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*. 1 shall receive it As a most high favour. L. All. Sir, you may command me. [Advances to salute Marrall, who retires.] Well. Run backward from a lady ! and such a lady! Mar. To kiss her foot is, to poor me, a I am unworthy of. [Offers to kiss her fost. 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 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. Ke-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. 111. Your arm, master Wellborn;-[To Marrall. Nay, keep us company, Mar. I was neer so graced. Exeunt Wellborn, Lady Allworth. Amble, Marrall Waiting Woman, and Chambermaid. Ord. So! we have play'd our parts, an ! are come off well; But if I know the mystery, why my lady Consented to it, or why master Welloom Desired it, may I perish ! Furn, Would I had

The roasting of his heart that cheated hum,

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By fire! for cooks are Persians, and swear by it,	Ord. Risen already ! Amb. I shall be chid,
Of all the griping and extorting tyrants I ever heard or read of, I ne er met	Re-enter Lady Allworth, Wellborn, and
A match to sir Giles Overreach.	Marrall.
Watch. What will you take	Furn. My lady frowns.
To tell him so, fellow Furnace? Fur. Just as much	L. All. You wait well! [To Amble. Let me have no more of this; I observed
As my throat is worth, for that would be the	your jeering :
price on't.	Sirrah, I'll have you know, whom I think
To have a usurer that starves himself, And wears a cloak of one and twenty years	worthy To sit at my table, be he ne'er so mean,
On a suit of fourteen groats, bought of the	When I am present, is not your companion.
hangman,	Ord. Nay, she'll preserve what's due to
To grow rich, and then purchase, is too common:	her. Furn. This refreshing
But this sir Giles feeds high, keeps many	Follows your flux of laughter.
servants,	L. All. [To Wellborn.] You are master
Who must at his command do any outrage; Rich in his habit, vast in his expenses;	Of your own will. I know so much of manners.
Yet he to admiration still increases	As not to inquire your purposes; in a word,
In wealth, and lordships.	To me you are ever welcome, as to a house
Ord. He frights men out of their estates,	That is your own. Well. Mark that. [Aside to Marrall.
And breaks through all law-nets, made to curb ill men,	Mar. With reverence, sir,
As they were cobwebs. No man dares re-	An it like your worship. Well. Trouble yourself no further,
prove him. Such a spirit to dare, and power to do, were	Well. Trouble yourself no further, Dear madam; my heart's full of zeal and
never	service,
Lodged so unluckily.	However in my language I am sparing.
Re-enter Amble laughing.	Come, master Marrall. Mar. I attend your worship.
Amb. Ha! ha! I shall burst.	[Exeunt Wellborn and Marrall.
Ord. Contain thyself, man.	L. All. I see in your looks you are sorry,
<i>Furn.</i> Or make us partakers Of your sudden mirth.	and you know me An casy mistress : be merry ; I have forgot all.
Amb. Ha! ha! my lady has got	Order and Furnace, come with me; I must
Such a guest at her table ! this term-driver,	give you
Marrall, This snip of an attorney	Further directions. Ord. What you please.
Furn. What of him, man?	Furn. We are ready. [Excunt.
Amb. The knave thinks still he's at the	
 cook's shop in Ram Alley, Where the clerks divide, and the elder is to 	SCENE III.—The Country near Lady Allworth's House.
choose;	
nd feeds so slovenly!	Enter Wellborn, and Marrall bare-headed,
Furn. Is this all? - Amb. My lady	<i>Well</i> . I think I am in a good way. <i>Mar</i> . Good ! sir; the best way,
rank to him for fashion sake, or to please	The certain best way.
master Wellborn;	Well. There are casualties
s I live, he rises, and takes up a dish a which there were some remnants of a	That men are subject to. Mar. You are above them ;
boil'd capon,	And as you are already worshipful,
And pledges her in white broth !	I hope ere long you will increase in worship,
<i>Furn.</i> Nay, 'tis like The rest of his tribe.	And be, right worshipful. Well. Prithee do not flout me:
Amb. And when I brought him wine,	What I shall be, I shall be. Is't for your
He leaves his stool, and, after a leg or two,	case,
Most humbly thanks my worship.	You keep your hat of?
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A gallant-minded lady, after we are married. Mar. Ease! an it like your worship ! (There being no woman, but is sometimes I hope Jack Marrall shall not live so long, To prove himself such an unmannerly beast, froward,) Though it hail hazel-nuts, as to be cover'd To hit me in the teeth, and say, she was When your worship's present. forced To buy my wedding-clothes, and took me on. Well. Is not this a true rogue, That, out of mere hope of a future cozenage. With a plain riding-suit, and an ambling nag, Can turn thus suddenly? 'tis rank already. No, I'll be furnish'd something like myself, And so farewell: for thy suit touching Asule. Knave's-acre, Mar. I know your worship's wise, and When it is mine, 'tis thine. needs no counsel : Exit. Yet if, in my desire to do you service, Mar. I thank your worship. I humbly offer my advice, (but still How was I cozen'd in the calculation Under correction.) I hope I shall not Of this man's fortune ! my master cozen'd too, Incur your high displeasure. Whose pupil I am in the art of undoing men ; *Well.* No; speak freely. *Mar.* Then, in my judgment, sir, my For that is our profession ! Well, well, master Wellborn, You are of a sweet nature, and fit again to simple judgment, (Still with your worship's favour,) I could be cheated : Which, if the Fates please, when you are wish you A better habit, for this cannot be possess'd But much distasteful to the noble lady, Of the land and lady, you, sans question, (I say no more) that loves you : for, this shall be. morning, I'll presently think of the means. To me, and I am but a swine to her, Walks by musing. Before the assurance of her wealth perfumed Enter Overreach, speaking to a servant you, within. You savour'd not of amber. Well. I do now then ! Over. Sirrah, take my horse. *Mar.* This your batoon hath got a touch of I'll walk to get me an appetite; 'tis but a Kusses the end of his cudgel. it. mile. Yet, if you please, for change, I have twenty (And exercise will keep me from being pursey. Ha ! Marrall ! is he conjuring ? perhaps pounds here, Which, out of my true love, I'll presently The knave has wrought the prodigal to do Lay down at your worship's feet ; 'twill serve Some outrage on himself, and now he feels to buy you Companetion in his conscience for't : no A riding suit. matter, Well. But where's the horse? So it be done. Marrall ! Mar. My gelding Mar. Sir. Over. How succeed we Is at your service : nay, you shall ride me, Before your worship shall be put to the In our plot on Wellborn? Mar. Never better, sir. trouble To walk afoot. Alas ! when you are lord Over. Has he hang'd or drown'd himself? Of this lady's manor, as I know you will be, Mar. No, sir, he lives ; Lives once more to be made a prey to you, You may with the lease of glebe land, call d Knave's-acre, A greater prey than ever. A place I would manure, requite your vassal, Over. Art thou in thy wits? Well. I thank thy love, but must make no If thou art, reveal this miracle, and briefly, use of it ; Mar. A lady, sir, is fall n in love with What's twenty pounds? him. Mar. Tis all that I can make, sir. Over. With him? what lady? Well. Dost thou think, though I want Mar. The rich lady Allworth. clothes, I could not have them, Over. Thou dolt ! how dar'st thou speak For one word to my lady? this? Mar. As I know not that ! Mar. I speak truth. Well. Come, I will tell thee a secret, and And I do so but once a year, unless so leave thee. It be to you, sir : we dined with her ladyship, I will not give her the advantage, though I thank his worship. she be Over. His worship !

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	Mar. As I live, sir, I dined with him, at the great lady's table,	Though they paint her, so she catch the lord, I'll thank them :
	Simple as I stand here; and saw when she	There's a piece for my late blows.
	kiss'd him, And would, at his request, have kiss'd me	Mar. I must yet suffer : But there may be a time [Aside.
	too ;	Over. Do you grumble?
	But I was not so audacious as some youths are,	Mar. No, sir. [Excunt.
	That dare do anything, be it ne'er so absurd,	
	And sad after performance. Over. Why, thou rascal!	ACT III.
-	To tell me these impossibilities.	SCENE I.— The Country near Overreach's House.
	Dine at her table ! and kiss him ! or thee !	Enter Lord Lovell, Allworth, and Servants.
1	'Impudent varlet, have not I myself, To whom great countesses' doors have oft flew open,	Lov. Walk the horses down the hill: something in private I must impart to Allworth.
	Ten times attempted, since her husband's death,	<i>Execut</i> Servants.
1	In vain, to see her, though I came-a suitor?	What sacrifice of reverence, duty, watching,
	And yet your good solicitorship, and rogue Wellborn,	Although I could put off the use of sleep, And ever wait on your commands to serve
	were brought into her presence, feasted with her !	them; What dangers, though in ne'er so horrid
	But that I know thee a dog that cannot blush,	shapes, Nay death itself, though I should run to
	This most incredible lie would call up one,	meet it,
	On thy buttermilk cheeks. Mar. Shall I not trust my eyes, sir,	Can I, and with a thankful willingness suffer:
	Or taste? I feel her good cheer in my belly. Over. You shall feel me, if you give not	
	over, sirrah :	Lov. Loving youth;
	Recover your brains again, and be no more gull'd	Till what I purpose be put into act, Do not o'erprize it ; since you have trusted me
	With a beggar's plot, assisted by the aids	With your soul's nearest, nay, her dearest
	Of serving-men and chambermaids, for beyond these	secret, Rest confident 'tis in a cabinet lock'd
	Thou never saw'st a woman, or I'll quit you	Treachery shall never open. I have found
	From my employments.	you (For so much to your face I must profess,
	Mar. Will you credit this yet? On my confidence of their marriage, I offer'd Wellborn	Howe'er you guard your modesty with a blush for't)
	I would give a crown now I durst say his	More zealous in your love and service to me,
	Worship [Aside. My nag, and twenty pounds.	Than I have been in my rewards. All. Still great ones,
	Over. Did you so, ideot !	Above my merit.
	Strikes him down. Was this the way to work him to despair,	Lov. Such your gratitude calls them : Nor am I of that harsh and rugged temper
	Or rather to cross me?	As some great men are taxed with, who
	Mar. Will your worship kill me?	imagine They part from the respect due to their
	Over. No, no; but drive the lying spirit out of you.	They part from the respect due to their honours,
	Mar. He's gone.	If they use not all such as follow them, Without distinction of their births like
	Over. I have done then : now, forgetting Your late imaginary feast and lady,	Without distinction of their births, like slaves.
	Know, my lord Lovell dines with me to-	I am not so condition'd : I can make
	morrow. Be careful nought be wanting to receive him;	A fitting difference between my footboy, And a gentleman by want compell'd to serve
	And bid my daughter's women trim her up,	me.

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1.75 - 3.9 A NEW WAY TO PAY OLD DEBTS. 402 All. 'Tis thankfully acknowledged ; you But when the weil-tuned accents of her have been tongue More like a father to me than a master ; Make music to you, and with numerous Pray you, pardon the comparison. sounds Lov. I allow it; Assault your hearing, (such as Ulysses, if And to give you assurance I am pleased in't, [he] My carriage and demeanour to your mistress, Now lived again, howe'er he stood the Fair Margaret, shall truly witness for me, Syrens, I can command my passions. All. 'Tis a conquest Could not resist,) the combat must grow doubtful Few lords can boast of when they are tempted Between your reason and rebellious pas--Oh ! sions. Lov. Why do you sigh? can you be Add this too ; when you feel her touch, and doubtful of me? breath By that fair name I in the wars have pur-Like a soft western wind, when it glides o'er chased, Arabia, creating gums and spices And all my actions, hitherto untainted, And in the van, the nectar of her lips Which you must taste, bring the battalia on, I will not be more true to mine own honour, Well arm'd, and strongly lined with her dis-Than to my Allworth ! All. As you are the brave lord Lovell, course Your bare word only given is an assurance And knowing manners, to give entertain-Of more validity and weight to me, ment ;-Than all the oaths, bound up with impreca-Hippolytus himself would leave Diana, tions, To follow such a Venus, Which, when they would deceive, most Low. Love hath made you courtiers practise : Poetical, Allworth. Yet being a man, (for, sure, to style you All. Grant all these beat off. Which if it be in man to do, you'll do it. more Would relish of gross flattery,) I am forced, Mammon, in Sir Giles Overreach, steps in Against my confidence of your worth and With heaps of ill-got gold, and so much virtues, land. To doubt, nay more, to fear. To make her more remarkable, as would Lov. So young, and jealous ! All. Were you to encounter with a single tire A falcon's wings in one day to fly over. O my good lord ! these powerful aids, which foe, The victory were certain ; but to stand would The charge of two such potent enemies, Make a mis-shapen negro beautiful, (Yet are but ornaments to give her lustre, At once assaulting you, as wealth and beauty, That in herself is all perfection,) must And those too seconded with power, is odds Prevail for her: I here release your trust: Too great for Hercules. "Tis happiness, enough, for me to serve you, Lov. Speak your doubts and fears, And sometimes, with chaste eyes, to look Since you will nourish them, in plainer lanupon her. Low. Why, shall I swear? guage, All. O, by no means, my lord ; That I may understand them. All. What's your will, And wrong not so your judgment to the Though I lend arms against myself, (proworld. As from your fond indulgence to a boy, vided They may advantage you,) must be obey'd. Your page, your servant, to refuse a blessing My much-loved lord, were Margaret only Divers great men are rivals for, fair. Lov. Suspend Your judgment till the trial. How far is it The cannon of her more than earthly form, To Overreach' house? Though mounted high, commanding all All. At the most, some half hour's riding ; beneath it, And ramm'd with bullets of her sparkling You'll soon be there. Low. And you the sooner freed eyes, Of all the bulwarks that defend your senses From your jealous fears. Could batter none, but that which guards All. O that I durst but hope it. [Excunt. your sight.

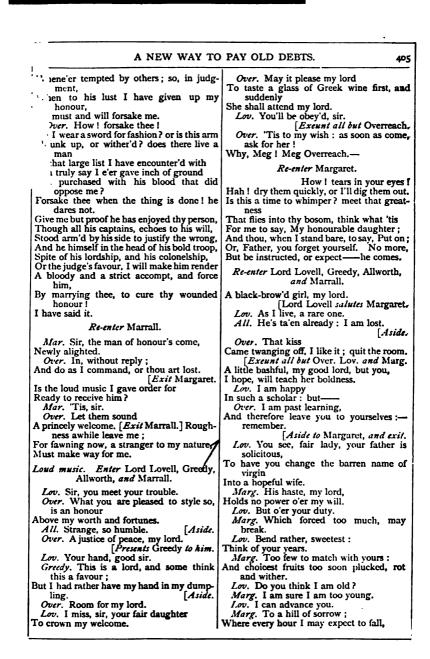
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Over. Would it were whole in thy belly, To stuff it out! cook it any way ; prithee, leave me. Greedy. Without order for the dumpling? Over. Let it be dumpled Which way thou wilt ; or tell him, I will scald him In his own caldron. Greedy. I had lost my stomach Had I lost my mistress dumpling ; I'll give [Exit. thanks for't. 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 me The kingdom's glory. Re-enter Greedy. Greedy. I'll resign my office, If I be not better obey'd. Over. 'Slight, art thou frantic? Greedy. Frantic! 'twould make me frantic, 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 woodcocksover. Make thyself Thirteen, the baker's dozen. Greedy. I am contented, b 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 Woodcock; And, ere I'll see my lineage so abused, I'll give up my commission. Over. [aloud.] 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 me. at dinner. Exit. Over. And as I said, Meg, when this gull disturb'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.

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Over. I more than hope, and doubt z effect it, Be thou no enemy to thyself; my wealth Shall weigh his titles down, and make equals Now for the means to assure him thin serve me ; Remember he's a courtier, and a soldier And not to be trifled with ; and, there when He comes to woo you, see you do not coy it? This mincing modesty has spoil'd me 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 los I will have you private-start not-I say, private ; If thou art my true daughter, not a bastant Thou wilt venture alone with one m 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 strumpet's 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 ! Aside. Over. Or, if his blood grow hot, suppose be 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 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



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. Low, 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 !

Gready. 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 1 [Strikes him. Greedy. How ! strike a justice of peace ! 'tis petty treason, Edwardi quinto;" but that you are my friend, I would commit you without ball or mainprize. Over. Leave your bawling, sir, or I shall commit you Where you shall not dine to-day : disturb my When he is in discourse! Greedy, Is't a time to talk When we should be munching? Low. 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 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 ; howe'er, you must put on An amorous carriage towards me to delude Your subtle father Marg. I am prone to that, Lov. Now break we off our conference.-Sir Giles ! Where is Sir Giles?

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 welcome, 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 I 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 ; "Tis more than wonder ! an astonishment That does possess me wholly ! Low. Noble lady, This is a favour, to prevent my visit, The service of my life can never equal, L. All. My lord, I laid wait for you, an much hoped You would have made my poor house you first inn : And therefore doubting that you might forget me Or too long dwell here, having such ampl cause,

In this unequall'd beauty, for your stay ; And fearing to trust any but myself Overreach comes forward, With the relation of my service to you,



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rom my long restraint, To have him committed, from all prison	ns ir
erson to invite you. the shire,	
	Der
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Master Wellborn /	c
thanks. And, My good nephew !but I play the t	
iles Overreach. To stand here prating, and forget my dim	ner
Salutes him. Be when Mamall	
farrall? liked you my Re-enter Marrall.	
Are they set, Marrall?	
with me? Mar. Long since ; pray you a word,	sir
en you please, Greedy. No wording now.	,
ip. Mar. In troth, I must ; my master,	
please, master Greedy; Knowing you are his good friend, ma	ake
u shall be satisfied. bold with you,	
pray take into your And does entreat you, more guests be	ein
come in	
e'er his outside's coarse, Than he expected, especially his nephew	×.
[Presents Wellborn.] The table being full too, you would exc	
	cus
e as fine and fair him,	
er not I speak at large : And sup with him on the cold meat.	
mour carries him Greedy. How I no dinner,	
ed, or what taint so- After all my care?	
Mar. 'Tis but a penance for	
h stuck upon his fame, A meal ; besides, you broke your fast.	
th boldness, rank him- Greedy. That was	
	-
But a bit to stay my stomach : a man in co	.011
e contemn'd him. Sir mission,	
Give place to a tatterdemalion !	
him so. Mar. No bug words, sir ;	
! Should his worship hear you-	
a stranger : faith you Greedy. Lose my dumpling too,	
And butter'd toasts, and woodcocks !	
Mar. Come, have patience.	
s aside with Wellborn. If you will dispense a little with your worst	hir
hat do you mean? And sit with the waiting women, you'll h	nav
rn, monster, prodigy, dumpling,	
or drown himself; no Woodcock, and butter'd toasts too.	
Greedy. This revives me :	
ew. I will gorge there sufficiently.	
, we shall reckon Mar. This is the way, sir. [Exer	unt
my jeer, SCENE III.—Another Room in Over	T-
dead for't. Enter Overreach, as from dinner.	
ioc picad	
d, till better leisure Over. She's caught ! O women !-	-sh
full relation neglects my lord,	
And all her compliments applied to W	Vel
, and help them. born !	
waits you. • The garments of her widowhood laid by	v
d, we follow. She now appears as glorious as the sprin	
are my guest; come, Her eyes fix'd on him, in the wine she dru	
born. He being her pledge, she sends him bu	um
Excunt all but Greedy. ing kisses,	
	wiť
ster Wellborn / So she And sits on thoms, till she be private w	
eaven! him.	Oke
him. give me leave, I could She leaves my meat, to feed upon his loc	oks 1
him. give me leave, I could She leaves my meat, to feed upon his loc And if in our discourse he be but named	d, _
him. give me leave, I could She leaves my meat, to feed upon his loc	d, _

At this! it makes for me ; if she prove his, All that is hers 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 I the rogue

The lady scorn'd to look on ? Over. You are a wag.

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Enter Lady Allworth and Wellborn,

Mar. See, sir, she's come, and cannot be without 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

Exeant Lady Allworth and Wellborn. Over. Grosser and grosser 1 now I believe the poet

Feign'd not, but was historical, when he wrote

Pasipha@ 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 con my coach, And, after some small conference betweents. Soon overtake your ladyship. L. All. Stay not long, sir. Lov. This parting kiss : [Kitter Margard] you shall every day hear from me. By my faithful page. All. "Tis a service I am proud of. Exeant Lord Lovell, Lady Allwor Allworth, and Marrall. Over. Daughter, to your chamber, - | Fail Margaret.]-You may wouder, neph-, 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 larly (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 saw my labour. Aride 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 stald 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

A NEW WAY TO	PAY OLD DEBTS. 409
In a man's extremes! how much they do belie you,	That can be in the world; for four miles riding,
That say you are hard-hearted 1 Over. My deeds, nephew,	Could not have raised so huge an appetite As I feel gnawing on me.
Shall speak my love; what men report I weigh not. [Excunt.	Mar. Whether you ride, Or go afoot, you are that way still provided,.
	An it please your worship. Over. How now, sirrah? prating
ACT IV.	Before my lord ! no difference ! Go to my nephew,
SCENE IA Room in Lady Allworth's House.	See all his debts discharged, and help his- worship
Enter Lord Lovell and Allworth. Lov. 'Tis well; give me my cloak; I now	To fit on his rich suit. Mar. I may fit you too.
discharge you From further service : mind your own affairs,	Toss'd like a dog still ! [Aside, and exit. Lov. I have writ this morning
I hope they will prove successful. All, What is blest	A few lines to my mistress, your fair daughter.
With your good wish, my lord, cannot but prosper.	Over. 'Twill fire her, for she's wholly yours already :
Let aftertimes report, and to your honour, How much I stand engaged, for I want lan-	Sweet master Allworth, take my ring; 'twill carry you To her presence, I dare warrant you; and
guage To speak my debt ; yet if a tear or two	there plead For my good lord, if you shall find occasion.
Of joy, for your much goodness, can supply My tongue's defects, I could—	That done, pray ride to Nottingham, get a- license,
Lov. Nay, do not melt : This ceremonial thanks to me's superfluous.	Still by this token. I'll have it dispatch'd, And suddenly, my lord, that I may say,
Over. [within.] Is my lord stirring? Lov. 'Tis he ! oh, here's your letter : let him in.	My honourable, nay, right honourable daughter.
Enter Overreach, Greedy, and Marrall.	Greedy. Take my advice, young gentle- man, get your breakfast;
Over. A good day to my lord ! Low. You are an early riser,	'Tis unwholesome to ride fasting : I'll eat' with you, And eat to purpose.
Sir Giles. Over. And reason, to attend your lordship.	Over. Some Fury's in that gut : Hungry again did you not devour, this
Lov. And you, too, master Greedy, up so soon !	morning, A shield of brawn, and a barrel of Colches-
Greedy. In troth, my lord, after the sun is up,	ter oysters? Greedy. Why, that was, sir, only to scour
I cannot sleep, for I have a foolish stomach That croaks for breakfast. With your lord-	my stomach, A kind of a preparative. Come, gentleman,
ship's favour, I have a serious question to demand	I will not have you feed like the hangman
Of my worthy friend sir Giles.	of Flushing, Alone, while I am here.
Lov. Pray you use your pleasure. Greedy. How far, sir Giles, and pray you answer me	Lov. Haste your return. All. I will not fail, my lord. Greedy. Nor I, to line
Upon your credit, hold you it to be From your manor-house, to this of my lady	My Christmas coffer. [Excunt Greedy and Allworth.
Allworth's? Over. Why, some four mile.	Over. To my wish : we are private.
Greedy. How ! four mile, good sir Giles	I come not to make offer with my daughter A certain portion, that were poor and trivial:
Upon your reputation, think better ; For if you do abate but one half-quarter	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
Of five, you do yourself the greatest wrong	you have

. . .

A NEW WAY TO PAY OLD DEBTS. And might I live to dance upon n One motive, to induce you to believe A young lord Lovell, born by her u I live too long, since every year I'll add I write nil ultra to my proudest la Something unto the heap, which shall be yours too. As for possessions, and annual ren Equivalent to maintain you in the Lov. You are a right kind father. Over. You shall have reason To think me such. How do you like this Your noble birth, and present state I do remove that burthen from ye sear ? ders, It is well wooded, and well water'd, the acres And take it on mine own ; for. Fertile and rich; would it not serve for ruin change, The country to supply your riotous To entertain your friends in a summer pro-The scourge of prodigals, want, 12 gress ? find you. What thinks my noble lord ? Lov. Are you not frighted with the in Lov. "Tis a wholesome air, precations And curses of whole families, made wretche And well-built pile ; and she that's mistress of it, By your sinister practices? Worthy the large revenue, Over. Yes, as rocks are, When foamy billows split themselves again Over. She the mistress ! Their flinty ribs ; or as the moon is move It may be so for a time : but let my lord When wolves, with hunger pined, hunging Say only that he likes it, and would have it, her brightness. I say, ere long 'tis his, Lov. Impossible. I am of a solid temper, and, like these, Over. You do conclude too fast, not Steer on, a constant course : with mine on knowing me, sword. Nor the engines that I work by. "Tis not If call'd into the field, I can make the alone right, The lady Allworth's lands, for those once Which fearful enemies murmur'd at Wellborn's, wrong. (As by her dotage on him I know they will Now, for these other piddling complaints be,) Breath'd out in bitterness; as when the Shall soon be mine ; but point out any man's call me In all the shire, and say they lie convenient. Extortioner, tyrant, cormorant, or intrude And useful for your lordship, and once more On my poor neighbour's right, or grand h I say aloud, they are yours. closer Lov. I dare not own Of what was common, to my private use ; What's by unjust and cruel means extorted ; Nay, when my ears are pierced with widow My fame and credit are more dear to me Than so to expose them to be censured by And undone orphans wash with tears n The public voice. threshold, Over, You run, my lord, no hazard. I only think what 'tis to have my daughte Your reputation shall stand as fair, Right honourable ; and 'tis a power In all good men's opinions, as now ; charm Makes me insensible of remorse, or pity, Nor can my actions, though condemn'd for Or the least sting of conscience, ill, Cast any foul aspersion upon yours. Lov. 1 admire The toughness of your nature. Over. "Tis for you, For, though I do contemn report myself, As a mere sound, I still will be so tender My lord, and for my daughter, 1 am marbl Of what concerns you, in all points of honour, That the immaculate whiteness of your In little, I enjoy more true delight, fame, In my arrival to my wealth these dark Nor your unquestioned integrity, And crooked ways, than you shall e'er ta Shall e'er be sullied with one taint or spot pleasure That may take from your innocence and In spending what my industry hath cor candour. pass'd. My haste commands me hence; in o All my ambition is to have my daughter Right honourable, which my lord can make word, therefore, her : Is it a match?

A NEW WAY TO	PAY OLD DEBTS. 411
Lov. I hope, that is past doubt now. Over. Then rest secure; not the hate of	L. All. Do so, and talk not; 'twill be- come your breeding.
all mankind here,	[Excunt Amble and Woman.
Nor fear of what can fall on me hereafter,	Now, my good lord : if I may use my free-
Shall make me study aught but your ad-	dom,
vancement	As to an honour'd friend
One story higher : an earl I if gold can do it.	Lov. You lessen else
Dispute not my religion, nor my faith;	Your favour to me.
hough I am borne thus headlong by my	L. All. I dare then say thus ;
will,	As you are noble (howe'er common men
You may make choice of what belief you	Make sordid wealth the object and sole end
please,	Of their industrious aims) 'twill not agree
fo me they are equal; so, my lord, good	With those of eminent blood, who are en-
morrow. [Exit.	gaged
Lov. He's gone-I wonder how the earth	More to prefer their honours, than to in-
can bear	crease
Such a portent ! I, that have lived a soldier,	The state left to them by their ancestors,
And stood the enemy's violent charge un-	To study large additions to their fortunes,
daunted, To hear this blasphemous beast am bath'd	And quite neglect their births : though I
all over	must grant, Riches, well got, to be a useful servant,
n a cold sweat : yet, like a mountain, he	But a bad master.
Confirm'd in atheistical assertions)	Lov. Madam, 'tis confess'd;
s no more shaken than Olympus is	But what infer you from it?
When angry Boreas loads his double head	L. All. This, my lord ;
Vith sudden drifts of snow.	That as all wrongs, though thrust into one
Fater Lody Allworth Waiting Warran	scale,
Enter Lady Allworth, Waiting Woman, and Amble.	Slide of themselves off, when right fills the other.
L. All. Save you, my lord !	And cannot bide the trial; so all wealth,
Disturb I not your privacy?	I mean if ill-acquired, cemented to honour
Lov. No, good madam ;	By virtuous ways achieved, and bravely
or your own sake I am glad you came no	
sooner:	Is but as rubbish pour'd into a river,
ince this bold bad man, sir Giles Over-	(Howe'er intended to make good the bank,)
reach, I ada such a plain discovery of himself	Rendering the water, that was pure before,
Made such a plain discovery of himself, And read this morning such a devilish ma-	Polluted and unwholesome. I allow
tins,	The heir of sir Giles Overreach, Margaret, A maid well qualified, and the richest match
That I should think it a sin next to his	Our north part can make boast of ; yet she
But to repeat it.	cannot,
L. All. I ne'er press'd, my lord,	With all that she brings with her, fill their
On others' privacies ; yet, against my will,	mouths,
Walking, for health sake, in the gallery	That never will forget who was her father ;
Adjoining to your lodgings, I was made	Or that my husband Allworth's lands, and
So vehement and loud he was) partaker	Wellborn's,
of his tempting offers.	(How wrung from both needs now no repe-
Low. Please you to command	tition,)
our servants hence, and I shall gladly hear	Were real motives that more work'd your
our wiser counsel.	lordship
L. All. 'Tis, my lord, a woman's,	To join your families, than her form and
but true and hearty ;-wait in the next	virtues :
room,	You may conceive the rest.
but be within call ; yet not so near to force	Lov. I do, sweet madam,
me	And long since have considered it. I know,
To whisper my intents.	The sum of all that makes a just man happy
Amb. We are taught better	Consists in the well choosing of his wife :
By you, good madam.	And there, well to discharge it. does require ; Equality of years, of birth, of fortune;
Woman. And well know our distance.	

For beauty being poor, and not cried up Froth. Mine! I defy thee: did no By birth or wealth, can truly mix with neither. Marrall (He has marr'd all, I am sure) stric And wealth, where there's such difference in years, mand us, And fair descent, must make the yoke On pain of sir Giles Overreach' disp To turn the gentleman out of doors uneasy :-Tap. "Tis true ; But I come nearer. L. All. Pray you do, my lord. But now he's his uncle's darling, and Lov. Were Overreach' states thrice cen-Master justice Greedy, since he fill'd h tupled, his daughter At his commandment, to do anythin Millions of degrees much fairer than she is, Woe, woe to us ! Froth. He may prove merciful. Howe'er I might urge precedents to excuse Tap. Troth, we do not deserve it at his me, I would not so adulterate my blood hands. By marrying Margaret, and so leave my issue Though he knew all the passages of our Made up of several pieces, one part scarlet, house, And the other London blue. In my own As the receiving of stolen goods, and hawdry, tomb When he was rogue Wellborn no man would I will inter my name first. believe him, L. All. I am glad to hear this. And then his information could not hurt us : Aside. But now he is right worshipful again, Who dares but doubt his testimony? me-Why then, my lord, pretend your marriage to her? thinks, I see thee, Froth, already in a cart, For a close bawd, thine eyes even pelted out Dissimulation but ties false knots On that straight line, by which you, hitherto, With dirt and rotten eggs; and my hand Have measured all your actions. Lov. I make answer, hissing, And aptly, with a question. Wherefore have If I scape the halter, with the letter R Printed upon it. Froth. Would that were the worst ! you, That, since your husband's death, have lived That were but nine days wonder : as for a strict And chaste nun's life, on the sudden given credit, We have none to lose, but we shall lose the yourself To visits and entertainments? think you, money He owes us, and his custom ; there's the madam, 'Tis not grown public conference? or the hell on't. favours Tap. He has summon'd all his creditors Which you too prodigally have thrown on by the drum, And they swarm about him like so many Wellborn, Being too reserved before, incur not censure? soldiers L. All. I am innocent here; and, on my On the pay day : and has found out such a life, I swear NEW WAY My ends are good. TO PAY HIS OLD DEBTS, as 'tis very likely Lov. On my soul, so are mine He shall be chronicled for it ! Froth. He deserves it To Margaret ; but leave both to the event : And since this friendly privacy does serve More than ten pageants. But are you surhis worship But as an offer'd means unto ourselves, To search each other further, you having Comes this way, to my lady's? [A cry within : Brave master Wellborn shewn Your care of me, I my respect to you ; Tap. Yes :- I hear him. Deny me not, but still in chaste words, Froth. Be ready with your petition, an present it madam, To his good grace. An afternoon's discourse. L. All. So I shall hear you. Excunt. Enter Wellborn in a rich habit, followed t SCENE II.-Before Tapwell's House. Marrall, Greedy, Order, Furnace, an Creditors ; Tapwell kneeling, delivers h Enter Tapwell and Froth. petition. Tap. Undone, undone ! this was your Well. How's this ! petition'd too ?counsel, Froth.

A NEW WAY TO PAY OLD DEBTS. 413 But note what miracles the payment of That hath destroyed many of the king's liege A little trash, and a rich suit of clothes people, Can work upon these rascals ! I shall be, Thou never hadst in thy house, to stay men's I think, prince Wellborn. Mar. When your worship's married, stomachs, A piece of Suffolk cheese, or gammon of You may be :-- I know what I hope to see you. Well. Then look thou for advancement. bacon, Or any esculent, as the learn'd call it, Mar. To be known For their emolument, but sheer drink only. Your worship's bailiff, is the mark I shoot at. For which gross fault I here do damn thy license, Well. And thou shalt hit it. Mar. Pray you, sir, dispatch These needy followers, and for my ad-Forbidding thee ever to tap or draw ; For, instantly, I will, in mine own person, Command the constable to pull down thy sign, mittance. Provided you'll defend me from sir Giles, And do it before I eat. Froth. No mercy? Whose service I am weary of, I'll say some-Greedy. Vanish 1 thing You shall give thanks for. If I shew any, may my promised oxen gore Well. Fear me not sir Giles. me! Greedy. Who, Tapwell? I remember thy Tap. Unthankful knaves are ever so rewife brought me, warded. Last new-year's tide, a couple of fat turkies. [Excunt Greedy, Tapwell, and Froth. Tap. And shall do every Christmas, let Well. Speak ; what are you? your worship I Cred. A decay'd vintner, sir, But stand my friend now. That might have thrived, but that your Greedy. How ! with master Wellborn ? worship broke me I can do anything with him on such terms.-With trusting you with muskadine and eggs, And five pound suppers, with your after See you this honest couple, they are good drinkings souls When you lodged upon the Bankside. As ever drew out fosset ; have they not A pair of honest faces? Well. I remember. I Cred. I have not been hasty, nor e'er Well. I o'erheard you, And the bribe he promised. You are cozen'd laid to arrest you; in them : And therefore, sir-Well. Thou art an honest fellow, For, of all the scum that grew rich by my I'll set thee up again; see his bill paid .--riots. What are you? This, for a most unthankful knave, and this, For a base bawd and whore, have worst de-2 Cred. A tailor once, but now mere botcher. serv'd me, gave you credit for a suit of clothes And therefore speak not for them : by your Which was all my stock, but you failing in place You are rather to do me justice ; lend me payment. I was removed from the shopboard, and your ear : -Forget his turkies, and call in his license confined Under a stall. And, at the next fair, I'll give you a yoke of Well. See him paid ; and botch no more. oxen Worth all his poultry. 2 Cred. I ask no interest, sir. Greedy. I am changed on the sudden Well. Such tailors need not ; In my opinion ! come near ; nearer, rascal. If their bills are paid in one and twenty year, And, now I view him better, did you e'er see They are seldom losers .--- O, I know thy face, One look so like an archknave? his very [To 3 Cred. countenance, Thou wert my surgeon : you must tell no Should an understanding judge but look tales; Those days are done. I will pay you in upon him, Would hang him, though he were innocent. private. Tap. Froth. Worshipful sir. Ord. A royal gentleman !

Greedy. No, though the great Turk came, instead of turkies,

To beg my favour, I am inexorable.

Thou hast an ill name : besides thy musty ale, | To choose a man.

Furn. Royal as an emperor ! He'll prove a brave master; my good lady knew

414 Well, See all men else discharg'd ; All. 'Tis true, my dearest : And since old debts are clear'd by a new way, Yet, when I call to mind how many fair A little bounty will not misbecome me ; Make wilful shipwreck of their faithe There's something, honest cook, for thy oaths good breakfasts ; To God and man, to fill the arms of And this, for your respect; [To Order.] take't, 'tis good gold, ness; And you rise up no less than a gloriou And I able to spare it. To the amazement of the world, --- that 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 Against the stern authority of a father, And spurn at honour, when it comes to you ; I am so tender of your good, that faint, With your wrong, I can wish myself where to meet me. right Excunt Order, Furnace, and Creditors. Well. Now, master Marrall, what's the You yet are pleased to do me. Marg. Yet, and ever. weighty secret Tome what's title, when content is want You promised to impart? Mar. Sir, time nor place Or wealth, raked up together with m Allow me to relate each circumstance, care. This only, in a word ; I know sir Giles And to be kept with more, when the h Will come upon you for security pines In being dispossess'd of what it longs fo For his thousand pounds, which you must not consent to. Beyond the Indian mines? or the sme As he grows in heat, as I am sure he will, brow Be you but rough, and say he's in your debt Of a pleased sire, that slaves me to his y Ten times the sum, upon sale of your land ; And so his ravenous humour may be fea I had a hand in't (I speak it to my shame) By my obedience, and he see me great, When you were defeated of it. Well. That's forgiven. Leaves to my soul nor faculties nor pow To make her own election ? Mar. I shall deserve it ; then urge him to All. But the dangers produce That follow the repulse-The deed in which you pass'd it over to him, 7 Marg. To me they are nothing ; Which I know he'll have about him, to de Let Allworth love, I cannot be unhappy liver Suppose the worst, that, in his rage, he To the lord Lovell, with many other writings, me ; And present monies : I'll instruct you further, A tear or two, by you dropt on my here As I wait on your worship : if I play not my In sorrow for my fate, will call back life prize So far as but to say, that I die yours : To your full content, and your uncle's much I then shall rest in peace : or should vexation. prove Hang up Jack Marrall. Well. I rely upon thee. So cruel, as one death would not suffice Exennt. His thirst of vengeance, but with linge torments. SCENE III .- A Room in Overreach's In mind and body, I must waste to nir. House In poverty join'd with banishment ; so Enter Allworth and Margaret. share All. Whether to vield the first praise to In my afflictions, which I dare not wish my lord's So high I prize you, I could undergo th Unequall'd temperance, or your constant With such a patience as should look do sweetness, With scorn on his worst malice, That I yet live, my weak hands fasten'd on All. Heaven avert Hope's anchor, spite of all storms of despair, Such trials of your true affection to me I yet rest doubtful. Nor will it unto you, that are all mercy Marg. Give it to lord Lovell ; Shew so much rigour : but since we i For what in him was bounty, in me's duty. run I make but payment of a debt to which

My vows, in that high office register'd,

Are faithful witnesses.

Such desperate hazards, let us do our be To steer between them.

Marg. Your lord's ours, and sure;

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	And though but a young actor, second me In doing to the life what he has plotted,	And lawful pleasure after : what would you more?
	Enter Overreach behind.	Marg. Why, sir, I would be married like your daughter ;
		Not hurried away i' the night I know not
	The end may yet prove happy. Now, my	whither,
	Allworth. Seeing her father.	Without all ceremony ; no friends invited
	All. To your letter, and put on a seeming	To honour the solemnity.
	anger.	All. An't please your honour,
	Marg. I'll pay my lord all debts due to	For so before to-morrow I must style you, My lord desires this privacy, in respect
	And when with terms, not taking from his	
	honour.	And his desires to have it done, brook
	He does solicit me, I shall gladly hear him.	So long delay as to expect their comit
	But in this peremptory, nay, commanding	And yet he stands resolv'd, with all
1	way, T' appoint a meeting, and, without my	pomp, As running at the ring, plays, masks, and
	knowledge,	tilting,
	A priest to tie the knot can ne'er be undone	
	Till death unloose it, is a confidence	When he has brought your honour up to London.
	In his lordship will deceive him. All. I hope better,	Over. He tells you true ; 'tis the fashion,
	Good lady.	on my knowledge :
	Marg. Hope, sir, what you please: for me	Yet the good lord, to please your peevish-
1	I must take a safe and secure course; I have	ness,
	A father, and without his full consent,	Must put it off, forsooth ! and lose a night,
	Though all lords of the land kneel'd for my favour,	In which perhaps he might get two boys on thee.
	I can grant nothing.	Tempt me no further, if you do, this goad
	Over. I like this obedience:	[Points to his sword.
1	[Comes forward.	Shall prick you to him.
		, Shan prick you to min.
. 8	But whatsoe'er my lord writes, must and	Marg. I could be contented,
	But whatsoe'er my lord writes, must and shall be	Marg. I could be contented, Were you but by, to do a father's part,
1	But whatsoe'er my lord writes, must and shall be Accepted and embraced. Sweet master	Marg. I could be contented, Were you but by, to do a father's part, And give me in the church.
1	But whatsoe'er my lord writes, must and shall be Accepted and embraced. Sweet master Allworth,	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,
	 But whatsoe'er my lord writes, must and shall be Accepted and embraced. Sweet master Allworth, You shew yourself a true and faithful servant 	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
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That are already offer'd; marriage first,

Over. Still perverse !

I say again, I will not cross my lord ; Yet I'll prevent you too .- Paper and ink, there ! All. I can furnish you. Over. 1 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. Well advised.

e ; away ;-[Margaret kneels.] My king, girl? thou hast it.

no reply, be gone :- good master Allworth,

This shall be the best night's work you ever made.

All. I hope so, sir.

[Excunt 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

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 motives were

That did, my lord, induce me to dispense

A little, with my gravity, to advance In personating some few favours to him,

The plots and projects of the down-trod Wellborn.

Nor shall I e'er repent, although I suffer

In some few men's opinions for't, the action ; For he that ventured all for my dear hus-

Might justly claim an obligation from me, To pay him such a courtesy ; which had I Coyly, or over-curiously denied,

It might have argued me of little love To the deceased.

- Lov. What you intended, Madam, For the poor gentleman, hath found success ;
- For, as I understand, his debts are pa And he once more furnish d for fair epment :

But all the arts that I have used to rai The fortunes of your joy and mine, Allworth,

Stand yet in supposition, though I hope For the young lovers are in wit

pregnant

Than their years can promise ; and for desires,

On my knowledge, they are equal L. All. As my wishes

Are with yours, my lord ; yet give me to fear

The building, though well grounded deceive

Sir Giles, that's both a lion and a fox In his proceedings, were a work beyon

The strongest undertakers ; not the tru Of two weak innocents.

Lov. Despair not, madam

Hard things are compass'd oft by means;

And judgment, being a gift derived heaven,

Though sometimes lodged in the heat worldly men,

That ne'er consider from whom they re

Forsakes such as abuse the giver of it. Which is the reason that the politic

And cunning statesman, that believ fathoms

The counsels of all kingdoms on the e Is by simplicity oft over-reach'd.

L. All, May he be so ! yet, in his 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 For had you, when that I was in my My virgin flower uncropp'd, presented With this great favour ; looking on my ness

Not in a glass of self-love, but of truth I could not but have thought it, as a blo 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 Over. [within.] Ha! find her, booby. 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 draw 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 That you were to your Allworth : in a word, Our years, our states, our births are not un-Do you use me thus? equal, You being descended nobly, and allied so ; If then you may be won to make me hap But join your lips to mine, and that shall be A solemn contract. writing ; L. All. I were blind to my own good, Should I refuse it ; [Kisses him.] yet, my lord, receive me years, I'll rack thy soul for't. 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 .--house? Enter Wellborn, handsomely apparelled. joy; You are welcome, sir. Now you look like yourself. Well. And will continue make courtsies Such in my free acknowledgment, that I am Your creature, madam, and will never hold receive As a special favour. My life mine own, when you please to command it. Lov. It is a thankfulness that well becomes you ; pay it; 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, You'll be taught better.-Well. Sir. By his minister, Marrall; he's grown into strange passions About his daughter: this last night he look d for Made you thus insolent? Your lordship at his house, but missing you, And she not yet appearing, his wise head Why, what are you, sir, unless in your years, Is much perplex'd and troubled. At the best, more than myself? Lov. It may be, Over. His fortune swells him : Sweetheart, my project took. Tis rank, he's married. L. All. This is excellent ! L. All. I strongly hope.

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 with-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 Over. I shall sol fa you, rogue ! Mar. Sir, for what cause Over. Cause, slave ! why, I am angry, And thou a subject only fit for beating, And so to cool my choler. Look to the Let but the seal be broke upon the box, That has slept in my cabinet these three 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 If they are, discover, that I may bid them-And, as an entrance to her place of honour, See your ladyship on her left hand, and When she nods on you; which you must L. All. When I know, sir Giles, Her state requires such ceremony, I shall But, in the meantime, 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, -Nephew. Over. No more ! Well. 'Tis all I owe you. Over. Have your redeem'd rags Well. Insolent to you !

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[Aside. ¥. ¥.

		AP
-	4 NEW WAY #0	NAU OI D DEDITE
418	A NEW WAY TO	PAY OLD DEBIS.
seldom us		Mar. Now put him to The shewing of the deed.
	with the cause that makes you	Aside to Weilbon
	pravely; there's a certain buz marriage, do you hear? of a	Well. This rage is vain, sir ; For fighting, fear not, you shall have you hands full,
In which, 'tis been coze	said, there's somebody hath	Upon the least incitement ; and whereas You charge me with a debt of a thousand
I name no par		pounds,
Over. Mar	l, sir, and what follows? y, this; since you are peremp-	If there be law, (howe'er you have no conscience,)
tory. Re	pe of your great match, I lent	Either restore my land, or I'll recover A debt, that's truly due to me from yos,
you	pounds : put me in good se-	In value ten times more than what ye challenge.
curity,		Over. I in thy debt O impudence di
	, by mortgage or by statute,	I not purchase
have you		That had continued in Wellborn's name
	our lavender robes to the gaol :	Twenty descents ; which, like a riotrus foo
you know And therefore		Thou didst make sale of? Is not be inclosed,
Well. Can		The deed that does confirm it mine ?-
So cruel to yo	ur nephew, now he's in	Mar. Now, now !
	se? was this the courtesy	Well. I do acknowledge none ; I ne
	n pure love, and no ends else?	pass'd over
estate,	me no ends ! engage the whole	Any such land : I grant, for a year or two You had it in trust ; which if you do di
	our spouse to sign it, you shall	charge,
have		Surrendering the possession, you shall ease
	r thousand more, to roar and	Yourself and me of chargeable suits in law
swagger,	bawdy taverns.	Which, if you prove not honest, as I doubt i Must of necessity follow.
	beg after;	L. All. In my judgment,
Mean you no		He does advise you well.
Over. My	thoughts are mine, and free.	Over. Good ! good ! conspire
Shall I have		With your new husband, lady; second his
	indeed you shall not, or bill, nor bare acknowledg-	In his dishonest practices ; but when This manor is extended to my use,
ment ;	or our, not mile acknowledg.	You'll speak in an humbler key, and sue for
Your great lo	oks fright not me.	favour.
	my deeds shall.	L. All. Never : do not hope it.
Outbraved !	Both draw.	Well. Let despair first seize me.
L 10	elp, murder ! murder !	Over. Yet, to shut up thy mouth, an make thee give
121 0 041	Enter Servants.	Thyself the lie, the loud lie, I draw out
	him come on,	The precious evidence ; if thou canst fo
	wrongs and injuries about him,	swear
Arm d with h	is cut-throat practices to guard	Thy hand and seal, and make a forfeit of [Opens the box, and displays the bond
	at I bring with me will defend	
And punish I	his extortion.	My interest clear-ha!
Over. Tha	t I had thee	L. All. A fair skin of parchment.
But single in		Well. Indented, I confess, and labels too
	ou may; but make not	But neither wax nor words. How ! thus
Over, We	ur quarrelling scene. re't in a church,	der struck? Not a syllable to insult with? My wis
	d hell, I'll do't.	uncle,

Is this your precious evidence, this that	Well. To him again.
makes	Over. O that I had thee in my gripe, I
Your interest clear?	would tear thee
Over. I am o'erwhelmed with wonder !	Joint after joint !
What prodigy is this? what subtle devil	Mar. I know you are a tearer.
Hath razed out the inscription? the wax	But I'll have first your fangs pared off, and
Turn'd into dust ! the rest of my deeds	then Come percents you y when I have discover'd
whole, As when they were deliver'd, and this only	Come nearer to you; when I have discover'd, And made it good before the judge, what
Made nothing ! do you deal with witches,	ways,
rascal?	And devilish practices, you used to cozen
There is a statute for you, which will bring	with
Your neck in an hempen circle; yes, there is;	An army of whole families, who yet alive,
And now 'tis better thought for, cheater,	And but enroll'd for soldiers, were able
know	To take in Dunkirk.
This juggling shall not save you.	Well. All will come out.
Well. To save thee,	L. All. The better.
Would beggar the stock of mercy.	Over. But that I will live, rogue, to tor-
Over. Marrall !	ture thee,
Mar. Sir.	And make thee wish, and kneel in vain, to
Over. Though the witnesses are dead,	die, These smalls that have then from me
your testimony	These swords, that keep thee from me,
Help with an oath or two: and for thy master.	should fix here, Although they made my body but one
Thy liberal master, my good honest servant,	Although they made my body but one wound,
I know thou wilt swear anything, to dash	But I would reach thee.
This cunning sleight : besides, I know thou	Lov. Heaven's hand is in this;
art	One bandog worry the other ! [Aside.
A public notary, and such stand in law	Over. I play the fool,
For a dozen witnesses : the deed being	And make my anger but ridiculous :
drawn too	There will be a time and place, there will be,
By thee, my careful Marrall, and deliver'd	cowards,
When thou wert present, will make good	When you shall feel what I dare do.
my title.	Well. I think so :
Wilt thou not swear this?	You dare do any ill, yet want true valour
[Aside to Marrall. Mar. I! no, I assure you :	To be honest, and repent. Over. They are words I know not,
I have a conscience not sear'd up like yours;	Nor e'er will learn. Patience, the beggar's
I know no deeds.	virtue.
Over. Wilt thou betray me?	
Mar. Keep him	Enter Greedy and Parson Willdo.
From using of his hands, I'll use my tongue,	Shall find no harbour here :after these
To his no little torment.	storms
Over. Mine own varlet	At length a calm appears. Welcome, most
Rebel against me !	welcome !
Mar. Yes, and uncase you too.	There's comfort in thy looks; is the deed
The ideal, the Patch, the slave, the booby,	done?
The property fit only to be beaten	Is my daughter married? say but so, my
For your morning exercise, your football, or The unprefitable lumb of fact, your drudge.	chaplain, And I am tame.
The unprofitable lump of flesh, your drudge; Can now anatomise you, and lay open	Willdo. Married ! yes, I assure you.
All your black plots, and level with the earth	Over. Then vanish all sad thoughts !
Your hill of pride : and, with these gabions	there's more gold for thee.
guarded.	My doubts and fears are in the titles
Unload my great artillery, and shake,	drown'd
Nay pulverize, the walls you think defend	Of my honourable, my right honourable
you.	daughter.
L. All. How he foams at the mouth with	Greedy. Here will be feasting ! at least
rage l	for a month,
	EE2

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I am provided : empty guts, croak no more, You shall be stuff'd like bagpipes, not with wind, But bearing dishes. Over. Instantly be here? [Whispering to Willdo. To my wish ! to my wish ! Now you that plot against me, And hoped to trip my heels up, that contemn'd me, Think on't and tremble :- [Loud music.]

they come ! I hear the music. A lane there for my lord !

Well. This sudden heat

May yet be cool'd, sir.

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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

1 ----- w not in passion ; since you may as well 1 back the day that's past, as untie the knot

sich is too strongly fasten'd : not to dwell) long on words, this is my husband. Ster. How !

All. So I assure you; all the rights 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 guild by children Baffled and fool'd, and all my hopes and in bours Defeated, and made void. Well. As it appears, ris (France 1 You are so, my grave uncle. Over. Village nurses +089 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 hope 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, 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 ! 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 1 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, mounted An it please your worship, to make the deed them? nothing? I can do twenty neater, if you please routed. 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 phans' tears, Not to be spoke in public : certain minerals sure, hangmen, Incorporated in the ink and wax .-Besides, he gave me nothing, but still fed me drag me With hopes and blows; and that was the inducement shapes, To this conundrum. If it please your worship To call to memory, this mad beast once caused me fall 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 spirits, 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 men. False servants still arrive at. [Exit. atheists. Re-enter Overteach. comfort, L. All. Come again ! Lov. Fear not, I am your guard. Wellborn. Well. His looks are ghastly. Willdo. Some little time I have spent. under your favours In physical studies, and if my judgment err anchor not, That I must fix on. He's mad beyond recovery : but observe him, And look to yourselves. My lord, I will allow of. Well. 'Tis the language Over. Why, is not the whole world Included in myself? to what use then Are friends and servants? Say there were a else squadron

Of pikes, lined through with shot, when I am Upon my injuries, shall I fear to charge

No: I'll through the battalia, and that

[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 or-

Will not be drawn. Ha! what are these?

That come to bind my hands, and then to

Before the judgment-seat : now they are new

And do appear like Furies, with steel whips To scourge my ulcerous soul. Shall I then

Ingloriously, and yield ? no ; spite of Fate, I will be forced to hell like to myself.

Though you were legions of accursed

Thus would I fly among you. [Rushes forward, and flings himself _____on the ground.

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 of.

All. You must be patient, mistress. Lov. Here is a precedent to teach wicked

That when they leave religion, and turn i

Their own abilities leave them. Pray you take

I will endeavour you shall be his guardians In his distractions : and for your land, master

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

All. What you shall determine,

That I speak too; but there is something

Beside the repossession of my land,



A NEW WAY TO PAY OLD DEBTS. 422 And payment of my debts, that I must Well. [coming forward.] Noth practise. then But your allowance-and in that I had a reputation, but 'twas lost In my loose course; and until I redcem it Is comprehended; it being known. Nor he that wrote the comedy, can Some noble way, I am but half made up. Without your manumission; whi Grant willingly, as a fair favour To the poets, and our labours, 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 may,) To my king and country, but I shall do For we despair not, gentiemen, of something That may make me right again. Lov. Your suit is granted, We jointly shall profess your s might To teach us action, and him how . And you loved for the motion.



The City Madam. DRAMATIS PERSONÆ. Ramble, } two hectors. Lord Lacy. Sir John Frugal, a merchant. Sir Maurice Lacy, son to lord Lacy. Ding'em, a pimp. Gettali, a box-keeper. Mr. Plenty, a country gentleman. Luke Frugal, brother to sir John. Page, Sheriff, Marshal, Serjcants. Lady Frugal. Goldwire senior, Tradewell senior, two gentlemen. Anne, } her daughters. Goldwire junior, their sons, apprentices Tradewell junior, to sir John Frugal. Milliscent, her woman. Stargaze, an astrologer. Shave'em. a courtesan. Hoyst, a decayed gentleman. Secret, a bawd. Orpheus, Charon, Cerberus, Chorus, Fortune, decayed merchants. Musicians, Porters, Servants. Holdfast, steward to sir John Frugal. SCENE.-London. With hopes above their birth, and scale; ACT L their dreams are SCENE I .- A Room in Sir John Frugal's Of being made countesses; and they take House. state. Enter Goldwire junior and Tradewell As they were such already. When you junior. went Gold. The ship is safe in the Pool then? To the Indies, there was some shape and proportion Trade. And makes good In her rich fraught, the name she bears, Of a merchant's house in our family; but The Speedwell. since My master will find it ; for, on my certain My master, to gain precedency for my misknowledge, tress. For every hundred that he ventured in her, Above some elder merchants' wives, was She hath return'd him five. knighted. 'Tis grown a little court in bravery, Gold. And it comes timely ; For, besides a payment on the nail for a Variety of fashions, and those rich ones : There are few great ladies going to a mask manor Late purchased by my master, his young That do outshine ours in their every-day habits. daughters Trade. 'Tis strange, my master, in his Are ripe for marriage. Trade. Who? Nan and Mall? wisdom, can Gold. Mistress Anne and Mary, and with Give the reins to such exorbitance. some addition, Gold. He must, Or there's no peace nor rest for him at home : Or 'tis more punishable in our house Than scandalum magnatum. I grant his state will bear it ; yet he's cen-Trade. 'Tis great pity sured Such agentleman as my master (for that title For his indulgence, and, for sir John Frugal, By some styled sir John Prodigal. His being a citizen cannot take from him) Hath no male heir to inherit his estate, Trade. Is his brother, Master Luke Frugal, living? And keep his name alive. Gold. Yes; the more Gold. The want of one, His misery, poor man ! Trade. Still in the counter? Swells my young mistresses, and their madam-mother,

pleased her,

Gold. In a worse place. He was redeem'd To the speech of your lady-mether, so in from the hole, To live, in our house, in hell ; since, his base usage Consider'd, 'tis no better. My proud lady Admits him to her table ; marry, ever Beneath the salt, and there he sits the subject Of her contempt and scorn ; and dinner ended, His courteous nieces find employment for him Fitting an under-prentice, or a footman, And not an uncle. Trade. I wonder, being a scholar Well read, and travell'd, the world yielding means For men of such desert, he should endure it. Gold. He does, with a strange patience ; and to us, The servants, so familiar, nay humble ! Enter Stargaze, Lady Frugal, Anne, Mary, and Milliscent, in several affected postures, with looking-glasses at their girdles. I'll tell you-but I am cut off. Look these Like a citizen's wife and daughters? Trade. In their habits They appear other things : but what are the motives Of this strange preparation? Gold. The young wagtails Expect their suitors : the first, the son and heir Of the lord Lacy, who needs my master's money, As his daughter does his honour ; the second, Mr. Plenty. A rough-hewn gentleman, and newly come To a great estate ; and so all aids of art In them's excusable. L. Frug. You have done your parts here : To your study ; and be curious in the search Exit Stargaze. Of the nativities. Trade. Methinks the mother, As if she could renew her youth, in care, Nay curiosity, to appear lovely, Comes not behind her daughters. Gold. Keeps the first place ; And though the church-book speak her fifty, they That say she can write thirty, more offend her. Than if they tax'd her honesty : t'other day, A tenant of hers, instructed in her humour, But one she never saw, being brought before her. For saying only, Good young mistress, help

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That he got his lease renew'd for't. Trade. How she bristles ! Prithee, observe her. Mill, As I hope to see A country knight's son and heir walk be before you When you are a countess, as you may be one When my master dies, or leaves trading: and I, continuing Your principal woman, take the upper hand Of a squire's wife, though a justice, as | must By the place you give me ; you look now as young As when you were married. L. Frug. I think I bear my years well. Mill. Why should you talk of years? Time hath not plough'd One furrow in your face ; and were you not known The mother of my young ladies, you might pass For a virgin of fifteen. Trade. Here's no gross flattery 1 Will she swallow this? Gold. You see she does, and glibly, Mill. You never can be old ; wear but a mask Forty years hence, and you will still seen young In your other parts. What a waist is here O Venus ! That I had been born a king ! and here hand To be kiss'd ever ;- pardon my boldnes madam. Then, for a leg and foot, you will be courte When a great grandmother. L. Frug. These, indeed, wench, are no So subject to decayings as the face ; Their comeliness lasts longer. Mill. Ever, ever ! Such a rare featured and proportion madam. London could never boast of. L. Frug. Where are my shoes? Mill. Those that your ladyship gave orde should Be made of the Spanish perfum'd skins ? L. Frug. The same. Mill. I sent the prison-bird this morning for them ;

But he neglects his duty.

Anne. He is grown Exceeding careless.

Mary. And begins to murmur

At our commands, and sometimes grumbles to us. He is, forsooth, our uncle ! L. Frug. He is your slave, And as such use him. Anne. Willingly ; but he's grown Rebellious, madam. Gold. Nay, like hen, like chicken. L. Frug. 111 humble him. Enter Luke, with shoes, garters, fans, and roses. Gold. Here he comes, sweating all over : He shews like a walking frippery. L. Frug. Very good, sir : Were you drunk last night, that you could rise no sooner, With humble diligence, to do what my daughters And woman did command you? Luke, Drunk, an't please you ! L. Frug. Drunk, I said, sirrah t dar'st thou, in a look, Repine or grumble? Thou unthankful wretch, Did our charity redeem thee out of prison, (Thy patrimony spent,) ragged and lousy, When the sheriff's basket, and his broken meal, Were your festival-exceedings ! and is this So soon forgotten? Luke. 1 confess I am Your creature, madam. L. Frug. And good reason why You should continue so. Anne, Who did new clothe you? Marg. Admitted you to the dining-room? Mill. Allow'd you A fresh bed in the garret? L. Frug. Or from whom Received you spending money? Luke, I owe all this To your goodness, madam; for it you have my prayers, The beggar's satisfaction : all my studies (Forgetting what I was, but with all duty Remembering what I am) are how to please And if in my long stay I have offended, I ask your pardon; though you may consider, Being forced to fetch these from the Old Exchange, These from the Tower, and these from Westminster, I could not come much sooner. Gold. Here was a walk

To breathe a footman 1 Anne, 'Tis a curious fan.

Mary. These roses will shew rare : would 'twere in fashion That the garters might be seen too ! Mill. Many ladies That know they have good legs, wish the same with you ; Men that way have the advantage. Luke. I was with The lady, and delivered her the satin For her gown, and velvet for her petticoat ; This night she vows she'll pay you. Aside to Goldwire. Gold. How I am bound To your favour, master Luke ! Mill. As I live, you will Perfume all rooms you walk in. L. Frug. Get your fur, You shall pull them on within. [Exit Luke, Gold. That servile office Her pride imposes on him, Sir John. [within.] Goldwire! Trade-well 1 Trade, My master calls,-We come, sir. Exennt Goldwire and Tradewell. Enter Holdfast, and Porters with baskets, &c. L. Frug. What have you brought there? Hold. The cream o' the market ; Provision enough to serve a garrison, I weep to think on't : when my master got His wealth, his family fed on roots and livers, And necks of beef on Sundays,-But now I fear it will be spent in poultry ; Butcher's-meat will not go down. L. Frug. Why, you rascal, is it At your expense? what cooks have you provided? Hold. The best of the city: they've wrought at my lord mayor's. Anne. Fie on them ! they smell of Fleetlane, and Pie-corner. Mary. And think the happiness of man's life consists In a mighty shoulder of mutton, L. Frug. I'll have none Shall touch what I shall cat, you grumbling cur, But Frenchmen and Italians; they wear satip. And dish no meat but in silver. Hold, Vou may want, though. A dish or two when the service ends. L. Frag. Leave prating ;

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I'll have my will : do you as I command you.

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SCENE II - The Street before Friend's	Work for shopkeepers and their chubs, 'tis
SCENE II.—The Street before Frugal's	scurvy,
House.	And the women will laugh at us.
Enter Sir Maurice Lacy and Page.	Sir Maur. You presume
Sir Maur. You were with Plenty?	On the protection of your hinds.
Page. Yes, sir.	Plenty. I scorn it:
Sir Maur. And what answer	Though I keep men, I fight not with their
Return'd the clown?	fingers,
Page. Clown, sir ! he is transform'd,	Nor make it my religion to follow
And grown a gallant of the last edition ;	The gallant's fashion, to have my family Consisting in a footman and a page,
More rich than gaudy in his habit ; yet	And those two sometimes hungry. I can
The freedom and the bluntness of his	feed these.
language	And clothe them too, my gay sir.
Continues with him. When I told him that	Sir Maur. What a fine man
You gave him caution, as he loved the peace	Hath your tailor made you i
And safety of his life, he should forbear	Plenty. Tis quite contrary,
To pass the merchant's threshold, until you,	I have made my tailor, for my clothes are
Of his two daughters, had made choice of	paid for
her	As soon as put on ; a sin your man of this
Whom you design'd to honour as your wife,	Is seldom guilty of ; but Heaven forgive it !
He smiled in scorn.	I have other faults, too, very incident
Sir Maur. In scorn!	To a plain gentleman : I cat my venison
Page. His words confirm'd it;	With my neighbours in the country, and
They were few, but to this purpose : Tell	present not
your master, Though his lordship in reversion were now	My pheasants, partridges, and growse to
his.	the usurer ;
It cannot awe me. I was born a freeman,	Nor ever yet paid brokage to his scrivener.
And will not yield, in the way of affection,	I flatter not my mercer's wife, nor feast l.er
Precedence to him : I will visit them,	With the first cherries, cr peaseods, to pre-
Though he sate porter to deny me entrance :	pare me
When I meet him next, I'll say more to his	Credit with her husband, when I come to
face.	London.
Deliver thou this : then gave me a piece,	The wool of my sheep, or a score or two of
To help my memory, and so we parted.	fat oxen
Sir Maur. Where got he this spirit?	In Smithfield, give me money for my expenses. I can make my wife a jointure of such lands
Page. At the academy of valour,	too
Newly erected for the institution	As are not encumber'd ; no annuity
Of elder brothers; where they are taught	Or statute lying on them. This I can do,
the ways,	An it please your future honour, and why,
Though they refuse to seal for a duellist,	therefore.
How to decline a challenge. He himself	You should forbid my being suitor with you,
Can best resolve you.	My dullness apprehends not.
Enter Plenty and three Servants.	Page. This is bitter. Aside.
	Sir Maur. I have heard you, sir, and in
Sir Maur. You, sir !	my patience shewn
Plenty. What with me, sir?	Too much of the stoic. But to parley further,
How big you look ! I will not loose a hat	Or answer your gross jeers, would write me
To a hair's breadth : move your beaver, I'll	coward.
move mine;	This only,—thy great-grandfather was a
Or if you desire to prove your sword, mine	
hangs As near my right hand, and will as soon out;	And his son a grazier; thy sire, constable
though I keep not	Of the hundred, and thou the first of your dunghill
A fencer to breathe me. Walk into Moor-	
fields-	on, sir,
I dare look on your Toledo. Do not shew	You and your thrashers.
A toolish valour in the streets, to make	Plenty. Stir not, on your lives.
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THE CITY MADAM. 427 This for the grazier,-this for the butcher. But by this fair hand, glove and all. I love They fight. you. [To Mary. Sir Maur. So, sir ! Exennt all but Luke. Page. I'll not stand idle; draw! [to the Enter Hoyst, Penury, and Fortune. Servan's.] my little rapier, Against your bumb blades ! I'll one by one Luke. You are come with all advantage. I will help you dispatch you, Then house this instrument of death and To the speech of my brother. horror For. Have you moved him for us? Luke. With the best of my endeavours, Enter Sir John Frugal, Luke, Goldwire and I hope junior, and Tradewell junior. You'll find him tractable. Pen. Heaven grant he prove so ! Sir John. Beat down their weapons. My Hoyst. Howe'er, I'll speak my mind. gate ruffian's hall ! What insolence is this? Enter Lord Lacy. Luke. Noble sir Maurice. Luke. Do so, master Hoyst. Worshipful master Plenty-Sir John. I blush for you. Go in : I'll pay my duty to this lord, And then I am wholly yours. [Excunt Hoyst, Penury, and Fortune. Men of your quality expose your fame To every vulgar censure ! this at midnight, Heaven bless your honour ! After a drunken supper in a tavern, L. Lacy. Your hand, master Luke : the (No civil man abroad to censure it,) world's much changed with you Had shewn poor in you; but in the day, and Within these few months; then you were view the gallant: Of all that pass by, monstrous ! No meeting at the horse-race, cocking, Plenty. Very well, sir; hunting, You look'd for this defence. Sir Maur. Tis thy protection; Shooting, or bowling, at which master Luke Was not a principal gamester, and com-But it will deceive thee. panion Sir John. Hold, if you proceed thus, For the nobility. I must make use of the next justice's power, Luke. I have paid dear And leave persuasion; and in plain terms For those follies, my good lord ; and 'tis but tell you, justice That such as soar above their pitch, and Enter Lady Frugal, Anne, Mary, and will not Milliscent. Be warn'd by my example, should, like me,. Neither your birth, sir Maurice, nor your Share in the miseries that wait upon it. Your honour, in your charity, may do well wealth. Shall privilege this riot. See whom you have Not to upbraid me with those weaknesses, drawn Too late repented. To be spectators of it ! can you imagine L. Lacy. I nor do, nor will; And you shall find I'll lend a helping hand It can stand with the credit of my daughters, To be the argument of your swords? i'the To raise your fortunes : how deals your street too? brother with you? Nay, ere you do salute, or I give way Luke. Beyond my merit, I thank his. To any private conference, shake hands goodness for't. I am a free man, all my debts discharged ; In sign of peace : he that draws back, parts with Nor does one creditor, undone by me, My good opinion. [7h This is as it should be [They shake hands.] Curse my loose riots. I have meat and clothes, Make your approaches, and if their affection Time to ask heaven remission for what's. Can sympathise with yours, they shall not past ; Cares of the world by me are laid aside, come, On my credit, beggars to you. I will hear My present poverty's a blessing to me; And though I have been long, I dare not say What you reply within. Sir Maur. May I have the honour I ever lived till now. To support you, lady? [To Anne. L. Lacy. You bear it well; Plenty. I know not what's supporting, Yet as you wish I should receive for truth

What you deliver, with that truth acquaint me

With your brother's inclination. I have heard,

In the acquisition of his wealth, he weighs not

Whose ruins he builds upon.

Luke. In that, report

Wrongs him, my lord. He is a citizen, And would increase his heap, and will not lose

- What the law gives him : such as are worldly wise
- Pursue that track, or they will ne'er wear scarlet.

But if your honour please to know his temper, You are come opportunely. I can bring you Where you, unseen, shall see and hear his carriage

Towards some poor men, whose making, or undoing.

Depends upon his pleasure.

L. Lacy. To my wish :

I know no object that could more content me. Exeunt.

· SCENE III. - A Counting-room in Frugal's House.

Enter Sir John Frugal, Hoyst, Fortune, Penury, and Goldwire junior.

Sir John. What would you have me do? reach me a chair.

When I lent my monies I appear'd an angel; But now I would call in mine own, a devil. Hoyst. Were you the devil's dam, you must stay till I have it,

For as I am a gentleman-

Re-enter Luke, behind, with Lord Lacy, whom he places near the door.

Luke. There you may hear all.

Hoyst. I pawn'd you my land for the tenth part of the value :

Now, 'cause I am a gamester, and keep ordinaries.

And a livery punk or so, and trade not with The money-mongers' wives, not one will be bound for me :

'Tis a hard case ; you must give me longer day,

Or I shall grow very angry.

Sir John. Fret, and spare not.

I know no obligation lies upon me

With my honey to feed drones. But to the purpose,

How much owes Penury?

Gold. 'Two hundred pounds :

His bond three times since forfeited. Sir John. Is it sued?

Gold. Yes, sir, and execution out aga him.

Sir John. For body and goods? Gold. For both, sir.

Sir John. See it served. Pen. I am undone ; my wife and f Must starve for want of bread.

Sir John. More infidel thou,

In not providing better to support them

What's Fortune's debt? Gold. A thousand, sir.

Sir John. An estate

For a good man! You were the glorious trader,

Embraced all bargains ; the main venturer In every ship that launch'd forth ; kept your wife

As a lady ; she had her caroch, her choice Of summer houses, built with other men's monies

- Ta'en up at interest, the certain road
- To Ludgate in a citizen. Pray you acquaint me,

How were my thousand pounds employ'd? For. Insult not

On my calamity ; though, being a debtor, And a slave to him that lends, I must endure it.

Yet hear me speak thus much in my defence ; Losses at sea, and those, sir, great and many,

By storms and tempests, not domestical riots In soothing my wife's humour, or mine own, Have brought me to this low ebb.

Sir John. Suppose this true,

- What is't to me? I must and will have my money,
- Or I'll protest you first, and, that done, have
- The statute made for bankrupts served upon you.

For. 'Tis in your power, but not in mine to shun it.

Luke [comes forward.] Not as a brother, sir, but with such duty,

As I should use unto my father, since

- Your charity is my parent, give me leave
- To speak my thoughts. Sir John. What would you say? Luke. No word, sir,

I hope, shall give offence ; nor let it relish

Of flattery, though I proclaim aloud,

I glory in the bravery of your mind,

- To which your wealth's a servant. Not that riches
- Is, or should be, contemn'd, it being blessing

Derived from heaven, and by your industry Pull'd down upon you ; but in this, dear sir,

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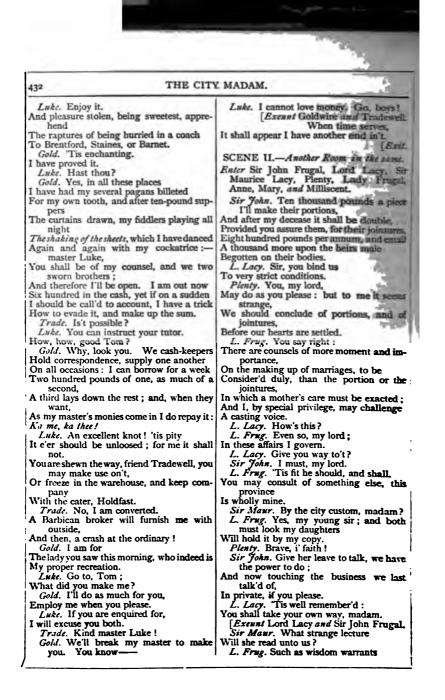
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	Y MADAM. 42
You have many equals : such a man's pos sessions	- Then for revenge, by great souls it was eve Contemn'd, though offered ; entertain'd b
Extend as far as yours ; a second hath	none
His bags as full; a third in credit flies	But cowards, base and abject spirits
As high in the popular voice : but the dis	
tinction	To moral honesty, and never yet
And noble difference by which you are	Acquainted with religion.
Divided from them, is, that you are styled,	L. Lacy. Our divines
Sentle in your abundance, good in plenty;	
And that you feel compassion in your bowel	
of others' miseries, (I have found it, sir,	Talk'd out of my money?
Heaven keep me thankful for't !) while the	
are cursid	To do yourself a benefit, and preserve
s rigid and inexorable.	What you possess entire.
Sir John. I delight not	Sir John. How, my good brother?
to hear this spoke to my face.	Luke. By making these your beadsmen
Luke. That shall not grieve you.	When they eat,
our affability, and mildness, clothed	Their thanks, next heaven, will be paid to
n the garments of your [thankful] debtors	
breath,	When your ships are at sea, their prayer
hall everywhere, though you strive to con-	will swell
ceal it,	The sails with prosperous winds, and guar
Be seen and wonder'd at, and in the act	them from
With a prodigal hand rewarded. Whereas,	
such	houses
is are born only for themselves, and live so,	
hough prosperous in worldly understand-	
ings,	Luke. Write you a good man in the
re but like beasts of rapine, that, by odds	people's hearts,
If strength, usurp, and tyrannize o'er others	
rought under their subjection.	Sir John. If this could be
L. Lacy. A rare fellow !	Luke. It must, or our devotions are bu
am strangely taken with him.	words.
Luke. Can you think, sir,	I see a gentle promise in your eye,
n your unquestion d wisdom, I beseech you,	
he goods of this poor man sold at an out-	In being the instrument.
cry,	Sir John. You shall prevail;
Iis wife turn'd out of doors, his children	Give them longer day : but, do you hear, no
forced	talk of t.
o beg their bread; this gentleman's estate,	
y wrong extorted, can advantage you?	change,
Hoyst. If it thrive with him, hang me, as	
it will damn him,	Which money-men hate deadly. Take your
he be not converted.	own time,
Luke. You are too violent.	
	But see you break not. Carry them to the
or that the ruin of this once brave merchant,	Cellar;
or such he was esteem'd, though now	
decay'd,	Pen. On our knees, sir.
vill raise your reputation with good men?	For. Honest master Luke !
ut you may urge, (pray you pardon me,	Hoyst. I bless the counter, where
my zeal	You learn'd this rhetoric.
lakes me thus bold and vehement,) in this	Luke. No more of that, friends.
ou satisfy your anger, and revenge	[Excunt Luke, Hoyst, Fortune, and
or being defeated. Suppose this, it will	Penury. Lord Lacy comes for ward.
not	Sir John. My honourable lord.
epair your loss, and there was never yet	L. Lacy. I have seen and heard all.
ut shame and scandal in a victory,	Excuse my manners, and wish heartily
Then the rebels unto reason, passions,	You were all of a piece. Your charity to your
fought it.	debtors,
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I do commend ; but where you should express ACT IL Your piety to the height, I must boldly tell you, SCENE L -A Room in Sir John Fragels You shew yourself an atheist. House. Sir John. Make me know Enter Luke, Holdfast, Goldwire juni My error, and for what I am thus censured. Tradewell junior. And I will purge myself, or else confess Hold. The like was never seen A guilty cause. L. Lucy. It is your harsh demeanour Luke. Why in this rage, man? To your poor brother. Hold. Men may talk of country Sir John. Is that all? L. Lacy. 'Tis more masses, and court-gluttony, Their thirty-pound butter'd eggs, th Than can admit defence. You keep him as of carps' tongues, A parasite to your table, subject to Their pheasants drench'd with amberenie The scorn of your proud wife ; an underling the carcases Of three fat wethers bruised for gravy, to To his own nieces: and can I with mine honour Make sauce for a single peacock ; yet their Mix my blood with his, that is not sensible feasts Were fasts, compared with the city's, Of his brother's miseries? Sir John. Pray you, take me with you ; Trade. What dear dainty And let me yield my reasons why I am Was it, thou murmur'st at? No opener-handed to him. I was born Hold. Did you not observe it? There were three sucking pigs serv'd up in His elder brother, yet my father's fondness To him, the younger, robb'd me of my birtha dish, Ta'en from the sow as soon as farrowed, right: He had a fair estate, which his loose riots A fortnight fed with dates, and muskadine. Soon brought to nothing ; wants grew heavy That stood my master in twenty marks apiece, Besides the puddings in their bellies, made on him. And when laid up for debt, of all forsaken, Of I know not what .-- I dare swear the And in his own hopes lost, I did redeem him. cook that dress'd it L. Lacy. You could not do less. Was the devil, disguised like a Dutchman. Sir John. Was I bound to it, my lord? Gold. Yet all this What I possess I may, with justice, call Will not make you fat, fellow Holdfast. The harvest of my industry. Would you Hold. I am rather have me, Starv'd to look on't. But here's the mischief-though Neglecting mine own family, to give up The dishes were raised one upon another, My estate to his disposure? L. Lacy. I would have you, As woodmongers do billets, for the first, What's pass'd forgot, to use him as a brother; The second, and third course, and most of the shops A brother of fair parts, of a clear soul, Of the best confectioners in London ran-Religious, good, and honest. Sir John. Outward gloss sack'd. Often deceives, may it not prove so in him ! To furnish out a banquet ; yet my lady And yet my long acquaintance with his Call'd me penurious rascal, and cried out, There was nothing worth the eating. nature Gold. You must have patience, Renders me doubtful; but that shall not make This is not done often. Hold. 'Tis not fit it should ; A breach between us : let us in to dinner, And what trust, or employment you think fit, Three such dinners more would break an Shall be conferr'd upon him : if he prove alderman, True gold in the touch, I'll be no mourner And make him give up his cloak : I am for it. resolv'd L. Lacy. If counterfeit, I'll never trust my To have no hand in't. I'll make up my [Excunt. judgment. accompts. And since my master longs to be undone, The great fiend be his steward : I will prav, And bless myself from him 1 Exit. Gold. The wretch shews in this An honest care.

on him ! with the fortune has the mind of one. How-	And you take your receipts, as 'tis the
mas the mind of one. How-	fashion, For fifty balar of silk you may write forth:
a hord I like my lady's humans	For fifty bales of silk you may write forty;
e hard, I like my lady's humour, ther's suffrage to it. They are	Or for so many pieces of cloth of bodkin, Tissue gold silver volvets sating taffetas
ther's sumage to n. They he	Tissue, gold, silver, velvets, satins, taffetas, A piece of each deducted from the gross
and a one side apper for	
hands; one side enger for	Will ne'er be miss'd, a dash of a pen will
ons, the other arguing strictly	do it.
and security; but this	Trade. Ay, but our fathers' bonds, that
our scale, no way concerns us.	lie in pawn
a look ! in the mean time, how	For our honesties, must pay for t.
ou	Luke. A mere bugbear,
e hours?	Invented to fright children ! As I live,
well know how we would,	Were I the master of my brother's fortunes,
serve our wills.	I should glory in such servants. Didst thou
eing prentices,	know
nd to attendance.	What ravishing lechery it is to enter
ve you almost served out	An ordinary, cap-à-pie, trimm'd like a gal-
your indentures, yet make con-	lant,
and and an and an and	For which, in trunks conceal'd, be ever
use your liberty Hast thou	furnish'd ;
[To Tradewell.	The reverence, respect, the crouches,
world, exposed unto all dangers,	cringes,
master rich, yet dar'st not take	The musical chime of gold in your cramm d
n of the profit for thy pleasure?	pockets,
u, [to Gold.] being keeper of	Commands from the attendants, and poor
he had been a second se	porters
that carries dainties, feed on	Trade. O rare !
	Luke. Then sitting at the table with
lemen born, yet have no gallant	The braveries of the kingdom, you shall hear
	Occurrents from all corners of the world,
you? you are no mechanics,	The plots, the counsels, the designs of
some needy shopkeeper, who	princes,
and the second s	And freely censure them; the city wits
ay takings : you have in your	Cried up, or decried, as their passions lead
	them ;
ealth, from which you may take	
and the second s	Trade. Admirable !
be discover'd. He's no rich man	Lake. My lord no sooner shall rise out of
s all he possesses, and leaves	his chair,
the prostant with spinster	The gaming lord I mean, but you may
ants to make prey of. I blush	boldly,
and project a man	By the privilege of a gamester, fill his room,
ir poverty of spirit ; you,	For in play you are all fellows; have your
parks of the city I	knife
ster Luke,	As soon in the pheasant ; drink your health
u should urge this, having felt	as freely, And striking in a lucky hand or two
y follows riut.	And, striking in a lucky hand or two,
nd the penance.	Buy out your time.
for't in the counter.	Trade. This may be; but suppose
u are fools,	We should be known?
not the same; I spent mine own	
t being small an month	And you may pass invisible. Or, if
ck being small, no marvel 'twas	
asted ;	nostril
hour the least doubt or suspicion,	Be taken with the scent of cambric smocks,
	Wrought and perfumed
s, may make bold with your	
5	Gold. There, there, master Luke, There lies my road of happiness !



 With his several schemes? With his several schemes? With his several schemes? With And Stargaze 1 lady : what is he? L. Frag. Call him in(Exit MillisentYou shall first know him, then admire him For a man of mary parts, and those parts He's every thing, indeed ; parcel physician, had as uch prescribes my diet, and foretes My dreams when I eat pofatoes ; parcel post. My dreams when I eat pofatoes ; parcel post. My dreams when I eat pofatoes ; parcel post. My dreams when I eat pofatoes ; parcel post. My dreams when I eat pofatoes ; parcel post. My dreams when I eat pofatoes ; parcel post. My dreams when I eat pofatoes ; parcel post. My dreams when I eat pofatoes ; parcel post. My dreams on y with us shoute master. Mudicial astrology. Plenty. Stargaze 1 sure Juided by that ne'er-erring science call'd, uicical astrology. Plenty. Stargaze 1 sure Sure Now pargen y almanack about me inscribed to you, as to his patronness, in his name publish'd. L. Frag. Keep it as a jewel. Sore nay laitude in Christendom, has well as our own climate. Ster Maur. I believe so. Plenty. Must we couple by the almanack? K. Frag. Resilent; 'Sinosible 1 Star. Maur. I believe so. Plenty. Must we couple by the almanack? K. Frag. Resilent; 'Sinosible 1 Star. No mainie Plenty. Good learn'd sir, in English ; 'And since it is resolved we must be corcoms. Make us so in our own language. Star. You are pleasant : Thus in our vulgar tongue then. Star. You are pleasant : Thus in our own language. Star. You are pleasant : Thus in our own language. Star. You are pleasant : Thus in our own language. Star. You are pleasant : Thus in our own language. Star. You are pleasa	 With his several schemes? Mill. Yes, madam, and attends Mill. Yes, madam, and attends Your pleasure. Sir Maur. Stargaze 1 lady: what is he? L. Frug. Call him in.—[Exti Milliscent.] —You shall first know him, then admire him For a man of mary parts, and those parts rare ones. He's every thing, indeed; parcel physician, And as such prescribes my diet, and foretels and sthe stars move, with that due proportion He walks before me: but an absolute master. Guided by that ne'er-erring science call'd, Judicial astrology. Plenty. Stargaze ! sure I have a penny almanack about me Inscribed to you, as to his patronness, as well as our own climate. Re-enter Milliscent, followed by Stargaze, with two schemes. Sir Maur. I believe so. Plenty. Must we couple by the almanack? C. Frug. Be silent; Maur. I believe so. Plenty. Must we couple by the almanack? L. Frug. Be silent; Maur. I believe so. Plenty. Must we couple by the almanack? L. Frug. Tis drawn, I assure you, from aphorisms of the old Chaldeans, Zoroa the first and greatest magician, Mercu Tis drawn, I assure you, from aphorisms of the old Chaldeans, Zoroa the first and greatest magician, Mercu Tist and stawn, I assure a sumation of the stars, against whinfluence There is no opposition.
 With his several schemes? With his several schemes? With his several schemes? With And Stargaze 1 lady : what is he? L. Frag. Call him in(Exit MillisentYou shall first know him, then admire him For a man of mary parts, and those parts He's every thing, indeed ; parcel physician, had as uch prescribes my diet, and foretes My dreams when I eat pofatoes ; parcel post. My dreams when I eat pofatoes ; parcel post. My dreams when I eat pofatoes ; parcel post. My dreams when I eat pofatoes ; parcel post. My dreams when I eat pofatoes ; parcel post. My dreams when I eat pofatoes ; parcel post. My dreams when I eat pofatoes ; parcel post. My dreams when I eat pofatoes ; parcel post. My dreams on y with us shoute master. Mudicial astrology. Plenty. Stargaze 1 sure Juided by that ne'er-erring science call'd, uicical astrology. Plenty. Stargaze 1 sure Sure Now pargen y almanack about me inscribed to you, as to his patronness, in his name publish'd. L. Frag. Keep it as a jewel. Sore nay laitude in Christendom, has well as our own climate. Ster Maur. I believe so. Plenty. Must we couple by the almanack? K. Frag. Resilent; 'Sinosible 1 Star. Maur. I believe so. Plenty. Must we couple by the almanack? K. Frag. Resilent; 'Sinosible 1 Star. No mainie Plenty. Good learn'd sir, in English ; 'And since it is resolved we must be corcoms. Make us so in our own language. Star. You are pleasant : Thus in our vulgar tongue then. Star. You are pleasant : Thus in our own language. Star. You are pleasant : Thus in our own language. Star. You are pleasant : Thus in our own language. Star. You are pleasant : Thus in our own language. Star. You are pleasa	 With his several schemes? With his several schemes? Mill. Yes, madam, and attends Your pleasure. Sir Maur. Stargaze 1 lady: what is he? L. Frug. Call him in.—[Exti Milliscent, followed by the almanack? Molly Me a sour own climate. Re-enter Milliscent, followed by Stargaze, with two schemes. Sir Maur. I believe so. Plenty. Must we couple by the almanack? C. Frug. Be islent: Mat as our own climate. Re-enter Milliscent, followed by Stargaze, with two schemes. Sir Maur. I believe so. Plenty. Must we couple by the almanack? L. Frug. Be islent: Sir Maur. I believe so. Plenty. Must we couple by the almanack? L. Frug. Be islent: Sir Maur. I believe so. Plenty. Must we couple by the almanack? L. Frug. Be islent: Sir Maur. I believe so. Plenty. Must we couple by the almanack? L. Frug. Be islent: Star I no mani Star I no mani Sir Maur. I believe so. Plenty. Must we couple by the almanack? L. Frug. Be islent: Star I no matritage. And since it is resolved we must be cox Plenty. Good learn'd sir, in English ; And since it is resolved we must be cox Plenty. Good learn'd sir, in English ; And since it is resolved we must be cox
$\begin{array}{llllllllllllllllllllllllllllllllllll$	 Mill. Yes, madam, and attends Your pleasure. Sir Maur. Stargaze 1 lady : what is he? L. Frug. Call him in. — [Exit Milliscent.] —You shall first know him, then admire him For a man of many parts, and those parts rare ones. He's every thing, indeed ; parcel physician. And as such prescribes my diet, and forcetes My dreams when I eat potatoes; parcel pet. And as the stars move, with that due proportion. He walks before me: but an absolute master. In the calculation of nativities ; Guided by that ne'er-erring science call'd, Judicial astrology. Plenty. Stargaze ! sure I have a penny almanack about me Inscribed to you, as to his patronness, In his name publish'd. Sir Maur. I believe so. Plenty. Keep it as a jewel. Some statesmen that I will not name are wholly Re-enter Milliscent, followed by Stargaze, wilk two schemes. Sir Maur. I believe so. Plenty. Must we couple by the almanack? Kend since it is resolved we must be coxatter for any latitude in Christendom, And are we do articulate, much more Grow to a full conclusion, instruct us Whether this day and hour, by the planets, promise Happy success in marriage. Star. I no omni Puenty. Guession instruct us Whether this day and hour, by the planets, promise Plenty. Good learn'd sir, in English ; And since it is resolved we must be coxatter. Plenty. Good learn'd sir, in English ; And since it is resolved we must be coxatter. Plenty. Good learn'd sir, in English ; And since it is resolved we must be coxatter. Plenty. Hoto do learn'd sir, in English ; And since it is resolved we must be coxatter. Plenty. In what? L. Frug. That you And since it is resolved we must be coxatter. Plenty. Bool learn'd sir, in English ; And since it is resolved we must be coxatter. Plenty. God
 four pleasure. four pleasure. for a man of mary parts, and those parts fare ones. fe's every thing, indeed ; parcel physician, and as use prescribes my diet, and forctels fu'y antecedent, or my geniteman-usher, and as the stars move, with that due proportion ' fu value before me : but an absolute master option ' fe valks before me : but an absolute master option ' fe valks before me : but an absolute master in the calculation of nativities ; fu dicial astrology. <i>Plenty</i>. Wearing the breeches, you mean <i>L</i>. <i>Frag</i>. Be incredulous ; <i>To</i> me, 'is oracle. <i>Sur</i>. Now for the sovereignty of my future is a principal one, and, with Londo Ladies, your daughters, after they are man opublish'. <i>L</i>. <i>Frug</i>. This sinfallible: Satumout of all dignities; in the resentia and cacidental dignities; is cocidental from the sun, in the grow and accidental dignities; is cocidental from the sun, oriental from the angle of the easu in origon and mars in a constel asign commanding, and Mars in a constel first and greatest magician, Mercunit Tismegistus, the later Polemy, and the everlasting prognosticator, old Erra Pater. <i>Star. You</i>, are pleasant : <i>Star. Nawe</i>, You are pleasant : <i>Star. Nawe</i>, You are pleasant : <i>Star. Sire</i>, The angels' language 1 I an nvish'd : forward. <i>Star. Sure</i>, The angels' language 1 I an nvish'd : forward. 	 Your pleasure. Sir Maur. Stargaze 1 lady : what is he? Sir Maur. Stargaze 1 lady : what is he? L. Frug. Call him in. — [Exit Milliscent. — You shall first know him, then admire him For a man of many parts, and those parts rare ones. He's every thing, indeed ; parcel physician, And as such prescribes my diet, and foretels My dreams when I eat potatoes; parcel poty. And as the stars move, wilt that due proportion He walks before me : but an absolute master. And as the stars move, wilt that due proportion He walks before me : but an absolute master. In the calculation of nativities; i Guided by that ne'er-erring science call'd, Judicial astrology. Plenty. Stargaze ! sure I have a penny almanack about me Inscribed to you, as to his patronness, In his name publish'd. L. Frug. Keep it as a jewel. Some statesmen that I will not name are wholly Govern'd by his predictions; for they serve. For any latitude in Christendom, As well as our own climate. Re-enter Milliscent, followed by Stargaze. will two schemets. Sir Maur. I believe so. Plenty. Must we couple by the almanack? K. Frug. Be silent; And ere we do articulate, much more Grow to a full conclusion, instruct us Whether this day and hour, by the planets, promise Plenty. Good learn'd sir, in English; And since it is resolved we must be cox-
Sir Maur. Stargaze 1 lady: what is he? L. Frug. Call him in. $-[Exit Milliscent.]$ -You shall first know him, then admire him or a man of mary parts, and those parts rare ones. Let sever thing, indeed; parcel physician. And as such prescribes my diet, and foretels My dreams when I eat potatoes; parcel poet, hid as the stars move, with that due pro- portion 'the valks before me: but an absolute master in the calculation of nativities; 'Sur. Now for the sovereignty of my futur My antecedent, or my genuleman-usker, nut as the stars move, with that due pro- portion 'the valks before me: but an absolute master in the calculation of nativities; 'Sur. This isinfallible: Saturn out of all dig nuise in his aderiment and fall, combust: an <i>Plenty</i> . Mat we complexit as a jewel. Some statesmen that I will not name are wholly Sovern' d by his predictions; for they scrue Ma well as our own climate. Sir Maur. I believe so. <i>Plenty</i> . Must we couple by the almanack? <i>L. Frug.</i> Be silent; Mad ere we do articulate, much more Grow to a full conclusion, instruct us Whether this day and hour, by the planets, <i>promise</i> <i>Plenty</i> . Good learn' disr, in English; And since it is resolved we must be cox- combs, <i>Star.</i> You are pleasant: Thus in our vulgar rongue then. <i>Star.</i> You are pleasant: <i>L. Frug.</i> That you Make us so in our own language. <i>Star.</i> You are pleasant: <i>Star.</i> Make you are pleasant: <i>Star.</i> You are pleasant: <i>L. Frug.</i> The angle' language 1 I an nivish'd : forward. <i>Star.</i> Mars, ns I sid, lord of the horo- <i>Star.</i> Star. Star. Star. Star. Star. Star. Star. Star. Star.	 Sir Maur. Stargaze I lady : what is he? L. Frug. Call him in. — [Exit Milliscent.] —You shall first know him, then admire him For a man of many parts, and those parts rare ones. He's every thing, indeed ; parcel physician, And as such prescribes my diet, and foretels. He's every thing, indeed ; parcel physician, And as such prescribes my diet, and foretels. My dreams when I eat potatoes; parcel poet, and as such prescribes my diet, and foretels. My antecedent, or my gentleman-usher, And as the stars move, with that due proportion He walks before me : but an absolute master; Guided by that ne'er-erring science call'd, Judicial astrology. Plenty. Stargaze ! sure I have a penny almanack about me Inscribed to you, as to his patronness, In har a penny almanack about me Soften and publish'd. L. Frug. Keep it as a jewel. Some statesmen that I will not name are wholly Govern'd by his predictions ; for they serve. For Maur. I believe so. Plenty. Must we couple by the almanack?, with two schemes. Sir Maur. I believe so. Plenty. Must we couple by the almanack?, with two schemes. Sir Maur. I believe so. Plenty. Must we couple by the almanack?, with two schemes. Sir Maur. I believe so. Plenty. Must we couple by the almanack?, promise May and hour, by the planets, promise Happy success in marriage. Star. In ommi Plenty. Good learn'd sir, in English ; And since it is resolved we must be cox-
L. Frug. Call him in (Exit Milliscent.) You shall first know him, then admire him For a man of many parts, and those parts Re's every thing, indeed; parcel physician, And as such prescribes my diet, and foretests My dreams when I eat potatoes; parcel poet, My antecedent, or my gentleman-usher, And as the stars move, will that due pro- portion the walks before me: but an absolute master portion the walks before me: but an absolute master functical astrology. Plenty. Stargaze ! sure have a penny almanack about me nscribed to you, as to his patronness, in his name publish d. L. Frug. Kneel, and how parts Sure Now for the sovering ty of my future ladies, your daughters, after they are ma <i>L. Frug.</i> Touch that point home : <i>Star. Now for the sovereignty of my future</i> <i>Plenty.</i> Wearing the breeches, you mean L. <i>Frug.</i> Touch that point home : <i>Star. Now for hes overeignty of my future</i> ladies, your daughters, after they are ma <i>Plenty.</i> Wearing the breeches, you mean <i>L. Frug.</i> This is a principal one, and, with Londo ladies, <i>Star. The Soure of the soury</i> <i>Plenty.</i> Stargaze ! sure <i>Nenserial from the angle of the easy</i> in his name publish d. <i>L. Frug.</i> Reep it as a jewel. Sore Auer Milliscent, <i>followed by</i> Stargaze, <i>with two schemes.</i> <i>Star. Ma ommi</i> <i>Plenty.</i> Must we couple by the almanack? <i>L. Frug.</i> Be silent; Made erw ed oarticulate, much more <i>Frug.</i> Good leam'd sir, in English; And since it is resolved we must be con- <i>Star. Na ommi</i> <i>Plenty.</i> How hanguage. <i>Star. Jan ommi</i> <i>Plenty.</i> How hanges' language ! I an <i>nvish'd</i> : forvard. <i>Star. The Make you demands</i> ; <i>The sin our vulgar tongue then.</i> <i>L. Frug.</i> The angels' language ! I an <i>nvish'd</i> : forvard. <i>Star. Make you demands</i> ; <i>The sin am opurtices funguege</i> ! I an <i>nvish'd</i> : forvard. <i>Star. Mars, ns</i> i sid, lord of the horo- <i>Star. Mars, ns</i> i sid, lord of the horo- <i>S</i>	 L. Frug. Call him in.—[Žizit Milliscent.] —You shall first know him, then admired him —You shall first know him, then admired him For an of many parts, and those parts <i>L. Frug.</i> Be incredulous; To me, 'its oracle. <i>Slar.</i> Now for the sovereignty of my fur ladies, your daughters, after they are in reid. <i>Plenty.</i> Stargaze ! sure I have a penny almanack about me inscribed to you, as to his patronness, In his name publish'd. <i>Plenty.</i> Keep it as a jewel. <i>Sovern'd by his predictions ; for they serve wholly</i> <i>Re-enter Milliscent, followed by</i> Stargaze, with two schemes. <i>Re-enter Milliscent, followed by</i> Stargaze, with two schemes. <i>Sir Maur.</i> 1 believe so. <i>Plenty.</i> Must we couple by the almanck? <i>Plenty.</i> Must we couple by the almanck? <i>Plenty.</i> Good learn'd sir, in English ; And since it is resolved we must be cox-
-You shall first know him, then admire him For a man of many parts, and those parts rare ones. He's every thing, indeed ; parcel physician, And as such prescribes my diet, and forcels Mad sings encomiums to my virtues sweetly; My antecedent, or my gentleman-usher, And as the stars move, with that due pro- portion He walks before me: but an absolute matter in the calculation of nativities; Suided by that ne'er-erring science call'd, udicial astrology. Plenty. Stargaze ! sure have a penny almanack about me nscribed to you, as to his patronness, in his name publish'd. L. Frug. Keep it as a jewel. Some statesmen that I will not name are wholly Povern'd by his predictions ; for they serve tor any latitude in Christendom, As well as our own climate. <i>Re-enter</i> Milliscent, followed by Stargaze, with two schemes. L. Frug. Be silent; And er we do articulate, much more Forw to a full conclusion, instruct us Make us so in our own language. Star. In ommi Star. In ommi Star. J. momai L. Frug. They you observe him. Star. Jamet you are pleasant : Thus in our vulgar tongue then. L. Frug. The angels' language 1 I an nivish'd : forward. Star. Star, Star, Star Stard is so in our own language. Star. You are pleasant : Thus in our vulgar tongue then. L. Frug. The angels' language 1 I an nivish'd : forward. Star. Star, Star, Star Stard Stard Stare Stare Matter Ptolemy, and the star Tris draw, I a sure you, from tha phorisms of the old Chaldeans. Zoroastic the first and greatest magician, Mercurit Tismegistus, the latter Ptolemy, and the veriasting prognosticator, old Erra Pater. <i>Star. Nou</i> are pleasant : Thwer nequisite the services and duties Which, as you say, I must pay to my wife Were set down in the calendar. Star. Mars, ns I said, lord of the horo- Nur, Mars, ns I said, lord of the horo- Star. Stare.	You shall first know him, then admire him For a man of many parts, and those parts rare ones. He's every thing, indeed; parcel physician, And as such prescribes my diet, and foretels My antecedent, or my gentleman-usher, And as the stars move, with that due pro- portion He walks before me: but an absolute master In the calculation of nativities; Guided by that ne'e-erring science call'd, Judicial astrology. <i>Plenty.</i> Stargaze ! sure I have a penny almanack about me Inscribed to you, as to his patronness, In his name publish'd. <i>L. Frug.</i> Keep it as a jewel. Some statesmen that I will not name are wholly Govern'd by his predictions; for they serve for any latitude in Christendom, As well as our own climate. <i>Re-enter</i> Milliscent, followed by Stargaze, with two schemes. Sir Maur. I believe so. <i>Plenty.</i> Must we couple by the almanack? <i>L. Frug.</i> Be silent; And ere we do articulate, much more Grow to a full conclusion, instruct us Whether this day and hour, by the planets, promise Happy success in marriage. Star. <i>I nommi</i> <i>Plenty.</i> Good learn'd sir, in English ; And since it is resolved we must be cox-
him For a man of many parts, and those parts rare ones. He's every thing, indeed ; parcel physician, And as such prescribes my diet, and forctels My dreams when leat potatoes; parcel poet. My antecedent, or my gentleman-usher, And as the stars move, with that due pro- portion portion the walks before me: but an absolute master, and as the stars move, with that due pro- portion the walks before me: but an absolute master. Suided by that ne'er-erring science call'd, uicical astrology. <i>Plenty.</i> Stargare ! sure have a penny almanack about me nscribed to you, as to his patronness, L. Frug. Keep it as a jewel. Sovern'd by his predictions ; for they serve for any latitude in Christendom, as well as our own climate. <i>Re-enter</i> Milliscent, followed by Stargare, with two schemes. <i>Sir Maur.</i> I believe so. <i>Plenty.</i> Good learn'd sir, in English; And since it is resolved we must be cox- combs, <i>Star. In omni</i> <i>Extre, et toto.</i> <i>Star. In omni</i> <i>Extre, et toto.</i> <i>Star. In omni</i> <i>Extre, et toto.</i> <i>Star. In omni</i> <i>Extre, et toto.</i> <i>Star. Ynug.</i> The angels' language 1 I an nvivish'd : forward. <i>Star. Yrug.</i> The angels' language 1 I an nvivish'd : forward. <i>Star. Star. Mars,</i> ns I said, lord of the hore- <i>Star. Wan sr,</i> as I said, lord of the hore- <i>Star. Mars,</i> ns I said, lord of the hore- <i>Star. Wan,</i> sa, s I said, lord of the hore- <i>Star. Wan,</i> sa, s I said, lord of the hore- <i>Star. Mars,</i> ns I said, lord of the hore- <i>Star. Wan,</i> said, lord of the hore- <i>Star. Mars,</i> ns I said, lord of th	 him Sir Maur. For what we understand r Plenty. And have as little failth in ? Sir Maur. For what we understand r Plenty. And have as little failth in ? Sir Maur. For what we understand r Plenty. And have as little failth in ? Sir Maur. For what we understand r Plenty. And have as little failth in ? Sir Maur. For what we understand r Plenty. And have as little failth in ? Sir Maur. For what we understand r Plenty. And have as little failth in ? Sir Maur. For what we understand r Plenty. And have as little failth in ? Sir Maur. For what we understand r Plenty. Stargaze ! Sir Maur. I believe so. Plenty. Must we couple by the almanack: L. Frug. Be silent; And ere we do articulate, much more Grow to a full conclusion, instruct us Whether this day and hour, by the planets, promise Happy success in marriage. Star. In ommi Plenty. Good learn'd sir, in English ; And since it is resolved we must be coxx.
 For a man of many parts, and those parts rare ones. For a man of many parts, and those parts rare ones. For a man of many parts, and those parts rare ones. For a man of many parts, and those parts rare ones. For a man of many parts, and those parts rare ones. For a man of many parts, and those parts rare ones. For a man of many parts, and those parts rare ones. For a man of many parts, and those parts rare ones. For an value of the super of the super one pointon portion He walks before me: but an absolute matter in the calculation of nativities; in the as penny almanack about me inscribed to you, as to his partonness, in his name publish'd. For any altitude in Christendom, As well as our own climate. For Maur. I believe so. For Maur. I be	 For a man of many parts, and those parts rare ones. For a man of many parts, and those parts rare ones. For a man of many parts, and those parts rare ones. For an an of many parts, and those parts rare ones. For an land signed; parcel physician, And as such prescribes my diet, and foretels My dreems when I eat potatoes; parcel poet, And sings encomiums to my virtues sweetly; My antecedent, or my gentleman-usher, portion Hat stars move, with that due pro- portion He walks before me: but an absolute master in the calculation of nativities; Guided by that ne'er-erring science call'd, ludicial astrology. Plenty. Stargaze ! sure I has name publish'd. Come statesmen that I will not name are wholly Govern'd by his predictions; for they serve wholly Govern'd by his predictions; for they serve with two schemes. Sir Maur. I believe so. Frag. Be silent; And ere we do articulate, much more Grow to a full conclusion, instruct us Whether this day and hour, by the planets, promise Happy success in marriage. Star. In ommi Plenty. Good learn'd sir, in English ; And since it is resolved we must be cox-
 <i>L. Frug.</i> Be incredulous; <i>L. Frug.</i> Be incredulous; <i>Come</i>, 'tis oracle. <i>Star.</i> Now for the sovereignty of my future had as the stars move, with that due proportion <i>Plenty.</i> Wearing the breeches, you mean <i>L. Frug.</i> Touch that point home: <i>It is a principal one, and, with Londo ladies,</i> <i>Plenty.</i> Wearing the breeches, you mean <i>L. Frug.</i> Touch that point home: <i>It is a principal one, and, with Londo ladies,</i> <i>Plenty.</i> Stargaze ! sure <i>It is a principal one, and, with Londo ladies,</i> <i>Plenty.</i> Stargaze ! sure <i>Star.</i> This is infallible : Saturn out of all dig, in caxini of the sun, in her sesontial and accidental dignities; occidental from the angle elevated above him lady of both their nativities; in her essential and accidental dignities; occidental from the angle of the east of the sun, oriental from the angle of the east in caxini of the sun, oriental from the angle of the east in caxini of the sun, oriental and could had ease, or any latitude in Christendom, the well as our own climate. <i>Stir Maur.</i> I belive so. <i>Stir Maur.</i> I belive so. <i>Plenty.</i> Must we couple by the almanack? <i>L. Frug.</i> The solved we must be coxombs, in auringe. <i>Star. No an pleasant</i>: <i>Star. You are pleasant</i>: <i>L. Frug.</i> The angle's language ! I am rivish'd : forward. <i>Star. Mourr.</i> Mit he west angle, the house of marriage the seventh house, in trime of <i>Star. Mourr.</i> Mine hatth the van; i stand your chands; star. <i>Star. Mourr.</i> Mine hatth the van; i stand your chanders, <i>Star. Mourr.</i> Mine hatth the van; i stand your chanders. 	L. Frug. Be incredulous; L. Frug. Be incredulous; To me, 'tis oracle. Star. Now for the sovereignty of my ful ladies, your daughters, after they are m ried. My antecedent, or my gentleman-usher, And as the stars move, with that due pro- portion He walks before me: but an absolute master n the calculation of nativities; Buided by that ne'e-erring science call'd, udicial astrology. Plenty. Stargaze ! sure have a penny almanack about me nscribed to you, as to his patronness, in his name publish'd. L. Frug. Keep it as a jewel. Some statesmen that I will not name are wholly Bovern'd by his predictions; for they serve for any latitude in Christendom, swell as our own climate. Re-enter Milliscent, followed by Stargaze, with two schemes. Sir Maur. I believe so. Plenty. Must we couple by the almanack? <i>L. Frug.</i> Be silent; And ere we do articulate, much more Grow to a full conclusion, instruct us Whether this day and hour, by the planets; Pappy success in marriage. Star. In ommi Purte, et toto. Plenty. Good learn'd sir, in English; And since it is resolved we must be cox.
 He's every thing, indeed ; parcel physician, and as such prescribes my diet, and foretes, dy dreams when I eat potatoes; parcel potet, and sings encomiums to my virtues sweetly; and sings encomiums to my virtues sweetly; and as the stars move, with that due proportion ' e walks before me: but an absolute matter is the calculation of nativities; is a principal one, and, with Londo I adies, your daughters, after they are maintered in the calculation of nativities; is a principal one, and, with Londo I adies, your daughters, after they are maintered is promise the senter maintered is promise. <i>Re-enter</i> Milliscent, followed by Stargaze, with two schemets. <i>Sir Maur.</i> I believe so. <i>Plenty.</i> Must we couple by the almanack? <i>Arg. Prag.</i> Be slient; ' Mad since it is resolved we must be cord of the form the magine the services in marriage. Star. In ownip success in marriage. <i>Star.</i> You are pleasant: '' Thus in our vulgar tongue then. '' <i>L. Frug.</i> The angels' language I I am rivish d: forward. <i>Star.</i> Yeaus, in the west angle, the house of marriage the seventh house, in trine of Star. Yeaus, in the west angle, the house of marriage the seventh house, in trine of Star. Yeaus, in the west angle, the house of marriage the seventh house, in trine of Star. Yeaus, The angels' language I I am rivish d: forward. <i>Star. Maur.</i> The angels' language I I am rivish d: forward. <i>Star. Maur.</i> The angels' language I I am rivish d: forward. <i>Star. Maur.</i> The angels' language I I am rivish d: forward. <i>Star. Maur.</i> Star, as a suid, lord of the hore-''s and solute sore solutions. <i>Star. Maur.</i> The angels' language I I am rivish d: forward. <i>Star. Maur.</i> The angels' language I I am rivish d: forward. <i>Star. Maur.</i> The angels' language I I am rivish d: forward. <i>Star. Maur.</i> Star, as a suid, lord of the hore-''s solute. 	 He's every thing, indeed; parcel physician, and as such prescribes my diet, and foretels My dreams when I eat pofatoes; parcel postion? My antecedent, or my gentleman-usher, And as the stars move, with that due proportion? He walks before me: but an absolute master n the calculation of nativities; Suided by that ne'er-erring science call'd, udicial astrology. Plenty. Stargaze ! sure I. Frug. Keep it as a jewel. Somen statesmen that I will not name are wholly Govern'd by his predictions; for they serve? For my latitude in Christendom, As well as our own climate. Recenter Milliscent, followed by Stargaze, with two schemes. Sir Maur. I believe so. Plenty. Must we couple by the almanack? L. Frug. Be silent; Ma since it is resolved we must be cox. To me, 'tis oracle. Star. Now for the sovereignty of my fullower of the sun, or price is no opposition. To me, 'tis oracle. Star. Now for the sovereignty of my fullower of my fullower of the sun, or price of the sun, oriental from the angle of the ein carpin of the sun, oriental from the angle of the ein carpin of the sun, oriental from the angle of the ein carpin of the sun, oriental from the angle of the ein carpin of the sun, in her joy, and from the malevolent beams of infortunes a sign commanding, and Mars in a commutation. L. Frug. Is' possible ! Star. Tis drawn, I assure you, from traities of the old Chaldeans, Zoroa the first and greatest magician, Mcreu Trismegistus, the later Ptolemy, and evertasting prognosticator, old Erra Pat L. Frug. That you Are bound to obey your wives; it being Determined by the stars, against whillowe influence
 Star. Now for the sovereignty of my futuue ladies, your daughters, after they are mained by the late sovereignty of my futuue ladies, your daughters, after they are mained by the lates here chees, you mean the stars move, with that due proportion. He walks before me: but an absolute master in the calculation of nativities; Suided by that ne'er-erring science call'd, uicical astrology. Plenty. Stargaze ! sure have a penny almanack about me scribed to you, as to his patronness, in his name publish'd. L. Frug. Keep it as a jewel. Some statesmen that I will not name are wholly worker d by his predictions; for they serve for any latitude in Christendom, has well as our own climate. Recenter Milliscent, followed by Stargaze, with two schemes. Sir Maur. I believe so. Plenty. Must we couple by the almanack? L. Frug. Be silent; And since it is resolved we must be combox. Star. You are pleasant : Thus in our wulgar tongu chen. Star. You are pleasant : Sta	And as such prescribes my diet, and foretels My dreams when I eat potatoes; parcel poet, My antecedent, or my gentleman-usher, And as the stars move, with that due pro- portionStar. Now for the sovereignty of my fur ladies, your daughters, after they are m ladies, your daughters, after they are m in as the stars move, with that due pro- portionIe walks before me : but an absolute master n the calculation of nativities ; Guided by that ne'er-erring science call'd, udicial astrology.Star. This isn'fallible : Saturn out of all, on by is predictions; for they serve some statesmen that I will not name are whollyRecenter Milliscent, followed by Stargaze, with two schemes.Star. This is deriment and fall, combust: Venus in the south angle elevated above h lady of both their nativities; occidental fignities; occidental
My dreams when I cat pofatoes; parcel poet, And sings encomiums to my virtues sweetly; And as the stars move, with that due pro- portion He walks before me: but an absolute master n the calculation of nativities; Suided by that ne'er-erring science call'd, udicial astrology. Plenty. Kargaze I sure have a penny almanack about me nscribed to you, as to his patronness, a his name publish'd. L. Frug. Keep it as a jewel. Some statesmen that I will not name are wholly Bovern'd by his predictions; for they serve to any latitude in Christendom, As well as our own climate. Re-enter Milliscent, followed by Stargaze, with two schemes.Laties, your daughters, after they are ma reading the bayes of the sun, in her escants and accidental dignities; occidental fro the sun, oriental from the angle of the east in cazini of the sun, in her joy, and fre from the malevolent beams of infortunes; i a sign commanding, and Mars in a constel lation obeying; she fortunate, and he diceted: the disposers of marriage in th radix of the native in feminine figures, argun fore to a full conclusion, instruct us Whether this day and hour, by the planets, promiseStar. Neus, in the west angle, the house of marriage the seventh house, in trime of Mars, in conjunction of Luna; and Mars, in conjunction of Luna; and Mars	My antecedent, or my gentleman-usher, And as the stars move, with that due pro- portionIadies, your daughters, after they are n red.And as the stars move, with that due pro- portionPlenty. Wearing the breeches, you me L. Frug. Touch that point home : It is a principal one, and, with Long Iadies, Of main consideration. Slar. This is infallible : Saturn out of all uticial astrology.Plenty. Stargaze ! sure have a penny almanack about me nscribed to you, as to his patronness, in his name publish'd. L. Frug. Keep it as a jewel. Some statesmen that I will not name are wholly Bovern'd by his predictions ; for they serve tor any latitude in Christendom, ts well as our own climate.Of main consideration. Slar. This is infallible : Saturn out of all naccidental dignities ; occidental f the sun, oriental dignities ; occidental f the sun oriental dignities ; occidental f in the suscer you, from tradix of the native in feminine figures, arg foretel, and declare rule, pre-eminence, a absolute sovereignty in women. L. Frug. Is't possible ! Slar. Tis drawn, I assure you, from tradige in radix of the out of chaldeans, Zoroa the first and greatest magician, Mercu Trismegistus, the later Ptolemy, and everlasting prognosticator, old Erra Pat L. Frug. The you yet satisfied ? Plenty. In what? L. Frug. The you Are bound to obey your wives ; it being
 ind as the stars move, with that due proportion de walks before me: but an absolute master guided by that neer-erring science call'd, udicial astrology. Pleaty. Stargaze ! sure have a penny almanack about mescribed to you, as to his patronness, in his name publish'd. <i>L. Frug.</i> Keep it as a jewel. Some statesmen that I will not name are wholly Sorem d by his predictions ; for they serve for any latitude in Christendom, is well as our own climate. <i>Re-enter</i> Milliscent, followed by Stargaze, with thou schemest. <i>Sir Maur.</i> 1 believe so. <i>Plenty.</i> Must we couple by the almanack? <i>L. Frug.</i> Be silent; And ere we do articulate, much more Grow to a full conclusion, instruct us With two schemest. <i>Star. Tommis</i> <i>Plenty.</i> Good learn'd sir, in English; And since it is resolved we must be coxcombs, Make us so in our own language. <i>Star.</i> You are pleasant: <i>Star.</i> You are ple	 And sings encomiums to my virtues sweetly; My antecedent, or my gentleman-usher, And as the stars move, with that due proportion He walks before me: but an absolute master, function of nativities; Guided by that ne'er-erring science call'd, udicial astrology. Plenty. Wearing the breeches, you me It is a principal one, and, with Long ladies, Of main consideration. Star. This is infallible: Saturn out of all nities in his detriment and fall, combust: Venus in the south angle elevated above his nation obeying; she fortunate, and her joy, and from the malevolent beams of infortunes a sign commanding, and Mars in a come lation obeying; she fortunate, and he jected : the disposers of marriage in radix of the native in feminine figures, arg foretel, and declare rule, pre-eminence, with two schemes. Sir Maur. I believe so. Plenty. Must we couple by the almanack? And ere we do articulate, much more Grow to a full conclusion, instruct us Whether this day and hour, by the planets, promise Happy success in marriage. Star. I nommi Plenty. Good learn'd sir, in English; And since it is resolved we must be cox.
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Star. Mars, as I said, lord of the horo- Star. Sileuc.	

Anne. I require first, And that, since 'tis in fashion with kind husbands, In civil manners you must grant, my will In all things whatsoever, and that will To be obey'd, not argued. L. Frug. And good reason. Plenty. A gentle imprimis ! Sir Maur. This in gross contains all : But your special items, lady. Anne. When I am one And you are honour'd to be styled my husband. To urge my having my page, my gentleman-My woman sworn to my secrets, my caroch Drawn by six Flanders mares, my coachman, grooms, Postillion, and footmen. Sir Maur. Is there aught else To be demanded? Anne. Yes, sir, mine own doctor. French and Italian cooks, musicians, songsters, And a chaplain that must preach to please my fancy : A friend at court to place me at a masque ; The private box ta'en up at a new play, For me and my retinue ; a fresh habit, Of a fashion never seen before, to draw The gallants' eyes, that sit on the stage, upon me; Some decayed lady for my parasite, To flatter me, and rail at other madams ; And there ends my ambition, Sir Maur, Your desires Are modest, I confess ! Anne. These toys subscribed to, And you continuing an obedient husband, Upon all fit occasions you shall find me A most indulgent wife. L. Frug. You have said ; give place, And hear your younger sister, Plenty. If she speak Her language, may the great fiend, booted and spurr'd, With a sithe at his girdle, as the Scotchman says, Ride headlong down her throat ! Sir Manr, Curse not the judge, Before you hear the sentence. Mary. In some part My sister hath spoke well for the city pleasures. But I am for the country's ; and must say, Under correction, in her demands She was too modest.

Sir Maur. How like you this exordium? Plenty. Too modest, with a mischief !-

Mary. Yes, too modest :

I know my value, and prize it to the next My youth, my beauty-

Pienty. How your glass deceives you! Mary. The greatness of the portion bring with me,

And the sea of happiness that from the flows to you. Sir Maur. She bears up close.

Mary. And can you, in your wistom, Or rustical simplicity, imagine

You have met some innocent country gin that never

- Look'd further than her father's farm, n knew more
- Than the price of corn in the market ; or what rate
- Beef went a stone ? that would survey yo dairy.
- And bring in mutton out of cheese a butter?
- That could give directions at what time the moon

To cut her cocks for capons against Christm Or when to raise up goslings?

Plenty. These are arts

Would not misbecome you, though should put in

Obedience and duty. Mary. Yes, and patience,

To sit like a fool at home, and eve a thrashers ;

- Then make provision for your slaver hounds,
- When you come drunk from an alcho after hunting

With your clowns and comrades, as if were yours,

You the lord paramount, and I the drud The case, sir, must be otherwise,

Plenty. How, I beseech you?

Mary, Marry, thus : I will not, like sister, challenge

What's useful or superfluous from my band,

That's base all o'er; mine shall ree from me

What I think fit ; I'll have the state conve Into my hands, and he put to his pensio Which the wise viragos of our climate p tise ;-

I will receive your rents.

Plenty. You shall be hang'd first. Mary, Make sale or purchase : nay, have my neighbours

Instructed, when a passenger shall ask, Whose house is this? (though you si by) to answer,

The lady Plenty's. Or who owns this man



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The lady Plenty. Whose sheep are these, whose oxen?	Add much unto your handsomeness ; but as
	You would command your husbands, you
The lady Plenty's. <i>Plenty</i> . A plentiful pox upon you !	are beggars,
Mary. And when I have children, if it be	Deform'd and ugly.
inquired	L. Frug. Hear me. Plenty. Not a word more.
By a stranger, whose they are ?they shall	<i>Excunt</i> Sir Maurice Lacy and Plenty,
still echo,	
My lady Plenty's, the husband never thought	Anne. I ever thought it would come to this. Mary. We may
on.	Lead apes in hell for husbands, if you bind us
<i>Plenty.</i> In their begetting : I think so.	To articulate thus with our suitors.
Mary. Since you'll marry	Both speak weeping.
In the city for our wealth, in justice, we	Star. Now the cloud breaks,
Must have the country's sovereignty.	And the storm will fall on me. [Aside.
Plenty. And we nothing.	L. Frug. You rascal ! juggler !
Mary. A nag of forty shillings, a couple	[She breaks Stargaze's head, and beats.
of spaniels,	him.
With a sparhawk, is sufficient, and these	Star. Dear madam.
too,	L. Frug. Hold you intelligence with the
As you shall behave yourself, during my	stars,
pleasure,	And thus deceive me !
I will not greatly stand on. I have said, sir,	Star. My art cannot err;
Now if you like me, so.	If it does, I'll burn my astrolabe. In mine
L. Frug. At my entreaty,	own star
The articles shall be easier.	I did forsee this broken head, and beating ;
Plenty. Shall they, i' faith?	And now your ladyship sees, as I do feel it,
Like bitch, like whelps.	It could not be avoided.
Sir Maur. Use fair words.	L. Frug. Did you?
Plenty. I cannot;	Star. Madam,
I have read of a house of pride, and now I	Have patience but a week, and if you find not
have found one :	All my predictions true, touching your
A whirlwind overturn it !	daughters,
Sir Maur. On these terms,	And a change of fortune to yourself, a rate
Will your minxship be a lady?	one,
Plenty. A lady in a morris:	Turn me out of doors. These are not the
I'll wed a pedlar's punk first	men the planets
Sir Manr. Tinker's trull,	Appointed for their husbands; there will
A beggar without a smock.	come
Plenty. Let monsieur almanack,	Gallants of another metal.
Since he is so cunning with his Jacob's staff,	Mill. Once more trust him.
Find you out a husband in a bowling-alley.	Anne. Mary. Do, lady-mother.
Sir Maur. The general pimp to a brothel.	L. Frug. I am vex'd, look to it;
Plenty. Though that now	Turn o'er your books; if once again you
All the loose desires of man were raked up	fool me, You shall grave elsewhere : come girls
in me, And no means but the maidenhead left to	You shall graze elsewhere : come, girls.
And no means but thy maidenhead left to quench them	Slar. I am glad I scaped thus. [Aside. Excunt.]
quench them, I would turn cinders, or the next sow-	[ristue. Excunt.
gelder,	SCENE III _ Another Boom in the same
On my life, should lib me, rather than em-	SCENE III.—Another Room in the same.
brace thee.	Enter Lord Lacy and Sir John Frugal.
Anne. Wooing do you call this !	L. Lacy. The plot shews very likely.
Mary. A bear-baiting rather.	Sir John. I repose
Plenty. Were you worried, you deserve	
it, and I hope	prepare
I shall live to see it.	The physic I intend to minister
Sir Maur. I'll not rail, nor curse you :	To my wife and daughters.
Only this, you are pretty peats, and your great portions	L. Lacy. I will do my parts, To set it off to the life.

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Enter Sir Maurice Lacy, and Plenty. Sir John. It may produce A scene of no vulgar mirth. Here come the suitors ; When we understand how they relish my wife's humours, The rest is feasible. L. Lacy. Their looks are cloudy. Sir John. How sits the wind? are you ready to launch forth Into this sea of marriage? Plenty. Call it rather, A whirlpool of afflictions. Sir Maur. If you please To enjoin me to it, I will undertake To find the north passage to the Indies sooner, Than plough with your proud heifer. Plenty, I will make A voyage to hell first.-Sir John. How, sir! Plenty. And court Proserpine, In the sight of Pluto, his three-headed porter, Cerberus, standing by, and all the Furies With their whips to scourge me for't, than say, I Jeffrey Take you, Mary, for my wife. L. Lacy. Why, what's the matter? Sir Maur. The matter is, the mother (with your pardon, I cannot but speak so much) is a most unsufferable, Proud, insolent lady. Plenty. And the daughters worse. The dam in years had the advantage to be wicked. But they were so in her belly. Sir Maur. I must tell you, With reverence to your wealth, I do begin To think you of the same leaven. Plenty. Take my counsel ; Tis safer for your credit to profess Yourself a cuckold, and upon record, Than say they are your daughters. Sir John. You go too far, sir. Sir Maur. They have so articled with us ! Plenty. And will not take LS For their husbands, but their slaves ; and so aforehand They do profess they'll use us. Sir John. Leave this heat : Though they are mine, I must tell you, the perverseness Of their manners (which they did not take from me. But from their mother) qualified, they deserve Your equals.

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Sir Maur. True ; but what's bred in the bone, Admits no hope of cure. Plenty. Though saints and angels Were their physicians. Sir John. You conclude too fast. Plenty. God be wi'you ! I'll travel three years, but I'll bury This shame that lives upon me. Sir Maur. With your license, I'll keep him company. L. Lacy. Who shall furnish you For your expenses. Plenty. He shall not need your hein My purse is his; we were rivals, but now friends, And will live and die so. Sir Maur. Ere we go, I'll pay tere bill My duty as a son. Plenty. And till then leave you [Excunt Sir Maurice, Lacy, and Plenty. L. Lacy. They are strangely moved. Sir John. What's wealth, accompanied With disobedience in a wife and children? My heart will break. L. Lacy. Be comforted, and hope better: We'll ride abroad ; the fresh air and discourse May yield us new inventions. Sir John. You are noble, And shall in all things, as you please, command me.

ACT III.

Excunt.

SCENE I .- A Room in Secret's House. Enter Shave'em and Secret. Secret. Dead doings, daughter. Shave. Doings ! sufferings, mother : For poor men have forgot what doing is : And such as have to pay for what they do, Are impotent, or eunuchs. Secret. You have a friend yet, And a striker too, I take it. Shave. Goldwire is so, and comes To me by stealth, and, as he can steal, maintains me In clothes, I grant : but alas ! dame, what's one friend? I would have a hundred ;- for every hour, and use, And change of humour I am in, a fresh one : Tis a flock of sheep that makes a lean wolf. fat, And not a single lambkin. I am starv'd, Starv'd in my pleasures ; I know not what n coach is. To hurry me to the Burse, or Old Exchange :

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 The neathouse for musk-melons, and the gardens, Where we traffic for asparagus, are, to me, In the other world. Secret. There are other places, lady, Where you might find customers. Shave. You would have me foot it To the dancing of the ropes, sit a whole afternoon there In expectation of nuts and pippins; Gape round about me, and yet not find a chapman That in courtesy will bid a chop of mutton, Or a pint of drum-wine for me. Secret. You are so impatient 1 But I can tell you news will comfort you, And the whole sisterhood. Shave. What's that? Secret. I am told Two ambassadors are come over : a French monsieur, And a Venetian, one of the clarissimi, A hot-rein'd marmoset. Their followers, For their countries' honour, after a long vacation, Will make a full term with us. Shave. They indeed are Our certain and best customers:[knocking within.]-Who knocks there? Ramb. [within.] Scuffle. Ramb. [within.] Scuffle. Ramb. [within.] Scuffle. Ramb. [within.] Your constant visitants. Shave. Let them not in ; I know them, swaggering, suburbian roarers, Sixpeny truckers. Ramb. [within.] Force the doors! Scuff. They are outlaws, mistress Shave'em, and there is No remedy against them. What should you fear? They are but men ; lying at your close ward, You have foil'd their betters. 	 Secret. Good sir Ramble, Use her not roughly ; she is very tender. Ramb. Rank and rotten, is she not? [Shave'em draws her knife. Shave. Your spittle rogueships [Ramble draws his sword. Shall not make me so. Secret. As you are a man, squire Scuffle, Step in between them : a weapon of that length, Was never drawn in my house. Shave. Let him come on. I'll scour it in your guts, you dog ! Ramb. You brache ! Are you turn'd mankind? you forgot I gave you, When we last join'd issue, twenty pound— Shave. O'er night, And kick'd it out of me in the morning. I was then A novice, but I know to make my game now. Fetch the constable. Enter Goldwire junior, disguised like a Justice of Peace, Ding'em like a Con- stable, and Musicians like Watchmen. Secret. Ah me ! here's one unsent for, And a justice of peace, too. Shave. I'll hang you both, you rascals ! I can but ride:—you for the purse you cut In Paul's at a sermon; I have smoak'd you, ha ! And you for the bacon you took on the highway, From the poor market woman, as she rode From Rumford. Ramb. Mistress Shave'em. Scarf. We cannot stand trifling : if you mean to save them, Shut them out at the back-door. Shave. First, for punishment, They shall leave their cloaks behind them ; and in sign
fear? They are but men; lying at your close ward, You have foil'd their betters.	Shut them out at the back-door. Shave. First, for punishment, They shall leave their cloaks behind them;
Sing in a milder key. Exit, and re-enters with Ramble and Scuffle. Scuff. Are you grown proud?	Gold. My brave virago! The coast's clear; strike up. [Goldwire, and the rest discover them- selves. Shave. My Goldwire made a justice!
Ramb. I knew you a waistcoateer in the garden alleys, And would come to a sailor's whistle.	Secret. And your scout Turn'd constable, and the musicians watch- men !

Gold. I 'the way of marriage?Ding. Yes, sir; for marriage, and the otherthing too;The commodity is the same. An Irish lord offerd herThe commodity is the same. An Irish lord offerd herDing. And a cashier'd captain, half Of his entertainment.Ding. And a new-made courtier, The next suit he could beg. Gold. And did my sweet one Refuse all this, for me? Shave. Weep not for joy :Tis true. Let others talk of lords and com- manders, And country heirs for their servants ; but give meMy gallant prentice! he parts with his money So civily and demurely, keeps no account Of his expenses, and comes ever furnish'd. I know thou hast brought money to make upMy gown and petitocat, with the appurte- nances.Gold. There is here, duck ; thou shalt want for nothing.Mis cap and pantofies ready. Gold. There's for thee, And thee that for a banquet. Secret. And a caudle Again you rise.And thee: that for a banquet. Secret. And a caudle Again you rise.And thee: that there, duck is them money.Gold. There's for thee, Cold. There's for thee, Cold. There.Gold. There.Gold. There.Given them money.Gold. There is for thee, Cold. There is for thee, Cold. There is for thee.Gold. There is for thee. Cold. There is for thee.Gold. There is for thee. Cold. There is for thee. Cold.		
Gold. We come not ito fright you, but it make you merry: [They daws. Alight lavoita. [They daws. Share, I am tind; no more. [They daws. Share, I am tind; no more. Screet. He has an excellent headpiece. Sore, I has no excellent headpiece. Mary, [within.] Call this heads brother: Sore, I has no excellent headpiece. Mary, [within.] Call this heads brother: Ding. He dies that says so: Ding. He dies that says so: Ding. He dies that says so: Ding. And again. Old. I' the way of marriage? They kin. Sore, A and again. [They kin. Odd. I' the way of marriage, and the other thing to: This hearst sime is for their servents; but has not event this ince she saw you-condities is the same. An Irish lord off a her Che countodity is the same. An Irish lord off a her May merit man's compassion ; but I, that hew profiseness of expense the lang to others, steering on a rock. Stare. Veep not for joy: The next suit he could beg. May merit man's compassion ; but I, that hew profiseness of expense the would heaven to its it the terve would heave the analysis of others, steering on a rock. My gailant prentice! he parts with his mores of the expending wholly on traces. May for alkes time to manufle. My gailant prentice! he parts with the appurent nances. May menot mark sore forthe, stor hea, and pantofes r		
make you merry: Hants: Merry Law tired; no more: They dame. Ding, Wholly his own; he is Adme. [uikkin.] Where is this made Servet. He has an excellent headpiece. Gold. Fiel no, not 1; your jeering gallants Sig. Servet. He has an excellent headpiece. Gold. A trilling stratagem, Not worth the talking of. Not worth the talking of. They kint. Share. 1 must kiss there for it, They kint. Again, and again. [They kint.] Ding, Yes, sir; for marriage, and the other This was a makerpiece. Gold. I' the way of marriage? That I should live the family's du Ding, Yes, sir; for marriage, and the other This becaust in the could beg. Gold. I the way of marriage? Doing. Yes, sir; for marriage, and the other Thing mad a week. Scent. And a cashier'd captain, half Dris entertainment. Ding. And a new-made courtie, fire mariable. The next suit he could beg. Gold. And did my sweet one Gold. And did my sweet one Mary and demurely, keeps no accourtie fire markers. Share. Let the chamber be perfumed; and get you, sirsh. To Ding emat. Share. Let the chamber be perfumed; and get you, sirsh. To Ding emat.	CI THE CITY	MADAM.
Gold. I 'the way of marriage?Ding. Yes, sir; for marriage, and the other thing too;The commodity is the same. An Irish lord offer d herThe commodity is the same. An Irish lord offer d herThe commodity is the same. An Irish lord offer d herThe next suit he could beg. Gold. And did my sweet one Refuse all this, for me?Share. Weep not for joy;The true. Let others talk of lords and com- manders,And country heirs for their servants; but give meMy gallant prentice! he parts with his morey So civily and demurely, keeps no account Of his expenses, and comes ever furnish'd. I know thou hast brought money to so civily and get you, sirah, and get you, sirah, Cold. There's for thee, Share. Let the chamber be perfumed; and get you, sirah, and get you, sirah, Cold. There's for thee, Share. And a caudle Again you rise.My goiny on rise. Gold. There:[Ginst them money. [Ginst them money.]Share. I hard in the could be up[To Ding'emHis cap and pantofies ready. Gold. There's for thee, And thee that for a banquet. Secret. And a caudleSecret. And a caudle Again you rise.[Ginst them money.]And thee: Again you rise.[Ginst them money.]Cold. There.[Ginst them money.]Cold. There.[Ginst them money.]Cold. There.[Ginst them money.]Share. Let the chamber be perfumed; and get you, sirah, and get	make you merry : A light lavolta. [They dance. Share. I am tired ; no more. This was your device? Diag. Wholly his own ; he is No pig-sconce, mistress. Secret. He has an excellent headpiece. Gold. Fie i no, not I ; your jeering gallants say, We citizens have no wit. Diag. He dies that says so ; This was a masterpiece. Gold. A trifling stratagem, Not worth the talking of. Share. I must kiss thee for it, Again, and again. Diag. Make much of her. Did you	Hense. Enter Luke. Mane. [within.] Where is this mode L. Frag. [within.] Call this beads brother; He hath forgot attendance. Mary. [within.] Seek him out; Idleness spoils him. Luke. I deserve much more Than their scorn can load me with, an but justice That I should live the family's du design'd To all the sordid offices their pride Imposes on me; since, if now I sat Ajudge in mine own cause, I should con
manders,Anne. My uncle is much givenAnd country heirs for their servants ; but give meTo his devoiton.My gallant prentice ! he parts with his money So civilly and demurely, keeps no account Of his expenses, and comes ever furnish'd. I know thou hast brought money to make upMane. My uncle is much givenSo civilly and demurely, keeps no account Of his expenses, and comes ever furnish'd. upTo his devotion. Mary. And takes time to mumble A paternoster to himself. L. Frag. Know you where Your brother is? it better would become to give your attendance. Users ince he rode forth yesterday with Lacy, I have not seen him. Shaze. Let the chamber be perfumed ; and get you, sirrah, [To Ding'em Gold. There's for thee, And thee : that for a banquet. Saeret. And a caudle Again you rise.Anne. My uncle is much given To his devotion. L. Frag. Know you where Your means of life depending wholly on To give your attendance. L. Have not seen him. L. Frag. And why went not you By his stirrup? How do you look ! were eyes closed, You'd be glad of such employment. Lake. There's hor thee, Gold. There. Gives them money.	What suitors she had since she saw you- Gold. I' the way of marriage? Ding, Yes, sir; for marriage, and the other thing too; The commodity is the same. An Irish lord offer d her Five pound a week. Secret. And a cashier'd captain, half Of his entertainment. Ding. And a new-made courtier, The next suit he could beg. Gold. And did my sweet one Refuse all this, for me?	Discourse, and judgment, and throught ness fall, May merit man's compassion ; but I, That knew profuseness of expense the p Of wretched poverty, her fatal daughte To riot out mine own, to live upon The alms of others, steering on a rock I might have shunn'd ! O Heaven ! it is fit I should look upward, much less hop mercy. Enter Lady Frugal, Anne, Mary, Star and Milliscent.
Gold, You will be constant? But say, and do.	manders, And country heirs for their servants; but give me My gallant prentice! he parts with his money So civilly and demurely, keeps no account Of his expenses, and comes ever furnish'd. – I know thou hast brought money to make up My gown and petticoat, with the appurte- nances. Gold. I have it here, duck; thou shalt want for nothing. Shave. Let the chamber be perfumed; and get you, sirrah, [To Ding'em. His cap and pantofles ready. Gold. There's for thee, And thee : that for a banquet. Severt. And a caudle Again you rise.	Anne. My uncle is much given To his devotion. Mary. And takes time to mumble A paternoster to himself. L. Frug. Know you where Your brother is? it better would become Your means of life depending wholly on To give your attendance. Luke. In my will I do : But since he rode forth yesterday with Lacy, I have not seen him. L. Frug. And why went not you By his sturup? How do you look ! wer eyes closed, You'd be glad of such employment. Luke. Twas his pleasure I should wait your commands, and th am ever

THE CITY	MADAM. 439
L. Frug. Further off:	Of these your daughters, in their milk suck'd
You are no companion for him, and his	from you :
business	At home the harshness of his entertainment,
Aims not at you, as I take it.	You wilfully forgetting that your all Was borrow'd from him; and to heat
Luke. Can I live In this base condition !	abroad
[He stands aside.	The imputations dispers'd upon you,
L. Frug. I hope, my lord,	And justly too, I fear, that drew him to
You had brought master Frugal with you ;	This strict retirement : and, thus much said
for I must ask	for him,
An account of him from you. L. Lacy. I can give it, lady;	I am myself to accuse you. L. Frug. I confess
But with the best discretion of a woman,	A guilty cause to him ; but, in a thought,
And a strong fortified patience, I desire you	My lord, I ne'er wrong'd you.
To give it hearing.	L. Lacy. In fact, you have.
Luke, My heart beats.	The insolent disgrace you put upon
L. Frug. My lord, you much amaze me. L. Lacy. I shall astonish you. The noble	My only son, and Plenty, men that loved Your daughters in a noble way, to wash off
merchant,	The scandal, put a resolution in them
Who, living, was, for his integrity	For three years travel.
And upright dealing, (a rare miracle	L. Frug. I am much grieved for it.
In a rich citizen,) London's best honour ; Is——I am loth to speak it,	L. Lacy. One thing I had forgot ; your rigour to
Luke. Wonderous strange !	His decay'd brother, in which your flatteries,
L. Frug, I do suppose the worst; not	Or sorceries, made him a co-agent with you,
dead, I hope?	Wrought not the least impression.
L. Lacy. Your supposition's true, your	Luke. Hum ! this sounds well.
hopes are false ; He's dead.	L. Frug. "Tis now past help: after these storms, my lord,
L. Frug. Ah me 1	A little calm, if you please,
L. Frug. Ah me 1 Anne. My father 1	L. Lacy. If what I have told you,
Mary. My kind father ! Luke. Now they insuit not.	Shew'd like a storm, what now I must de-
Larg. Now they insuit not. L. Larg. Pray hear me out.	liver,
He's dead ; dead to the world and you, and,	Will prove a raging tempest. His whole estate,
now,	In lands and leases, debta and present
Lives only to himself.	monies,
Luke. What riddle's this?	With all the movables he stood possess'd of,
L. Frug. Act not the torturer in my afflictions;	With the best advice which he could get for gold
But make me understand the sum of all	From his learned counsel, by this formal
That I must undergo.	will
L. Lacy. In few words take it :	Is pass'd o'er to his brother, - Giving the
He is retired into a monastery, Where he resolves to end his days.	will to Luke, who comes forward.]-With it take
Luke. More strange.	The key of his counting-house. Not a great
L. Lacy. I saw him take post for Dover,	left you,
and the wind	Which you can call your own
Sitting so fair, by this he's safe at Calais,	L. Frug. Undone for ever! Anne, Mary. What will become of us?
And ere long will be at Lovain. L. Frug. Could I guess	Luke. Hum! [Aside.
What were the motives that induced him	L. Lacy. The scene is changed,
to it,	And he that was your slave, by Fate ap-
Twere some allay to my sorrows.	pointed
L. Lacy. I'll instruct you,	[Lady Frugal, Mary, and Anne kneel, Your governor: you kneel to me in vain,
And chide you into that knowledge ; 'twas your pride	I cannot help you : I discharge the trust
Above your rank, and stubborn disobe-	Imposed upon me. This humility,
dience	From him may gain remission, and, perhaps,

Fargethiores of your harbornes mage to

L. Frag. Am I come to this?

L. Larg. Enjoy your own, good sir, But use it with dos revetence. I sture heard

Speak most divinely in the opposition

Of a revengeful humanar ; to these show it,

And such who then depended on the merry Of your landler, wholly now at your deso-

And make good the opinion I held of you. Of which I am most confident.

Late, Pray you rise, [Raiser them. And rise with this assurance, I am still,

As I was of late, your creature ; and if raised In anything, 'tis in my power to serve you,

My still is still the same. O my good lord to This heap of wealth which you possess me of, Which to a worldly man had been a bleming. And to the measurger might with justice challence

A kind of adoration, is to me

A curse I cannot thank you for ; and, much

Rejoice in that tranquillity of mind

My brother's vows must purchase. I have made

A dear exchange with him : he now enjoys My peace and poverty, the trouble of

His wealth conferr'd on me, and that a burthen

Too heavy for my weak shoulders.

L. Lacy. Honest soul, With what feeling he receives it ! L. Frug. You shall have

My best assistance, if you please to use it, To help you to support it.

Luke. By no means ;

The weight shall rather sink me, than you part

With one short minute from those lawful pleasures

Which you were born to, in your care to aid me :

You shall have all abundance. In my nature, I was ever liberal ; my lord, you know it ; Kind, affable.—And now methinks I see Befors my face the jabilee of joy.

When 'tis assured my brother lives in me,

His debtors, in full cups, crown'd to my health,

With parans to my praise will celebrate ! For they well know 'tis far from me to take The forfeiture of a bond : nay, I shall blush, The interest never paid after three years,

When I demand my principal : and his acryants.

Who from aslavish fear paid their obedience, What muse you on, lady?

By him exercise, post, when they are not Will grow builder driveds, and as such a met :

Being certain of the mildiness of any temp Which my change of fortune, limpers most next,

Hath not the power to allow.

L. Lary. Yes take beend, air. You rain not, with too much lensity, What his fit severity raised.

L. Frag. And we fail from That height we have manufain'd. Lastr. Til build it higher.

Loser, 1 is build if higher. To admiration higher. With distant 1 look upon these habits, no way we the The wife and daughters of a knighted of

Bless'd with abundance. L. Lary. There, sir, I join with you ; A fit decorum must be kept, the court Distinguish'd from the city.

Luke. With your favour,

I know what you would say ; but give leave

In this to be your advocate. You are a Wide the whole region, in what I purps Since all the titles, honours, long desces Borrow their gloss from wealth, the rich reason

May challenge their prerogatives c an shall be

My glory, nay a triumph, to revive,

In the pomp that these shall shine, the men Of the Roman matrons, who kept cap queens

To be their handmaids. And when appear,

Like Juno, in full majesty, and my niece Like Iris, Hebe, or what deities else Old poets fancy, (your cramm'd wardw richer

Than various nature's,) and draw down envy

Of our western world upon you ; only me

Your vigilant Hermes with aerial wings (My caduceus, my strong zeal to serve y Prest to fetch in all rarities may delight And I am made immortal.

L. Lacy. A strange frenzy !

Luke. Off with these rags, and then bed; there dream

Of future greatnesss, which, when you away I'll make a certain truth : but I must be A doer, not a promiser. The performant Requiring haste, I kiss your hands, leave you.

L. Lacy. Are we all turn'd statues? 1 his strange words charm'd us? What muse you on, lady?

- In ...

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L. Frug. Do not trouble me.	Compared with thee are shadows,-thou
L. Lacy. Sleep you too, young ones?	the substance.
Anne. Swift-wing'd time till now	And guardian of felicity ! No marvel,
Vas never tedious to me. Would 'twere	My brother made thy place of rest his bosom,
night !	Thou being the keeper of his heart, a
Mary. Nay, morning rather.	mistress
L. Lacy. Can you ground your faith	To be hugg'd ever ! In by-corners of
n such impossibilities ? have you so soon	This sacred room, silver in bags, heap'd up-
orgot your good husband?	Like billets saw'd and ready for the fire,
L. Frug. He was a vanity	Unworthy to hold fellowship with bright
must no more remember.	gold
L. Lacy. Excellent !	That flow'd about the room, conceal'd itself.
ou, your kind father?	There needs no artificial light; the splen-
Anne. Such an uncle never	dour
as read of in story !	Makes a perpetual day there, night and
L. Lacy. Not one word in answer	darkness
f my demands?	By that still-burning lamp for ever banish'd !
Mary. You are but a lord; and know,	But when, guided by that, my eyes had made
y thoughts soar higher.	Discovery of the caskets, and they open'd,
L. Lacy. Admirable ! I'll leave you	Each sparkling diamond, from itself, shot
your castles in the air.—When I relate	forth
this.	
	A pyramid of flames, and, in the roof,
will exceed belief; but he must know it.	Fix'd it a glorious star, and made the place
Aside, and exit.	Heaven's abstract, or epitome ! rubies,
Star. Now I may boldly speak. May it	sapphires,
please you, madam,	And ropes of orient pearl, these seen, I
look upon your vassal; I foresaw this,	could not
ne stars assured it.	But look on with contempt. And yet I
L. Frug. I begin to feel	found,
yself another woman.	What weak credulity could have no faith in,
Star. Now you shall find	A treasure far exceeding these : here lay
I my predictions true, and nobler matches	
epared for my young ladies.	The wax continuing hard, the acres melting ;
Mill. Princely husbands.	Here a sure deed of gift for a market-town,
Anne. I'll go no less.	If not redeem d this day, which is not in
Mary. Not a word more;	The unthrift's power: there being scarce one
ovide my night-rail.	shire
Mill. What shall we be to morrow ! [Excunt.	In Wales or England, where my monies are not
-	Lent out at usury, the certain hook
CENE III.—Another Room in the same.	To draw in more. I am sublimed ! gross
Ender I 1	earth
Enter Luke.	Supports me not; I walk on air ! Who's
Luke. 'Twas no fantastic object, but a	
truth.	· there i
real truth; nor dream: I did not slumber,	Enter Lord Lacy, with Sir John Frugal,
nd could wake ever with a brooding eye	Sir Maurice Lacy, and Plenty, painled
o gaze upon't ! it did endure the touch ;	and disguised as Indians.
saw and felt it Yet what I beheld	
and boundled of a did on immersual holist	
na hanalea on, ala so transcena beller.	Thieves ! raise the street ! thieves !
	Thieves ! raise the street ! thieves !
Iy wonder and astonishment pass'd o'er,)	L. Lacy. What strange passion's this !
My wonder and astonishment pass d o'er,) taintly could give credit to my senses.	L. Lacy. What strange passion's this ! Have you your eyes? do you know me?
My wonder and astonishment pass'd o'er,) faintly could give credit to my senses. Thou dumb magician, -[<i>Taking out a key</i> .]	L. Lacy. What strange passion's this ! Have you your eyes? do you know me? Luke. You, my lord,
My wonder and astonishment pass d o'cr,) taintly could give credit to my senses. 'hou dumb magician, -[<i>Taking out a key</i> .] that without a charm	L. Lacy. What strange passion's this! Have you your eyes? do you know me? Luke. You, my lord, I do: but this retinue, in these shapes too,
My wonder and astonishment pass d o'er,) faintly could give credit to my senses. 'hou dumb magician, —[<i>Taking out a key</i> .] —that without a charm Didst make my entrance easy, to possess	L. Lacy. What strange passion's this! Have you your eyes? do you know me? Luke. You, my lord, I do: but this retinue, in these shapes too,
My wonder and astonishment pass d o'er,) faintly could give credit to my senses. Thou dumb magician, —[<i>Taking out a key</i> .] —that without a charm Didst make my entrance easy, to possess	L. Lacy. What strange passion's this! Have you your eyes? do you know me? Luke. You, my lord, I do: but this retinue, in these shapes too, May well excuse my fears. When 'tis your- pleasure
My wonder and astonishment pass d o'er,) faintly could give credit to my senses. Thou dumb magician, —[<i>Taking out a key</i> .] —that without a charm Didst make my entrance easy, to possess	L. Lacy. What strange passion's this ! Have you your eyes ? do you know me? Luke. You, my lord, I do : but this retinue, in these shapes too, May well excuse my fears. When 'tis your pleasure
My wonder and astonishment pass d o'cr,) faintly could give credit to my senses. Thou dumb magician, —[<i>Taking out a key</i> .] —that without a charm Didst make my entrance easy, to possess What wise men wish, and toil for ! Hermes' moly,	L. Lacy. What strange passion's this ! Have you your eyes ? do you know me? Luke. You, my lord, I do: but this retinue, in these shapes too, May well excuse my fears. When 'tis your pleasure That I should wait upon you, give me leave
Didst make my entrance easy, to possess What wise men wish, and toil for ! Hermes'	L. Lacy. What strange passion's this ! Have you your eyes ? do you know me? Luke. You, my lord, I do : but this retinue, in these shapes too, May well excuse my fears. When 'tis your pleasure

442 Things as they now are with me well con-Sir Maur. Harrico betikia ba sider'd, Luke. Ha! in this heathen 1 I do not like such visitants. L. Lacy. Yesterday, When you had nothing, praise your poverty means for't You could have sung secure before a thief But now you are grown rich, doubts and suspicions. long And needless fears, possess you. Thank a good brother ; But let not this exalt you. Luke. A good brother I Good in his conscience, I confess, and wise, In giving o'er the world. But his estate, tinue, Which your lordship may conceive great, no way answers The general opinion : alas ! With a great charge, I am left a poor man by him. L. Lacy. A poor man, say you? Luke. Poor, compared with what Tis thought I do possess. Some little land, Fair household furniture, a few good debts, But empty bags, I find : yet I will be A faithful steward to his wife and daughters ; And, to the utmost of my power, obey His will in all things. man: L. Lacy. I'll not argue with you Of his estate, but bind you to performance Of his last request, which is, for testimony Of his religious charity, that you would Receive these Indians, lately sent him from Virginia, into your house ; and labour, At any rate, with the best of your endeavours, Assisted by the aids of our divines, To make them Christians. Luke. Call you this, my lord Religious charity; to send infidels, Like hungry locusts, to devour the bread Should feed his family? I neither can, stand Nor will consent to't. L. Lacy. Do not slight it ; 'tis were With him a business of such consequence, That should he only hear 'tis not embraced, And cheerfully, in this his conscience aiming At the saving of three souls, 'twill draw him o'er To see it himself accomplish'd. Luke. Heaven forbid I should divert him from his holy purpose, To worldly cares again ! I rather will Sustain the burthen, and, with the converted, Feast the converters, who, I know, will prove The greater feeders. Sir John. Oh, ha, enewah Chrish bully leika.

Plenty. Enaula.

How is it possible our doctors also Hold conference with them, or I For their conversion? L. Lacy. That shall be no his To your good purposes : the In the English colony, language As their own dialect; the l concern you : Mine own designs command me As in your poverty you were, a pion And honest man. Luke. That is, interpreted, A slave and beggar. Sir Yoks. You conceive it right ; There being no religion, nor virtu But in abundance, and no vice but All deities serve Plutus. Late. Oracle ! Sir John. Temples raised to ourselves in the increase Of wealth and reputation, speak a wise But sacrifice to an imagined Power, Of which we have no sense but in belief. A superstitious fool. Luke. True worldly wisdom ! Sir John. All knowledge else is folly. Sir Maur. Now we are yours, Be confident your better angel is Enter'd vour house. Plenty. There being nothing in The compass of your wishes, but shall end In their fruition to the full. Sir John. As yet, You do not know us ; but when you under-The wonders we can do, and what the ends That brought us hither, you will entertain us With more respect. Luke. There's something whispers to me These are no common men. [Aside.]-My house is yours, Enjoy it freely : only grant me this, Not to be seen abroad till I have heard More of your sacred principles. Pray enter: You are learned Europeans, and we worse Than ignorant Americans. Sir John. You shall find it. Exenut

443 With a good round sum. In my house, I can ACT IV. assure you, SCENE I .- A Room in Frugal's House. There's half a million stirring. Luke. What hath he lost? Enter Ding'em, Gettall, and Holdfast. Gett. Three hundred. Ding. Not speak with him! with fear Luke. A trifle. survey me better, Gett. Make it up a thousand, Thou figure of famine ! And I will fit him with such tools as shall Gett. Coming, as we do, Bring in a myriad. From his quondam patrons, his dear ingles Luke. They know me well. now, Nor need you use such circumstances for The brave spark Tradewellthem: Ding. And the man of men What's mine, is theirs. They are my friends, In the service of a woman, gallant Goldwire! not servants, But in their care to enrich me; and these Enter Luke. courses Hold. I know them for his prentices, The speeding means. Your name, I pray without you? These flourishes. -- Here are rude fellows, sir. Gétt. Gettall. Ding. Not yours, you rascal! Hold. No, don pimp; you may seek them I have been many years an ordinary-keeper, My box my poor revenue. In Bridewell, or the hole; here are none of Luke. Your name suits well your comrogues. With your profession. Bid him bear up ; he Luke. One of them looks as he would cut shall not my throat : Sit long on Penniless-Bench. Gett. There spake an angel ! Your business, friends? Luke. You know mistress Shave'em? Gett. The pontifical punk? Hold. I'll fetch a constable ; Let him answer him in the stocks. Ding. Stir, an thou dar'st : Luke. The same. Let him meet me there Fright me with Bridewell and the stocks ! some two hours hence : they are fleabitings And tell Tom Goldwire I will then be with I am familiar with. Draws. him, Luke. Pray you put up : Furnish'd beyond his hopes; and let your And, sirrah, hold your peace. mistress To Holdfast. Appear in her best trim. Ding. Thy word's a law, Ding. She will make thee young, And I obey. Live, scrape-shoe, and be Old Æson : she is ever furnish'd with thankful. Medea's drugs, restoratives. I fly Thou man of muck and money, for as such To keep them sober till thy worship come ; They will be drunk with joy else. I now salute thee, the suburbian gamesters Have heard thy fortunes, and I am, in person, Gett. I'll run with you. [Excunt Ding'em and Gettall. Sent to congratulate. Gett. The news hath reach'd Hoid. You will not do as you say, I hope? The ordinaries, and all the gamesters are Luke. Enquire not; Ambitious to shake the golden golls I shall do what becomes me.-[Knocking Of worshipful master Luke. I come from within.]-To the door. Tradewell, Exit Holdfast. Your fine facetious factor. New visitants ! Ding. I from Goldwire : Re-enter Holdfast. He and his Helen have prepared a banquet, With the appurtenances, to entertain thee; What are they? For, I must whisper in thine ear, thou art Hold. A whole batch, sir, To be her Paris: but bring money with Almost of the same leaven : your needy thee, debtors, Penury, Fortune, Hoyst. Luke. They come to gratulate To quit old scores. Gett. Blind chance hath frown'd upon The fortune fallen upon me. Brave Tradewell: he's blown up, but not without Hold. Rather, sir, Hope of recovery, so you supply him Like the others, to prey on you.

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Luke. I am simple ; they Know my good nature : but let them in however. Hold. All will come to ruin ! I see beg gary Already knocking at the door.—You ma enter— [Speaking to those withou But use a conscience, and do not work upon A tender-hearted gentleman too much ; 'Twill shew like charity in you. Enter Fortune, Penury, and Hoyst. Luke. Welcome, friends : I know your hearts and wishes ; you a glad You have changed your creditor. Pen. I weep for joy, To look upon his worship's face. For. His worship's 1 I see lord mayor written on his forehead ; The cap of maintenance, and city sword, Borne up in state before him. Hoyst. Hospitals, And a third Burse, erected by his honour. Pen. The city poet on the pageant day Preferring him before Gresham. Hoyst. All the conduits Spouting canary sack. For. Not a prisoner left, Under ten pounds. Pen. We, his poor beadsmen, feasting Our neighbours on his bounty. Luke. May I make good Your prophecies, gentle friends, as I'll e deavour, To the utmost of my power ! Hold. Yes, for one year, And break the next. Luke. You are ever prating, sirrah. Your present business, friends? For. Were your brother present, Mine had been of some consequence ; b now The power lies in your worship's hand, 'l hittle. And will, I know, as soon as ask'd, 1 granted. Luke. Tis very probable. For. The kind forbearance	 For. I find your worship's charity, and dare swear so. Now may I have your license, as I know With willingness I shall, to make the best of the commodities, though you have ease cution. And after judgment, against all that mine. As my poor body, I shall be enabled To make payment of my debts to all the world. And lave myself a competence. Luke. You much wrong me. If you only doubt it. Yours, master Hoyst Hoyst, T is the surrendering back the mortgage of My lands, and on good terms, but three days' patience; By an uncle's death I have means left to redeem it. And cancel all the forfeited bonds I sealed to, In my riots, to the merchant; for I am Resolved to leave off play, and turn good husband. Luke. A good intent, and to be cherish to in you. Yours, Penury? Pen. My state stands as it did, sir; What I owed I owe, but can pay nothing to you. Yet, if you please to trust me with ten pounds more. I can buy a commodity of a sailor, Will make me a freeman. There, sir, is his name; And the parcels I am to deal for. [Given him a paper. Luke. You are all so reasonable In you shall be amply satisfied. Pen. Heaven preserve you! For. Happy were London, if, within her walls, She had many such rich men ! 	
 Of my great debt, by your means, Heave be prais'd for't ! Hath raised my sunk estate. I have tw ships, Which I long since gave for lost, above m hopes Return d from Barbary, and richly freighte <i>Luke</i>. Where are they ? For. Near Gravesend. 	Fortune, Hoyst, and Penury.]-Be careful, Holdfast; I have much to do. y Hold. And I something to say, Would you give me hearing.	

Enter Luke.

Enter Goldwire junior, Tradewell junior, Shave'em, Secret, Gettall, and Ding'em. Gold. All that is mine is theirs. Those were his words? Ding. I am authentical. Trade. And that I should not Sit long on Penniless-Bench? Gett. But suddenly start up A gamester at the height, and cry At all I Shave. And did he seem to have an inclination To toy with me? Ding. He wish'd you would put on Your best habiliments, for he resolv'd To make a jovial day on't. Gold, Hug him close, wench, And thou mayst eat gold and amber. I well know him For a most insatiate drabber : he hath given, Before he spent his own estate, which was Nothing to the huge mass he's now possess'd A hundred pound a leap. Shave. Hell take my doctor ! He should have brought me some fresh oil of tale ; These ceruses are common. Secret. 'Troth, sweet lady, The colours are well laid on, Gold. And thick enough : I find that on my lips. Shave. Do you so, Jack Sauce ! I'll keep them further off. Gold. But be assured first Of a new maintainer, ere you cashier the old one. But bind him fast by thy sorceries, and thou Be my revenue ; the whole college study The reparation of thy ruin'd face Thou shalt have thy proper and bald-headed coachman ; Thy tailor and embroiderer shall kneel To thee, their idol: Cheapside and the Exchange Shall court thy custom, and thou shalt forget There e'er was a St. Martin's : thy procurer Shall be sheath'd in velvet, and a revenend Pass her for a grave matron. Have an eye to the door, And let loud music, when this monarchenters, Proclaim his entertainment, Ding. That's my office.

SCENE II .- A Room in Shave'em's

House

Flourish of cornets within. The consort's ready.

Trade. And the god of pleasure,

Master Luke, our Comus, enters. Gold. Set your face in order, I will prepare him.-Live I to see this day, And to acknowledge you my royal master? Trade. Let the iron chests fly open, and the gold, Rusty for want of use, appear again ! Gett. Make my ordinary flourish | Shave. Welcome, sir. To your own palace! The music plays. Gold. Kiss your Cleopaira, And shew yourself, in your magnificent bounties, A second Antony | Ding. All the nine worthies 1 Secret. Variety of pleasures wait upon you, And a strong back ! Luke. Give me leave to breathe, I pray you. I am astonish'd I all this preparation For me? and this choice modest beauty wrought To feed my appetite? All. We are all your creatures. Luke. A house well furnish'd ! Gold. At your own cost, sir, Glad I the instrument. 1 prophesied You should possess what now you do, and therefore Prepared it for your pleasure. There's no This Venus wears, but, on my knowledge, was Derived from your brother's cash : the lease of the house, And furniture, cost near a thousand, sir. Shaw. But now you are master both of it and me I hope you'll build elsewhere. Lacke. And see you placed, Fair one, to your desert. As I live, friend Tradewell, I hardly knew you, your clothes so well become you. What is your loss? speak truth. Trade. Three hundred, sir. Gett. But, on a new supply, he shall recover The sum told twenty times o'er. Shave. There's a banquet, And after that a soft couch, that attends you. Luke, I couple not in the daylight. Expectation

Heightens the pleasure of the night, my sweet one 1 Your music's harsh, discharge it ; I have

provided

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A better consort, and you shall frolic	it Your house, and all your moveables, an
In another place. [The music	
Gold. But have you brought gold	
store, sir ?	trouble
Trade. 1 long to Ware the caster!	Your mercer, or your silkman ; a blue goan
Gold. I to appear	And a whip to boot, as I will handle it,
In a fresh habit,	Will serve the turn in Bridewell ; and thes
Shave, My mercer and my silkman	
Waited me, two hours since.	When they are inured to beating bemp, h
Luke. I am no porter,	scour'd
To carry so much gold as will supply	In your penitent tears, and quite forget the
Your vast desires, but I have ta'en ord	
you;	And bitter almonds.
and the second	Shave, Secret, Ding. Will you show as
Enter Sheriff, Marshal, and Office	
	Luke, I am inexorable.
You shall have what is fitting, and	
come here	To take my leave ; the gamesters stay my
Will see it perform'dDo your offices	
have	Luke. We must not part so, gentle maste
My lord chief-justice's warrant for't.	Gettall.
Sher. Seize them all,	Your box, your certain income, must pay
Shave. The city marshal !	back
Gold. And the sheriff ! I know him	
Secret. We are betray'd.	There's half a million stirring in your
Ding. Undone.	house,
Gett. Dear master Luke.	This a poor trifleMaster shrieve and
Gold. You cannot be so cruel ; you	
suasion	On your perils, do your offices.
Chid us into these courses, oft repeati	
Shew yourselves city-sparks, and ha money !	
Luke. True ; when it was my broth	er's, I Like a Roman, and now, in my misery,
contemn'd it ;	In scorn of all thy wealth, to thy teeth tel
But now it is mine own, the case is all	
Trade. Will you prove yourself a	
tempt us to mischief,	Luke. Shall I hear this from
And then discover it?	My prentice?
Luke. Argue that hereafter :	Mar. Stop his mouth.
in the mean time, master Goldwire	
that made	Exeunt Sheriff, Marshal, and Officers
Your ten-pound suppers ; kept your	
at livery	and Ding.
In Brentford, Staines, and Barnet, and	
in London;	to
Held correspondence with your f	ellow- My alter'd nature ! these house thieves re-
cashiers,	moved,
Ka me, ka thee ! and knew, in you	ar ac- And what was lost, beyond my hopes, re-
compts,	cover'd,
To cheat my brother ; if you can, evad	le me. Will add unto my heap ; increase of wealth
If there be law in London, your fa	ther's Is the rich man's ambition, and mine
bonds	Shall know no bounds. The valiant Macedon
Shall answer for what you are out.	Having in his conceit subdued one world,
Gold. You often told us	Lamented that there were no more to con-
It was a bugbear.	quer:
Luke. Such a one as shall fright the	
Out of their estates, to make me satisf	action And when my private house, in cramm'd
To the utmost scruple. And for you, may My Cleopatra, by your own confession	

THE CIT	Y MADAM. 447
And Genoa's bankers shall look pale with envy When I am mentioned, I shall grieve there is No more to be exhausted in one kingdom. Religion, conscience, charity, farewell ! To me you are words only, and no more ; All human happiness consists in store. [Exit. SCENE III.—A Street.	I do not like such trials,
Enter Serjeants with Fortune, Hoyst, and Penury. For. At master Luke's suit 1 the action twenty thousand ! 1 Serj. With two or three executions, which shall grind you	token, Or, build upon't, you rot there. For. Can a gentleman Of your soft and silken temper, speak such language? Pon. So honest, so religious? Hoyat. That preach'd
To powder, when we have you in the counter. For. Thou dost belie him, varlet 1 he, good gentleman, Will weep when he hears how we are used, i Serj. Yes, millstones. Pen. He promised to lend me ten pound for a bargain.	So much of charity for us to your brother? Luke. Ves, when I was in poverty it shew'd well; But I inherit with his state, his mind, And rougher nature. I grant then, I talk'd, For some ends to mysell conceal'd, of pity, The poor man's orisons, and such like no- things:
He will not do it this way. a Serj. I have warrant For what I have done. You are a poor fellow, And there being little to be got by you, In charity, as I am an officer, I would not have seen you, but upon com- pulsion, And for mine own security.	But what I thought you all shall feel, and with rigour; Kind master Luke says it. Who pays for your attendance? Do you wait gratis? For. Hear us speak. Luke. While I,
 3 Serf. You are a gallant, And I'll do you a courtesy, provided That you have money : for a piece an hour, I'll keep you in the house till you send for ball. 2 Serf. In the mean time, yeoman, run to the other counter, 	Like the adder, stop mine ears : or did I listen, Though you spake with the tongues of angels to me, I am not to be alter'd, For. Let me make the best Of my ships, and their freight. Pea. Lend me the ten pounds you pro-
 And search if there be aught else out against him. 3 Serj: That done, haste to his creditors : he a prize. And us we are city pirates by our oaths, We must make the best on't. Heyd. Do your worst, I care not. I'll be removed to the Fleet, and drink and drink there. 	mised. Hoyst. A day or two's patience to redeem my mortgage. And you shall be satisfied. For. To the utmost farthing. Luke. I'll shew some mercy; which is, that I will not
drab there In spite of your teeth. I now repent I ever Intended to be honest. Enter Luke. 3 Serj. Here he comes You had best tell so. For. Worshipful str.	Torture you with false hopes, but make you know What you shall trust to.—Your ships to my use Are seized on.—I have got into my hands Your bargain from the sailor, 'twas a good one For such a petty sum.—I will likewise take The extremity of your mortgage, and the
You come in time to free us from these ban- dogs. I know you gave no way to't. <i>Pra</i> . Or if you did, "Twas but to ity our patience.	forfeit Of your several honds; the use and principal. Shall not serve.—Think of the basket, wretches, And a coal-sack for a winding-sheet.

For. Broker ! Hoyst. Jew ! For. Imposter ! Hoyst. Cut-throat ! For. Hypocrite ! Luke. Do, rail on ; Move mountains with your breath, it shakes not me. Pen. On my knees I beg compassion. My wife and children Shall hourly pray for your worship. For. Mine betake thee To the devil, thy tutor. Pen. Look upon my tears. Hoyst. My rage. For. My wrongs. Luke. They are all alike to me ; Entreaties, curses, prayers, or imprecations. Do your duties, serjeants ; I am elsewhere look'd for. Exit. 3 Serj. This your kind creditor ! 2 Serj. A vast villain, rather. Pen. Sec, see, the serjeants pity us ! yet he's marble. Hoyst. Buried alive ! For. There's no means to avoid it. Exennt. SCENE IV .- A Room in Sir John Frugal's House. Enter Holdfast, Stargaze, and Milliscent. Star. Not wait upon my lady? Hold. Nor come at her ; You find it not in your almanack. Mill. Nor I have license To bring her breakfast? Hold. My new master hath Decreed this for a fasting-day. She hath feasted long, And, after a carnival, Lent ever follows. Mill. Give me the key of her wardrobe. You'll repent this ; I must know what gown she'll wear. Hold. You are mistaken, Dame president of the sweetmeats ; she and her daughters Are turn'd philosophers, and must carry all Their wealth about them ; they have clothes laid in their chamber, If they please to put them on, and without help too, Or they may walk naked. You look, master Stargaze, As you had seen a strange comet, and had now foretold, The end of the world, and on what day: and you, As the wasps had broke into the gallipots, And eaten up your apricots.

L. Frug, [within.] Stargaze ! Milliscent | Mill. My lady's voice. Hold. Stir not, you are confined here. Your ladyship may approach them, if you please; But they are bound in this circle. Alout. L. Frug. [within.] Mine own bees Rebel against me ! When my kind brother knows this. I will be so revenged ! Hold. The world's well alter'd. He's your kind brother now ; but yesterday Your slave and jesting-stock. Enter Lady Frugal, Anne, and Mary, in coarse habits, weeping. Mill. What witch hath transform d von? Star. Is this the glorious shape your cheating brother Promised you should appear in ? Mill. My young ladies In buffin gowns, and green aprons ! te them off; Rather shew all than be seen thus. Hold. 'Tis more comely, I wis, than their other whim-whams. Mill. A French hood too, Now, tis out of fashion ! a fool's cap would show better. L. Frug. We are fool'd indeed ! by whose command are we used thus? Enter Luke. Hold. Here he comes can best resolve you L. Frug. O, good brother ! Do you thus preserve your protestation to me? Can queens envy this habit? or did Juno E'er feast in such a shape? Anne. You talk'd of Hebe, Of Iris, and I know not what; but were they Dress'd as we are? they were sure some chandler's daughters Bleaching linen in Moorfields. Mary. Or Exchange wenches, Coming from eating pudding-pies on a Sunday, At Pimlico, or Islington. Luke, Save you, sister ! I now dare style you so : you were before Too glorious to be look'd on, now you appear Like a city matron ; and my pretty nieces Such things as were born and bred there. Why should you ape The fashions of court-ladies, whose high titles

And pedigrees of long descent, give warrant

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THE CITY	Y MADAM. 449
 For their superfluous bravery? 'twas monstrous : Till now you ne'er look'd lovely. <i>L. Frag.</i> Is this spoken In scorn 1 Luke. Fie? no; with judgment. I make good My promise, and now shew you like yourselves. In your own natural shapes; and stand resolved You shall continue so. <i>L. Frag.</i> It is confess'd, sir. Luke. Sir 1 sirrah : use your old phrase, I can bear it. <i>L. Frag.</i> That, if you please, forgotten, we acknowledge We have deserv'd ill from you ; yet despair not, Though we are at your disposure, you'll maintain us Like your brother's wife and daughters. <i>Luke.</i> 'Frag. And not make us ridiculous. <i>Luke.</i> Admired rather, As fair examples for our proud city dames, And their proud brood to imitate. Do not frown ; If you do, I laugh, and glory that I have The power, in you, to scourge a general vice, And raise up a new satirist : but hear gently. 	 I'll treat of you anon :but when the beight And dignity of London's blessings grew Contemptible, and the name lady-mayoress Became a by-word, and you scorn'd the means By which you were raised, my brother's fond indulgence, Giving the reins to it ; and no object pleased you But the glittering pomp and bravery of the court ; What a strange, nay monstrous, metamor- phosis follow'd ! No English workman then could please your fancy. The French and Tuscan dress your whole discourse ; This bawd to prodigality, entertain'd To buzz into your ears what shape this countess Appear'd in the last masque, and how it drew The young lord's eyes upon her ; and this usher Succeeded in the eldest prentice' place, To walk before you
 And in a gentle phrase I'll reprehend Your late disguised deformity, and ery up This decency and neatness, with the advan- tage You shall receive by't. <i>L. Frug.</i> We are bound to hear you. <i>Luke.</i> With a soul inclined to learn. Your father was An honest country farmer, goodman Humble. By his neighbours ne'er call'd Master. Did your pride Descend from him ? but let that pass : your fortune. Or rather your husband's industry, advanced you To the rank of a merchant's wife. He made a knight. And your sevet mistress-ship ladyfied, you wore Satin on solemn days, a chain of gold. A velvet hood, nich borders, and sometimes A dainty miniver cap, a silver pin. Headed with a pearl worth three-pence, and thus far You were privileged, and no man envied it ; It being for the city's honour that 	 L. Frag. Pray you, end. Hold. Proceed, sir; I could fast almost a prenticeship to hear you. You touch them so to the quick. Luke. Then, as I said, The reverend hood cast off, your borrow'd hair, Powder'd and curl'd, was by your dresser's art Form'd like a coronet, hang'd with diamonds, And the richest orient peurl; your carcanets That did adorn your neck, of equal value: Your Hungerland bands, and Spanish quellion ruffs; Great lords and ladies feasted to survey Embroider'd petticonts; and sicknessfeign'd, That your night rails of forty pounds a piece Miglit be seen, with envy, of the visitants; Rich pantofies in ostentation shewn, And roses worth a family : you were served in plate, Stirr'd not a foot without your coach, and going To church, not for devotion, but to shew Your pomp, you were tickled when the

	26.
450 THE CITY	MADAM.
 Heaven save your honour ! this idolatry Paid to a painted room. Hold. Nay, you have reason To blabber, all of you. Luke. And when you lay In childbed, at the christening of this minx, I well remember it, as you had been An absolute princess, since they have no more. Three several chambers hung, the first with arras, And that for waiters ; the second crimson satin, For the meaner sort of guests ; the third of searlet Of the rich Tyrian die ; a canopy To cover the brat's cradle ; you in state, Like Pompey's Julia. L. Frug. No more, I pray you. Luke. Of this, be sure, you shall not. I'll cut off Whatever is exorbitant in you, Or in (your] daughters, and reduce you to Your natural forms and habits; not in revenge Of your base usage of me, but to fright Others by your example : 'is decreed You shall serve one another, for I will Allow no waiter to you. Out of doors With these useless drones ! Hold. Will you pack? Mill. Not till I have My trunks along with me. Luke. Not a rag ; you came Hihter without a box. Star. You'll shew to me, I hope, sir, more compassion. Hold. Troth I'll be Thus far a suitor for him : he hath printed An almanack, for this year, at his own charge ; Let him have the impression with him, to set up with. Luke. For once I'll be entreated ; let it be Thrown to him out of the window. Star. O cursed stars 	Inde. Get you in, And caterwaul in a corner. L.Frag. There's no contending. [Lady Frugal, Anne, and Mary, p off at one door, Stargane and Milliscent at the other. Luke, How Lik's thou my carriage, Holdfast? Hold. Well in some parts : But it relishes, I know not how, a little Of too much tyranny. Luke. Thou art a fool : He's cruel to himself, that dares not be Severe to those that used him cruelly. Luke. Thou art a fool : He's cruel to himself, that dares not be Severe to those that used him cruelly. Luke. Thou art a fool : He's cruel to himself, that dares not be Severe to those that used him cruelly. Luke. Thou art a fool : He's cruel to himself, that dares not be Severe to those that used him cruelly. Luke. Sir John Frugal, Sir Maunier Lacy, and Plenty. Luke. You care not then, as it seems, to be converted To our religion? Sir John. We know no such word, Nor power but the devil, and him we serve for fear, Not love. Luke. I am glad that charge is saved. Sir John. We put That trick upon your brother, to have mean To come to the city. Now, to yon, we'l discover The close design that brought us, with assurance, If you lend your aids to furnish us with tha Which in the colony was not to be pur chased. No merchant ever made such a return For his most precious venture, as you shall Receive from us; far, far above your hopes Of fancy, to imagine. Luke. It must be Some strange commodity, and of a dear value, Such an opinion is planted in me You will deal fairly.) that I would no
Anne. Must we part in tears ? Mary. Farewell, good Milliscent ! L. Frug. I am sick, and meet with A rough physician. O my pride and scorn ! How justly am I punish'd ! Mary. Now we suffer For our stubbornness and disobedience To our good father.	hazard : Give me the name of it. Sir Maur. I fear you will make Some scruple in your conscience, to grant it Luke. Conscience ! no, no ; so it may be done with safety. And without danger of the law. Plenty. For that,
Anne. And the base conditions We imposed upon our suitors.	You shall sleep securely : nor shall it di- minish,

The wife and daughters of a citizen Never arrived at ! many, for their wealth, I grant, Have written ladies of honour, and some few Have higher titles, and that's the furthest rise You can in England hope for. What think you, If I should mark you out a way to live Queens in another climate? Anne. We desire . A competence. Mary. And prefer our country's smoke Before outlandish fire. L. Frug. But should we listen To such impossibilities, 'tis not in The power of man to make it good. Luke. I'll do it : Nor is this seat of majesty far removed ; It is but to Virginia. L. Frug. How ! Virginia! High heaven forbid ! Remember, sir, I beseech you, What creatures are shipp'd thither. Anne. Condemn'd wretches, Forfeited to the law. Mary. Strumpets and bawds, For the abomination of their life, Spew'd out of their own country. Luke. Your false fears not, Abuse my noble purposes. Such indeed Are sent as slaves to labour there ; but you, To absolute sovereignty. Observe these men, With reverence observe them : they are kings of Such spacious territories and dominions, As our Great Britain measured will appear A garden to it. Sir Maur. You shall be adored there As goddesses. Sir John. Your litters made of gold, Supported by your vassals, proud to bear The burthen on their shoulders. Plenty. Pomp, and ease, was With delicates that Europe never knew, Like pages shall wait on you. Luke. If you have minds To entertain the greatness offer'd to you, With outstretch'd arms, and willing hands, embrace it. But this refused, imagine what can make you Most miserable here ; and rest assured, In storms it falls upon you : take them in, And use your best persuasion. If that fail, I'll send them aboard in a dry fat. Excunt all but Sir John Frugal and Luke. Sir John. Be not moved, sir ; We'll work them to your will. Yet, cre we

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part,

Your worldly cares deferr'd, a little mirth Would not misbecome us. Luke. You say well : and now It comes into my memory, 'tis my birthday, Which with solemnity I would observe, But that it would ask cost. Sir John. That shall not grieve you. By my art I will prepare you such a feast. As Persia, in her height of pomp and rist, Did never equal ; and such ravishing music As the Italian princes seldom heard At their greatest entertainments, your guests. Luke. I must have none. Sir John. Not the city senate? Luke. No: Nor yet poor neighbours: the first would argue me Of foolish ostentation, and the latter Of too much hospitality ; a virtue Grown obsolete, and useless. I will all Alone, and surfeit in my store, while other With envy pine at it ; my genius pamperd With the thought of what I am, and what they suffer I have mark'd out to misery. Sir John. You shall : And something I will add you yet conceive Nor will I be slow-paced. Luke. I have one business, And, that dispatch'd, I am free. Sir John. About it, sir, Leave the rest to me. Luke. Till now I ne'er loved magic. Excant. SCENE II.-Another Room in the same. Enter Lord Lacy, Goldwire senior, and Tradewell senior. L. Lacy. Believe me, gentlemen, I never So cozen'd in a fellow. He disguised Hypocrisy in such a cunning shape Of real goodness, that I would have sworn This devil a saint. M. Goldwire, and M. Tradewell, What do you mean to do? Put on. Gold. With your lordship's favour. L. Lacy. I'll have it so. Trade. Your will, my lord, excuses The rudeness of our manners. L. Lacy. You have received Penitent letters from your sons, I doubt not Trade. They are our only sons. Gold. And as we are fathers, Remembering the errors of our youth,

We would pardon slips in them,

THE CITY MADAM. 453 Trade. And pay for them L. Lacy. No moderation? In a moderate way. Luke. They cannot look for't, and pre-Gold. In which we hope your lordship serve in me Will be our mediator. A thriving citizen's credit. Your bonds lie For your sons' truth, and they shall answer all L. Lacy. All my power They have run out : the masters never pros-Enter Luke, richly dressed. per'd You freely shall command ; 'tis he ! You Since gentlemen's sons grew prentices: are well met, when we look And to my wish, - and wonderous brave ! To have our business done at home, they are vour habit Abroad in the tennis-court, or in Partridge-Speaks you a merchant royal. alley, Luke. What I wear In Lambeth Marsh, or a cheating ordinary, I take not upon trust. L. Lacy. Your betters may, Where I found your sons. I have your bonds, look to't. And blush not for't. A thousand pounds apiece, and that will Luke. If you have nought else with me hardly But to argue that, I will make bold to leave Repair my losses. L. Lacy. Thou dar'st not shew thyself you. L. Lacy. You are very peremptory ; pray Such a devil ! you stay :-Luke. Good words. I once held you L. Lacy. Such a cut-throat! I have An upright honest man. heard of Luke. I am honester now The usage of your brother's wife and By a hundred thousand pound, I thank my daughters ; stars for't, You shall find you are not lawless, and that Upon the Exchange; and if your late your monies opinion Cannot justify your villainies. Be alter'd, who can help it? Good my lord, Luke. I endure this. And, good my lord, now you talk in time of To the point ; I have other business than to talk monies. Of honesty, and opinions. Pay in what you owe me. And give me L. Lacy. Yet you may leave to wonder Do well, if you please, to shew the one, and Your wisdom should have leisure to consider merit The business of these gentlemen, or my carriage The other from good men, in a case that now To my sister, or my nieces, being yourself, Is offer'd to you. Luke. What is it? I am troubled. So much in my danger. L. Lacy. Here are two gentlemen, the L. Lacy. In thy danger? Luke. Mine. fathers of I find in my counting-house a manor pawn'd, Your brother's prentices. Luke. Mine, my lord, I take it. Pawn'd, my good lord; Lacy manor, and L. Lacy. Goldwire, and Tradewell, that manor Luke. They are welcome, if From which you have the title of a lord, They come prepared to satisfy the damage An it please your good lordship! You are I have sustain'd by their sons. a nobleman ; Gold. We are, so you please Pray you pay in my monies : the interest To use a conscience. Will eat faster in't, than aquafortis in iron. Trade. Which we hope you will do, Now though you bear me hard, I love your For your own worship's sake. lordship. Luke. Conscience, my friends, I grant your person to be privileged And wealth, are not always neighbours. From all arrests ; yet there lives a foolish Should I part creature With what the law gives me, I should suffer Call'd an under-sheriff, who, being well paid, will serve mainly In my reputation ; for it would convince me extent on lords or lowns' land. Pay An Of indiscretion : nor will you, I hope, move it in : I would be loth your name should sink, or me To do myself such prejudice. that

A rich man, that lives wisely to himself, Your hopeful son, when he returns from In his full height of glory. travel Should find you my lord-without-land. You Luke. I can brook are angry No rival in this happiness. How sweetly For my good counsel : look you to your These dainties, when unpaid for, please my bonds; had I known palate? Of your coming, believ't, I would have had Some wine. Jove's nectar ! Brightness to serjeants ready. the star That govern'd at my birth ! shoot down Lord, how you fret ! but that a tavern's thy influence, near, You should taste a cup of muscadine in my And with a perpetuity of being Continue this felicity, not gain'd house To wash down sorrow ; but there it will do By vows to saints above, and much less purchased better : I know you'll drink a health to me. [Exit. By thriving industry ; nor fallen upon me As a reward to piety, and religion, L. Lacy. To thy damnation. Was there ever such a villain ! heaven for-Or service to my country : I owe all This to dissimulation, and the shape give me I wore of goodness. Let my brother number His beads devoutly, and believe his alms For speaking so unchristianly, though he deserves it. Gold. We are undone. To beggars, his compassion to his debtors, Trade. Our families quite ruin'd. Will wing his better part, disrobed of flesh L. Lacy. Take courage, gentlemen ; com-To soar above the firmament. I am well; fort may appear, And so I surfeit here in all abundance. And punishment overtake him, when he Though styled a cormorant, a cut-throat, Jew, Excunt. And prosecuted with the fatal curses least expects it. Of widows, undone orphans, and what else SCENE III. - Another Room in the same. Such as malign my state can load me with, I will not envy it. You promised music. Sir John. And you shall hear the strength Enter Sir John Frugal and Holdfast. Sir John. Be silent, on your life. Hold. I am o'erjoy'd. and power of it, Sir John. Are the pictures placed as I The spirit of Orpheus raised to make it good, And, in those ravishing strains, with which directed? he moved Hold. Yes, sir. Charon and Cerberus to give him way, Sir John. And the musicians ready? Hold. All is done To fetch from hell his lost Eurydice. -Appear ! swifter than thought ! [Alond. As you commanded. Sir John. [goes to the door.] Make haste ; and be careful; Music. Enter at one door, Cerberus, at the other, Charon, Orpheus, and Chorns. You know your cue, and postures? Plenty. [within.] We are perfect. Luke. 'Tis wonderous strange ! Sir John. 'Tis well. The rest are come, [They represent the story of Orpheus, too? with dance and gesture. Hold. And disposed of Sir John. Does not the object and the To your own wish. accent take you? Enter Servants with a rich banquet. Luke. A pretty fable. [Exe. Orph. and the rest.] But that music should Sir John. Set forth the table : so ! Alter, in fiends, their nature, is to me A perfect banquet. At the upper end, His chair in state: he shall feast like a Impossible ; since, in myself, I find, What I have once decreed shall know no prince. change. Hold. And rise like a Dutch hangman. Sir John. You are constant to your pur-Enter Luke. poses ; yet I think Sir John. Not a word more-That I could stagger you. How like you the preparation? Fill your Luke. How? Sir John. Should I present room. And taste the cates; then in your thought Your servants, debtors, and the rest that consider suffer

By your fit severity, I presume the sight Would move you to compassion. Luke. Not a mote. The music that your Orpheus made was harsh To the delight I should receive in hearing Their cries and groans ; if it be in your power, I would now see them. Sir John. Spirits, in their shapes, Shall shew them as they are: but if it should move you?-Luke. If it do, may I ne'er find pity ! Sir John. Be your own judge .-Appear | as I commanded. ad Music. Enter Goldwire junior, and Tradewell junior, as from prison; For-tune, Hoyst, and Penury; Serjeants with Sad Music. Tradewell senior, and Goldwire senior ;these followed by Shave'em, in a blue gown, Secret, and Ding'em ; they all kneel to

Luke, lifting up their hands. Stargaze is seen, with a pack of almanacks, and Milliscent.

Luke, Ha, ha, ha ! This move me to compassion, or raise One sign of seeming pity in my face ! You are deceived : it rather renders me More flinty, and obdurate. A south wind Shall sooner soften marble, and the rain That slides down gently from his flaggy O'erflow the Alps, than knees, or tears, or groans. Shall wrest compunction from me. 'Tis my glory That they are wretched, and by me made so ; It sets my happiness off : I could not triumph If these were not my captives,-Ha ! my tarriers, As it appears, have seized on these old foxes, As I gave order ; new addition to My scene of mirth ; ha, ha !- They now row tedious, Let them be removed. Excunt Gold and the rest. Some other object, if

Your art can shew it. Sir John. You shall perceive 'tis boundless.

Yet one thing real, if you please?

Luke. What is it ?

Sir John. Your nieces, ere they put to sea, crave humbly,

Though absent in their bodies, they may take leave

Of their late suitors' statues.

Luke. There they hang : In things indifferent, I am tractable. Sir John. There pay your vows, you have liberty. Anne. O sweet figure Of my abused Lacy ! when removed Into another world, I'll daily pay kneels. A sacrifice of sighs to thy remembrance ; And with a shower of tears strive to wash off The stain of that contempt my foolish pride And insolence threw upon thee, Mary. I had been Too happy, if I had enjoyed the substance ; But far unworthy of it, now I fall Thus prostrate to thy statue. L. Frug. My kind husband, kneels. kneels. (Bless'd in my misery.) from the monastery To which my disobedience confined thee, With thy soul's eye, which distance cannot hinder. Look on my penitence. O, that I could Call back time past ! thy holy vow dispensed. With what humility would I observe My long-neglected duty ! Sir John. Does not this move you? Luke. Yes, as they do the statues, and her sorrow My absent brother. If, by your magic art, You can give life to these, or bring him hither To witness her repentance, I may have, Perchance, some feeling of it. Sir John. For your sport, You shall see a masterpiece. Here's nothing but A superficies ; colours, and no substance.

Enter Lady Frugal, Anne, and Mary.

Sit still, and to your wonder and amazement, I'll give these organs. This the sacrifice, To make the great work perfect.

Burns incense, and makes mystical gesticulations. Sir Maurice Lacy and Plenty give signs of animation.

Luke. Prodigious !

Sir John. Nay, they have life, and mo-tion. Descend !

[Sir Maurice Lacy, and Plenty de-scend and come forward. And for your absent brother,-this wash'd

off

Against your will you shall know him. Discovers himself.

Enter Lord Lacy, with Goldwire senior and junior, Tradewell senior and junior, the Debiors, &c. &r. as before. Luke. I am lost.

Guilt strikes me dumb.



The Guardian. PROLOGUE. After twice putting forth to sea, his fame Shipwreck'd in either, and his once-known name In two years silence buried, perhaps lost In the general opinion ; at our cost (A zealous sacrifice to Neptune made For good success in his uncertain trade) Our author weighs up anchors, and once more Forsaking the security of the shore, Resolves to prove his fortune : what 'twill be, Is not in him, or us, to prophesie; You only, can assure us : yet he pray'd This little, in his absence, might be said, Designing me his orator. He submits To the grave censure of those abler wits His weakness; nor dares he profess that when The critics laugh, he'll laugh at them agen. (Strange self-love in a writer !) He would know His errors as you find them, and bestow His future studies to reform from this, What in another might be judged amiss. And yet despair not, gentlemen ; though he fear His strengths to please, we hope that you shall hear Some things so writ, as you may truly say He hath not quite forgot to make a play, As 'tis with malice rumour'd : his intents Are fair ; and though he want the compliments Of wide-mouth'd promisers, who still engage, Before their works are brought upon the stage, Their parasiles to proclaim them : this last birth, Deliver'd without noise, may yield such mirth, As, balanced equally, will cry down the boast Of arrogance, and regain his credit lost. DRAMATIS PERSONÆ. Alphonso, king of Naples. Cario, cook to Adorio. Duke Montpensier, general of Milan. Severino, a banished nobleman. Claudio, a confidential servant to Severino. Monteclaro, his brother-in-law (supposed Captain. Banditti. dead.) disguised under the name of Servants. Laval. Durazzo, the GUARDIAN. Iölante, wife to Severino. Caldoro, his nephew and ward, in love with Calista, her daughter, in love with Adorio. Calista. Mirtilla, Calista's maid. Adorio, a young libertine. Calipso, the confident of Iolante. Camillo, Lentulo, Neapolitan gentlemen. Singers, Countrymen. Donato, i II SCENE,-Partly at Naples, and partly in the adjacent country.

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SCENE I Enter Durazzo, C and I Dur. Tell me ot you Stands bound for: And you impertin choice Of either title, w please,) To meddle in't. Camil. Your ag To this harsh lang Dur. My age! That word again young, And swinge you st know Though I write f An almanack in 1 What weather we In adoration, at L. Before my doctor, 10 Of his restoratives, you are familiar wi Camil. This is f Dur. I cannot c you When I have done Out of the field : I school, And crack a blade Ride a barb'd hors Following my hou your leave. At a gamesome confess I am in the May of And you in your D Lent. We are gi Your years so well. Dur. My years I fy ou do, at your Camil. We desi To prove your vale Dur. Tis your a Camil. But as reputation, Come to instruct dulgence To the exorbitant Your you	T I. aples. <i>A Grave.</i> willo, Lentulo, Donato, Servants. nis expenses ! Which of azet? he spend his own ; fools or knaves, (make thich which are things, I take it, th. rom the purpose. at a caper, or groan like , nor run away so nimbly but bring me to a fence- or two for exercise, e, or take a leap after me, nds, or hawks, (and, by mistress,) and you shall f my abilities, fecember. ad you bear no more of years ; peril. re not par.	That understand myself and them, the Hide-bounded money-mongers: they have me Train up my ward a hopeful youth, to A merchant's book; or at the plougl clotch him In canvas or coarse cotton; while I fe His woods, grant leases, which he must good When he comes to age, or be competent arry a cast whore and three bastant m know bre than how to cipher well, or icks by the square root; grant b easure none but clowns and cobblers : urk says, y, old age, and aches of all see on such heathenish guardians I t. You do worse e ruin of his state, under your fa ding his loose riots. 2007. Riots! what riots? He wears rich clothes, I do so; horses, games, and wenches; Tis not amiss, so it be done with dee In an heir 'tis ten times more excusal Than to be over-thrifty. Is there aug That you can charge him with? <i>Camil</i> . With what we grieve for, And you will not approve. <i>Dur.</i> Out with it, man. <i>Camil.</i> With what we grieve for, And no the eaten out of house and hin a namer progress: but does he m marry? <i>Camil.</i> Sign to marry. <i>Dur.</i> In a bearlless chin "Tisten times worse than wenching. F whose family? <i>Camil.</i> Signor Severino's. <i>Dur.</i> How ! not he that killed The brother of his wife, as it is rumo The sourd of house and has an ender the severing for the severing the severi

	Innitia
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Don. She affects him not, But dotes upon another. Dur. Worse and worse. Camil. You know him, young Adorio. Dur. A brave gentleman! What proof of this? Leat. I dogg'd him to the church ; Where he, not for devotion, as I guess. But to make his approaches to his mistress, is often seen. Camil. And would you stand conceal'd Among these trees, for he must pass this green. Che matine ended, as she returns home, You may observe the passages. Dur. I thank you; This torrent must be stopt. Doe. They come. Camil, Stand close. [They stand aside. Enter Adorio, Calista, Mirtilla, and Caldoro muffled. Calis. I know I wrong my modesty. Ador. And wrong me. n being so importunate for that neither can nor must grant. Calis. A hard sentence ! and to increase my misery, by you. Vhom fond affection hath made my judge, tomounced without compassion. Alas, sir, of I approach you with unchaste desires, a slilled reputation ; were deform d, is it may be I am, though many affirm am something more than handsome- Dur. I dare sweat it. Calis. Or if I were no gentlewoman, but bred coarsely. 'ou might, with some pretence of reason, sight. 'Dur. Were he not an enunch. If would, and sue again ; I am sure I should. 'my look in my collar, a flea troubles me : ley-day I there are alegion of young Cupids it barley-break in my breeches. Calis. Hear me, Sir ; Chough I you continue, nay increase your scorn, my vouchsafe to let me understand 'What my defects are ; of which once con- vinced, will hereafter silence my harsh plea, ind spare your further trouble. Made in my usual manner is. Chough I were a woman-hatter, which I am	But love the sex,—for my ends, take me with you; If in my thought I found one taint or blemish In the whole fabric of your outward features, I would give myself the lie. You are a virgin Possess'd of all your mother could wish in you; Your father Severino's dire disaster In killing of your uncle, which I grieve for, In no part taking from you. I repeat it, A noble virgin, for whose grace and favours The Italian princes might contend as rivals; Yet unto me, a thing far, far beneath you, (A noted libertine I profess myself.) In your mind there does appear one fault so gross, Nay, I might say unpardonable at your years, If justly you consider it, that I cannot As you desire, affect you. Calls. Make me know it, I'll soon reform it. Ador. Would you'd keep your word I Calls. Put me to the test. Ador. I will. You are too honest, And, like your mother, too strict and re- ligious, And talk too soon of marriage; I shall break, If at that rate I purchase you. Can I part with My uncurb'd liberty, and on my neck Wear such a heavy yoke? hazard my for- tunes, For one commodity, before I prove it? Venus forbid on both sides I let crook'd hams, Bald heads, declining shoulders, furrow'd cheeks, Be awed by ceremonies : if you love me In the way young people should, I'll fly to meet it, And we'll meet merrily. Calls. Tis strange such a man Can use such language. Ador. In my tongue my heart Speaks freely, fair one. Think on't, a close friend, Or private mistress, is court rhetorie ; A wite, mere rustic solecism : so good mor- row ! [Adorio offers to go, Caldoro comar forward and stops him. Camil. How like you this? Dur, A well-bered gentleman ! I am thinking now if ever in the dark. Comment is more the mer here in the dark.

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Some drops of my blood in him, for at his	What a devil hath he to do with virgi
years	honour,
I was much of his religion.	Altars, or lawful flames, when he should te
Camil. Out upon you !	her
Don. The colt's tooth still in your mouth !	They are superstitious nothings ; and spea
Dur. What means this whispering?	to the purpose,
Ador. You may perceive I seek not to displant you,	
Where you desire to grow ; for further thanks,	it,
"Tis needless compliment.	The Peopling of the World.
Cald. There are some natures	Calis. How, gentle sir 1
Which blush to owe a benefit, if not	To vindicate my honour? that is needless :
Received in corners; holding it an impairing	I dare not fear the worst aspersion malice
To their own worth, should they acknow-	Can throw upon it.
ledge it.	Cald. Your sweet patience, lady,
I am made of other clay, and therefore must	And more than dove-like innocence, rende
Trench so far on your leisure, as to win you	you
To lend a patient ear, while I profess	Insensible of an injury, for which
Before my glory, though your scorn, Calista,	I deeply suffer. Can you undergo
How much I am your servant.	The scorn of being refused? I must confer
Ador. My designs	It makes for my ends; for had he embrace
Are not so urgent, but they can dispense	Your gracious offers tender'd him, I had bee
With so much time. Camil. Pray you now observe your	In my own hopes forsaken ; and if yet There can breathe any air of comfort in me To his contempt I owe it : but his ill
nephew. Dur. How he looks ! like a school-boy that had play'd the truant,	No more shall make way for my good intents Than virtue, powerful in herself, can need
And went to be breech'd.	The aids of vice.
Cald. Madam !	Ador. You take that license, sir,
Calis. A new affliction :	Which yet I never granted.
Your suit offends as much as his repulse,	Cald. I'll force more ;
It being not to be granted.	Nor will I for my own ends undertake it,
Mirt. Hear him, madam;	As I will make apparent, but to do
His sorrow is not personated ; he deserves	A justice to your sex, with mine own wron
Your pity, not contempt.	And irrecoverable loss. To thee I turn,
Dur. He has made the maid his;	Thou goatish ribald, in whom lust is grow
And, as the master of the Art of Love	Defensible, the last descent to hell,
Wisely affirms, it is a kind of passage	Which gapes wide for thee : look upon th
To the mistress' favour.	lady,
Cald. I come not to urge	And on her fame, (if it were possible,
My merit to deserve you, since you are,	Fairer than she is,) and if base desires,
Weigh'd truly to your worth, above all value:	And beastly appetite, will give thee leave,
Much less to argue you of want of judgment	Consider how she sought thee, how this lady
For following one that with wing'd feet flies	In a noble way, desired thee. Was sh
from you,	fashion'd
While I, at all parts, without boast, his	In an inimitable mould, (which Natur
equal,	broke,
In vain pursue you; bringing those flames with me,	The great work perfected,) to be made slave
Those lawful flames, (for, madam, know, with other	To thy libidinous twines, and, when com manded,
I never shall approach you,) which Adorio,	To be used as physic after drunken surfeits
In scorn of Hymen and religious rites,	Mankind should rise against thee : what even
With atheistical impudence contemns;	now
And in his loose attempt to undermine	I heard with horror, shewed like blasphemy
The fortress of your honour, seeks to min	And as such I will punish it
The fortress of your honour, seeks to ruin	And as such I will punish it.
All holy altars by clear minds erected	[Strikes Adorio, the rest rush for
To virgin honour,	woard; they all draw.
Dur. My nephew is an ass ;	Calis. Murder !

Mirt. Help ! To your deservings : yet such is my fate, Though I would, I cannot help it. Dur. After a whining prologue, who Ω would have look'd for Caldoro ! In our misplaced affection I prove Such a rough catastrophe? Nay, come on, fear nothing : Too soon, and with dear-bought experience, Cupid Never till now my nephew ! and do you hear, sir? Is blind indeed, and hath mistook his (And yet I love thee too) if you take the arrows. wench now, If it be possible, learn to forget, I'll have it posted first, then chronicled, (And yet that punishment is too light,) to Thou wert beaten to it. hate. Ador. You think you have shewn A thankless virgin : practise it ; and may A memorable masterpiece of valour Your due consideration that I am so. In doing this in public, and it may In your imagination, disperse Perhaps deserve her shoe-string for a favour : Loathsome deformity upon this face Wear it without my envy ; but expect, That hath bewitch'd you ! more I cannot say, For this affront, when time serves, I shall But that I truly pity you, and wish you call you A better choice, which, in my prayers, To a strict accompt. Exit. Caldoro, Dur. Hook on, follow him, harpies ! I ever will remember. [Excunt Calista and Mirtilla. You may feed upon this business for a month, Dur. 'Tis a sweet rogue. If you manage it handsomely : [Excunt Camillo, Lentulo, and Donato. Why, how now ! thunderstruck ? When two heirs quarrel, Cald. I am not so happy The swordmen of the city shortly after Oh that I were but master of myself ! Appear in plush, for their grave consultations You soon should see me nothing. In taking up the difference ; some, I know, Dur. What would you do? Cald. With one stab give a fatal period Make a set living on't. Nay, let him go, Thou art master of the field; enjoy thy To my woes and life together. fortune Dur. For a woman! With moderation : for a flying foe, Better the kind were lost, and generation Discreet and provident conquerors build up Maintain'd a new way A bridge of gold. To thy mistress, boy ! if Cald. Pray you, sir, forbear I were This profane language. In thy shirt, how I could nick it ! Dur. Pray you, be you a man, Cald. You stand, madam, And whimper not like a girl : all shall be well, As you were rooted, and I more than fear As I live it shall ; this is no hectic fever, My passion hath offended : 1 perceive But a love-sick ague, easy to be cured, The roses frighted from your cheeks, and And I'll be your physician, so you subscribe To my directions. First, you must change paleness To usurp their room ; yet you may please to This city whorish air, for 'tis infected, ascribe it And my potions will not work here; I must To my excess of love, and boundless ardour have you To do you right; for myself I have done To my country villa : rise before the sun, nothing. Then make a breakfast of the morning I will not curse my stars, howe'er assured dew. To me you are lost for ever : for suppose Served up by nature on some grassy hill ; Adorio slain, and by my hand, my life You'll find it nectar, and far more cordial Is forfeited to the law, which I contemn, Than cullises, cock-broth, or your distilla-So with a tear or two you would remember tions I was your martyr, and died in your service. Of a hundred crowns a quart. Cal. Alas, you weep! and in my just Cald. You talk of nothing. Dur. This ta'en as a preparative, to compassion Of what you suffer, I were more than marble, strengthen Should I not keep you company: you have Your queasy stomach, vault into your saddle ; sought With all this flesh I can do it without a My favours nobly, and I am justly punish'd, stirrup :-In wild Adorio's contempt and scorn, My hounds uncoupled, and my huntsmen For my ingratitude, it is no better, ready,

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Twenty Calistas there ; for every night, A fresh and lusty one; I'll give thee a ticket, In which my name, Durazzo's name, sub-You shall hear such music from their tunable mouths, That you shall say the viol, harp, theorbo, Ne'er made such ravishing harmony ; from scribed, the groves some girls, At midnight shall contend to do thee service. I have bred them up to't; should their And neighbouring woods, with frequent iterations, Enamour'd of the cry, a thousand echoes fathers murmur, Repeating it. Cald. What's this to me? Dur. It shall be, And you give thanks for't. In the afternoon, progress, For we will have variety of delights, We'll to the field again, no game shall rise This last dish be not offer'd But we'll be ready for't : if a hare, my grey-Cald. You make me smile. hounds Shall make a course ; for the pie or jay, a horses, knaves ! sparhawk Flies from the fist ; the crow so near pursued, Thou shalt be an alter'd man. Shall be compell'd to seek protection under Cald. I wish I may, sir. Our horses' bellies ; a hearn put from her siege, And a pistol shot off in her breech, shall Mirtilla. mount So high, that, to your view, she'll seem to soar Above the middle region of the air : relation A cast of haggard falcons, by me mann'd, Eyeing the prey at first, appear as if They did turn tail; but with their labouring church too, wings Getting above her, with a thought their The quarrel of their swords ! Calis. 'Twas not in me pinions To help it, madam. Cleaving the purer element, make in, Iol. No ! how have I lived? And by turns bind with her ; the frighted My neighbour knows my manners have fowl, Lying at her defence upon her back, been such. With her dreadful beak a while defers her That I presume I may affirm, and boldly, In no particular action of my life death, But by degrees forced down, we part the I can be justly censured. Calip. Censured, madam ! fray, And feast upon her. Cald. This cannot be, I grant, What lord or lady lives, worthy to sit A competent judge on you? Calis. Yet black detraction But pretty pastime. Dur. Pretty pastime, nephew ! Will find faults where they are not. Calip. Her foul mouth "Tis royal sport. Then, for an evening flight, A tiercel gentle, which I call, my masters, Is stopp'd, you being the object : give me As he were sent a messenger to the moon, leave In such a place flies, as he seems to say, To speak my thoughts, yet still under cor-See me, or see me not ! the partridge sprung, rection ; He makes his stoop ; but wanting breath, is And if my young lady and her woman hear forced To cancelier; then, with such speed as if He carried lightning in his wings, he strikes portress, The trembling bird, who even in death And I your poor observer, nay, your creature, appears Proud to be made his quarry. Cald. Yet all this Is nothing to Calista.

Dur. Thou shalt find

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My tenants' nut-brown daughters, whole-

Their leases are void, for that is a main point In my indentures ; and when we make our

There is no entertainment perfect, if

Dur. I'll make thee laugh outright -- My

Tis but six short hours riding : yet ere night

Exeant.

SCENE II .- A Room in Severino's House. Enter Iolante, Calista, Calipso, and

Iol. I had spies upon you, minion ; the

Of your behaviour was at home before you : My daughter to hold parley, from the

With noted libertines ! her fame and favours

With reverence, they may be edified.

You are my gracious patroness and sup-

Fed by your bounties ; and but that I know Your honour detests flattery, I might say, And with an emphasis, you are the lady Admired and envied at, far, far above All imitation of the best of women

ever shall be. This is truth : 181. I'll lose no more breath In fruitless reprehension ; look to it : c obsequious ; and 'twould ill I'll have thee wear this habit of my mind, gravity, and wisdom glean'd raculous ladyship, to act As of my body. Calip. Seek no other precedent : a she-parasite. In all the books of Amadis de Gaul, The Palmerins, and that true Spanish story, The Mirror of Knighthood, which I have a do, acknowledge you. mirable ! read often, attery ! Aside to Mirt. Read feelingly, nay more, I do believe in't, not interrupt her : My lady has no parallel. 181. Do not provoke me : pleasing itch to your lady-If, from this minute, thou e'er stir abroad, y peradventure forget us, her own praises. Write letter, or receive one ; or presume To look upon a man, though from a window, not ot to age, but if I would I'll chain thee like a slave in some dark en's bewitching sorceries, corner ourted. Prescribe thy daily labour, which omitted, st secure of that. Expect the usage of a fury from me, Not an indulgent mother.-Come, Calipso. ries of the city run mad for you, r virtue's such, not one attempts Calip. Your ladyship's injunctions are so ep no mankind servant in my That I dare pawn my credit my young lady And her woman shall obey them hastity may be suspected : voiced in Naples? [Excunt Iolante and Calipso, Mirt. You shall fry first For a rotten piece of touchwood, and give ith loud applause, r honour. fire To the great fiend's nostrils, when he smokes nfirms I can tobacco ! ny sensual appetites. Note the injustice, madam; they would vassals to han masculine reason, that comhave us, them ! Being young and hungry, keep perpetual styled a nunnery of pureness, Lent, ot one lascivious thought dares And the whole year to them a carnival, Easy injunctions, with a mischief to you ! Suffer this and suffer all, oul standing centinel. Aside. Calis. Not stir abroad | ell said, Echo I The use and pleasure of our eyes denied us! Mirt. Insufferable. I have tasted those delights ong for, know their titillations ; Calis. Nor write, nor yet receive with danger of his head, thy An amorous letter ! Mirt. Not to be endured. Calis. Nor look upon a man out of a ve comfort to my widow'd sheets, his desires are satisfied, window ase forget them. Mirt, Flat tyranny, insupportable tyranny, To a lady of your blood. serve that, Calis, She is my mother, And how should I decline it? Mirt. Run away from't : eed remarkable : 'tis nothing e maid, that never had her hand s have lick'd there, and lick'd Take any course. Calis. But without means, Mirtilla, ften, sweetness of t-How shall we live? ow her mouth runs o'er Mirt, What a question's that 1 as if A buxom lady could want maintenance magination ! Aside. such can, In any place in the world, where there are fore, the kickshaw being offer'd, men, ke it, like my matchless madam, Wine, meat, or money stirring. e sainted. Calis. Be you more modest,



Or seek some other mistress : rather than In a thought or dream I will consent to aught

That may take from my bonour, I'll endure More than my mother can impose upon me. Mirt. I grant your honour is a specious dressing.

But without conversation of men,

A kind of nothing. I will not persuade you To disobedience : yet my confessor told me (And he, you know, is held a learned elerk) When parents do enjoin unnatural things,

Wise children may evade them. She may as well

Command when you are hungry, not to eat, Or drink, or sleep: and yet all these are

easy, Compared with the not seeing of a man,

As I persuade no further ; but to you

There is no such necessity ; you have the means

To shun your mother's rigour.

Calis. Lawful means? Mirt. Lawful, and pleasing too ; I will not urge

Caldoro's loyal love, you being averse to't ; Make trial of Adorio.

Calis. And give up

My honour to his lust !

Mirt. 'There's no such thing

Intended, madam; in few words, write to him

What slavish hours you spend under your mother ;

That you desire not present marriage from him.

But as a noble gentleman to redeem you From the tyranny you suffer. With your letter

Present him some rich jewel; you have one, In which the rape of Proserpine, in little, Is to the life express'd : I'll be the messenger

With any hazard, and at my return,

Yield you a good account of t. Calis. "Tis a business

To be consider'd of,

Mirt. Consideration, When the converse of your lover is in question,

Is of no moment : if she would allow you A dancer in the morning to well breathe you,

A songster in the afternoon, a servant To air you in the evening ; give you leave

To see the theatre twice a week, to mark

How the old actors decay, the young sprout up,

(A fitting observation,) you might bear it; But not to see, or talk, or touch a man, Abominable!

Calis. Do not my blushes speak How willingly I would assent? Mirt, Sweet lady,

Do something to deserve them, after.

ACT IL

SCENE I. - The same. A Stre Severino's House.

Enter Iolante and Calipso.

Iol. And are these Frenchmen, a such gallants ?

Calip. Gallant and active ; th breeding knows not

The Spanish and Italian precisenes Practised among us; what we call in With them is styled bold courtsh dare fight

Under a velvet ensign, at fourteen. Iôl. A petticoat, you mean? Calip. You are in the right ;

Let a mistress wear it under an an proof,

They are not to be beaten off. *Iol.* You are merry, neighbour. *Calip.* I fool to make you so : p observe them,

They are the forward'st monsieurs physicians

For the malady of young wenche ne'er miss :

I owe my life to one of them. When A raw young thing, not worth the g

trod on,

And long'd to dip my bread in tar, As blue as salt-water, he came up to me,

And cured me in an instant ; Ve praised for't !

Enter Alphonso, Montpensier, Lava tain, and Attendants,

Ist. They come, leave prating.

Calip. 1 am dumb, an't like your h Alph. We will not break the leagu

firm'd between us

And your great master : the passage army

Through all our territories lies open Only we grieve that your design for ! Commands such haste, as it denies us To entertain you as your worth deser And we would gladly tender.

Mont. Royal Alphonso,

The king my master, your confederat Will pay the debt he owes, in fact, w

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 Want words t'express. I must remove tonight; And yet, that your intended favours may not Be lost, I leave this gentleman behind me, To whom you may vouchsafe them, I dare say, Without repentance. I forbear to give Your majesty his character; in France He was a precedent for arts and arms, Without a rival, and may prove in Naples Worthy the imitation. [Introduces Laval to the king. Calip. Is he not, madam, A monsieur in print? what a garb was there! O rare! Then, how he wears his clothes! and the fashion of them ! A main assurance that he is within All excellent : by this, wise ladies over Make their conjectures. Id. Peace, I have observed him From head to foot. Calip. Eye him again, all over. Law. It cannot, royal sir, but argue me Of much presumption, if not impudence, To be a suitor to your majesty, Berore I have deserved a gracious grant, By some employment prosperously achieved. But pardon, gracious sir : when I left France I made a vow to a bosom friend of mine, (Which my lord general, if he please, can witness.) With such humility as well becomes A poor petitioner, to desire a boon From your magnificence. <i>He delivers a petition.</i> 	 The rigour of your justice, and express An act of mercy. <i>Iol.</i> 1 can hear no more. This opens an old wound, and makes a new one. Would it were cicatrized ! wait me. <i>Calip.</i> As your shadow. <i>Excunt</i> Iolante and Calipso. Alph. We grant you these are glorious pretences, Revenge appearing in the shape of valour, Which wise kings must distinguish : the defence Of reputation, now made a bawd To murder ; every trifle falsely styled An injury, and not to be determined But by a bloody duel : though this vice Hath taken root and growth beyond the mountains, (As France, and, in strange fashions, her ape, England, can dearly witness with the loss Of more brave spirits, than would have stood the shock Of the Turk's army;) while Alphonso lives It shall not here be planted. Move me no further In this; in what elsc suiting you to ask, And me to give, expect a gracious answer : However, welcome to our court. Lord General, I'll bring you out of the ports, and then betake you To your good fortune. <i>Mont.</i> Your grace overwhelms me. <i>Excunt.</i> SCENE II.—A Room in Severino's House.
From your magnificence. [He delivers a petition.	[Excunt.
He does deliver it !	Enter Calipso and Iölante.
 Idi. I have eyes : no more. Alph. For Severino's pardon !you must excuse me. I dare not pardon murder. Lav. His fact, sir. 	Calip. You are bound to favour him; mark you how he pleaded For my lord's pardon. <i>Iöl.</i> That's indeed a tie;
 Lut. This next, sn., beta, /li>	But I have a stronger on me. <i>Calip.</i> Say you love His person, be not asham dof't; he's a man, For whose embraces, though Endymion Lay sleeping by, Cynthia would leave her orb, And exchange kisses with him. <i>Jöl.</i> Do not fan A fire that burns already too hot in me; I am in my honour sick, sick to the death. Never to be recovered. <i>Calip.</i> What a coil's here For loving a man! It is no Africk wonder: If, like Pasiphaë, you doted on a bull, Indeed 'twere monstrous; but in this you have
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A thousand thous precedents to excuse you A seaman's wife may ask relief of her neighbour, When her husbane ound to the Indies, and not blame 1.2.1 s of higher calling And many more be Though I forbear to name them. You have a husband ; No. But, as the case stands with my lord, he is A kind of no husband ; and your ladyship And 0 As free as a widow can be. I confess, If ladies should seek change, that have their Your Forhusbands Wit At board and bed, to pay their marriage ef. duties. The surest bond of concord,) 'twere a fault, \mathcal{A} Indeed it were : but for your honour, that Do lie alone so often-body of me ! In w I am zealous in your cause-let me take I'll st. breath. know Iol. I apprehend what thou wouldst say, want all bosom As means to quench the spurious fire that burns here. Calip. Want means, while I, your creature, live ! I dare not My harshness to Calista. Be so unthankful, Iöl. Wilt thou undertake it? And, as an earnest of much more to come, Receive this jewel, and purse cramm'd full of crowns. How dearly 1 am forced to buy dishonour ! Aside. Calip. I would do it gratis, but 'twould ill become My breeding to refuse your honour's bounty; Nay, say no more, all rhetoric in this Is comprehended ; let me alone to work him. He shall be yours ; that's poor, he is already At your devotion. I will not boast of beef, My faculties this way, but suppose he were Coy as Adonis, or Hippolytus, And your desires more hot than Cytherea's, not Or wanton Phædra's, I will bring him chain'd To your embraces, glorying in his fetters :

I have said it.

Iöl. Go, and prosper ; and imagine

A salary beyond thy hopes.

Calip. Sleep you Secure on either ear ; the burthen's yours

To entertain him, mine to bring him hither. Excunt.

SCENE III .- A Room in Adorio's House. Enter Adorio, Camillo, Lentulo, and Donato.

Don. Your wrong's beyond a challenge, and you deal

Too fairly with him, if you take that way To right yourself. Lent. The least that you can do,

In the terms of honour, is, when next you meet him,

To give him the bastinado.

Cam. And that done,

Draw out his sword to cut your own threat!

Be ruled by me, shew yourself an Italian, ring received one injury, do not put

t for a second ; there are fellows that,

- w crowns, will make him sure, and so, ur revenge, you prevent future mis-
- I thank you, gentlemen, for your fied care
- concerns my honour ; but in that
- r my own course. Yet, that you muy
- You are still my cabinet counsellors, my

Lies open to you ; I begin to feel

A weariness, nay, satiety of looseness, And something tells me here, I should repent

Enter Cario, hastily.

Camil. When you please,

You may remove that scruple.

Ador. I shall think on't.

Car. Sir, sir, are you ready?

Ador. To do what?

I am sure 'tis not yet dinner-time. Car. True ; but I usher

Such an unexpected dainty bit for breakfast. As yet I never cook'd : 'tis not botargo,

Fried frogs, potatoes marrow'd, cavear,

Carps' tongues, the pith of an English chine.

Nor our Italian delicate, oil'd mushrooms, And yet a drawer-on too ; and if you shew

An appetite, and a strong one, I'll not say To eat it, but devour it, without grace too,

(For it will not stay a preface,) I am shamed, And all my past provocatives will be jeer'd at.

Ador. Art thou in thy wits? what newfound rarity

Hast thou discover'd?

Car. No such matter, sir : It grows in our own country.

Don. Serve it up,

I feel a kind of stomach. Camil. I could feed too.

Car. Not a bit upon a march ; there's other lettuce



parse lips ; this is peculiar only ster's palate : I would give my year's wages vails, and fees due to the kitchen, is carver. eave your fooling, sirrah, in your dainty vill bring in itself, and spirit in it; and for proof, low fall to boldly; my life on't, be tasted.

Enter Mirtilla.

Ha ! Calista's woman? handsome one, by Venus. ray you forbear :lcome, fair one ow that blush becomes her ! im your designs at me? am trusted, sir, iness of near consequence, which

ivate ear deliver. old you so.

mbassador.

ray you, gentlemen, dispose of yourselves, I'll straight YOU.

Excunt Camil. Lent. and Don. spatch her first for your honour : ickly doing-----

what follows.

Vill you please to vanish? Exil Cario.

ty one, your pleasure? you shall

erve you ; if you'll put me to Il take it on this book.

Offers to kiss her. SIT.

is too great, and far above mbition ; I must kiss your hand humble thankfulness. o modest |

well becomes a maid, sir. Spare

oble mistress, upon whom with

your good allowance, I might add gratitude, you may confer them ; Il better speak her chaste desires, Delivers a letter.

a fancy what they are, much less ing language, to their fair deserts, ress them. Pray you read, but

in. I beseech you : if you find

The paper blurr'd with tears fallen from her

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While she endeavour'd to set down that

Her soul did dictate to her, it must challenge

A gracious answer.

Ador. O the powerful charms

By that fair hand writ down here 1 not like. those

Which dreadfully pronounced by Circe, changed

Ulysses' followers into beasts ; these have An opposite working, I already feel, But reading them, their saving operations ;

And all those sensual, loose, and base desires,

Which have too long usurp'd, and tyrannized

Over my reason, of themselves fall off.

Most happy metamorphosis ! in which The film of error that did blind my judgment And seduced understanding, is removed.

What sacrifice of thanks can I return

udience on your couch ; it is fit Her pious charity, that not alone Redeems me from the worst of slavery,

The tyranny of my beastly appetites To which I long obsequiously have bow'd ; But adds a matchless favour, to receive

A benefit from me, nay, puts her goodness In my protection?

Mirt. Transform'd !- it is

A bless'd metamorphosis, and works I know not how on me. Aside. Ador. My joys are boundless,

Curb'd with no limits : for her sake, Mirtilla, Instruct me how I presently may seal To those strong bonds of loyal love, and

service,

Which never shall be cancell'd. Mirt. She'll become

Your debtor, sir, if you vouchsafe to answer Her pure affection.

Ador. Answer it, Mirtilla |

With more than adoration I kneel to it,

Tell her, I'll rather die a thousand deaths

Than fail, with punctuality, to perform

Mirt. 1 am lost on this assurance,

Which, if 'twere made to me, I should have faith in't,

As in an oracle : ah me ! [Aside.] She presents you

This jewel, her dead grandsire's gift, in which,

As by a true Egyptian hieroglyphic, (For so I think she call'd it.) you may be Instructed what her suit is you should do, And she with joy will suffer.

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48 JHE GU. Ador. [looking at the trinket.] Heaven be pleased To qualify this excess of happiness With some disaster, or I shall expire With some disaster, or I shall expire With some disaster, or I shall expire With some disaster, or I shall expire With some disaster, or I shall expire With some disaster, or I shall expire With some disaster, or I shall expire With what art the true appointed say, wench, the true appointed say, wench, Tatend her. Mit. I despair then. [Atide, Ador. At the time appointed say, wench, Tatend her. Mit. You speak well? Mag. Ador. At the time appointed say, wench, Tatend her. Mit. You speak well? Mag. Ador. At the time appointed say. Mater Adare discurbace. Mit. You speak well? Mar. You speak well? Mag. Ador. At the time appointed say. Mar. You speak well? Mag. Ador. At the time appointed say. Mar. You speak well? Mag. Ador. At the time appointed say. Mar. You speak well? Mag. Ador. At the first opt. Ador. At the first opt. Ador. At the time appointed say. Mar. You speak well? Mar. You speak mell. Mar. Not axiss ! Mar. Not akiss ! You speak sindle in me ! shall 1 be false to my lady's trust, and, from a secretar. Mit. Not a kiss ! Mar. N	ARDIAN, Tis here, and everywhere, our forced com- panion : The rising and the setting sun beholds us Environ'd with it : our whole life a journey Ending in certain ruin. <i>Claud.</i> Yet we should not, Howe'er besieg'd, deliver up our fort Of life, till it be forced. Sev. Tis be indeed By wisest men concluded, which we should Obey as Christians ; but when I consider How different the progress of our actions Is from religion, nay, morality, I cannot find in reason, why we should Be scrupulous that way only ; or like meteor Blaze forth prodigious terrors, till our staff Be utterly consumed, which once put our, Would bring security unto ourselves, And safety unto those we prey upon. O Claudio! isnce by this fatal hand The brother of my wife, bold Monteclaro, Was left dead in the field, and I proscribes After my flight, by the justice of the king, My being hath been but a living death, With a continued torture. Sev. While I, by rapines, Live terrible I to others as myself— What one hour can we challenge as our own Unhappy as we are, yielding a beam Of confort to us? Quiet night, that bringss Rest to the labourer, is the outlaw's day, In which he rises early to do wrong, And when his work is ended, dares not sleep Our time is spent in watches to entrap Such as would shun us, and to hide ourselves From the ministers of justice, that would bring us To the correction of the law. O, Claudio, Is this a life to be preservid, and at So dear a rate? Plut why hold I discourse On this sad subject, since it is a burthen We are mark? Ito bear, and not to be shood off But with our human frailty? in the change Of dangers there is some delight, and there <i>fore</i> I an resolved for Naples. <i>Claud.</i> May you meet there All comforts that so fair and chaste a wife As Fame proclaims her, without parallel, Can yield to ease your sorrows ! <i>Sev.</i> I much thank you: Yet you may spare those wishes, which with



you go yet. into your squires not to fly out ounds, were not impertinent : at with a look you can come they'll be headstrong, ell thought on, orn, - Blows his horn. - they will, card, make in to't from all the shepherd's whistle. Enter Banditti. at's your will? sovereign of these woods ! lay our lives ss' feet. will confess no king, what come from your mouth ; subscribe to. this good, to my substitute, to whom ice as to myself; this in one particular punish : on your lives, on whom with our allowance ely prey, with such as are n your fury. ere not amiss, o help their memory ; besides, newly initiated. articles ; I must be gone : Exit. your return he speedy ! ce ; out with your table-books. observe. 1.] The cormorant that lives tion hid for dearth, and, smiling, e poor, you may make spoil of ; nch is justice. in my tables. grand encloser of the commons,

ofit or delight, with all graze upon's, are lawful prize. we will bring them in, ale devil by, to guard them. HSHFEF.

s own price, to make a pur-

tage upon bond or mortgage al, pass throughour territories, Never to be discover'd.

In the way of custom, or of tribute to us, You may ease him of his burthen. 2 Ban, Wholesome doctrine. Claud. Builders of iron mills, that grub up forests With timber trees for shipping. t Ban. May we not Have a touch at lawyers ? Claud. By no means ; they may Too soon have a gripe at us; they are angry hornets, Not to be jested with. 3 Ban. This is not so well. Claud. The owners of dark shops, that vent their wares. With perjuries; cheating vintuers, not contented With half in half in their reckonings, yet ery out, When they find their guests want coin, 'Tis late, and bed-time These ransack as your pleasures. 3 Ban. How shall we know them ? Claud. If they walk on foot, by their ratcolour'd stockings, And shining-shoes; if horsemen, by short boots. And riding-furniture of several counties. 2 Ban, Not one of the list escapes us. Claud. But for scholars, Whose wealth lies in their heads, and not their pockets. Soldiers that have bled in their country's service ; The rent-rack'd farmer, needy market folks : The sweaty labourer, carriers that transport The goods of other men, are privileged : But, above all, let none presume to offer Violence to women, for our king hath sworn, Who that way's a delinquent, without mercy Hangs for't, by martial law. All. Long live Severino, And perish all such cullions as repine. At his new monarchy ! Claud, About your business, That he may find, at his return, good cause To praise your care and discipline All. We'll not fail, sir. Exennt. SCENE IV .- Naples. A Street. Enter Laval and Calipso. Lav. Thou art sure mistaken ; 'tis not That I can be the man thou art employ'd to. Calip. Not you the man ! you are the man of men,

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And such another, in my lady's eye,

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Of chastity ; fair and free I do subscribe to Lav. A mere stu ger, And so you'll find her. Newly arrived ! Lav. Come, you are a base creature ; Calip. Still the r_ re probable, Since ladies, as you know, affect strange name, dainties And brought far to them. This is not an age In which saints live ; but women, knowing A plot upon my life. women, That understand their summum bonum is Variety of pleasures in the t: iningly contriv'd : I plot to bring you Derived from several near nen would A with the travel of some forty paces. T se delights which a man not made of Be wise by their example-Lav. As most are : W "Tis a coupling age ! ride a thousand miles for. You shall Calip. Why, sir, do gallants ton Answer that question ; but, at their m With wonder to the hearers, to di atious, The garb and difference in forei-As the lusty girl of France, the so ung The plump Dutch frow, the stat Spain ; The Roman libertine, and sprightful Tuscan The merry Greek, Venetian courtezan, ecious The English fair companion, that learns Th something you safe From every nation, and will fly at all :-I say again, the difference betwixt these room. And their own country gamesters. Lav. Aptly urged. plot ! Some make that their main end : but may I ask, Without offence to your gravity, by what title Your lady, that invites me to her favours, envy, Is known in the city? Calip. If you were a true-born monsieur, You would do the business first, and ask that after. If you only truck with her title, I shall hardly Deserve thanks for my travail ; she is, sir, No single-ducat trader, nor a beldam So frozen up, that a fever cannot thaw her ; Would warm an eunuch. No lioness by her breath. Lav. Leave these impertinencies, Now he begins to glow ! And come to the matter. Lav. I am flesh and blood, Calip. Would you be as forward, When you draw for the upshot ! she is, sir, hazard. a lady, A rich, fair, well-complexion'd, and what is Not frequent among Venus' votaries, Upon my credit, which good men have trusted. A sound and wholesome lady, and her name is well, sir, Madonna Iölante. Lav. Iölante ! Law. I will along too. I have heard of her; for chastity, and beauty, Come, pardon my suspicion : I confess The wonder of the age. Calip. Pray you, not too much ceive

And, covering your foul ends with her fair Give me just reason to suspect you have

Calip. A plot ! very fine !

Nay, 'tis a dangerous one, pray you beware

ed at a postern door, if you be sol whose touch would make old Nestor re his hernia; a terrible plot ! then ravish'd from you by such lips

w with nectar, a juicy palm more , the famed Sibylla's bough, to guide

Through mists of perfumes to a glorious

Where Jove might feast his Juno ; a dire A banquet I'll not mention, that is common :

But I must not forget, to make the plot More horrid to you, the retiring bower.

So furnish'd as might force the Persian's

The silver bathing-tub, the cambric rubbers, The embroider'd quilt, the bed of gossamer And damask roses ; a mere powder plot

To blow you up ! and last, a bed-fellow.

To whose rare entertainment all these are But foils and settings off.

Law. No more ; her breath

Calip. I knew I should heat you :

And I were not man if I should not run the

Had I no other ends in't. I have consider'd Your motion, matron.

Calip. My plot, sir, on your life,

For which I am deservedly suspected For a base and dangerous woman ! Fare you

I'll be bold to take my leave.

My error; and eyeing you better, I per-

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There's nothing that is ill that can flow from	Already gangrened, when soft unguents
you; I am serious, and, for proof of it, I'll purchase Your good opinion. [Gives her his purse. Calip. I am gentle natured, And can forget a greater wrong upon	would Better express an uncle with some feeling Of his nephew's torments. <i>Dur.</i> I shall melt, and cannot Hold out if he whimper. O that this young
Such terms of satisfaction. Lav. What's the hour?	fellow, Who, on my knowledge, is able to beat a
Calip. Twelve.	man,
Lav. I'll not miss a minute. Calip. I shall find you	Should be baffled by this blind imagined boy,
At your lodging?	Or fear his bird-bolts ! [Aside.]
Lav. Certainly; return my service, And for me kiss your lady's hands.	Cald. You have put yourself already To too much trouble, in bringing me thus
Calip. At twelve I'll be your convoy.	far: Now, if you please, with your good wishes,
Lav. I desire no better. [Excunt.	leave me
	To my hard fortunes. Dur. I'll forsake myself first.
ACT III.	Leave thee ! I cannot, will not; thou shalt
SCENE I.—The Country.	have No cause to be weary of my company,
Enter Durazzo, Caldoro, and Servant.	For I'll be useful; and, ere I see the perish, Dispensing with my dignity and candour,
Dur. Walk the horses down the hill; I have a little	I will do something for thee, though it savour
To speak in private. [Exit Servant. Caid. Good sir, no more anger.	Of the old squire of Troy. As we ride, we will
Dur. Love do you call it ! madness, wil- ful madness ;	Consult of the means : bear up. Cald. I cannot sink,
And since I cannot cure it, I would have you	Having your noble aids to buoy me up;
Exactly mad. You are a lover already, Be a drunkard too, and after turn small poet,	There was never such a guardian. Dur. How is this?
And then you are mad, katexokên the mad- man.	
Cald. Such as are safe on shore may smile at tempests;	
But I, that am embark'd, and every minute Expect a shipwreck, relish not your mirth :	SCENE II.—Naples. A Room in Severino's House.
To me it is unseasonable. Dur. Pleasing viands Are made sharp by sick palates. I affect	Enter Calista richly habited, and Mirtilla in the gown which Calista first wore.
A handsome mistress in my gray beard as well	Calis. How dost thou like my gown? Mirt. 'Tis rich and courtlike.
As any boy of you all; and on good terms Will venture as far i' the fire, so she be	Calis. The dressings too are suitable?
willing	Or you might blame my want of care.
To entertain me; but ere I would dote, As you do, where there is no flattering hope	<i>Calis.</i> My mother Little dreams of my intended flight, or that
Ever t' enjoy her, I would forswear wine,	These are my nuptial ornaments.
And kill this lecherous itch with drinking water,	Mirt. I hope so. Calis. How dully thou reply'st ! thou dost
Or live, like a Carthusian, on poor John, Then bathe myself night by night in marble	not envy Adorio's noble change, or the good fortune
dew, And use no soap but camphire-balls.	That it brings to me? Mirt. My endeavours that way
Cald. You may,	Can answer for me.
(And I must suffer it,) like a rough surgeon, Apply these burning caustics to my wounds	

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By me rewarded like a liberal mistress ; I speak it not to upbraid you with my bounties, Though they deserve more thanks and ceremony Than you have yet express'd. Mirt. The miseries Which, from your happiness, I am sure to suffer. Restrain my forward tongue; and, gentle madam, Excuse my weakness, though I do appear A little daunted with the heavy burthen I am to undergo ; when you are safe, My dangers, like to roaring torrents, will Gush in upon me; yet I would endure Your mother's cruelty; but how to bear Your absence, in the very thought confounds me Since we were children I have loved and serv'd you ; I willingly learned to obey, as you Grew up to knowledge, that you might command me ; And now to be divorced from all my comforts !-Can this be borne with patience? Calis. The necessity Of my strange fate commands it ; but I vow By my Adorio's love, I pity thee. Mirt. Pity me, madam 1 a cold charity; You must do more, and help me. Calis. Ha ! what said you? I must? is this fit language for a servant? Mirt. For one that would continue your poor servant, And cannot live that day in which she is Denied to be so. Can Mirtilla sit. Mourning alone, imagining those pleasures Which you, this blessed Hymencal night, Enjoy in the embraces of your lord And my lord too, in being yours? (already As such I love and honour him.) Shall a stranger Sew you in a sheet, to guard that maidenhead You must pretend to keep ; and 'twill become you? Shall another do those bridal offices, Which time will not permit me to remember, And I pine here with envy ? pardon me,-I must and will be pardon'd,-for my pas-5ions Are in extremes; and use some speedy means That I may go along with you, and share In those delights, but with becoming distance : Or by his life, which as a saint you swear by, I will discover all ! Calis. Thou canst not be

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So treacherous and cruel, in destroying The building thou bast raised. Mirt. Pray you do not tempt me, For 'tis resolv'd. Calis. I know not what to think ofL In the discovery of my secrets to her. I have made my slave my mistress ; 1 met sooth her, There's no evasion else. [Atide.] Priper Mirtilla, Be not so violent, I am strangely taken With thy affection for me; 'twas my purpose To have thee sent for. Mirt. When? Calis. This very night : And I vow deeply I shall be no socoer In the desired possession of my lard, But by some of his servants I will have then Convey'd unto us. Mirt. Should you break ! Calis. I dare not. Come, clear thy looks, for instantly we'll prepare For our departure. Mirt. Pray you, forgive my boldness, Growing from my excess of real to serve you. Calls. I thank thee for't. Mirt. You'll keep your word ? Calis. Still doubiful ! [Esth. Mirt, "Twas this I aim'd at, and leave the rest to fortune. Exit, following. SCENE III.-A Room in Adorio's House Enter Adorio, Camillo, Lentulo, Donato, Cario, and Servants. Ador. Haste you unto my villa, and take all Provision along with you, and for use And ornament, the shortness of the time Can furnish you; let my best plate be se out, And costliest hangings ; and, if t be possible With a merry dance to entertain the bride Provide an epithalamium. Car. Trust me For belly timber : and for a song, I have A paper-blurrer, who on all occasions For all times, and all seasons, hath sur trinkets Ready in the deck : it is but altering The names, and they will serve for any brid Or bridegroom, in the kingdom. Ador. But for the dance ? Car. I will make one myself, and foot finely ;

And summoning your lenants at my dress Which is, indeed, my drum, make a m choice

THE GUARDIAN. 473 Of the able youth, such as shall sweat suffi-But may, and without loss, till he hath settled More serious occasions that import him, ciently And smell too, but not of amber, which, you For a day or two defer it. know, is Ador. You'll subscribe The grace of the country-hall. Your hand to this? Ador. About it, Cario, Camil. And justify't with my life ; And look you be careful. Presume upon't. Car. For mine own credit, sir. Ador. On, then ; you shall o'er-rule me. [Excunt Cario and Servants. Excunt. Ador. Now, noble friends, confirm your SCENE IV. -. 4 Room in Severino's House. loves, and think not Enter Iölante and Calipso. Of the penalty of the law, that does forbid I'll give thee a golden tongue, and The stealing away an heir : I will secure you, have it hung up, And pay the breach of t. Camil. Tell us what we shall do, Over thy tomb, for a monument. Calip. I am not prepared yet We'll talk of that hereafter. To leave the world; there are many good Ador. Pray you be careful pranks I must dispatch in this kind before I die : To keep the west gate of the city open, That our passage may be free, and bribe the And I had rather, if your honour please, Have the crowns in my purse. watch With any sum ; this is all. Iöl. Take that. Don. A dangerous business ! Calip. Magnificent lady! Camil. I'll make the constable, watch, May you live long, and, every moon, love change, and porter drunk, Under a crown. That I may have fresh employment ! you, Lent. And then you may pass while they know what Remains to be done? snore. Though you had done a murder. Camil. Get but your mistress, Iöl. Yes, yes; I will command My daughter and Mirtilla to their chamber. And leave the rest to us. Calip. And lock them up; such liquorish Ador. You much engage me : kitlings are not But I forget myself. To be trusted with our cream. Ere I go, Camil. Pray you, in what, sir? Ador. Yielding too much to my affection, I'll help you To set forth the banquet, and place the can-Though lawful now, my wounded reputation died eringoes Where he may be sure to taste them ; then-And honour suffer : the disgrace, in taking A blow in public from Caldoro, branded undress you, With the infamous mark of coward, in de-For these things are cumbersome, when you should be active : laying A thin night mantle to hide part of your To right myself, upon my check grows fresher ; smock. That's first to be consider'd. With your pearl embroider'd pantofles on Camil. If you dare your feet, Trust my opinion, (yet I have had And then you are arm'd for service ! nay, Some practice and experience in duels,) no triffing, You are too tender that way : can you answer 'e are alone, and you know 'tis a point of The debt you owe your honour till you meet folly Your enemy from whom you may exact it? To be coy to eat when meat is set before [Excunt. Hath he not left the city, and in fear you. Conceal'd himself, for aught I can imagine? SCENE V .- A Street before Severino's What would you more? House Ador. I should do. Enter Adorio and Servant. Camil. Never think on't. 'Till fitter time and place invite you to it : Ador. 'Tis eleven by my watch, the hour I have read Caranza, and find not in his appointed. Listen at the door-hear'st thou any stirring? Grammar Of quarrels, that the injured man is bound Serv. No, sir ; To seek for reparation at an hour ; All's silent here.

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Ador. Some cursed business keeps Her mother up. I'll walk a little circle,

And shew where you shall wait us with the horses.

And then return. This short delay afflicts me.

And I presume to her it is not pleasing. Excunt.

Enter Durazzo and Caldoro.

Dur. What's now to be done? prithee let's to bed, I am sleepy ;

And here's my hand on't, without more ado, By fair or foul play we'll have her to-morrow In thy possession. Cald. Good sir, give me leave

To taste a little comfort in beholding The place by her sweet presence sanctified. She may perhaps, to take air, ope the case-

ment. And looking out, a new star to be gazed on By me with adoration, bless these eyes, Ne'er happy but when she is made the object.

Dur. Is not here fine fooling ! Cald. Thou great queen of love, Or real or imagined, be propitious To me, thy faithful votary ! and I vow To erect a statue to thee, equal to Thy picture, by Apelles' skilful hand Left as the great example of his art ; And on thy thigh I'll hang a golden Cupid, His torches flaming, and his quiver full, For further honour !

Dur. End this waking dream, And let's away.

Enter from the house Calista and Mirtilla.

Calis. Mirtilla ! Cald. 'Tis her voice !

Calis. You heard the horses' footing?

Mirt. Certainly. Calis. Speak low. My lord Adorio ! Cald. 1 am dumb.

Dur. The darkness friend us too! Most bonour'd madam,

Adorio, your servant.

Calis. As you are so, I do command your silence till we are

Further remov'd ; and let this kiss assure you

(I thank the sable night that hides my blushes)

I am wholly yours.

Dur. Forward, you micher ! Mirt, Madam,

Think on Mirtilla ! Goes into the house. Dur, I'll not now enquire

The mystery of this, but bless kind fortune. Favouring us beyond our hopes : yet, now I think on't,

I had ever a lucky hand in such smok night-work. Excent.

Enter Adorio and Servant.

Ador. This slowness does amage net she's not alter'd

In her late resolution?

Jol. [within.] Get you to bed, And stir not on your life, till I command you Ador. Her mother's voice ! listen. Serv. Here comes the daughter.

Re-enter Mirtilla, Antily,

Mirt. Whither shall I fly for succour? Ador. To these arms,

Your castle of defence, impregnable,

And not to be blown up : how your heart beats !

Take comfort, dear Calista, you are now In his protection that will ne er forsake you : Adorio, your changed Adorio, swears By your best self, an oath he dares not break, He loves you, loves you in a noble way. His constancy firm as the poles of heaven. I will urge no reply, silence becomes you ; And I'll defer the music of your voice, Till we are in a place of safety

Mirt. O blest error ! Aside, Exent.

Enter Severino.

Sev. 'Tis midnight : how my fears of certain death,

Being surprised, combat with my strong hopes

Raised on my chaste wife's goodness ! I am grown

stranger in the city, and no wonder, I have too long been so unto myself : Grant me a little truce, my troubled soul-I hear some footing, ha!

Enter Laval and Calipso.

Calip. That is the house And there's the key ; you'll find my lad ready To entertain you ; 'tis not fit I should Stand gaping by while you bill; I hav brought you on, Charge home, and come off with honour.

Eat Sev. It makes this way. Lav. I am much troubled, and know n what to think Of this design. Sev. It still comes on. Law, 'The watch! I am betray'd.

Sev. Should I now appear fearful,

It would discover me ; there's no retiring,





My confidence must protect me; I'll appear As if I walk'd the round, -Stand ! Lav. I am lost. Sev. The word? Lav. Pray you forbear ; I am a stranger,

And missing, this dark stormy night, my way To my lodging, you shall do a courteous

office To guide me to it.

Sev. Do you think I stand here For a page or a porter?

Lav, Good sir, grow not so high : I can justify my being abroad ; I am

No pilfering vagabond, and what you are

Stands yet in supposition ; and I charge you, If you are an officer, bring me before your

captain ;

For if you do assault me, though not in fear Of what you can do alone, I will cry murder, And raise the streets,

Sev. Before my captain, ha !

And bring my head to the block. Would we were parted,

I have greater cause to fear the watch than

Law, Will you do your duty?

Sev. I must close with him :-

Troth, sir, whate'er you are, (yet by your language,

I guess you a gentleman,) I'll not use the rigour

Of my place upon you : only quit this street, For your stay here will be dangerous ; and

good night !

Lav. The like to you, sir; I'll grope out my way As well as I can. O damn'd bawd 1-Fare

Exit. you well, sir

Sev. 1 am glad he's gone; there is a secret passage,

Unknown to my wife, through which this key will guide me

To her desired embraces, which must be,

My presence being beyond her hopes, most welcome.

SCENE VI. - A Room in Severino's House.

Jolante is heard speaking behind a curtain.

181. I am full of perplex'd thoughts, Imperious blood

Thou only art a tyrant ; judgment, reason, To whatsoever thy edicts proclaim,

With vassal fear subscribe against themseives.

I am yet safe in the port, and see before me, If I put off, a rough tempestuous sea The raging winds of infamy from all quarters

Assuring my destruction ; yet my lust

Swelling the wanton sails, (my understand-

Stow'd under hatches, like a desperate pilot, Commands me to urge on. My pride, my pride,

Self-love, and over-value of myself,

Are justly punish'd: I, that did deny

My daughter's youth allow'd and lawful pleasures,

And would not suffer in her those desires

She suck'd in with my milk, now in my waning

Am scorch'd and burnt up with libidinous fire,

That must consume my fame ; yet still I throw

More fuel on it.

Enter Severino before the curtain.

Sev. "Tis her voice, poor turtle : She's now at her devotions, praying for Her banish'd mate ; alas, that for my guilt Her innocence should suffer ! But I do Commit a second sin in my deferring The ecstacy of joy that will transport her Beyond herself, when she flies to my lips,

And seals my welcome. - [Draws the curtain, and discovers Iolante seated, with a rich banquet, and tapers, set forth.]-Iölante !

101. Ha!

Good angels guard me ! Sev. What do I behold !

Some sudden flash of lightning strike me blind,

Or cleave the centre of the earth, that I

May living find a sepulchre to swallow Me and my shame together !

181. Guilt and horror

Confound me in one instant ; thus surprised,

The subtilty of all wantons, though abstracted

Can shew no seeming colour of excuse, To plead in my defence, Aside.

Sev. Is this her mourning? O killing object | The imprison'd vapours

Of rage and sorrow make an earthquake in

This little world, like to a tottering tower, Not to be underpropp'd ;-yet in my fall, I'll crush thee with my ruins

Draws a pomiard. Ist. [kneeling.] Good sir, hold :

For, my defence unheard, you wrong your justice,

If you proceed to execution ;

And will, too late, repent it.

Ser. Thy defence

To move it, adds (could it receive addition)

Ugliness to the loathsome leprosy That, in thy being a strumpet, hath already Infected every vein, and spreads itself Over this carrion, which would poison vultures And dogs, should they devour it. Yet, to stamp The seal of reprobation on thy soul, I'll hear thy impudent lies, borrow'd from hell, And prompted by the devil, thy tutor, whore ! Then send thee to him. Speak. 181. Your Gorgon looks Turn me to stone, and a dead palsy seizes My silenced tongue. Ser. O Fate, that the disease Were general in women, what a calm Should wretched men enjoy ! Speak, and be brief, Or thou shalt suddenly feel me. 181. Be appeased, sir, Until I have deliver'd reasons for This solemn preparation. Sev. On, I hear thee. Ist. With patience ask your memory; 'twill instruct you, This very day of the month, seventeen years since, You married me, Sev. Grant it, what canst thou urge From this? 181. That day, since your proscription, sir, In the remembrance of it annually, The garments of my sorrow laid aside, I have with pomp observed. Sev. Alone ! Isl. The thoughts Of my felicity then, my misery now, Were the invited guests; imagination Teaching me to believe that you were present, And a partner in it. Sev. Rare! this real banquet To feast your fancy : fiend ! could fancy drink off These flaggons to my health, or the idle thought, Like Baal, devour these delicates ? the room Perfumed to take his nostrils ! this loose habit. Which Messalina would not wear, put on To fire his lustful eyes! Wretch, am I grown So weak in thy opinion, that it can Flatter credulity that these gross tricks May be joisted on me? Where's my daughter? where The bawd your woman? answer me.-Calista !

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Mirtilla! they are disposed of, if at murder'd, To make all sure ; and yet methinks yet? neighbour, Your whistle, agent, parasite, Calipso Should be within call, when you here, to usher in The close adulterer. Lays hands on her. Iol. What will you do? Sev. Not kill thee, do not hope it ; I am not So near to reconcilement. Ha ! this south The intended favour to your stallion, non Is useful : do not strive :- He binds ker thus bound, expect All studied tortures my assurance, not My jealousy, thou art false, can pour upon thee. In darkness howl thy mischiefs ; and if rankness Of thy imagination can conjure The ribald [hither,] glut thyself with him; I will cry Aim / and in another room Determine of my vengeance. Oh, my heart-Exit with the lapers. strings ! Jol. Most miserable woman ! and ret sitting A judge in mine own cause upon myself, I could not mitigate the heavy doom My incens'd husband must pronounce upon me. In my intents I am guilty, and for them Must suffer the same punishment, as if I had, in fact, offended. Calip. [within.] Bore my eyes out, If you prove me faulty; I'll but tell my lady What caused your stay, and instantly present you. Enter Calipso. How's this? no lights ! What new device? will she play At blindman's-buff ?---Madam 1 Idl. Upon thy life, Speak in a lower key. Calip. The mystery Of this, sweet lady? where are you? 181. Here, fast bound. Calip. By whom ? Iol. I'll whisper that into thine car, And then farewell for ever. Calip. How ! my lord ? I am in a fever : horns upon horns grow on him ! Could he pick no hour but this to break a bargain

Almost made up? Jol. What shall we do?

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Calip. Betray him ; I'll instantly raise the watch.	And in her fancy hugs him. Wake, thou	
<i>I il</i> instantly false the watch.	strumpet, And instantly give up unto my vengeance	
For ever infamous.	The villain that defiles my bed; discover	
Calip. The gentleman,	Both what and where he is, and suddenly,	
The rarest gentleman is at the door,	That I may bind you face to face, then sew	
Shall he lose his labour? Since that you must perish,	you Into one sack, and from some steep rock	
"Twill shew a woman's spleen in you to fall	hurl you	
Deservedly ; give him his answer, madam.	Into the sea together; do not play with	
I have on the sudden in my head a strange	The lightning of my rage; break stubborn	
whim; But I will first unbind you. [Frees Iö].	silence, And answer my demands ; will it not be?	
<i>Jol.</i> Now what follows?	I'll talk no longer; thus I mark thee for	
Calip. I will supply your place; [Iöl.	A common strumpet.	
binds Calip.] and, bound, give me	[Strikes at her with the knije.	
Your mantle, take my night-gown; send	Calip. Oh!	
away The gentleman satisfied. I know my lord	Sev. Thus stab these arms That have stretch'd out themselves to grasp	
Wants power to hurt you, I perhaps may get	a stranger.	
A kiss by the bargain, and all this may prove	Calip. Oh !	
But some neat love-trick : if he should grow furious.	Sev. This is but an induction ; I will draw	
And question me, I am resolved to put on	The curtains of the tragedy hereafter : Howl on, 'tis music to me. [Exit.]	
An obstinate silence. Pray you dispatch the	Calip. He is gone.	
gentleman,	A kiss and love-tricks! he hath villainous	
His courage may cool.	teeth,	
<i>löl.</i> I'll speak with him, but if To any base or lustful end, may mercy	May sublimed mercury draw them ! if all dealers	
At my last gasp forsake me ! [Exit. Calip. I was too rash,	In my profession were paid thus, there would be	
And have done what I wish undone : say he should kill me?		
I have run my head in a fine noose, and I	My arms, my arms ! I dare not cry for fear;	
smell The pickle I am in L'log, how I shudder	Cursed desire of gold, how art thou punish'd !	
The pickle I am in ! 'las, how I shudder Still more and more ! would I were a she	Enter Iölante.	
Priapus,	Emer Iolance.	
Stuck up in a garden to fright away the	Iöl. Till now I never truly knew myself,	
crows, So I were out of the house! she's at her	Nor by all principles and lectures read	
pleasure,	In chastity's cold school, was so instructed As by her contrary, how base and deform'd	
Whate'er she said ; and I must endure the	Loose appetite is ; as in a few short minutes	
torture-	This stranger hath, and feelingly, deliver d.	
He comes; I cannot pray, my fears will kill me.		
me.	And be as I was yesterday, untainted In my desires, as I am still in fact,	
Re-enter Severino with a knife in his hand,	I thank his temperance ! I could look un-	
throwing open the doors violently.	daunted	
See It is a dead of darkness and I mad	Upon my husband's rage, and smile at it,	
Sev. It is a deed of darkness, and I need No light to guide me; there is something tells me	So strong the guards and sure defences are Of armed innocence; but I will endure The penance of my sin, the only means	
I am too slow-paced in my wreak, and trifle	Is left to purge it. The day breaks.—	
In my revenge. All hush'd ! no sigh nor	Calipso!	
groan,	Calip. Here, madam, here.	
To witness her compunction ! can guilt sleep, And innocence be open-eyed? even now,	Iöl. Hath my lord visited thee? Calip. Hell take such visits! these stabb'd	
Perhaps, she dreams of the adulterer,	arms, and loss	

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the temple th in loose

4/0	In the second seco
 Of my nose you left fast on, may give you a relish What a night I have had of t, and what you had suffered. Had I not supplied your place. Id. I truly grieve for't; Did not my husband speak to thee? Calip. Yes, I heard him. And felt him, ecce signum, with a mischief ! But he knew not me; like a true-bred Spartan boy. 	Have kept the knot of wedlock, in the templ By the priest fasten'd, firm; (though in loss wishes I yield I have offended;) to strike blind The eyes of jealousy, that see a crime I never yet committed, and to free me From the unjust suspicion of my lord, Restore my martyr'd face and wounded arm To their late strength and beauty. Sev. Does she hope To be cured by miracle?
With silence I endured it; he could not get	784. This minute I
One syllable from me.	Perceive with joy my orisons heard and
<i>Jol.</i> Something may be fashion'd	granted.
From this, incrution help and I must be	You ministers of mercy, who unseen.
From this; invention help me! I must be sudden. [Unbinds her. Thou art free, exchange, quick, quick ! now bind me sure,	And by a supernatural means, have done This work of heavenly charity, be ever Canonized for't !
And leave me to my fortune.	Sev. I did not dream, I heard her,
<i>Calip.</i> Pray you consider	And I have eyes too, they cannot deceiv
The loss of my nose; had I been but carted	me:
for you,	If I have no belief, in their assurance,
Though wash'd with mire and chamber-lie,	I must turn sceptic. Ha ! this is the hand
I had	And this the fatal instrument : these drops
Examples to excuse me : but my nose,	Of blood, that gush'd forth from her fac
My nose, dear lady !	and arms,
<i>Tot.</i> Get off, I'll send to thee.	Still fresh upon the floor. This is some
[<i>Exit</i> Calipso.	thing more
If so, it may take ; if it fail, I must	Than wonder or amazement : 1 profess
Suffer whatever follows. Re-enter Severino with the knife and taper.	I am astonish'd. <i>Iõl.</i> Be incredulous still, And go on in your barbarous rage, led to
Sev. I have search'd	By your false guide, suspicion; have no fait
In every corner of the house, yet find not	In my so long tried loyalty, nor believe
My daughter, nor her maid; nor any print	That which you see; and for your satisfar
Of a man's footing, which, this wet night,	tion,
would	My doubted innocence cleared by miracle.
Be easily discern'd, the ground being soft,	Proceed; these veins have now new blood
At his coming in or going out.	if you
<i>Iol.</i> "Tis he,	Resolve to let it out.
And within hearing ; heav'n forgive this	Sev. I would not he fool'd
feigning.	With easiness of belief, and faintly give
I being forced to't to preserve my life,	Credit to this strange wonder; tis no
To be better spent hereafter !	thought on :
Sev. I begin	In a fitter place and time I'll sound ti
To stagger, and my love, if it knew how,	further. [Atii
(Her piety heretofore and fame remembered,)	How can I explate my sin ? or hope,
Would plead in her excuse.	[Uniter ht
<i>101.</i> [<i>aloud.</i>] You blessed guardians	Though now I write myself thy slave, i
Of matrimonial faith, and just revengers	service
Of such as do in fact offend against	Of my whole life can win thes to pronout
Your sacred rites and ceremonies; by all titles	Despair d-of pardon? Shall 1 kneel? the
And holy attributes you do vouchsafe	poor,
To be invoked, look down with saving pity	Thy mercy must urge more in my defene
Upon my matchless sufferings!	Than I can fancy; wilt thou have reven.
Sev. At her devotions :	My heart lies open to thee.
Affliction makes her repent.	<i>Idl.</i> This is needless

Upon a wretched woman, and as I

To me, who in the duty of a wife, Know I must suffer.

THE GUARDIAN. Sev. Thou art made up of goodness, Drawn from thine eye, in this Cimmerian And from my confidence that I am alone darkness. The object of thy pleasures, until death Divorce us, we will know no separation. To guide my shaking hand to touch the anchor Without inquiring why, as sure thou wilt Of hope in thy recovery. not. Calis. Oh i Such is thy meek obedience, thy jewels Dur. She lives ; And choicest ornaments pack d up, thou Disturb her not : she is no right-bred woman, If she die with one fall; some of my acshalt Along with me, and as a queen be honour'd quaintance By such as style me sovereign. Already Have ta en a thousand merrily, and are still My banishment is repeal'd, thou being Excellent wrestlers at the close hug. present ; Cald. Good sir-The Neapolitan court a place of exile When thou art absent: my stay here is thus if My mother were in her place. mortal. Of which thou art too sensible, I perceive it; Cald. But had you heard Come, dearest Iölante, with this breath The music of the language which she used All jealousy is blown away. [Embraces her. To me, believed Adorio, as she rode Iol. Be constant. Behind me ; little thinking that she did [Excunt. Embrace Caldoro-Calis. Ah, Adorio ! ACT IV. Dur. Leave talking, I conceive it. Calis. Are you safe? SCENE I.-The Country. A Noise within, as of a horse fallen ;- then life, to hear you. enter Durazzo, Caldoro, and Servant, with Calista in their arms. my veil off, Dur. Hell take the stumbling jade !

Cald. Heaven help the lady

Serv. The horse hath broke his neck. Dur. Would thine were crack'd too.

So the lady had no harm ! Give her fresh air,

"Tis but a swoon.

Cald. 'Tis more, she's dead. Dur. Examine

Her limbs if they be whole : not too high, not too high,

You ferret; this is no coney-burrow for you. How do you find her? Cald. No breath of comfort, sir: too

cruel fate !

Had I still pined away, and linger'd under The modesty of just and honest hopes

After a long consumption, sleep and death To me had been the same; but now, as

'twere Possess'd of all my wishes, in a moment

To have them ravish'd from me! suffer shipwreck

In view of the port ! and, like a half-starv'd beggar,

No sooner in compassion clothed, but coffin'd !

Malevolent destinies, too cunning in

Wretched Caldoro's tortures ! O Calista,

If thy immortal part hath not already

Left this fair palace, let a beam of light

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Dur. Prithee be not angry, I should speak

Cald. And raised, like you, from death to

Calis. Hear my defence then, ere I take

A simple maid's defence, which, looking on you,

I faintly could deliver ; willingly

I am become your prize, and therefore use Your victory nobly; heaven's bright eye, the sun

Draws up the grossest vapours, and I hope I ne'er shall prove an envious cloud to darken

The splendour of your merits. I could urge With what disdain, nay scorn, I have declined

The shadows of insinuating pleasures Tender'd by all men else, you only being The object of my hopes : that cruel prince To whom the olive-branch of peace is offer d,

Is not a conqueror, but a bloody tyrant, If he refuse it; nor should you wish a

triumph, Because Calista's humble : I have said, And now expect your sentence.

Dur. What a throng

Of clients would be in the court of Love, Were there many such she-advocates ! Art

thou dumb? Canst thou say nothing for thyself? Cald. [Kneels.] Dear lady,

Open your eyes, and look upon the man,

The man you have elected for your judge,

Kneeling to you for mercy.

Calis. I should know

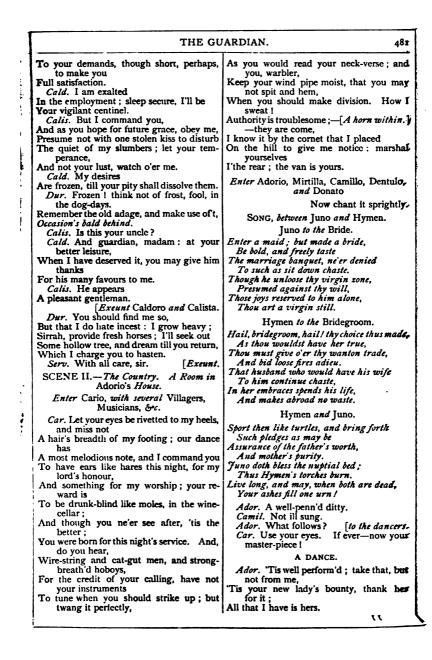
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This soles, and something more than fear I Upon Adoria's, like Photoe's shie Gisting a crystal river ; and your ity Rise up in citil courtship to meet be 100 Denvived ; but now I look upon his face. I am assured I am wretched While I hit mine with envy ; set they Dur. Why, good lady? Hold her up, she'll fall again before her time Howe're my pessions raged, could not prowater m The youth's a well-timber'd youth, look on To one act of rebellion against his making : My loyalty to you, the so-create His hair curf d naturally ; he's whole-chested To whom I owe obedience, form. Calic. My birshes And will do his work as well, and go through ! Coufees this for a truth Dar. A flag of trace is stitch with t. As any Adorin in the world, my state on't ! Hung rat in this acknowledgemen Cald. I could add. A chicken of the right kind ; and if he prove But that you may interprove what I speak Tick. A cock of the game, ruckold him first, and The malion of a rival, rather share alier My due respect to your deserts, how fainly Make a mpon of him. Adorio hath return'd thanks to the bouny Calie. I'll cry out a rape, Of your affection, ascribing it. If thou unhand me not ; would I had died As a tribute to his worth, and not in you An act of mercy : could he else, invited In my late trance, and never lived to know I am betray'd I (As by your words I understood) to take you Dwr. To a young and active imstand ! To his protection, growly neglect Call you that treachery? there are a shoul of So gracious an offer, or give power To Fate itself to cross him? O, dear modant Young wenches i'the city, would yow a pilgrinnage We are all the balls of time, toss'd to an Beyond Jerusalem, to be so cheated -fro. To her again, you milksop 1 violent storms From the plough unto the throne, and had Are soon blown over. again : Under the swing of destiny mankind selfers Calls. How could'st thou, Caldoro, And it appears, by an unchanged decree, With such a frontless impudence arm thy You were appointed mine; wise nature a hopes So far, as to believe I might consent WAVS To this lewd practice? have I not often told Aiming at due proportion : and if so, thee I may believe with confidence, heaven, in Howe'er I pitied thy misplaced affection, I could not answer it ; and that there was Of my sincere affection, and long patients Directed you, by a most blessed error, A strong antipathy between our passions, Not to be reconciled ? Cald. Vouchsafe to hear me To your vow'd servant's bosom. Dur. By my holidam, With an Impartial ear, and it will take from Tickling philosophy ! Calis. I am, sir, too weak The rigour of your censure. Man was mark'd To argue with you; but my stars have bette A friend, in his creation, to himself, And may with fit ambition conceive I hope, provided for me. Cald. If there be The greatest blessings and the highest honours Disparity between us, 'the in your Appointed for him, if he can achieve them The right and noble way : I grant you were Compassion to level it. Dur. Give fire The end of my design, but still pursued To the mine, and blow her up. With a becoming modesty, heaven at length Calis. I am sensible Being pleased, and not my arts, to further it. Of what you have endured ; but on Dur. Now he comes to her : on, boy ! Cald. I have served you sudden, With my unusual travel, and late bruise. I am exceeding weary. In yon grove, While I repose myself, be you my guard With a religious zeal, and borne the burthen Of your neglect, if I may call it so, My spirits with some little rest revived,

We will consider further : for my part,

You shall receive modest and gentle answ

Beyond the patience of a man : to prove this, I have seen those eyes with pleasant glances play



Car. I must have three shares

For my pains and properties, the rest shall

Contractory operation (Locast Carlo, Villapers, &c. Miret. My real Page

Begin, and soon my painted comforts vanish, In my discovery,

Adar, Welcome to your own !

Vor have in wonder in a woman's kept Three long bourt silence ; and the gree belding.

Your own choice in your arms; a blening Sec which

I will be thankful to you : may, unmask, And let mine eye and ears together feast, Too king by you kept suppy. Oh, you want Your woman's help, I'll do her office for you. Takes of her mark.

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Camil. It is she, and wears the habit

In which Calista three days since appeared, As she came from the semple.

Lest. All this trouble

For a poor waiting-maid ! Don. We are growly gulfd. Ador. Thou child of impudence, answer

me, and truly,

Or, through the tongues of angels pleaded Tortures shall force it from thee.

Mirt. Innocence

Is free, and open-breasted ; of what crime Stand I accused, my lord?

Ador. What crime t no language

Can speak it to the height ; I shall become Discourse for fools and drunkards. How

was this Contrived? who help'd thee in the plot?

discover. Were not Calista's aids in't?

Mirt. No, on my life;

Nor am I faulty

Ador. No | What May-game's this? Didst thou treat with me for thy mistress' favours,

To make sale of thine own?

Mirt. With her and you

I have dealt faithfully : you had her letter With the jewel I presented : she received Your courteous answer, and prepared herself To he removed by you : and howsoever You take delight to hear what you have done, From my simplicity, and make my weakness The subject of your mirth, as it suits well With my condition, I know you have her In your possession. Ader. How I has she left.

Her mother's house?

To send some of your knothing a service to Though you were pleased to take the paint That I might still be near her, as a dad w To follow her, the substance. Ador. She is gone then? Mist. This is too much; her, gool m kord, forgive me, I come a virgin hither to attend My noble mintrest, though I must confer. I look with sore eyes upon her good former, And wish it were mine own. Ader. Then, as it strengs, Vou do yourself affect me? Mirt, Should she hear me, And in her sudden fury kill me for't. I durst not, sir, deny it ; since you are A man so form'd, that not poor 1 almer. But all our sex like me, I think, stand bound To be enumour'd of you. Ador. O my fate ! How justly am I punish'd, in these punish'd For my defended wantonness 1 L, that score The mintress when she sought mr, now I would Upon my knees receive her, am become A prey unto her bondwoman, my honour to Neglected for this purchase. Art thou one of those Ambitious servingwomen, who, contemp The embraces of their equals, aim to be The wrong way ladyfied, by a lord? was the No forward page or footman in the city, To do the feat, that in thy last I am chose To be the executioner? dar'st thou hope I can descend so low? Mirt. Great lords sometimes For change leave calver'd salmon, and e

Mirt. You know this said that he Indeed the dorple was it, at her departs

sprats ; In modesty I dare speak no more. Camil, If 'twere

A fish-day, though you like it not, I cou say

I have a stomach, and would content mys With this pretty whiting-mop,

Ador. Discover yet How thou cam'st to my hands.

Mirt. My lady gone,

Fear of her mother's rage, she being fou absent,

Moved me to fly ; and quitting of the hon You were pleased, unask'd, to comfort n (I used

No sorceries to bewitch you;) then you safed

(Thanks ever to the darkness of the nigh

4	8	2

To hug me in your arms; and I had wrong'd	I think, in the service; I durst stay no
My breeding near the court, had I refused it.	longer :
Ador. This is still more bitter. Canst thou	
guess to whom	Neither poor lady, daughter, servant left
Thy lady did commit herself?	there.
Mirt. They were	I only guess he hath forced them to go with
Horsemen, as you are.	him
Ador. In the name of wonder,	To the dangerous forest, where he lives like
How could they pass the port, where you	a king,
expected	Among the banditti; and how there he hath
My coming?	used them.
Camil. Now I think upon't, there came	Is more than to be fear'd.
Three mounted by, and, behind one, a	Lav. I have play'd the fool,
woman	And kept myself too long conceal'd, sans
Embracing fast the man that rode before her.	question,
Lent. I knew the men; but she was veil'd.	With the danger of her life. Leave me
. 1 dor. What were they?	the king !
Lent. The first the lord Durazzo, and the	
second.	Enter Alphonso and Captain.
Your rival, young Caldoro ; it was he	Calip. The surgeon must be paid.
That carried the wench behind him.	Lav. Take that. [Gives her money.]
Don. The last a servant,	Calip. I thank you ;
That spurr'd fast after them.	I have got enough by my trade, and I will
Ador. Worse and worse ! 'twas she !	build
Too much assurance of her love undid me.	An hospital only for noseless bawds,
Why did you not stay them?	("Twill speak my charity,) and be myself
Don. We had no such commission.	The governess of the sisterhood. [Exit.]
Camil. Or say we had, who durst lay	Alph. I may
fingers on	Forget this in your vigilance hereafter !
The angry old ruffian?	But as I am a king, if you provoke me
Lent. For my part, I had rather	The second time with negligence of this kind,
Take a baited bull by the horns.	You shall deeply smart for t.
Ador. You are sure friends	Lav. The king's moved.
For a man to build on !	Alph. To suffer
Camil. They are not far off,	A murderer, by us proscribed, at his pleasure
Their horses appear'd spent too; let's take	
fresh ones,	Capt. Your pardon
And coast the country; ten to one we find	
them.	More circumspect hereafter.
Ador. I will not eat nor sleep, until I have	Alph. Look you be so :
them :	Monsieur Laval, you were a suitor to me
Moppet, you shall along too.	For Severino's pardon.
Mirt. So you please	Lav. I was so, my good lord.
I may keep my place behind you, I'll sit fast,	
And ride with you all the world o'er.	have thank'd you for't,
Camil. A good girl ! [Exeunt.	
· · · · · · · · · · · · · · ·	Lav. So it is rumour'd ;
SCENE III.—Naples. A Street.	And hearing in the city of his boldness,
Enter Laval and Calipso.	I would not say contempt of your decrees,
Lav. Her husband? Severino?	As then I pleaded mercy, under pardon,
Calip. You may see	I now as much admire the slowness of
His handywork by my flat face ; no bridge	Your justice (though it force you to some
Left to support my organ, if I had one :	trouble)
The comfort is, I am now secure from the	
crincomes,	Alph. I have consider'd it.
I can lose nothing that way.	Lav. He hath of late, as 'tis suspected,
Lav. Dost thou not know	done
What became of the lady?	An outrage on his wife, forgetting nature
Calip. A nose was enough to part with,	To his own daughter; in whom, sir, I have
camp. A nose was chough to part with,	110 ms own daughter; in whom, sir, I nave

Some nearer interest than I mand bound to In my humanity, which I gively would Make known units your highment. A/pt. Go ulong.

You shall have opportunity to us walk See you what I committed to your charge, In readment, and without noise, Errant

Capt. I shall, sit.

ACT V.

SCENE L-The Forest,

Enter Classics and all the Banditti, making a guard; Sewarino and Itlante as saken-leaved garlands; Singers.

SONG, Entertainment of the Forest's Queen

Welcome, thrice welcome to this shady green. Our long-toish'd Cynthia, the forest's queen, The trees begin to bud, the glad hirds sing In winter, changed by her into the spring.

We know no night. Perpetual light Downs from your eye.

You being near, We cannot fear,

Though Death stood by.

From you our swords take edge, our hearts grow bold ;

From you in fee their lives your liegemen hold.

These groves your kingdom, and our late your will ;

Smile, and we spare ; but if you frown, we kill.

Bless then the hour That gives the power In which you may, At bed and board,

Embrace your lord

Both night and day.

Welcome, thrice welcome to this shady green, Our long-wished Cynthia, the forest'squeen]

Sev. Here, as a queen, share in my sovereignty

The iron toils pitch'd by the law to take The forfeiture of my life, I have broke

through, And secure in the guards of these few subjects.

Smile at Alphonso's fury ; though I grieve for

The fatal gause, in your good brother's loss, That does compel me to this course. Int. Revive not

A sorrow long since dead, and so diminish

The full fruition of three ions, which stand possessid of: Witness of Lot

That may person us, I shalke off, and A management sparse

Sev. Tis well unid.

Ill. In you, set,

I live ; and when, or by the course of Or violence, you must fall, the end of Devotions is, that one and the same May make us fit for heaven

Ser. I join with you

In my votes that way : but how, 105-You that have spent your past days bering in

The down of quiet, can endure the b And rough condition of our present | Does much disturb me

IN. These woods, Severino,

Shall more than seem to me a populor You being present ; here are no allere To tempt my frailty, nor the conversion of such whose choice hehaviour,

May nourish jealous thoughts. Sev. True, Iolanie;

Nor shall suspected chastity stand in here,

To be clear'd by miracle.

Tol. Still on that string !

It yields harsh discord.

Sev. I had forgot myself,

And wish I might no more remember The day wears, sirs, without one brought in

As tribute to your queen : Claudio, di Our squadron in small parties, let them All passages, that none escape without The payment of our customs.

Claud. Shall we bring in

The persons, with the pillage? Sev. By all means ;

Without reply, about it : we'll retire [Excunt Claudio and th

Into my cave, and there at large disco Our fortunes past, and study some apt To find our daughter ; since, she we posed of,

Our happiness were perfect. 181. We must wait

With patience heaven's pleasure. Sev. "Tis my purpose.

SCENE II.-Another part of the for

Enter Lentulo and Camillo,

E

Lent. Let the horses graze, they are a Camil. I am sure I'm sleepy, And nodded as I rode : here was a fau

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THE CORDIAN, 40	
I' the dark through thick and thin, and all to no purpose ! What a dulness grows upon me ! <i>Lent.</i> I can hardly Hold ope mine eyes to say so. How did we lose Adorio? [<i>They sit down.</i> <i>Camil.</i> He, Donato, and the wench, That cleaves to him like birdlime, took the right hand : But this place is our rendezvous. <i>Lent.</i> No matter, We'll talk of that anon—heigh ho ! [<i>Falls asitep.</i> <i>Camil.</i> He's fast already. Lentulo !I'll take a nap too. [<i>Falls asitep.</i>]	Do not too much contemn me; generous feet Spurn not a fawning spaniel. <i>Ador.</i> Well; sit down. <i>Mirt.</i> I am ready, sir. <i>Ador.</i> So nimble ! <i>Mirt.</i> Love is active, Nor would I be a slow thing : rest secure, sir; On my maidenhead, I'll not ravish you. <i>Ador.</i> For once, So far I'll trust you. <i>[Lays his head on her lap. Mirt.</i> All the joys of rest Dwell on your eyelids; let no dream disturb Your soft and gentle slumbers ! I cannot sing, But I'll talk you asleep; and I beseech you Be not offended, though I glory in My being thus employ'd; a happiness
	That stands for more than ample satisfaction
Enter Adorio, Mirtilla, and Donato. Ador. Was ever man so crost? Mirt. So blest; this is The finest wild-goose chase ! [Aside. Ador. What's that you mutter? Mirt. A short prayer, that you may find your wish'd-for love, Though I am lost for ever. Don. Pretty fool ! Who have we here? Ador. This signior Lentulo. Mirt. This signior Lentulo. Ador. Wake them. Don. They'll not stir, Their eyelids are glued, and mine too: by	 For all I have or can endureHe stores, And does not hear me; would his sense of feeling Were bound up too ! I shouldI am all fire. Such heaps of treasure offer'd as a prey, Would tempt a modest thief; I can nolonger ForbearI'll gently touch his lips, and leave No print of mine :[Kisses him.] ah !I have heard of nectar, But till now never tasted it; these rubies Are not clouded by my breath : if once again I steal from such a full exchequer, trifles Will not be miss'd :[Kisses him again.] I am entranced : our fancy,
your favour,	Some say, in sleep works stronger; I will
I'll follow their example. [Lies down. Ador. Are you not weary? Mirt. I know not what the word means, while I travel	prove How far my— [Falls asleep. Enter Durazzo.
To do you service.	Dur. My bones ache,
Ador. You expect to reap The harvest of your flattery; but your hopes Will be blasted, I assure you. Mirt. So you give leave To sow it, as in me a sign of duty, Though you deny your beams of gracious favour	I am exceeding cold too; I must seek out A more convenient truckle-bed. Ha ! do I dream? No, no, I wake. Camillo, Lentulo, Donato this, and, as I live, Adorio In a handsome wench's lap ! a whoreson !
To ripen it, with patience I shall suffer. Ador. No more ; my resolution to find Calista, by what accident lost I know not, Binds me not to deny myself what nature Exacteth from me : to walk alone afoot (For my horse is tired) were madness, I must sleep. You could lie down too? Mirt. Willingly ; so you please	you are The best accommodated. I will call My nephew and his mistress to this pageant; The object may perhaps do more upon her, Than all Caldoro's rhetoric. With what Security they sleep ! sure Mercury Hath travell'd this way with his charming- rod. Nephew ! Calista ! Madam !
To use me	Enter Caldoro and Calista.
Ador. Use thee ! Mirt. As your pillow, sir;	Cald. Here, sir. Is
I dare presume no further. Noble sir,	Your man return'd with horses?

Dur. No, boy, no; But here are some you thought not of. Calis, Adorio ! Dur. The idol that you worshipped. Calis. This Mirtilla ! I am made a stale, Dur. I knew 'twould take. Aside. Calis. False man ! But much more treacherous woman ! Tis apparent, They jointly did conspire against my weakness, And credulous simplicity, and have Prevail'd against it. Cald. I'll not kill them sleeping : But, if you please, I'll wake them first, and after Offer them as a fatal sacrifice, To your just anger. Dur. You are a fool ; reserve Your blood for better uses. Calis. My fond love Is changed to an extremity of hate ; His very sight is odious. Dur. I have thought of A pretty punishment for him and his comrades. Then leave him to his harlotry ; if she prove not Torture enough, hold me an ass. Their Are not far off, I'll cut the girths and Then turn them into the wood ; if they can run, Let them follow us as footmen. Wilt thou fight For what's thine own already ! Calis. In his hat He wears a jewel, which this faithless strumpet, As a salary of her lust, deceived me of ; He shall not keep't to my disgrace, nor will I Stir till I have it. Dur. 1 am not good at nimming ; And yet that shall not hinder us : by your leave, sir; "Tis restitution : pray you all bear witness I do not steal it ; here 'tis. Takes of Adorio's hat, and removes the jewel, which he gives to Calista. Calis. Take it .- not As a mistress' favour, but a strong assurance I am your wife, [Gives it to Caldoro. Cald. O heaven ! Dur, Pray in the church. Let us away. Nephew, a word ; have you But I'll recover it. not

Been billing in the brakes, ha ! and so deserv'd This unexpected favour? Cald. You are pleasant. Exeant Durazzo, Caldoro, and Calista Ador. As thou art a gentleman, kill me not basely; [Starts up : the rest surekt. Give me leave to draw my sword Camil. Ha! what's the matter? Lent. He talk'd of's sword. Don. I see no enemy near us. That threatens danger Mirt. Sure 'twas but a dream, Ador, A fearful one. Methought Caldoro's sword Was at my throat, Calista from ning by, Commanding him, as he desired her favour. To strike my head off. Camil. Mere imagination. Of a disturbed fancy Mirt. Here's your hat, sir. Ador. But where's my jewel? Camil. By all likelihood lost, This troublesome night. Don. I saw it when we came Unto this place. Mirt, I look'd upon't myself, When you reposed. Ador. What is become of it? Restore it, for thou hast it ; do not put me To the trouble to search you. Mirt. Search me ! Ador. You have been, Before your lady gave you entertainment, A night-walker in the streets Mist. How, my good lord ! Ador. Traded in picking pockets, when tame gulls, Charm'd with your prostituted flatteries, Deign'd to embrace you. Mirt. Love, give place to anger. Charge me with theft, and prostitute baseness ! Were you a judge, nay more, the king, the urged, To your teeth I would say, 'tis false. Ador. This will not do. Camil. Deliver it in private. Mirt. You shall be In public hang'd first, and the whole = of you. I steal what I presented ! Lent. Do not strive, Ador. Though thou hast swallow'd I'll rip thy entrails, Mirt. Help, help !

His victories but royal robberies, And his true definition a thief,

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When circled with huge navies, to the terror Of such as plough'd the ocean, as the pirate, Who, from a narrow creek, puts off for

In a small pinnace :- [Cornet within.]-From a second place

New spoil brought in 1-[Cornet within.]from a third party ! brave !

This shall be register'd a day of triumph, Design'd by fate to honour thee .-

Enter Claudio.

Welcome, Claudio !

Good booty, ha?

Enter at different sides, various parties of the Banditti ; one with Adorio, Lentulo, Donato, Camillo, Mirtilla ; another with Durazzo, Caldoro, Calista; and the rest with Alphonso, Laval, and Captain.

Claud. Their outsides promise so; But yet they have not made discovery Of what they stand possest of. Sev. Welcome all ; Good boys I you have done bravely, if no blood Be shed in the service. 1 Ban. On our lives, no drop, sir. Sev. 'Tis to my wish. Ist. My lord ! Sev. No more ; I know them. Iol. My daughter, and her woman too ! Sev. Conceal Your joys Dur. Fallen in the devil's mouth ! Calis. My father, And mother ! to what fate am I reserved? Cald, Continue mask'd; or grant that you be known, From whom can you expect a gentle sentence, If you despair a father's? Ador. I perceive now Which way I lost my jewel. Mirt, I rejoice I'm clear'd from theft ; you have done me wrong, but I, Unask'd, forgive you. Dur. 'Tis some comfort yet, The rivals, men and women, friends and foes, are Together in one toil. Sev. You all look pale,

murmurs, Express a general fear : pray you shake it off ;

For understand you are not fallen into

The hands of a Busiris or a Carus Delighted more in blood than spoll, but given up To the power of an unfortunate gentleman, Not born to these low courses, hnwadever My fate, and just displeasure of the kine Design'd me to it : you meed not to doubt A sad captivity here, and much less fear, For profit, to be sold for slaves, then abop's Into another country; in a word, You know the proscribed Severing, be, Not unacquainted, but famillar with The most of you .- Want in myself I know not; But for the pay of these my squires, who call Their bread with danger purchased, and must be With others' fleeces clothed, or live exposed To the summer's scorching heat and winter's cold ; To these, before you be compell'd, (a word I speak with much unwillingness,) deliver Such coin as you are furnish'd with Dur. A fine method ! This is neither begging, borrowing, nor robbery; Yet it hath a twang of all of them : but one word, sir. Sev. Your pleasure. Dur. When we have thrown down our muck, What follows? Sev. Liberty, with a safe convoy, To any place you choose. Dur. By this hand, you are A fair fraternity! for once I'll be The first example to relieve your convent. There's a thousand crowns, my vintage, harvest, profits, Arising from my herds, bound in one bag, Share it among you. Sev. You are still the jovial. And good Durazzo. Dur. To the offering ; nay, No hanging an a-, this is their wedding day: What you must do spite of your hearts, do freely For your own sakes. Camil. 'There's mine, Lent, Mine, Don. All that I have, Cald. This, to preserve my jewel. Ador. Which I challenge : And by your private whisperings and soft Let me have justice, for my coin I care no Lav. I will not weep for mine. Capt. Would it were more. [They all throw down their purse.

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Sev. Nay, you are privileged ; but why,	They did agree, had one design, and that was
old father, [To the King.	In charity to redeem the Christian slaves
Art thou so slow? thou hast one foot in the	
grave,	Sev. A brave aim !
And, if desire of gold do not increase With thy expiring lease of life, thou shouldst	Dur. A most heroic enterprise; I lan- guish
Be forwardest.	To hear how they succeeded.
Alph. In what concerns myself,	Alph. Prosperously,
I do acknowledge it; and I should lie,	At first, and to their wishes : divers gallies
A vice I have detested from my youth,	They boarded, and some strong forts near
If I denied my present store, since what	the shore
I have about me now weighs down in value,	They suddenly surprised ; a thousand cap-
Almost a hundred fold, whatever these	tives,
Have laid before you : see! I do groan	Redeem'd from the oar, paid their glad
under [Throws down three bags.	vows and prayers
The burthen of my treasure : nay, 'tis gold ; And if your hunger of it be not sated	For their deliverance : their ends acquired,
With what already I have shewn unto you,	And making homeward in triumphant man- ner,
Here's that shall glut it. In this casket are	For sure the cause deserved it
Inestimable jewels, diamonds	Dur. Pray you end here ;
Of such a piercing lustre, as struck blind	The best, I fear, is told, and that which
The amazed lapidary, while he labour'd	follows
[Opens the cashet.	Must conclude ill.
To honour his own art in setting them :	Alph. Your fears are true, and yet
Some orient pearls too, which the queen of	
Spain	In every place, with her loud trump, pro-
Might wear as ear-rings, in remembrance of	The greatness of the action, the pirates
The day that she was crown'd. Sev. The spoils, I think,	Of Tunis and Argiers laid wait for them
Of both the Indies!	At their return : to tell you what resistance
Dur. The great sultan's poor,	They made, and how my poor sous fought,
If parallel'd with this Crossus,	would but '
Sev. Why dost thou weep?	Increase my sorrow, and, perhaps, grieve
Alph, From a most fit consideration of	you
My poverty ; this, though restored, will not	To hear it passionately described unto you.
Serve my occasions.	In brief, they were taken, and for the great
Sev. Impossible ! Dur. May be he would buy his passport	Ioss The enemy did sustain, their victory
up to heaven ;	Being with much blood bought, they do
And then this is too little; though, in the	endure
journey,	The heaviest captivity wretched men
It were a good viaticum.	Did ever suffer. O my sons ! my sons !
Alph. I would make it	To me for ever lost ! lost, lost for ever !
A means to help me thither : not to wrong	Sev. Will not these heaps of gold, added
you	to thine,
With tedious expectation, I'll discover	Suffice for ransome?
What my wants are, and yield my reasons for them.	Alph. For my sons it would ; But they refuse their liberty, if all
I have two sons, twins, the true images	That were engaged with them, have not
Of what I was at their years ; never father	their irons,
Had fairer or more promising hopes in his	With theirs, struck off, and set at liberty
Posterity : but, alas ! these sons, ambitious	with them ;
Of glittering honour, and an after-name,	Which these heaps cannot purchase.
Achieved by glorious, and yet pious actions,	Sev. Ha the toughness
(For such were their intentions,) put to sea :	Of my heart melts. Be comforted, old father;
They had a well-rigg'd bottom, fully mann'd,	I have some hidden treasure, and it all
An old experienced master, lusty sailors,	I and my squires these three years have laid
Stout landmen, and what's something more than rare,	up, Can make the sum up, freely take't.
inter inter	and the same of the same a

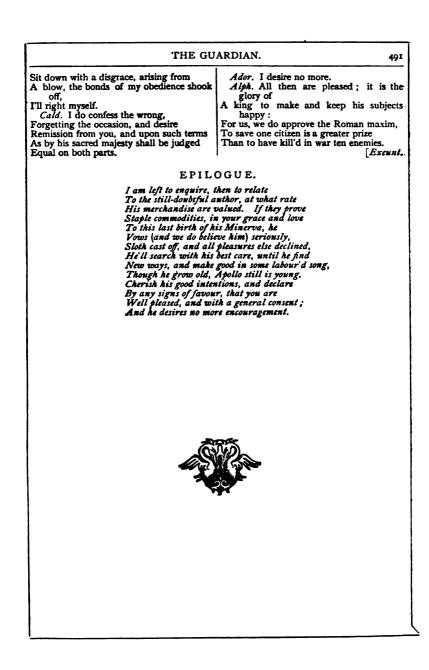
Dur. I'll sell Myself to my shirt, nds, moveables ; and thou Shalt part with thim too, nephew, rather than Such brave men shall live slaves. 2 Ban. We will 1 3 Ban. Nor lose yield to't. parts. Sev. How's this! 2 Ban. You are fitter far To be a churchman, than to have command Over good fellows. Sev. Thus I ever use [Stribe Such saucy rascals ; see Rebellious! do you grun One rogue of them alive. Alph. Hold ;- give th All. The king ! Sev. Then I am los Claud. The woods Of armed men, Alph. No hope of your Can flatter you. Sev. Mercy, dread sir i Alph. Thy carriage In this unlawful course appears so noble, Especially in this last trial, which I put upon you, that I wish the mercy You kneel in vain for might fall gently on you : But when the holy oil was pour'd upon My head, and I anointed king, I swore Never to pardon murder. I could wink at Your robberies, though our laws call them death. But to dispense with Monteclaro's blood Would ill become a king ; in him I lost A worthy subject, and must take from you A strict account of't. 'Tis in vain to move; My doom's irrevocable, Lav. Not, dread sir, If Monteclaro live. Alph. If ! good Laval. Lav. He lives in him, sir, that you thought Laval. Discovers himself. Three years have not so alter'd me, but you may Remember Monteclaro. Dur. How ! Jol. My brother ! Calis. Uncle ! Mont. Give me leave : I was Left dead in the field, but by the duke Montpensier, Now general at Milan, taken up, And with much care recover'd. Alph. Why lived you

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So long conceal'd?

Mont. Confounded with the wrong I did my brother, in provoking him To fight, I spent the time in France that I Was absent from the court, making my exile The punishment imposed upon myself, For my offence. Iöl. Now, sir, I dare confess all : This was the guest invited to the banque That drew on your suspicion. Sev. Your intent, it was ill in you, I do forgive ; I'll hear at leisure. Sir, your sea-It is a general pardon unto all, y hopes, in your fair lives hereafter, deserve it. land, and the rest. Long live great honso ! Your mercy shewn in this ; now, if please, hese lovers' difference. That is easy ; t to the women's choice, the men ing to it. Here I fix then, never To un removed. Embraces Caldoro. Cald. 'Tis my nil ultra, sir. Mirt. O, that I had the happiness to say So much to you ! I dare maintain my love Is equal to my lady's. Ador. But my mind A pitch above yours : marry with a servant Of no descent or fortune ! Sev. You are deceived : Howe'er she has been train'd up as a servant, She is the daughter of a noble captain, Who, in his voyage to the Persian gulf, Perish'd by shipwreck ; one I dearly loved. He to my care intrusted her, having taken My word, if he return'd not like himself, I never should discover what she was ; But it being for her good, I will dispense with't. So much, sir, for her blood ; now for her portion : So dear I hold the memory of my friend, It shall rank with my daughter's. Ador. This made good, I will not be perverse. Dur. With a kiss confirm it. Ador. I sign all concord here ; but must to you, sir, For reparation of my wounded honour, The justice of the king consenting to it, Denounce a lawful war. Alph. This in our presence ! Ador. The cause, dread sir, commands it : though your edicts

Call private combats, murders ; rather than



A Very Woman;

The Prince of Tarent.

PROLOGUE.

To such, and some there are, no question, here, Who, happy in their memories, do bear This subject, long since acted, and can say, Truly, we have seen something like this play. Our author, with becoming modesty. (For in this kind he ne'er was bold.) by me, In his defence thus answers, By command, He undertook this task, nor could it stand With his low fortune to refuse to do What, by his patron, he was call'd unto: For whose delight and yours, we hope, with care He hath review d it ; and with him we dare Maintain to any man, that did allow 'Twas good before, it is much better'd now : Nor is it, sure, against the proclamation To vaise new piles upon an old foundation. So much to them deliver'd ; to the rest, To whom each scene is fresh, he doth protest, Should his Muse fuil new a fair flight to make, He cannot fancy what will please or take.

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

Page.

Viceroy of Sicily. Don Pedro, his son, Duke of Messina. Don Martino Cardenes, his son. Don Martino Cardenes, his son. Don John Antonio, prince of Tarent. Captain of the castle of Palermo, Paulo, a physician. Cuculo, the Viceroy's steward. Two Surgeons. Apothecary. Citizens. Slave-merchant, Servant.

An English Slave. Slaves. Moors. Pirates. Sailors. Almira, the Viceroy's daughter. Leonora, duke of Messina's niece. Borachia, wife to Cuculo, governess of 1 nora and Almira. Two Waiting Women. A good and evil Genius, Servants, Gua Attendants, See.

SCENE,-Palermo.

ACT I. SCENE I.—A Room in the Viceroy's Palace.

Enter Pedro meeting Leonora.

Pedro. My worthiest mistress ! this day cannot end But prosperous to Pedro, that begins With this so wish'd encounter. *Leon.* Only servant,

To give you thanks in your own coun language,

Would argue me more ceremonious Than heartily affected ; and you are

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A VERY	WOMAN. 49
Too well assured, or I am miserable,	That in the wrinkled winter of their age
Our equal loves have kept one rank too long,	Would force a seeming April of fresh beauty
To stand at distance now.	As if it were within the power of art
<i>Pearo</i> . You make me happy	To frame a second nature : but for me,
In this so wise reproof, which I receive	And for your mistress I dare say as much,
As a chaste favour from you, and will ever Hold such a strong command o'er my desires, That though my blood turn rebel to my reason,	The faces, and the teeth you see, we slep
I never shall presume to seek aught from you,	Alm. You spy no sign of any night-mashere,
But what (your honour safe) you well may	(Tie on my carcanet,) nor does your nostr
grant me,	Take in the scent of strong perfumes, to stiff
And virtue sign the warrant.	The sourness of our breaths as we are fasting
<i>Leon.</i> Your love to me	You're in a lady's chamber, gentle brother
So limited, will still preserve your mistress	And not in your apothecary's shop.
Worthy her servant, and in your restraint	We use the women, you perceive, that serv
Of loose affections, bind me faster to you :	us,
But there will be a time when we may wel-	Like servants, not like such as do creat
come Those wish'd for pleasures, as heaven's greatest blessings,	Faith, search our pockets, and, if you fir there
When that the viceroy, your most noble	Comfits of ambergris to help our kisses,
father,	Conclude us faulty.
And the duke my uncle, and to that, my	<i>Pedro.</i> You are pleasant, sister,
guardian,	And I am glad to find you so disposed ;
Shall by their free consent confirm them	You will the better hear me.
lawful.	Alm. What you please, sir.
<i>Pedro.</i> You ever shall direct, and I obey	Pedro. I am entreated by the prince of
you:	Tarent,
Is my sister stirring yet?	Don John Antonio
Leon. Long since.	Alm. Would you would choose
Pedro. Some business	Some other subject.
With her, join'd to my service to yourself, Hath brought me hither; pray you vouch- safe the favour	Pedro. Pray you, give me leave, For his desires are fit for you to hear,
To acquaint her with so much. Leon. I am prevented.	As for me to prefer. This prince of Taren [Let it not wrong him that I call him friend Finding your choice of don Cardenes liked c
Enter Almira, and two Waiting Women dressing her.	By both your fathers, and his hopes cut of Resolves to leave Palermo. <i>Alm.</i> He does well;
Alm. Do the rest here, my cabinet is too hot;	Pedro. How this prince came hither,
This room is cooler. Brother !	How bravely furnish'd, how attended on,
<i>Pedro</i> . Morrow, sister !	How he hath borne himself here, with wha
Do I not come unseasonably ?	charge
Alm. Why, good brother?	He hath continued; his magnificence
Pedro. Because you are not yet fully made	In costly banquets, curious masques, rar
up,	presents.
Nor fit for visitation. There are ladies,	And of all sorts, you cannot but remember
And great ones, that will hardly grant access,	Alm. Give me my gloves.
On any terms, to their own fathers, as	Pedro. Now, for reward of all
They are themselves, nor willingly be seen Before they have ask'd counsel of their doctor	His cost, his travel, and his duteous service He does entreat that you will please he ma
How the ceruse will appear, newly laid on, When they ask blessing.	Take his leave of you, and receive the favou Of kissing of your hands. <i>Alm.</i> You are his friend,
Alm. Such, indeed, there are That would be still young, in despite of time;	And shall discharge the part of one to tel him

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That he may spare the trouble ; I desire not Of civil manners ; nay, ingratitude To see or hear more of him. Unto the many and so fair deservings Padro. Yet grant this, Of don Antonio, Does this express Which a mere stranger, in the way of court-Your breeding in the court, or that you call The viceroy father? a poor peasants ship, Might challenge from you. daughter, Alm. And obtain it sooner. That ne'er had conversation but with beam Pedro. One reason for this would do well. Or men bred like them, would not so in Alm. My will shame Shall now stand for a thousand. Shall I lose Her education. The privilege of my sex, which is my will, Alm. Pray you, leave my chamber ; To yield a reason like a man? or you, I know you for a brother, not a tutor. Deny your sister that which all true women Leon. You are too violent, madam. Alm. Were my father Claim as their first prerogative, which nature Gave to them for a law, and should I break it, Here to command me, (as you take upth I were no more a woman? you Pedro. Sure, a good one Almost to play his part,) I would refuse it. You cannot be, if you put off that virtue Where I love, I profess it ; where I hate, In every circumstance I dare proclaim it Which best adorns a good one, courtesy And affable behaviour, Do not flatter Of all that wear the shapes of men, I loath That prince you plead for ; no antiputhy Yourself with the opinion that your birth, Between things most averse in nature, hold Your beauty, or whatever false ground else You raise your pride upon, will stand against The censure of just men. A stronger enmity than his with mine ; With which rest satisfied ;- If not, put Alm. Why, let it fall then ; anger I still shall be unmoved. May wrong yourself, not me. Leon. And, pray you, be you so. Leon. My lord Cardenes ! Aside to Pedro. Pedro. Go : in soft terms, if you persit Alm. What jewel's that? thus, you I Wom. That which the prince of Will be one-Tarent-Enter Cardenes. Alm. Left here, and you received with-Alm. What one? pray you, out with it. Pedro. Why, one that I shall wish a out my knowledge ! I have use of't now. Does the page wait without, stranger to me, My lord Cardenes sent to inquire my health? That I might curse you ; but-I Wom. Yes, madam. Car. Whence grows this heat? Pedro. Be yet advised, and entertain him Alm. Give it him, and, with it, pray him To return my service to his lord, and mine. fairly Pedro. Will you so undervalue one that has For I will send him to you ; or no more So truly loved you, to bestow the pledge Know me a brother. Of his affection, being a prince, upon Alm. As you please. The servant of his rival? Pedro. Good morrow. Leon. 'Tis not well. Car. Good morrow, and part thus! yo Faith, wear it, lady : send gold to the boy, seem moved too : "Twill please him better. What desperate fool durst raise a temperate Alm. Do as I command you. [Exit Waiting Woman. here. To sink himself? I will keep nothing that may put me in mind Alm. Good sir, have patience ; The cause, though I confess I am I Don John Antonio ever loved, or was ; Being wholly now Cardenes'. pleased, Pedro. In another No way deserves your anger, Car. Not mine, madam, This were mere barbarism, sister; and in As if the least offence could point at you, (For I'll not sooth you,) at the best, 'tis And I not feel it : as you have vouchsal rudeness me Alm. Rudeness ! The promise of your heart, conceal it not Pedro, Yes, rudeness; and, what's worse, Whomsoever it concerns, the want Alm. It is not worth



nquiry: my kind brother to learn me some new court-	With wounded eyes, to take upon himself An office so distasteful?
to real in the some new court-	Leon. You may ask
ted; that was all.	As well, what any gentleman has to do
rother!	With civil courtesy.
, with more security	Alm. Or you, with that Which at no part concerns you. Good my
oke you; yet, if he hath past	lord,
then, my lord?	Rest satisfied, that I saw him not, nor will;
: it,	And that nor father, brother, nor the world,
accompt for't.	Can work me unto anything but what
im so.	You give allowance to-in which assurance,
ore.	With this, I leave you.
us much ; though my modesty	Leon. Nay, take me along;
estion for it, in his absence	You are not angry too? Alm. Presume on that.
im : he hath said nor done, Pedro well might say or do ;	[Exit, followed by Leonorn.
Pedro ! in which understand	Car. Am I assured of her, and shall again
d as well as can be hoped for	Be tortured with suspicion to lose her,
t love him best-from don	Before I have enjoy'd her ! the next sun
	Shall see her mine; why should I doubt,
o me, cousin !	then? yet,
orget yourself.	To doubt is safer than to be secure.
nor the cause in which you	But one short day! Great empires in less
st that it needs no concealing	time Have suffer'd change : she's constant—but a
rt.	woman :
mean you?	And what a lover's vows, persuasions, tears,
speak it,	May, in a minute, work upon such frailty,
ir it, sir : he did persuade	There are too many and too sad examples.
Imira, to vouchsafe	The prince of Tarent gone, all were in safety ;
inference with the prince of	
he court; and, that the world	My fears would quit me : 'tis my fault, if I Give way to that; and let him ne'er desire
ne notice, though he prosper'd	To own what's hard [to win,] that dares not
	guard it
design, he was not scorn'd,	Who waits there?
the kissing of her hand,	
ave her :	Enter Servants and Page.
more ave been urged by him; well	Serv. Would your lordship aught?
ave been arged by him, wen	Car. "Tis well
madam, and I thank you for't.	You are so near.
is answer, I your grant;	Enter Antonio and a Servant,
brother should prepare for	
· · · · · · · · ·	Ant. Take care all things be ready
iew, or private favour, e reason.	For my remove.
at all,	Serv. They are. [Exil.] Car. We meet like friends,
ild be displeased with't.	No more like rivals now : my emulation
spect	Puts on the shape of love and service to you.
hings now are, should have	
own	Car. 'Twas rumoured in the court
iendship : 'twas done indis-	
th to say, maliciously,	To find you out. Your excellence may
ie demolish'd hopes of him	Wonder That I, that never saw you, till this hour,
rival. What had he to do.	But that I wish'd you dead, so willingly
my happiness in your favour	Should come to wait upon you to the ports ;

400	A VERY	WOMAN.
And there, w	ith hope you never will look	Themselves, I can ; yet, I would have
back,		know,
Take my last i	arewell of you.	I dare be angry. Car. 'Tis not possible.
Ant. Never	so; neither is it fit you should;	A tasta off would do woll a part lide
	evail with you as a friend,	A taste of t would do well ; and I'd a trial
	Il; nor, while you live, here-	What may be done. Come hither, boy
after		have seen
	iceroy's court, or of Palermo,	This jewel, as I take it?
Buried his hor	, in which the prince of Tarent	Ant. Yes; 'tis that I gave Almira.
	beak in a language	Car. And in what esteem
I do not under		She held it, coming from your worthy se
Car. No !]	'll be plainer.	You may perceive, that freely hath bestow
	n, that came hither with that	Upon my page. Ant. When I presented it,
Don John Ant	onio did, that exact courtier	I did not indent with her, to what use
	onio, with whose brave fame	
only	and the second se	Car. See the kindness of
	s have fall'n in love, and died;	A loving soul ! who, after this neglect,
Parts	th such assurance, as young	Nay, gross contempt, will look again a her,
	Helen, being sent back, con-	And not be frighted from it.
temn'd,	and a start a star	Ant. No, indeed, sir;
	I scorn'd, his large expense	Nor give way longer-give way, do
laugh'd at		mark,
	off'd, the lady that he courted possession of another,	To your loose wit, to run the wild-go chase,
(Not to be nat	ned that day a courtier	Six syllables further. I will see the lady
Where he was	mention'd,) the scarce-known	That lady that dotes on you, from wh
Cardenes,	And from Mind Advertised	hate
And he to bea	r her from him !that would	My love increases, though you stand elec Her porter, to deny me.
	(having got fairly off)	Car. Sure you will not.
	live ready witnesses	Ant. Yes, instantly : your prosper
Of his repulse	and scandal?	SUCCESS
Ant. The g	fill not kill me: all man's	Hath made you insolent ; and for her sa
honour	in not kin me : an man's	I have thus long forborne you, and can Forget it and forgive it, ever provided,
	n the most uncertain favour	That you end here; and, for what's past
Of a fair mistr	255,	calling,
	you bear it well.	That she make intercession for your pard
sensible	ave seen some that were	Which, at her suit, I'll grant. Car. I am much unwilling
	that would have raged, and	To move her for a trifle-bear that too,
sought		Strikes h
	honour with some strange	And then she shall speak to you.
revenge : But you are	better temper'd; and they	Ant. Men and angels, Take witness for me, that I have endured
wrong	include competent, and they	More than a man !-
The Neapolita	ns in their report,	[They fight; Cardenes fa.
That say they	are fiery spirits, uncapable	O do not fall so sor
Of the least in	jury, dangerous to be talk'd	Stand up-take my hand-so ! when I ha
After a loss: w	here nothing can move you,	printed, For every contumelious word, a wound he
	c, with a constancy	Then sink for ever.
Words nor affin	onts can shake, you still go on,	Car. Oh, I suffer justly !
And smile whe	n men abuse you.	I Serv. Murder ! murder ! murder !
Ant. If they	wrong	[Bx

A VERY WOMAN. 497 2 Serv. Apprehend him. Pedro. Are you a woman, sister ! 3 Serv. We'll all join with you. Takes the sword from her. Alm. Thou art not Ant. I do wish you more; My fury will be lost else, if it meet not A brother, I renounce that title to thee : Matter to work on : one life is too little Thy hand is in this bloody act; 'twas this, For which that savage homicide was sent For so much injury. hither. Re-enter Almira, Leonora, and Servant. Thou equal Judge of all things ! if that blood, Alm. O my Cardenes ! And innocent blood-Though dead, still my Cardenes! Villains, Pedro. [Best sister.] Alm. Oh. Cardenes! cowards, How is my soul rent between rage and sor-What do ye check at? can one arm, and that A murderer's, so long guard the curs'd row, That it can be that such an upright cedar master. Against so many swords made sharp with Should violently be torn up by the roots, Without an earthquake in that very moment justice? I Serv. Sure he will kill us all; he is a To swallow them that did it ! Ant. The hurt's nothing ; devil. 2 Serv. He is invulnerable. But the deep wound is in my conscience, Alm. Your base fears friend. Beget such fancies in you. Give me a sword, Which sorrow in death only can recover. [Snatches a sword from the Servant. Pedro. Have better hopes. is my weak arm, made strong in my re-Enter Viceroy, Duke of Messina, Captain, venge, Guard, and Servants. Shall force a way to't. [Wounds Antonio. Ant. Would it were deeper, madam ! Duke. My son, is this the marriage I came to celebrate ? false hopes of man ! The thrust, which I would not put by, being yours, I come to find a grave here. Of greater force, to have pierced through Alm. I have wasted that heart My stock of tears, and now just anger help Which still retains your figure !--weep still, me To pay, in my revenge, the other part lady; Of duty, which I owe thee. O, great sir, For every tear that flows from those grieved Not as a daughter now, but a poor widow, eyes, Some part of that which maintains life, goes Made so before she was a bride, I fly To your impartial justice : the offence from me; And so to die were in a gentle slumber Is death, and death in his most horrid form: To pass to paradise : but you envy me Let not, then, title, or a prince's name, So quiet a departure from my world, Since a great crime is, in a great man, My world of miseries; therefore, take my greater,) Secure the offender. sword. And, having kill'd me with it, cure the Duke. Give me life for life, wounds As thou wilt answer it to the great king, It gave Cardenes. Whose deputy thou art here. [Gives Almira his sword. Alm. And speedy justice. Duke. Put the damn'd wretch to torture. Re-enter Pedro. Alm. Force him to Pedro. 'Tis too true : was ever Reveal his curs'd confederates, which spare Valour so ill employed ! not, Ant. Why stay you, lady? Although you find a son among them. Let not soft pity work on your hard nature ; Vice. How ! Duke. Why bring you not the rack forth? You cannot do a better office to The dead Cardenes, and I willingly Alm. Wherefore stands Shall fall a ready sacrifice to appease him. The murderer unbound? Your fair hand offering it. Vice. Shall I have hearing? Duke. Excellent lady, in this you express Alm. Thou couldst ask nothing But this, which I would grant. Your true love to the dead. Alm. All love to mankind [Attempts to wound him. Leon. Flint-hearted lady! From me, ends with him. KK

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 Vice, Will you And first to you; With which you; And, Irst to you; With which you; Ant, I will noi What is already i Vice. Then unuprince of Tan Pet, being a subje No privilege of Si. (Being convict by a From the municipal But as a common 1 Must suffer for it. Ant. I prize not So much, as to ap You shall determin Vice. Yet despa To have an equal . Of this grieved fatears, Shall sway me for they urge To have you tortup prison, I must not grant it. Duke. No ! Vice. I cannot, si For men of his rank From other men, beff From other men, beff From other men, beff. So take him to your constants. Duke. No ! Vice. I cannot, si For men of his rank From other men, beff. Min. And. Duke. The guard been given to m Alm. Or unto me Duke. Bribes may Alm. Or unto me Duke. Bribes may Alm. What groan Vice. There are a in him. Alm. Oh that th pour my blood Into his veins ! Car. Oh, oh ! Vice. Take him u Duke. All helps e Vice. All helps e Vice. All helps e Vice. All helps e Vice. This care 	me yet? do confess the fact charged? e worse th vain denial. and, though you are (the king of Spain, can free you it form of law1 red, or r; are to be distinguish'd ore they are condemn'd, ause not heard) he yet tharge, and, as your life, for him else. and Capt. and Guard h of him should have te. corrupt the captain. ist wreak, by force, or e, d. h is that? pparent signs of life yet ere were ! that I could up gently. hysicians. lse. of his recovery, timely	 Than your impetuous clamours for reverse But I shall find fit time to urge that further Hereafter, to you; ' its not fit for me To add weight to oppress'd calamity. Exercise A add weight to oppress'd calamity. Exercise A Cart I. ACT II. SCENE I.—A Room in the Castle. r Pedro, Antonio, and Captain. Why should your love to me, havin ady adured the test, be put unto sis trial? have you not, long since, circumstance and rite of friendship all precedents the ancients boast of you ye traverse for further? Hitherto one nothing (howsoe'er you value is endeavours) that may justly claim by your friendship, and much less wan the debt, which, as a tribute du deservings, not I, but mankind To you build up an altar. O my Pedro ! When I am to expire, to call you mine, Assures a future happiness: give me leave To argue with you, and, the fondness of Affection struck blind, with justice hear me Why should you, being innocent, fling you life Into the furnace of your father's anger, For my offence? or, take it granted (yet Tis more than supposition) you prefer My safety 'fore your own, so prodigally You waste your favours, wherefore should this captain. His blood and sweat rewarded in the favour Of his great master, falsify the trau: Which, from true judgment, he reposes in him. For me a stranger? Pedro. Let him answer that, He needs no prompter : speak your thoughts and freely. Capt. I ever loved to do so, and it shame not not The bluntness of my breeding : from my youth I was train'd up a soldier, one of those That in the the thereas of the freely.

er bc, if I refused at any time demanded. friend, this will satisfy you.

in me. Shall I, from the

which this captain reads ly, learn to be unthankful? ur actions the idea ship, when it does point to

g it is to be a friend, pect? Had I never loved or her outward features, cauties of her mind sus-

t and scorn painted before

sister would anew inflame

e impotence to dote upon

et me in my death confirm, ill things else have the pre-

ere one of Pedro's hairs cause. to love me, rt of my soul dwells in you, odies, friends have but one

and me.

er a Servant.

ice is dead. Exit. all I leave Pedro here to

as thus I clasp thee, let tence find me. heaven's sake ! ssity ; though now , we may meet again, on is for ever, friend.

another Servant.

our spread, sir, of Martino's

's hope of his recovery

ald I fly, then, when I may

ife, my friend? still uncertain, relapse ; for once be ruled,

or that pays when 'tis due; before it is required,

Enter Sailors.

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1 Sail. The bark, sir, is ready. 2 Sail. The wind sits fair.

3 Sail. Heaven favours your escape.

Whistles within. Capt. Hark, how the boatswain whistles you aboard !

Will nothing move you?

Ant. Can I leave my friend?

Pedro. I must delay no longer ; force him hence

Capt. I'll run the hazard of my fortunes with you.

Ant. What violence is this ?- hear but my reasons.

Pedro. Poor friendship that is cool'd with arguments !

Away, away ! Capt. For Malta.

Pedro, You shall hear

All our events. Ant. I may sail round the world, But never meet thy like. Pedro ! Pedro. Antonio !

Ant. I breathe my soul back to thee. Pedro, In exchange,

Bear mine along with thee.

Capt. Cheerly, my hearts ! [Excunt Captain and Sailors with Antonio.

Pedro. He's gone : may pitying heaven his pilot be,

And then I weigh not what becomes of me,

SCENE II .- A Room in the Viceroy's Palace.

Enter Viceroy, Duke of Messina, and Attendants.

Vice. I tell you right, sir. Duke. Yes, like a rough surgeon, Without a feeling in yourself you search My wounds unto the quick, then pre-declare The tediousness and danger of the cure, Never remembering what the patient suffers, But you preach this philosophy to a man That does partake of passion, and not To a dull stoic Vice, I confess you have

Just cause to mourn your son ; and yet; if reason

Cannot yield comfort, let example cure. I am a father too, my only daughter As dear in my esteem, perhaps as worthy, As your Marrino, in her love to him As desperately ill, either's loss equal ; And yet I bear it with a better temper :

KK2

Enter Pedro.

Which, if you please to imitate, 'twill not wrong

Your piety, nor your judgment. Duke. We were fashion'd

In different moulds. I weep with mine own eyes, sir,

Pursue my ends too ; pity to you's a cordial, Revenge to me ; and that I must and will have

If my Martino die.

Pedro. Your must and will,

Shall in your full-sailed confidence deceive you. Aside.

Here's doctor Paulo, sir.

Enter Paulo and two Surgeons.

Duke. My hand | you rather Deserve my knee, and it shall bend as to A second father, if your saving aids Restore my son.

Vice. Rise, thou bright star of knowledge, Thou honour of thy art, thou help of nature, Thou glory of our academies ! Paul. If I blush, sir,

To hear these attributes ill-placed on me, It is excusable. I am no god, sir, Nor holy saint that can do miracles, But a weak, sinful man : yet, that I may, In some proportion, deserve these favours Your excellencies please to grace me with, I promise all the skill I have acquired In simples, or the careful observation Of the superior bodies, with my judgment Derived from long experience, stand ready To do you service

Duke. Modestly replied.

Vice. How is it with your princely patient? Duke. Speak,

But speak some comfort, sir.

Paul. I must speak truth : His wounds though many, heaven so guided

yet Antonio's sword, it pierced no part was mortal

These gentlemen, who worthily deserve

The names of surgeons, have done their duties :

The means they practised, not ridiculous charms

To stop the blood ; no oils, nor balsams bought

Of cheating quack-salvers, or mountebanks, By them applied : the rules by Chiron taught, And Æsculapius, which drew upon him The Thunderer's envy, they with care pur-

sued,

Heaven prospering their endeavours.

Duke. There is hope, then, Of his recovery? Paul. But no assurance: I must not flatter you. That little air Of comfort that breathes towards us fler I dare not Rob these t'enrich myself) you owe that care ; For, yet, I have done nothing. I will begin with them : to either give Three thousand crowns Vice. I'll double your reward : See them paid presently. 1 Surg. This magnificence With equity cannot be conferr'd on us : 'Tis due unto the doctor. 2 Surg. True ; we were But his subordinate ministers, and did only Follow his grave directions. Paul. 'Tis your own : I challenge no part in it. Vice. Brave on both sides ! Paul. Deserve this, with the bonour that will follow, In your attendance 2 Surg. If both sleep at once. 'Tis justice both should die Exempt Surgeons. Duke. For you, grave doctor, We will not in such petty sums consider Your high deserts ; our treasury lies open. Command it as your own. Vice. Choose any castle, Nay, city, in our government, and be lord of L. Paul. Of neither, sir; I am not so ambitious : Nor would I have your highnesses secure. We have but faintly yet begun our journey A thousand difficulties and dangers must h Encounter'd, ere we end it : though h hurts, I mean his outward ones, do promise fair, There is a deeper one, and in his mind, Must be with care provided for ; melan choly, And at the height, too, near akin to mad ness, Possesses him ; his senses are distracted, Not one, but all ; and, if I can collect ther With all the various ways invention Or industry e'er practised, I shall write My masterpiece. Duke. You more and more engage me. Vice. May we not visit him? Paul. By no means, sir;

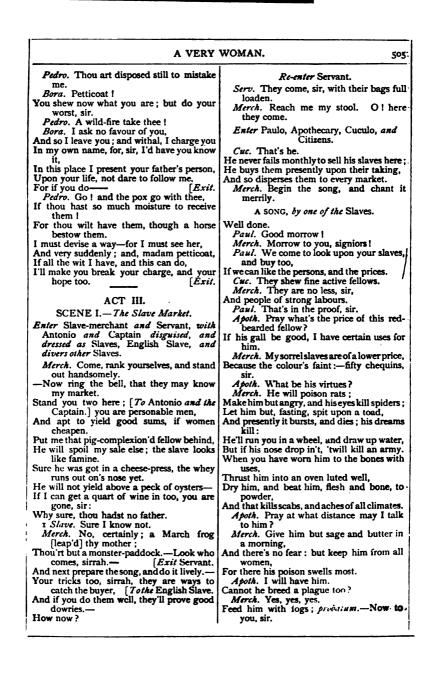
As he is now, such courtesies come u timely:

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 I'll yield you reason for't. Should he lool on you. It will renew the memory of that Which I would have forgotten ; your good prayers And those I do presume shall not be wanting To my endeavours, are the utmost aids I yet desire your excellencies should grant me. So, with my humblest service— Duke. Go, and prosper. [Exrif Paulo. Vice. Observe his piety ;—I have heard, how true I know not, most physicians, as they grow Greater in skill, grow less in their religion ; Attributing so much to natural causes. That they have little faith in that they cannot Deliver reason for : this doctor steers Another course—but let this pass. If you please, Your company to my daughter. Duke. I wait on you. [Excurd. SCENE III.—Another Room in the same. Enter Leonora and Waiting Women. Leon. Took she no rest to-night? Wom. Not any, madam ; I am sure she slept not. If she slumber'd, straight, As if some dreadful vision had appear'd. She started up, her hair unbound, and with Distracted looks staring about the chamber'd, straight, Antonio, Termbling in every joint, her brows contracted. Her fair face as 'were changed into a curse, ther hands held up thus ; and, as if her words Were too big to find passage through her mouth, She groans, then throws herself upon her bed. Beating her breast: Loon. Tis wonderous strange. Words Were, She not to be seen, But so adom'd as if she were to rival Nero's Poppeas, or the Egyptian queen, Now, careless of her beatmes? 2 Wow. Much about 	her,) And then returns.—She's come, pray you, now observe her. Enter Almira in black, carelessly habited. Alm. Why are my eyes fix'd on the ground, and not Bent upwards? ha ! that which was mortal of My dear Mariino', as a debt to nature. I know this mother earth hath sepulcherd ; But his diviner part, his soul, o'er which The tyrant Death, nor yet the fatal sword Of curs'd Antonio, his instrument. Had the least power, borne upon angels' wings Appointed to that office, mounted far Above the firmament. Low. Strange imagination 1 Dear cousin, your Martino lives,

Alm. Leave babbling ; 'tis rare music ! Vice. Speak it, that We may prevent it. Cuc. Nay, 'tis past prevention : Rhammusia plays on a pair of tongs Red hot, and Proscrpine dances to the Though you allow me wise, (in modesty, consort ; I will not say oraculous,) I cannot brip it. Pluto sits laughing by too. So ! enough : I am a statesman, and some say a wist one) I do begin to pity him. Leon. I wish, madam, But 1 could never conjure, nor divine You would shew it to yourself. Of things to come Vice. Leave fooling : to the point ; 2 Wom. Her fit begins What treason? To leave her. Cuc, The false prince, don John Antonio, Alm. Oh my brains! are you there, Is fled. cousin? Leon. Now she speaks temperately. I Vice. It is not possible, Pedro, Peace, screech-owl. Cuc, I must speak, and it shall out, ir: am ever ready 'To do you service : how do you? Alm. Very much troubled the captain I have had the strangest waking dream of hell You trusted with the fort is run away too. Alm. O miserable woman ! I defy And heaven-I know not what. All comfort : cheated too of my revenge! Leon. My lord your father Is come to visit you; as you would not As you are my father, sir, and you my grieve him brother, That is so tender of you, entertain him I will not curse you; but I dare, and will With a becoming duty. say, You are unjust and treacherous. --- If there be Enter Viceroy, Duke of Messina, Pedro, A way to death, I'll find it. and Attendants. Vice. Follow her, She'll do some violent act upon herself ; Vice. Still forlorn ! Till she be better temper'd, bind her hands, No comfort, my Almira? Duke. In your sorrow, And fetch the doctor to her For my Martino, madam, you have express'd [Excunt Leonora, and Waiting Women All possible love and tenderness ; too much Had not you of it A hand in this? Pedro. I, sir! I never knew Such disobedience. Will wrong yourself, and him. He may live, lady, Vice. My honour's touch'd in't : (For we are not past hope,) with his future service, Let gallies be mann'd forth in his pursuit, In some part to deserve it. Alm. If heaven please Search every port and harbour ; If I live, He shall not 'scape thus. To be so gracious to me, I will serve him Duke. Fine hypocrisy ! Away, dissemblers ! 'tis confederace With such obedience, love, and humbleness, Betwixt thy son, and self, and the false cap That I will rise up an example for Good wives to follow : but until I have Assurance what fate will determine of me, tain. He could not thus have vanish'd else. You Thus, like a desolate widow, give me leave To weep for him ; for, should he die, I have have murder'd My son amongst you, and now murder just vow'd tice : Not to outlive him ; and my humble suit is, You know it most impossible he should live One monument may cover us, and Antonio Howe'er the doctor, for your ends, dissen (In justice you must grant me that) be bled. offer'd And you have shifted hence Antonio. A sacrifice to our ashes. Vice. Messina, thou'rt a crazed an Vice. Prithee put off grieved old man, These sad thoughts; both shall live, I doubt And being in my court, protected by The law of hospitality, or I should it not. A happy pair. Give you a sharper answer : may I perish, If I knew of his flight ! Enter Cuculo, and Borachia. Duke. Fire, then, the castle, Hang up the captain's wife and children. Cuc. O sir, the foulest treason That ever was discover'd ! Vice. Fie, sir !

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 Pedro. My lord, you are uncharitable; capital treasons Exact not so much. Duke. Thanks, most noble signior ! We ever had your good word and your love. Cwe. Sir, I dare pass my word, my lords are clear Of any imputation in this case You seem to load them with. Duke. Impertinent fool ! No, no; the loving faces you put on. Have been but grinning visors : you have juggled me Out of my son, and out of justice too; But Spain shall do me right, believe me, Viceroy: There I will force it from thee by the king. He shall not cat nor sleep in peace for me. Till I am righted for this treachery. Vice. Thy worst, Messina ! since no reason can Qualify thy intemperance; the corruption Of my subordinate ministers cannot wrong My true integrity. Let privy searchers Examine all the land. Pedro. Fair fall Antonio ! [Aside. [Examt Viceroy, Pedro, and Attendants. Cue. This is my wife, my lord; troth speak your conscience, By Onke. She is no less, sir ; Mill make use of these : may I entreat you To call my nice. Bora. With speed, sir. [Exit Borachia. Cue. You may, my lord, suspect me As an agent in these state-convegances : Let signior Cuculo, then, be never more, For all his place, wit, and authority, Heid a most worthy, honest gentleman. 	I cast thee like a stranger from my blood. If I do ever hear thou see it, or send'st Token, or receiv'st message—by yon heaven, I never more will own thee I Leon. O, dear uncle! You have put a tyrannous yoke upon my heart, And it will break it. [Exit. Duke. Gravest lady, you May be a great assister in my ends. I buy your diligence thus :divide this couple, Hinder their interviews ; feign 'tis her will To give him no admittance, if he crave it ; And thy rewards shall be thine own desires ; Whereto, good sir, but add your friendly aids, And use me to my uttermost. Cuc. My lord, H my wife please, I dare not contradict. Borachia, what do you say? Bora. I say, my lord. I know my place ; and be assured, I will Keep fire and tow asuader. Duke. You in this Shall much deserve me. [Exit. Cuc. We have ta'en upon us A heavy charge : I hope you'll now forbear The excess of wine. Bora. I will do what I please. Thisdaythe market's kept for slaves; go you, And buy me a fine-timber'd one to assist me; I must be better waited on. Cuc. Anything. So you'll heave wine. Bora. Still prating ! Cuc. I am gone, duck. [Exit. Bora. Still prating ! Cuc. I am gone, duck. [Exit.] Bora. Still prating ! Bora. Still
Ré-enter Borachia with Leonora. Duke, I do acquit you, signior. Niece, you see To what extremes I am driven ; the cunning viceroy, And his son Pedro, having express'd too plainly Their cold affections to my son Martino : And therefore I conjure thee, Leonora, By all thy hopes from me, which is my dukedom If my son fail,—however, all thy fortunes ; Though heretofore some love hath past betwixt Don Pedro, and thyself, abjure him now : And as thou keep'st Almira company, In this her desolation, so in hate Io this young Pedro, for thy cousin's love, Be her associate ; or assure thyself.	 Pedro. Donna Borachia, you most happily Are met to pleasure me. Bora. It may he so; I use to pleasure many. Here lies my way, I do besecch you, sir, keep on your voyage. Pedro. Be not so short, sweet lady, I must with you. Bora. With me, sir! I beseech you, sir

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 South and the second state of the sec	 WOMAN. Bora. Besides, you are so careless of p body, Which is a fool fault in you. Pedro. Leave your fooling. For this shall be a fable : happily. My sister's anger may grow strong age me, Which thou mistak'st. Bora. She hates you very well itoo. But yout mistress hates you heartily :1 upon you ! Upon my conscience, she should see devil first. With eyes as big as sancers ; when I named you. She has leap'd back thirty feet : if once smell you. For certainly you are rank, she says treme rank. And the wind stand with you too, si gone for ever! Pedro. For all this, I would see her. Bora. That's all one. Have you new eyes when those are scrate out, or a nose To clap on warm? have you proof agai a piss-pot. Which, if they bid me, I must fling up you? Pedro. I shall not see her, then, you si Eora. It seems so. Pedro. Prithee, be thus far friend th good Borachia, To give her but this letter, and this ring. And leave thy pleasantlying, which I pard But leave it in her pocket ; there's no har in't. III take thee up a petticoat, will that ple thee? Bora. And why thus hot? Bora. Sir, you shall find me hotter, If you take up my petticoat. Padro. I'll give thee a new petticoat. Bora. I'll give the put peticoat. Bora. I'll give the a new peticoat. Bora. I'll give the a



Do you like this slave? Pointing to Antonio. Car. Yes, if I like his price well. Merch. The price is full an hundred, nothing bated. Sirrah, sell the Moors there ;- feel, he's high and histy, And of a gamesome nature ; bold, and secret, Apt to win favour of the man that owns him, By diligence and duty : look upon him, Paul. Do you hear, sir? Merch. I'll be with you presently .--Mark but his limbs, that slave will cost you fourscore ; [Pointing to the Captain. An easy price-turn him about, and view him. For these two, sir? why, they are the finest children-Twins, on my credit, sir .- Do you see this boy, sir? He will run as far from you in an hour-I Cit. Will he so, sir? Merch, Conceive me rightly,-if upon an errand, As any horse you have. 2 Cit. What will this girl do? Merch. Sure no harm at all, sir, For she sleeps most an end. Cit. An excellent housewife. Of what religion are they? Merch. What you will, sir, So there be meat and drink in't : they'll do His outward promises, I have bought him little That shall offend you, for their chief desire Is to do nothing at all, sir. Cuc. A hundred is too much. Merch. Not a doit bated : He's a brave slave, his eye shews activeness ; Fire and the mettle of a man dwell in him. Here is one you shall have-Cuc. For what? Merch. For nothing, And thank you too. Paul. What can he do? Merch. Why, anything that's ill, And never blush at it : he's so true a thief, That he'll steal from himself, and think he has got by it. He stole out of his mother's belly, being an infant ; And from a lousy nurse he stole his nature, From a dog his look, and from an ape his nimbleness ; He will look in your face and pick your pockets, Rob ye the most wise rat of a cheese-paring; There, where a cat will go in, he will follow, His body has no backbone. Into my company

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He stole, for I never bought him, and visteal into yours An you stay a little longer. Now, I myd you Be given to the excellent art of lying Behold, before you here, the masterner! He'll outlie him that taught him, money devil, Offer to swear he has caten nothing is a twelvemonth, When his mouth's full of ment. Cuc. Pray keep him, he's a jewel; And here's your money for this fellow. Merch, He's yours, sir, Cur, Come, follow me Exit with Antonia Cit. Twenty chequins for those two. Merch. For five and twenty take then, Cit. There's your money : I'll have them, if it be to sing in care Merch. Give them hard eggs, you are had such blackbirds. Cit. Is she a maid, dost think? Merch. I dare not swear, sir ; She is nine year old, at ten you shall find few here. Cit. A merry fellow ! those say'st truty Come, children Exit with the two Moons. Paul. Here, tell your money ; if his sie but answer cheap, sir. Merch. Too cheap, o' conscience : he's a pregnant knave ; Full of fine thought, I warrant him, Paul. He's but weak-timber'd. Merch. "Tis the better, sir ; He will turn gentleman a great deal sooner Paul. Very weak legs. Merch. Strong, as the time allows, sir. Paul, What's that fellow? Merch. Who, this? the finest thing in all the world, sir, The punctuallest, and the perfectest ; an English metal. But coin'd in France : Your servant's servant, sir! Do you understand that? or your shadow's servant 1 Will you buy him to carry in a box? Kiss your hand, sirrah ;-Let fall your cloak on one shoulder :-- face to your left hand ;-Feather your hat ;-slope your hat ;- now charge -- Your honour,

What think you of this fellow ? Paul. Indeed, 1 know not;

Merch. I shall be with you, sir. Paul. Who bought this fellow? 2 Cit. Not I. Are these things serious in his nature? Apoth. Nor I. Paul. Why does he follow us, then? Part of his creed : come, do some more Merch. Did not I tell you he would steal Quarrel a little, and take him for your enemy, to you? Do it in dumb show. Now observe him 2 Cit. Sirrah, You mouldy-chaps ! know your crib, I would The English Slave practises his postures. wish you,

A VERY WOMAN.

Paul. This fellow's mad, stark mad. Merch. Believe they are all so : I have sold a bundred of them. Paul. A strange nation!

I never saw such an ape before ; but, hark

What may the women be? Merch. As mad as they,

Merch. Yes, yes;

devices

nearly.

- And, as I have heard for truth, a great deal madder:
- Yet, you may find some civil things amongst them,
- But they are not respected. Nay, never wonder ;

They have a city, sir,-I have been in it,

And therefore dare affirm it, where, if you

With what a load of vanity 'tis fraughted, How like an everlasting morris-dance it looks, Nothing but hobby-horse, and maid Marian, You would start indeed.

Paul, They are handsome men?

- Merch, Yes, if they would thank their maker.
- And seek no further ; but they have new
- God-tailor, and god-mercer : a kind of Jews,
- But fall'n into idolatry ; for they worship Nothing with so much service, as the cow-

Paul. What do you mean by cow-calves ? Merch. Why, their women.

- Will you see him do any more tricks? Paul. "Tis enough, I thank you; But yet I'll buy him, for the rareness of him: He may make my princely patient mirth,
- and that done,
- I'll chain him in my study, that at void hours may run o'er the story of his country. Merch. His price is forty
- Paul. Hold-I'll once be foolish,
- And buy a lump of levity to laugh at. Apoth, Will your worship walk? Paul. How now, apothecary,
- Have you been buying too?
- Apoth. A little, sir,
- A dose or two of mischief.
- Paul. Fare ye well, sir
- As these prove, we shall look the next wind for you.

And get from whence you came. 1 Slave, 1 came from no place Paul. Wilt thou be my fool? for fools, they say, will tell truth. 1 Slave. Yes, if you will give me leave, sir, to abuse you, For I can do that naturally. Paul, And I can beat you. r Slave. I should be sorry else, sir. Merch. He looks for that, as duly as his

- victuals, And will be extreme sick when he is not beaten.
- He will be as wanton, when he has a bone broken,
- As a cat in a bowl on the water, Paul. You will part with him?
 - Merch. To such a friend as you, sir. Paul. And without money?
- Merch. Not a penny, signior ; And would he were better for you I
- Paul, Follow me, then ;
- The knave may teach me something. I Slave. Something that
- You dearly may repent ; howe'er you scorn me

The slave may prove your master.

Paul. Farewell once more !

- Merch. Farewell ! and when the wind serves next, expect me.
- SCENE 11 .- A Room in the Viceroy's Palace.

Enter Cuculo and Antonio.

Cuc. Come, sir, you are mine, sir, now; you serve a man, sir,

That, when you know more, you will find-

- Ant. I hope so. Cur. What dost thou hope?
- Ant. To find you a kind master.
- Cuc. Find you yourself a diligent true servant,

And take the precept of the wise before you, And then you may hope, sirrah. Understand, You serve me-what is ME? a man of credit.

Ant. Yes, sir. Cuc. Of special credit, special office ; hear first

And understand again, of special office ;

A man that nods upon the thing he meets, And that thing bows.

Ant. 'Tis fit it should be so, sit.

Care. It shall be so: a man near all importance.

Dost thou digest this truly?

Ant. I hope I shall, sir. Cwc. Besides, thou art to serve a noble mistress.

Of equal place and trust. Serve usefully,

Serve all with diligence, but her delights ; There make your stop. She is a woman, sirrah.

And though a cull'd out virtue, yet a woman. Thou art not troubled with the strength of blood,

And stirring faculties, for she'll shew a fair one?

Ant. As I am a man, I may ; but as I am your man,

Your trusty, useful man, those thoughts shall perish.

Cuc. "Tis apt, and well distinguish'd. The next precept,

And then, observe me, you have all your duty ;

Keep, as thou'dst keep thine eye-sight, all wine from her,

All talk of wine. Ant. Wine is a comfort, sit.

Cuc. A devil, sir ! let her not dream of wine ;

Make her believe there neither is, nor was wine ;

Swear it.

Ant. Will you have me lie?

Cuc. To my end, sir:

For if one drop of wine but creep into her, She is the wisest woman in the world straight, And all the women in the world together

Are but a whisper to her; a thousand iron mills

Can be heard no further than a pair of nutcrackers.

Keep her from wine; wine makes her dangerous.

Fall back-my lord Don Pedro !

Enter Pedro.

Pedro. Now, master Office,

What is the reason that your vigilant Great-

And your wife's wonderful Wiseness, have lock'd up from me

The way to see my mistress? Whose dog's dead now.

That you observe these vigils?

Cuc. Very well, my lord.

Belike, we observe no law then, nor no order,

Nor feel no power, nor will, of made them.

When state-commands thus slightly puted.

Pedro. What state command? d think any state

Would give thee anything but eggs Or trust thee with a secret above lo

Cuc. No, no, my lord, I am not pa You cannot work me that way, to be A point there is in't, that you must no A secret and a serious point of state And do not urge it further, do not, It will not take ; you deal with th

wink not. You tried my wife. Alas ! you thou was foolish,

Won with an empty word : you h found it.

Pedro. I have found a pair of con that I am sure on.

Cuc. Your lordship may say three not passionate.

Pedro. How's that?

Cuc. Your lordship found a faithful woman,

Strong, and inscrutable as the vicerov'

A woman of another making, lord And, lest she might partake with w weakness

I've purchased her a tib to make her A rib that will not shrink, nor break

bending This trouble we are put to, to prevent

Which your good lordship holds but sary.

Pedro. A fellow of a hundsome a promise,

And much, methinks, I'm taken y countenance.-

Do you serve this yeoman, porter? To A

- Cuc. Not a word. Basta ! Your lordship may discours freedom ;
- He is a slave of state, sir, so of silene Pedro. You are very punctual, sta fare ye well ;

I shall find time to fit you too, I fear

Cuc. And I shall fit you, lord : you be billing ; You are too hot, sweet lord, too hot

you home,

And there observe these lessons 1 first you.

Look to your charge abundantly ; be Trusty and wary ; much weight hang me.



A VERY	WOMAN. 50
Rites her and worm too t this land is don	1.
Watchful and wary too ! this lord is dan- gerous,	creatures,
Take courage and resist : for other uses, Your mistress will inform you. Go, be	And all their loves and favours end in ruin Paul. To man. indeed.
faithful,	Car. Why, now thou tak'st me rightly.
And, do you hear? no wine. Ant. I shall observe, sir. [Excunt.	
SCENE III.—Another Room in the same.	While we have Virtue, and pursue he beauties!
Enter Paulo and Surgeons.	Paul. And yet I've heard of many virtuo
Paul. He must take air.	<i>Car.</i> Not many, doctor ; there your read
<i>i Surg.</i> Sir, under your correction, The violence of motion may make	ing fails you : Would there were more, and in their love
His wounds bleed fresh.	less dangers !
2 Surg. And he hath lost already Too much blood, in my judgment.	Paul. Love is a noble thing without a doubt, sir.
Paul. I allow that ; But to choke up his spirits in a dark room,	Car. Yes, and an excellent—to cure the itch.
Is far more dangerous. He comes; no	I Surg. Strange melancholy !
questions.	Paul. By degrees 'twill lessen : Provide your things.
Enter Cardenes.	2 Surg. Our care shall not be wanting.
Car. Certain we have no reason, nor that soul	[Excun
Created of that pureness books persuade us : We understand not, sure, nor feel that	SCENE IV A Room in Cuculo's House
sweetness	Enter Leonora and Almira.
That men call virtue's chain to link our actions.	Leon. Good madam, for your health sake clear those clouds up,
Our imperfections form, and flatter us; A will to rash and rude things is our reason,	That feed upon your beauties like diseases Time's hand will turn again, and what h
And that we glory in, that makes us guilty.	ruins
Why did I wrong this man? unmanly wrong him?	Gently restore, and wipe off all your sorrows Believe you are to blame, much to blame
Unmannerly? He gave me no occasion.	lady;
In all my heat how noble was his temper ! And, when I had forgot both man and man-	You tempt his loving care whose eye han number'd
hood, With what a gentle bravery did he chide me!	All our afflictions, and the time to cur them:
And, say he had kill'd me, whither had I	You rather with this torrent choak his mercie
travell'd ? Kill'd me in all my rage—oh, how it shakes	Than gently slide into his providence. Sorrows are well allow'd, and sweet nature
me ! Why didst thou do this, fool? a woman	Where they express no more than drops o
taught me,	lilies ; But, when they fall in storms, they bruis
The devil and his angel, woman, bade me.— am a beast, the wildest of all beasts,	our hopes ; Make us unable, though our comforts mea
And like a beast I make my blood my	us,
master. Farewell, farewell, forever, name of mistress!	To hold our heads up: Come, you sha take comfort;
Dut of my heart I cross thee; love and women	This is a sullen grief becomes condemn'
Out of my thoughts.	That feel a weight of sorrow through their
Paul. Ay, now you shew your manhood. Car. Doctor, believe me, I have bought	souls: Do but look up. Why, so 1—is not thi
my knowledge,	better,
and dearly, doctor :	Than hanging down your head still like a violet.



And dropping out those sweet eyes for a wager?

Pray you, speak a little.

Alm. Pray you, desire no more ; And, if you love me, say no more.

Leon. How fain,

If I would be as wilful, and partake in't, Would you destroy yourself! how often, lady, Even of the same disease have you cured me.

And shook me out on't; chid me, tumbled me,

And forced my hands, thus?

Alm. By these tears, no more. Leon. You are too prodigal of them. Well,

I will not ; For though my love bids me transgress your will.

I have a service to your sorrows still.

Excunt.

SCENE V .- A Hall in the same.

Enter Pedro and Antonio.

Ant. Indeed, my lord, my place is not so near :

I wait below stairs, and there sit, and wait Who comes to seek accesses; nor is it fit, sir, My rudeness should intrude so near their lodgings.

Pedro, Thou mayst invent a way, 'tis but a trial.

But carrying up this letter, and this token, And giving them discreetly to my mistress, The lady Leonora : there's my purse,

Or anything thou'lt ask me ; if thou knew'st me.

And what I may be to thee for this courtesy-

Ant. Your lordship speaks so honestly, and freely,

That by my troth I'll venture.

Pedro. I dearly thank thee.

Aut. And it shall cost me hard ; nay, keep your purse, sir,

For, though my body's bought, my mind was never.

Though I am bound, my courtesies are no slaves. Pedro. Thou shouldst be truly gentle.

Pedro. Thou shouldst be truly gentle. Ant. If I were so,

The state I am in bids you not believe it.

But to the purpose, sir; give me your letter, And next your counsel, for I serve a crafty mistress.

Pedro. And she must be removed, thou wilt else ne'er do it.

Ant. Ay, there's the plague : think, and I'll think awhile too.

Ant, She cares not ; If he were dead, indeed, it would do Pedro. Would he wery hang'd! Ant. Then she would run for joy, Pedro. Some lady crying out? Ant. She has two already. Pedro. Her house afire? Ant, Let the fool, my hustand, gat This will be her answer. - This may t will, sure. Your lordship must go presently, and s Two or three bottles of your best Gree The strongest and the sweetest. Pedro. Instantly : But will that do? Ant. Let me alone to work it. Este Wine I was charged to keep by all from her ; All secret locks it opens, and all cours That I am sure, and gives men all ad Pray heaven she be not loving when drunk now ! For drunk she shall be, though my pa for it. She'll turn my stomach then abomina She has a most wicked face, and that face Being a drunken face, what face will be !-She cannot ravish me. Now, if my n Should take her so, and know I mil What will his wisdom do? I hope he too, And then all's right. Well, lord, to d service Above these puppet-plays, I keep yet-Here come the executioners, Enter Servant with bottles. You are wel Give me your load, and tell my lond at it. Serv. I will, sir ; speed you, sir. Ant. Good speed on all sides ! 'Tis strong, strong wine : O, the yaw she will make ! Look to your stern, dear mistress, and right, Here's that will work as high as the Portugal. Stay, let me see-I'll try her by the nose

Pairy. Herhusband's suddenly falls

For, if she be a right sow, sure she if the She is yonder by herself, the ladies from Now to begin my sacrifice :- [pours and of the wine.]-she stirs, and years

O, how she holds her nose up like a je



A VERY	WOMAN. 511
In the wind of a grass mare ! she has it full now.	'Tis naught for thee, indeed; 'twill make thee break out;
And now she comes. — I'll stand aside awhile.	Thou hast a pure complexion : now, for me 'Tis excellent, 'tis excellent for me.
Enter Borachia.	Son slave, I've a cold stomach, and the
Bora. [snuffng.] 'Tis wine ! ay, sure 'tis	wind——
wine ! excellent strong wine !	Ant. Blows out a cry at both ends.
In the must, I take it : very wine ! this way	Bora. Kiss again.
too. Ant. How true she hunts ! I'll make the train a little longer. [Pours out more wine.	Cherish thy lips, for thou shalt kiss fair ladies;
Bora. Stronger and stronger still still !	Bora. Even all the secrets, son slave,
blessed wine !	In my dominion.
Ant. Now she hunts hot.	Ant. Oh I here come the ladies;
Bora. All that I can for this wine !	Now to my business.
This way it went, sure.	Enter Leonora and Almira behind.
Ant. Now she's at a cold scent. Make out your doubles, mistress. O, well hunted!	Leon. This air will much refresh you. Alm. I must sit down.
That's she ! that's she !	Leon. Do, and take freer thoughts,
Bora. O, if I could but see it !	The place invites you; I'll walk by like your
Oh what a precious scent it has !—but handle	sentinel.
it !	Bora. And thou shalt be my heir, I'll leave
Ant. Now I'll untappice.	thee all,
[Comes forward with the bottle.	Heaven knows to what 'twill mount to; but
Bora. What's that? still 'tis stronger.	abundance :
Why, how now, sirrah! what's that? answer	I'll leave thee two young ladies—what think
quickly,	you of that, boy !—
And to the point.	[Antonio goes to Leonora.
Ant. Tis wine, forsooth, good wine,	Where is the bottle ?two delicate young
Excellent Candy wine.	ladies :
Bora. 'Tis well, forsooth !	But first you shall commit with me ; do you
Is this a drink for slaves? why, saucy sirrah,	mark, son?
(Excellent Candy wine !) draw nearer to me,	And shew yourself a gentleman, that's the
Reach me the bottle : why, thou most de-	truth, son.
bauch d slave	<i>Ant.</i> Excellent lady, kissing your fair
Ant. Pray be not angry, for with all my	hand,
service	And humbly craving pardon for intruding,
And pains, I purchased this for you, (I dare	This letter, and this ring—
not drink it.)	Leon. From whom, I pray you, sir?
For you a present ; only for your pleasure ;	Ant. From the most noble, loving lord,
To shew in little what a thanks I owe	don Pedro.
The hourly courtesies your goodness gives me.	The servant of your virtues.
Bora. And I will give thee more; there,	Bora. And prithee, good son slave, be wise
kiss my hand on t.	and circumspect,
Ant. 1 thank you dearly—for your dirty favour : How rank it smells? [Aside.	
Bora. By thy leave, sweet bottle,	Why, 'tis the damnablest thing to be drunk,
And sugar-candy wine, I now come to thee;	son !
Hold your hand under.	Heaven can't endure it. And hark you, one
Ant. How does your worship like it?	thing I'd have done :
Bora. Under again—again—and now	Knock my husband on the head, as soon as
come kiss me;	may be,
I'll be a mother to thee : come, drink to me. Ant. I do beseech your pardon. Bora. Here's to thee, then ;	For he is an arrant puppy, and cannot per- torm
I am easily entreated for thy good.	Leon. I much thank you ;

And this, sir, for your pains.

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Offers him her purse. Ant. No, gentle lady ; That I can do him service is my merit,

My faith, my full reward. Leve. Once more, I thank you.

Since I have met so true a friend to goodness, I dare deliver to your charge my answer : Pray you, tell him, sir, this night I do invite him

To meet me in the garden ; means he may find, For love, they say, wants no abilities Ant. Nor shall he, madam, if my help may

- prosper ; So everlasting love and sweetness bless
- you !-
- She's at it still, I dare not now appear to her. Alm. What fellow's that? Leon. Indeed I know not, madam;

It seems of some strange country by his habit; Nor can I shew you by what mystery

He wrought himself into this place, prohibited

Alm. A handsome man.

Leon. But of a mind more handsome. Alm. Was his business to you? Leon. Yes, from a friend you wot of. Alm. A very handsome fellow,

And well demean'd.

Leon. Exceeding well ; and speaks well.

Alm. And speaks well, too?

Leon, Ay, passing well, and freely, And, as he promises, of a most clear nature ; Brought up, sure, far above his shew.

Alm, It seems so :

I would I'd heard him, friend. Comes he again?

Leon. Indeed I know not if he do. Alm. 'Tis no matter.

Come, let's walk in.

Leon, I am glad you have found your tongue yet

Excunt Leonora and Almira. Borachia sings.

Cuc, [within.] My wife is very merry ; sure twas her voice :

Pray heaven there be no drink in't, then I allow it.

Ant. "I's sure my master.

Enter Cuculo.

Now the game begins ; Here will be spitting of fire o' both sides presently;

Send me but safe deliver'd !

Cuc. O, my heart aches !

My head aches too : mercy o' me, she's perish'd !

She has gotten wine ! she is gone for ever !

Bora. Come hither, ladies, carry bodies swimming Do your three duties, thenme.

Cuc. O, thou pernicious ruscal | hast thou done ?

Ant. Idone | alas, sir, I have done n Cuc. Sirrah,

How came she by this wine? Ant. Alas, I know not.

Bora. Who's that, that talks of wine Ant. Forsooth, my master.

Bora. Bring him before me, son sla Cuc, I will know it.

This bottle, how this bottle ?

- Bora. Do not stir it ;
- For, if you do, by this good wine, I'll) vou.
- I'll beat you damnably, yea and na beat you ;

And, when I have broke it 'bout your do you mark me?

Then will I tie it to your worship's tall And all the dogs in the town shall follow No question, I would advise you, how I by it ;

I will have none of these points handled Cuc. She'll ne'er be well again whil world stands.

Ant. I hope so.

- Cuc. How dost thou, lamb? Bora. Well, God-a-mercy.
- Belwether, how dost thou? Stand ou slave
- Sit you here, and before this worsh audience
- Propound a doubtful question ; see drunk now.
- Cuc. Now, now it works ; the deal dwells in her.

Bora. Whether the heaven or the be nearer the moon?

Or what's the natural reason, why a wi longs

To make her husband cuckold ? Brin your cousin

The curate now, that great philosophe He that found out a pudding had two That learned clerk, that notable gym

phist ;

And let him with his Jacob's-staff disco What is the third part of three farthing Three halfpence being the half, and satisfied.

Cuc. You see she hath learning eno if she could dispose it.

Born. Too much for thee, thou los head, thou bull-head !

Cuc. Nay, good Borachia.



Bora. Thou a sufficient statesman !	Ant. Good my lord,
A gentleman of learning hang thee, dog-	The only knowledge of me is too much
whelp ; Thou shadow of a man of action,	bounty : My conting and my life sin
Thou scab o' the court ! go sleep, you	My service, and my life, sir. <i>Pedro</i> . I shall think on't ;
drunken rascal.	But how for me to get access?
You debauch'd puppy; get you home, and	Ant. Tis easy ;
sleep, sirrah;	I'll be your guide, sir, all my care shall lead
And so will I: son slave, thou shalt sleep	you;
with me.	My credit's better than you think.
Cuc. Prithee, look to her tenderly.	Pedro. I thank you,
Bora. No words, sirrah,	And soon I'll wait your promise.
Of any wine, or anything like wine,	Ant. With all my duty. [Excunt.]
Or anything concerning wine, or by wine, Or from, or with wine. Come, lead me like	SCENE II.—A Bed-room in the same.
a countess.	Enter Viceroy, Duke, Paulo, and Cuculo.
$C_{\text{xc.}}$ Thus must we bear, poor men!	
there is a trick in't :	Paulo. All's as I tell you, princes; you , shall here
But, when she is well again, I'll trick her	Be witness to his fancies, melancholy.
for it. [Excunt.	And strong imagination of his wrongs.
	His inhumanity to don Antonio
ACT IV.	Hath rent his mind into so many pieces
SCENE I A Room in the Viceroy's	Of various imaginations, that,
Palace.	Like the celestial bow, this colour now's
Enter Pedro.	The object, then another, till all vanish.
	He says a man might watch to death, or fast, Or think his spirit out ; to all which humours
Pedro. Now, if this honest fellow do but	I do apply myself, checking the bad,
I hope I shall make fair return. I wonder	And cherishing the good. For these, I have
I hear not from the prince of Tarent yet,	Prepared my instruments, fitting his chamber
I hope he's landed well, and to his safety ;	With trapdoors, and descents; sometimes
The winds have stood most gently to his	presenting
purpose.	Good spirits of the air, bad of the earth,
Enter Antonio.	To pull down or advance his fair intentions.
My honest friend !	He's of a noble nature, yet sometimes
Ant. Your lordship's poorest servant.	Thinks that which, by confederacy, I do,
Pedro. How hast thou sped?	Is by some skill in magic.
Ant. My lord, as well as wishes.	Enter Cardenes, a book in his hand.
My way hath reach'd your mistress, and	Here he comes
deliver'd	Unsent. I do beseech you, what do you
Your loveletter, and token ; who, with all joy,	read, sir?
And virtuous constancy, desires to see you:	Car. A strange position, which doth much
Commands you this night, by her loving	perplex me : That every soul's alike a musical instrument,
To meet her in the garden.	The faculties in all men equal strings,
Pedro. Thou hast made me;	Well or ill handled; and those sweet or
Redeem'd me, man, again from all my	harsh. [Exit Paulo.]
sorrows ;	How like a fiddler I have play'd on mine
Done above wonder for me. Is it so?	then !
Ant. I should be now too old to learn to	Declined the high pitch of my birth and
lie, sir,	breeding,
And, as I live, I never was good flatterer.	Like the most barbarous peasant; read my
Pedro. I do see something in this fellow's	pride
face still, That ties my heart fast to him. Let me	Upon Antonio's meek humility, Wherein he was far valianter than I.
love thee,	Meekness, thou wait'st upon courageous
Nay, let me honour thee for this fair service :	spirits,
And if I c'er torget it-	Enabling sufferance past inflictions.
	LL

In patience Tarent overcame me more Than in my wounds ; live then, no more to

Shut daylight from thine eyes, here cast thee down. Falls on the bed. And with a sullen sigh breathe forth thy soul-

Re-enter Paulo disguised as a Friar.

What art? an apparition, or a man?

Paul. A man, and sent to counsel thee. Car, Despair

Has stopt mine ears ; thou seem'st a holy friar

Paul. I am; by doctor Paulo sent, to tell thee

Thou art too cruel to thyself, in seeking

To lend compassion and aid to others. My order bids me comfort thee. I have heard all

Thy various, troubled passions : hear but my story

In way of youth I did enjoy one friend,

As good and perfect as heaven e'er made man ;

This friend was plighted to a beauteous woman,

(Nature proud of her workmanship,) mutual love

Possess'd them both, her heart in his breast lodged.

And his in hers. Car. No more of love, good father,

It was my surfeit, and I loath it now,

As men in fevers meat they fell sick on. Paul. Howe'er, 'tis worth your hearing.

This betroth'd lady,

(The ties and duties of a friend forgotten,) Spurr'd on by lust, I treacherously pursued;

"Contemn'd by her, and by my friend reproved,

Despised by honest men, my conscience sear'd up,

Love I converted into frantic rage ;

And by that false guide led, I summon'd him In this had cause, his sword 'gainst mine, to prove

If he or I might claim most right in love. But fortune, that does seld or never give Success to right and virtue, made him fall

Under my sword. Blood, blood, a friend's dear blood,

A virtuous friend's, shed by a villain, me, In such a monstrous and unequal cause, Lies on my conscience.

Car. And durst thou live,

After this, to be so old ? 'tis an illusion

- Raised up by charms : a man would not have lived.
- Art quiet in thy bosom?

Paul. As the alcep Of infants.

Car. My fault did not equal this : Yet I have emptied my heart of joy. Only to store sighs up. What were the arti That made thee live so long in rest?

Paul. Repentance Hearty, that cleansed me ; reason then com

firm'd me,

I was forgiven, and took me to my leads

Car. I am in the wrong path; inde conscience

Makes me forget mine honour : I have don No cvil like this, yet I pino ; whilst be

A few tears of his true contrition tender

Securely sleeps. Ha I where keeps proced conscience.

That I may buy her ?- nowhere: not in life.

"Tis feign'd that Jupiter two vessels placed. The one with honey fill'd, the other gall. At the entry of Olympus ; Destiny, There brewing these together, suffers no

One man to pass, before he drinks this mature.

Hence it is we have not an hour of life

In which our pleasures relish not some p

Our sours some sweetness. Love doth taste of both ;

Revenge, that thirsty dropsy of our souls, Which makes us covet that which hurts to most.

Is not alone sweet, but partakes of tartness Duke. Is't not a strange effect? Vice. Past precedent. Cue. His brain-pan's perish'd with Is

wounds : go to,

I knew 'twould come to this.

Vice. Peace, man of wisdom.

Car. Pleasure's the hook of evil ; ense of care

And so the general object of the court ;

Yet some delights are lawful. Honour is

Virtue's allow'd ascent ; honour, that clasp

All-perfect justice in her arms, that craves No more respect than what she gives, the docs

Nothing but what she'll suffer. - This dis tracts me ;

But I have found the right: had don Antonio

Done that to me, I did to him, I should have kill'd him ;

The injury so foul, and done in public, My footman would not bear it ; then honour

Wronging him so, I'll right him on myself There's honour, justice, and full satisfaction

Equally tender'd ; 'tis resolved, I'll do it. Nor eat his meat I choak with flattery ; They rush forward and disarm him. Blushless to tell wherefore I wear my sears, They take all weapons from me. Or for my conscience, or my country's wars ; To aim at just things ; if we have wildly run Into offences, wish them all undone : Tis poor, in grief for a wrong done, to die, Duke. Bless my son ! Re-enter Paulo, dressed like a Soldier, and the English Slave like a Courtier. Honour, to dare to live, and satisfy, Vice. Mark, how he winds him. Vice. The careful doctor's come again, Duke, Rare man ! How shall I pay this debt ? Cuc. He that is with him, Duke. Excellent man ! Paul. Who fights With passions, and o'ercomes them, is en-Is one o' the slaves he lately bought, he said, dued To accommodate his cure : he's English born, With the best virtue, passive fortitude, But French in his behaviour ; a delicate slave. Exit. Vice. The slave is very fine. Cuc. Your English slaves Car. Thou hast touch'd me, soldier ; oh J this honour bears Are ever so ; I have seen an English slave The right stamp; would all soldiers did Far finer than his master : there's a stateprofess Thy good religion ! The discords of my soul Are tuned, and make a heavenly harmony : point, Worthy your observation. Paul, On thy life, What sweet peace feel I now! I am ravish'd Be perfect in thy lesson : fewer legs, slave. with it. Car. My thoughts are search'd and answer'd; for I did Vice. How still he sits ! Music. Cuc. Hark ! music. Duke, How divinely Desire a soldier and a courtier, To yield me satisfaction in some doubts This artist gathers scatter'd sense; with Not yet concluded of. cunning Paul. Your doctor did Composing the fair jewel of his mind, Admit us, sir. Broken in pieces, and nigh lost before. Slave. And we are at your service ; Whate'er it be, command it. Re-enter Paulo, dressed like a Philosopher, Car. You appear accompanied by a good and evil Genius, who sing a song in alternate stansas ? during the performance of which Paulo goes of, and returns in his own shape, A courtier in the race of LOVE ; how far In honour are you bound to run? Slave, 1'll tell you, You must not spare expense, but wear gay clothes, Vice. See Protean Paulo in another shape. Paul, Away, I'll bring him shortly per-And you may be, too, prodigal of oaths, To win a mistress' favour ; not afraid fect, doubt not To pass unto her through her chambermaid. Duke. Master of thy great art ! Vice. As such we'll hold thee. You may present her gifts, and of all sorts, Feast, dance, and revel; they are lawful Duke. And study honours for him. Cuc. I'll be sick sports : On purpose to take physic of this doctor. The choice of suitors you must not deny her, [Excunt all but Cardenes and Paulo. Nor quarrel, though you find a rival by her: Build on your own deserts, and ever be Car. Doctor, thou hast perfected a body's A stranger to love's enemy, jealousy, cure For that draws on-To amaze the world, and almost cured a mind Car. No more ; this points at me ; Near frenzy. With delight I now perceive, Exit English Slave. You, for my recreation, have invented The several objects, which my melancholy I ne'er observed these rules. Now speak, old soldier Sometimes did think you conjured, other-The height of HONOUR? whiles Paul, No man to offend, Imagined them chimzenas. You have been Ne'er to reveal the secrets of a friend ; My friar, soldier, philosopher, My poet, architect, physician ; Rather to suffer than to do a wrong ; To make the heart no stranger to the Labour'd for me, more than your slaves for tongue Provoked, not to betray an enemy, In their assistance : In your moral song I. L. 2

Of my good Genius and my bad, you have won me A cheerful heart, and banish'd discontent ; There being nothing wanting to my wishes, But once more, were it possible, to behold Don John Antonio. Paul. There shall be letters sent Into all parts of Christendom, to inform him Of your recovery, which now, sir, I doubt not Car. What honours, what rewards can 1 heap on you ! Paul. That my endeavours have so well succeeded, Is a sufficient recompense. Pray you retire, sir; Not too much air so soon, Car. I am obedient. Excunt. SCENE III,-A Room in Cuculo's House. Enter Almira and Leonora. Leon. How strangely This fellow runs in her mind ! Aside. Alm. Do you hear, cousin? Leon. Her sadness clean forsaken ! Alm. A poor slave Bought for my governess, say you? Leon. I hear so. Alm. And, do you think, a Turk? Leon. His habit shows it; At least bought for a Turk. Alm. Ay, that may be so. Leon. What if he were one naturally? Alm. Nay, 'tis nothing, Nothing to the purpose ; and yet, methinks, 'tis strange Such handsomeness of mind, and civil outside, Should spring from those rude countries. Leon. If it be no more, I'll call our governess, and she can shew you. Alm. Why, do you think it is? Leon. 1 do not think so. Alm. Fie ! no, no, by no means ; and to tell thee truth, wench, I am truly glad he is here, be what he will : Let him be still the same he makes a shew of ; For now we shall see something to delight us. Leon. And heaven knows, we have need on't. Alm. Heigh hol my heart aches. Prithee, call in our governess.-[Exit Leonora.] Plague o' this fellow ! Why do I think so much of him? how the devil Creep'd he into my head? and yet, beshrew Methinks I have not seen-I lie, I have seen A thousand handsomer, a thousand sweeter .-

But say this fellow were adorn'd as they are Set off to shew and glory !---What's that to me?

Fie, what a fool am I! what idle fancies Buz in my brains !

Re-enter Leonora zoith Borachia.

Bora. And how doth my sweet lady? Leon. She wants your company to mike her merry

Bora, And how does master Pug. I pay you, madam?

Leon. Do you mean her little dog? Bora. I mean his worship.

Loon. Troubled with fleas a little

Bora. Alas, poor chicken | Leon. She's here, and drunk, very for drunk, I take it ;

I found her with a bottle for her bolster,

Lying along, and making love. Alm. Borachia,

Why, where hast thou been, wench? she looks not well, friend.

Art not with child ?

Bora, I promise ye, I know not 2 I am sure my belly's full, and that's a shread

sign : Besides I am shrewdly troubled with a tiego

Here in my head, madam; often with this tiego,

It takes me very often.

Leon. I believe thee. Alm. You must drink wine.

Bora. A little would do no harm, sure. Leon. 'Tis a raw humour blows into your head ;

Which good strong wine will temper. Bora. I thank your highness.

I will be ruled, though much against my nature ;

For wine I ever hated from my cradle :

Yet, for my good-

Leon. Ay, for your good, by all means. Alm. Borachia, what new fellow's that

thou hast gotten?

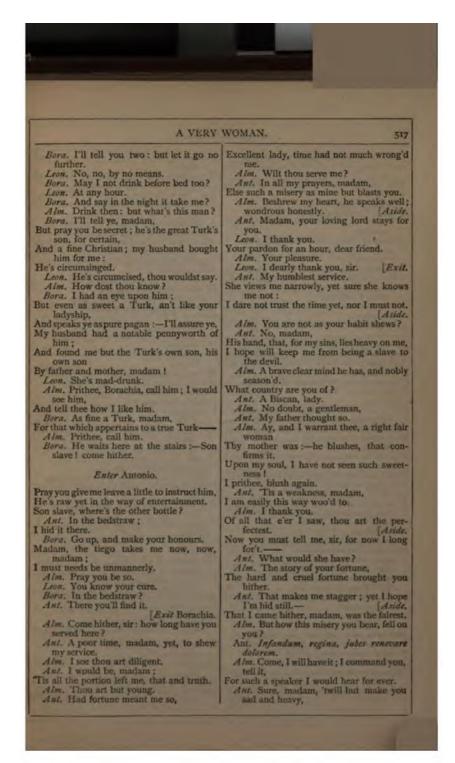
- (Now she will sure be free) that handsome stranger?
 - Bora. How much wine must I drink, an? please your ladyship?

Alm. She's finely greased !- Why, two or three round draughts, wench.

Bora. Fasting?

Alm. At any time. Bora. I shall hardly do it :

But yet I'll try, good madam. Leon. Do; 'twill work well. Alm. But, prithee answer me, what is this fellow?



Because I know your goodness full of pity ; Madam, I did; and one whose pride and And 'tis so poor a subject too, and to your anger Ill manners, and worse mien, she deted on Doted to my undoing, and my min That are acquainted with things sweet and And, but for honour to your sacred heavy, And reverence to the noble sex, though he 1225Y So harsh a harmony. Alm. I prithee speak it. Ant. I ever knew obedience the best fall As she must fall that durst be so unsoble, sacrifice. I should say something unbesoeming ma What out of love, and worthy love, I gave br. Shame to her most unworthy mind! to folk. To girls, and fiddlers, to her loys she fing. Honour of ladies, then, first passing over Some few years of my youth, that are impertinent, Let me begin the sadness of my story, And in disdain of me Where I began to lose myself, to love first, Alm. 'Tis well, go forward; some rare Alm. Pray you take me with you. Of what complexion was she? Ant. But that I dare not piece I look for. Commit so great a sacrilege gainst virtue, Ant. Not far from where my father lives, She look'd not much unlikea lady, A neighbour by, bless'd with as great a -though fir. far short. Something, I see, appears-your parder, beauty As nature durst bestow without undoing, madam-Dwelt, and most happily, as I thought then, Her eyes would smile so, but her eyes would And bless'd the house a thousand times she cozen ; dwelt in. And so she would look sad : but yours is pin. A noble chorus to my wretched story ; This beauty, in the blossom of my youth, When my first fire knew no adulterate in-Hers was disdain and cruelty. Alm. Pray heaven, cense. Nor I no way to flatter, but my fondness; Mine be no worse! he has told me a strange In all the bravery my friends could shew me, story, And said 'twould make me said | he is no In all the faith my innocence could give me liar.-In the best language my true tongue could But where begins this poor state ? I will have tell me, And all the broken sighs my sick heart lend all, me. For it concerns me truly. Ant. Last, to blot me I sued, and serv'd : long did I love this lady. From all remembrance what I had been to Long was my travail, long my trade to win her ; her, With all the duty of my soul I served her .-And how, how honestly, how nobly servel Alm. How feelingly he speaks ! [Aside.]her Twas thought she set her gallant to dispatch And she loved you too? It must be so. me. Ant. I would it had, dear lady ; Tis true, he quarrell'd without place or This story had been needless, and this place, reason : We fought, I kill'd him ; heaven's strong I think, unknown to me. Alm. Were your bloods equal? hand was with me .-Ant. Yes, and I thought our hearts too. For which I lost my country, friends, ac-Alm. Then she must love. Ant. She did-but never me; she could quaintance, And put myself to sea, where a pirate took me. not love me Forcing this habit of a Turk upon me, She would not love, she hated : more, she And sold me here. scorn'd me, Alm. Stop there awhile ; but stay still. And in so poor and base a way abused me, Walks aside. For all my services, for all my bounties, In this man's story, how I look, how So bold neglects flung on me. monstrous ! Alm. An ill woman ! How poor and naked now I shew! what don Belike you found some rival in your love, John, then? In all the virtue of his life, but aim'd at, Ant. How perfectly she points me to my This thing hath conquer'd with a tale, and Aside. story ! carried.



A VERY WOMAN.		
	Forgive me, thou that guid'st me ! never	And most unluckily as now it happens,
	conscience	(Though I be innocent of all occasion,)
	Touch'd me till now, nor true love : let me	
	keep it.	You hate beyond forgiveness : now, heav
	· · · · · · · · · · · · · · · · · · ·	knows
	Re-enter Leonora with Pedro.	So much respect, although I am a strange
	Leon. She is there. Speak to her, you will	
	find her alter'd.	ness.
	Pedro. Sister, I am glad to see you, but	
	far gladder,	goodness :
	To see you entertain your health so well.	I'll change my name, dear madam.
	Alm. I am glad to see you too, sir, and	Alm. People lie,
	shall be gladder	And wrong thy name; thy name may sa
	Shortly to see you all.	all others,
	Pedro. Now she speaks heartily.	And make that holy to me, that I hated :
	What do you want?	Prithee, what is't?
	Alm. Only an hour of privateness;	Ant. Don John Antonio.
	I have a few thoughts	What will this woman do, what thousa
	Pedro. Take your full contentment,	changes
	We'll walk aside again ; but first to you,	Run through her heart and hands? no fin
	friend,	thought in her !
	Or I shall much forget myself: my best	
	friend.	Heaven guide me right ! [Asia
	Command me ever, ever—you have won it.	Alm. I am not angry, sir,
	Ant. Your lordship overflows me.	With you, nor with your name; I love
	Leon. 'Tis but due, sir,	rather,
	Excunt Leonora and Pedro.	And shall respect you-you deserve-1
	Alm. He's there still. Come, sir, to your	this time
	last part now,	I license you to go : be not far from me,
	Which only is your name, and I dismiss you.	I shall call for you often.
	Why, whither go you?	Ant. I shall wait, madam. [Ex.
	Ant. Give me leave, good madam,	Enter Cuculo.
1	Or I must be so seeming rude to take it.	
	Alm. You shall not go, I swear you shall	Alm. Now, what's the news with you?
	not go :	Cuc. My lord your father
	I ask you nothing but your name; you have	Sent me to tell your honour, prince Marti
	one,	Is well recovered, and in strength.
	And why should that thus fright you?	Alm. Why, let him.—
	Ant. Gentle madam,	The stories and the names so well agreein
	I cannot speak ; pray pardon me, a sickness,	And both so noble gentlemen. [Asia
	That takes me often, ties my tongue : go	Cuc. And more, an't please you -
	from me.	Alm. It doth not please me, neither mo
	My fit's infectious, lady.	nor less on't.
	Alm. Were it death	Cuc. They'll come to visit you.
		Alm They shall brook through the day
	In all his horrors, I must ask and know it ;	Alm. They shall break through the do
	Your sickness is unwillingness. Hard heart,	then.
	To let a lady of my youth, and place,	Cuc. Here's a new trick of state; the
	Bcg thus long for a trifle !	shews foul weather ;
	Ant. Worthiest lady,	But let her make it when she please, l
	Be wise, and let me go; you'll bless me for it,	gain by it. [Ex
	Beg not that poison from me that will kill you.	· · · · · · · · · · · · · · · · · · ·
	Alm. I only beg your name, sir.	
	Ant. That will choak you;	ACT V.
	I do beseech you, pardon me.	
	Alm. I will not.	SCENE I.—A Street.
	Ant. You'll curse me when you hear it.	Enter Pirates, and the Slave that follows
		Paulo.
	Alm. Rather kiss thee;	I Pir. Sold for a slave, say'st thou?
	Why shouldst thou think so? Ant. Why! I bear that name,	Slave. 'Twas not so well :

.

Though I am bad enough, I personated Such hase behaviour, barbarism of manners, With other pranks that might deter the buyer, That the market yielded not one man that would Vouchsafe to own me. r Pir. What was thy end in it? Slaw. To be given away for nothing, as I was To the viceroy's doctor ; with him I have continued In such contempt, a slave unto his slaves ; His horse and dog of more esteem : and from That villalnous carriage of myself, as if I'd been a lump of flesh without a soul, I drew such scorn upon me, that I pass'd, And pried in every place, without observance. For which, if you desire to be made men, And by one undertaking, and that easy, You are bound to sacrifice unto my sufferings, The seed I sow'd, and from which you shall reap A plentiful harvest. I Pir. To the point ; I like not These castles built in the air. Slave. I'll make them real, And you the Neptunes of the sea ; you shall No more be sea-rats. I Pir. Art not mad? Slave. You have seen The star of Sicily, the fair Almira, The viceroy's daughter, and the beauteous ward Of the duke of Messina? I Pir. Madam Leonora. Slave. What will you say, if both these princesses. This very night, for I will not delay you, Be put in your possession? I Pir. Now I date swear Thou hast maggots in thy brains, thou wouldst not else, Talk of impossibilities. Slave, Be still Incredulous I Pir. Why, canst thou think we are able To force the court ? Slave. Are we able to force two women, And a poor Turkish slave? Where lies your pinnace ? I Pir. In a creek not half a league hence. Slave. Can you fetch ladders, To mount a garden wall? a Pir. They shall be ready. Slave. No more words then, but follow me; and if I do not make this good, let my throat pay

for't.

1 Pir. What heaps of gold these beams would bring to us From the great Turk, if it were possible That this could be effected !

Slave. If it be not,

I know the price on't.

1 Pir. And be sure to pay it. Enast

SCENE II .- A Room in Cuculo's Hour

Enter Antonio with a letter in his hand

Ant, Her fair hand threw this from the window to me,

And as I took it up, she said, Perau il. And entertain a fortune offer'd to the.-What may the inside speak ?-

[Breaks is open, and seal For satisfaction Of the contempt I shene'd don John Anton, Whose name thou bear'st, and in that duar to me.

I do profess I love thes-How !- tis so-I love thee; this night wait me in the parton. There thou shalt know more - subscribed. Thy Almira

Can it be possible such levity Should wait on her perfections 1 when I was Myself, set off with all the grace of greats Pomp, bravery, circumstance, she hated m. And did profess it openly ; yet now, Being a slave, a thing she should in reason

Disdain to look upon; in this base shape, And, since I wore it, never did her service. To dote thus fondly !-- and yet I should give In her revolt from constancy, not accuse it Since it makes for me. But, ere I go further Or make discovery of myself, I'll put her To the utmost trial. In the gardent well, There I shall learn more, Women, gidd women !

In her the blemish of your sex you prove. There is no reason for your hate or love Est

SCENE III .- A Garden belonging to the Same.

Enter Almira, Leonora, and two Waiting Women.

Leon. At this

Unseasonable time to be thus brave,

No visitants expected ! you amage me. Alm. Are these jewels set forth to the be advantage,

- To take the eye? I Wom. With our best care, 2 Wom. We never

Better discharged our duties.

Alm. In my sorrows,

A princess' name (I could perceive it) stru



reverence in him, and my beauty, glected, forced him to look on me Slave, My aims were high ; Fortune's my enemy : to die's the worst, e sparks of affection ; but now, And that I look for. t Pir. Vengeance on your plots | Pedro. The rack at better leisure shall ould fan them to a glorious flame, Aside. force from them A full discovery : away with them. Cuc. Load them with irons. Bora. Let them have no wine 1 [Exit Guard with Pirates and Slave. To comfort their cold hearts. Pedro. Thou man of men ! Leon. A second Hercules. Alm. An angel thus disguised. Pedro. What thanks? Leon. What service? Bora, He shall serve me, by your leave, no service else. Ant. I have done nothing but my duty, madam ; And if the little you have seen exceed it, The thanks due for it pay my watchful master, And this my sober mistress Bora. He speaks truth, madam, I am very sober. Pedro. Far beyond thy hopes Expect reward. Alm. We'll straight to court, and there It is resolved what I will say and do. I am faint, support me. Pedro. This strange accident Will be heard with astonishment. Come, friend. You have made yourself a fortune, and deserve it. Excunt. SCENE IV .- A Room in the Viceroy's Palace Enter Viceroy, Duke of Messina, and Paulo. Duke. Perfectly cured ! Paul. As such I will present him : The thanks be given to heaven. Duke. Thrice-reverend man, What thanks but will come short of thy desert ? Or bounty, though all we possess were given thee, Can pay thy merit? I will have thy statue Set up in brass. Vice. Thy name made the sweet subject Of our best poems ; thy unequall'd cures Recorded to posterity. Paul. Such false glories (Though the desire of fame he the last weakness Wise men put off) are not the marks I shoot at :

long. hese are strange fancies. I do forget myself-command mess' gentleman-her slave, d say. ie instantly :- [Exit I Woman.]et already ; his figure graven on my heart, be razed out. ter Pirates, and the Slave. There is the prize. th that you dare not seize upon it? Seizes Almira. gin. Iclp ! villain ! You are mine. Seizes Leonora. Though somewhat coarse, you'll after a storm, r weather welcome. Seizes 2 Woman. **Anvisher** ! e, heaven ! No aid near ! Help ! Dispatch. nor handkerchief to stop their his 7 s will reach the guard, and then e lost. ter 1 Woman, with Antonio. What shricks are these? from ce? O blessed saints, rilege to beauty I do I talk almost too late to do !- Forces a from the Slave.]-Take that. Kill him ou shall buy a dear rate, you rogues. Pedro, Cuculo, Borachia, and own with them ! Unheard-of treason ! Make in, loggerhead ; ave fights like a drage p : take my imge out on't. ladam, you are free. Take comfort, dearest mistress. you micher, a hand in this?

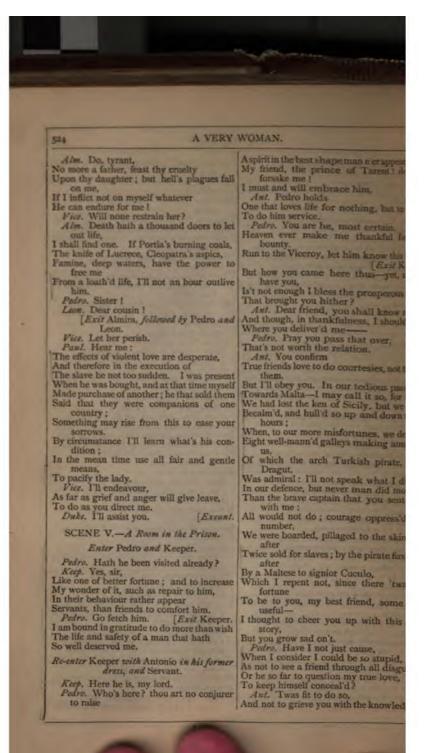
e too curious. I wonder

I	512 A VERY	WOMAN.
I	But, if I have done anything that may chal-	Re-enter Paulo mill Cardenes.
	lenge Your favours, mighty princes, my request is, That for the good of such as shall succeed	Car. I am glad you are well, hdy. Alm. I grieve not your recovery. Vice. So coldly 1
ł	A college for physicians may be	Duke. Why fall you off?
	With care and cost crected, in which no man	Duke. Why fall you off? Car. To shun captivity, sin
l	May be admitted to a fellowship, But such as by their vigilant studies shall	I was too long a slave, I'll now he first Alm, 'Tis my desire you should. S
	Deserve a place there ; this magnificence,	affection
	Posterity shall thank you for. Vice. Rest assured,	To him was but a trifle, which I play'd In the childhood of my love; which
	In this, or any boon you please to ask,	grown older,
1	You shall have no repulse.	I cannot like of.
	Paul, My humblest service Shall ne'er be wanting. Now, if you so please,	Vice, Strange inconstancy ! Car, Tis judgment, sir, in me, or a debt
	I'll fetch my princely patient, and present	Tender'd to justice, rather. My first in
	him. Duke, Do; and imagine in what I may	Loaden with all the follies of a man, Or what could take addition from a we
I	serve you,	Was by my headstrong pussions, which
l	And, by my honour, with a willing hand I will subscribe to't. [Exit Paulo.	ruled My understanding, forfeited to death :
I	T and Second to the Least Strainer	But this new being, this my second life
l	Enter Pedro, Almira, Leonora, Antonio,	Begun in serious contemplation of What best becomes a perfect man,
l	Cuculo, Borachia, and Guard.	never
	Gue. Make way there,	Sink under such weak frailries.
l	Vice. My daughter ! How's this ! a slave grown'd with a civic	Duke. Most unlook'd for ! Paul. It does transcend all wonders
l	garland !	Car. Tis a blessing
1	The mystery of this? Pedro. It will deserve	I owe your wisdom, which I'll not also But if you envy your own gift, and will
	Your hearing and attention : such a truth	Make me that wretched creature which
1	Needs not rhetorical flourishes, and therefore With all the brevity and plainness that	You then again shall see me passionate A lover of poor trifles, confident
I	I can, I will deliver it. If the old Romans,	In man's deceiving strength, or falser for
l	When of most power and wisdom, did decree A wreath like this to any common soldier	Jealous, revengeful, in unjust things day Injurious, quarrelsome, stored with
	That saved a citizen's life, the bravery	diseases
	And valour of this man may justly challenge Triumphant laurel. This last night a crew	The beastly part of man infects his soul
	Of pirates brake in signior Cuculo's house,	And to remember what's the worst,
	With violent rudeness seizing on my sister, And my fair mistress; both were in their	To love a woman ; but till that time ne
	And ready to be forced hence, when this man,	Vice, Stand you affected so to Almira?
	Unarm'd, came to their rescue, but his courage	Alm. No, sir; if so, I could not well
	Soon furnish'd him with weapons ; in a word,	What I stand bound to pay you, an
	The lives and liberties of these sweet ladies, You owe him for: the rovers are in hold,	Though prince Martino does profess a
	And ready, when you please, for punishment.	To womankind, twere a poor work
	Vice. As an induction of more to come, Receive this favour.	women, Were there no other choice, or all sh
	Duke. With myself, my son	follow
	Shall pay his real thanks. He comes; ob- serve now	The example of this new Hippolytus : There are men, sir, that can love, and
	Their amorous meeting.	loved truly ;
		and the second sec

d

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A VERY	VOMAN. 523
Nor am I desperate but I may deserve One that both can and will so. <i>Vice.</i> My allowance Shall rank with your good liking, still pro- vided Your choice be worthy. <i>Alm.</i> In it I have used The judgment of my mind, and that made clearer With calling oft to heaven it might be so. I have not sought a living comfort from The reverend ashes of old ancestors; Nor given myself to the mere name and titles Of such a man, that, being himself nothing. Derives his substance from his grandsire's tomb: For wealth, it is beneath my birth to think on't. Since that must wait upon me, being your daughter; No, sir, the man I love, though he wants all The setting forth of fortune, gloss and greatness. Has in himself such true and real goodness, His parts so far above his low condition, That he will prove an ornament, not a blemish. Both to your name and family. <i>Pedro.</i> What strange creature Hat she found out? Leen. I dare not guess. Alm. To hold you No longer in suspense, this matchless man, That saved my life and honour, is my hus- band. Whom I will serve with duty. Bora. My son slave ! <i>Vice.</i> Have you your wits? Bora. This I foresaw too. <i>Vice.</i> Do not jest thyself Into the danger of a father's anger. <i>Alm.</i> Do hold you? More in userious. Good sir, look upon him; But let it be with my eyes, and the care You should owe to your daughter's life and sufery. Of which, without him, she's uncentable, And you'll approve him worthy. <i>Vice.</i> Othou shame Of women't hy saaf father's curse and scandal 1 With what an impious violence thou talk'at from him, His few short hours of breathing ! <i>Paul.</i> Do not add, sir, Weight to your sorrow in the ili-bearing of it.	 Vice. From whom, degenerate monster, flow these low And base affections in thee? what strange philtres Hast thou received? what witch with damned spells Deprived thee of thy reason? Look on me, Since thou art lost unto thyself, and learn, From what I suffer for thee, what strange tortures Thom dost prepare thyself. Duke, Good sir, take comfort; The counsel you bestow d on me, make use of. Pint. This villain, (for such practices in that nation Are very frequent.) it may be, hath forced. By cunning potions, and by softcerous charms. This frenzy in her. Vice. Sever them. Alm. I grow to him. Write. Carry the slave to torture, and wrest from him, By the most cruel means, a free confession Of his impostures. Min. I will follow him. And with him take the rack. Bora. No; hear me speak. I can speak wisely : hurt not my son slave, but rack or hang my husband, and I care not. For Til be bound body to body with him. He's very honest, that's his fault. Vice. Take hence This drunken beast. Bora. Drunk I am I drunk? bear witness. Cue. She is indeed distemper'd. Vice. Hang them both. If e'er more they come near the court. Cue. Good sir. You can recover dead men ; can you cure A living drumkenness? Paul. This the harder task : Go home with her, Til send you something that Shall once again bring her to better temper, or make her sleep for ever. Cue. Which you please, sir. Exeant Cuculo smal Borachia. Vice. Which you please, sir. Exeant Cuculo smal Borachia. Vice. Which you please, sir. Exeant Cuculo smal Borachia. Vice. Why inger you? rack him first, and after break him. Upon the wheel. Pedro. Sir, this is more than justice. Ant. Is't death in Sicily to be belowed Of





A VERY WOMAN. 525 What then I was ; where now I appear to you, Thy happy choice; I have forgot my anger; Your sister loving me, and Martino safe, I freely do forgive thee. Like to myself and birth. Alm. May I find Pedro. May you live long so ! Such easiness in the wrong'd prince of Tarent !. I then were happy. How dost thou, honest friend? (your trustiest Leon. Rest assured you shall. servant) Give me thy hand :-- I now can guess by Enter Antonio, Pedro, and Servant. whom Vice. We all with open arms haste to. You are thus furnish'd. Ant. Troth he met with me embrace you. Duke. Welcome, most welcome ! As I was sent to prison, and there brought me Such things as I had use of. Car. Stay. Pedro. Let's to court, Duke. 'Twas this I fear'd. Car. Sir, 'tis best known to you, on what My father never saw a man so welcome, As you'll be to him. strict terms Ant. May it prove so. friend ! [Excunt. The reputation of men's fame and honours Depends in this so punctual age, in which SCENE VI.-A Room in the Viceroy's A word that may receive a harsh construction, Palace. Is answer'd and defended by the sword : And you, that know so much, will, I presume, Enter Viceroy, Duke of Messina, Cardenes, Be sensibly tender of another's credit, Paulo, Captain, Almira, Leonora, Waiting As you would guard your own. Women, and Attendants. Ant. I were unjust else. Vice. The slave changed to the prince of Car. I have received from your hands Tarent, says he? wounds, and deep ones, Capt. Yes, sir, and I the captain of the fort, My honour in the general report Worthy of your displeasure, and the effect of t, Tainted and soil'd, for which I will demand For my deceiving of the trust your excellency This satisfaction-that you would forgive My contumelious words and blow, my rash Reposed in me. Paul. Yet since all hath fallen out And unadvised wildness first threw on you. Beyond your hopes, let me become a suitor, Thus I would teach the world a better way, And a prevailing one, to get his pardon. For the recovery of a wounded honour, Alm. O, dearest Leonora, with what fore-Than with a savage fury, not true courage, head Still to run headlong on. Dare I look on him now? too powerful Love, Ant. Can this be serious? Car. I'll add this, he that does wrong, not The best strength of thy unconfined empire Lies in weak women's hearts : thou art feign'd alone Draws, but makes sharp, his enemy's sword blind. And yet we borrow our best sight from thee. against Could it be else, the person still the same, His own life and his honour. I have paid Affection over me such power should have for't; To make me scorn a prince, and love aslave? And wish that they who dare most, would Car. But art thou sure 'tis he? learn from me, Not to maintain a wrong, but to repent it. Capt. Most certain, sir. Car. Is he in health, strong, vigorous, and Paul. Why, this is like yourself. Car. For further proof, as able As when he left me dead? Here, sir, with all my interest, I give up Capt. Your own eyes, sir, This lady to you. Vice. Which I make more strong Shall make good my report. Car. I am glad of it, With my free grant. And take you comfort in it, sir, there's hope, Alm. I bring mine own consent, Fair hope left for me, to repair mine honour. Which will not weaken it. Duke. What's that? All. All joy confirm it ! Car. I will do something, that shall speak me Ant. Your unexpected courtesies amaze Messina's son. me Which I will study with all love and service Duke. I like not this :--one word, sir. [Whispers the Viceroy. To appear worthy of. Vice. We'll prevent it .-Paul. Pray you, understand, sir, Nay, look up my Almira; now I approve There are a pair of suitors more, that gladly

Would hear from you as much as the pleased viceroy Hath said unto the prince of Tarent.

Duke. Take her; Her dowry shall be answerable to Her birth, and your desert. Pedro. You make both happy. Ant. One only suit remains; that you

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would please To take again into your highness' favour, grace ; What's due to his much merit, a me Meet liberal rewards. Vice. Have your desire. Ant. Now may all here that low are friends

This honest captain : let him !

To our good fortunes, find like ends,

EPILOGUE.

Custom, and that a law we must obey, In the way of epilogue bids me something say, Hence er to little purpose, since we know, If you are pleased, unbegg'd you will bestow A gentle censure : on the other side, If that this play deserve to be decried In your opinions, all that I can say Will never turn the stream the other way. Your gracious smiles will render as secure : Your frowns without despair we must endure.

The Bashful Lover.

PROLOGUE.

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This from our author, far from ali offence To abler writers, or the audience Met here to judge his poem. He, by me, Presents his service, with such modesty As well becomes his weakness. 'Tis no crime, He hopes, as we do, in this curious time, To be a little diffident, when we are To please so many with one bill of fare. Let others, building on their merit, say You're in the wrong, if you move not that way Which they prescribe you; as you were bound to learn Their maxims, but uncapable to discern 'Twist truth and falsehood. Ours had rather be Censured by some for too much obsequy, Than tax'd of self opinion. If he hear That his endeavours thrived, and did appear Worthy your view, (though made so by your gruce, With some desert,) he, in another place, Will thankfully report, one leaf of bays Truly conferr'd upon this work, will raise More pleasure in him, you the givers free, Than garlands ravish d from the virgin tree.

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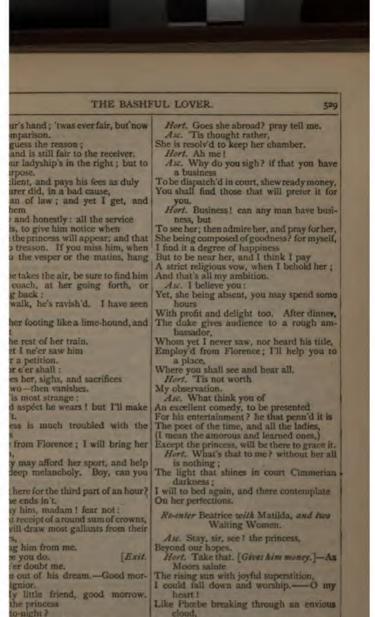
## DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

| Gonzaga, duke of Mantua.                     | Pisano, Florentino efficient               |
|----------------------------------------------|--------------------------------------------|
| Lorenzo, duke of Tuscany.                    | Pisano,<br>Martino, Florentine officers.   |
| Uberti, prince of Parma.                     | Captains.                                  |
| Farneze, cousin to Gonzaga.                  | Milanese Ambassador.                       |
| Alonzo, the ambassador, nephew to Lorenzo.   | Doctor.                                    |
| Manfroy, a lord of Mantua.                   | Matilda, daughter to Gonzaga.              |
| Octavio, formerly general to Gonzaga, but    |                                            |
| now in exile.                                | Maria, daughter to Octavio, disguised as a |
| Gothrio, kis servant.                        | page, and called Ascanio.                  |
| Galeazzo, a Milanese prince, disguised under | Waiting Women.                             |
| the name of Hortensio.                       | Captains, Soldiers, Guard, Allandants,     |
| Julio, his attendant.                        | Page, &c.                                  |
| SCENE,—Partly in the City of ?               | Mantua, and partly in the dutchy.          |
|                                              | ·····                                      |

| - | ACT I.<br>SCENE I.—Mantua. A Space before the<br>Palace. | Hort. You shall better<br>Discharge the duty of an honest servant,<br>In following my instructions, which you |
|---|----------------------------------------------------------|---------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------|
|   | Enter Hortensio and Julio.                               | have<br>Received already, than in questioning                                                                 |
| ! | Jul. I dare not cross you, sir, but I would gladly       | What my intents are, or upon what motives<br>My stay's resolved in Mantua : believe me,                       |
|   | (Provided you allow it) render you                       | That servant overdoes, that's too officious;                                                                  |
|   | My personal attendance.                                  | And, in presuming to direct your master,                                                                      |

| 528                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                | THE BASHI                                        | UL LOVER.                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                      |  |
|------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------|--------------------------------------------------|--------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------|--|
| You argue him of we                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                | akness, and yourself                             | With adoration, feast my eye, while all                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                        |  |
| Of arrogance and im                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                |                                                  | My other senses starve ; and, oft frequenting                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                  |  |
| Jul. I have done,                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                  |                                                  | The place which she makes happy with he                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                        |  |
| But what my ends at                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                |                                                  | presence,                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                      |  |
| Hort. Honest one                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                   | . I know it.                                     | I never yet had power with tongue or pea                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                       |  |
|                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                    | exchange, and all pro-                           | To move her to compassion, or make know                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                        |  |
| visions,                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                           | sachange, and an pro-                            | What 'tis I languish for a pat I make and                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                      |  |
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|                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                    | ou have shown yourself                           | Though it increase my flame :- however, i                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                      |  |
| A start start and st | at would you more? and                           | Much more than fear I am observed, and                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                         |  |
| yet,                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                               |                                                  | censured                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                       |  |
|                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                    | art your curious care,                           | For bold intrusion. [Walks in.                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                 |  |
| Hear this, and leave                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                               |                                                  | and the second s |  |
|                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                    | have demean'd myself<br>ist in Mantua, I'll con- | Enter Beatrice and Ascanio.                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                    |  |
| tinue                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                              |                                                  | Beat. Know you, boy, that gentleman?                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                           |  |
| Unnoted and unknow                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                 | wn, and, at the best,                            | Asc. Who? monsieur Melancholy? hand                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                            |  |
|                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                    | an a gentleman, and a                            | not your honour                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                |  |
| stranger,                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                          |                                                  | Mark'd him before?                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                             |  |
| That travels for his p                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                             | pleasure.                                        | Beat. I have seen him often wait                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                               |  |
| Jul. With your p                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                   |                                                  | About the princess' lodgings, but ne'erguess'd                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                 |  |
|                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                    | weight, though I should                          | What his designs were.                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                         |  |
|                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                    | weight, mough I should                           |                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                |  |
| swear it,                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                          | ada and heather                                  | Asc. No! what a sigh he breath'd now !                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                         |  |
| With your noble frie                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                               |                                                  | Many such will blow up the roof : cn my                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                        |  |
| Hort. You may te                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                   |                                                  | small credit                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                   |  |
|                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                    | tutor, there's a rumour,                         | There's gunpowder in them.                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                     |  |
| Almost cried up into                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                               |                                                  | Beat. How, crack ! gunpowder?                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                  |  |
| Of wars with Floren                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                | ice, and that I am de-                           | He's flesh and blood, and devils only carry                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                    |  |
| termined                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                           |                                                  | Such roaring stuff about them : you cannot                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                     |  |
| To see the service :                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                               | whatever I went forth,                           | prove                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                          |  |
| Heaven prospering n                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                | y intents, I would come                          | He is or spirit or conjurer.                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                   |  |
| home                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                               | A DESCRIPTION OF THE OWNER OF THE                | Asc. That I grant,                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                             |  |
| A soldier, and a goo                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                               | d one.                                           | But he's a lover, and that's as bad ; their sighs                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                              |  |
| Ful. Should you s                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                  |                                                  | Are like petards, and blow all up.                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                             |  |
|                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                    | , colonel's, 'twould add                         | Beat. A lover!                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                 |  |
| little                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                             |                                                  | I have been in love myself, but never found                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                    |  |
| ment of the second s                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                    | of your rank will follow                         | vet                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                            |  |
| That dangerous prof                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                |                                                  | That it could work such strange effects.                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                       |  |
| Hort. Tis the not                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                  |                                                  | Asc. True, madam,                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                              |  |
|                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                    | ur'd in it : but no more,                        | In woman it cannot : for whom the                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                              |  |
| On my displeasure.                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                 | at a in it . but no more,                        | In women it cannot; for when they miss the<br>enjoying                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                         |  |
| Jul. Saints and a                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                  |                                                  | Of their full wishes, all their sighs and                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                      |  |
|                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                    | [Exit.<br>eed, is threaten'd, nay,               | heigh-hoes,<br>At the worst, breed tympanies, and these are                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                    |  |
| expected,                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                          | te la familient                                  | cured too                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                      |  |
| Proclaim'd in Mantu                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                |                                                  | With a kiss or two of their saint, when he appears                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                             |  |
| No foreign, but intes                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                              | tine war : I have                                | Between a pair of sheets : but, with us men                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                    |  |
| Defied myself, in giv                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                              |                                                  | The case is otherwise.                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                         |  |
| A slave to passion, a                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                              |                                                  | Beat. You will be breech'd, boy.                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                               |  |
|                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                    | ught : I fainted, when                           | For your physical maxims But how an                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                            |  |
| I only saw mine ener                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                               | my, and vielded.                                 | you assured,                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                   |  |
| Before that I was                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                  | charged; and, though                             | He is a lover?                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                 |  |
| defeated.                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                          | Seat man, mough                                  | des Who To I know with a s                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                     |  |
| I dare not sue for me                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                              | ercy. Like Ivion                                 | Asc. Who, I? I know with whom too :                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                            |  |
|                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                    | my heart turn cinders                            | But that is to be whisper'd. [Whispers                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                         |  |
|                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                    |                                                  | Beat. How ! the princess !                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                     |  |
|                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                    | ; and yet, should she                            | The unparallel'd Matilda I some proof of it                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                    |  |
|                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                    | hed in a various cloud,                          | I il pay for my intelligence.                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                  |  |
|                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                    |                                                  |                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                |  |
| The majesty of the s                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                               | shadow. I behold her                             | Asc. Let me kiss [Gives Asc. money                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                             |  |

1



cloud, Or something which no simile can express, She shews to mer a reverent finir, but blended

car not from her women

eaven be praised for't ! to to church this morning?

ur to the contrary

oth, I know not ; key of her devotion, signior. With wonder and annarement, does possess me.

Now glut thyself, my famish'd eye !

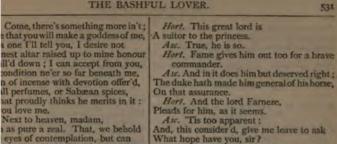
M M

Beat. That's he, An't please your excellence. I Wom. Observe his posture, But with a quarter-look. 2 Wom. Your eye fix'd on him, Will breed astonishment. Matil. A comely gentleman I I would not question your relation, lady, Yet faintly can believe it. How he eyes me ! Will he not speak? Beat. Your excellence hath deprived him Of speech and motion. Matil. 'Tis most strange. Asc. These fits Are usual with him. Matil. Is it not, Ascanio, A personated folly ! or he a statue? If it be, it is a masterpiece ; for man I cannot think him. Beat. For your sport, vouchsafe him A little conference. Matil. In compassion rather : For should he love me, as you say, (though hopeless,) It should not be return'd with scorn ; that were An inhumanity, which my birth nor honour Could privilege, were they greater. Now I perceive He has life and motion in him. To whom, lady, Pays he that duty? [Hortensio, bowing, offers to go off. Beat. Sans doubt, to yourself. Matil. And whither goes he now? Asc. To his private lodging, But to what end I know not ; this is all I ever noted in him. Matil. Call him back : In pity I stand bound to counsel him, Howe'er I am denied, though I were willing, To ease his sufferings. Asc. Signior ! the princess Commands you to attend her. Hort. [Returns.] How ! the princess ! Am I betray'd? Asc. What a lump of flesh is this ! You are betray'd, sir, to a better fortune Than you durst ever hope for. What a Tantalus Do you make yourself ! the flying fruit stays for you, And the water that you long'd for, rising up Above your lip, do you refuse to taste it? Move faster, sluggish camel, or I'll thrust This goad in your breech : had I such a promising beard, I should need the reins, not spurs. Matil. You may come nearer.

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Why do you shake, sir ? If I flatter no Myself, there's no deformity about me, Nor any part so monstrous, to beget An ague in you. Hort. It proceeds not, madam, From guilt, but reverence. Matil. I believe you, sir ; Have you a suit to me ? Hort. Your excellence Is wondrous fair. Matil. I thank your good opinion Hort. And I beseech you that I may have license To kneel to you. Matil. A suit I cannot cross Hort. I humbly thank your exe Matil. But what, As you are prostrate on your knee before n Is your petition? Hort. I have none, great princess. Matil. Do you kneel for nothing? Hort. Ves, I have a suit, But such a one, as, if denied, will kill m Matil. Take comfort : it must be of s strange nature, Unfitting you to ask, or me to grant, If I refuse it. Hort. It is, madam-Matil. Out with't. Hort. That I may not offend you, this isai When I presume to look on you, Asc. A flat eunuch ! To look on her? I should desire myself To move a little further. Matil. Only that? Hort. And I beseech you, madam, believe I never did yet with a wanton eye : Or cherish one lascivious wish beyond it. Beat. You'll never make good courtier. be In grace with ladies. 1 Wom. Or us waiting women. If that be your nil ultra. 2 Wom. He's no gentleman, On my virginity, it is apparent : My tailor has more boldness ; nav, my sho maker Will fumble a little further, he could not ha The length of my foot else. Matil. Only to look on me ! Ends your ambition there? Hort. It does, great lady,-And that confined too, and at fitting distance The fly that plays too near the flame burns in As I behold the sun, the stars, the temples I look on you, and wish it were no sin

Should I adore you.



nearer to it in this life ; n that is divorced, my soul shall yours,

ess my affection.

ou love me.

Pray you, rise ; my further pleasure,

[Hort. rises and walks aside.

Enter Farneze and Uberti.

I'll present you, you proof I am your friend, a true

y pleading for you, teach the age, is, erroneously, friendship but a

ostance.-Madam, I am bold h so far upon your privacy, ire my friend (let not that wrong him, a worthy one) may have the honour cur hand. His own worth challenges

favour.

Your acknowledgment

it, madam. If you look on him uilt up a man, without addition ne's liberal favours, wealth or titles, deserve no usual entertainment : ic is a prince, and for your service fair Parma, that acknowledges lord, and, uncompell'd, exposes on to the dangers of the war, break in storms upon our heads ; thankfulness you may vouchsafe him respect, and such grace as may

sh,

his amorous hopes.

Cousin, you know

the disposer of myself, e my father challenges that power : much I dare promise; prince Uberti 1 the seed of service that he sows, 1 on barren ground. For this high invour

ir creature, and profess I owe you

Asc. And in it does him but deserved right : The duke hath made him general of his horse, Hort. And the lord Farneze, And, this consider'd, give me leave to ask What hope have you, sir? Hort, I may still look on her, Howe'er he wear the garland. Asc. A thin diet, And will not feed you fat, sir. Uber. I rejoice, Rare princess, that you are not to be won By carpet-courtship, but the sword ; with this Steel pen I'll write on Florence' helm how much I can, and dare do for you. Matil, 'Tis not question'd. Some private business of mine own disposed of, I'll meet you in the presence. Uber. Ever your servant. Excunt Uberti and Farneze. Matil, Now, sir, to you. You have observed, I doubt not, For lovers are sharp-sighted, to what purpose

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This prince solicits me ; and yet I am not So taken with his worth, but that I can

Vouchsafe you further parle. The first command

That I'll impose upon you, is to hear And follow my good counsel : I am not

Offended that you love me, persist in it,

But love me virtuously ; such love may spur you

To noble undertakings, which achieved, Will raise you into name, preferment,

honour

For all which, though you ne'er enjoy my person,

(For that's impossible,) you are indebted To your high aims : visit me when you please.

I do allow it, nor will blush to own you. So you confine yourself to what you promise, As my virtuous servant

Beat. Farewell, sir ! you have An unexpected cordial.

Ase. May it work well |

Exeant all out Hort. Hort. Your love-yes, so she said, may spur you to

Brave undertakings; adding this, You may r I call mine. They walk aside. Visit me when you please. Is this allow'd me, MM 2

532 And any act, within the power of man, Impossible to be effected ? no: I will break through all oppositions that she May stop me in my full career to honour : And, borrowing strength to do, from her Gon, Suppose this granted. high favour, Add something to Meides' greatest labour. Exit. With all extremities the conque SCENE 11 .- The same. A State-room in the Palace. Uber. Grant me licens Enter Gonzaga, Uberti, Farneze, Manfroy, and Attendants. Gon. This is your place ; and, were it in our power, [Leads Uberti to the state. heaven, You should have greater honour, prince of Parma ; The rest know theirs .- Let some attend with care On the ambassador, and let my daughter Be present at his audience Exeunt Attendants. -Reach a chair, We'll do all fit respects; and, pray you, good ; put on Your milder looks, you are in a place where Far. You presume frowns Are no prevailing agents. To Uberti. Enter at one door Alonzo and Attendants ; Matilda, Beatrice, Ascanio, Hortensio, loudest, and Waiting Women, at the other. Asc. I have seen More than a wolf, a Gorgon ! Szuoons. Gon. What's the matter? Matild. A page of mine is fallen into a swoon ; Look to him carefully. Ascanio is carried out. Gon. Now, when you please The cause that brought you hither? Alon. The protraction Of my dispatch forgotten, from Lorenzo, The Tuscan duke, thus much to you, The Gonzaga The duke of Mantua. By me, his nephew, He does salute you fairly, and entreats (A word not suitable to his power and greatness) You would consent to tender that which he, her. Unwillingly, must force, if contradicted. Ambition, in a private man a vice, Is, in a prince, the virtue. quarrel: Gon. To the purpose ; These ambages are impertinent. Alon. He demands

The fair Matilda, for I dare not take From her perfections, in a noble way ; And in creating her the comfort of

His royal bed, to raise her to a he Her flattering hopes could not ast

With wonder shall be gazed upon The envy of her sex.

Uber. Or, if denied, what follow Alon. Present war

Inflict upon the vanquish'd.

To answer this defiance. What is

Holds your proud muster with t

That, ere the uncertain die of war b He dares assure himself the vict Are his unjust invading arms of fi Or those we put on in defence of t Like chaff, to be consumed in the e I look on your dimensions, and fin Mine own of lesser size ; the blood My veins, as hot as yours ; my swor My nerves of equal strength, my

And, confident we have the better Why should we fear the trial?

You are superior in numbers ; we Lay hold upon the surest anchor, Which, when the tempest of the v

Must prove a strong protection. Gon. Two main reasons

(Seconding those you have already Give us encouragement; the duty : I owe my mother-country, and the Descending to my daughter. For Should I betray her liberty. I deser To have my name with infamy rate The catalogue of good princes : and Unnaturally forget I am a father, If, like a Tartar, or for fear or profi I should consign her, as a bondwon To be disposed of at another's please Her own consent or favour never su And mine by force exacted, No. / She is my only child, my heir ; and A father's eyes deceive me not, the 1 Of prodigal nature hath given so

As, in the former ages, kings would In her defence, and make her cau

Nor can she, if that any spark rema To kindle a desire to be possess'd Of such a beauty, in our time, want To guard it safe from violence.

Hort. I must speak,

Or I shall burst ; now to be silent w

THE BASHFUL LOVER. 53**3** A kind of blasphemy : if such purity, Hort. I would not turn my back, Such innocence, an abstract of perfection, If you were the duke of Florence, though you charged me The soul of beauty, virtue, in a word, 5 A temple of things sacred, should groan I' the head of your troops. under Uber. Tell me in gentler language, Your passionate speech induces me to think The burthen of oppression, we might Accuse the saints, and tax the Powers above so, Do you love the princess? 115 Of negligence or injustice.----Pardon, sir, Hort. Were you mine enemy, A stranger's boldness, and in your mercy Your foot upon my breast, sword at my call it throat, 3 True zeal, not rudeness. In a cause like this, Even then I would profess it. The ascent The husbandman would change his plough-To the height of honour is by arts or arms; ing-irons And if such an unequall'd prize might fall To weapons of defence, and leave the earth On him that did deserve best in defence Untill'd, although a general dearth should Of this rare princess in the day of battle, follow : I should lead you a way would make your The student would forswear his book, the greatness lawyer Sweat drops of blood to follow. Uber. Can your excellence Put off his thriving gown, and, without pay, Conclude this cause is to be fought, not Hear this without rebuke from one unknown? Is he a rival for a prince? pleaded. The women will turn Amazons, as their sex Matil. My lord, You take that liberty I never gave you. In her were wrong'd ; and boys write down their names In justice you should give encouragement To him, or any man, that freely offers In the muster-book for soldiers. Gon. Take my hand : His life to do me service, not deter him ; Whate'er you are, I thank you. How are I give no suffrage to it. Grant he loves me, you call'd? As he professes, how are you wrong'd in it? Would you have all men hate me but your-Hort. Hortensio, a Milanese. Gon. I wish self? Mantua had many such .-- My lord am-No more of this, I pray you : if this gentlebassador, man Some privacy, if you please; Manfroy, you Fight for my freedom, in a fit proportion may To his desert and quality, I can And will reward him ; yet give you no cause Partake it, and advise us. They walk aside. Of jealousy or envy. Uber. Do you know, friend, Hort. Heavenly lady ! What this man is, or of what country? Gon. No peace but on such poor and base Farn. Neither. conditions ! Uber. I'll question him myself. What are We will not buy it at that rate : return you, sir? This answer to your master: Though we Hort. A gentleman. wish'd Uber. But if there be gradation To hold fair quarter with him, on such terms In gentry, as the heralds say, you have As honour would give way to, we are not Been over-bold in the presence of your So thunderstruck with the loud voice of war. betters. As to acknowledge him our lord before Hort. My betters, sir ! Uber. Your betters. As I take it, His sword hath made us vassals : we long since You are no prince. Have had intelligence of the unjust gripe Hort. 'Tis fortune's gift you were born one; He purposed to lay on us ; neither are we I have not heard that glorious title crowns So unprovided as you think, my lord ; you, He shall not need so seek us ; we will meet As a reward of virtue : it may be, him, The first of your house deserv'd it ; yet his And prove the fortune of a day, perhaps Sooner than he expects. merits You can but faintly call your own. Alon. And find repentance, Matil. Well answer'd. When 'tis too late. Farewell. Uber. You come up to me. Exit with Farnezc.

ê

Gas. No, my Matilda.

We must not part so. Beasts and birds of prey.

To their last gasp, defend their brood; and Florence,

Over thy father's breast shall march up to thee,

Before he force affection. 'The arms

That thou must put on for us and thyself. Are prayers and pure devotion, which will be heard, Matilda. Manfroy, to your trust We do give up the city, and my daughter; On both keep a strong guard—No tears,

they are ominous. O my Octavio, my tried Octavio,

In all my dangers ! now I want thy service,

In passion recompensed with banishment.

Error of princes, who hate virtue when

She's present with us, and in vain admire her When she is absent !---'tis too late to think on't.

The wish'd-fortime is come, princely Uberti, To shew your valour ; friends, being to do, not talk,

All rhetoric is fruitless, only this,

Faie cannot rob you of deserv'd applause, Whether you win or lose in such a cause.

Excunt.

#### ACT II.

SCENE L-Mantua. A Room in the Palace.

Enter Matilda, Beatrice, and Waiting Women.

Matil. No matter for the ring I ask'd you for.

The boy not to be found?

Beat. Nor heard of, madam. I Wom. He hath been sought and search'd

for, house by house,

Nay, every nook of the city, but to no purpose.

Wom. And how he should escape hence, the lord Manfroy

Being so vigilant o'er the guards, appears A thing impossible.

Matil. I never saw him,

Since he swoon'd in the presence, when my father

Gave audience to the ambassador: but I feel A sad miss of him; on any slight occasion, He would find out such pretty arguments

To make me sport, and with such witty sweetness

Deliver his opinion, that I must

Ingenuously confess his harmless mirth,

When I was must oppress'd we wrought more

In the removing of t, than music on a Best, An't please your excellence, observed him

Waggishly witty; yet, sometimes, audden,

He would be very pensive ; and then So feelingly of love, as if he had Tasted the bitter sweets of L

1 Woss. He would tell, too.

A pretty tale of a sister, that had be Deceived by her sweetheart; and weeping swear

weeping, swear He wonder'd how men could be faise 2 Wom. And that

When he was a knight, he'd he the champion,

And travel o'er the world to kill such As durst play false with their mistres

Matil. 1 am sure

I want his company,

## Enter Manfroy.

Man. There are letters, madam. In post come from the duke; but charged,

By the careful bringer, not to open the But in your presence,

Matil. Heaven preserve my father Good news, an't be thy will !

Man. Patience must arm you

Against what's ill.

Matil, I'll hear them in my cabine

#### SCENE IL-The Dutchy of Mant Gonzaga's Camp.

Enter Hortensio and Ascanio.

Hort. Why have you left the safety city,

And service of the princess, to partake The dangers of the camp? and at a to When the armies are in view, and minute

The dreadful charge expected ? Asc. You appear

So far beyond yourself, as you are now Arm'd like a soldier, (though I grant presence

Was ever gracious,) that I grow enam Of the profession: in the horror of it, There is a kind of majesty.

Hort. But too heavy To sit on thy soft shoulders, youth ; re To the duke's tent, that's gnarded.

An. Sir, I come Toserve you; knight-adventurers are all

| THE BASHI                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                          | UL LOVER. 535                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                               |
|--------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------|-------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------|
| Their pages, and I bring a will that shall<br>Supply my want of power.<br>Hort. To serve me, boy!<br>I wish, believe it, that 'twere in my nerves<br>To do thee any service ; and thou shalt,<br>II 1 survive the fortune of this day,<br>Be satisfied I am serious.<br>Are, I am not<br>To be put off so, sir. Since you do neglect<br>My offer'd duy, I must use the power<br>I bring along with me, that may command<br>you:<br>You have seen this ring<br>Hort. Made rich by being wom<br>Upon the princes' finger.<br>Are. Tis a favour<br>To you, by me sent from her: view it better;<br>But why coy to receive it ?<br>Hort. I am unworthy<br>Of such a blessing, I have done nothing<br>yet<br>That may deserve it ; no commander's blood<br>Of the adverse party hath yet died my sword<br>Drawn out in her defence. I must not<br>take it.<br>This were a triumph for me when I had<br>Made Florence' duke my prisoner, and<br>compel'd him<br>To kneel for mercy at her feet.<br>Are. Twas sent, sir,<br>To put yon in mind whose cause it is you<br>fight for;<br>And, as I am her creature, to revenge<br>A wrong to me done.<br>Hort. The ambassador?<br>Are. Alonzo.<br>Hort. The ambassador?<br>Are. The same.<br>Hort. Let it suffice.<br>I know him by his armour and his horse ;<br>And if we meet[Trumpets sound.]1<br>am cut off, the alarum | To force the rear : he dies that breaks his<br>ranks,<br>Till all be ours, and sure.<br><i>Pis.</i> "Tis so proclaim'd. [Exrant.<br><i>Fighting and alarum. Enter</i> Hortensio,<br>Ascanlo, and Alonzo.<br><i>Hort.</i> "Tis he, Ascanio :Stand !<br>Alon. I never shunn'd<br>A single opposition ; but tell me<br>Why, in the battle, of all men, thou hast<br>Made choice of me?<br><i>Hort.</i> Look on this youth ; his cause<br>Sits on my sword.<br><i>Alon.</i> I know him not.<br><i>Hort.</i> Til help<br>Your memory. [ <i>They fight.</i><br><i>A.c.</i> What have I done? I am doubtful<br>To whom to wish the victory ; for, still<br>My resolution wavering, I so love<br>The enemy that wrong d me, that I cannot,<br>Without repentance, wish success to him<br>That seeks to do me right[Alonzo falls.<br>Alas, he's fall'n !<br>As you are gentle, hold, sir ! or, if I want<br>Power to persuade so far, I cónjure you<br>By her loved name I am sent from.<br><i>Hort.</i> "Tis a charm<br>Too strong to be resisted : he is yours.<br>Yet, why you should make suit to save that<br>life<br>Which you so late desired should be cut<br>off.<br>Sor injuries received, begets my wonder.<br><i>Asc.</i> Alas ! we foolish, spleenful boys<br>would have<br>We know not what ; I have some private<br>reasons,<br>But now not to be told.<br><i>Hort.</i> Shall I take him prisoner?<br><i>Asc.</i> . By no means, sir; I will not save |
| Commands me hence : sweet youth, fall off.<br>Are. I must not ;<br>You are too noble to receive a wound<br>Upon your back, and, following close be-<br>hind you;                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                   | his life,<br>To rob him of his honour : when you give,<br>Give not by halves. One short word, and I<br>follow. [Exit Horensio.<br>My lord Alonzo, if you have received                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                      |
| I am secure ; though I could wish my bosom<br>Were your defence.<br>Hort. Thy kindness will undo thee.<br>[Excunt.                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                 | A benefit, and would know to whom you<br>owe it,<br>Remember what your entertainment was<br>At old Octavio's house, one you call'd<br>friend,                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                               |
| SCENE III The same. Lorenzo's Camp.<br>Enter Lorenzo, Alonzo, Pisano, and<br>Martino.                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                              | And how you did return it. [East.                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                           |
| Martino,<br>Lor. We'll charge the main hattalia, fall<br>you                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                       | I did not well; but it is now no time<br>To think upon't : my wounded honour calls<br>For reparation, I must quench my fury<br>For this disgrace, in blood, and some shall                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                  |

SCENE IV .- The same. A Forest. Alarum continued. Enter Uberti, and Farneze wounded. Farn. O prince Uberti, valour cannot save us The body of our army's pierced and broken, The wings are routed, and our scatter'd troops Not to be rallied up. Uber. Tis yet some comfort. The enemy must say we were not wanting In courage or direction ; and we may Accuse the Powers above as partial, when A good cause, well defended too, must suffer For want of fortune. Farm. All is lost ; the duke Too far engaged, I fear, to be brought off : Three times I did attempt his rescue, but With odds was beaten back; only the stranger, I speak it to my shame, still follow'd him, Cutting his way ; but 'tis beyond my hopes, That either should return. *Uber*. That noble stranger, Whom I, in my proud vanity of greatness, As one unknown contemn'd, when I was thrown Out of my saddle by the great duke's lance, Horsed me again, in spite of all that made Resistance ; and then whisper'd in mine ear, Fight bravely, prince Uberti, there's no way clse. To the fair Matilda's favour. Farn. "Twas done nobly. Uber. In you, my bosom-friend, I had call'd it noble : But such a courtesy from a rival merits The highest attribute. Enter Hortensio and Gonzaga, Farn. Stand on your guard ; We are pursued. Uber, Preserv d ! wonder on wonder, Farn. The duke in safety ! Gon. Pay your thanks, Farneze, To this brave man, if I may call him so, Whose acts were more than human. If thou art My better angel, from my infancy Design'd to guard me, like thyself appear, For sure thou'rt more than mortal. Hort. No, great sir, A weak and sinful man; though I have done you Some prosperous service that hath found your favour, I am lost to myself : but lose not you The offer'd opportunity to delude

The hot-pursuing enemy ; these woods,

Northe dark veil of night, cannot meetaly If you dwell long here, You may ree an But I am fallen for ever. Farn, Rather borne up

To the supreme sphere of honour. Uber. I confess

My life your gift. Gon. My liberty.

Uber. You have snatch'd

The wreath of conquest from the victor's hell And do alone, in scorn of Lorenzo's former Though we are slaved, by true heroic take Deserve a triumph,

Gon. From whence then proceeds This poor dejection i

Hort, In one suit I'll tell you

Which I beseech you grant :-- I loved your daughter,

But how? as beggars in their wounded incy Hope to be monarchs : I long languish'd to her,

But did receive no cordial, but what

Despair, my rough physician, prescribed m A length her goodness and comparison found it ;

And, whereas I expected, and with result. The distance and disparity consider d

Between her birth and mine, she would contemn me,

The princess gave me comfort.

Gon. In what measure?

Hort. She did admit me for her knight and servant,

And spurr'd metodosomething in this hattle. Fought for her liberty, that might not blemsh So fair a favour.

Gon. This you have perform'd,

To the height of admiration. Uber. I subscribe to't,

That am your rival. Hort. You are charitable :

But how short of my hopes, nay, the assurance Of those achievements which my love and youth

Already held accomplish'd, this day's fortune Must sadly answer. What I did, she gave me The strength to do ; her piety preserved Herfather, and her gratitude for the dangers You threw yourself into for her defence,

Protected you by me her instrument :

But when I came to strike in mine own cause. And to do something so remarkable,

That should at my return command her thanks

And gracious entertainment, then, alas ! I fainted like a coward. I made a vow, too, (And it is register d.) ne'er to presume To come into her presence, if I brought not Her fears and dangers bound in fetters to her,



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# THE BASHFUL LOVER.

| THE BASH                                                                                                                                           | FUL LOVER. 537                                                                                                                                                      |
|----------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------|---------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------|
| Which now's impossible, — Hark ! the enemy                                                                                                         | And offer their scorch'd bodies to your swords,                                                                                                                     |
| Makes his approaches: save yourselves:<br>this only                                                                                                | Or burn them as a sacrifice to your angers.<br>Who brings Gonzaga's head, or takes him                                                                              |
| Deliver to her sweetness ; I have done                                                                                                             | prisoner,                                                                                                                                                           |
| My poor endeavours, and pray her not repent                                                                                                        | (Which I incline to rather, that he may                                                                                                                             |
| Her goodness to me. May you live to serve her,                                                                                                     | Be sensible of those tortures, which I vow<br>To inflict upon him for denial of                                                                                     |
| This loss recover'd, with a happier fate!                                                                                                          | His daughter to our bed,) shall have a blank,                                                                                                                       |
| And make use of this sword : arms I abjure,<br>And conversation of men; I'll seek out                                                              | With our hand and signet made authentical,<br>In which he may write down himself, what                                                                              |
| Some unfrequented cave, and die love's                                                                                                             | wealth                                                                                                                                                              |
| martyr. [Exit hastily.                                                                                                                             | Or honours he desires.                                                                                                                                              |
| Gon. Follow him.<br>Uber. 'Tis in vain; his nimble feet                                                                                            | Alon. The great duke's will<br>Shall be obey'd.                                                                                                                     |
| Have borne him from my sight.                                                                                                                      | Pisan. Put it in execution.                                                                                                                                         |
| Gon. I suffer for him.                                                                                                                             | Mart. Begirt the wood, and fire it.                                                                                                                                 |
| Farn. We share in it; but must not, sir,                                                                                                           | Sold. Follow, follow! [Exennt.                                                                                                                                      |
| forget<br>Your means of safety.<br>Uber. In the war 1 have served you,                                                                             | SCENE VI.—The same. Another part of the same.                                                                                                                       |
| And to the death will follow you.<br>Gon. "Tis not fit.                                                                                            | Enter Farneze, disguised as a Florentine<br>Soldier.                                                                                                                |
| We must divide ourselves. My daughter                                                                                                              | Farn. Uberti, prince Uberti ! Omyfriend,                                                                                                                            |
| If I retain yet                                                                                                                                    | Dearer than life I I have lost thee. Cruel                                                                                                                          |
| A sovereign's power o'er thee, or friend's                                                                                                         | fortune,                                                                                                                                                            |
| with you,<br>Do, and dispute not; by my example change<br>Your habits: as I thus put off my purple,                                                | Unsatisfied with our sufferings ! we no sooner<br>Were parted from the duke, and e'en then<br>ready                                                                 |
| Ambition dies; this garment of a shepherd,                                                                                                         | To take a mutual farewell, when a troop                                                                                                                             |
| Left here by chance, will serve ; in lieu of it,<br>I leave this to the owner. Raise new forces,                                                   | Of the enemy's horse fell on us; we were forced                                                                                                                     |
| And meet me at St. Leo's fort ; my daughter,                                                                                                       | To take the woods again, but, in our flight,                                                                                                                        |
| As I commanded Manfroy, there will meet                                                                                                            | Their hot pursuit divided us: we had been happy                                                                                                                     |
| The city cannot hold out, we must part :<br>Farewell, thy hand.                                                                                    | If we had died together. To survive him,<br>To me is worse than death; and therefore                                                                                |
| Fareweil, thy hand.<br>Fare. You still shall have my heart.                                                                                        | should not                                                                                                                                                          |
| Excunt.                                                                                                                                            | Embrace the means of my escape, though                                                                                                                              |
| SCENE VThe same. Another part                                                                                                                      | offer'd.                                                                                                                                                            |
| of the Forest.                                                                                                                                     | When nature gave us life she gave a burthen,                                                                                                                        |
| Enter Lorenzo, Alonzo, Pisano, Martino,<br>Captains, and Soldiers.                                                                                 | But at our pleasure not to be cast off,<br>Though weary of it; and my reason prompts<br>me,                                                                         |
| Lor. The day is ours, though it cost dear;                                                                                                         | This habit of a Florentine, which I took                                                                                                                            |
| yet 'tis not                                                                                                                                       | From a dying soldier, may keep me un-                                                                                                                               |
| Enough to get a victory, if we lose                                                                                                                | known,                                                                                                                                                              |
| The true use of it. We have hitherto<br>Held back your forward swords, and in our                                                                  | Till opportunity mark me out a way<br>For flight, and with security.                                                                                                |
| fear<br>Of ambushes, deferr'd the wish'd reward                                                                                                    | Enter Uberti.                                                                                                                                                       |
| Due to your bloody toil : but now give free-                                                                                                       | Uber. Was there ever<br>Such a night of horror?                                                                                                                     |
| Nay, license to your fury and revenge ;                                                                                                            | Farm. My friend's voice ! I now                                                                                                                                     |
| Now glut yourselves with prey; let not the night,                                                                                                  | In part forgive thee, fortune.<br>Uber. The wood flames,                                                                                                            |
| Nor these thick woods, give sanctuary to<br>The fear-struck hares, our enemies : fire                                                              | The bloody sword devours all that it meets,<br>And death in several shapes rides here in<br>triumph                                                                 |
| dom,<br>Nay, license to your fury and revenge;<br>Now glut yourselves with prey; let not the<br>night,<br>Nor these thick woods, give sanctuary to | Such a night of horror?<br>Farm. My friend's voice! I now<br>In part forgive thee, fortune.<br>Uter. The wood flames,<br>The bloody sword devours all that it meets |

538 I am like a stag closed in a toil, my life, As soon as found, the cruel huntsman's Why fliest thou, then, what is inevitable? Better to fall with manly wounds before Thy cruel enemy, than survive thine bonour : And yet to charge him, and die unrevenged, Mere desperation. Farn. Heroic spirit ! Uker. Mine own life I contemn, and would not save it But for the future service of the duke, And safety of his daughter ; having means, If I escape, to raise a second army ; And, what is nearest to me, to enjoy My friend Farneze Farn. I am still his care. Uber. What shall I do? if I call loud, the foe That bath begirt the wood, will hear the Shall I return by the same path ? I cannot, The darkness of the night conceals it from me : Something I must resolve. Farn. Let friendship rouse Thy sleeping soul, Farneze : wilt thou suffer Thy friend, a prince, nay, one that may set free Thy captived country, perish, when 'tis in 'Thy power, with this disguise, to save his life? Thou hast lived too long, therefore resolve to die ; Thou hast seen thy country ruin'd, and thy Compell'd to shameful flight ; the fields and woods Strew'd o'er with carcases of thy fellowsoldiers : The miseries thou art fallen in, and before Thy eyes the horror of this place, and thousand Calamities to come ; and after all these, Can any hope remain? shake off delays : Dost thou doubt yet? To save a citizen, The conquering Roman in a general Esteem'd the highest honour : can it be then Inglorious to preserve a prince? thy friend ?-Uberti, prince Uberti | [Aloud.] use this Of thy escape ; Pulls off his Florentine uniform, and casts it before Uberti. conceal'd in this, thou mayst Pass through the enemy's guards : the time denies Longer discourse ; thou hast a noble end, Live, therefore, mindful of thy dying friend.

Uber. Farmeze, stay thy havy Farnese

Thy friend Uberri calls thee : 'tis in un He's gone to death an innocent, and m life,

The benefit he confers on me, my guilt Thou art too coverous of another's with Too prodigal and careless of thine orth "Tis a deceit in friendship to enjoin me To put this garment on, and live, that a May have alone the honour to die mol O cruel piety, in our equal danger To rob thyself of that thou giv'st thyfri

It must not be ; I will restore his gift And die before him. How? where sh find him ?-

Thou art o'ercome in friendship ; y Uberti.

To the extremity of the time, and live A heavy ransome ! but it must be paid I will put on this habit : pitying brase As it loves goodness, may protect my for And give me means to satisfy the dele I stand engaged for ; if not, pale des I dare thy worst ; thou canst but bei me And so much I'll force from an enemy.

SCENE VIL .- The same. Lorenzo' Camp.

Enter Alonzo and Pisano, mite Farm bound ; Soldiers with torcher, Farms rword in one of the Soldier's hands.

Alon. I know him, he's a man of ransor

Pisan. True ; But if he live, 'tis to be paid to me. Alon. I forced him to the woods.

Pisan. But my art found him ; Nor will I brook a partner in the prey

My fortune gave me. Alon. Render him, or expect

The point of this

Pisan. Were it lightning, I would meet Rather than be outbraved.

Alon. I thus decide

The difference.

Exit.

Pisan, My sword shall plead my title. They F

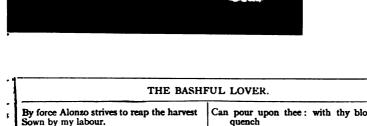
Enter Lorenzo, Martino, Captains, and Attendants.

Lor. Ha ! where learn'd you this displine? my commanders

Opposed 'gainst one another! what blind for Brings forth this brawl? Alonzo and Pisa At bloody difference I hold, or I tilt

At both as enemies .- Now speak ; how gre This strange division?

Pisan. Against all right,



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| THE BASHFUL LOVER. 539                           |                                                                                         |
|--------------------------------------------------|-----------------------------------------------------------------------------------------|
| By force Alonzo strives to reap the harvest      | Can pour upon thee: with thy blood I'll                                                 |
| Sown by my labour.                               | quench                                                                                  |
| Alon. Sir, this is my prisoner,                  | (But drawn forth slowly) the invisible flames                                           |
| The purchase of my sword, which proud            | Of discord—by thy charms first fetch'd from                                             |
| Pisano,                                          | hell.                                                                                   |
| That hath no interest in him, would take         | Then forced into the breasts of my com-                                                 |
| from me.                                         | manders.                                                                                |
| Pisan. Did not the presence of the duke          | Bring forth the tortures.                                                               |
| forbid me,                                       | Uber. Hear, victorious duke,                                                            |
| 1 would say — Alon. What?                        | The story of my miserable fortune,<br>Of which this villain (by your sacred tongue      |
| Pisan. 'Tis false.                               | Condemned to die) was the immediate cause :                                             |
| Lor. Before my face!                             | And, if my humble suit have justice in it,                                              |
| Keep them asunder. And was this the cause        | Vouchsafe to grant it.                                                                  |
| Of such a mortal quarrel, this the base          | Lor. Soldier, be brief, our anger                                                       |
| To raise your fury on ? the ties of blood,       | Can brook no long delay.                                                                |
| Of fellowship in arms, respect, obedience        | <i>Uber.</i> I am the last                                                              |
| To me, your prince and general, no more          | Of three sons, by one father got, and train'd                                           |
| Prevailing on you? this a price for which        | up                                                                                      |
| You would betray our victory, or wound           | With his best care, for service in your wars :                                          |
| Your reputation with mutinies,                   | My father died under his fatal hand,                                                    |
| Forgetful of yourselves, allegiance, honour?—    | And two of my poor brothers. Now I hear,                                                |
| This is a course to throw us headlong down       | Or fancy, wounded by my grief, deludes me,                                              |
| From that proud height of empire, upon<br>which  | Their pale and mangled ghosts crying for vengeance                                      |
| We were securely seated. Shall division          | On perjury and murder. Thus the case                                                    |
| O'erturn what concord built? if you desire       | stood:                                                                                  |
| To bathe your swords in blood, the enemy         | My father, (on whose face he durst not look                                             |
| Still flies before you : would you have spoil?   | In equal mart,) by his fraud circumvented,                                              |
| the country                                      | Became his captive ; we, his sons, lamenting                                            |
| Lies open to you. O unheard-of madness !         | Our old sire's hard condition, freely offer'd                                           |
| What greater mischief could Gonzaga wish         | Our utmost for his ransome : that refused,                                              |
| us,                                              | The subtile tyrant, for his cruel ends,                                                 |
| Than you pluck on our heads? no, my              | Conceiving that our piety might ensnare us,                                             |
| brave leaders,                                   | Proposed my father's head to be redeem'd,                                               |
| Let unity dwell in our tents, and discord        | If two of us would yield ourselves his slaves.                                          |
| Be banish'd to our enemies.                      | We, upon any terms, resolved to save him,                                               |
| Alon. Take the prisoner,                         | Though with the loss of life which he gave                                              |
| I do give up my title.                           | to us,                                                                                  |
| <i>Pisan</i> . I desire                          | With an undaunted constancy drew lots                                                   |
| Your friendship, and will buy it; he is yours.   | (For each of us contended to be one)                                                    |
| [ <i>They embrace.</i>                           | Who should preserve our father; I was                                                   |
| <i>Alon.</i> No man's a faithful judge in his    | exempted,                                                                               |
| own cause;                                       | But to my more affliction. My brothers                                                  |
| Let the duke determine of him: we are            | Deliver'd up, the perjured homicide,                                                    |
| friends, sir.                                    | Laughing in scorn, and by his hoary locks                                               |
| Lor. Shew it in emulation to o'ertake            | Pulling my wretched father on his knees,                                                |
| 'The flying foe; this cursed wretch disposed of, | Said, Thus receive the father you have ran-                                             |
| With our whole strength we'll follow.            | somed /                                                                                 |
| [Excunt Alonzo and Pisano embracing.             | And instantly struck off his head.                                                      |
| Farn. Death at length                            | Lor. Most barbarous !                                                                   |
| Will set a period to calamity:                   | Farm. I never saw this man.                                                             |
| I see it in this tyrant's frowns haste to me.    | Lor. One murmur more,                                                                   |
| Enter Uberti, habited like a Florentine          | I'll have thy tongue pull'd out.—Proceed.                                               |
| Soldier, and mixes with the rest.                | Uber. Conceive, sir,                                                                    |
| Lor. Thou machine of this mischief, look to feel | How thunderstruck we stood, being made<br>spectators<br>Of such an unexpected tragedy : |
| Whate'er the wrath of an incensed prince         | Yet this was a beginning, not an end                                                    |

E 20

To his intended cruelty ; for, pursuing Such a revenge as no Hyrcanian tigress Robb'd of her whelps, durst aim at, in a

moment, Treading upon my father's trunk, he cut off My pious brothers' heads, and threw them

at me. Oh, what a spectacle was this ! what moun-

tain

Of sorrow overwhelm'd me ! my poor heartstring

As tenter'd by his tyranny, crack'd; my knees Beating 'gainst one another, groans and tears

Blended together follow'd ; not one passion Calamity ever yet express'd, forgotten.-----Now, mighty sir, (bathing your feet with tears,)

Your suppliant's suit is, that he may have leave,

With any cruelty revenge can fancy, To sacrifice this monster, to appease My father's ghost, and brothers'.

Lor. Thou hast obtain'd it : Choose any torture, let the memory Of what thy father and thy brothers suffer'd, Make thee ingenious in it ; such a one, As Phalaris would wish to be call'd his. Martino, guarded with your soldiers, see The execution done ; but bring his head, On forfeiture of your own, to us : our presence Long since was elsewhere look'd for.

Exit, with Captains and Attendants. Mart. Soldier, to work ; Take any way thou wilt for thy revenge,

Provided that he die : his body's thine, But I must have his head.

Uber. I have already

Concluded of the manuer. O just heaven, The instrument I wish'd for offer'd me !

Mart. Why art thou rapt thus? Uber. In this soldier's hand

I see the murderer's own sword, I know it ;

Yes, this is it by which my father and

My brothers were beheaded : noble captain, Command it to my hand .- [ Takes Farneze's

sword from the Soldier. ]-Stand forth and tremble !

This weapon, of late drunk with innocent blood,

Shall now carouse thine own : pray, if thou canst.

For, though the world shall not redeem thy body,

I would not kill thy soul.

Farn. Canst thou believe

There is a heaven, or hell, or soul? thou hast

In death to rob me of my fame, my honour,

With such a forged lie. Tell me, thou

Where did I ever see thy face? or wh Murder'd thy sire or brothers ? look o

And make it good : thou dar'st not. Uber, Yes, I will [He unbind: his

In one short whisper ; and that told art dead.

I am Uberti : take thy sword, fight he We'll live or die together. Mart. We are betrayd.

[Martino is struck down, the S run of

Farn. And have I leave once more, prince, to ease

My head on thy true bosom?

Uber. I glory more To be thy friend, than in the name of p Or any higher title. Farn. My preserver t Uber. The life you gave to me I but m

And pardon, dearest friend, the bitte guage

Necessity made me use, Farn. O, sir, I am Outdone in all ; but comforted, that a But you can wear the laurel. Uber. Here's no place

Or time to argue this ; let us fly hen Farn. I follow.

Mart. [rises.] A thousand Furies ke company !

I was at the gate of [hell,] but now I fi Mywound's not mortal ; I was but astoni And, coming to myself, I find I am

Reserv'd for the gallows : there's no loc on

The enraged duke, excuses will not ser I must do something that may get my par If not, I know the worst, a halter ends

## ACT III.

SCENE I .- The Dutchy of Mantua part of the Country near Octavio's Con

Enter Octavio, a book in his hand. Oct. 'Tis true, by proof I find it, hu

reason Views with such dim eyes what is good a That if the great Disposer of our being Should offer to our choice all worldly h ings,

We know not what to take. When I young.

Ambition of court-preferment fired me : And, as there were no happiness beyon I labour'd for't, and got it ; no man sto



eater favour with his prince; I had ours and offices, wealth flow'd in to me, for my service both in peace and war, general voice gave out I did deserve them. O vain confidence in subordinate greatpess !

n I was most secure it was not in power of fortune to remove me from

flat I firmly stood on, in a moment irtues were made crimes, and popular avour.

new-raised men still fatal) bred suspicion I was dangerous ; which no sooner

aga's breast, but straight my ruin follow'd.

offices were ta'en from me, my state eized on :

the forfeiture of my head.

ort. [within.] Or shew compassion, will force it.

t. Ha ! is not poverty safe ?

ught proud war, that aim'd at kingdoms' uins

sack of palaces and cities, scorn'd ook on a poor cottage.

r Hortensio with Ascanio in his arms, Gothrio following.

th. What would you have?

devil sleeps in my pocket ; I have no

trive him from it. Be you or thief or

ach a beggar as will not be denied, crip, my tar-box, hook, and coat, will

a thin purchase ; if you turn my inside

outwards, ll find it true.

rt. Not any food? [Searches his serif. th. Alas I sir,

no glutton, but an under-shepherd ; very picture of famine; judge by my checks else

ve my pittance by ounces, and starve myself,

n 1 pay a pensioner, an ancient mouse, ye, a crumb a meal.

Takes his bottle. rt. No drop left? kard | hast thou swill'd up all?

th. How | drunkard, sir?

a poor man, you mistake me, sir, kard's a title for the rich, my betters ; ling in repute : some sell their lands for't, roar, Wine's better than money. Our poor beverages.

Of buttermilk or whey allayed with water, Ne'er raise our thoughts so high, Drunk, I had never

The credit to be so yet.

Hort. Ascanio,

Look up, dear youth ; Ascanio, did thy **sweetness** 

Command the greedy enemy to forbear To prey upon it, and I thank my fortune For suffering me to live, that in some part I might return thy courtesies, and now, To heighten my afflictions, must I be

Enforced, no pitying angel near to help us, Heaven deaf to my complaints too, to behold thee

Die in my arms for hunger? no means left To lengthen life vlittle ! I will open A vein, and pour uyblood, not yet corrupted With any sinful act, but pure as he is,

had I not prevented it by flight, enlousy of the duke had been removed Into his famish'd mouth

Oct. [comes forward.] Young man, forbear Thy savage pity ; I have better means To call back flying life.

Pours a cordial into the mouth of Ascanio,

Goth. You may believe him ;

It is his sucking-bottle, and confirms,

An old man's twice a child; his nurse's milk Was ne'er so chargeable, should you put in

For soap and candles : though he sell his flock for't,

The baby must have this dug : he swears 'tis ill

For my complexion; but wondrous comfortable

For an old man, that would never die. Oct. Hope well, sir;

A temperate heat begins to thaw his numbness:

The blood too by degrees takes fresh posses-

On his pale cheek ; his pulse beats high : stand off,

Give him more air, he stirs.

Gothrio steals the bottle. Goth, And have I got thee,

Thou bottle of immortality ! Aside. Asc. Where am 1?

What cruel hand hath forced back wretched

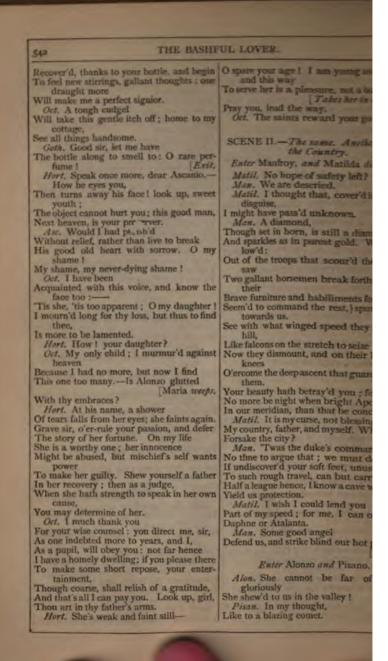
Is rest in death denied me?

Goth. O sweet liquor! Drinks. Were here enough to make medrunk, I might

Write myself gentleman, and never buy A coat of the heralds. [A: Oct. How now, slave ! Aside.

Goth. I was fainting.

A clownlike qualm seized on me; but I am





| Alos. Brighter far:<br>Her beams of beauty made the hill all fire;<br>the clouds.<br>But we lose time; I'll take that way.<br>Plans, I, this. Excant several to.<br>SCENE HIL-The same. A Wood.<br>Exter Hortensio.<br>More The all the same of comfort in may<br>sorrow.<br>I have done one good work in reconciling<br>fragment of the second shabit,<br>To gried Octavio. What a sympathy<br>found in their affections ! she with tears<br>having a free confession of her weakness,<br>in yielding up her honour to Alonzo,<br>Upon his vows to marry her; Octavio,<br>Prepared to credit her excuses, nay,<br>To extentate her guilt ; she with tears<br>hadjudge as 'twere, agreeingBut to me,<br>the didney are the excuses, nay,<br>To extentate the recurse, nay,<br>To extentate her guilt ; she the delinquent,<br>And judge, as 'twere, agreeingBut to me,<br>the future with patience, but to be divorced<br>from all my joy on earth, the happiness<br>to o the excellence of nature,<br>main lost for ever, and 'twere impudence<br>to dure with patience, but to be divorced<br>from all my joy on earth, the happiness<br>to do upon the excellence of nature,<br>main bey south, and grow old in in<br>menting.<br>This obscure abode, 'tis fit thou shouldst<br>couldst me.<br>That is perfection in herself, and needs not<br>active.<br>That is perfection in herself, and needs not<br>active.<br>The shock thy best defence, since thou<br>couldst me.<br>Mark Are you men, or monsters?<br>Muther will you drag me? can the open eard<br>couldst me?<br>The should an defence or monsters?<br>Muther will you drag me? can the open eard<br>of the more should resone unit Matilda.<br>Muther will you drag me? can the open eard<br>of the source of a neeture.<br>The act an encourt!<br>Muther will you drag me? can the open eard<br>of the source of a neeture.<br>Muther will you drag me? can the open eard<br>of the shoe and encourt.<br>Muther will you drag me? can the open eard<br>of the shoe and encourt.<br>Muther will you drag me? can the open eard<br>of the ace an encourt.<br>Muther will you drag me? can the open eard<br>of the mark and encourt.<br>Muther will you drag on can the open eard | And pity to poor me, my honour safe,      |
|-------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------|-------------------------------------------|
| Cries out for snecour !                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                         | fast.                                     |
| <i>Pisan</i> . 'Tis in vain ; cast lots                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                         | To this cypress-tree.                     |
| Who shall enjoy her first.                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                      | Alon. Agreed.                             |
| And, such a spring of nectar near to quench                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                     | My funeral rites. [They bind Matilda.     |
| them !                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                          | Hort, I shall turn atheist                |
| My appetiteshall be cloy'd first : here I stand,                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                | If heaven see and suffer this : why did I |
| Thy friend, or enemy; let me have prece-                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                        | Abandon my good sword? with unarm'd       |
| dence,                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                          | hands                                     |
| I write a friend's name in my heart; deny it,                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                   | I cannot rescue her. Some angel pluck me  |
| As an enemy I defy thee.                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                        | From the apostney I am falling to,        |

543

And by a miracle lend me a weapon To underprop falling honour. Piarn. She is fast :

Resume your arms.

Alos. Honour, revenge, the maid too, Lie at the stake

Pinne, Which thus I draw.

They fight, Pisamo fulls. Alon. All's mine

But bought with some blood of mine own. Pisano,

Thou wert a noble enemy, wear that laured In death to comfort thee: for the reward, "Tis mine now without rival.

Hortensio swatches up Pisano's sword. Hort, Thou art deceived ;

Men will grow up like to the dragon's teeth From Cadmus' helm, sown in the field of Mars.

To guard pure chastity from lust and rape. Libidinous monster, satyr, faun, or what Does better speak thee, slave to appetite,

And sensual baseness ; if thy profane hand

But touch this virgin temple, thou art dead. Matil. I see the aid of heaven, though slow, is sure.

Alon. A rustic swain dare to retard my pleasure !

Hort. No swain, Alonzo, but her knight and servant

To whom the world should owe and pay obedience ;

One that thou hast encounter'd, and shrunk under

His arm ; that spared thy life in the late battle, At the intercession of the princess' page. Look on me better.

Matil. 'Tis my virtuous lover !

Under his guard 'twere sin to doubt my safety. Alon. I know thee, and with courage will redeem

What fortune then took from me. Hort. Rather kee

[They fight, Alonzo falls, Thy competer company in death, -Lie by him,

A prey for crows and vultures ; these fair

He unbinds Matilda. arms.

Unfit for bonds, should have been chains to make

A bridegroom happy, though a prince, and proud

Of such captivity : whatsoe'er you are,

I glory in the service I have done you ;

But I entreat you pay your vows and prayers,

For preservation of your life and honour, To the most virtuous princess, chaste Matilda.

I am her creature, and what good I do

You truly may call hers ; what's ill, mine own.

Matil, You never did do ill my vinas servant

Not is it in the power of pour Multia, To cancel such an obligation as, With humble willingness, the cas ab

scribe to.

Hort. The princess? ha !

Matil. Gen me a fitter name. Your manumised bond woman, but even In the possession of lust, from which Your more than brave .- here's vice

bought me :

And can I then, for freedom unexpected But kneel to you, my patron? Hort. Kneel to me

For heaven's sake rise ; I kiss the gran you tread on,

My eyes fix'd on the earth ; for I conies I am a thing not worthy to look on you

Till you have sign'd my pardon.

Matil. Do you interpe

The much good you have done mt a offence?

Hort. The not performing your intions to me.

Is more than capital ; your allowance of

My love and service to you, with admissing To each place you made paradise with you

Should have enabled me to bring has conquest ;

Then, as a sacrifice, to offer it.

At the altar of your favour : had my last Answer'd your bounty, or my hopes, an en Had been as dust before me ; whereas L

Like a coward, turn'd my back, and da not stand The fury of the enemy.

Matil. Had you done

Nothing in the battle, this last act desend

Than I, the duke my father joining with m Can ever recompense. But take your pine sure ;

Suppose you have offended in not grasping Your boundless hopes, I thus seal on your lo A full remission.

Hort, Let mine touch your foot, Your hand's too high a favour.

Matil. Will you force me

To ravish a kiss from you? Kisser him Hort, I am entranced.

Matil. So much desert and hashfulnes should not march

In the same file. Take comfort ; when you have brought me

To some place of security, you shall find You have a seat here, in a heart that hath Already studied and vow'd to be thankful



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5

# THE BASHFUL LOVER.

| Hort. Heaven make me so ! oh, I am                                                        | Oct. Tear ope his doublet,                                             |
|-------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------|------------------------------------------------------------------------|
| overwhelm'd                                                                               | And prove if his wounds be mortal.                                     |
| With an excess of joy ! Be not too prodigal,                                              | Goth. Fear not me, sir :<br>Here's a large wound.—[Feels his pocket.]— |
| Divinest lady, of your grace and bounties,<br>At once; if you are pleased, I shall enjoy  | How it is swoln and imposthumed !                                      |
|                                                                                           | This must be cunningly drawn out ; should                              |
| them,<br>Not taste them, and expire.                                                      | it break, [Pulls out his purse.                                        |
| Matil. I'll be more sparing. [Excunt.                                                     | Twould strangle him. What a deal of foul                               |
| mann. In be more spannig. [Eatwar.                                                        | matter's here !                                                        |
| Enter Octavio, Gothrio, and Maria.                                                        | This hath been long a gathering. Here's a                              |
| Oct. What noise of clashing swords, like                                                  | gash too                                                               |
| armour fashion'd                                                                          | On the rim of his belly, [Feels his side                               |
| Upon an anvil, pierced mine ears ; the echo                                               | pocket. ]-it may have matter in it.                                    |
| Redoubling the loud sound through all the                                                 | He was a choleric man, sure ; what comes                               |
| vallies?                                                                                  | from him [Takes out his money.                                         |
| This way the wind assures me that it came.                                                | Is yellow as gold :- how ! troubled with the                           |
| Goth. Then with your pardon, I'll take this.                                              | stone too?                                                             |
| Oct. Why, sirrah?                                                                         | Seeing a diamond ring on his finger.                                   |
| Goth. Because, sir, I will trust my heels                                                 | I'll cut you for this.                                                 |
| before                                                                                    | Pisan. Oh, oh ! [Starts up.                                            |
| All winds that blow in the sky : we are                                                   | Goth. He roars before I touch him.                                     |
| wiser far                                                                                 | Pisan. Robb'd of my life?                                              |
| Than our grandsires were, and in this I'll                                                | Goth. No, sir, nor of your money,                                      |
| prove it;                                                                                 | Nor jewel; I keep them for you :—if I had been                         |
| They said, Haste to the beginning of a feast,<br>Them I am with them that to the and of a | A perfect mountebank, he had not lived                                 |
| There I am with them; but to the end of a                                                 | To call for his fees again.<br>Oct. Give me leave—there's hope         |
| fray<br>That is apocryphal; 'tis more canonical,                                          | Of his recovery.                                                       |
| Not to come there at all; after a storm                                                   | [Quits Pisano and goes to Alonzo.                                      |
| There are still some drops behind.                                                        | Goth. I had rather bury him quick,                                     |
| Mar. Pure fear hath made                                                                  | Than part with my purchase ; let his ghost                             |
| The fool a philosopher.                                                                   | walk, I care not.                                                      |
| Oct. See, Maria, see !                                                                    |                                                                        |
| I did not err; here lie two brave men wel-                                                | Re-enter Maria with a dish of water.                                   |
| tering                                                                                    | Oct. Well done, Maria; lend thy helping                                |
| In their own gore.                                                                        | hand.                                                                  |
| Mar. A pitiful object.                                                                    | He hath a deep wound in his head, wash off                             |
| Goth. I am in a swoon to look on't.                                                       | The clotted blood : he comes to himself.                               |
| Oct. They are stiff already.                                                              | Alon. My lust !<br>The fruit that grows upon the tree of lust !        |
| Goth. But are you sure they are dead?<br>Oct. Too sure, I fear.                           | With horror now I taste it.                                            |
| Goth. But are they stark dead?                                                            | Oct. Do you not know him?                                              |
| Oct. Leave prating.                                                                       | Mar. Too soon. Alonzo! oh me! though                                   |
| Goth. Then I am valiant, and dare come                                                    | disloyal,                                                              |
| nearer to them.                                                                           | Still dear to thy Maria.                                               |
| This fellow without a sword shall be my                                                   | Goth. So they know not                                                 |
| patient. [Goes to Pisano.]                                                                | My patient, all's cocksure ; I do not like                             |
| Oct. Whate'er they are, humanity com-                                                     | The Romanish restitution. [Aside.                                      |
| mands us                                                                                  | Oct. Rise, and leave him.                                              |
| To do our best endeavour. Run, Maria,                                                     | Applaud heaven's justice.                                              |
| To the neighbour spring for water; you                                                    | Mar. 'Twill become me better,                                          |
| will find there                                                                           | To implore its saving mercy.                                           |
| A wooden dish, the beggar's plate, to bring                                               | Oct. Hast thou no gall?                                                |
| it. [Exit Maria.]                                                                         | No feeling of thy wrongs?                                              |
| Why dost not, dull drone, bend his body,                                                  | Mar. Turtles have none ;                                               |
| and feel                                                                                  | Nor can there be such poison in her breast                             |
| If any life remain?                                                                       | That truly loves, and lawfully.                                        |
| Goth. By your leave, he shall die first,                                                  | Oct. True, if that love                                                |
| And then I'll be his surgeon.                                                             | Be placed on a worthy subject. What he is,                             |
|                                                                                           |                                                                        |

In thy disgrace is published ; heaven hath mark d him

For punishment, and 'twere rebellious mad-

In thee to attempt to alter it : revenge,

A sovereign halm for injuries, is more proper To thy robb'd honour. Join with me, and

Shalt be thyself the goddess of revenge,

This wretch, the vassal of thy wrath ; I'll make him.

While yet he lives, partake those torments which.

For perjured lovers, are prepared in hell,

Before his curs'd ghost enter it. This oil,

Extracted and sublimed from all the simples The earth, when swoln with venom, e'er brought forth,

Pour'd in his wounds, shall force such anguish as

The Furies whips but imitate ; and when Extremity of pain shall hasten death,

Here is another that shall keep in life,

And make him feel a perpetuity

Of lingering tortures.

Goth. Knock them both o' th' head, I say, An it be but for their skins ; they are embroider'd,

And will sell well in the market, Mar. Ill-look'd devil,

Tie up thy bloody tongue .-- O sir! I was

In beating down those propositions which You urge for my revenge ; my reasons being So many, and so forcible, that make

Against yours, that until I had collected

My scatter'd powers, I waver'd in my choice Which I should first deliver. Fate hath

brought My enemy (I can faintly call him so) Prostrate before my feet ; shall I abuse The bounty of my fate, by trampling on him? He alone ruin'd me, nor can any hand But his rebuild my late demolish'd honour.

If you deny me means of reparation, To satisfy your spleen, you are more cruel

Than ever yet Alonzo was ; you stamp

The name of strumpet on my forehead, which

Heaven's mercy would take off ; you fan the

E'en ready to go out ; forgetting that Tis truly noble, having power to punish, Nay, kinglike, to forbear it. I would pur-

My husband by such benefits as should make tima

Confess himself my equal, and disclaim Superiority

Oct. My blessing on thee !

What I urged was a trial ; and my gran To thy desires shall now appear, if at Or long experience can do him service. Nor shall my charity to this be wanting Howe'er unknown: help me, Maria you #, Do your best to raise him .-- So !

Goth. He's wondrous heavy ;

But the porter's paid, there's the content. Oct. 'Tis but a trance,

And 'twill forsake both, Mar. If he live, I fear not He will redeem all, and in thankfolmen Confirm he owes you for a second life, And pay the debt, in making me his sile

Excunt Octavio and Maria with Alour and Gothrio with Pisano.

#### ACT IV.

SCENE 1.-Lorenzo's Camp under Da Walls of Mantun

Enter Lorenzo and Captains.

Lor. Mantua is ours ; place a since garrison in it,

To keep it so ; and as a due reward To your brave service, be our governour in

1 Capt. I humbly thank your excellent

#### Lor. Gonzaga

Is yet out of our gripe ; but his strong for St. Leo, which he holds impregnable By the aids of art, as nature, shall not los Retard our absolute conquest. The met Of fair Matilda, my supposed mistress. (For whose desired possession "twas given to I made this war,) I value not ; alas ! Cupid's too feeble-eyed to hit my heart, Or could he see, his arrows are too blont To pierce it ; his imagined torch is quench With a more glorious fire of my ambition To enlarge my empire : soft and sile amours With carpet courtship, which weak princ The happy issue of a flourishing peace, My toughness scorns. Were there an abstra made Of all the eminent and canonized beauties By truth recorded, or by poets feign'd, I could unmoved behold it ; as a picture, Commend the workmanship, and think r more on't ;

I have more noble ends. Have you no heard yet

Of Alonzo, or Pisano? 2 Capt. My lord, of neither. Lor. Two turbulent spirits unfit for dia cipline,

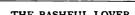




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Much less command in war; if they were lost, brother-twin whom sight cannot dis-А I should not pine with mourning. tinguish) In her fair eyes :- see, how they head their Enter Martino and Soldiers with Matilda arrows With her bright beams ! now frown, as if my and Hortensio. heart. Mart. Bring them forward : Rebellious to their edicts, were unworthy, This will make my peace, though I had kill'd Should I rip up my bosom, to receive his father; A wound from such divine artillery ! Besides the reward that follows. Aside. Mart. I am made for ever. Matil. We are lost, dear servant. Hort. Virtue's but a word ; Lor. Ha, Martino! Where is Farneze's head? dost thou stare! and where Fortune rules all. Matil. We are her tennis-balls. The soldier that desired the torture of him? Mart. An't please your excellence Lor. Allow her fair, her symmetry and Lor. It doth not please us ; features Are our commands obey'd? So well proportion'd, as the heavenly object Mart. Farneze's head, sir, With admiration would strike Ovid dumb, Is a thing not worth your thought, the sol-Nay, force him to forget his faculty dier's less, sir : In verse, and celebrate her praise in prose. I have brought your highness such a head ! What's this to me? I that have pass'd my youth a head Unscorch'd with wanton fires, mysole delight So well set on too ! a fine head Lor. Take that, Strikes him. In glittering arms, my conquering sword my For thy impertinence : what head, you rascal? mistress, Mart. My lord, if they that bring such Neighing of barbed horse, the cries and presents to you groans Are thus rewarded, there are few will strive Of vanquish'd foes suing for life, my music : To be near your grace's pleasures : but I know And shall I, in the autumn of my age, You will repent your choler. Here's the head : Now, when I wear the livery of time And now I draw the curtain, it hath a face Upon my head and beard, suffer myself too. To be transform'd, and like a puling lover, And such a face With arms thus folded up, echo Ah me's ! Lor. Ha! And write myself a bondman to my vassal? Mart. View her all o'er, my lord, It must not, nay, it shall not be : remove The object, and the effect dies. Nearer, My company on't, she's sound of wind and limb, Martino. Mart. I shall have a regiment : colonel And will do her labour tightly, a bona roba: And for her face, as I said, there are five Martino. I cannot go less. Lor. What thing is this thou hast brought hundred City-dubb'd madams in the dukedom, that would part with me? Their jointures to have such another :--hold Mart. What thing? heaven bless me ! are up your head, maid. you a Florentine, Lor. Of what age is the day? Nay, the great duke of Florentines, and Mart. Sir, since sunrising having had her About two hours. So long in your power, do you now ask what Lor. Thou liest ; the sun of beauty, she is? Take her aside and learn : I have brought In modest blushes on her cheeks, but now you that Appear'd to me, and in her tears breaks forth, As through a shower in April; every drop I look to be dearly paid for. An orient pearl, which, as it falls, congeal'd, Lor.' I am a soldier, Were ear-rings for the Catholic king, [to be] And use of women will, Martino, rob Worn on his birthday. My nerves of strength. Mart. Here's a sudden change! Mart. All armour and no smock? Abominable! a little of the one with the Lor. Incensed Cupid, whom even now I other scorn'd. Hath ta'en his stand, and by reflection shines Is excellent : I ne'er knew general yet, (As if he had two bodies, or indeed Nor prince that did deserve to be a worthy, NNA

. . . 21133 1: -5-4.1 - to triffrendry 2.5 5 The first fire search the for 1. 1 1. .... 1.7 1.26 yes bet teens Т 26 21 33 14.17 1 12:00 - 2 - 7 1 111 20 061 1 . 2.6 12 24 1.11 --'44.-5 156 100 5 4.12 7 27 . . - - -Τ. 4-20 1.42 \* 1. . . . . . Stage to A street  $M_{\mathcal{F}}$ and the second second · 2004 1.2 , **.** . 記(1) とう う in my prove to upo ? 611 Contraction Region 10.57 I want to be a set of the Agentica far h The shEarly dry ... and a strategy of the state of 17 4 19 181 the second s No. The second star set with Table 5. Constant of the state of the second When the part of yet to be the set ler. Edit but the body phenomenologies, My finines were nure particually - Mar-Burg and more house the state of the And an base thoog to of the Lost to valknow thy preserve? 1.1 More, D. I know myssift I k to flat for the fletty, y is the daught thompic, The public nature, the ford applicates, Othoppy should made oily my comparing Of sour energy, duke Gonzaga. Z. r. Fair Marilar And, shat the cross of all a goat cas to the In couple on pyranid, to perform. n .w call to my memory her picture. And find this is the substance ; but her plint Is drep hit in Letie, and no object take me In a weak woman, tach meesloor only. Did her much wrong. I see it. Too delicate a touch, and some rate features Mart. I am sure Which age or ordeen tackness will take from all tuggid hard for her, here are wounds can her ! witness. And where's then the reward of all my ser- [Before I could call her mine, Sec. Lor. No matter how : Love soothing parsions, pay, idolarry Make thine own ransome, I will pay it for her-Mirt. I knew 'twould come at last. I would pay to her? Hence, and with thee t Take Matil. We are lost again. Hort. Variety of afflictions ! Ler. That his knee, These could but more dangerous Pandora, Whose fatal box, if open'd, will pour on me All much efs that mankind is subject to, That never yet bow'd to mortality, Kntch. To the desarts with this Circe, this Calypso, Kisses the earth happy to bear your weight This fair enchantress ! let her spills and I know, begets your wonder ; hear the reason, And cast it off :- your beauty does comcharms Work upon beasts and thee, than whom wise mand it. nature Till now, I never saw you; fame hath bers Ne'er made a viler creature. Too sparing in report of your perfections, Mattl. Happy exile ! Which now with admiration I gaze on. Hart. Some spark of hope remains yet. Be not afraid, fair virgin ; had you been Mart. Come, you are mine now. Employ'd to mediate your father's cause. I will remove her where your highness shall My drum had been unbraced, my trumpet-1.01 hung up; Or see or hear more of her : what a sum Nor had the terror of the war e'er frighted Will she yield for the Turk's seraglio f His peaceful confines; your demands had Lor. Stay, I feel been. A sudden alteration. As soon as spoke, agreed to: but you'll Mart. Here are fine whimsies. answer. *Ler.* Why should 1 part with her? can any And may with reason, words make no satisfoulness faction . . .



| THE BASHFUL LOVER.                                                                      |                                                                                          |
|-----------------------------------------------------------------------------------------|------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------|
| For what's in fact committed. Yet, take comfort.                                        | Enter Gothrio.                                                                           |
| Something my pious love commands me do,                                                 | Goth. Here, sir.                                                                         |
| Which may call down your pardon.                                                        | Oct. Desire my patients to leave their                                                   |
| Matil. This expression                                                                  | chamber,                                                                                 |
| Of reverence to your person better suits                                                | And take fresh air here: how have they slept?                                            |
| [Raises Lorenzo, and kneels.<br>With my low fortune That you deign to                   | Goth. Very well, sir.<br>I would we were so rid of them,                                 |
| With my low fortune. That you deign to love me.                                         | Oct. Why?                                                                                |
| My weakness would persuade me to believe,                                               | Goth. I fear one hath                                                                    |
| Though conscious of mine own unworthiness :                                             | The art of memory, and will remember                                                     |
| You being as the liberal eye of heaven,                                                 | His gold and jewels : could you not minister                                             |
| Which may shine where it pleases, let your                                              |                                                                                          |
| beams                                                                                   | gallants                                                                                 |
| Of favour warm and comfort, not consume me !                                            | That are in debt give me for such a receipt,<br>To pour in their creditors' drink?       |
| For, should your love grow to excess, I dare                                            | Oct. You shall restore all,                                                              |
| not                                                                                     | Believe 't, you shall :- will you please to                                              |
| Deliver what I fear.                                                                    | walk?                                                                                    |
| Lor. Dry your fair eyes ;                                                               | Goth. Will you please to put off                                                         |
| I apprehend your doubts, and could be angry,                                            | Your holy habit, and spiced conscience? one,                                             |
| If humble love could warrant it, you should                                             | I think, infects the other. [Exit.                                                       |
| Nourish such base thoughts of me. Heaven                                                | Oct. I have observed                                                                     |
| bear witness,<br>And, if I break my vow, dart thunder at me,                            | Compunction in Alonzo ; he speaks little,<br>But full of retired thoughts : the other is |
| You are, and shall be, in my tent as free                                               | Jocund and merry; no doubt, because he                                                   |
| From fear of violence, as a cloister'd nun                                              | hath                                                                                     |
| Kneeling before the altar. What I purpose                                               | The less accompt to make here.                                                           |
| Is yet an embryon ; but, grown into form,                                               | Enter Alonzo.                                                                            |
| I'll give you power to be the sweet disposer                                            |                                                                                          |
| Of blessings unexpected; that your father,<br>Your country, people, children yet unborn | Alon. Reverend sir,<br>I come to wait your pleasure; but, my                             |
| too,                                                                                    | friend,                                                                                  |
| In holy hymns, on festivals, shall sing                                                 | Your creature I should say, being so myself,                                             |
| The triumph of your beauty. On your hand                                                | Willing to take further repose, entreats                                                 |
| Once more I swear it : O imperious Love,                                                | Your patience a few minutes.                                                             |
| Look down, and, as I truly do repent,                                                   | Oct. At his pleasure ;                                                                   |
| Prosper the good ends of thy penitent !                                                 | Pray you sit down; you are faint still.<br>Alon. Growing to strength,                    |
| [Excunt.                                                                                | I thank your goodness : but my mind is                                                   |
| SCENE II.— The Dutchy. A Room in                                                        | troubled,                                                                                |
| Octavio's <i>Cottage</i> .                                                              | Very much troubled, sir, and I desire,                                                   |
| <i>Enter</i> Octavio, <i>disguised as a</i> Priest, <i>and</i><br>Maria.                | Your pious habit giving me assurance                                                     |
|                                                                                         | Of your skill and power that way, that you                                               |
| Oct. You must not be too sudden, my Maria.                                              | would please<br>To be my mind's physician.                                               |
| In being known : I am, in this friar's habit,                                           | Oct. Sir, to that                                                                        |
| As yet conceal'd. Though his recovery                                                   | My order binds me; if you please to unload                                               |
| Be almost certain, I must work him to                                                   | The burthen of your conscience, I will                                                   |
| Repentance by degrees; when I would have                                                | minister                                                                                 |
| you                                                                                     | Such heavenly cordials as I can, and set you                                             |
| Appear in your true shape of sorrow, to                                                 | In a path that leads to comfort.                                                         |
| Move his compassion, I will stamp thus,                                                 | Alon. I will open<br>My bosom's secrets to you. That I am                                |
| You know to act your part.                                                              | A man of blood, being brought up in the wars,                                            |
| Mar. I shall be careful. [Exit.]                                                        | And cruel executions, my profession                                                      |
| Oct. If I can cure the ulcers of his mind,                                              | Admits not to be question'd ; but in that,                                               |
| As I despair not of his body's wounds,                                                  | Being a subject, and bound to obey                                                       |
| Felicity crowns my labour.—Gothrio!                                                     | Whate er my prince commanded, I have left                                                |

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THE BASHFUL LOVER. Some shadow of excuse : with other crimes, And protestation of service to liter. As pride, lust, gluttony, it must be told, Like seeming flames raised by enchances I am besmear'd all over. vanish d Oct. On repentance, This, this sits heavy here. Mercy will wash it off. Oct. He speaks as if Alon. O sir, I grant He were acquainted with my pice-You These sins are deadly ones ; yet their frehave reason To feel compunction, for 'twas most inlesso quency So to betray a maid. With wicked men makes them less dreadful Alon. Most barbarous. to us. Oct. But does your sorrow for the fact has But I am conscious of one crime, with which All ills I have committed from my youth For the wrong you did her? Alon, Gracious heaven 1 an ageness? Put in the scale, weigh nothing ; such a crime, So odious to heaven and man, and to It is my only study : since I tasted My sear'd-up conscience so full of horror, As penance cannot expiate. Of your compassion, these eyes ne'er and Oct. Despair not. closed, "Tis impious in man to prescribe limits But fearful dreams cut off my little sleep : To the divine compassion : out with it. And, being awake, in my imagination Her apparition haunted me. Oct. "Twas more fancy." He tran Alon. "Twas more, grave sir-nay, fis-Alon. Hear then, good man, and when that I have given you He stamps The character of it, and confess'd myself The wretch that acted it, you must repent now it appears ! The charity you have extended towards me. Not long before these wars began, 1 had Enter Maria, in cohite. Oct. Where? Acquaintance ('tis not fit I style it friendship, Alon. Do you not see there the gliding That being a virtue, and not to be blended shadow With vicious breach of faith) with the lord Of a fair virgin? that is she, and wears Octavio, The very garments that adorn'd her, when The minion of his prince and court, set off She yielded to my crocodile tears ; a cloud With all the pomp and circumstance of Of fears and diffidence then so chased avail greatness : Her purer white and red, as it foretold To this then happy man I offer'd service, And with insinuation wrought myself That I should be disloyal. Blesset shadow For 'twere a sin, far, far exceeding all Into his knowledge, grew familiar with him, I have committed, to hope only that Thou art a substance ; look on my true sorrow. Ever a welcome guest. This noble gentleman Was bless'd with one fair daughter, so he Nay, soul's contrition : hear again those two thought, My perjury cancell'd, stamp'd in brass, and And boldly might believe so, for she was never In all things excellent without a rival, To be worn out. Till I, her father's mass of wealth before Mar. I can endure no more ! My greedy eyes, but hoodwink'd to mine Action, not oaths, must make me reparation. honour, I am Maria. With far more subtile arts than perjured Paris Alon. Can this be? E'er practised on poor credulous Oenone, Oct. It is. Besieged her virgin fort, in a word, took it, And I Octavio. No vows or imprecation forgotten Alon, Wonder on wonder 1 With speed to marry her. How shall I look on you, or with what for-Oct. Perhaps, she gave you Just cause to break those yows. Desire your pardon? Alon. She cause ! alas, Mar. You truly shall deserve it Her innocence knew no guilt, but too much In being constant. favour Re-enter Gothrio, with the purses of Alonno To me, unworthy of it : 'twas my baseness, My foul ingratitude-what shall I say more? and Pisano. The good Octavio no sooner fell Oct. If you fall not off, In the displeasure of his prince, his state Confiscated, and he forced to leave the court, But look on her in poverty with those eyes As, when she was my heir in expectation.

And she exposed to want ; but all my oaths

You thought her beautiful.



Alon. She is in herself Both Indies to me.

Goth. Stay, she shall not come

A beggar to you, my sweet young mistress !

She shall not want a dower : here's white and red

Will ask a jointure; but how you should make her one,

Being a captain, would beget some doubt, If you should deal with a lawyer.

Alon. I have seen this purse.

Goth. How the world's given-I dare not

say, to lying, Because you are a soldier; you may say as well.

This gold is mark'd too : you, being to receive it,

Should ne er ask how I got it. I'll run for a priest

To dispatch the matter; you shall not want a ring,

I have one for the purpose.—[Gives Pisano's ring to Alonzo.]—Now, sir, I think I'm honest. [Exit.

Alon. This ring was Pisano's.

Oct. I'll dissolve this riddle

At better leisure: the wound given to my daughter,

Which, in your honour, you are bound to cure,

Exacts our present care.

Alon. I am all yours, sir. [Excunt.

SCENE III.—The same. The Castle of St. Leo.

Enter Gonzaga, Uberti, and Maníroy.

Gon. Thou hast told too much to give assurance that Her honour was too far engaged, to be

By human help redeem'd : if thou hadst given

Thy sad narration this full period,

She's dead, I had been happy.

Uber. Sir, these tears

Do well become a father, and my eyes

Would keep you company as a forlorn lover,

But that the burning fire of my revenge Dries up those drops of sorrow. We once

more,

Our broken forces rallied up, and with Full numbers strengthen'd, stand prepared

t'endure A second trial; nor let it dismay us

That we are once again to affront the fury Of a victorious army ; their abuse

Of a victorious army; their abuse Of conquest hath disarm'd them, and call'd down

55I The Powers above to aid us. I have read Some piece of story, yet ne'er found but that The general, that gave way to cruelty, The profanation of things sacred, rapes Of virgins, butchery of infants, and The massacre in cold blood of reverend age, Against the discipline and law of arms, Did feel the hand of heaven lie heavy on him, When most secure. We have had a late example, And let us not despair but that, in Lorenzo, It will be seconded. Gon. You argue well, And 'twere a sin in me to contradict you : Yet we must not neglect the means that's lent us, To be the ministers of justice. Uber. No, sir : One day given to refresh our wearied troops, Tired with a tedious march, we'll be no longer Coop'd up, but charge the enemy in his trenches, And force him to a battle. [Shouts within. Gon. Ha ! how's this? In such a general time of mourning, shouts, And acclamations of joy? [Cry within, Long live the princess ! long live Matilda ! Uber. Matilda ! The princess' name, Matilda, oft re-echoed ! Enter Farneze. Gon. What speaks thy haste? Farn. More joy and happiness Than weak words can deliver, or strong faith Almost give credit to : the princess lives ; I saw her, kiss'd her hand. Gon. By whom deliver'd? Farn. This is not to be staled by my report, This only must be told :- As I rode forth With some choice troops, to make discovery Where the enemy lay, and how intrench'd, a leader Of the adverse party, but unarm'd, and in His hand an olive branch, encounter'd me : He shew'd the great duke's seal, that gave him power To parley with me; his desires were, that Assurance for his safety might be granted To his royal master, who came as a friend,

And not as an enemy, to offer to you Conditions of peace. I yielded to it.

This being return'd, the duke's prætorium open'd,

When suddenly, in a triumphant chariot Drawn by such soldiers of his own as were, For insolence after victory, condemn'd

Unto this slavish office, the fair princess Appear'd, a wreath of laurel on her head, Her robes mayestical, their richness far Above all value, as the present age

Contended that a woman's pomp should dim The glittering triumphs of the Roman Music without. Causars.

-I am cut off; no cannon's throat now thunders,

Nor fife nor drum beat up a charge ; choice music

Ushers the parent of security,

Long-absent peace.

Mar. I know not what to think on't. Uker. May it poise the expectation !

Loud music. Enter Soldiers unarmed, bearing elive branches, Captains, Lorenzo, Matilda crowned with a wreath of laurel, and seated in a chariot drawn by Soldiers; followed by Hortensio and Martino.

Gon. Thus to meet you,

Great duke of Tuscany, throws amazement on me ;

But to behold my daughter, long since mourn'd for,

And lost even to my hopes, thus honour'd by you,

With an excess of comfort overwhelms me : And yet I cannot truly call myself

Happy in this solemnity, till your highness Vouchsafe to make me understand the motive That, in this peaceful way, hath brought

you to us.

Lor. I must crave license first ; for know, Gonzaga,

I am subject to another's will, and can

Nor speak nor do without permission from her

My curled forehead, of late terrible

To those that did acknowledge me their lord, Is now as smooth as rivers when no wind stirs; My frowns or smiles, that kill'd or saved, have lost

Their potent awe, and sweetness : I am transform'd

(But do not scorn the metamorphosis) From that herce thing men held me; I am captived.

And, by the unresistible force of beauty,

Led hither as a prisoner. Is't your pleasure that

I shall deliver those injunctions which Your absolute command imposed upon me, Or deign yourself to speak them?

Malil. Sir, I am

Your property, you may use me as you please;

But what is in your power and least No orator can dilate so well. Ler. 1 obey you. That I came hither as an enemy.

With hostile arms, to the utter run d Your country, what I have done mak parent ;

That fortune seconded my will, the h Defeature will make good : that I res To force the sceptre from your hus make

Your dukedom tributary, my surpen Of Mantua, your metropolis, can we mess ;

And that I cannot fear the change of My army flesh'd in blood, spoil, glory

Stand ready to maintain t yet, I must ! By whom I am subdued, and what ransome

I am commanded to lay down. Gon. My lord,

You humble yourself too much ; it is You should propose, and we consent. Lor. Forbear,

The articles are here subscribed and a By my obedient hand : all prisoners, Without a ransome, set at liberty :

Mantua to be deliver'd up, the ramy Ruin'd in the assault, to be repair'd ; The loss the husbandman received, h Burnt up by wanton license of the sel To be made good ;-with whatsoever You could impose on me, if you had t The conqueror, I your captive,

Gon. Such a change

Wants an example : I must owe this f To the elemency of the old heroic vali That spared when it had power to k virtue

Buried long since, but raised out of the By you, to grace this latter age. Lor. Mistake not

The cause that did produce this good a If as such you receive it : 'twas her be Wrought first on my rough nature ; bu

virtues Of her fair soul, dilated in her convers

That did confirm it. Matil. Mighty sir, no more :

You honour her too much, that is not we To be your servant.

Lor. I have done, and now

Would gladly understand that you allo The articles propounded.

Gon. Do not wrong

Your benefits with such a doubt : they So great and high, and with such reve To be received, that, if I should profess

d my dukedom from you, as your vassal, fer'd up my daughter as you please e disposed of, in the point of honour, a becoming gratitude, 'twould not cancel bond I stand engaged for --but accept at which I can pay, my all is yours, sir; is there any here, (though I must grant have deserved much from me,) for so far e presume, but will surrender up r interest to that your highness shall n to pretend a title. er, I subscribe not his condition. rn. The services prince hath done your grace in your most danger, not to be so slighted. rt. "Tis far from me rge my merits, yet, I must maintain, e'er my power is less, my love is more ; will the gracious princess scorn to acknowledge e been her humble servant. r. Smooth your brows, ot encroach upon your right, for that were more to force affection, (a crime which should I the second time be deserve no favour,) neither will I e use of what is offer'd by the duke, e'er I thank his goodness. I'll lay by ower, and though I should not brook a rival. at we are, well consider'd,) I'll descend e a third competitor ; he that can love and service best deserve the garyour consent let him wear it ; I depair not trial of my fortune. n. Bravely offer'd, like yourself, great prince. ber. I must profess so taken with it, that I know not ch way to express my service. orf. Did 1 not build n the princess' grace, I could sit down, hold it no dishonour. atil. How 1 fee oul divided | all have deserved so well, ow not where to fix my choice. m. You have e to consider : will you please to take ession of the fort? then, having tasted fruits of peace, you may at leisure prove, or plea will prosper in the court of Love. Excunt.

# ACT V.

SCENE I.-Mantua. A Room in the Palace.

Enter Alonzo, Octavio, Pisano, Maria, and Gothrio.

Alon. You need not doubt, sir, were not peace proclaim'd

And celebrated with a general joy, The high displeasure of the Mantuan duke, Raised on just grounds, not jealous suppositions,

The saving of our lives (which, next to heaven, To you alone is proper) would force mercy For an offence, though capital.

Pisan. When the conqueror Uses entreaties, they are arm'd commands

The vanquish'd must not check at, Mar. My piety pay the forfeit,

If danger come but near you ! I have heard My gracious mistress often mention you, When I served her as a page, and feelingly Relate how much the duke her sire repented His hasty doom of banishment, in his rage Pronounced against you. Oct. In a private difference,

I grant that innocence is a wall of brass, And scorps the hottest battery ; but, when The cause depends between the prince and subject,

Tis an unequal competition ; Justice Must lay her balance by, and use her sword For his ends that protects it. I was banish'd, And, till revoked from exile, to tread on My sovereign's territories with forbidden feet, The severe letter of the law calls death ; Which I am subject to, in coming so near His court and person. But my only child Being provided for, her honour salved too, I thank your noble change, I shall endure Whate'er can fall, with patience.

Alon. You have used

That medicine too long ; prepare yourself For honour in your age, and rest secure of t.

Mar. Of what is your wisdom musing? Goth. I am gazing on

This gorgeous house ; our cote's a dishclout

It has no sign,-what do you call't? Mar. The court ;

I have lived in't a page.

Goth. Page ! very pretty : May I not be a page ? I am old enough, Well-timber'd too, and I've a beard to

carry it

Pray you, let me be your page ; I can awear

Upon your pantofle.

Mar. What? Gath. That I'll be true There's something else to be the Unto your smock. Mar. How, rascal ! Oct. Hence, and pimp To your rams and ewes ; such foul pollution is To be whipt from court ; I have now no more use of you ; Return to your trough. Goth. Must I feed on husks, Before I have play'd the prodigal? Oct. No, I'll reward Your service ; live in your own element, Like an honest man ; all that is mine in the I freely give you. Goth. Your bottles too, that I carry For your own tooth 1 Oct. Full as they are Mar. And gold, [Gives him her purse. That will replenish them. Goth. I am made for ever. This was done i'the nick. Oct. Why in the nick? Goth, O sir ! 'Twas well for me that you did reward my service Before you enter'd the court ; for 'tis reported There is a drink of forgetfulness, which once tasted, Few masters think of their servants, who, grown old, Are turn'd off, like lame hounds and hunting horses, To starve on the commons, Exit. Alon. Bitter knave ! Enter Martino. There's craft In the clouted shoe,-Captain ! Mart. I am glad to kiss Your valiant hand, and yours ; but pray you, take notice, My title's changed, I am a colonel. Pisan. A colonel ! where's your regiment? Mart. Not raised yet ; All the old ones are cashier'd, and we are now To have a new militia : all is peace here, Yet I hold my title still, as many do That never saw an enemy. Alon, You are pleasant, And it becomes you. Is the duke stirring? Mart, Long since Four hours at least, but yet not ready. Pisan. How !

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Mart. Even so ; you make a wonder of't. but leave it :

Alas, he is not now, sir, in the camp, To be up and arm'd upon the least alarum ; With putrefaction, would taste of

With his officers, new-rigg'd. Enter Lorenzo, az from his cam looking-glazz ; Doctor, Genti Page employed about his person Alon. A looking-glass ! pon my head, he saw not his o

here he comes

These seven years past, but by re From a bright armour. Mart. Be silent, and observ

Lor. So, have you done yet?

Is your building perfect? Doct. If your highness please Here is a water

Lor. To what use? my barber Hath wash'd my face already. Doct. But this water

Hath a strange virtue in't, heyon It is a sacred relic, part of that Most powerful juice, with which h Old Æson young. Lor. A fable i but suppose

I should give credit to it, will it t

The same effect on me ? Doct. I'll undertake

This will restore the honour'd hair Upon your highness' head and c Inclining unto gray

Lor. Inclining ! doctor

Doct. Pardon me, mighty sir, far,

Not gray at all ;--- I dare not flatt 'Tis something changed ; but this: help it

To the first amber-colour, every ! As fresh as when, your manhood in Your grace arrived at thirty.

Lor. Very well.

Doct. Then here's a precious of the maker

Hath not yet given a name, will s These dimples in your face and grant

They are terrible to your enemies Your frowns with majesty ; but please

To know, as sure you do, a smoo Softness and sweetness, in the course Though dumb, are the prevailing

Lor. Will he new-create me? Doct. If you deign to taste too, Of this confection.

Lor. I am in health, and need No physic

Doct. Physic, sir 1 An empress If that an empress' lungs, sir, may



|   | - | - |  |
|---|---|---|--|
| 5 | 5 | 5 |  |

|     | That night on which she were to print a kiss   | To be conceal'd, as if they were my shame?         |
|-----|------------------------------------------------|----------------------------------------------------|
| :   |                                                | Or plaister up these furrows in my face,           |
|     | Upon the lips of her long-absent lord,         |                                                    |
| ŗ.  | Returning home with conquest.                  | As if I were a painted bawd or whore?              |
| μ.  | Lor. 'Tis predominant                          | By such base means if that I could ascend          |
| L   | Over a stinking breath, is it not, doctor?     | To the height of all my hopes, their full frui-    |
| 2   | <b>Doct.</b> Clothe the infirmity with sweeter | tion                                               |
|     | language :                                     | Would not wipe off the scandal: no, thou           |
| Ξ.  | "Tis a preservative that way.                  | wretch !                                           |
|     | Lor. You are, then,                            | Thy cozening water and adulterate oil              |
| 2   | Admitted to the cabinets of great ladies,      | I thus pour in thine eyes, and tread to dust       |
| 2   | And have the government of the borrow'd        | Thy loath'd confection with thy trumperies :       |
|     | beauties                                       | Vanish for ever !                                  |
| R   | Of such as write near forty.                   | Mart. You have your fee, as I take it,             |
| 2   |                                                |                                                    |
| ٦   | Doct. True, my good lord,                      | Dear domine doctor 1 I'l be no sharer with         |
| L   | And my attempts have prosper d.                | you. [Exit Doctor.]                                |
| 4   | Lor. Did you never                             | Lor. I'll court her like myself; these rich        |
|     | Minister to the princess?                      | adornments                                         |
| F   | Doct. Sir, not yet ;                           | And jewels, worn by me, an absolute prince,        |
| : [ | She's in the April of her youth, and needs     | My order too, of which I am the sovereign,         |
|     | not                                            | Can meet no ill construction ; yet 'tis far        |
| вÌ  | The aids of art, my gracious lord ; but in     | From my imagination to believe                     |
|     | The autumn of her age I may be useful,         | She can be taken with sublimed clay,               |
| à I | And sworn her highness' doctor, and your       | The silk-worm's spoils, or rich embroideries :     |
| - I | grace                                          | Nor must I borrow helps from power or              |
|     | Partake of the delight.—                       |                                                    |
| .   |                                                | greatness,<br>But as a loyal lover plead my cause; |
|     | Lor. Slave ! witch ! impostor !                |                                                    |
|     | Strikes him down.                              | If I can feelingly express my ardour,              |
|     | Mountebank ! cheater   traitor to great        | And make her sensible of the much I suffer         |
| ۶.  | nature,                                        | In hopes and fears, and she vouchsafe to           |
| :   | In thy presumption to repair what she,         | take                                               |
| 1   | In her immutable decrees, design'd             | Compassion on me,—ha! compassion?                  |
|     | For some few years to grow up, and then        | The word sticks in my throat : what's here,        |
|     | wither !                                       | that tells me                                      |
|     | Or is't not crime enough thus to betray        | I do descend too low? rebellious spirit,           |
|     | The secrets of the weaker sex, thy patients,   | I conjure thee to leave me ! there is now          |
| 1   | But thou must make the honour of this age,     | No contradiction or declining left,                |
| '   | And envy of the time to come, Matilda,         | I must and will go on.                             |
|     | Whose sacred name I bow to, guilty of          | Mart. The tempest's laid ;                         |
| 1   | A future sin in thy ill-boding thoughts,       | You may present yourselves.                        |
|     | Which for a perpetuity of youth                | [Alonzo and Pisano come forward.                   |
|     | And pleasure she disdains to act, such is      | Alon. My gracious lord.                            |
|     |                                                | Pisan. Your humble vassal.                         |
|     | Her purity and innocence 1                     |                                                    |
|     | [Sets his foot on the Doctor's breast.         | Lor. Ha! both living?                              |
|     | Alon. Long since                               | Alon. Sir,                                         |
|     | I look'd for this l'envoy.                     | We owe our lives to this good lord, and            |
|     | Mart. Would I were well off!                   | make it                                            |
|     | He's dangerous in these humours.               | Our humble suit—                                   |
|     | Oct. Stand conceal'd.                          | Lor. Plead for yourselves : we stand               |
|     | Doct. O sir, have mercy ! in my thought        | Yet unresolved whether your knees or prayers       |
|     | I never                                        | Can save the forfeiture of your own heads :        |
|     | Offended you.                                  | Though we have put our armour off, your            |
|     | Lor. Me! most of all, thou monster!            | pardon                                             |
|     | What a mock-man property in thy intent         | For leaving of the camp without our license,       |
|     | Wouldst thou have made me? a mere pathic       | Is not yet sign'd. At some more fit time           |
|     | to                                             | wait us.                                           |
|     | Thy devilish art, had I given suffrage to it.  | [Exense Lorenzo, Gentleman, and Page.              |
|     |                                                | Alon. How's this?                                  |
|     | Are my gray hairs, the ornament of age,        |                                                    |
|     | And held a blessing by the wisest men,         | Mart. 'Tis well it is no worse ; I met with        |
|     | And for such warranted by holy writ,           | A rougher entertainment, yet I had                 |

Good cards to shew. He's parcel mad ; you'll find him Every hour in a several mood ; this foolish

love Is such a shuttlecock | but all will be well, When a better fit comes on him, never doubt Excunt.

#### SCENE II .- Another Room in the same. Enter Gonzaga, Uberti, Farneze, and Manfroy.

Gow. How do you find her?

Iller. Thankful for my service,

And yet she gives me little hope ; my rival Is too great for me. Gen. The great duke, you mean?

User. Who else? the Milanese, although he be

A complete gentleman, I am sure despairs More than myself. Farn. A high estate, with women,

Takes place of all desert.

Uber, I must stand my fortune,

#### Enter Lorenzo and Attendants.

Man. The dnke of Florence, sir. Gon. Your highness' presence Answers my wish. Your private ear :---1

have used

My best persuasion, with a father's power, To work my daughter to your ends; yet she, Like a small bark on a tempestuous sea,

Toss'd here and there by opposite winds, resolves not

At which port to put in. 'This prince's merits, Your grace and favour ; nor is she unmindful Of the brave acts (under your pardon, sir, I needs must call them so) Hortensio

Hath done to gain her good opinion of him; All these together tumbling in her fancy,

Do much distract her. I have spies upon her,

And am assured this instant hour she gives Hortensio private audience ; I will bring you Where we will see and hear all,

Lor, You oblige me.

Uber. I do not like this whispering. Gon. Fear no foul play. Excunt.

SCENE III .- Another Room in the same. Enter Hortensio, Beatrice, and two Waiting Women,

I Wom. The princess, sir, long since expected you ;

And, would I beg a thanks, I could tell you that

I have often moved her for you. Hort. I am your servant.

Enter Matilda

Best, She's come; there are at place to hear

The conference. And I Wom, Is't your excellency That we attend you?

Matil. No ; wait me in the g I Wom. Would each of us, w

sweetheart too To pass away the time!

a Wom. There I join with yo

Exernet Waitin Matil. I fear this is the last ti meet

Hort. Heaven forbid !

Re-enter above Bentrice with | Gonzaga, Uberti, and Far

Matil, O my Hortensie | In me behold the misery of great And that which you call beam been

Of a more low condition, I might Have call'd my will and facultie Not seeing that which was to be With others' eyes : but now, al wretched

And miserable princess, in my fo To be too much engaged forservie It being impossible to make sati To my so many creditors ; all di I can keep touch with none.

Lor. A sad exordium.

Matil. You loved me long, a hope (alas,

I die to think on't !) Parma's prin With a too partial report of what I was, and might be to him, left I To fight in my defence. Your bra ments

I' the war, and what you did for spoken,

Because I would not force the sw Your modesty to a blush, are writ And, that there might be nothing Sum up my numerous engageme In my hopes to be cancell'd, ) the 1 Our mortal enemy, when my fathe Lay open to his fury, and the spo Of the victorious army, and I bro Into his power, bath shewn himself So full of honour, temperance, and That can set off a prince, that, cannot

Render him that respect I would, I In thankfulness to admire him, Hort. 'Tis acknowledged.

And on your part to be return'd.



til. How can I,

out the brand of foul ingratitude

u, and prince Uberti?

7. Hear me, madam,

that your servant shall with zeal deliver, Dædalean clew may guide you out of abyrinth of distraction. He that loves istress truly, should prefer her honour seace of mind, above the glutting of venous appetite : he should affect her, ith a fit restraint, and not take from er

'e himself : he should make it the height ambition, if it lie in

retch'd-out nerves to effect it, though ie fly in

ninent place, to add strength to her ings

nount her higher, though he fall himself he bottomless abyss; or else

ervices he offers are not real,

unterfeit.

'il. What can Hortensio

'rom this?

That I stand bound in duty,

gh in the act I take my last farewell nfort in this life,) to sit down willingly, nove my suit no further. I confess,

you were in danger, and heaven's ercy made me

trument to preserve you, (which your **odness** 

far above the merit,) I was bold d my stary d affection with false hopes t be worthy of you : for know, madam, nean soever I appear'd in Mantua, in expectation a fortune.

h not possess'd of t, that encouraged e

confidence to prefer my suit, and not r the prince Uberti as my rival.

. I ever thought him more than what seem'd.

Pray you, forbear.

t. But when the duke of Florence his plea, in my consideration

ing well what he is, as you must grant

m s of men in arms, and, those put off, eat example for a kingly courtier tate ; annex to these his wealth,

h a large extent, as other monarchs

im the king of coin; and, what's ove all.

vful love, with all the happiness fe can fancy, from him flowing to you; ue affection which I have ever borne u,

ot alone command me to desist.

But, as a faithful counsellor, to advise you To meet and welcome that felicity, Which hastes to crown your virtues.

Lor. We must break off this parley : Something I have to say. Excunt above. Matil. In tears I thank

Your care of my advancement; but I dare not

Follow your counsel. Shall such piety Pass unrewarded? such a pure affection, For any ends of mine, be undervalued? Avert it, heaven ! I will be thy Matilda, Or cease to be; no other heat but what

Glows from thy purest flames, shall warm this bosom,

Nor Florence, nor all monarchs of the earth. Shall keep thee from me.

#### Re-enter below Lorenzo, Gonzaga, Uberti, Farneze, and Manfroy.

Hort. I fear, gracious lady,

Our conference hath been overheard. Matil. The better :

Your part is acted ; give me leave at distance. To zany it.-Sir, on my knees thus prostrate

Before your feet -Lor. This must not be, I shall

Both wrong myself and you in suffering it. Matil. I will grow here, and weeping thus turn marble.

Unless you hear and grant the first petition A virgin, and a princess, ever tendered :

Nor does the suit concern poor me alone,

It hath a stronger reference to you,

And to your honour; and, if you deny it,

Both ways you suffer. Remember, sir, you were not

Born only for yourself, heaven's liberal hand Design'd you to command a potent nation, Gave you heroic valour, which you have Abused, in making unjust war upon

A neighbour-prince, a Christian ; while the Turk,

Whose scourge and terror you should be, securely

Wastes the Italian confines : 'tis in you

To force him to pull in his horned crescents, And 'tis expected from you.

Lor. I have been

In a dream, and now begin to wake. Matil. And will you

Forbear to reap the harvest of such glories, Now ripe, and at full growth, for the embraces

Of a slight woman? or exchange your triumphs

For chamber-pleasures, melt your able nerves

(That should with your victorious sword make way

Through the armies of your enemies) in locse

And wanton dalliance? be yourself, great sir, The thunderbolt of war, and scorn to sever Two hearts long since united ; your example May teach the prince Uberti to subscribe To that which you allow of.

Lor. The same tongue

That charm'd my sword out of my hand, and threw

A frozen numbress on my active spirit,

Hath disenchanted me. Rise, fairest prin-

And, that it may appear I do receive Your counsel as inspired from heaven, I will Obey and follow it : I am your debtor, And must confess you have lent my weaken'd

TERSON

New strengths once more to hold a full command

Over my passions. Here, to the world, I freely do profess that I disclaim

All interest in you, and give up my title,

Such as it is, to you, sir; and, as far

As I have power, thus join your hands. Gon. To yours

I add my full consent.

Uber. I am lost, Farneze. Farn. Much nearer to the port than you suppose :

In me our laws speak, and forbid this contract.

Matil. Ah me, new stops ! Hort. Shall we be ever cross'd thus?

Farn. There is an act upon record, confirm'd

By your wise predecessors, that no heir

Of Mantua (as questionless the princess

Is the undoubted one) must be join'd in marriage,

But where the match may strengthen the estate

And safety of the dukedom. Now, this gentleman

However I must style him honourable, And of a high desert, having no power To make this good in his alliance, stands Excluded by our laws ; whereas this prince, Of equal merit, brings to Mantua

The power and principality of Parma : And therefore, since the great duke hath let

His plea, there lives no prince that justlier can

Challenge the princess' favour. Lor. Is this true, sir? Gon. 1 cannot contradict it.

Man, There's an ambassador From Milan, that desires a present His business is of highest conserp-As he affirms : I know him for a t Of the best rank and quality. *Hort*, From Milan !

Enter Manfroy.

Gon. Admit him.

Enter Ambasandor, and Julio with which he presents on his Anee to II

How ! 50

Amb. I am sorry, sir, To be the bringer of this heavy n But since it must be known Hort. Peace rest with him !

I shall find fitter time to mourn hi

My faithful servant too ! Jul. 1 am o'erjoy'd. To see your highness safe.

Hort. Pray you, peruse this, And there you'll find that the object The lord Farneze made, is fully a

Gon. The great John Galeas de Lor. And this his brother,

The absolute lord of Milan !

Matil. I am revived. Uber. There's no contending ag

tiny: I wish both happiness.

Enter Alonzo, Maria, Octavio, Pi Martino,

Lor. Married, Alonzo ! I will salute your lady, she's a fair And seal your pardon on her lins.

Gon. Octavio ! Welcome e'en to my heart. Rise kneel

To thee for mercy.

Oct. The poor remainder of My age shall truly serve you. Matil. You resemble

A page I had, Ascanio.

Mar. 1 am

Your highness' servant still. Lor. All stand amazed

At this unlook'd for meeting ; but Your several stories. Fortune 1 shown

Her various power ; but virtue, in Is crown'd with laurel : Love hath parts too ;

And mutual friendship, after blood Will cure the wounds received in o



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## EPILOGUE.

Pray you, gentlemen, heep your seals; something I would Deliver to gain favour, if I could, To us, and the still doublful author. He, When I desired an opilogue, answer'd me, Twas to no purpose : he must stand his fate, Since all entreaties nono would come too late You being long since resolved what you would say Of him, or us, as you rise, or of the play. A strange old fellow I yet this sullen mood Would quickly leave him, might it be understood You part not hence displeased. I am design'd To give him certain notice : if you find Things worth your liking, shew it. Hope and fear, Though different passions, have the self-same ear.



# The Old Law.

# DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

Evander, duke of Epire. Cratilus, the executioner. Creon, father to Simonides. imonides, young courtiers. Cleanthes, Lysander, husband to Eugenia, and uncle to Cleanthes. Leonides, father to Cleanthes, Gnotho, the clown.

Lawyers. Courtiers. Dancing-master. Bailiff. Tailor. Sei vants to Croom. Coachman, Footman, Cook, Clerk.

Drawer.

Butler.

Antigona, wife to Creon. Hippolita, wife to Clummhes, Eugenia, wife to Lysander, and

Parthenia. Parthenia.

Agatha, wife to Gnothe. Old women, wives to Creon's str Courtezan. Fiddlers, Servants, Gnard

SCENE,-Epire.

#### ACT L

SCENE I. - A Room in Creon's House.

Enter Simonides and two Lawyers.

Sim. Is the law firm, sir?

I Law. The law ! what more firm, sir, More powerful, forcible, or more permanent? Sim. By my troth, sir,

I partly do believe it ; conceive, sir,

You have indirectly answered my question. I did not doubt the fundamental grounds Of law in general, for the most solid ; But this particular law that me concerns, Now, at the present, if that be firm and strong, And powerful, and forcible, and permanent? I am a young man that has an old father.

2 Law. Nothing more strong, sir. It is-Secundum statutum principis, confirmatum cum voce senatus, et voce reipublice ; nay, consummatum et exemplificatum. Is it not in force,

When divers have already tasted it, And paid their lives for penalty?

Sim, 'Tis true. My father must be next ; this day completes Full fourscore years upon him.

2 Law. He is here, then, Sub pana statuti : hence I can tell him, Truer than all the physicians in the world, He cannot live out to-morrow ; this

Is the most certain climacterical year-

Tis past all danger, for there's r

What age is your mother, sir 1 Sim. Faith, near her days too Wants some two of threescore, I Law, So ! she'll drop away

One of these days too : here's a go For those that have old parent

inheritance ! Sim. And, sir, 'tis profitable for Are there not fellows that lie bed offices,

That younger men would walk in Churchmen, that even the second Hath silenced, yet have spun out so long,

That many pregnant and ingenio Have languish'd in their hoped m And died upon the thought? and leave, sir,

Have you not places fill'd up in th By some grave senators, that you Have held them long enough, spirits as you,

Were they removed, would leap dignities?

1 Law. Dic quihus in terris, et magnus Apollo, Sim. But tell me, faith, your fai

Is't not a sound and necessary law This, by the duke enacted?

I Law. Never did Greece.

| THE | OLD | LAW. |
|-----|-----|------|
|     | 1-  |      |

Our ancient seat of brave philosophers 'Mongst all her nomothetæ and lawgivers, Not when she flourish'd in her sevenfold sages,

Whose living memory can never die, Produce a law more grave and necessary.

Sim. I am of that mind too.

2 Law. I will maintain, sir,

Draco's oligarchy, that the government Of community reduced into few,

Framed a fair state ; Solon's chreokopia,

That cut off poor men's debts to their rich creditors,

Was good and charitable, but not full, allow'd ;

His seisactheia did reform that error,

His honourable senate of Areopagitæ.

Lycurgus was more loose, and gave too free

And licentious reins unto his discipline ; As that a young woman, in her husband's

weakness, Might choose her able friend to propagate ; That so the commonwealth might be supplied With hope of lusty spirits. Plato did err, And so did Aristotle, in allowing Lewd and luxurious limits to their laws : But now our Epire, our Epire's Evander, Our noble and wise prince, has hit the law That all our predecessive students

Have miss'd, unto their shame.

#### Enter Cleanthes.

Sim. Forbear the praise, sir, "Tis in itself most pleasing :---Cleanthes ! O, lad, here's a spring for young plants to

flourish !

The old trees must down kept the sun from

We shall rise now, boy.

Clean. Whither, sir, I pray?

To the bleak air of storms, among those trees Which we had shelter from ?

Sim. Yes, from our growth

Our sap and livelihood, and from our fruit. What I tis not jubilee with thee yet, I think,

Thou look'st so sad on't. How old is thy father?

- Cleaw. Jubilee I no, indeed ; 'tis a bad year with me.
- Sim. Prithee, how old's thy father? then I can tell thee

Clean. I know not how to answer you, Simonides :

He is too old, being now exposed

Unto the rigour of a cruel edict ;

And yet not old enough by many years, 'Cause I'd not see him go an hour before me. Sim. These very passions I speak to my ne, come, here's none but friends here, we may speak

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Our insides freely ; these are lawyers, man, And shall be counsellors shortly. *Clean.* They shall be now, sir, And shall have large fees if they'll under-

- take
- To help a good cause, for it wants assistance; Bad ones, I know, they can insist upon. 1 Law. Oh, sir, we must undertake of both
- parts ;

But the good we have most good in. Clean. Pray you, say,

- How do you allow of this strange edict? I Law, Secundum justitiam ; by my faith, sir.
- The happiest edict that ever was in Epire. Clean, What, to kill innocents, sir? it cannot be

It is no rule in justice there to punish. 1 Law. Oh, sir,

- You understand a conscience, but not law. Clean. Why, sir, is there so main a difference?
  - I Law, You'll never be good lawyer if you understand not that.

Clean. I think, then, 'tis the best to be a bad on

I Law. Why, sir, the very letter and the sense both do overthrow you in this statute, which speaks, that every man living to fourscore years, and women to threescore, shall then he cut off as fruitless to the republic, and law shall finish what nature linger'd at.

Clean, And this suit shall soon be dispatch'd in law?

r Law, It is soplain it can have no demur, The church-book overthrows it.

Clean. And so it does ;

- The church-book overthrows it, if you read it well.
- I Law. Still you run from the law into CITOF :

You say it takes the lives of innocents,

I say no, and so says common reason ;

What man lives to fourscore, and woman to three,

That can die innocent?

Clean. A fine law evasion !

Good sir, rehearse the whole statute to me. Sim. Fle! that's too tedious; you have already

The full sum in the brief relation. Clean. Sir.

Mongst many words may be found contradictions

And these men dare sue and wrangle with a

If they can pick a quarrel with some error.

2 Law: Listen, sir, I'll gather it as brief as I can for you:

Anno primo Evandri, Be it for the care and good of the commonwealth, (for divers necessary reasons that we shall urge,) thus peremptorily enacted,-

Clean. A fair pretence, if the reasons foul it not !

2 Law. That all men living in our dominions of Epire, in their decayed nature, to the age of fourscore, or women to the age of threescore, shall on the same day be instantly put to death, by those means and instruments that a former proclamation, had to this purpose, through our said territories dispersed.

Clean, There was no woman in this senate, certain.

1 Law. That these men, being past their bearing arms, to aid and defend their country; past their manhood and likelihood, to propagate any further issue to their pos-terity; and as well past their councils (whose overgrown gravity is now run into dotage) to assist their country ; to whom, in common reason, nothing should be so wearisome as their own lives, as they may be supposed tedious to their successive heirs, whose times are spent in the good of their country : yet wanting the means to maintain it; and are like to grow old before their inheritance (born to them) come to their necessary use, be condemned to die : for the women, for that they never were a defence to their country ; never by counsel admitted to assist in the government of their country; only necessary to the prepagation of posterity, and now, at the age of threescore, past that good, and all their goodness: it is thought fit (a quarter abated from the more worthy member) that they be put to death, as is before recited : provided that for the just and impartial execution of this our statute, the example shall first begin in and about our court, which ourself will see carefully performed; and not, for a full month following, extend any further into our dominions. Dated the sixth of the second month, at our Palace Royal in Epire.

Clean. A fine edict, and very fairly gilded! And is there no scruple in all these words, To demur the law upon occasion?

Sim. Pox I'tis an unnecessary inquisition; Prithee set him not about it.

2 Law. Troth, none, sir :

It is so evident and plain a case,

There is no succour for the defendant. Clean. Possible! can nothing help in a

good case ?

I Law. Faith, sir, I do think them be a hole

- Which would protract ; delay, if not re Clean. Why, there's some comfortinth good sir, speak it.
- I Low, Nay, you must pardon at that, sir.

Sim. Prithee, do not :

It may ope a wound to many soes and bran That may die after it.

Clean, Come, sir, 1 know

- How to make you speak :- will this do if Giver him his pro
- I Law. I will afford you my opinion it Clean. Pray you, repeat the literal +1 expressly

The time of death.

- Sim. Tis an unnocessary que prithee let it alone. 2 Law. Hear his opinion, 'twill be in
- less, sir.

That man, at the age of fourscore, a woman at threescore, shall the same day put to death

- I Law. Thus I help the man to rest one years more.
- Clean, That were a fair addition.
- I Law. Mark it, sir ; we say, man is a at age
- Till he be one and twenty ; before,

infancy, And adolescency ; now, by that addition Fourscore he cannot be, till a hundred a one

Sim. Oh, poor evasion !.

He is fourscore years old, sir.

I Law. That helps more, sir :

He begins to be old at fifty, so, at four-He's but thirty years old ; so, believe it, i He may be twenty years in declination; And so long may a man linger and live la

- Sim. The worst hope of safety that e of heard !
- Give him his fee again, 'tis not worth the deniers
  - I Law. There is no law for restitution fees, sir.
  - Clean. No, no, sir; I meant it lost whi it was given.

Enter Creon and Antigona.

Sim. No more, good sir,

Here are ears unnecessary for your doctri I Law, I have spoke out my fee, and

have done, sir. Sim. O my dear father 1

Creon. Tush ! meet me not in exclaim

I understand the worst, and hope no ben





e law ! if this hold, white heads will be heap,

many watchmen's places will be vacant ; of them I know my seniors.

did due deeds of darkness too :--their country

watch'd them a good turn for't,

ta'en them napping now ;

fewer hospitals will serve too, many be used for stews and brothels; and those people

never trouble them to fourscore.

nt. Can you play and sport with sorrow, sir?

www. Sorrow ! for what, Antigona? for my life ?

sorrow is I have kept it so long well, bringing it up unto so ill an end. ght have gently lost it in my cradle,

re my nerves and ligaments grew strong, and it faster to me.

m. For mine own sake, ould have been sorry for that.

con, In my youth

s a soldier, no coward in my age ;

ver turn'd my back upon my foe ; ve felt nature's winters, sicknesses,

ever kept a lively sap in me reet the cheerful spring of health again.

gers, on horse, on foot, [by land,] by water,

we scaped to this day; and yet this day, hout all help of casual accidents,

the state of the state of the state of the state of the state of the state of the state of the state of the state of the state of the state of the state of the state of the state of the state of the state of the state of the state of the state of the state of the state of the state of the state of the state of the state of the state of the state of the state of the state of the state of the state of the state of the state of the state of the state of the state of the state of the state of the state of the state of the state of the state of the state of the state of the state of the state of the state of the state of the state of the state of the state of the state of the state of the state of the state of the state of the state of the state of the state of the state of the state of the state of the state of the state of the state of the state of the state of the state of the state of the state of the state of the state of the state of the state of the state of the state of the state of the state of the state of the state of the state of the state of the state of the state of the state of the state of the state of the state of the state of the state of the state of the state of the state of the state of the state of the state of the state of the state of the state of the state of the state of the state of the state of the state of the state of the state of the state of the state of the state of the state of the state of the state of the state of the state of the state of the state of the state of the state of the state of the state of the state of the state of the state of the state of the state of the state of the state of the state of the state of the state of the state of the state of the state of the state of the state of the state of the state of the state of the state of the state of the state of the state of the state of the state of the state of the state of the state of the state of the state of the state of the state of the state of the state of the state of the state of the state of the state of the s now?

anot blame time, nature, nor my stars, aught but tyranny. Even kings themselves

e sometimes tasted an even fate with me. that has been a soldier all his days, stood in personal opposition

ast darts and arrows, the extremes of heat pinching cold, has treacherously at home,

secure quiet, by a villain's hand

h basely lost, in his star's ignorance : so must I die by a tyrant's sword.

Low. Oh, say not so, sir, it is by the law. tyranny.

in it is brandish'd against innocent lives? n now upon my deathbed, and 'tis fit shew the faith I die in :-- I do believe

tyranny that takes my life.

m. Would it were gone me means or other i what a long day this be ere night?

Crean. Simonides.

Sim, Here, sir, --weeping. Crean. Wherefore dost thou weep? Clean. 'Cause you make no more haste to your end. Aside.

Sim. How can you question nature so unjustly?

I had a grandfather, and then had not you. True filial tears for him?

Clean. Hypocrite ?

A disease of drought dry up all pity from him, That can dissemble pity with wet eyes I Creon. Be good unto your mother, Si-

monides,

She must be now your care. Ant. To what end, sir?

The bell of this sharp edicts tolls for me,

As it rings out for you .- I'll be as ready,

With one hour's stay, to go along with you. Creon. Thou must not, woman, there are years behind,

Before thou canst set forward in this voyage : And nature, sure, will now be kind to all : She has a quarrel in't, a cruel law

Seeks to prevent her, she will therefore fight in't,

And draw out life even to her longest thread : Thou art scarce fifty-five.

Ant. So many morrows !

Those five remaining years 1'll turn to days. To hours, or minutes, for your company. 'Tis fit that you and T, being man and wife,

Should walk together arm in arm.

Sim. I hope

They'll go together ; I would they would, i'faith,

Then would ber thirds be saved too. [Aside.] -The day goes away, sir

Creon. Why wouldst thou have me gone, Simonides?

Sim. O my heart ! Would you have me gone before you, sir,

You give me such a deadly wound?

Clean. Fine rascal ! Sim. Blemish my duty so with such a

question? Sir, I would haste me to the duke for mercy ;

He that's above the law may mitigate

The rigour of the law. How a good meaning May be corrupted by a misconstruction !

Crean. Thou corrupt'st mine ; I did not think thou mean'st 50,

Clean. You were in the more error.

Sim. The words wounded me.

Cleaw. 'Twas pity thou died'st not on't, Sim. I have been ransacking the helps of law,

Aside. Conferring with these learned advocates : 002

| 564                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                    | THE OI                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                               | D LAW.                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                      |
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| If any scruple, cause, or v<br>Could have been found o<br>life.<br>It had been bought, tho<br>estate,<br>Your life's so precious to<br>none.<br>I Law, Sir, we have o<br>top to toe,<br>Turn'd her upside down<br>her side,<br>Nay, open'd and dissecte<br>Yet can find none : the<br>hoped,<br>But the duke's mercy.<br>Sim. I know the hope<br>He did not make the law<br>Creve. Then to this I<br>I go;<br>I have so many preceden<br>I must call it hopeless : .<br>See me delivered up unt<br>And then we'll part;—fi<br>look for thee.<br>Sim. I hope she will<br>behind you.<br>Creve. Do not bate h<br>and sorrow,<br>Since there's a day prefin<br>Suppose me sick, Antigo<br>Any disease thou wilt mi<br>Or when death's slow to<br>send. [Excunt Ci<br>Sim. Cleanthes, if yo<br>morrow use me ;<br>Til trust you while your | rested sense<br>it to preserve your<br>gh with your full<br>me !but there's<br>invass'd her from<br>thrown her upon<br>it all her entrails,<br>re's nothing to be<br>of that ;<br>for that purpose,<br>opeless mercy last<br>s before me,<br>intigona,<br>my deathsman,<br>e years hence I'll<br>not stay so long<br>[Asida,<br>m an hour by grief<br>d, hasten it not,<br>ia, dying now,<br>y be my end,<br>come, say tyrants<br>con <i>and</i> Antigona,<br>t want money, to-<br>ather's dead.<br><i>with the</i> Lawyers,<br>villain,<br>a dy grample !<br>teed out his liveli-<br>his branches,<br>is glorious fruits,<br>een when he's un-<br>descend again,<br>in fruitless winter i<br>partial nature !<br>d,) who, in thy last<br>r, ever making<br>throes the deares;<br>m [reform] it,<br>those vegetives, | <ul> <li>Lest all do turn unnaturally against the And thou be blamed for our oblicon. Enter Leonides and Hippolin.</li> <li>And brutish reluctations 1 Ay, laws ground</li> <li>Whereon my filial faculties must taill An edifice of honour, or of shame. To all mankind.</li> <li>Hip. You must avoid it, sir.</li> <li>If there be any love within yourself: This is far more than fate of a lost gum That another venture may restore again it is your life, which you should not all to your constrained to a lost gum That another venture may restore again it is your life, which you should not all to any cruelty, if you can preserve it. Clean. O dearest woman, that a doubled now</li> <li>A thousand times thy muptial dowry tom Why, she whose love is batt derived that is got before the in my debted dury. Hip. Are you thinking such a restor sit?</li> <li>Clean. Sweetest Hippolin, what taught thee</li> <li>To be so forward in so good a cause? Hip. Mine own pity, sir, did first im me.</li> <li>And then your love and power did command me.</li> <li>Clean. They were all blessed angudirect thee;</li> <li>And take their counsel. How do you sir?</li> <li>Leon. Cleanthes, never better; I conceived</li> <li>Such a new joy within this old boson, As I did never think would there have ter'd.</li> <li>Clean. Joy call you it? alas ! 'fit so sir.</li> <li>The worst of sorrows, sorrow unto des Loon. Death! what is that, Cleanthy they are invaluable, keep her safe.</li> <li>When I die, sure 'twill be a gentle die for I will die with wonder of her virus Nothing else shall dissolve me.</li> <li>Clean. They were then mailee.</li> <li>Clean. Joy call you it? alas ! 'fit so sir.</li> </ul> |

| ature in her nearest ligaments                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                | How have I then sought a repentant sorrow?                                                      |
|-------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------|-------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------|
| d and propagation ! I should never<br>egot such a daughter of my own :                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                        | From your country ever? With my base                                                            |
| hter-in-law! law were above nature,<br>here more such children.                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                               | attempt,<br>How have I beggar'd you in wasting that                                             |
| 4. This admiration                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                            | Which only for your sakes I bred together ;                                                     |
| nothing to your safety ; think of that,                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                       | Buried my name in Epire which I built                                                           |
|                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                               | Upon this frame, to live for ever in ?                                                          |
| Had you heard her, Cleanthes, but                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                             | What a base coward shall I be, to fly from                                                      |
| search of means to save my forfeit                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                            | That enemy which every minute meets me,<br>And thousand odds he had not long van-<br>quish'd me |
| iew the wise and the sound preserva-                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                          | Before this hour of battle ! Fly my death !                                                     |
| ns                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                            | I will not be so false unto your states,                                                        |
| he found out, you would redouble all<br>nder, in your love to her.                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                            | Nor fainting to the man that's yet in me :<br>I'll meet him bravely ; I cannot (this know-      |
| w. The thought,                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                               | ing) fear                                                                                       |
| ry thought, sir, claims all that from me,                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                     | That, when I am gone hence, I shall be there.                                                   |
| e is now possest of 't : but, good sir,                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                       | Come, I have days of preparation left.                                                          |
| have aught received from her advice,                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                          | Clean. Good sir, hear me :                                                                      |
| allow it; or else let's better think.<br>ke the surest course.                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                | I have a genius that has prompted me,<br>And I have almost form'd it into words                 |
| . I'll tell thee one ;                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                        | Tis done, pray you observe them ! I can                                                         |
| ansels me to fly my severe country ;                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                          | conceal you ;                                                                                   |
| a all into treasure, and there build up                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                       | And yet not leave your country.                                                                 |
| aying fortunes in a safer soil,<br>Epire's law cannot claim me.                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                               | Leon, Tush ! it cannot be,                                                                      |
| e. And, sir,                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                  | Without a certain peril on us all.<br>Clean. Danger must be bazarded, rather                    |
| hend it as a safest course,                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                   | than accept                                                                                     |
| ay be easily accomplished ;                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                   | A sure destruction. You have a lodge, sir,                                                      |
| be all most expeditious.                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                      | So far remote from way of passengers,                                                           |
| country where we breathe will be our                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                          | That seldom any mortal eye does greet with't;<br>And yet so sweetly situate with thickets,      |
| er soil ; heaven is the roof of all,                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                          | Built with such cunning labyrinths within,                                                      |
| ow, as Epire's situate by this law,                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                           | As if the provident heavens, foreseeing                                                         |
| s twixt us and heaven a dark eclipse.                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                         | cruelty,                                                                                        |
| Oh, then avoid it, sir; these sad                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                             | Had bid you frame it to this purpose only.<br>Leon. Fie, fie ! 'tis dangerous,—and trea-        |
| those black predictions,                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                      | son too,                                                                                        |
| I prithee peace ;                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                             | To abuse the law.                                                                               |
| low thy love, Hippolita,                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                      | Hip. 'Tis holy care, sir,                                                                       |
| ist not follow it as counsel, child ;                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                         | Of your dear life, which is your own to keep,                                                   |
| not shame my country for the law.<br>ountry here hath bred me, brought                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                        | But not your own to lose, either in will<br>Or negligence.                                      |
| up,                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                           | Clean, Call you it treason, sir?                                                                |
| all I now refuse a grave in her?                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                              | I had been then a traitor unto you,                                                             |
| my second infancy, and children                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                               | Had I forgot this ; beseech you, accept of it ;                                                 |
| leep so sweetly in their nurse's cradle,<br>heir natural mother's.                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                            | It is secure, and a duty to yourself,                                                           |
| Ay, but, sir,                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                 | Leon. What a coward will you make me!<br>Closm. You mistake :                                   |
| unnatural ; then the stepmother's                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                             | 'Tis noble courage, now you fight with                                                          |
| preferr'd before her.                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                         | death ;                                                                                         |
| Tush   she shall                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                              | And yield not to him till you stoop under                                                       |
| t me in despite of her entrails.<br>to you think how far from judgment.                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                       | Leon. This must needs open to discovery,                                                        |
| a for the second state of | And then what torture follows?                                                                  |
| should travel forth to seek a grave                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                           | Clean. By what means, sir?                                                                      |
| already digg'd for me at home,                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                | Why, there is but one body in all this                                                          |
| erhaps find it in my way to seek it ?                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                         | counsel,                                                                                        |
|                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                               |                                                                                                 |

Which cannot betray itself : we two are one, One soul, one body, one heart, that think one thought ; And yet we two are not completely one. But as I have derived myself from you .-Who shall betray us where there is no second? Hip. You must not mistrust my faith, though my sex plead Weakness and frailty for me. Leon. Oh, I dare not. But where's the means that must make answer for me? I cannot be lost without a full account, And what must pay that reckoning ? Clain. Oh, sir, we will Keep solemn obits for your funeral ; We'll seem to weep, and seem to joy withal, That death so gently has prevented you The law's sharp rigour ; and this no mortal car shall Participate the knowledge of. Leon. Ha, ha, ha ! This will be a sportive fine demur, If the error be not found. Clean. Pray doubt of none. Your company and best provision, Must be no further furnish'd than by us ; And, in the interim, your solitude may Converse with heaven, and fairly [so] prepare For that] which was too violent and raging Thrown headlong on you. Leon. Still, there are some doubts Of the discovery ; yet I do allow it. Hip. Will you not mention now the cost and charge, Which will be in your keeping ! Leon. That will be somewhat, Which you might save too. Clean. With his will against him, What foe is more to man than man himself? Are you resolved, sir? Leon, I am, Cleanthes : If by this means I do get a reprieve, And cozen death awhile, when he shall come Armed in his own power to give the blow, I'll smile upon him then, and laughing go. Excunt. ACT IL SCENE L .- Before the Palace. Enter Evander, Courtiers, and Cratilus.

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Evan. Executioner | Graf. My lord. Evan. How did old Diocles take his death?

Crat. As wrouping brides restire for joys at night; With trembling, yet with patience. Evan. Why, 'twas well. I Court. Nav, I know my father and do well, my lord, Whene'er he came to die ; I'd that some of him. Which made me the more willing to # from him ; He was not fit to live in the world, infant Any time these ten years, my lord, But I would not suy so much. Evan. No! you did not well in a For he that's all spent, is ripe for deal a all hours, And does but trifle time out. r Court. Troth, my lord, I would I'd known your mind nine your of Evan. Our law is fourscore years, bess we judge Dotage complete then, as unfraitfolises In women, at threescore ; marry, If the st Can, within compass, bring good and and Of his own father's weakness, and unloss To live, or sway the living, though in five Or ten years of his number, that's not a His defect makes him fourscore, and tell He dies when he deserves ; for every at Is in effect then, when the cause is right 2 Court. An admirable prince ! how tarts he talks ! Oh that we'd known this, lads | What ! time did we endure In two-penny commons, and in book revamp'd l I Court. Now we have two pair a well and yet not thankful ; 'Twill be a fine world for them, sire, and come after us. 2 Court. Ay, an they knew IL I Court. Peace, let them never know 4. 3 Court. A pox, there be young hein all soon smell't out. 2 Court. "Twill come to them by insting, man : may your grace Never be old, you sland so well for real! Evan. Why now, methinks, our cost looks like a spring, Sweet, fresh, and fashionable, now the all weeds are gone. I Court. It is as a court should be : Gloss and good clothes, my lord, no milling for merit; And herein your law proves a provident act.

When men pass not the palsy of ther tongues,

Nor colour in their cheeks,

| THE OLD LAW. 567                                                                                  |                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                    |  |
|---------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------|--------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------|--|
| Funn But women                                                                                    | After a day or two : in the mean time                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                              |  |
| Evan. But women,                                                                                  | After a day or two; in the mean time,<br>1 am not for your company.<br>Evan. OldCreen, you have been expected<br>long;<br>Sure you're above fourscore.<br>Sim. Upon my life,<br>Not four and twenty hours, my lord; I<br>search'd<br>Td let my father wrong the law, my lord?<br>Twere pity o' my life then 1 no, your act<br>Shall not receive a minute's wrong by him.<br>While I live, sir; and he's so just himself too,<br>I know he would not offer't :-here he<br>stands.<br>Creon. Tis just I die, indeed; for I confess<br>I am troublesome to life now, and the state<br>Can hope for nothing worthy from me now,<br>Either in force or counsel; I've o' late<br>Employ'd myself quite from the world,<br>and he<br>That once begins to serve his Maker faith-<br>fully,<br>Can never serve a worldly prince well after;<br>Tis clean another way.<br><i>Ant.</i> Oh, give not confidence<br>To all he speaks, my lord, in his own injury.<br>His preparation only for the next world.<br>Makes him talk willy, to his wrong, of this;<br>He is not lost in judgment.<br><i>Sim.</i> Mother—<br><i>Ant.</i> His very household laws prescribed<br>at home by him.<br>Are able to conform seven Christian king-<br>doms,<br>They are so wise and virtuous.<br><i>Sim.</i> Mother, I say—<br><i>Ant.</i> I know your laws extend not. to<br>desert, sir,<br>Ent to muncessary years; and, my lord,<br>His are not such ; though they show while,<br>they are worthy.<br>Judictous, able, and religious.<br><i>Sim.</i> Mother,<br>I'l help you to a courtier of nineteen.<br><i>Ant.</i> Away, unnatural ! |  |
| I Court. Look, look, who comes here t                                                             | Sint. Then I am no fool, sure,<br>For to be natural at such a time                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                 |  |
| I smell death, and another courtier,<br>Simonides.                                                | Were a fool's part, indeed.<br>Ant. Your grace's pity,                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                             |  |
| a Court. Sim !                                                                                    | And us but ht and just.                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                            |  |
| Sim. Pish ! I'm not for you yet,                                                                  | Creon. The law, my loni,                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                           |  |
| Your company's too costly; after the old man's<br>Dispatch'd, I shall have time to talk with you; | Sim. Well said, father, flath 1                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                    |  |
| I shall come into the fashion you shall see too,                                                  | Thou wert ever juster than my mother still.                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                        |  |

| 568 THE OL                                                                      | D LAW.                                                      |  |
|---------------------------------------------------------------------------------|-------------------------------------------------------------|--|
| Evan, Come hither, sir.                                                         | 1 Court. Some funeral.                                      |  |
| Evan. Come hither, sir.<br>Sim. My lord.                                        | It seems, my lord ; and yo                                  |  |
| Hours. What are those orders?                                                   | follows.                                                    |  |
| Ant. Worth observation, sir,                                                    | Party of Particular Party                                   |  |
| So please you hear them read.                                                   | Enter a Funiral Procession                                  |  |
| Sim. The woman speaks she knows not                                             | lowed by Cleanthes and I<br>dressed.                        |  |
| what, my lord :                                                                 |                                                             |  |
| He make a law, poor man! he bought a                                            | Even. Cleanthes !                                           |  |
| TABLE, indeed.                                                                  | 2 Court. Tis, my lord, an<br>Of a chief mourner too, but su |  |
| Only to learn to die by't, there's the busi-                                    | Of a chief mourner too, but str                             |  |
| ness, now ;                                                                     | Evan. Yet suitable to 1                                     |  |
| Wherein there are some precepts for a son                                       | mark it :                                                   |  |
| 100,                                                                            | He comes all the way smill                                  |  |
| How he should learn to live, but I ne'er                                        | serve it ;                                                  |  |
| look'd on't :                                                                   | I never saw a corse so joyfully                             |  |
| For, when he's dead, I shall live well enough,                                  | Light colours and light cheeks                              |  |
| And keep a better TABLE than that, I trow.                                      | this be?                                                    |  |
| Evan. And is that all, sir?                                                     | 'Tis a thing worth resolving.                               |  |
| Sim, All, I vow, my lord ;                                                      | Sim. One, belike,                                           |  |
| Save a few running admonitions                                                  | That doth participate this out                              |  |
| Upon cheese-trenchers, as                                                       | Evan, Cleanthes.                                            |  |
| Take heed of whoring, shun it ;<br>'Tis like a cheese too strong of the runnet. | Clean. Oh, my lord !                                        |  |
| Tis like a cheese too strong of the runnet.                                     | Evan, He laugh'd outright                                   |  |
| And such calves maws of wit and admonition,                                     | Was ever such a contraracty a                               |  |
| Good to catch mice with, but not sons and                                       |                                                             |  |
| heirs;                                                                          | I Court. I have known a                                     |  |
| They are not so easily caught,                                                  | closely, my lord,<br>Under her handkerchief, whe            |  |
| Evan. Agent for death !<br>Crat. Your will, my lord ?                           | Under her handkerchief, whe                                 |  |
| Crat. Your will, my lord?                                                       | Of her old face has wept in                                 |  |
| Evan. Take hence that pile of years,                                            | shine ;                                                     |  |
| Forfeit before with unprofitable age,                                           | But all the face to laugh appa                              |  |
| And, with the rest, from the high promon-                                       |                                                             |  |
| Cast him into the sea.                                                          | Sim. Yes, mine did once.                                    |  |
| Crean. 'Tis noble justice !                                                     | Clean. "Tis, of a heavy t<br>full'st day                    |  |
|                                                                                 |                                                             |  |
| [Exit Crat, with Creon.                                                         | From How can that be?                                       |  |
| Ant. 'Tis cursed tyranny !<br>Sim. Peace ! take heed, mother;                   | Evan. How can that be?<br>Clean. I joy to make it plain     |  |
| You've but short time to be cast down your-                                     |                                                             |  |
| self;                                                                           | Evan, Dead !                                                |  |
| And let a young courtier do't, an you be wise,                                  |                                                             |  |
| In the mean time.                                                               | Clean. In his last month de                                 |  |
| Ant. Hence, slave !                                                             | He beguiled cruel law the swo                               |  |
| Sim. Well, seven-and-fifty,                                                     | That ever age was blest to                                  |  |
| You have but three years to scold, then                                         | It grieves me that a tear should                            |  |
| comes your payment.                                                             | Being a thing so joyful, but hi                             |  |
| [Exit Antigona.                                                                 |                                                             |  |
| I Court. Simonides.                                                             | heart broke,                                                |  |
| Sim. Pish, I'm not brave enough to hold                                         |                                                             |  |
| you talk yet,                                                                   | So mountingly, I touch'd a                                  |  |
| Give a man time, I have a suit a making.                                        | thought ;                                                   |  |
| 2 Court. We love thy form first ; brave                                         | I would not hear of blacks, I                               |  |
| clothes will come, man.                                                         | But chose a colour, orient like                             |  |
| Sim. I'll make them come else, with a                                           | For blacks are often such                                   |  |
| mischief to them,                                                               | mourners,                                                   |  |
| As other gallants do, that have less left them.                                 |                                                             |  |
| Recorders within                                                                | All reputation by false sons an                             |  |
| Evan. Hark ! whence those sounds ?                                              | Now I would have men kno                                    |  |
| what's that ?                                                                   | semble,                                                     |  |

A truth, indeed ; 'tis joy clad like a joy, Which is more bonest than a cunning grief, That's only faced with sables for a show, But gawdy-hearted : When I saw death come So ready to deceive you, sir, -forgive me, I could not choose but be entirely merry,

And yet to see now !- of a sudden, Naming but death, I shew myself a mortal,

That's never constant to one passion long. I wonder whence that tear came, when I smiled

In the production on't ; sorrow's a thief,

That can, when joy looks on, steal forth a grief

But, gracious leave, my lord; when I've perform'd

My last poor duty to my father's bones,

I shall return your servant. Evan. Well, perform it, The law is satisfied ; they can but die : And by his death, Cleanthes, you gain well, A rich and fair revenue

Flourish, Excunt Duke, Courtiers, &c. Sim. I would I had e'en

Another father, condition he did the like. Clean. I have past it bravely now ; how blest was I,

To have the duke in sight ! now 'tis confirm'd,

Past fear or doubts confirm'd : on, on I say, Him that brought me to man, I bring to clay.

Exit Funeral Procession, followed by Cleanthes and Hippolita.

Sim: I am rapt now in a contemplation, Even at the very sight of yonder hearse ; I do but think what a fine thing 'tis now

To live, and follow some seven uncles thus,

As many cousin-germans, and such people, That will leave legacies ; pox ! I'd see them

hang'd else,

Ere I'd follow one of them, an they could find the way

Now I've enough to begin to be horrible covetous.

Enter Butler, Tailor, Bailiff, Cook, Coachman, and Footman.

But. We come to know your worship's pleasure, sir,

Having long serv'd your father, how your liw boo

Stands towards our entertainment.

Sim. Not a jot, l'faith :

My father wore cheap garments, he might do't :

I shall have all my clothes come home tomorrow,

They will eat up all you, an there were more of you, sirs.

- To keep you six at livery, and still munching! Tail. Why, I'm a tailor ; you have most need of me, sir
  - Sim. Thou mad'st my father's clothes, that I confess ;
- But what son and heir will have his father's

tailor, Unless he have a mind to be well laugh'd at? Thou'st been so used to wide long-side things, that when

I come to truss, I shall have the waist of my doublet

Lie on my buttocks, a sweet sight ! But. 1 a butler.

Sim. There's least need of thee, fellow; I shall ne'er drink at home, I shall be so drunk abroad.

But. But a cup of small beer will do well next morning, sir.

Sim. I grant you ; but what need I keep

so big a knave for a cup of small beer? Cook. Butler, you have your answer: marry, sir, a cook

I know your mastership cannot be without. Sim. The more ass art thou to think so ;

for what should I do with a mountebank, no drink in my house ?- the banishing the butler might have been a warning for thee, unless thou mean'st to choak me.

Cook. In the meantime you have choak'd

me, methinks, Bail. These are superfluous vanities, indeed.

And so accounted of in these days, sir ;

But then, your bailiff to receive your rents-Sim. I prithee hold thy tongue, fellow, I shall take a course to spend them faster than thou canst reckon them ; 'tis not the rents must serve my turn, unless I mean to be laugh'd at; if a man should be seen out of slash-me, let him ne'er look to be a right gallant, But, sirrah, with whom is your

Dusigess? Coach. Your good mastership. Sim. You have stood silent all this while, like men

That know your strengths : in these days, none of you

Can want employment; you can win me wagers

Footman, in running races,

Foot. I dare boast it, sir.

Sim. And when my bets are all come in, and store

Then, coachman, you can hurry me to my whore.

Coach. I'll firk them into foam else.

Sim. Steaks brane menter :

And I'll firk some too, or't shall sust bot.

Exyant Simonides, Courlinses, and Footman

Cask. Why, here's an age to make a nock D. Fulfigin

And scald the devil indeed I do strange mad things.

Make mutton-pasties of dog's flesh,

Pake analoes for lampray ples, and cats for

But. Come, will you be ruled by a butler's advice once? for we must make up our fortunes somewhere now, as the case stands : let's e'en, therefore, go seek out widows of nice and fifty, an we can, that's within a year of their deaths, and so we shall be sure to be quickly rid of them; for a year's enough of conscience to be troubled with a wife, for any man living.

Case. Oracle butler ! oracle butler ! he puts down all the doctors o' the name. [Escant.

SCENE IL - A room in Creon's House,

Enter Eugenia and Parthenia.

Eug. Parthenia.

Parth. Mother.

Eng. I shall be troubled

This six months with an old clog; would the law

Had been cut one year shorter!

Parth. Did you call, forsooth?

Eng. Yes, you must make some spoonmeat for your father. Exit Parthenia.

And warm three nightcaps for him. Out upon't 1

The mere concelt turns a young woman's stomach.

His alippers must be warm'd, in August too, And his gown girt to him in the very dog-days, When every mastiff lolls out's tongue for heat. Would not this yex a beauty of nineteen now? Alas! I should be tumbling in cold baths now, Under each armpit a fine bean-flower bag, To screw out whiteness when I list-

And some sev'n of the properest men in the dukedom

Making a banquet ready I' the next room for me

Where he that gets the first kiss is envied,

And stands upon his guard a fortnight after. This is a life for nineteen ! 'tis but justice : For old men, whose great acts stand in their

minds, And nothing in their bodies, do ne'er think A woman young enough for their desire ;

And we young wenches, that have motherwits,

And have to many much first, and not all Do never think old mere are old many That we may soon he sid a' then; date

our qu I've whired for the happy hour this two yets And, if death he so unskind to let him by

All that time I have less.

#### Enter Courtiers

- I Court. Young helv !
- a Court. O sweet process buil of beaut

Troth, the smells over all the house # thinks.

I Court. The superioris but a count feit to ber-

It does enceed you only in the prickle. But that it shall not long, if you'll be rilet. hady

- Eng. What means this sodden viewper gentlemen?
- So passing well perfumed too ! "bo's you
  - I Court. Love, and thy beanty, willow, Eng. Widow, sir?
- I Court. 'Tis sure, and that's as good in troth we're suitors ;
- We come a wooing, wench ; plain dealers best.
  - Eug. A wooing ! what, before my har band's dead?
- 2 Court. Let's lose no time ; six month will have an end ;
- I know't by all the bonds that e'er I make yet.
  - Eug. That's a sure knowledge ; but it holds not here, sir.
- I Court. Do not we know the craft of you young tumblers?
- That when you wed an old man, you think upon
- Another husband as you are marrying of him ;-
- We, knowing your thoughts, made hold to see you

Enter Simonides richiy drest, and Coachman.

Eug. How wondrous right he speaks! twas my thought, indeed,

Sim. By your leave, sweet widow, do you lack any gallants?

- Eug. Widow, again ! 'tis a comfort to be call'd so. 1 Court. Who's this? Simonides ? 2 Court. Brave Sim, i' faith !

Sim, Coachman I Coach, Sir,



| -  | THE OL                                                                                        | D LAW. 571                                                                                  |
|----|-----------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------|---------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------|
| -  | Sim. Have an especial care of my new                                                          | But at repentance ! I am too uncharitable,                                                  |
| 8  | mares;                                                                                        | Too foul; I must go cleanse myself with                                                     |
| ī  | They say, sweet widow, he that loves a horse well.                                            | prayers.<br>These are the plagues of fondness to old men,                                   |
|    | Must needs love a widow wellWhen dies                                                         | We're punish'd home with what we dote upon.                                                 |
|    | thy husband ?<br>Is't not July next ?                                                         | <i>Exit.</i> Sim. So, so ! the ghost is vanish'd : now,                                     |
|    | Eug. Oh, you are too hot, sir !                                                               | your answer, lady.                                                                          |
|    | Pray cool yourself, and take September with                                                   | Eug. Excuse me, gentlemen; 'twere as                                                        |
|    | you.<br>Sim. September ! oh, I was but two bows                                               | In me, to give you a kind answer yet,                                                       |
| .  | wide.                                                                                         | As madness to produce a churlish one.                                                       |
| ۲. | 1 Court. Simonides.<br>Sum. I can entreat you, gallants, I'm in                               | I could say now, come a month hence, sweet gentlemen,                                       |
|    | fashion too.                                                                                  | Or two, or three, or when you will, indeed;                                                 |
| ·  | Enter Lysander.                                                                               | But I say no such thing : I set no time,<br>Nor is it mannerly to deny any.                 |
| ,  | Lys. Ha ! whence this herd of folly ? what                                                    | I'll carry an even hand to all the world :                                                  |
|    | are you?<br>Sim. Well-willers to your wife : pray 'tend                                       | Let other women make what haste they will,<br>What's that to me? but I profess unfeignedly, |
|    | your book, sir;                                                                               | I'll have my husband dead before I marry;                                                   |
|    | We've nothing to say to you, you may go die,<br>For here be those in place that can supply.   | Ne'er look for other answer at my hands.                                                    |
| ۰  | Lys. What's thy wild business here?                                                           | Sim. Would he were hang'd, for my part,<br>looks for other !                                |
|    | Sim. Old man, I'll tell thee;                                                                 | Eug. I'm at a word.                                                                         |
| ,  | I come to beg the reversion of thy wife :<br>I think these gallants be of my mind too.—       | Sim. And I am at a blow, then ;<br>I'll lay you o' the lips, and leave you.                 |
| 1  | But thou art but a dead man, therefore what                                                   | [Kisses her.                                                                                |
| •  | should a man do talking with thee? Come,<br>widow, stand to your tackling.                    | I Court. Well struck, Sim.<br>Sim. He that dares say he'll mend it, I'll                    |
| ,  | Lys. Impious blood-hounds !                                                                   | strike him.                                                                                 |
|    | Sim. Let the ghost talk, ne'er mind him.<br>Lys. Shames of nature !                           | I Court. He would betray himself to be a botcher.                                           |
| :  | Sim. Alas, poor ghost ! consider what the                                                     | That goes about to mend it.                                                                 |
|    | fnan is.<br>Lys. Monsters unnatural ! you that have                                           | <i>Eng.</i> Gentlemen,<br>You know my mind; I bar you not my                                |
|    | been covetous                                                                                 | house:                                                                                      |
|    | Of your own father's death, gape you for mine now?                                            | But if you choose out hours more seasonably,<br>You may have entertainment.                 |
|    | Cannot a poor old man, that now can reckon                                                    | Re-enter Parthenia.                                                                         |
|    | Even all the hours he has to live, live quiet,<br>For such wild beasts as these, that neither | Sim. What will she do hereafter, when                                                       |
|    | hold                                                                                          | she is a widow,                                                                             |
|    | A certainty of good within themselves,                                                        | Keeps open house already?                                                                   |
|    | But scatter others' comforts that are ripen'd<br>For holy uses? is hot youth so hasty,        | [Excunt Simonides and Courtiers.<br>Eug. How now, girl!                                     |
|    | It will not give an old man leave to dic,                                                     | Parth. Those feather'd fools that hither                                                    |
|    | And leave a widow first, but will make one,<br>The husband looking on? May your de-           | took their flight,<br>Have grieved my father much.                                          |
|    | structions                                                                                    | Eug. Speak well of youth, wench,                                                            |
|    | Come all in hasty figures to your souls !<br>Your wealth depart in haste, to overtake         | While thou'st a day to live ; 'tis youth must<br>make thee,                                 |
| 1  | Your honesties, that died when you were                                                       | And when youth fails, wise women will                                                       |
|    | infants !<br>May your male seed be hasty spendthrifts too,                                    | make it;<br>But always take are first to make the                                           |
|    | Your daughters hasty sinners, and diseased                                                    | But always take age first, to make thee<br>rich:                                            |
|    | Ere they be thought at years to welcome                                                       | That was my counsel ever, and then youth                                                    |
|    | misery !<br>And may you never know what leisure is,                                           | Will make thee sport enough all thy life after.                                             |
| ļ  |                                                                                               |                                                                                             |

٤.

Tis the time's policy, wench ; what is't to Against his will too :- he's the m bide A little hardness for a pair of years, or so? A man whose only strength lies in his

Weakness in all parts else, thy bedfellow, A cough o' the lungs, or say a wheering

maller ;

Then shake off chains, and dance all thy life after?

Parth. Every one to their liking ; but I SAY

An honest man's worth all, be he young or Yonder's my cousin.

Exit

# Enter Hippolita.

Eng. Art. I must use thee now ; Dissembling is the best help for a virtue,

That ever women had ; it saves their credit. oft. Hip. How now, cousin !

What, weeping?

Eug. Can you blame me, when the time Of my dear love and husband now draws on?

I study funeral tears against the day

I must be a sail widow.

Hip. In troth, Eugenia, I have cause to weep too ;

But, when I visit, I come comfortably, And look to be so quited :--yet more sob-

bing?

Eug. Oh

The greatest part of your affliction's past, The worst of mine's to come ; I have one to

die ; Your husband's father is dead, and fixed in

his

Eternal peace, past the sharp tyrannous blow

Hip. You must use patience, cor. Eug. Tell me of patience! Hip. You have example for't, in me and

many. Eug. Yours was a father-in-law, but mine

a husband :

O, for a woman that could love, and live With an old man, mine is a jewel, cousin ; So quietly he lies by one, so still !

Hip. Alas ! I have a secret lodged within me,

Which now will out in pity :- I cannot hold. Aside.

Eug. One that will not disturb me in my sleep

For a whole month together, less it be With those diseases age is subject to,

As aches, coughs, and pains, and these, heaven knows,

Especially in bed. Hig. Be comforte Eug. How man L hady? None know the terror of an husbard's los But they that fear to lose film, Hip, Fain would I keep it in, but call not be ; She is my kinewoman, and I am pitild. I must impart a good, if I know it out To then that stand in nord on't ; I'm lin ODE Loves not to banquet with a joy alone. My friends must partake too. [.dask]-Prithee, cease, cotasin ; If your love be so boundless, which is rar, In a young woman, in these days, I tell you To one so much past service as your has band. There is a way to beguile law, and help you My husband found it out first. Eng. Oh, sweet cousin ! Hip. You may conceal him, and give on his death Within the time ; order his faneral too ; We had it so for ours, I praise heav's fort, And he's alive and safe. Eng. O blessed cor. How thou revivest me ! Hip. We daily see The good old man, and feed him twice a day. Methinks, it is the sweetest joy to cherish him. That ever life yet shew'd me. Eug. So should I think, A dainty thing to nurse an old man well ! Hip. And then we have his prayers and daily blessing ; And we two live so lovingly upon it, His son and I, and so contentedly. You cannot think unless you tasted on L Eug. No, I warrant you. Oh, loving cousin, What a great sorrow hast thou eased me of? A thousand thanks go with thee I Hip. I have a suit to you, I must not have you weep when I am going. Eug. No, if I do ne'er trust me. Easy foel, Thou hast put thyself into my power for ever Take heed of angering of me : I conceal | I feign a funeral ! I keep my husband !

Las ! I've been thinking any time these two

years.

I have kept him too long already .-

I'll go count o'er my suitors, that's my business,

And prick the man down ; I've six months to do't.

But could dispatch it in one, were I put to't. Esit.

#### ACT III.

#### SCENE I.-Before the Church. Enter Gnotho and Clerk.

Gnoth. You have search'd over the parishchronicle, sir?

Clerk. Yes, sir ; I have found out the true age and date of the party you wot on.

Gnoth. Pray you, be cover'd, sir,

Clerk. When you have shewed me the way, sir

Gnoth. Oh, sir, remember yourself, you are a clerk.

Clerk. A small clerk, sir.

Gnoth. Likely to be the wiser man, sir ; for your greatest clerks are not always so, as 'tis reported.

Clerk. You are a great man in the parish,

Gnoth. I understand myself so much the better, sir ; for all the best in the parish pay duties to the clerk, and I would owe you none, sir.

Clerk. Since you'll have it so, I'll be the first to hide my head.

Gnoth. Mine is a capcase : now to our busi-ness in hand. Good luck, I hope ; I long to be resolved.

Clerk. Look you, sir, this is that cannot deceive you

This is the dial that goes over true ;

You may say ipse dixit upon this witness, And it is good in law too.

Gnoth. Pray you, let's hear what it speaks. Clerk. Mark, sir. - Agatha, the daughter of Pollur, (this is your wife's name, and the name of her father,) born-

Gnoth. Whose daughter, say you? Clerk. The daughter of Pollux. Gnoth. I take it his name was Bollux. Clerk. Pollux the orthography, I assure you, sir; the word is corrupted else.

Gnoth. Well, on sir, -of Poilux ; now come on, Castor.

Clerk, Born in an. 1540, and now 'lis 99. By this infallible record, sir, (let me see she's now just fifty-nine, and wants but one.

Gravith. I am sorry she wants so much. Clerk, Why, sir? alas, 'tis nothing ; 'tis but so many months, so many weeks, so many-

Gnoth. Do not deduct it to days, 'twill be the more tedious; and to measure it by hourglasses were intolerable.

Clerk. Do not think on it, sir ; half the time goes away in sleep, 'tis half the year in nights.

Gnoth. O, you mistake me, neighbour, I am loth to leave the good old woman; if she were gone now it would not grieve me, for what is a year, alas, but a lingering torment? and were it not better she were out of her pain? It must needs be a grief to us both.

Clerk. I would I knew how to ease you, neighbour !

Gnoth. You speak kindly, truly, and if you say but Amen to it, (which is a word that I know you are perfect in,) it might be done. Clerks are the most indifferent honest men, -for to the marriage of your enemy, or the burial of your friend, the curses or the blessings to you are all one ; you say Amen to all

Clerk. With a better will to the one than the other, neighbour ; but I shall be glad to say Amen to anything might do you a pleasure

Gnoth. There is, first, something above your duty : [Gives him money.] now I would have you set forward the clock a little, to help the old woman out of her pain.

Clerk. I will speak to the sexton ; but the day will go ne'er the faster for that.

Gnoth. Oh, neighbour, you do not conceit me, not the jack of the clock-house; the hand of the dial, I mean.-Come, I know you, being a great clerk, cannot choose but have the art to cast a figure.

Clerk, Never, indeed, neighbour ; I never had the judgment to cast a figure

Gnoth. I'll shew you on the back side of your book, look you,-what figure's this?

Clerk. Four with a cipher, that's forty. Gnoth. So I forty ; what's this, now?

Clerk. The cipher is turn'd into 9 by add-ing the tail, which makes forty-nine.

Gnoth. Very well understood : what is't now ?

Clerk. The four is turn'd into three ; 'tis now thirty-nine. Gnoth. Very well understood ; and can you

do this again? *Clerk.* Oh! easily, sir. *Gnoth.* A wager of that! let me see the place of my wife's age again.

Clerk. Look you, sir, 'tis hern, 1540.

Gnoth. Forty drachmas, you do not turn that forty into thirty-nine.

Clerk. A match with you.

Gnoth. Done ! and you shall keep stakes yourself : there they are.

Clerk. A firm match-but stay, sir, now I

consider it, I shall add a year to your wife's age; let me see—Scirophorion the  $r_{7,-}$  and now 'tis *Hecatombaion* the rr. If I alter this, your wife will have but a month to live by law.

Gnoth. That's all one, sir ; either do it, or pay me my wager.

Clerk. Will you lose your wife before you lose your wager?

Gnoth. A man may get two wives before half so much money by them; will you do it?

Clerk. I hope you will conceal me, for 'tis flat corruption.

Gnoth. Nay, sir, I would have you keep counsel; for I lose my money by't, and should be laugh'd at for my labour, if it should be known.

Clerk. Well, sir, there !-- 'tis done ; as perfect a 39 as can be found in black and white : but mum, sir,--there's danger in this figurecasting.

Gnoth. Ay, sir, I know that: better men than you have been thrown over the bar for as little; the best is, you can be but thrown out of the belfry.

Enter the Cook, Tailor, Bailiff, and Butler.

Clerk. Lock close, here comes company ; asses have ears as well as pitchers.

*Cook.* Oh, Gnotho, how is't? here's a trick of discarded cards of us! we were rank'd with coats, as long as old master lived. *Gnoth.* And is this then the end of serving-

men? Cook. Yes, 'faith, this is the end of serving

men: a wise man were better serve one God than all the men in the world.

Gnoth. 'Twas well spoke of a cook. And are all fallen into fasting-days and Emberweeks, that cooks are out of use?

Tail. And all tailors will be cut into lists and shreds; if this world hold, we shall grow both out of request.

But. And why not butlers as well as tailors? if they can go naked, let them neither eat nor drink.

Clerk. That's strange, methinks, a lord should turn away his tailor, of all men :-and how dost thou, tailor?

Tail. I do so, so; but, indeed, all our wants are long of this publican, my lord's bailiff; for had he been rent-gatherer still, our places had held together still, that are now seam-rent, nay crack'd in the whole piece.

Bail. Sir, if my lord had not sold his lands that claim his rents, I should still have been the rent-gatherer.

Cook. The truth is, except the coachesin and the footman, all serving-men are set of request.

Gnoth. Nay, say not so, for you were never in more request than now, for requesting is but a kind of a begging ; for when you say, I beseech your worship's charity, 'tis all one as if you say I request it; and in that kind of requesting, I am sure servingmen were never in more request.

Cook. Troth, he says true : well, let that pass, we are upon a better adventure. I see, Gnotho, you have been before us ; we came to deal with this merchant for some commodities.

Clerk. With me, sir? anything that I can.

But. Nay, we have looked out our wives already: marry, to you we come to know the prices, that is, to know their ages; for so much reverence we bear to age, that the more aged, they shall be the more dear to us.

*Tail.* The truth is, every man has hid by his widow; so they be lame enough, blind enough, and old enough, 'tis good enough.

Clerk. I keep the town-stock ; if you can but name them, I can tell their ages to a day.

All. We can tell their fortunes to an hour, then.

Clerk. Only you must pay for turning of the leaves.

Cook. Oh, bountifully.—Come, mine first. But. The buller before the cook, while you live; there's few that eat before they drink in a morning.

Tail. Nay, then the tailor puts in his needle of priority, for men do clothe themselves before they either drink or eat.

Bail. I will strive for no place ; the longer ere I marry my wife, the older she will be, and nearer her end and my ends.

Clerk. I will serve you all, gentlemen, if you will have patience.

Gnoth. I commend your modesty, sir; you are a bailiff, whose place is to come behind other men, as it were in the burn of all the rest.

Bail. So, sir ! and you were about this business too, seeking out for a widow ?

Gnoth, Alnck! no, sir; I am a married man, and have those cares upon me that you would fain run into.

Bail. What, an old rich wife ! any man in this age desires such a care.

Gnoth. 'Troth, sir, I'll put a venture with you, if you will; I have a lusty old quean to my wife, sound of wind and limb, yet I'll give out to take three for one at the marriage of my second wife.

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|------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------|---------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------|
| Bail. Ay, sir, but how near is she to the<br>law?<br>Gnoth. Take that at hazard, sir; there    | Clerk. Fare you well then; if you do, I<br>cry Amen to it. [Exi<br>Cook. Look you, sir, is not this your wife |
| must be time, you know, to get a new.<br>Unsight, unseen, I take three to one.                 | Gnoth. My first wife, sir.<br>But. Nay, then we have made a good                                              |
| Bail. Two to one I'll give, if she have but two teeth in her head.                             | match on't ; if she have no froward diseas<br>the woman may live this dozen years by h                        |
| Gnoth. A match; there's five drachmas for ten at my next wife.                                 | age.<br><i>Tail.</i> I'm afraid she's broken-winded, si                                                       |
| Bail. A match.<br>Cook. I shall be fitted bravely: fifty-                                      | holds silence so long.<br>Cook. We'll now leave our venture to the                                            |
| eight, and upwards; 'tis but a year and a half, and I may chance make friends, and             | event; I must a wooing.<br>But. I'll but buy me a new dagger, an                                              |
| beg a year of the duke.                                                                        | overtake you.                                                                                                 |
| But. Hey, boys! I am made sir butler;<br>my wife that shall be wants but two months            | Bail. So we must all; for he that goes<br>wooing to a widow without a weapon, w                               |
| of her time; it shall be one ere I marry her,<br>and then the next will be a honey moon.       | never get her.<br>[Excunt all but Gnotho and Agath                                                            |
| <i>Tail.</i> I outstrip you all; I shall have but<br>six weeks of Lent, if I get my widow, and | Gnoth. Oh, wife, wife !<br>Aga. What ail you, man, you speak                                                  |
| then comes eating-tide, plump and gorgeous.<br>Gnoth. This tailor will be a man, if ever       | <i>Gnoth.</i> 'Tis for thy sake, sweet wife : w                                                               |
| there were any.<br>Bail. Now comes my turn, I hope, good-                                      | would think so lusty an old woman, w<br>reasonable good teeth, and her tongue in                              |
| man Finis, you that are still at the end of all, with a so be it. Well now, sirs, do you       | perfect use as ever it was, should be so no her time?—but the Fates will have it so.                          |
| venture there as I have done ; and I'll ven-<br>ture here after you : Good luck, I beseech     | Aga. What's the matter, man? you amaze me.                                                                    |
| thee !<br>Clerk, Amen. sir.                                                                    | Gnoth. Thou art not sick neither, I w                                                                         |
| Bail. That deserves a fee already—there<br>itis; please me, and have a better.                 | Aga. Not that I know of, sure.<br>Gnoth. What pity 'tis a woman should                                        |
| Clerk. Amen, sir.<br>Cook. How, two for one at your next wife!                                 | so near her end, and yet not sick !                                                                           |
| is the old one living?                                                                         | Aga. Near her end, man ! tush, I can gu<br>at that ;                                                          |
| Gnoth. You have a fair match, I offer you<br>no foul one; if death make not haste to call      | I have years good yet of life in the remaind<br>I want two yet at least of the full number                    |
| her, she'll make none to go to him.<br>But. I know her, she's a lusty woman;                   | Then the law, I know, craves impotent a useless,                                                              |
| I'll take the venture.<br>Gnoth. There's five drachmas for ten at                              | And not the able women.<br>Gnoth. Ay, alas ! I see thou hast been                                             |
| my next wife.<br>But. A bargain.                                                               | pairing time as well as thou couldst; the of wrinkles are well filled up, but the vermili                     |
| Cook. Nay, then we'll be all merchants : give me.                                              | is seen too thick, too thick—and I re<br>what's written in thy forehead; it agr                               |
| Tail. And me.<br>But. What, has the bailiff sped?                                              | with the church-book.<br>Aga. Have you sought my age, ma                                                      |
| <i>Bail.</i> I am content; but none of you shall know my happiness.                            |                                                                                                               |
| Clerk. As well as any of you all, believe                                                      | Aga. Not at all, man, when there's                                                                            |
| it, sir.<br>Bail. Oh, clerk, you are to speak last                                             | <i>Gnoth.</i> 1539. Just ; it agrees with                                                                     |
| always.<br>Clerk. I'll remember't hereafter, sir. You                                          |                                                                                                               |
| have done with me, gentlemen?                                                                  | Aga. Out, alas! I hope there's more the so. But do you not think a reprieve mig                               |
| Enter Agatha.                                                                                  | be gotten for half a score—an 'twere but f<br>years, I would not care? an able woma                           |
| All. For this time, honest register.                                                           | methinks, were to be pitied.                                                                                  |

Guoth. Ay, to be pitied, but not help'd ; no hope of that : for, indeed, women have so blemish'd their own reputations now-a-days, that it is thought the law will meet them at fifty very shortly.

Age. Marry, the heavens forbid I

Gwath. There's so many of you, that, when you are old, become witches; some profess physic, and kill good subjects faster than a burning fever; and then schoolmistresses of the sweet sin, which commonly we call bawds, innumerable of that sort ; for these and such causes 'tis thought they shall not live above fifty.

Aga. Ay, man, but this hurts not the good old women.

Gnoth. Faith, you are so like one another, that a man cannot distinguish them : now, were I an old woman, I would desire to go before my time, and offer myself willingly, two or three years before. Oh, those are brave women, and worthy to be commended of all men in the world, that, when their husbands die, they run to be burnt to death with them : there's honour and credit ! give me half a dozen such wives

Aga. Ay, if her husband were dead before, 'twore a reasonable request ; if you were dead, I could be content to be so

Gnoth. Fie! that's not likely, for thou hadst

two husbands before me. Aga. Thou wouldst not have me die, wouldst thou, husband?

Gnoth. No, I do not speak to that purpose ; but I say what credit it were for me and thee, if thou wouldst ; then thou shouldst never be suspected for a witch, a physician, a bawd, or any of those things : and then how daintily should I mourn for thee, how bravely should I see thee buried ! when, alas, if he goes before, it cannot choose but be a great grief to him to think he has not seen his wife well buried. There be such virtuous women in the world, but too few, too few, who desire to die seven years before their time, with all their hearts.

Aga. I have not the heart to be of that mind; but, indeed, husband, I think you would have me gone,

Gnoth. No, alas ! I speak but for your good and your credit ; for when a woman may die quickly, why should she go to law for her death? Alack, I need not wish thee gone, for thou hast but a short time to stay with me : you do not know how near 'tis, it must out; you have but a month to live by the law.

Aga. Out, alas !

Gnoth, Nay, scarce so much.

Aga. Oh, oh, oh, my heart I [3000-Gnoth. Ay, so I if then wouldst go and quietly, 'twere sweetly done, and He a im wife, lie but a little longer, and the bell do toll for thee

Aga. Oh my heart, hut a month to be Gnoth. Alas, why wouldst thou com ball again for a month? I'll throw her doe, again-oh ! woman, 'tis not three wels !! think a fortnight is the most.

Aga. Nay, then I am gone alread

Gnoth. I would make haste to the sain now, but I am afraid the tolling of the ball will wake her again. If she be so wise no go now-she stirs again ; there's two Im of the nine gone. Aga. Oh! wouldst thou not help to new

me, husband?

Gnoth. Alas, I could not find in my bee to hold thee by thy nose, or box thy check, it goes against my conscience

Aga. I will not be thus frighted to m death, I'll search the church records : a set night !

Tis too little of conscience, I cannot be a near

O time, if thou be'st kind, lend me but a yes

Gnoth. What a spite's this, that a mu-cannot persuade his wife to die in any mu-with her good will? I have another begoin already; though a piece of old bee all serve to breakfast, yet a man would be gall of a chicken to supper. The clerk, I hap understands no Hebrew, and cannot wro backward what he hath writ forward already. and then I am well enough.

"Tis but a month at most, if that were got My venture comes in with her two for on-"Tis use enough o' conscience for a brokerif he had a conscience,

SCENE II .- A Room in Creon's House.

Enter Eugenia at one door, Simonides and Courtiers at the other.

Eng. Gentlemen courtiers.

1 Court. All your vow'd zervants, tady. Eug. Oh, I shall kill myself with infinite

laughter !

Will nobody take my part?

Sim. An't be a laughing business, Put it to me, I'm one of the best in Europe; My father died last too, I have the most cause.

Eug. You have pick'd out such a time, sweet gentlemen,

To make your spleen a banquet.



Sim. Oh, the jest !

I Court. Go on.

2 Court. On. on.

me Sim. Well said.

Youthful again.

indeed.

again

there ;

school

von

him ;

forty

hour

over:

Sim. By this light,

has order d it,

1 Court. How !

seem to be,

tray his hoariness.

THE OLD LAW.

#### Enter Lysander. Lady, I have a jaw stands ready for't, I'll gape half way, and meet it. And, to approve my truth, see where he Eug. My old husband, comes ! That cannot say his prayers out for jealousy, Laugh softly, gentlemen, and look upon him. And madness at your coming first to woo [They go aside. Sim. Now, by this hand, he's almost black i' the mouth, indeed I Court. He should die shortly, then. Sim. Marry, methinks he dyes too fast Eug. Takes counsel with already, For he was all white but a week ago. I Court. Oh ! this same coney-white takes The secrets of all art, to make himself Sim. How ! youthful? ha, ha, ha ! an excellent black. Eug. A man of forty-five he would fain Too soon, a mischief on't ! 2 Court. He will beguile Or scarce so much, if he might have his will, Us all, if that little tuft northward turn black too. Sim. Ay, but his white hairs, they'll be-Eug. Nay, sir, I wonder 'tis so long a turning. Eug. Why, there you are wide : he's not Sim. May be some fairy's child held the man you take him for, forth at midnight, Nor will you know him when you see him Has piss'd upon that side. I Court. Is this the beard? There will be five to one laid upon that. Lys. Ah, sirrah? my young boys, I shall' be for you : Eug. Nay, you did well to laugh faintly This little mangy tuft takes up more time Than all the beard beside. Come you a I promise you, I think he'll outlive me now, wooing, And deceive law and all. And I alive and lusty? you shall find Sim. Marry, gout forbid ! Eug. You little think he was at fencing-An alteration, jack-boys; I have a spirit yet, (An I could match my hair to't, there's the fault,) At four o'clock this morning. And can do offices of youth yet lightly; Sim. How, at fencing-school! At least, I will do, though it pain me a Eug. Else give no trust to woman. little. Shall not a man, for a little foolish age. I do not like him, then ; he's like to live Enjoy his wife to himself? must young court Longer than I, for he may kill me first, now. tits Eug. His dancer now came in as I met Play tomboys' tricks with her, and he live? ha! I Courl. His dancer, too ! I have blood that will not bear't; yet. I Eug. They observe turns and hours with confess, I should be at my prayers-but where's the The great French rider will be here at ten, dancer, there ! With his curveting horse. Enter Dancing-master. 2 Court. These notwithstanding, His hair and wrinkles will betray his age. Mast. Here, sir. Eug. I'm sure his head and beard, as he Lys. Come, come, come, one trick a day, And I shall soon recover all again. Look not past fifty now: he'll bring't to Eug. 'Slight, an you laugh too loud, we are all discover'd. Within these four days, for nine times an Sim. And I have a scurvy grinning laugh o' mine own. He takes a black lead comb, and kembs it Will spoil all, I am afraid. Eug. Marry, take heed, sir. Three quarters of his beard is under fifty; Sim. Nay, an I should be hang'd I cannot There's but a little tuft of fourscore left, leave it ; Allo' one side, which will be black by Monday. | Pup !- there 'tis. [Bursts into a laugh. PP

| 578 THE OLD LAW.                                                                                                 |                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                               |
|------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------|-----------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------|
| Eug. Peace ! oh peace !<br>Lys. Come, I am ready, sir.<br>I hear the church-book's lost where I was<br>born too, | <ul> <li>D LAW.</li> <li>All feats of youth too, jack-boys, feas a youth,</li> <li>And these the weapons, drinking, feasing dancing:</li> <li>Your own road-ways, you clyster-pipe! am old, you say.</li> <li>Yes, parlous old, kids, an yout mark me will This beard cannot get children, you iso suck-eggs.</li> <li>Unless such weasels come from comt thelp us.</li> <li>We will get our own brats, you letchene dog-bolts !</li> <li><i>Enter a</i> Servant with foils, and glaues.</li> <li>Well said, down with them ; now we shars see your spirits.</li> <li>What I dwindle you already?</li> <li>2 Coart. I have no quality.</li> <li>Sim. Nor I, unless drinking mup breckon'd for one.</li> <li>t Coart. Why, Sim, it shall.</li> <li>Lys. Come, dare you choose your weaps now?</li> <li>2 Coart. Fencing, I.</li> <li>Lys. We're for you, sir.</li> <li>2 Coart. Fencing, I.</li> <li>Lys. We'll answer you too.</li> <li>Sim. I am for drinking; your wet weaps there.</li> <li>Join All willsend it through you with a powell so the drink.</li> <li>I hope my guts will hold, and that's e're at A gentleman can look for of such trillibab Lys. Play the first weapon; come strik strike, I say.</li> <li>Yes, yes, you shall be first; I'll obser court rules:</li> <li>Always the worst goes foremost, so 'tw prove, I hope.</li> <li>[1 Courtie dances a galliar for Allowy i've spit your poison; now come Now, forty years go backward and assist m Fall from me half my age, but for thm minutes.</li> <li>That may feel no crick I will put fair for Although I have hit you soundly; I an warm now And have hit you soundly; I an warm now And have hit you soundly; I an warm now And have hit you soundly; I an warm now And have hit you soundly; I an warm now And have hit you soundly; I an warm now And have hit you soundly; I an warm now And I have hit you soundly; I an warm now And I have hit you soundly; I an warm now And I have hit you soundly; I an warm now And I have hit you soundly; I an warm now And I have hit you soundly; I an warm now And I have hit you soundly; I an war</li></ul> |
| come?                                                                                                            | The second weapon instantly.<br>2 Court. What, so quick, sir?                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                 |

| THE OLD LAW. 52                                                                                                                                     |                                                                                                                                                            |
|-----------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------|------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------|
| Lys. I've breath enough at all times, Lu-<br>cifer's musk-cod,                                                                                      | <b>I</b> Court. Well pull'd of an old fellow !<br>Lys. Oh, but your fellows                                                                                |
| To give your perfumed worship three venues:<br>A sound old man puts his thrust better home,                                                         | Pull better at a rope.<br>I Court. There's a hair, Sim,                                                                                                    |
| Than a spiced young man : there I.                                                                                                                  | In that glass.                                                                                                                                             |
| [They fence.]<br>2 Court. Then have at you, fourscore.                                                                                              | Sim. An't be as long as a halter, down it goes;                                                                                                            |
| Lys. You lie, twenty, I hope, and you<br>shall find it.<br>Sim. I'm glad I miss'd this weapon, I'd<br>had an eye                                    | No hair shall cross me. [Drinks.<br>Lys. I'll make you stink worse than your<br>polecats do :<br>Here's long-sword, your last weapon.                      |
| Popt out ere this time, or my two butter-                                                                                                           | [Offers him the glass.                                                                                                                                     |
| teeth<br>Thrust down my throat instead of a flap-<br>dragon.<br>Lys. There's two, pentweczle.<br>[Hits him.                                         | Sim. No more weapons.<br>I Court. Why, how now, Sim? bear up,<br>thou shamest us all, else.<br>Sim. 'Slight I shall shame you worse, an<br>I stay longer.  |
| Mast. Excellently touch'd, sir.<br>a Court. Itad ever man such luck ! speak<br>your opinion, gentlemen.<br>Sim. Methinks your luck's good that your | I have got the scotomy in my head already,<br>The whimsey: you all turn round-do not<br>you dance, gallants?<br>2 Court. Pish ! what's all this? why, Sim, |
| eyes are in still ;<br>Mine would have dropt out like a pig's half                                                                                  | look, the last venue.<br>Sim. No more venues go down here, for                                                                                             |
| roasted.                                                                                                                                            | these two                                                                                                                                                  |
| Lys. There wants a third—and there it is<br>again ! [Hits kim again.<br>2 Court. The devil has steel'd him.                                         | Are coming up again.<br>2 Court. Out ! the disgrace of drinkers !<br>Sim. Yes, 'twill out,                                                                 |
| Eug. What a strong fiend is jealousy !<br>Lys. You are dispatch'd, bear-whelp.                                                                      | Do you smell nothing yet?<br>I Court. Smell!                                                                                                               |
| Sim. Now comes my weapon in.                                                                                                                        | Sim. Farewell quickly, then ;                                                                                                                              |
| Lys. Here, toadstool, here.<br>*Tis you and I must play these three wet                                                                             | You will do, if I stay. Exit.                                                                                                                              |
| venues.<br>Sim. Venues in Venice glasses ! let them                                                                                                 | <i>I Court.</i> A foil go with thee !<br><i>Lys.</i> What, shall we put down youth at<br>her own virtues ?                                                 |
| come,<br>They'll bruise no ficsh, I'm sure, nor break                                                                                               | Beat folly in her own ground? wondrous much!                                                                                                               |
| no bones.<br>2 Court. Yet you may drink your eyes out,<br>sir.                                                                                      | Why may not we be held as full sufficient<br>To love our own wives then, get our own<br>children,                                                          |
| Sim. Ay, but that's nothing ;                                                                                                                       | And live in free peace till we be dissolv'd,                                                                                                               |
| Then they go voluntarily : I do not<br>Love to have them thrust out, whether they                                                                   | For such spring butterflies that are gaudy-<br>wing'd,                                                                                                     |
| will or no.<br>Lys. Here's your first weapon, duck's-                                                                                               | But no more substance than those shamble flies                                                                                                             |
| meat.<br>Sim. How! a Dutch what-do-you-call-'em,                                                                                                    | Which butchers' boys snap between sleep<br>and waking?                                                                                                     |
| Stead of a German faulchion ! a shrewd weapon,                                                                                                      | Come but to crush you once, you are but<br>maggots,                                                                                                        |
| And, of all things, hard to be taken down :<br>Yet down it must, I have a nose goes into't;                                                         | For all your beamy outsides !                                                                                                                              |
| I shall drink double, I think.<br>I Court. The sooner off, Sim.                                                                                     | Enter Cleanthes.                                                                                                                                           |
| Lys. I'll pay you speedily,with a                                                                                                                   | Eug. Here's Cleanthes,                                                                                                                                     |
| trick<br>I learnt once amongst drunkards, here's a                                                                                                  | He comes to chide ;—let him alone a little,<br>Our cause will be revenged ; look, look, his                                                                |

straight.

I learnt once amongst half-pike. half-pike. [Drinks.] face Sim. Half-pike comes well after Dutch Is set for stormy weather; do but mark

what-do-you-call-'em, They'd never be asunder by their good will.

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Clean. Methinks, I partly know you, that's my grie Could you not all be lost? that had been handsome ; But to be known at all, 'tis more than Why, was not your name wont to be Lysander? Lys. "Tis so still, coz. Clean. Judgment, defer thy coming ! else this man's miscrable. Eag. I told you there would be a shower anon. 2 Court. We'll in, and hide our noddles. Excunt Eugenia and Courtiers. Clean. What devil brought this colour to your mind, Which, since your childhood, I ne'er saw you wenr? [Sure] you were ever of an innocent gloss Since I was ripe for knowledge, and would you lose it, And change the livery of saints and angels For this mixt monstrousness ; to force a That has been so long hallowed like a temple, To bring forth fruits of earth now ; and turn back To the wild cries of lust, and the complexion Of sin in act, lost and long since repented t Would you begin a work ne'er yet attempted, To pull time backward? See what your wife will do ! are your wits perfect? Lys. My wits ! Clean, I like it ten times worse, for't had been safer Now to be mad, and more excusable : I hear you dance again, and do strange follies, Lys. I must confess I have been put to some, coz. Clean. And yet you are not mad ! pray, say not so ; Give me that comfort of you, that you are mud, That I may think you are at worst ; for if You are not mad, I then must guess you have The first of some disease was never heard of Which may be worse than madness, and more fearful ; You'd weep to see yourself else, and your care To pray, would quickly turn you white again. I had a father, had he lived his month out, But to have seen this most prodigious folly, There needed not the law to have him cut off; The sight of this had proved his executioner, And broke his heart : he would have held it equal Done to a sanctuary, -for what is age

But the holy place of life, chapel of em For all men's wearied miseries? and tara That of her ornament, it is account As from a priest to steal a holy sear Ay, and convert it to a sinful coverage

I see't has done him good ; bicom with it.

Such as may make him pure again.

Re-enter Eugenin.

Eug. "Twas bravely tooch'd, I' faith, #

Clean, Oh, you are welcome. Rug, Exceedingly well handled. Clean, 'Tis to you I come; he fell bus my way. Eng. You mark'd his beard, cousin?

Clean. Mark me

Eng. Did you ever see a hair so charge I must be forced to wale le Clean,

loudly too, The devil has rock'd her so first aslerpt-

Strumpet!

Eng. Do you call, sir? Clean. Whore I

Eug. How do you, sir?

Cloan. Be I ne'er so well,

I must be sick of thee; thou art a disent That stick'st to the heart,-ns all and women are.

Eug. What ails our kindred?

Clean. Bless me, she sleeps still !

What a dead modesty is in this woman, Will never blush again ! Look on thy work But with a Christian eye, 'twould runn day heart

Into a shower of blood, to be the cause

Of that old man's destruction, think upon the Ruin eternally; for, through thy loose follies. Heaven has found him a faint servant intely

His goodness has gone backward, and cogender'd

With his old sins again ; he has lost his aravers,

And all the tears that were companions with them :

And like a blindfold man, (giddy and blinded,)

Thinking he goes right on still, swerves bu one loot,

And turns to the same place where he set out :

So he, that took his farewell of the world. And cast the joys behind him, out of sigh Summ'd up his hours, made even with une and men.

Is now in heart arrived at youth again, All by thy wildness : thy too hasty lust Has driven him to this strong apostacy.



Immodesty like thine was never equall'd : dfaw near? will you drink at door, gentle-I've heard of women, (shall I call them so?) men? Have welcomed suitors ere the corpse were But. Oh ! the summer air is best. cold ; Draw. What wine will't please you drink, But thou, thy husband living :- thou'rt too gentlemen ? But. De Clare, sirrah. bold. Eug. Well, have you done now, sir? Clean. Look, look ! she smiles yet. bullies? Eug. All this is nothing to a mind re-Cook. My widow's o' the spit, and half solved ; done with her. Ask any woman that, she'll tell you so much : You have only shewn a pretty saucy wit, Which I shall not forget, nor to requite it. Cook. And stuck her with rosemary too, to You shall hear from me shortly. Clean. Shameless woman ! I take my counsel from thee, 'tis too honest, And leave thee wholly to thy stronger she must needs be fly-blown. master : Bless the sex o' thee from thee ! that's my you lose by her; the weather's hot. prayer. Were all like thee, so impudently common, Cook. Why, drawer ! No man would e er be found to wed a Re-enter Drawer. woman. Exit. Eug. I'll fit you gloriously. Draw. By and by:-here, gentlemen, He that attempts to take away my pleasure, I'll take away his joy ; and I can sure. never drunk better grape. Cook. Sir, the mad Greeks of this age can His conceal'd father pays for't : I'll e'en tell Him that I mean to make my husband next, And he shall tell the duke-mass, here he Draw. Ad imum, sir. comes. Re-enter Simonides. Sim. He has had a bout with me too. Eug. What 1 no? since, sir? Sim. A flirt, a little flirt; he call'd me strange names But I ne'er minded him. day? Eug. You shall quit him, sir, When he as little minds you. Sim. I like that well. I love to be revenged when no one thinks of me

There's little danger that way.

Eug. This is it then ;

He you shall strike your stroke shall be profound,

And yet your foe not guess who gave the wound.

Sim. O' my troth I love to give such Excunt. wounds.

### ACT IV.

#### SCENE I. -Before a Tavern.

Enter Gnotho, Butler, Bailiff, Tailor, Cook, Drawer, and Courtezan.

Draw. Welcome, gentlemen, will you not

[Exit Drawer. Gnoth. What, you're all sped already,

ready, lad; a turn or two more, and I have

Gnoth. Then, cook, I hope you have basted her before this time.

sweeten her; she was tainted ere she came to my hands. What an old piece of flesh of fifty-nine, eleven months, and upwards !

Gnoth. Put her off, put her off, though

here's the quintessence of Greece ; the sages

taste their Palermo as well as the sage Greeks did before them .- Fill, lick-spiggot.

Gnoth. My friends, I must doubly invite you all, the fifth of the next month, to the funeral of my first wife, and to the marriage of my second, my two to one; this is she.

Cook. I hope some of us will be ready for the funeral of our wives by that time, to go with thee : but shall they be both of a

Gnoth. Oh ! best of all, sir ; where sorrow and joy meet together, one will help away with another the better. Besides, there will be charges saved too; the same rosemary that serves for the funeral, will serve for the wedding.

But. How long do you make account to be a widower, sir?

Gnoth. Some half an hour ; long enough o' conscience. Come, come, let's have some agility; is there no music in the house?

Draw. Yes, sir, here are sweet wiredrawers in the house.

Cook. Oh ! that makes them and you seldom part; you are wine-drawers, and they wire-drawers.

Tail. And both govern by the pegs too. Gnoth. And you have pipes in your consort too.

Draw. And sack-buts too, sir.

But. But the heads of your instruments

differ ; yours are hogs-heads, theirs cittern and gittern-heads.

Bail. All wooden heads ; there they meet again.

Cook. Bid them strike up, we'll have a dance, Gnotho ; come, thou shalt foot it too. Erit Drawer,

Gnoth. No dancing with me, we have Siren here.

Cook. Siren ! 'twas Hiren, the fair Greek, man.

I say Gnoth. Five drachmas of that. Siren, the fair Greek, and so are all fair Greeks.

Cook. A match ; five drachmas her name was Hiren

Gnoth. Siren's name was Siren, for five drachmas,

Cook, "Tis done,

Tail. Take heed what you do, Gnotho.

Gnoth. Do not I know our own countrywomen, Siren and Nell of Greece, two of the fairest Greeks that ever were? Cook. That Nell was Helen of Greece too.

Gnoth. As long as she tarried with her husband, she was Ellen ; but after she came to Troy, she was Nell of Troy, or Bonny Nell, whether you will or no.

Tail. Why, did she grow shorter when she came to Troy?

Gnoth. She grew longer, if you mark the story. When she grew to be an ell, she was deeper than any yard of Troy could reach by a quarter; there was Cressid was Troy weight, and Nell was avoirdupois; she held

to be given in Troy.

Gnoth. True, she was wounded there herholes with.

#### Re-enter Drawer.

Draw. Gentlemen, if you be disposed to be merry, the music is ready to strike up ; and here's a consort of mad Greeks, I know not whether they be men or women, or between both; they have, what do you call them, wizards on their faces.

Cook. Vizards, good man lick-spiggot.

But, If they be wise women, they may be wizards too.

Draw. They desire to enter amongst any merry company of gentlemen-good-iellows, for a strain or two.

Enter old Women and Agatha in masks.

Cook. We'll strain ourselves with them,

say; let them come, Gnotho ; now hr the honour of Enire

Gnoth. No dancing with me, we have Siren here.

[A dance by the old Women and hptha ; they offer to take the non, a agree except Gnotho, who sid all the Courtezan.

Cook. Ay 1 so kind ! then every not his wench to his several room ; Gnothe, we at all provided now as you are. [Extunt all out Gnotho, Courtma,

and Agatha.

Gnoth. I shall have two, it seems : ave I have Siren here already Aga. What, a mermaid?

Takes of her mad Gnoth. No, but a maid, horse-face ; a old woman ! is it you ?

Aga. Yes, 'tis I ; all the rest have guided themselves, and taken their own wive, and shall know that they have done more that they can well answer ; but I pray you have band, what are you doing?

Gnoth. Faith, thus should I do, if the wert dead, old Ag, and thou hast not kee to live, I'm sure : we have Siron here

Aga. Art thou so shameless, shist I am living, to keep one under my nose?

Gnoth. No, Ag, I do prize her far above thy nose ; if thou wouldst lay me both thing eyes in my hand to boot, I'll not leave he : art not ashamed to be seen in a tavern, and hast scarce a fortnight to live? oh, old woman, what art thou? must thou find no more, by four ounces, than Cressida. Bail. They say she caused many wounds time to think of thy end?

Aga. O, unkind villain !

Gnoth. And then, sweetheart, thou shall self, and cured again by plaister of Paris; have two new gowns; and the best of this and ever since that has been used to stop old woman's shall make thee raiment for the working days.

Aga, O, mscal! dost thon quarter my clothes already too?

Gnoth. Her ruffs will serve thee for nothing but to wash dishes ; for thou shalt have thine of the new fashion.

Aga. Impudent villain ! shameless harlot! Gnoth. You may hear, she never wor any but rails all her lifetime

Aga. Let me come, I'll tear the strumpet from him.

Gnoth. Dar'st thou call my wife strumpet thou preterpluperfect tense of a woman [ Fill make thee do penance in the sheet thou shalt be buried in ; abuse my choice, my two-to-one !

Aga. No, unkind villain, I'll deceive thes yet,



I have a reprieve for five years of life; I am with child.

Court. Cud so, Gnotho, I'll not tarry so long; five years! I may bury two husbands by that time.

Gnoth. Alas! give the poor woman leave to talk, she with child! ay, with a puppy: as long as I have thee by me, she shall not be with child, I warrant thee.

Aga. The law, and thou, and all, shall find I am with child.

Gnoth. I'll take my corporal oath I begat it not, and then thou diest for adultery.

Aga. No matter, that will ask some time in the proof.

Gnoth. Oh ! you'd be stoned to death, would you ? all old women would die o' that fashion with all their hearts; but the law shall overthrow you the other way, first. *Court.* Indeed, if it be so, I will not linger

Court. Indeed, if it be so, I will not linger so long, Gnotho.

Gnoth. Away, away ! some botcher has got it ; 'tis but a cushion, I warrant thee : the old woman is *loth to depart*; she never sung other tune in her life.

Court. We will not have our noses bored with a cushion, if it be so.

Gnoth. Go, go thy ways, thou old almanack at the twenty-eighth day of December, e'en almost out of date! Down on thy knees, and make thee ready; sell some of thy clothes to buy thee a death's head, and put upon thy middle finger: your least considering bawd does so much; be not thou worse, though thou art an old woman, as she is: I am cloy'd with old stock-fish, here's a young perch is sweeter meat by half; prithee, die before thy day, if thou canst, that thou mayst not be counted a witch.

Aga. No, thou art a witch, and I'll prove it; I said I was with child, thou knew'st no other but by sorcery: thou said'st it was a cushion, and so it is; thou art a witch for't, I'll be sworn to't.

Gnoth. Ha, ha, ha! I told thee 'twas a cushion. Go, get thy sheet ready; we'll see thee buried as we go to church to be married. [Exempt Gnotho and Courtezan.

Aga. Nay, I'll follow thee, and shew myself a wife. I'll plague thee as long as I live with thee; and I'll bury some money before I die, that my ghost may haunt thee afterward. [Exit.

#### SCENE II.—The Country. A Forest. Enter Cleanthes.

Clean. What's that? oh, nothing but the So fairly fruitful, whispering wind Clean. I hope

Breathes through yon churlish hawthorn, that grew rude,

As if it chid the gentle breath that kiss'd it. I cannot be too circumspect, too careful ; For in these woods lies hid all my life's treasure.

Which is too much never to fear to lose,

Though it be never lost : and if our watchfulness

Ought to be wise and serious 'gainst a thief That comes to steal our goods, things all without us.

That prove vexation often more than comfort ;

How mighty ought our providence to be,

To prevent those, if any such there were,

That come to rob our bosom of our joys,

That only make poor man delight to live! Pshaw! I'm too fearful—fie, fie! who can hurt me?

But 'tis a general cowardice, that shakes

- The nerves of confidence; he that hides treasure,
- Imagines every one thinks of that place,
- When its a thing least minded; nay, let him change

The place continually ; where'er it keeps,

There will the fear keep still : yonder's the storehouse

Of all my comfort now—and see ! it sends forth

Enter Hippolita, from the wood.

A dear one to me :-- Precious chief of women,

How does the good old soul? has he fed well?

Hip. Beshrew me, sir, he made the heartiest meal to day—

Much good may't do his health.

Clean. A blessing on thee,

Both for thy news and wish !

Hip. His stomach, sir,

Is better'd wondrously, since his concealment.

Clean. Heaven has a blessed work in't. Come, we are safe here ;

I prithee call him forth, the air's much wholesomer.

Hip. Father !

#### Enter Leonides.

Leon. How sweetly sounds the voice of a good woman !

It is so seldom heard, that, when it speaks,

It ravishes all senses. Lists of honour !

I've a joy weeps to see you, 'tis so full,

Clean. I hope to see you often and return

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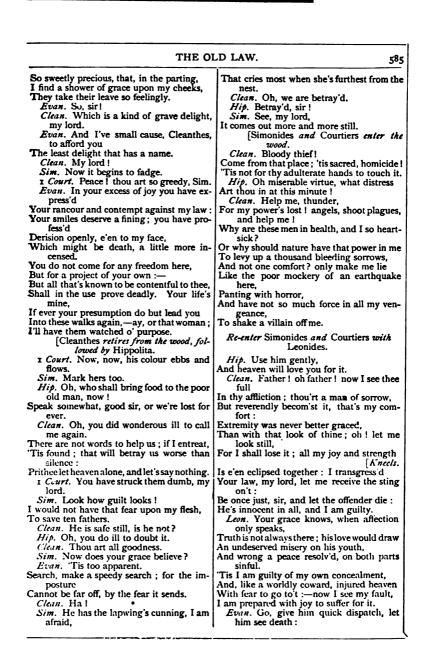
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|   | Loaded with blesssings, still to pour on                                                                        | Close, Come, it shall not:                         |
|---|-----------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------|----------------------------------------------------|
|   | some ;                                                                                                          | Let's set a pleasant face upon ou                  |
|   | I find them all in my contented peace,                                                                          | Though our hearts shake with be                    |
|   | And lose not one in thousands, they are dis-                                                                    | ha, ha !                                           |
|   | perst                                                                                                           | Evan. Hark 1                                       |
|   | So gloriously, I know not which are                                                                             | Clean: Prithee, proceed ;                          |
|   |                                                                                                                 | I am taken with these light thing                  |
|   | brightest.                                                                                                      | Since the old man's decease ; in                   |
|   | I find them, as angels are found, by legions :                                                                  | basted 2 ha ha hat a                               |
|   | First, in the love and honesty of a wife,                                                                       | parted ? ha, ha, ha !<br>Evan, Why, how should I h |
|   | Which is the chiefest of all temporal bless-                                                                    | Aban, why, now should I h                          |
| 1 | ings;                                                                                                           | look, he's merry                                   |
| 1 | Next in yourself, which is the hope and joy                                                                     | As if he had no such charge : or                   |
| 1 | Of all my actions, my affairs, my wishes ;                                                                      | care                                               |
|   | And lastly, which crowns all, I find my soul                                                                    | Could never be so ; still he holds                 |
|   | Crown'd with the peace of them, the eternal                                                                     | And 'tis the same still (with no d                 |
|   | riches,                                                                                                         | He brought his father's corpse to                  |
|   | Man's only portion for his heavenly mar-                                                                        | with;                                              |
|   | riage I                                                                                                         | He laugh'd thus then, you know                     |
|   | Leon. Rise, thou art all obedience, love,                                                                       | t Court. Av, he may langh                          |
|   | and goodness.                                                                                                   | That shews but how he glories in h                 |
|   | I dare say that which thousand fathers can-                                                                     | And is, perhaps, done more to a                    |
|   | not,                                                                                                            | wit,                                               |
|   | And that's my precious comfort, never son                                                                       | That only he has over-mach'd th                    |
|   | Was in the way more of celestial rising :                                                                       | Than to express affection to his f                 |
|   | Thou art so made of such ascending virtue,                                                                      | Sim. He tells you right, my lo                     |
|   | That all the powers of hell can't sink thee.                                                                    | Stat. He tens you nght, my to                      |
|   |                                                                                                                 | cousin-german                                      |
|   | [A horn sounded within.                                                                                         | Reveal'ditfirst tome ; a free-tongu                |
|   | Clean. Ha!                                                                                                      | And very excellent at telling secr                 |
|   | Leon. What was't disturb'd my joy?                                                                              | Evan. If a contempt can be                         |
|   | Clean. Did you not hear,                                                                                        | carried,                                           |
|   | As afar off?                                                                                                    | It gives me cause of wonder.                       |
|   | Leon. What, my excellent comfort?                                                                               | Sim, Troth, my lord,                               |
|   | Clean. Nor you?                                                                                                 | "Twill prove a delicate cozening.                  |
|   | Hip. I heard a [A horn.                                                                                         | I'd have no scrivener offer to con                 |
|   | Clean. Hark, again!                                                                                             | Evan, Cleanthes.                                   |
|   | Leon. Bless my joy,                                                                                             | Clean, My loved lord.                              |
|   | What ails it on a sudden?                                                                                       | Evan. Not moved a whit,                            |
|   | Clean, Now ? since lately ?                                                                                     | Constant to lightness still ! "Tis                 |
|   | Leon. 'Tis nothing but a symptom of thy                                                                         | meet you                                           |
|   | care, man.                                                                                                      | Upon a ground so unfrequented,                     |
|   | Clean. Alas ! you do not hear well.                                                                             | This does not fit your passion ;                   |
|   | Leon. What was't, daughter?                                                                                     | mirth,                                             |
|   | Hip. I heard a sound, twice. [A horn.                                                                           | Or I mistake you much.                             |
|   | Clean. Hark ! louder and nearer :                                                                               | Clean, But finding it                              |
|   | In, for the precious good of virtue, quick,                                                                     | Grow to a noted imperfection in n                  |
|   | sir !                                                                                                           | For anything too much is vicious,                  |
|   | Louder and nearer yet ! at hand, at hand !                                                                      | I come to these disconsolate walk                  |
|   | Exit Leonides.                                                                                                  | pose,                                              |
|   | A hunting here ? 'tis strange ! I never knew                                                                    | Only to dull and take away the ed                  |
|   | Game followed in these woods before.                                                                            | I ever had a greater zeal to sadnes                |
|   | Citille tonowed in these woods before.                                                                          | A natural propagation I or a                       |
|   | Enter Evander, Simonides, Courtiers,                                                                            | A natural propension, I confess,                   |
|   | and Cratilus.                                                                                                   | Before that cheerful accident fell c               |
|   | a serie tag in the second s | If I may call a father's funeral che               |
|   | Hip, Now let them come, and spare not,                                                                          | Without wrong done to duty or m                    |
|   | Clean. Ha ! 'tis-is't not the duke ?-look                                                                       | Evan. It seems, then, you take                     |
|   | sparingly.                                                                                                      | in these walks, sir,                               |
|   | Hip. "Tis he, but what of that? alas, take                                                                      | Clean. Contemplative content                       |
|   | heed, sir,                                                                                                      | lord :                                             |
|   | Your care will overthrow us,                                                                                    | They bring into my mind off moth                   |



| <ul> <li>And your presumption, sir, shall come to judgment.</li> <li>[Areasest Evander, Courtiers, Simonides; and Cratilus with Leonides.</li> <li><i>Hip.</i> He's going 1 oh, he's gone, sir !</li> <li><i>Cheas.</i> Let me rise.</li> <li><i>Hip.</i> He's going 1 oh, he's gone, sir !</li> <li><i>Cheas.</i> Let me rise.</li> <li><i>Hip.</i> Mise going 1 oh, he's gone, sir !</li> <li><i>Cheas.</i> Let me rise.</li> <li><i>Hip.</i> Alas 1 he's gone.</li> <li><i>Cheas.</i> A worse supplies his place then.</li> <li>A weight more ponderous; 1 cannot follow.</li> <li><i>Cheas.</i> A worse supplies his place then.</li> <li>A weight more ponderous; 1 cannot follow.</li> <li><i>Cheas.</i> They will stay</li> <li>Till I can come; they must be so good ever.</li> <li><i>Though</i> they be ne'r so cruel :</li> <li><i>My</i> hast leave must be taken, think of that, And his last blessing given; 1 will not lose for glorious a a rever.</li> <li><i>My</i>. That hope's wretched.</li> <li><i>Cheas.</i> The use heddlong torrent, overturns The frame of nature :</li> <li><i>For</i> he that gave us life first, as a father.</li> <li><i>Locks</i> all his natural sufferings in our blood.</li> <li><i>The for ane of nature</i>:</li> <li><i>For</i> he that gave us life first, as a father.</li> <li><i>Locks</i> all his natural sufferings in our blood.</li> <li><i>The for ane of nature</i>:</li> <li><i>My</i>. Noble sit!</li> <li><i>Chan.</i> Tho ushould'st be good.</li> <li><i>Or</i> thou'rt a dangerous substance to blodged.</li> <li>So near the heart of man.</li> <li><i>My</i>. What means this, dear sit?</li> <li><i>Chan.</i> To thy trust only was this blessed.</li> <li><i>So near the heart of man.</i></li> <li><i>My</i>. here's the unhappiness of woman still;</li> <li><i>Wy</i>, here's the unhappiness of woman still;</li> <li><i>Wy</i>, here's the unhappiness of woman still;</li> </ul>                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                               | with se<br>which as<br>boot wh<br>boods, 0<br>coge,<br>array 4.0<br>keep ju<br>ct. cowe |
|-------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------|-----------------------------------------------------------------------------------------|
| <ul> <li>[<i>Exempt Exander, Courtiers, Simonides; and Cratilus with Leonides,</i></li> <li><i>Hip, He's going ! oh, he's gone, sit !</i></li> <li><i>Clean. Let mo rise.</i></li> <li><i>Hip, Why do you not then, and follow?</i></li> <li><i>Clean. I strive for it,</i></li> <li>Is there no hand of pity that will ease me,</li> <li>And take this villain from my heart awhile?</li> <li><i>Hip, Alas ! he's gone.</i></li> <li><i>Clean. A worse supplies his place then,</i></li> <li>A weight more ponderous; 1 cannot follow,</li> <li><i>Hip, Ch misery of affliction !</i></li> <li><i>Clean. They will stay</i></li> <li>Till I can come; they must be so good ever,</li> <li><i>Hip, Cham. The will ease this solone,</i></li> <li><i>Hip, That bops's wretched,</i></li> <li><i>Mip, Nat a canser of nature :</i></li> <li><i>For he that gave us life first, as a father,</i></li> <li><i>Locks all his natural sufferings in our blood,</i></li> <li><i>The sorrows that he feels are our heart's too,</i></li> <li><i>The frame of nature :</i></li> <li><i>Hip, Noble sir !</i></li> <li><i>Clean. Thou should'st be good,</i></li> <li><i>Or thou'rt a dangerous substance to bologgd</i></li> <li>So near the heart of man.</li> <li><i>Hip, What means this, dear sir ?</i></li> <li><i>Clean. To thy trust only was this blessed scret</i></li> <li><i>Kindly committed, 'tis destroy'd, thou seest;</i></li> <li><i>Kindly committed, 'tis destroy'd, thou seest;</i></li> <li><i>Kond to lows to be thought on't?</i></li> <li><i>Hip, Miserable !</i></li> <li><i>Vant follows to be thought on't?</i></li> <li><i>Hip, Miserable !</i></li> <li><i>Kondle compt to the stare of Clean and the fiele in the follow of the scret since in the stare stare star</i></li></ul> | which an<br>boar wh<br>tends, 0<br>enger,<br>array 4.1<br>keepyst<br>et engeg           |
| <ul> <li>Clean. Let me rise.</li> <li>Hig. Why do you not then, and follow?</li> <li>Clean. I strive for it,</li> <li>Is there no hand of pity that will ease me,</li> <li>And take this villain from my heart awhile?</li> <li>[Rise.</li> <li>Hig. Alas 1 he's gone.</li> <li>[Rise.</li> <li>Hig. Alas 1 he's gone.</li> <li>[Clean. A worse supplies his place then,</li> <li>A weight more ponderous; I cannot follow.</li> <li>Hig. Oh misery of affliction !</li> <li>Clean. They will stay</li> <li>Till I can come; they must be so good ever,</li> <li>They more ponderous; I cannot follow.</li> <li>Hig. Oh misery of affliction !</li> <li>Clean. They will stay</li> <li>Till I can come; they must be so good ever,</li> <li>They are at housand consorts.</li> <li>Hig. That hope's wretched.</li> <li>Clean. The unuiterable stings of fortune!</li> <li>Il griefs are to be borne save this alone,</li> <li>This, like a headlong torrent, overturns</li> <li>The frame of nature :</li> <li>For he that gave us life first, as a father,</li> <li>Locks all his natural sufferings in our blood,</li> <li>The sorrows that he feels are our heart's too;</li> <li>Hig. Noble sir !</li> <li>Clean. Thou should'st be good,</li> <li>Or thou'rt a dangerous substance to be lodged.</li> <li>So near the heart of man.</li> <li>Hig. What means this, dear sir?</li> <li>Clean. To thy trust only was this blessed secret</li> <li>Kindly committed, 'tis destroy'd, thou seest;</li> <li>Win follows to be thought on't?</li> <li>Hig. Miserable !</li> </ul>                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                              | boer wit<br>beads, if<br>mgra<br>array (4.)<br>keep yet<br>et enweg                     |
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| Clear.I strive for it,Is there no hand of pity that will ease me,<br>And take this villain from my heart awhile?<br>(Reas. Oh eternity,<br>(Clear. A worse supplies his place then,<br>A weight more ponderous; 1 cannot follow,<br>Hig. Oh misery of affiction 1<br>(Clear. A worse supplies his place then,<br>A weight more ponderous; 1 cannot follow,<br>Hig. Oh misery of affiction 1<br>(Clear. They will stay<br>Till I can come; they must be so good ever,<br>Though they be ne er so cruel :<br>My last heave must be taken, think of that,<br>And his hast blessing given; 1 will not lose<br>That for a thousand consorts.<br>Hig. That hope's wretched,<br>Clear. The unturerable stings of fortune 1<br>All griefs are to be borne save this alone,<br>This, like a headlong forrent, overturns<br>The frame of nature :<br>For he that gave us life first, as a father,<br>Locks all his natural sufferings in our blood,<br>The serret, which fierce dealt<br>Hig. Sit 1<br>Clear. Thou should'st be good,<br>Or thou'rt a dangerous substance to be<br>lodgedEug. Had you an uncle,<br>(Reas. Oh eternity,<br>What monster is this fiend in la<br>Eag. An ass-colt with true 1<br>she and you :<br>I will not lose so glorious a rew<br>Not to be understoced in 't; 1 hs<br>And now we are even, you'd besi<br>Hig. Oh, sir, forgive me ; it v<br>him.<br>Clean. The use of the secret we own pityFor he that gave us life first, as a father,<br>Locks all his natural sufferings in our blood,<br>The secret, to be body as a context to us.<br>Hig. Six 1<br>Clean. Thou should'st be good,<br>So near the heart of man.<br>Hig. What means this, dear sir ?<br>Clean. To thy trust only was this blessed<br>secretKindly committed, 'tis destroy'd, thou seest;<br>What follows to be thought on't?<br>Hig. Miscrable !Kindly committed, 'tis destroy'd, thou seest;<br>What follows to be thought on't?                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                               | boer wit<br>beads, if<br>mgra<br>array (4.)<br>keep yet<br>et enweg                     |
| Is there no hand of pity that will ease me,<br>And take this villain from my heart awhile?<br><i>Hip.</i> Alast he's gone.<br><i>Clean.</i> A worste supplies his place then,<br>A weight more ponderous; 1 cannot follow.<br><i>Hip.</i> Oh misery of affliction !<br><i>Clean.</i> They will stay<br>Though they be ne'er so cruel :<br>My hast leave must be taken, think of that,<br>And his last blessing given ; 1 will not lose<br>That for a thousand consorts.<br><i>Hip.</i> That hope's wretched,<br><i>Clean.</i> The unuiterable stings of fortune !<br>All griefs are to be borne save this alone,<br>This, like a headlong torrent, overturns<br>The frame of nature :<br><i>For</i> he that gave us life first, as a father,<br>Locks all his natural sufferings in our blood,<br>The sorrows that he feels are our heart's too,<br><i>Hip.</i> Noble sir !<br><i>Clean.</i> Let me behold thee well.<br><i>Hip.</i> Noble sir !<br><i>Clean.</i> Thou should'st be good,<br>Or thou'rt a dangerous substance to be<br>lodged<br>So near the heart of man.<br><i>Hip.</i> What means this, dear sir ?<br><i>Clean.</i> To thy trust only was this blessed<br>secret<br>Kindly committed, 'is destroy'd, thou seest;<br>What follows to be thought on't?<br><i>Hip.</i> Miscrable !<br><i>Reenter</i> Simonides <i>and</i> Co                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                  | boer wit<br>beads, if<br>mgra<br>array (4.)<br>keep yet<br>et enweg                     |
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| <ul> <li>Hag. An ass-colt with two lass-colt with two lass-colt with two lass constructions.</li> <li>Hig. Oh misery of affiction 1</li> <li>Clean. They will stay</li> <li>Though they be ne'er so cruel:</li> <li>My last leave must be taken, think of that, And his last blessing given; I will not lose to understocad in't; 1 ls And now we are even, you'd besite they must be taken, think of that, And his last blessing given; I will not lose to understocad in't; 1 ls And now we are even, you'd besite they must be taken, think of that, And his last blessing given; I will not lose to understocad in't; 1 ls And now we are even, you'd besite they must be taken, think of that, And his last blessing given; I will not lose to use they.</li> <li>Hig. That bope's wretched, Clean. The unturtable stings of fortune!</li> <li>All griefs are to be borne save this alone, This, like a headlong forrent, overturns The frame of nature:</li> <li>For he that gave us life first, as a father, Locks all his natural sufferings in our blood, The sorrows that he feels are our heart's too, They are incorporate to us.</li> <li>Hig. Noble sir !</li> <li>Clean. Thou should'st be good,</li> <li>Or thou'rt a dangerous substance to be lodged</li> <li>So near the heart of man.</li> <li>Hig. What means this, dear sir ?</li> <li>Clean. To thy trust only was this blessed secret</li> <li>Kindly committed, 'tis destroy'd, thou seest;</li> <li>What follows to be thought on't?</li> <li>Hig. Miscrable !</li> </ul>                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                           | engra<br>aray'd i<br>keep yn<br>et enwig                                                |
| <ul> <li>Clear. A worse supplies his place then,<br/>A weight more ponderous; I cannot follow,<br/>Hig. Oh misery of affliction !</li> <li>Clear. They will stay</li> <li>Till I can come; they must be so good ever,<br/>Though they be ne'r so cruel :</li> <li>My last leave must be taken, think of that,<br/>And his last blessing given; I will not lose</li> <li>That for a thousand consorts.</li> <li>Hig. That bope's wretched,<br/>Clear. The unutterable stings of fortune !</li> <li>Il griefs are to be borne save this alone,<br/>This, like a headlong torrent, overturns<br/>The frame of nature :</li> <li>For he that gave us life first, as a father,<br/>Locks all his natural sufferings in our blood,<br/>They are incorporate to us.</li> <li>Hig. Noble sir !</li> <li>Clear. Thou should'st be good,</li> <li>Or thou'rt a dangerous substance to blodged</li> <li>So near the heart of man.</li> <li>Hig. What means this, dear sir ?</li> <li>Clear. To thy trust only was this blessed<br/>secret</li> <li>Kindly committed, 'is destroy'd, thou seest;</li> <li>What follows to be thought on't?</li> <li>Hig. Miserable !</li> </ul>                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                           | engu.<br>erray'd i<br>keep yn<br>et enwig                                               |
| <ul> <li>A weight more ponderous; I cannot follow,<br/><i>Hife</i>. Oh misery of affliction !<br/><i>Clean.</i> They will stay</li> <li>Till I can come; they must be so good ever,<br/>Though they be ne'er so cruel :<br/>My last leave must be taken, think of that,<br/>And his last blessing given; I will not lose</li> <li>That hope's wretched,<br/><i>Clean.</i> The unutterable stings of fortune!<br/>All griefs are to be borne save this alone,<br/>This, like a headlong forrent, overturns<br/>The frame of nature :<br/>For he that gave us life first, as a father,<br/>Locks all his natural sufferings in our blood,<br/>The sorrows that be feels are our heart's too,<br/>They are incorporate to us.<br/><i>Hife.</i> Sin !<br/><i>Clean.</i> Tho ushould'st be good,<br/>Or thou'rt a dangerous substance to be<br/>lodged<br/>So near the heart of man.<br/><i>Hife.</i> What means this, dear sir ?<br/><i>Clean.</i> To thy trust only was this blessed<br/>secret<br/>Kindly committed, 'is destroy'd, thou seest;<br/>What follows to be thought on't?<br/><i>Hife.</i> Miserable !</li> </ul>                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                    | keep yo                                                                                 |
| <ul> <li>My last leave must be taken, think of that, And his last blessing given ; I will not lose That for a thousand consorts.</li> <li>My last leave must be taken, think of that, And his last blessing given ; I will not lose That for a thousand consorts.</li> <li>My. The transmitter able stings of fortune I.</li> <li>All griefs are to be borne save this alone, This, like a headlong torrent, overturns The frame of nature :</li> <li>For he that gave us life first, as a father, Locks all his natural sufferings in our blood, The sorrows that he feels are our heart's too. They are incorporate to us.</li> <li>Hip. Sit 1</li> <li>Clean. Thou should'st be good, Or thou'rt a dangerous substance to be lodged</li> <li>So near the heart of man.</li> <li>Hip. What means this, dear sir ?</li> <li>Clean. To thy trust only was this blessed secret</li> <li>Kindly committed, 'tis destroy'd, thou seest; Whnt follows to be thought on't?</li> <li>Hip. Miserable 1</li> </ul>                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                    | keep yo                                                                                 |
| <ul> <li>And now we are even, you'd beside the provide /li></ul>                                                                                                                                                                                      | keep yo                                                                                 |
| <ul> <li>Interpret and the series of creating in the property of the series of the ser</li></ul>                                                                                                                                                                                      |                                                                                         |
| <ul> <li>My hast leave must be taken, think of that,<br/>And his last blessing given; I will not lose<br/>That for a thousand consorts.</li> <li>Hip, That bope's wretched,<br/>Clean. The unuterable stings of fortune!</li> <li>All griefs are to be borne save this alone,<br/>This, like a headlong torrent, overturns<br/>The frame of nature :<br/>For he that gave us life first, as a father,<br/>Locks all his natural sufferings in our blood,<br/>They are incorporate to us.</li> <li>Hip. Noble sir !<br/>Clean. Let me behold thee well.</li> <li>Hip. Noble sir !<br/>Clean. Let me behold thee well.</li> <li>Hip. Noble sir !<br/>Clean. Let me behold thee well.</li> <li>Hip. Noble sir !<br/>Clean. Thou should'st be good,<br/>Or thou'rt a dangerous substance to be<br/>lodged</li> <li>So near the heart of man.</li> <li>Hip. What means this, dear sir ?<br/>Clean. To thy trust only was this blessed<br/>secret</li> <li>Kindly committed, 'is destroy'd, thou seest;</li> <li>What follows to be thought on't?</li> <li>Hip. Miserable !</li> </ul>                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                      |                                                                                         |
| <ul> <li>And this last blessing given; 1 will not lose</li> <li>That for a thousand consorts.</li> <li>Hip, That hope's wretched,</li> <li>Clean. The unuiterable stings of fortune!</li> <li>All griefs are to be borne save this alone,</li> <li>This, like a headlong torrent, overturns</li> <li>The farme of nature :</li> <li>For he that gave us life first, as a father,</li> <li>Locks all his natural sufferings in our blood,</li> <li>They are incorporate to us.</li> <li>Hip. Noble sir !</li> <li>Clean. The ushould'st be good,</li> <li>Or thou'rt a dangerous substance to blodged</li> <li>So near the heart of man.</li> <li>Mip. What means this, dear sir ?</li> <li>Clean. To thy trust only was this blessed secret</li> <li>Kindly committed, 'iis destroy'd, thou seest;</li> <li>What follows to be thought on't?</li> <li>Hip. Miscrable !</li> <li>Mine the save of the secret sum of the secret</li></ul>                                                                                                                                                                                       |                                                                                         |
| <ul> <li>That for a thousand consorts. Hip. That bope's wretched, Clean. The unuiterable stings of fortune ! All griefs are to be borne save this alone, This, like a headlong torrent, overturns The frame of nature : For he that gave us life first, as a father, Locks all his natural sufferings in our blood, The sorrows that he feels are our heart's too, They are incorporate to us. Hip. Noble sir ! Clean. Thou should'st be good, Or thou'rt a dangerous substance to be lodged So near the heart of man. Hip. What means this, dear sir ? Clean. To thy trust only was this blessed secret Kindly committed, 'fis destroy'd, thou seest; What follows to be thought on't? Hip. Miserable ! Chan. To thy strust only was this blessed secret Remet False ones, in deceiving such and for thy infectious splots our first. Come not so ill friended 7-resci Remet Simonides and Co</li></ul>                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                      | -                                                                                       |
| <ul> <li><i>Hip.</i> That hope's wretched,</li> <li><i>Clean.</i> The unuiterable stings of fortune !</li> <li>All griefs are to be borne save this alone,</li> <li>This, like a headlong torrent, overturns</li> <li>The frame of nature :</li> <li>For he that gave us life first, as a father,</li> <li>Locks all his natural sufferings in our blood,</li> <li>The sorrows that he feels are our heart's too,</li> <li>They are incorporate to us.</li> <li><i>Hip.</i> Noble sir !</li> <li><i>Clean.</i> Thou should'st be good,</li> <li>Or thou'rt a dangerous substance to blodged</li> <li>So near the heart of man.</li> <li><i>Hip.</i> What means this, dear sir ?</li> <li><i>Clean.</i> To thy trust only was this blessed secret</li> <li>Kindly committed, 'tis destroy'd, thou seest;</li> <li>What follows to be thought on't?</li> <li><i>Hip.</i> Miserable !</li> </ul>                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                             |                                                                                         |
| <ul> <li>All griefs are to be borne save this alone.</li> <li>This, like a headlong torrent, overturns</li> <li>The frame of nature :</li> <li>For he that gave us life first, as a father,</li> <li>Locks all his natural sufferings in our blood,</li> <li>The sorrows that he feels are our heart's too,</li> <li>They are incorporate to us.</li> <li><i>Hip</i>. Noble sit !</li> <li><i>Clean</i>. Let me behold thee well.</li> <li><i>Hip</i>. Sir !</li> <li><i>Clean</i>. Thou should'st be good,</li> <li>Or thou'nt a dangerous substance to be lodged</li> <li>So near the heart of man. '</li> <li><i>Clean</i>. To thy trust only was this blessed secret</li> <li>Kindly committed, 'tis destroy'd, thou seest;</li> <li>What follows to be thought on't?</li> <li><i>Hip</i>. Miserable !</li> </ul>                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                         |                                                                                         |
| <ul> <li>This, like a headlong torrent, overturns<br/>The frame of nature :<br/>For he that gave us life first, as a father,<br/>Locks all his natural sufferings in our blood,<br/>The sorrows that he feels are our heart's too,<br/>They are incorporate to us.<br/><i>Hip</i>. Noble sir !<br/><i>Clean</i>. Let me behold thee well.<br/><i>Hip</i>. Noble sir !<br/><i>Clean</i>. Thou should'st be good,<br/>Or thou'rt a dangerous substance to be<br/>lodged</li> <li>So near the heart of man.<br/><i>Hip</i>. What means this, dear sir ?<br/><i>Clean</i>. To thy trust only was this blessed<br/>secret<br/>Kindly committed, 'fis destroy'd, thou seest;<br/>What follows to be thought on't?<br/><i>Hip</i>. Miserable !<br/><i>Reenter</i> Simonides <i>and</i> Co</li> </ul>                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                 | L'trali                                                                                 |
| <ul> <li>The frame of nature :</li> <li>For he that gave us life first, as a father,<br/>Locks all his natural sufferings in our blood,<br/>The sorrows that he feels are our heart's too,<br/>They are incorporate to us.</li> <li>Hip. Noble sir !</li> <li>Clean. Let me behold thee well.</li> <li>Hip. Noble sir !</li> <li>Clean. Thou should'st be good,</li> <li>Or thou'rt a dangerous substance to be<br/>lodged</li> <li>So near the heart of man.</li> <li>Hip. What means this, dear sir ?</li> <li>Clean. To thy trust only was this blessed<br/>secret</li> <li>Kindly committed, 'fis destroy'd, thou seest;</li> <li>What follows to be thought on't?</li> <li>Hip. Miscrable !</li> <li>Own pity</li> <li>Own pity</li> <li>The are all tainted some way, but</li> <li>Eng. Pray turn your weapon<br/>your mistress,</li> <li>I come not so ill friended ?resci-</li> <li>Reenter Simonides and Co</li> </ul>                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                               |                                                                                         |
| <ul> <li>For he that gave us life first, as a father, Locks all his natural sufferings in our blood, The sorrows that he feels are our heart's too, They are incorporate to us.</li> <li>Hip. Noble sir !</li> <li>Clean. Let me behold thee well.</li> <li>Hip. Sir !</li> <li>Clean. Thou should'st be good,</li> <li>Or thou'rt a dangerous substance to be lodged</li> <li>So near the heart of man.</li> <li>Clean. To thy trust only was this blessed secret</li> <li>Kindly committed, 'tis destroy'd, thou seest;</li> <li>What follows to be thought on't?</li> <li>Hip. Miserable !</li> </ul>                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                      | pr. ana                                                                                 |
| <ul> <li>Locks all his natural sufferings in our blood,<br/>The sorrows that he feels are our heart's too,<br/>They are incorporate to us.<br/><i>Hifp.</i> Noble sir !<br/><i>Clean.</i> Let me behold thee well.<br/><i>Hifp.</i> Sir !<br/><i>Clean.</i> Thou should'st be good,<br/>Or thou'rt a dangerous substance to be<br/>lodged</li> <li>So near the heart of man.<br/><i>Hifp.</i> What means this, dear sir ?<br/><i>Clean.</i> To thy trust only was this blessed<br/>secret<br/>Kindly committed, 'tis destroy'd, thou seest;<br/>What follows to be thought on't?<br/><i>Hifp.</i> Miserable !</li> <li>The secret, which heree dealf<br/>have purchased.<br/><i>Clean.</i> Nay, then we are at<br/>we are false ones.<br/>And ought to suffer. I was false<br/>that uttering of the secret; and the<br/>To goodness, in deceiving such<br/>the are all tainted some way, bu<br/>And for thy infectious splots our<br/>first.<br/><i>Come</i> not so ill friended 7-resci-<br/><i>Reenter</i> Simonides and Comparison.</li> </ul>                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                             | tole but                                                                                |
| The sorrows that he feels are our heart's too,<br>They are incorporate to us.<br>Hip. Noble sir !<br>Clean. Let me behold thee well.<br>Hip. Sir !<br>Clean. Thou should'st be good,<br>Or thou'rt a dangerous substance to be<br>lodged<br>So near the heart of man.<br>Hip. What means this, dear sir ?<br>Clean. To thy trust only was this blessed<br>secret<br>Kindly committed, 'fis destroy'd, thou seest;<br>What follows to be thought on't?<br>Hip. Miserable !<br>The sorrows that he feels are our heart's too,<br>Clean. Nay, then we are at<br>we are failse ones,<br>And ought to suffer. I was fails<br>In trusting woman; thosa wert for<br>To goodness, in deceiving such<br>We are all tainted some way, bm<br>first.<br>Eng. Pray turn your weapon<br>your mistress,<br>I come not so ill friended ?resci<br>Reenter Simonides and Co                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                     | should                                                                                  |
| Clear. Let me behold thee well.       We are failed ones.         Hip. Sir1       In trusting woman; thou wert f         Clear. Thou should'st be good,       In trusting woman; thou wert f         Or thou'rt a dangerous substance to be       In attering of the secret; and t         Joged       To goodness, in deceiving such         So near the heart of man.       To goodness, in deceiving such         Hip. What means this, dear sir?       Clean. To thy trust only was this blessed         Kindly committed, 'tis destroy'd, thou seest;       I come not so ill friended :resci         What follows to be thought on't?       Reenter Simonides and Co                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                    |                                                                                         |
| Clean. Let me behold thee well.<br>Hip. Sir!<br>Clean. Thou should'st be good.<br>Or thou'rt a dangerous substance to be<br>lodged<br>So near the heart of man.<br>Hip. What means this, dear sir?<br>Clean. To thy trust only was this blessed<br>secret<br>Kindly committed, 'tis destroy'd, thou seest;<br>What follows to be thought on't?<br>Hip. Miserable !<br>And ought to suffer. I was fals<br>In trusting woman; thou wert f<br>In uttering of the secret; and t<br>To goodness, in deceiving such<br>We are all tainted some way, bu<br>And or thy infectious spitos ou<br>first.<br>Eng. Pray turn your weapon<br>your mistress,<br>I come not so ill friended :resc<br>Re-enter Simonides and Co                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                | an ead                                                                                  |
| In trusting woman; it hora wert i         Clean. Thou should'st be good,         Or thou'rt a dangerous substance to be         lodged         So near the heart of man.         Hip. What means this, dear sir?         Clean. To thy trust only was this blessed secret         Kindly committed, 'tis destroy'd, thou seest;         What follows to be thought on't?         Hip. Miserable !                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                             |                                                                                         |
| Cican. Thou should st be good,<br>Or thou'rt a dangerous substance to be<br>lodged<br>So near the heart of man. '<br><i>Hip</i> . What means this, dear sir?<br><i>Cican.</i> To thy trust only was this blessed<br>secret<br>Kindly committed, 'tis destroy'd, thou seest;<br>What follows to be thought on't?<br><i>Hip.</i> Miserable 1<br><i>Re-enter</i> Simonides and Co                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                | tons                                                                                    |
| Or known? a dangerous substance to be<br>lodged       To goodness, in deceiving such<br>to goodness, in deceiving such<br>are all tainted some way, bu<br>And for thy infectious splots ou<br>first.         So near the heart of man.       And for thy infectious splots ou<br>first.         Clean.       To thy trust only was this blessed<br>secret         Kindly committed, 'tis destroy'd, thou seest;       To me not so ill friended 7-resc<br>Re-enter Simonides and Co                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                           | torm ful                                                                                |
| iodged       We are all fainted some way, bu         So near the heart of man.       Midy.         Midy.       What means this, dear sir?         Clean.       To thy trust only was this blessed secret         Kindly committed, 'tis destroy'd, thou seest;       Eng. Pray turn your weapon your mistress,         What follows to be thought on't?       I come not so ill friended :resc         Hip.       Miserable !                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                 | 73. T1 TW                                                                               |
| Not lear the near of man.         Hip. What means this, dear sir ?         Clean. To thy trust only was this blessed secret         Kindly committed, 'tis destroy'd, thou seest;         What follows to be thought on't?         Hip. Miserable !                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                           | thoses                                                                                  |
| Clean. To thy trust only was this blessed<br>secret<br>Kindly committed, 'tis destroy'd, thou seest;<br>What follows to be thought on't?<br>Hip. Miserable !<br>Clean. To thy trust only was this blessed<br>your mistress,<br>I come not so ill friended :resc:<br>Re-enter Simonides and Co                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                 | tht st t                                                                                |
| Secret<br>Kindly committed, 'tis destroy'd, thou seest ;<br>What follows to be thought on't?<br>Hip. Miserable !<br>Your mistress,<br>I come not so ill friended :—rescr<br>Re-enter Simonides and Co                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                         | W/ Eng                                                                                  |
| Kindly committed, 'tis destroy'd, thou seest ; I come not so ill friended :rescr<br>What follows to be thought on't?<br><i>Hip</i> . Miserable !<br><i>Re-enter</i> Simonides and Co                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                          | a Shile                                                                                 |
| What follows to be thought on't?<br><i>Hip.</i> Miserable 1<br><i>Re-enter</i> Simonides and Co                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                               | an serv                                                                                 |
|                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                               |                                                                                         |
|                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                               |                                                                                         |
| That, having forfeited in old times her trust, Sim. Yes, sir,                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                 | provide                                                                                 |
| Now makes their faiths suspected that are She has more weapons at com                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                         | Innet                                                                                   |
| just, one,                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                    | amarito                                                                                 |
| Clean. What shall I say to all my sorrows Eug. Put forward, man, the                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                          | au art                                                                                  |
| then, sure to have me.                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                        |                                                                                         |
| 'That look for satisfaction? Sim. I shall be surer, if I to                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                   |                                                                                         |
| Enter Eugenia, Eug. Now servants show to                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                      | ep be                                                                                   |
| Eug. Ha, ha, ha l cousin.<br>Eug. Ha, ha, ha l cousin.<br>Eug. Ha, ha, ha l cousin.                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                           |                                                                                         |
| Clean. How ill dost thou become this Eug. I love to be so courts                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                              | ur low                                                                                  |
| time t there.                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                 | ur low                                                                                  |
| Eug. Ha, ha, ha ! Sim. I love to keep good                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                    | ur love<br>far off                                                                      |
| Why, that's but your opinion; a young though ne'er fought with.                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                               | ur love<br>far off                                                                      |
| Becomes the time at all times. I'm sharper set within than I am<br>Hip. Oh gentlemen ! Cleant                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                 | ur love<br>far off,<br>sd, woo                                                          |
| 1 my. on Sentement Citati                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                     | ur love<br>far off,<br>xl, woo                                                          |

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#### THE OLD LAW. 587 Eug. Fight ! upon him ! Clean. Thy thirst of blood proclaims thee Nay a concealer of his father too ! A vile example in these days of youth. Sim. If they were given to follow such now a strumpet. Eug. 'Tis dainty, next to procreation examples fitting ; But sure I think they are not : howsoever. I'd either be destroying men or getting. 'Twas wickedly attempted ; that's my judgment, Enter Guard. And it shall pass whilst I am in power to sit. 1 Officer. Forbear, on your allegiance, Never by prince were such young judges gentlemen. made, He's the duke's prisoner, and we seize upon But now the cause requires it : if you mark it, him He must make young or none; for all the To answer this contempt against the law. old ones He hath sent a fishing-and my father's one, Clean. I obey fate in all things. I humbly thank his highness. Hip. Happy rescue ! Sim. I would you'd seized upon him a Enter Eugenia. minute sooner, it had saved me a cut finger : I wonder how I came by't, for I never put I Court. Widow ! Eug. You almost hit my name now, genmy hand forth, I'm sure; I think my own sword did cut it, if truth were known; may tlemen; be the wire in the handle: I have lived You come so wonderous near it. I admire you these five and twenty years and never knew For your judgment. what colour my blood was before. I never Sim. My wife that must be ! She. durst eat oysters, nor cut peck-loaves. Eug. My husband goes upon his last hour Eug. You've shewn your spirits, gentlenow. 1 Court. On his last legs, I am sure. men; but you Sim. September the seventeenth-Have cut your finger Sim. Ay, the wedding-finger too, a pox I will not bate an hour on't, and to-morrow on't ! His latest hour's expired. 2 Court. Bring him to judgment; The jury's panell'd, and the verdict given Court. You'll prove a bawdy bachelor, Sim, to have a cut upon your finger, before Ere he appears ; we have ta'en a course for you are married. Sim. I'll never draw sword again, to have that. [Excunt. Sim. And officers to attach the gray young such a jest put upon me. man. The youth of fourscore: Be of comfort, lady, You shall no longer bosom January; ACT V. For that I will take order, and provide SCENE I.- A Court of Justice. For you a lusty April. Enter Simonides and Courtiers, sword and Eug. The month that ought, indeed, mace carried before them. To go before May. Sim. Be ready with your prisoner; we'll I Court. Do as we have said, sit instantly, Take a strong guard, and bring him into -And rise before eleven, or when we please; court. Shall we not, fellow-judges? Lady Eugenia, see this charge performed, I Court. 'Tis committed That, having his life forfeited by the law, All to our power, censure, and pleasure, He may relieve his soul. Eug. Willingly. From shaven chins never came better justice now ; The duke hath made us chief lords of this Than these ne'er touch'd by razor. sessions. Exit. Sim. What you do, And we may speak by fits, or sleep by turns. Sim. Leave that to us, but, whatsoe'er Do suddenly, we charge you, for we purpose To make but a short sessions :- a new we do. business ! The prisoner shall be sure to be condemn'd ; Sleeping or waking, we are resolved on that, Enter Hippolita. Before we sit upon him ! 2 Court. Make you question I Court. The fair Hippolita ! now what's

If not ?-Cleanthes ! and an enemy !

your suit?

|                                                                                         | -    |
|-----------------------------------------------------------------------------------------|------|
| Hip. Alas I I know not how to style you yet;                                            | R    |
| To call you judges doth not suit your years,                                            |      |
| Nor heads and beards shew more an-                                                      | 5    |
| tiquity :                                                                               | To   |
| And I'll proclaim you reverend, and repeat                                              | My   |
| Once in my lifetime I have seen grave heads                                             | 1    |
| Placed upon young men's shoulders.                                                      | To   |
| a Court. Hark I she flouts us,<br>And thinks to make us monstrous.                      | She  |
| Hip. Prove not so ;                                                                     | -    |
| For yet, methinks, you bear the shapes of men;                                          | The  |
| -(Though nothing more than merely beauty                                                | Of   |
| Serves                                                                                  | And  |
| To make you appear angels,) but if you crimson                                          | He   |
| Your name and power with blood and                                                      | His  |
| cruelty,                                                                                | x    |
| Suppress fair virtue, and enlarge bold vice,                                            | 0.00 |
| Both against heaven and nature, draw your sword,                                        | An   |
| Make either will or humour turn the soul                                                | And  |
| Of your created greatness, and in that                                                  | 2    |
| Oppose all goodness, I must tell you there<br>You are more than monstrous ; in the very | And  |
| act,                                                                                    | S    |
| You change yourselves to devils.                                                        | The  |
| 1 Court. She's a witch ;                                                                | -    |
| Hark ! she begins to conjure.<br>Sim. Time, you see,                                    | The  |
| Is short, much business now on foot:-shall I                                            | I SV |
| Give her her answer?                                                                    | Ha   |
| 2 Court. None upon the bench,                                                           | -    |
| More learnedly can do it.<br>Sim. He, he, hem ! then list :                             | Bei  |
| I wonder at thine impudence, young hus-                                                 | 41   |
| wife,                                                                                   | I    |
| That thou darest plead for such a base offender.                                        | E    |
| Conceal a father past his time to die !                                                 | 2    |
| What son and heir would have done this<br>but he?                                       | E    |
| I Court, I vow, not I,<br>Hip. Because ye are particides;                               | or   |
| And how can comfort be derived from such                                                | And  |
| That pity not their fathers?                                                            | You  |
| 2 Court. You are fresh and fair ; practise                                              | . L  |
| young women's ends ;<br>When husbands are distress'd, provide them                      | To   |
| friends.                                                                                | I hs |
| Sim. I'll set him forward for thee without                                              | Tha  |
| fee : Some would new for such a courtery                                                | Ine  |
| Some wives would pay for such a courtesy.<br>Hip, Times of amazement ! what duty,       | All  |
| goodness dwell                                                                          | And  |
| I sought for charity, but knock at hell.                                                |      |
| [Resit                                                                                  | Inc  |

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| Re-enter | Eugen | in, ar | NoT 1 | Greated, | mill Le |
|----------|-------|--------|-------|----------|---------|
|          |       | sam    | ET.   |          |         |

im. Eugenia come ! command i a guard

stomach strives to dinner.

ug. Now, servants, may a lady he whill call your power so low ?

im. A mistress may,

can make all things low ; they is a language

re can be no offence.

ug. The time's now come

nanumissions, take him into bonds, I am then at freedom.

Court. This the man !

hath left off o' late to feed on sunkn .

- beard's turn'd white again. Court. Is't possible these goun to danced lately,

I shatter'd in a galliard? ng. Jealousy

fear of death can work strange project Court. The nimble fencer this the made me tear

traverse 'bout the chamber? im. Ay, and gave me

- se elbow healths, the hangman take ha for't !
- w'd almost fetch'd my heart out : va Dutch what-you-call,

allow'd pretty well ; but the indigue

l almost pepper'd me ; but had I ta's

ig swollen, I had cast my lungs out.

Flourish. Enter Evander and Craft

- Court. Peace, the duke ! that?
- Court. May't please your highnes. ## old Lysander.

wan. And brought in by his weel's worthy precedent

one that no way would offend the law, should not pass away without remark, have been look'd for long-

ys. But never fit

die till now, my lord. My sins and I e been but newly parted ; murch ado id to get them leave me, or he tang it t difficult lesson how to learn to the ver thought there had been such an =" 'tis the only discipline we are born for ! studies else are but as circular lines, death the centre where they mus al meet.

w can look upon thee, erring woman,

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And not be vex'd with jealousy ; on young men, And no way envy their delicious health, Pleasure, and strength ; all which were once mine own, And mine must be theirs one day, Evan. You have tamed him. Sim. And know how to dispose him ; that, my liege, Hath been before determined. You confess Yourself of full age? Lys. Yes, and prepared to inherit-Eug. Your place above. Sim. Of which the hangman's strength Shall put him in possession. Lys. "Tis still cared To take me willing and in mind to die; And such are, when the earth grows weary of them, Most fit for heaven. Sim. The court shall make his mittimus, And send him thither presently : i' the mean Evan. Away to death with him. Exit Cratilus with Lysander. Enter Guard with Cleanthes, Hippolita following, weeping. Sim. So! see another person brought to the bar I Court. The arch-malefactor. 2 Court. The grand offender, the most refractory To all good order : 'tis Cleanthes, he-Siw. That would have sons grave fathers. ere their fathers Be sent unto their graves, Evan. There will be expectation In your severe proceedings against him ; His act being so capital. Sim. Fearful and bloody ; Therefore we charge these women leave the Lest they should swoon to hear it. Eug. I, in expectation Of a most happy freedom. Hig. I, with the apprehension Exit. Of a most said and desolate widowhood. 1 Court. We bring him to the bar-2 Court. Hold up your hand, sir. Clean. More reverence to the place than to the persons ; To the one I offer up a [spreading] palm Of duty and obedience, as to heaven, Imploring justice, which was never wanting Upon that bench whilst their own fathers sat ; But unto you, my hands contracted thus,

For they that kill in thought, shed innocent blood.-With pardon of your highness, too much passion Made me forget your presence, and the place I now am call'd to. Evan, All our majesty And power we have to pardon or condemn, Is now conferr'd on them. Sim. And these we'll use, Little to thine advantage. Clean. I expect it : And, as to these, I look no mercy from them, And much less mean to entreat it, I thus now Submit me to the emblems of your power, The sword and bench : but, my most reverend judges, Ere you proceed to sentence, (for I know You have given me lost,) will you resolve me one thing? I Court. So it be briefly question'd. 2 Court. Shew your honour ; Day spends itself apace. Clean. My lords, it shall. Resolve me, then, where are your filial tears, Your mourning habits, and sad hearts become, That should attend your fathers' funerals? Though the strict law (which I will not accuse, Because a subject) snatch'd away their lives, It doth not bar you to lament their deaths : Or if you cannot spare one sad suspire, It doth not bid you laugh them to their graves Lay subtle trains to antedate their years, To be the sooner seized of their estates. Oh, time of age 1 where's that Æneas now, Who letting all his jewels to the flames ; Forgetting country, kindred, treasure, friends, Fortunes and all things, save the name of son, Which you so much forget, godlike Æneas, Who took his bedrid father on his back, And with that sacred load (to him no burthen) Hew'd out his way through blood, through fire, through [arms,] Even all the arm'd streets of bright-burning Troy. Only to save a father? Sim. We've no leisure now, To hear lessons read from Virgil; we are part And all this time thy judges. 2 Court. It is fit That we proceed to sentence. 1 Court. You are the mouth, And now 'th fit to open. Sim. Justice, indeed, Should ever he close-ear'd, and open-

mouth'd ;

That is to hear a little and speak much. Know then, Cleanthes, there is none can be A good son and bad sufficet; for, if princes Be called the people's fathers, then the subjects Are all his sons, and he that flouts the prince, Doth disobey his father : there you are gone. I Court. And not to be recover'd. Sim, And againa Court. If he be gone once, call him not again. Sim. I say again, this act of thine expresses A double disobedience ; as our princes Are fathers, so they are our sovereigns too; And he that doth rebel 'gainst sovereignty, Doth commit treason in the height of degree ; And now thou art quite gone. 1 Court. Our brother in commission, Hath spoke his mind both learnedly and neatly, And I can add but little ; howsoever, It shall send him packing. He that begins a fault that wants example, Ought to be made example for the fault. Clean. A fault ! no longer can I hold myself To hear vice upheld and virtue thrown down. A fault ! judge, I desire, then, where it lies, In those that are my judges, or in me : Heaven stands on my side, pity, love, and duty. Sim. Where are they, sir? who sees them but yourself? Clean. Not you ; and I am sure, You never had the gracious eyes to see them, You think that you arraign me, but I hope To sentence you at the bar. 2 Court. That would shew brave. Clean. This were the judgment-seat we [stand at] now ! Of the heaviest crimes that ever made up [sin], Unnaturalness, and inhumanity, You are found foul and guilty, by a jury Made of your father's curses, which have brought Vengeance impending on you ; and I, now, Am forced to pronounce judgment on my judges. The common laws of reason and of nature Condemn you, ipso facto; you are parricides, And if you marry, will beget the like, Who, when they are grown to full maturity, Will hurry you, their fathers, to their graves. Like traitors, you take council from the living. Of upright judgment you would rob the bench, (Experience and discretion snatch'd away From the earth's face,) turn all into disorder, If they be worthy, here may challenge them

Imprison virtue, and infranchine vice And put the sword of justice in the lank Of boys and madmen

Sim. Well, well, have you doos, sit? Clean. I have spoke my thought

Sim. Then I'll begin and end. Evan, "Tis time 1 now begin-

Here your commission ends

Cleanthes, come you from the bar, Beard I know you are severally disposed, I be Invite you to an object will, no dealer. Work in you contrary effects. -- Mmail

Loud music. Enter Leonhles, Com Lysander, and other old min.

Clean. Pray, heaven, I dream not! ==

be moves, talks comfortably, As joy can wish a man. If he be chapted (Far above from me, ) he's not ill entrable His face doth promise fullness of coces And glory hath a part in't.

Lee. Oh my son 1 Evan. You that can claim acquisment with these lads,

Talk freely.

Sim. I can see none there that's word One hand to you from me.

Evan, These are thy judges, and by the grave law

I find thee clear, but these delinquents guilt You must change places, for 'tis so derred Such just pre-eminence hath thy goodness gain'd,

Thou art the judge now, they the me arraign'd. To Cleander

I Court. Here's fine dancing, genilems

2 Court. Is thy father amongst them? Sim. Oh, pox ! I saw him the first Conf. I look'd on.

Alive again! 'slight, I believe now a father Hath as many lives as a mother.

Clean. "Tis full as blessed as 'tis wonder

Oh ! bring me back to the same law again I am fouler than all these; seize on at

officers, And bring me to new sentence.

Sim. What's all this?

Clean. A fault not to be pardon'd, Unnaturalness is but sin's studow to it.

Sim. I am glad of that; I hope the cut may alter,

And I turn judge again.

Evan. Name your offence. Clean, That I should be so vile As once to think you cruel.

Evan. Is that all?

"Twas pardon'd ere confess'd : you that have



| -   | THE OL                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                  | D LAW. 591                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                            |
|-----|-----------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------|---------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------|
|     | To have retained that name.<br>Sim. I pray you, father. [Kneels.<br>Creon. That name, I know,<br>Hath been long since forgot.                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                           | of our heavy displeasure, to marry within<br>ten years after.<br>Eug. That law's too long by nine years<br>and a half.<br>I'll take my death upon't, so shall most<br>women.                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                          |
|     | Sim. I find but small comfort in remem-<br>bering it now.<br>Evan. Cleanthes, take your place with<br>these grave fathers,<br>And read what in that table is inscribed.<br>[Gives him a paper.<br>Now set these at the bar,<br>And read, Cleanthes, to the dread and terror<br>Of disobedience and unnatural blood.<br>Clean. [reads.] It is decreed by the grave<br>and learned council of Epire, that no son<br>and heir shall be held capable of his inheri-<br>tance at the age of one and twenty, unless he<br>be at that time as mature in obedience, man-<br>mers, and goodness. | Clean. And those incontinent women so<br>offending to be judged and censured by Hip-<br>polita, wife to Cleanthes.<br>Eug. Of all the rest, I'll not be judged by<br>her.<br>Re-enter Hippolita.<br>Clean. Ah ! here she comes. Let me<br>prevent thy joys,<br>Prevent them but in part, and hide the rest;<br>Thou hast not strength enough to bear them,<br>else.<br>Hip. Leonides ! [She faints.<br>Clean. I fear'd it all this while;<br>I knew 'twas past thy power. Hippolita ! |
|     | Sim. Sure I shall never be at full age,<br>then, though live to an hundred years; and<br>that's nearer by twenty than the last statute<br>allow'd.<br>I Court. A terrible act!<br>Clean. Moreover, it is enacted that all<br>sons aforesaid, whom either this law, or<br>their own grace, shall reduce into the true<br>method of duty, virtue, and affection, [shall                                                                                                                                                                                                                   | What contrariety is in women's blood !<br>One faints forspleen and anger, she for grace.<br>Evan. Of sons and wives we see the<br>worst and best.<br>May future ages yield Hippolitas<br>Many; but few like thee, Eugenia !<br>Let no Simonides henceforth have a fame,<br>But all blest sons live in Cleanthe's name—<br>[Harsh music within.                                                                                                                                        |
|     | appear before us] and relate their trial and<br>approbation from Cleanthes, the son of<br>Leonides—from me, my lord !<br>Evan. From none but you, as fullest.<br>Proceed, sir.<br>Clean. Whom, for his manifest virtues,<br>we make such judge and censor of youth, and<br>the absolute reference of life and manners.                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                  | Ha 1 what strange kind of melody was that?<br>Yet give it entrance, whatsoe'er it be,<br>This day is all devote to liberty.<br>Enter Fiddlers, Gnotho, Courtezan, Cook,<br>Butler, Gec., with the Old Women, Agatha,<br>and one bearing a bridecake for the wed-<br>ding.                                                                                                                                                                                                             |
|     | Sim. This is a brave world ! when a man<br>should be selling land he must be learning<br>manners. Is't not, my masters ?<br>Enter Eugenia.<br>Eug. What's here to do? my suitors at<br>the bar !<br>The old band shines again : oh miserable !<br>[She swoons.<br>Evan. Read the law over to her, 'twill<br>awake her :                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                 | Gnoth. Fiddlers, crowd on, crowd on ; let<br>no man lay a block in your way.—Crowd on,<br>I say.<br>Evan. Stay the crowd awhile; let's know<br>the reason of this jollity.<br>Clean. Sirrah, do you know where you are?<br>Gnoth. Yes, sir; I am here, now here,<br>and now here again, sir.<br>Lys. Your hat is too high crown'd, the<br>duke in presence.<br>Gnoth. The duke I as he is my sovereign.                                                                               |
| ł . | "Tis one deserves small pity.<br>Clean. Lastly, it is ordained, that all such<br>wives now whatsoever, that shall design their<br>husband's death, to be soon rid of them, and<br>entertain suitors in their husbands' life-<br>time                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                    | I do give him two crowns for it, and that's<br>equal change all the world over: as I am<br>lord of the day (being my marriage-day the<br>second) I do advance my bonnet. Crowd on<br>afore.<br><i>Leon.</i> Good sir, a few words, if you will<br>vouchsafe them;<br>Or will you be forced?<br><i>Gnoth.</i> Forced! I would the duke himself<br>would say so.                                                                                                                        |

Evan. I think he danes, sir, and does ; if you stay not.

You shall be forcest.

Gnoth. I think so, my lord, and good reason too; shall not I stay when your grace says I shall? I were unworthy to be a bridegroom in any part of your highness's dominions, then : will it please you to taste of the wedlock-courtesy?

Evan. Oh, by no means, sir ; you shall not deface so fair an ornament for me.

Gnoth. If your grace please to be cakated, say no.

Even. And which might be your fair bride, sir?

Guoth. This is my two-for-one that must be the waar unoris, the remedy doloris, and the very syceum amoris.

Erum, And hast thou any else? Gustk, I have an older, my lord, for other uses.

Claim. My lord,

I do observe a strange decorum here :

These that do lead this day of jollity,

Do march with music and most mirthful cheeks ;

Those that do follow, sad, and woefully,

Nearer the haviour of a funeral,

Than of a wedding.

Russ. "Tis true ; pray expound that, sir, Gnoth. As the destiny of the day falls out, my lord, one goes to wedding, another goes to hanging ; and your grace, in the due consideration, shall find them much alike ; the one hath the ring upon her finger, the other the halter about her neck. I take thee, Beatrice, says the bridegroom ; I take thee, Agatha, says the hangman ; and both say together, to have and to hold, till death do part us.

Evan. This is not yet plain enough to my understanding.

Gnoth. If further your grace examine it, you shall find I shew myself a dutiful subect, and obedient to the law, myself, with these my good friends, and your good subjects, our old wives, whose days are ripe, and their lives forfeit to the law : only myself, more forward than the rest, am already provided of my second choice

Evan, Oh! take heed, sir, you'll run yourself into danger ;

If the law finds you with two wives at once, There's a shrewd premunire.

Gnoth. I have taken leave of the old, my lord. I have nothing to say to her ; she's going to sea, your grace knows whither, better than I do t she has a strong wind with her, it stands full in her poop ; when you please, let her disembegue.

Cost. And the rest of her neighbours her, whom we present to the main a your highness' law,

Gnoth. And so we take our level a

Luan, Stay, stay, you are too longed. you marry,

And your wife yet living?

Gnoth. Alas I she'll be dead before of get to church. If your grace would at h in the way, I would dispatch her: I have venture on't, which would return the your highness would make a lick and haste, two for one.

Evan, Come, my lords, we must be a fi here's a case

Craves a most serious computer

Cook. Now they shall be disputched of a the way

Gnoth. I would they were gone one ; time goes away. Evan. Which is the wife unto the insul

bridegroom ?

Aga, I am, an it please your grace. Evan. Trust me, a lusiy wannan, alle bodied,

And well-blooded cheeks.

Gnoth. Oh, she paints, my lord ; the sa a chambermaid once, and learn'd it of W lady.

Evan, Sure I think she cannot be sould Aga. Truly I think so too, an't play

your grace. Gnoth. Two to one with your gract of that I she's threescore by the book.

Lean. Peace, sirrab, you are too lost. Cook. Take heed, Gnothe : if you not the dake's patience, 'tis an edge-tool : lost word and a blow, he cuts off your head.

Gnoth. Cut off my head | away, issue he knows it cost more in the huir ; he de not use to cut off many such heads as mint I will talk to him too ; if he cut off my her I'll give him my ears. I say my wife an full age for the law, the clerk shall take to oath, and the church-book shall be and

Evan. Mylords, I leave this consure to: Leon. Then first, this fellow these permit punishment,

For offering up a lusty able woman,

Which may do service to the comment wealth.

Where the law craves one impotent and unless.

Crean. Therefore to be severely punched For thus attempting a second marriage, His wife yet living.

Lys. Nay, to have it trebled :

| TH                                        | HE OLD LAW.                        | 593               |
|-------------------------------------------|------------------------------------|-------------------|
| That even the day and instant wh          | en he numore that we had thous     | whit to have me   |
| That even the day and instant wh          |                                    |                   |
| should mourn,                             | away at this market, and           | now we canno      |
| As a kind husband, at her funeral,        | utter a pennyworth.                |                   |
| He leads a triumph to the scorn of it     |                                    |                   |
| Which unseasonable joy ought to be pu     |                                    | id take your old  |
| With all severity.                        | one to you.                        | • • ·             |
| But. The fiddles will be in a foul ca     |                                    | usic, but prove   |
| by and by.                                | most d. leful trumpet;             |                   |
| Leon. Nay, further; it seems he           | has a Oh bride ! no bride, but th  | iou mayst prove   |
| venture                                   | a strumpet;                        |                   |
| Of two for one at his second marriage     | e, Oh venture ! no venture, I      | have, for one,    |
| Which cannot be but a conspiracy          | now none;                          |                   |
| Against the former.                       | Oh wife ! thy life is saved w      | when I hoped if   |
| Gnoth. A mess of wise old men !           | had been gone.                     | •                 |
| Lys. Sirrah, what can you answer          |                                    | s : no penny, no  |
| these?                                    | wedding ;                          | · , ··· p····),   |
| Gnoth. Ye are good old men, and           |                                    | no priest po      |
| age will give you leave. I would          |                                    | no priest, no     |
| with the youthful duke himself; he        |                                    | to be restored    |
| may speak of things that shall be th      |                                    |                   |
| forty years after you are dead and i      |                                    |                   |
|                                           |                                    | , since it musi   |
| Alas! you are here to-day, and gone       |                                    |                   |
| to-morrow.                                | Let bride and venture with         |                   |
| Evan. In troth, sir, then I must be       |                                    |                   |
| with you.                                 | Gnoth. Let it be mouldy,           | , now tis out of  |
| The law that should take away you         |                                    |                   |
| wife from you,                            | Let it grow out of date, curra     |                   |
| The which I do perceive was your des      |                                    | , and given to    |
| Is void and frustrate ; so for the rest : |                                    |                   |
| There has been since another parliam      |                                    | than William      |
| Has cut it off.                           | Dickins                            |                   |
| Gnoth. I see your grace is disposed       |                                    | -                 |
| pleasant.                                 | Put up your plums, as fiddle       |                   |
| Evan. Yes, you might perceive th          |                                    | degroom weeps     |
| had not else                              | and wipes.                         |                   |
| Thus dallied with your follies.           | Fiddlers, farewell! and now, v     |                   |
| Gnoth. I'll talk further with your        |                                    |                   |
| when I come back from church ; in the     |                                    |                   |
| time, you know what to do with th         |                                    |                   |
| women.                                    | him now, with all the rest         | t, so they live   |
| Evan. Stay, sir, unless in the mean       |                                    |                   |
| you mean                                  | Evan. Oh ! most freely; fr         | ee pardon to all. |
| I cause a gibbet to be set up in your v   | way, Cook. Ay, we have deserv      | ed our pardons,   |
| And hang you at your return.              | if we can live honestly with       |                   |
| Aga. O gracious prince !                  | wives, that have no motion in      | n them but their  |
| Evan. Your old wives cannot die t         | to-day tongues.                    |                   |
| by any law of mine; for aught I can       |                                    | race! you ane a   |
| them,                                     | just prince.                       |                   |
| They may, by a new edict, bury you,       | Gnoth. All hopes dash'd            | d: the clerk's    |
| And then, perhaps, you'll pay a new fin   |                                    |                   |
| Gnoth. This is fine, indeed !             | My venture gone ; my second        | wife divorced.    |
| Aga. O gracious prince! may he            |                                    |                   |
| hundred years more.                       |                                    | one come back     |
|                                           | again !                            | a dave l          |
| Cook. Your venture is not like to co      |                                    |                   |
| to-day, Gnotho.                           | Besides these two fountains        |                   |
| Gnoth. Give me the principal back.        | I will weep two salt out of n      |                   |
| Cook. Nay, by my troth, we'll ventur      |                                    |                   |
| -and I'm sure we have as ill a vent       | ure of subjects-heaven bless and n |                   |
| it as you; for we have taken old wiv      |                                    |                   |

but I am not the first, by forty, that has been undone by the law. Tis but a folly to stand upon terms; I take my leave of your grace, as well as mine eyes will give me leave : I would they had been asleep in their beds when they opened them to see this day ! Come Ag, come Ag.

Excunt Gnotho and Agatha, Creon. Were not you all my servants ?

Cook. During your life, as we thought, sir ; but our young master turn'd us away, Crews. How headlong, villain, wert thou

in thy min!

Sim. I followed the fashion, sir, as other young men did. If you were as we thought you had been, we should ne'er have come for this, I warrant you. We did not feed, after the old fashion, on beef and mutton, and such like.

Creas. Well, what damage or charge you have run yourselves into Ly marriage, I cannot help, nor deliver you from your wives ; them you must keep ; yourselves shall again return to me.

All. We thank your lordship for your love, and must thank ourselves for our bad bargains. Excunt.

Evan. Cleanthes, you delay the power of Inw.

To be inflicted on these misgovern'd men, That filial duty have so far transgress'd.

Clean, My lord, I see a satisfaction Meeting the sentence, even preventing it, Beating my words back in their utterance See, sir, there's salt sorrow bringing forth fresh

And new duties, as the sea propagates, The elephants have found their joints too-

They kneel.

Why, here's humility able to bind up The punishing hands of the severest masters, Much more the gentle fathers'.

Sim. I had ne'er thought to have been brought so low as my knees again ; but since there's no remedy, fathers, reverend fathers, as you ever hope to have good sons and heirs, a handful of pity ! we confess we have deserved more than we are willing to receive at your hands, though sons can never deserve too much of their fathers, as shall appear afterwards.

Crean. And what way can you decline your feeding now?

You cannot retire to beeves and muttons sure.

Sim. Alas I sir, you see a good pattern for that, now we have laid by our high and lusty meats, and are down to our marrowbones already.

Crew. Well, sir, rise to vitues: w bind you now :

You that were too weak yourselves upon By others shall be govern'd. Lys. Cleanthes.

I meet your justice with reconcilement : If there be tears of faith in woman's ivert, I have received a myriad, which confirms To find a happy renovation. Clean. Here's virtue's throne

Which I'll embellish with my dearest joud Of love and faith, peace and affection! This is the altar of my saurifice,

Where daily my devoted knows shall beat Age-honoured shrine | time still so low yes That I so long may have you in mits or Until my memory lose your beginning For you, great prince, long may you have

Your justice and your wisdom never die, Crown of your crown, the blessing of your Land,

Which you reach to her from your regel

Leon. O Cleanthes, had you with us cased The entertainment of our retirement

Fear'd and exclaim'd on in your ignoration You might have sooner died upon the way der.

Than any rage or passion for our loss. A place at hand we were all strangers of So sphered about with music, such delight, Such viands and attendance, and opcrade So cheered with a royal visitant.

That oft times, waking, our unsteady larger Would question whether we yet lived or an Or had possession of that paradise Where angels be the guard !

Evan, Enough, Leonides

You go beyond the praise ; we have our end, And all is ended well : we have now seen

The flowers and weeds that grow about out

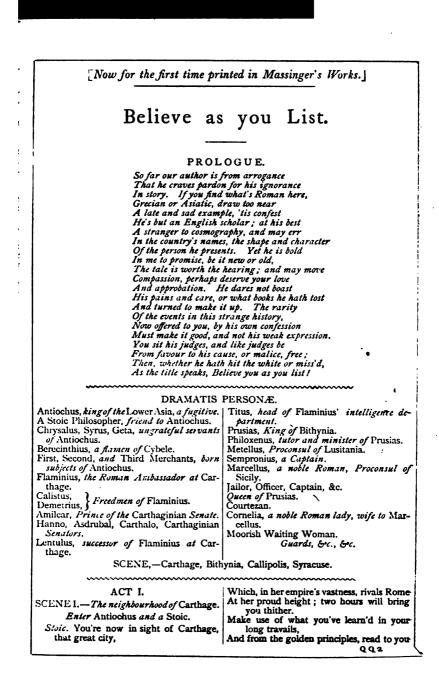
Sim. If these be weeds, I'm afraid I shall wear none so good again as long as up father lives.

Evan. Only this gentleman we did above With our own bosom : we seem'd a tymat, And he our instrument. Look, 'tis Cratilus, Discovers Cratilus

The man that you supposed had now been travell'd ;

Which we gave leave to learn to spenk, And bring us foreign langunges to Greece All's joy, I see ; let music be the crown -And set it high, "The good needs fear an law.

It is his safety, and the bad man's awe." Flourish.



In the Athenian Academie, stand resolved For either fortune. You must now forget fore me, The contemplations of a private man, And put in action that which may comply ful youth with The majesty of a monarch. Ant How that title, That glorious attribute of majesty, That troublesome, though most triumphant robe Designed me in my birth, which I have worn With terror and astonishment to others, Affrights me now | O memory | memory Of what I was once when the Eastern world bow to With wonder, in my May of youth, look'd on me. Ambassadors of the most potent kings, With noble emulation, contending To court my friendship, their fair daughters By offered As pledges to assure it, with all pomp And circumstance of glory. Rome herself. And Carthage, emulous whose side I should What now I suffer? Confirm in my protection. O remembrance, With what ingenious cruelty and tortures, Out of a due consideration of forfeit My present low and desperate condition, Dost thou afflict me now. You must oppose from (For so the stoic discipline commands you) That wisdom with your patience fortified, Which holds dominion over fate, against bound The torrent of your passion. Ant. I should, I do confess I should, if I could drink up That river of forgetfulness poets dream of. But still in dreadful forms, (philosophy gods wanting Power to remove them,) all those innocent Ant. spirits, Borrowing again their bodies, gashed with (Which strewed Achaia's bloody plains, and Romans, Rivulets of gore) appear to me, exacting A strict account of my ambitious folly, For the exposing of twelve thousand souls, Who fell that fatal day, to certain ruin ; Neither the counsel of the Persian king Prevailing with me; nor the grave advice part with Of my wise enemy, Marcus Scaurus, hinder-My desperate enterprise-too late repented. Methinks I now look on my butchered army! flock, Stoic, This is mere melancholy. O, 'tis more, sir ; Ant. Here, there, and everywhere they do pur-

The genins of my country made a slave,

Like a weeping mother, seems to kned by

Wringing her manacled hands ! The hap

And bravery of my kingdom, in their per And ghasily looks, lamenting that they we Too soon by my means forced from the

sweet being Old [He]sper with his fierce beams [scorth

ing in vain Their [wives, their sisters, and ther hole

Trained up in all delights, or sacrel to

The chaste Diana's rites, compelled u

The soldiers' lusts, or at an outery sold Under the spear like beasts-to be special

and trod on their proud mistresses, the Room

matrons !

O, sir, consider then if it can be

In the constancy of a stoic to endure

Two and twenty your Travailing o'er the world, you've pail the

Of this engagement : shed a sea of tears In your sorrow for it : and now, being called

The rigour of a strict philosopher's life

By the cries of your poor country, you are

With an obedient cheerfulness to follow The path that you are entered in, which wi-Guide you out of a wilderness of horror,

To the flourishing plains of saliety, the just

Smoothing the way before you.

Though I gran That all impossibilities are easy

To their omnipotence, give me leave to 
In the compass of my hopes-the longy

So long possessed of Asia, their plea Made good by conquest, and that ratified With their religious authority,

The propagation of the commonwealth To whose increase they're sworn to, will en

A prey so precious, and so dearly purchased? A tigress circled with her famished whells Will sooner yield a lamb, snatched from the

To the dumb oratory of the ewe

Than Rome restore one foot of earth that may Diminish her vast empire !

In her will This may be granted, but you have a tisle



| So strong and clear that there's no colour left<br>To varnish Rome's pretences. Add this, sir,<br>The Asian princes, warned by your example,<br>And yet unconquered, never will consent<br>That such a foul example of injustice<br>Shall, to the scandal of the present age,<br>Hereafter be recorded. They in this<br>Are equally engaged with you, and must,<br>Though not in love to justice, for their safety<br>In policy assist, guard, and protect you.<br>And, you may rest assured, neither the king<br>Of Parthia, the Gauls, nor big-boned Germans,<br>Nor this great Carthage, grown already<br>jealous<br>Of Rome's encroaching empire, will cry Aim<br>To such an usurpation, which must<br>Take from their own security. Besides<br>Your mother was a Roman ; for her sake,<br>And the families from which she is derived,<br>You must find favour.<br>Ant. For her sake ! Alas, sir,<br>Ambition knows no kindred. Right and<br>lawful | What am I fallen to? There is something<br>writ more.<br>Why this small piece of silver? What I read<br>may<br>Reveal the mystery :-Forget thou wert ever<br>Called king Antiochus. With this charity<br>I enter thee a beggar. Too tough heart<br>Will nothing break thee? O that now I stood<br>On some high pyramid, from whence I might<br>Be seen by the whole world, and with a voice<br>Louder than thunder pierce the ears of proud<br>And secure greatness with the true relation<br>Of my remarkable story, that my fall<br>Might not be fruitless, but still live the great<br>Example of man's frailty. I that was<br>Born and bred up a king, whose frown or<br>smile<br>Spake death or life; my will a law; my<br>person<br>Environed with an army : now exposed<br>To the contempt and scorn of my own slave,<br>Who in his pride, as a god compared with<br>me,<br>Bids me become a beggar ! But complaints |
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| Too low to be buoyed up, it being held<br>A foolish weakness and disease in statists,<br>In favour of a weak man, to provoke<br>Such as are mighty. The imperious waves<br>Of my calamities have already fallen                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                         | are weak<br>And womanish. I will like a palm tree grow<br>Under my [own] huge weight. Nor shall the<br>fear<br>Of death or torture that dejection bring,<br>Make me [or] live or die less than a king !<br>[Exit.                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                           |
| [Here is a sad hiatus in the manuscript.]<br>To them enter Chrysalus, Syrus, Geta, ser-<br>vants of Antiochus, who revile him, and<br>rob and strip him.<br>[The hiatus continues.]<br>[Excunt all but Antiochus.<br>Anti.<br>[Farewell my h]opes; despair with sable<br>wings<br>[Sail-stretch'd ab]ove my head: the gold<br>with which                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                | SCENE II.—A Street in Carthage.<br>Enter Berecinthius (with three petitions,)<br>and three Merchants of Asia.<br>I Merch. We are grown so contemptible<br>he disdains<br>To give us hearing.<br>a Merch. Keeps us at such a distance,<br>And with his Roman gravity declines<br>Our suit for conference, as with much more<br>ease<br>We might make our approaches to the                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                   |
| ] us furnished me to supply my wants,<br>[And] make my first appearance like myself<br>[Have these] disloyal villains ravished from<br>me.<br>Wretch that I was to tempt their abject minds<br>With such a purchase. Can I, in this weed,<br>Without the gold to fee an advocate<br>To plead my royal title, nourish hope<br>Of a recovery? Forlorn majesty,<br>Wanting the outer gloss and ceremony<br>To give it lustre, meets no more respect<br>Than knowledge with the ignorant. Ha I<br>what is<br>Contained in this waste paper? Tis endorsed<br>To the no-king Antiochus; and subscribed<br>No more thy servant, but superior, Chrysalus.                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                       | Parthian,<br>Without a present, than work him to have<br>A feeling of our grievances.<br>3 Merch. A statesman !<br>The devil, I think, who only knows him truly,<br>Can give his character. When he is to deter-<br>mine<br>A point of justice, his words fal! in measure<br>Like plummets of a clock, observing time<br>And just proportion.<br>I Merch. But when he is<br>To speak in any cause concerns himself,<br>Or Rome's republic, like a gushing torrent,<br>Not to be stopp'd in its full course, his-<br>reasons,<br>Delivered like a second Mercurie.                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                           |

Break in, and [bear down] whatsoever is Opposed against them. When he smiles, let such a Merch. Beware as have to do with him, for then, Sans doubt, he's bent on mischief. As I am Berec Cybele's flamen (whose most sacred image, Drawn thus in pomp, I wear upon my breast), I am privileged, nor is it in his power To do me wrong ; and he shall find I can Think, and aloud too, when I am not at Her altar kneeling. Mother of the gods ! what is he? At his best but a patrician of Rome, His name Titus Flaminius; and speak mine, Berecinthius, arch-flamen to Cybele, It makes as great a sound. 3 Merch. True ; but his place, sir, And the power it carries in it, as Rome's legate, Gives him pre-eminence o'er you. Not an atom. Beret. When moral honesty and jus gentium fail To lend relief to such as are oppressed, Religion must use her strength. I'm perfect In these notes you gave me. Do they contain at full, Your grievances and losses. I Merch. Would they were As well redressed, as they are punctually Delivered to you. Berec. Say no more, they shall And to the purpose. 2 Merch. Here he comes. Have at him. Berec. Enter Flaminius with two freedmen, Calistus and Demetrius. Blow away these troublesome Flam. and importunate drones, I've embryons of greater consequence In my imaginations to which I must give life and form, not now vouchsafing To hear their idle buzzes. 2 Merch. Note you that? Berec. Yes, I do note it ; but the Flamen is not So light to be removed by a groom's breath. I must, and will, speak, and I thus confront him. Flam. But that the image of the goddess, which Thou wear'st upon thy breast, protects thy rudeness Thad forfeited thy life. Dost thou not tremble When an incensed Roman frowns? Berec. I see

Flam Must I speak in mode Before thou wilt be awed? Berte. For reverence from thee if thou response The goddess' power, and in her need charge thee To give me hearing. If these lions con. For thy contempt of her expect a wagsan Suitable to thy pride. Flam. Thou shalt o'create. There's no contending with there. 3 Merch. The Flamen hath the better. I Merch. He will not keep it. Berec. Know you these nex.) faces? Flam. Yes, yes, poor Asiatics. Beree, Poor ! They are made st By your Roman tyranny and oppresson Flam If arrogantly you presume to take The Roman government, your goddess one Give privilege to it, and you'll find and ini "Tis little less than treason, Flamen. Berec. In your pride is so interpreted : these poor men, These Asiatic merchants, whom you look on With such contempt and scorn, are they to whom Rome owes her bravery ; their industrian search To the farthest Inde, with danger to thenselves Brings home security to you-to youthankful Your magazines are from their sweat sayplied : The legions with which you fright the world Are from their labour paid ; the Tyrian Whose blood dyes your proud purple, in the colour Distinguishing the senator's garded robe From a plebeian babit, their nets catch : The diamond hewed from the rock, the pearl Dived for into the bottom of the sea. The sapphire, ruby, jacinth, amber, coral, And all rich ornaments of your Latian dames Are Asian spoils. They are indeed the nurses And sinews of your war, and without them What could you do? Your handkercher-

Flam.

No Gorgon in your face.

Wipe your face,



| You're in a sweat. The weather's hot, take<br>heed<br>Of melting your fat kidneys.<br>Berec. There's no heat<br>Can thaw thy frozen conscience.<br>Flam. To it again:<br>a mot mov'd.<br>Berec. I see it. If you had<br>The feeling of a man you would not suffer<br>frees men, who have deserved so well, to<br>sink<br>Under the burthen of their wrongs. If they<br>Are subjects, why enjoy they not the right<br>Are prize they took, belonging not to them<br>Nor their confederates?<br>Flam. With reverence<br>Toy our so sacred goddess, I must tell you<br>You're grown presumptuous; and, in your<br>demands.<br>A rash and saucy Flamen. Meddle with<br>Your ugelden ministers. Shall 1 yield account<br>forth To too toy our<br>goaled ministers. Shall 1 yield account<br>of what I do to you?<br>I Merch. Nay then I know what follows.<br>3 Merch.<br>A tempest rises.<br>Flam. The vod are you complain,<br>for in a look repine? Our government<br>Hath been too easy, and the yoke, which<br>Hath our familiar commerce and trading.<br>Almost as with our equals, taught you to<br>Dispute our actions? Have you quite forgot<br>Yhat we are, and you ought to be? Shat<br>a Merch. I how he speaks<br>a Merch. I tow he speaks<br>a Merch. I how war gainst havere.<br>I have took<br>tenput which for the relates of your gods and its the giann<br>Yassals<br>2 Merch. Tis too frequent, wretches,<br>A ho draw the vanquished hate the conqueror,<br>And from us needs no answer. Do I not<br>know<br>How odious the lordly Roman is<br>To the despised Asian ; and that<br>To again your liberty you would pull down<br>The altars of your gods, and like the gianns<br>The altars of your gods, and like the giann<br>The altars of your gods, and like the giann<br>The altars of your gods, and like the giann<br>The altars of your gods, and like the g                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                | BELIEVE AS                                 | YOU LIST. 599                               |
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| Of melting your fat kidneys.<br>Berec. There's no heat<br>Flom. To it again;<br>I am not movd.<br>Berec. I see it. If you had<br>the feeling of a man you would not suffer<br>these men, who have deserved so well, to<br>sink<br>Under the burthen of their wrongs. If they<br>Are subjects, why enjoy they not the right<br>And privilege of subjects? What defence<br>Can you allege for your cominance to<br>them<br>The carthaginan gallies, who forced from<br>them<br>Nor their confederates?<br>Flam. With reverence<br>Flam. With reverence<br>To your so sacred goddess, I must tell you<br>demands,<br>A rash and saucy Flamen. Meddle with<br>Your gigding mysteries, and keep in awe<br>Your gelded ministers. Shall yield account<br>of what I do to you?<br>I Merch. Nay then I know what follows.<br>B merch is mow and they with a wei ron hammers<br>To hack tempest rises.<br>Flam. The sought to be spared.<br>Flam. The sought to be spared.<br>I nher accustomed lenity imposed<br>I mer accustomed lenity imposed<br>I mow<br>Northe exanguiste hate the conqueror,<br>I more in y mers, and I shall burst<br>I tore not up in my reply.<br>I mer accustomer any mers, and such as should be<br>I mer accustomer                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                       |                                            |                                             |
| Berec. There's no heat any there's no heat from the series of the serie                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                     |                                            |                                             |
| Flam.To it again ;<br>That sought to lay an unjust gripe upon<br>an not mov'd. $Berce.$ I see it. If you had<br>The feeling of a man you would not suffer<br>These men, who have deserved so well, to<br>sinkThat sought to lay an unjust gripe upon<br>Your territories ; never membering that<br>In the brass-leaved book of fate it was set<br>downThese men, who have deserved so well, to<br>sinkThe prize they took, belonging not to them<br>ther or offederates ?The Carthaginian gallies, who forced from<br>therm<br>The prize they took, belonging not to them<br>Nor their confederates ?The Egyptian Ptolemy, or indeed any,<br>Than bow unto the Roman.The Carthaginian gallies, who forced from<br>thorm demands,If the use to the any,<br>Than bow unto the Roman.The rash and saucy Flamen.Welly to<br>Methed ministers. Shall 1 yield account<br>Our government<br>Hath been too easy, and the yoke, which<br>RomeIf they were here and trading,<br>Almost as with our equals, taught you to<br>Dispute our actions? Have you quite forgot<br>Log prive the manus due preduct to be?<br>Shall<br>yassalsIf here here and trading,<br>Almost as with our equals, taught you to<br>Dispute our actions? Have you quite forgot<br>that we the vanguished hate the conqueror,<br>thare the vanguished hate the conqueror,<br>the fam.If here here and that<br>to gain your goods, and like the giants<br>a Merch.If would not swallow my spittle.<br>a Merch.The altars of your goods, and like the giants<br>Raise a new war gainst heaven.<br>1 Merch.Terriblet<br>fam.Terriblet<br>fam.Flam.Did you not give assuranceof this<br>when.Terriblet<br>fam.And from us needs no answer.<br>Do any tiberty you would pull down<br>their fam.Antick here is ston t                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                     |                                            |                                             |
| <ul> <li>I am not mov'd.</li> <li>Brree.</li> <li>I see it. If you had</li> <li>The sering of a man you would not suffer</li> <li>These men, who have deserved so well, to</li> <li>sink</li> <li>Under the burthen of their wrongs. If they</li> <li>And privilege of subjects? What defence</li> <li>Can you allege for your connivance to</li> <li>The carthaginian gallies, who forced from</li> <li>them</li> <li>The them</li> <li>The them</li> <li>The the the the torne of their wrongs. If they</li> <li>Can you allege for your connivance to</li> <li>The carthaginian gallies, who forced from</li> <li>them</li> <li>The them</li> <li>The them</li> <li>The the the torne of their wrongs. If they</li> <li>The carthaginian gallies, who forced from</li> <li>them</li> <li>The the the torne of their wrongs. If they took, belonging not to them</li> <li>Nor their confiderates?</li> <li>Flam.</li> <li>Merch.</li> <li>Merch.</li> <li>Merch.</li> <li>Merch.</li> <li>Merch.</li> <li>Merch.</li> <li>Merch.</li> <li>In his tooks</li> <li>Merch.</li> <li>In how dare you complain,</li> <li>Or in a look repine? Our government</li> <li>Hath our familiar commerce and trading,</li> <li>Almost as with our equals, taught you to</li> <li>Statu fram.</li> <li>Merch.</li> <li>In his own dialect.</li> <li>Flam.</li> <li>Tis too frequent, wretches,</li> <li>Amerch.</li> <li>I wow he speaks</li> <li>Mow and isour guise the conquertor,</li> <li>Amerch.</li> <li>I wow has discet.</li> <li>Amerch.</li> <li>I wow he speaks</li> <li>Merch.</li> <li>I wow isour goids, and like the giants</li> <li>Amerch.</li> <li>I wow isour goids, and like the giants</li> <li>Amerch.</li> <li>I word isour agains heaven.</li> <li>Merch.</li> <li>Merch.</li> <li>I word isour gains heaven.</li> <li>Merch.</li> <li>Merch.</li> <li>I merch.</li> <li>Merch.</li> <li>I word isour gains heaven.</li> <li>Merch.</li> <li>Merch.</li> <li>I word isour gains heaven.</li> <li>Merch.</li> <li>Merch.</li> <li>Merch.</li> <li>Merch.</li> <li>Merch.</li> <li>Merch.</li> <li>I would not swall</li></ul>                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                          | Can thaw thy frozen conscience.            | You did exclaim against us as the men       |
| Berec.I see it. If you had<br>The feeling of a man you would not suffer<br>These men, who have deserved so well, to<br>sinkIn the brass-leaved book of fate it was set<br>downThese men, who have deserved so well, to<br>sinkIn the brass-leaved book of fate it was set<br>downThe elight of the spatial stream of the second solution in the<br>the carthaginian gallies, who forced from<br>themAnd prize of subjects?What defence<br>(Flam.With reverence<br>is supportable.Flam.With reverence<br>Vou're grown presumptous; and, in your<br>demands,<br>A rash and saucy Flamen. Meddle with<br>You juggling mysteries, and keep in awe<br>Your gelded ministers. Shall I yield account<br>of what I do to you?If thou wert not<br>forth1 Merch.He smiles in frown.<br>3 Merch.In his looks<br>A tempest rises.If how dare you complain,<br>Or in a look repine? Our government<br>Hath been too easy, and the yoke, which<br>RomeNor deir complex,<br>is now dialect.If we be you, too,<br>You shall with horror to your proudest<br>hopesHard.In his looks<br>A tempest rises.In his looks<br>A tempest rises.In his looks<br>a Merch.If we be you, too,<br>is on you could to be? Shall<br>vasaalsCapitulate with their lords?<br>2 Merch.I wow he speaks<br>In his som dialect.I wow he speaks<br>is too frequent, wretches?Flam.Tis too frequent, wretches?<br>a Merch.I wow he speaks<br>is too frequent, wretches?Cham.Tis too frequent, wretches?<br>a Merch.I wow he speaks<br>is on in at my ears, and I shall burst II<br>it come not up in my reply.March.I wow he speaks<br>a Merch.S Merch.A we ware and<br>is defence.                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                       |                                            |                                             |
| The feeling of a man you would not suffer<br>These men, who have deserved so well, to<br>sink<br>Under the burthen of their wrongs. If they<br>Are subjects? What defence<br>Can you allege for your connivance to<br>The Carthaginian gallies, who forced from<br>them<br>Nor their confederates?<br>Flam. With reverence<br>To your so sacred goddess, I must tell you<br>you're grown presumptuous; and, in your<br>demands,<br>A rash and saucy Flamen. Medle with<br>Your jugging mysteries, and keep in aw<br>Your gelded ministers. Shall 1 yield account<br>of what I do to you?<br><i>i Merch.</i> He smiles in frown.<br><i>a Mirch.</i> In his look<br>A tempest rises.<br>Flam. How dare you complain,<br>Or in a look repine? Our government<br>that bear too easy, and the yoke, which<br>Rome framiliar commérce and trading,<br>Att our familiar commérce and trading,<br>Att our                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                           |                                            |                                             |
| These men, who have deserved so well, to sink Under the burthen of their wrongs. If they Are subjects, why enjoy they not the right Are subjects, why enjoy they not the right Are subjects, why enjoy they not the right Are subjects. What defence Can you allege for your connivance to The Carthaginian gallies, who forced from The Egyrlian Ptolemy, or indeed any, The Egyrlian Ptole                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                     |                                            |                                             |
| sink Under the burthen of their wrongs. If they Are subjects, why enjoy they not the right And privilege of subjects? What defence the conservation of the subjects? What defence the subjects? What defence the conservation of the subjects? What defence the conservation of the subjects? What defence the conservation of the carthaginian gallies, who forced from them the subjects? What defence the conservation of the conserva                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                     | These men who have deserved so well to     |                                             |
| Under the burthen of their wrongs. If they Are subjects, why enjoy they not the right And privilege of subjects? What defence Can you allege for your connivance to The Carthaginian gallies, who forced from them The prize they took, belonging not to them Nor their confederates? With reverence Flam. With reverence of your so sacred goldess, I must tell you demands, a rash and saucy Flamen. Meddle with Your giggling mysteries, and keep in awe to wands, and saucy Flamen. Meddle with Your giggling mysteries, and keep in awe to ware shared an insters. Shall 1 yield account of what I do to you? I make the series in frown. a Merch. Nay then I know what follows. 3 Merch. In his looks a Merch. Nay then I know what follows. 3 Merch. In his looks a Merch. Nay then I know what follows. 3 Merch. In his looks a with our equals, taught you to tempt. Hath been too easy, and the yoke, which tempt. Hath our familiar commérce and trading. Almost as with our equals, taught you to tempt. To have the vanquished hate the conqueror, And from us needs no answer. Do I not know wo dious the lordly Roman is To the despised Asian ; and that To gain your ilberty you would pull down The altars of your give assurance of this, it merch. I more fam. Did you not give assurance of the spised Asian ; and that Raise a new war gainst heaven. I Merch. I more were the men whon fate apport. I make a new war gainst heaven. I merch. To gain your ilberty you would pull down The altars of your goice assurance of this is more and the at the gines is an ew war gainst heaven. I would not swallow my spittle. I make a new war gainst heaven. I would pull down The altars of your give assurance of the spised Asian ; and that Raise a new war gainst heaven. I would pull down The altars of your give assurance of the spised Asian ; and that Raise a new war gainst heaven. I would pull down The altars of your give assurance of this in the spised Asian ; and that Raise a new war gainst heaven. I would applicate the spised Asian ; and that Raise a new war gainst heaven. I                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                     |                                            |                                             |
| Are subjects, why enjoy they not the right and privilege of subjects? What defence Can you allege for your connivance to The Carthaginian gallies, who forced from them The prize they took, belonging not to them Nor their confederates? The prize they took, belonging not to them Nor their confederates? With reverence To your so sacred goddess, I must tell you You're grown presumptuous; and, in your demands, a rash and saucy Flamen. Meddle with You'ne grown presumptuous; and keep in awe Your gelded ministers. Shall I yield account of what 1 do to you? I <i>Merch.</i> He smiles in frown. a <i>Merch.</i> Nay then I know what follows. J <i>Merch.</i> Nay then I know they key, which Rome I no look repine? Our government Hath been too easy, and the yoke, which Rome Cartions? Have you quite forgot What we are, and you ought to be? Shall vasals I n his own dialect. Flam. Tis too frequent, wretches, To have the vanquished hate the conqueror, And from us needs no answer. Do I not know the our liberty you would pull down The altars of your giber assuranceof this, when the many in the atters of your gods, and like the giants Raise a new war gainst heaven. I <i>Merch.</i> Tor and you not give assuranceof this, when the many in the altars of your giber assuranceof this, when the many in the atters of your gods, and like the giants Raise a new war gainst heaven. I <i>Merch.</i> The altars of your gods, and like the giants Raise an new war gainst heaven. I merrible <i>Flam.</i> Did you not give assuranceof this, when the many in the set to the assurance of this when the many in the set to the subject of the many in the set to the set to the set to the set the tere should be forgot when the many the the any in the set to                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                         |                                            |                                             |
| Can you allege for your connivance to<br>The Carthaginian gallies, who forced from<br>them<br>The prize they took, belonging not to them<br>Nor their confederates?<br>Flam. With reverence<br>To your so sacred goddess, I must tell you<br>you're grown presumptuous; and, in your<br>demands,<br>A rash and saucy Flamen. Meddle with<br>Your juggling mysteries, and keep in awe<br>Your gelded ministers. Shall I yield account<br>of what I do to you?<br>I Merch. We smiles in from.<br>a Merch. Nay then I know what follows.<br>3 Merch. In his looks<br>a Merch. In his looks<br>Ream. How dare you complain,<br>Or in a look repine? Our government<br>Hath been too easy, and the yoke, which<br>Rome<br>In her accustomed lenity imposed<br>Upon your stubborn necks, begets con-<br>tempt.<br>Hath our familiar commérce and trading.<br>Alimost as with our equals, taught you to<br>Dispute our actions? Have you quite forgot<br>What we are, and you ought to be?<br>Shall<br>Vassals<br>Capitulate with their lords?<br>a Merch. I tow he speaks<br>In his own dialect.<br>Flam. 'Tis too frequent, wretches,<br>To have the vanquished hate the conqueror;<br>And from us needs no answer. Do I not<br>know<br>How odious the lordly Roman is<br>To the despiséd Asian ; and that<br>To gain your liberty you would pull down<br>The altars of your gods, and like the giants:<br><b>a</b> Merch.<br><b>a</b> Merch.<br><b>a</b> Merch.<br><b>a</b> Merch.<br><b>a</b> Merch.<br><b>b</b> row the sequent, wretches,<br><i>a</i> Merch.<br><b>a</b> Merch.<br><b>a</b> Merch.<br><b>a</b> Merch.<br><b>b</b> row can call our own.<br><b>a</b> Merch.<br><b>b</b> row the sequent is the aven.<br><b>a</b> Merch.<br><b>b</b> row the speaks<br><b>b</b> ohis own dialect.<br>Flam. Did you not give assuranceof this,<br>when<br><b>b</b> when<br><b>b</b> row the men whom fate ap-<br>pointed                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                              | Are subjects, why enjoy they not the right |                                             |
| Can you allege for your connivance to<br>The Carthaginian gallies, who forced from<br>them<br>The prize they took, belonging not to them<br>Nor their confederates?<br>Flam. With reverence<br>To your so sacred goddess, I must tell you<br>you're grown presumptuous; and, in your<br>demands,<br>A rash and saucy Flamen. Meddle with<br>Your juggling mysteries, and keep in awe<br>Your gelded ministers. Shall I yield account<br>of what I do to you?<br>I Merch. We smiles in from.<br>a Merch. Nay then I know what follows.<br>3 Merch. In his looks<br>a Merch. In his looks<br>Ream. How dare you complain,<br>Or in a look repine? Our government<br>Hath been too easy, and the yoke, which<br>Rome<br>In her accustomed lenity imposed<br>Upon your stubborn necks, begets con-<br>tempt.<br>Hath our familiar commérce and trading.<br>Alimost as with our equals, taught you to<br>Dispute our actions? Have you quite forgot<br>What we are, and you ought to be?<br>Shall<br>Vassals<br>Capitulate with their lords?<br>a Merch. I tow he speaks<br>In his own dialect.<br>Flam. 'Tis too frequent, wretches,<br>To have the vanquished hate the conqueror;<br>And from us needs no answer. Do I not<br>know<br>How odious the lordly Roman is<br>To the despiséd Asian ; and that<br>To gain your liberty you would pull down<br>The altars of your gods, and like the giants:<br><b>a</b> Merch.<br><b>a</b> Merch.<br><b>a</b> Merch.<br><b>a</b> Merch.<br><b>a</b> Merch.<br><b>b</b> row the sequent, wretches,<br><i>a</i> Merch.<br><b>a</b> Merch.<br><b>a</b> Merch.<br><b>a</b> Merch.<br><b>b</b> row can call our own.<br><b>a</b> Merch.<br><b>b</b> row the sequent is the aven.<br><b>a</b> Merch.<br><b>b</b> row the speaks<br><b>b</b> ohis own dialect.<br>Flam. Did you not give assuranceof this,<br>when<br><b>b</b> when<br><b>b</b> row the men whom fate ap-<br>pointed                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                              | And privilege of subjects? What defence    |                                             |
| them<br>The prize they took, belonging not to them<br>Nor their confederates?<br>Flam. With reverence<br>To your so sacred goddess, I must tell you<br>demands,<br>A rash and saucy Flamen. Meddle with<br>Your grown presumptuous; and, in your<br>demands,<br>A rash and saucy Flamen. Meddle with<br>Your gugling mysteries, and keep in ave<br>Your gelded ministers. Shall I yield account<br>Of what I do to you?<br>I Merch. Nay then I know what follows.<br>3 Merch. In his looks<br>A tempest rises.<br>Flam. How dare you complain,<br>Or in a look repine? Our government<br>Hath been too easy, and the yoke, which<br>In her accustomed lenity imposed<br>Upon your stubborn necks, begets con-<br>tempt.<br>Hath our familiar commérce and trading.<br>Almost as with our equals, taught you to<br>Dispute our actions? Have you quite forgot<br>What we are, and you ought to be? Shall<br>vasals<br>2 Merch. I vow he speaks<br>In his own dialect.<br>Flam. Tis too frequent, wretches,<br>In his own dialect.<br>Flam. Tis too frequent, wretches,<br>In his own dialect.<br>Flam. Tis too frequent, wretches,<br>To have the vanquished hate the conqueror,<br>And from us needs no answer. Do I not<br>know<br>How odious the lordly Roman is<br>To to the spised Asian; and that<br>To gain your liberty you would pull down<br>The altars of your gods, and like the giants<br>i Merch.<br>I Merch.<br>I Merch.<br>I Merch.<br>I Merch.<br>A mark and you not give assurance of this,<br>when<br>Mender<br>Mender<br>Mender<br>Mender<br>Mender<br>Mender<br>Mender<br>Mender<br>Mender<br>Mender<br>Mender<br>Mender<br>Mender<br>Mender<br>Mender<br>Mender<br>Mender<br>Mender<br>Mender<br>Mender<br>Mender<br>Mender<br>Mender<br>Mender<br>Mender<br>Mender<br>Mender<br>Mender<br>Mender<br>Mender<br>Mender<br>Mender<br>Mender<br>Mender<br>Mender<br>Mender<br>Mender<br>Mender<br>Mender<br>Mender<br>Mender<br>Mender<br>Mender<br>Mender<br>Mender<br>Mender<br>Mender<br>Mender<br>Mender<br>Mender<br>Mender<br>Mender<br>Mender<br>Mender<br>Mender<br>Mender<br>Mender<br>Mender<br>Mender<br>Mender<br>Mender<br>Mender<br>Mender<br>Mender<br>Mender<br>Mender<br>Mender<br>Mender<br>Mender<br>Mender<br>Mender<br>Mender<br>Mender<br>Mender<br>Mender<br>Mender<br>Mender<br>Mender<br>Mender<br>Mender<br>Mender<br>Mender<br>Mender<br>Mender<br>Mender                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                            |                                            | Than bow unto the Roman.                    |
| The prize they took, belonging not to them<br>Nor their confederates?<br>Flam. With reverence<br>To your so sacred goddess, I must tell you<br>demands,<br>A rash and saucy Flamen. Meddle with<br>Your juggling mysteries, and keep in awe<br>Your gelded ministers. Shall I yield account<br>Of what I do to you?<br>I Merch. Nay then I know what follows.<br>A tempest rises.<br>Flam. How dare you complain,<br>Or in a look repine? Our government<br>Hath been too easy, and the yoke, which<br>Rome<br>I nher accustomed lenity imposed<br>Upon your stubborn necks, begets con-<br>tempt.<br>Hath our familiar commérce and trading,<br>Almost as with our caulas, taught you to<br>Dispute our actions? Have you quite forgot<br>What we are, and you ought to be? Shall<br>n his own dialect.<br>Flam. Tis too frequent, wretches,<br>I n his own dialect.<br>Flam. Tis too frequent, wretches,<br>To have the vanquished hate the conqueror,<br>And from us needs no answer. Do I not<br>know<br>How odious the lordly Roman is<br>To the despised Asian ; and that<br>To gain your liberty you would pull down<br>The altars of your goid, and like the giants<br>i Merch.<br>I                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                  |                                            |                                             |
| Nor their confederates?<br>Flam. With reverence<br>To your so sacred goddess, I must tell you<br>demands,<br>A rash and saucy Flamen. Meddle with<br>Your gelded ministers. Shall I yield account<br>of what I do to you?<br>I Merch. He smiles in frown.<br>a Merch. Nay then I know what follows.<br><i>Merch.</i> In his looks<br><i>A tempest rises.</i><br><i>Flam.</i> How dare you complain,<br>Or in a look repine? Our government<br>Hath been too easy, and the yoke, which<br>Rome<br>In her accustomed lenity imposed<br>Upon your stubborn necks, begets con-<br>tempt.<br>Hath our familiar commérce and trading.<br>Almost as with our equals, taught you to<br>Dispute our actions? Have you quite forgrot<br>What we are, and you ought to be? Shall<br>n his own dialect.<br><i>Flam.</i> Tis too frequent, wretches,<br>In his own dialect.<br><i>Flam.</i> To gain your liberty you would pull down<br>The atars of your goix and like the giants<br><i>a Merch.</i> But our calamities there's nothing<br>left us,<br>Which we can call our own.<br><i>a Merch.</i> Our wives and schould be<br>Our judges dare not right us.<br><i>3 Merch.</i> Our wives and schould be<br>Our judges dare not right us.<br><i>3 Merch.</i> O, Antiochus I<br>Thrice happy were the men whom fate ap-<br>pointed                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                |                                            |                                             |
| Flam.With reverenceTo your so sacred goddess, I must tell you<br>demands,In using tell you<br>you<br>gendemands,If thou wert not<br>In a free state, the tongue that belloweth<br>forthA rash and saucy Flamen.Meddle with<br>you juggling mysteries, and keep in awe<br>you gelded ministers. Shall I yield account<br>Of what I do to you?In a free state, the tongue that belloweth<br>forthA rash and saucy Flamen.Meddle with<br>you—presume not [To the Merchants.<br>you—presume not [To the Merchants.<br>you—presume not jeft on do,<br>You shall with horror to your proudest<br>hopesA tempest rises.In his looks<br>A tempest rises.A tempest rises.In his looks<br>A tempest rises.Flam.How dare you complain,<br>Or in a look repine? Our government<br>Hath been too easy, and the yoke, which<br>RomeIn her accustomed lenity imposed<br>Upon your stubborn necks, begets con-<br>tempt.I have took provinces,<br>I have took<br>Poison in at my ears, and I shall burst<br>If i come not up in my reply.<br>If ed found<br>vassalsCapitulate with their lords?<br>2 Merch.I vow he speaks<br>I how dious the lordly Roman is<br>To the despised Asian ; and that<br>To gain your liberty you would pull down<br>The altars of your gods, and like the giants<br>Raise a new war gainst heaven.<br>I Merch.I Merch.I Merch.I Merch.I Merch.I Merch.I wow faile the giants<br>the opinedI how odious the lordly Roman is<br>To the despised Asian ; and that<br>To gain your liberty you would pull down<br>The altars of your gods, and like the giants<br>Raise a new war gainst heaven.Terrible t<br>I Merch.I Merch.I do you not give assurance of this,<br>when<                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                              |                                            |                                             |
| To your so sacred goddess, I must tell you<br>You're grown presumptuous; and, in your<br>demands,<br>A rash and saucy Flamen. Meddle with<br>Your gelded ministers. Shall I yield account<br>of what I do to you?<br>I Merch. May then I know what follows.<br>2 Merch. Nay then I know what follows.<br>3 Merch. In his looks<br>A tempest rises.<br>Flam. How dare you complain,<br>Or in a look repine? Our government<br>Hath been too easy, and the yoke, which<br>Rome<br>Upon your stubborn necks, begets con-<br>tempt.<br>Hath our familiar commérce and trading,<br>Almost as with our equals, taught you to<br>Dispute our actions? Have you quite forgot<br>What we are, and you ought to be? Shall<br>vassals<br>Capitulate with their lords?<br>2 Merch. I tow he speaks<br>In his own dialect.<br>Flam. Tis too frequent, wretches,<br>To have the vanquished hate the conqueror,<br>And from us needs no answer. Do I not<br>know<br>How odious the lordly Roman is<br>To the despiséd Asian ; and that<br>To gain your liberty you would pull down<br>the altars of your gods, and like the giants<br>Raise a new war gainst heaven.<br>I Merch.<br>I Merch.<br>March.<br>More March.<br>March.<br>March.<br>March.<br>March.<br>March.<br>March.<br>March.<br>March.<br>March.<br>March.<br>March.<br>March.<br>March.<br>March.<br>March.<br>March.<br>March.<br>March.<br>March.<br>March.<br>March.<br>March.<br>March.<br>March.<br>March.<br>March.<br>March.<br>March.<br>March.<br>March.<br>March.<br>March.<br>March.<br>March.<br>March.<br>March.<br>March.<br>March.<br>March.<br>March.<br>March.<br>March.<br>March.<br>March.<br>March.<br>March.<br>March.<br>March.<br>March.<br>March.<br>March.<br>March.<br>March.<br>March.<br>March.<br>March.<br>March.<br>March.<br>March.<br>March.<br>March.<br>March.<br>March.<br>March.<br>March.<br>March.<br>March.<br>March.<br>March.<br>March.<br>March.<br>March.<br>March.<br>March.<br>March.<br>March.<br>March.<br>March.<br>March.<br>March.<br>March.<br>March.<br>March.<br>March.<br>March.<br>March.<br>March.<br>March.<br>March.<br>March.<br>March.<br>March.<br>March.<br>March.<br>March.<br>March.<br>March.<br>March.<br>March.<br>March.<br>March.<br>March.<br>March.<br>March.<br>March.<br>March.<br>March.<br>March.<br>March.<br>March.<br>March.<br>March.<br>March.<br>March.<br>March.<br>March.<br>March.<br>March.<br>March.<br>March.<br>March.<br>March.<br>March.<br>March.<br>March.<br>March.<br>March.<br>March.<br>March.<br>March.<br>March.<br>March.<br>March.<br>March.<br>March.<br>March.<br>March.<br>March.<br>March.<br>March.<br>March.<br>March.                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                |                                            |                                             |
| You're grown presumptuous; and, in your demands,<br>A rash and saucy Flamen. Meddle with<br>Your juggling mysteries, and keep in awe<br>Your gelded ministers. Shall 1 yield account<br>Of what I do to you?<br>I Merch. Nay then I know what follows.<br>3 Merch. Nay then I know what follows.<br>3 Merch. Nay then I know what follows.<br>3 Merch. Nay then I know what follows.<br>A tempest rises.<br>Flam. How dare you complain,<br>Or in a look repine? Our government<br>Hath been too easy, and the yoke, which<br>Rome<br>I her accustomed lenity imposed<br>Upon your stubborn necks, begets con-<br>tempt.<br>Hath our familiar commérce and trading,<br>Almost as with our equals, taught you to<br>Dispute our actions? Have you quite forgot<br>What we are, and you ought to be? Shall<br>vassals<br>In his own dialect.<br>Flam. Tis too frequent, wretches,<br>To have the vanquished hate the conqueror,<br>And from us needs no answer. Do I not<br>know<br>How odious the lordly Roman is<br>To the despiséd Asian ; and that<br>To gain your liberty you would pull down<br>Raize a new war gainst heaven.<br>I Merch.<br>I Merch.<br>March.<br>I Merch.<br>I wend<br>Mow dious the lordly Roman is<br>To the despiséd Asian ; and that<br>To gain your liberty you would pull down<br>Raize a new war gainst heaven.<br>I Merch.<br>Men March.<br>More Men March                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                       |                                            |                                             |
| demands,<br>A rash and saucy Flamen. Meddle with<br>Your juggling mysteries, and keep in awe<br>Your gelded ministers. Shall I yield account<br>Of what I do to you?<br>I Merch. Methem I know what follows.<br>a Merch. Nay then I know what follows.<br>a Merch. In his looks<br>A tempest rises.<br>Falm. How dare you complain,<br>Or in a look repine? Our government<br>Hath been too easy, and the yoke, which<br>Rome<br>In her accustomed lenity imposed<br>Upon your stubborn necks, begets con-<br>tempt.<br>Hath our familiar commérce and trading,<br>Almost as with our equals, taught you to<br>Dispute our actions? Have you quite forgot<br>What we are, and you ought to be? Shall<br>vassals<br>Capitulate with their lords?<br>2 Merch. I vow he speaks<br>In his own dialect.<br>Flam. Tis too frequent, wretches,<br>to have the vanquished hate the conqueror,<br>And from us needs no answer. Do I not<br>know<br>How odious the lordly Roman is<br>To the despiséd Asian; and that<br>To gain your liberty you would pull down<br>the altis of your gods, and like the giants<br>Raise a new war gainst heaven.<br>I Merch. Did you not give assuranceof this,<br>when                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                   |                                            |                                             |
| A rash and saucy Flamen. Meddle with<br>Your gelded ministers. Shall Jyield account<br>Of what I do to you?<br>I Merch. Nay then I know what follows.<br>Merch. Nay the I know what yoke, which<br>Rome<br>In her accustomed lenity imposed<br>Upon your stubborn necks, begets con-<br>tempt.<br>Hath our familiar commérce and trading,<br>Almost as with our equals, taught you to<br>Dispute our actions? Have you quite forgot<br>What we are, and you ought to be? Shall<br>vassals<br>In his own dialect.<br>Flam. Tis too frequent, wretches,<br>Now Nen.<br>I would not swallow my spittle.<br>Merch. But our calamities there is nothing<br>left us,<br>Which we can call our own.<br>Merch. Did you not give assurance of this,<br>When                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                        |                                            |                                             |
| Your gelded ministers. Shall I yield account<br>Of what I do to you?<br>I Merch. He smiles in frown.<br>2 Merch. Nay then I know what follows.<br>3 Merch. In his looks<br>A tempest rises.<br>Flam. How dare you complain,<br>Or in a look repine? Our government<br>Hath been too easy, and the yoke, which<br>Rome<br>In her accustomed lenity imposed<br>Upon your stubborn necks, begets con-<br>tempt.<br>Hath our familiar commérce and trading,<br>Almost as with our equals, taught you to<br>Dispute our actions? Have you quief forgot<br>What we are, and you ought to be? Shall<br>vassals<br>Capitulate with their lords?<br>2 Merch. I vow he speaks<br>In his own dialect.<br>Flam. 'Tis too frequent, wretches,<br>To have the vanquished hate the conqueror,<br>And from us needs no answer. Do I not<br>know<br>How odious the lordly Roman is<br>To the despiséd Asian; and that<br>To gain your liberty you would pull down<br>the alars of your gods, and like the giants<br>Raise a new war gainst heaven.<br>1 Merch.<br>1 Merch.<br>2 Merch.<br>1 Merch.<br>1 Merch.<br>1 Merch.<br>1 Merch.<br>1 Merch.<br>1 Merch.<br>2 Merch.<br>1 Merch.<br>1 Merch.<br>2 Merch.<br>1 Merch.<br>1 Merch.<br>1 Merch.<br>1 Merch.<br>1 Merch.<br>1 Merch.<br>1 Merch.<br>1 Merch.<br>1 Merch.<br>2 Merch.<br>1 Merch.                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                             | A rash and saucy Flamen. Meddle with       |                                             |
| Of what I do to you?I Merch.He smiles in frown.2 Merch.Nay then I know what follows.3 Merch.In his looksA tempest rises.In his looksFlam.How dare you complain,Or in a look repine? Our governmentHath been too easy, and the yoke, which RomeHath been too easy, and the yoke, which RomeIn her accustomed lenity imposedUpon your stubborn necks, begets contempt.In her accustomed lenity imposedHath our familiar commérce and trading,<br>Almost as with our equals, taught you to<br>Dispute our actions? Have you quite forgot<br>What we are, and you ought to be? Shall<br>vassalsBerec.Capitulate with their lords?<br>2 Merch.I wow he speaksIn his own dialect.I wow he speaksFlam.Tis too frequent, wretches,<br>And from us needs no answer. Do I not<br>knowHow doious the lordly Roman is<br>To the despiséd Asian; and that<br>To gain your liberty you would pull down<br>The altars of your gods, and like the gints<br>Raise a new war gainst heaven.Terrible!t Merch.I work and that<br>to gain your odity you not give assurance of this,<br>New henTerrible!the days and when we have in the days and when we have in the ad such as should be<br>Our wrongs and our disgraces.<br>3 Merch.As we must<br>Our wrongs and our disgraces.<br>3 Merch.I would not swallow my gainst heaven.<br>1 Merch.Terrible!Sime chart of your gods, and like the gainst<br>Raise a new war gainst heaven.<br>1 Merch.Our wives and such as should be<br>Our judges dare not right us.<br>3 Merch.t Merch.Nich we can call our own.<br>2 Merch.O, Antioc                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                   |                                            |                                             |
| <ul> <li><i>Merch.</i> He smilles in frown.</li> <li><i>Merch.</i> Nay then I know what follows.</li> <li><i>Merch.</i> Nay then I know what follows.</li> <li><i>Merch.</i> In his looks</li> <li>A tempest rises. In his looks</li> <li>A tempest rises. In his looks</li> <li>A tempest rises. If an exacustomed lenity imposed</li> <li>Upon your stubborn necks, begets contempt.</li> <li>Hath our familiar commérce and trading.</li> <li>Almost as with our equals, taught you to Dispute our actions? Have you quite forgot</li> <li>What we are, and you ought to be? Shall vassals</li> <li>Capitulate with their lords?</li> <li><i>2 Merch.</i> I vow he speaks</li> <li>In his own dialect. <i>Flam.</i> Tis too frequent, wretches, To have the vanquished hate the conqueror, And from us needs no answer. Do I not know</li> <li>How odious the lordly Roman is To the despised Asian; and that</li> <li>To gain your liberty you would pull down The altars of your gods, and like the giants Raise a new war gainst heaven.</li> <li><i>i Merch.</i> Did you not give assurance of this, <i>Surch.</i> O, Antiochus !</li> <li><i>Flam.</i> Did you not give assurance of this, <i>Surch.</i> O, Antiochus !</li> </ul>                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                        |                                            |                                             |
| <ul> <li>a Merch. Nay then I know what follows. 3 Merch. In his looks A tempest rises.</li> <li>Flam. How dare you complain, Or in a look repine? Our government Hath been too easy, and the yoke, which Rome</li> <li>In her accustomed lenity imposed</li> <li>Upon your stubborn necks, begets contempt.</li> <li>Hath our familiar commérce and trading, Almost as with our equals, taught you to Dispute our actions? Have you quie forgot What we are, and you ought to be? Shall vassals</li> <li>Capitulate with their lords?</li> <li>2 Merch. I vow he speaks</li> <li>In his own dialect.</li> <li>Flam. "Tis too frequent, wretchs, to may easy and our disgraces.</li> <li>J Merch. State on answer. Do I not know odious the lordly Roman is To the despiséd Asian; and that To gain your liberty you would pull down the alars of your gods, and like the giants Raise a new war gainst heaven.</li> <li>I Merch. Did you not give assurance of this, Rome Nen.</li> </ul>                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                         |                                            | hopes                                       |
| 3 Merch.In his looksA tempest rises. $[7o$ Berec.Flam.How dare you complain,Or in a look repine?Our governmentHath been too easy, and the yoke, whichA dthis is my last caution. I have seenA moreA murmurer, like yourself, for his attemptingTo her accustomed lenity imposedTo raise sedition in Rome's provinces,Upon your stubborn necks, begets contempt.Berec.Hath our familiar commérce and trading,Excuent Flaminius and freedmen.Hath our acuids, taught you toBerec.Dispute our actions? Have you quite forgotIf it come not up in my reply.What we are, and you ought to be?ShallVassalsI wow he speaksCapitulate with their lords?2 Merch.2 Merch.I wow he speaksIn his own dialect.I wow he speaksFlam.Tis too frequent, wretches,<br>hrowHow odious the lordly Roman is<br>To the despiséd Asian; and that<br>To gain your liberty you would pull down<br>the altars of your gods, and like the giants<br>Raise a new war gainst heaven.Terrible! <i>i Merch.</i> Terrible! <i>Flam.</i> Terrible! <i>i Merch.</i> Terrible! <i>Flam.</i> Terrible! <i>i Merch.</i> Terrible! <i>i Merch.</i> O, Antiochus !Thrice happy were the men whom fate appointed                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                          |                                            |                                             |
| A tempest rises.<br>Flam. How dare you complain,<br>Or in a look repine? Our government<br>Hath been too easy, and the yoke, which<br>Rome<br>Upon your stubborn necks, begets con-<br>tempt.<br>Hath our familiar commérce and trading,<br>Almost as with our equals, taught you to<br>Dispute our actions? Have you quite forgot<br>What we are, and you ought to be? Shall<br>vassals<br>Capitulate with their lords?<br>2 Merch.<br>I vow he speaks<br>In his own dialect.<br>Flam.<br>To have the vanquished hate the conqueror,<br>And from us needs no answer. Do I not<br>know<br>How odious the lordly Roman is<br>To the despiséd Asian; and that<br>To gain your liberty you would pull down<br>The altars of your gods, and like the giants<br>Raise a new war gainst heaven.<br><i>i Merch.</i><br><i>i mer he men whom fate appointed.</i><br><i>i Merch.</i><br><i>i Merch.</i>                                                                                                         |                                            |                                             |
| Flam.How dare you complain,<br>Or in a look repine?And this is my last caution. I have seen<br>A murmurer, like yourself, for his attempting<br>To raise sedition in Rome's provinces,<br>Hang'd up in such a habit!And this is my last caution. I have seen<br>A murmurer, like yourself, for his attempting<br>To raise sedition in Rome's provinces,<br>Hang'd up in such a habit!In her accustomed lenity imposed<br>Upon your stubborn necks, begets con-<br>tempt.To raise sedition in Rome's provinces,<br>Hang'd up in such a habit!In her accustomed lenity imposed<br>Upon your stubborn necks, begets con-<br>tempt.I have took<br>Poison in at my ears, and I shall burst<br>If it come not up in my reply.<br>I <i>Merch</i> .Hath our familiar commerce and trading,<br>Almost as with our equals, taught you to<br>Dispute our actions? Have you quite forgot<br>What we are, and you ought to be? Shall<br>vassalsBeree. He durst not stay me. If he had,<br>he'd foundCapitulate with their lords?<br>2 Merch.I would not swallow my spittle.<br>2 Merch.As we must<br>Our wrongs and our disgraces.<br>3 Merch.To have the vanquished hate the conqueror,<br>And from us needs no answer. Do I not<br>knowI would not swallow my spittle.<br>3 Merch.Swe mustHow odious the lordly Roman is<br>To the despiséd Asian ; and that<br>To gain your liberty you would pull down<br>The altars of your gods, and like the giants<br>Raise a new war gainst heaven.<br>1 Merch.I merch.<br>Terrible! <i>Flam.</i><br>Di you not give assurance of this,<br>Neme.Terrible!Merch.<br>Mich we can call our own.<br>2 Merch.S Merch.<br>Dur yudges dare not right us.<br>3 Merch.O, Antiochus !<br>Thrice happy were the men whom fate ap-<br>pointed                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                     |                                            | warned, sir. [70 Berec.]                    |
| Or in a look repine? Our government<br>Hath been too easy, and the yoke, which<br>Rome<br>In her accustomed lenity imposed<br>Upon your stubborn necks, begets con-<br>tempt.<br>Hath our familiar commérce and trading,<br>Almost as with our equals, taught you to<br>Dispute our actions? Have you quite forgot<br>What we are, and you ought to be? Shall<br>vassals<br>Capitulate with their lords?<br>2 Merch.<br>I vow he speaks<br>In his own dialect.<br>Flam.<br>To have the vanquished hate the conqueror,<br>And from us needs no answer. Do I not<br>know<br>How odious the lordly Roman is<br>To the despiséd Asian; and that<br>To gain your liberty you would pull down<br>The altars of your gods, and like the giants<br>Raise a new war gainst heaven.<br>t Merch.<br>Dispute our bordly when<br>Capitulate with heir lords?<br>2 Merch.<br>I not we the vanquished hate the conqueror,<br>And from us needs no answer. Do I not<br>know<br>the despiséd Asian; and that<br>To gain your liberty you would pull down<br>The altars of your gods, and like the giants<br>Raise a new war gainst heaven.<br>t Merch.<br>Did you not give assurance of this,<br>When                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                              |                                            |                                             |
| Rome<br>In her accustomed lenity imposed<br>Upon your stubborn necks, begets con-<br>tempt.<br>Hath our familiar commérce and trading,<br>Almost as with our equals, taught you to<br>Dispute our actions? Have you quite forgot<br>What we are, and you ought to be? Shall<br>vassals<br>2 Merch.<br>I have tok?<br>Merch.<br>To have the vanquished hate the conqueror,<br>And from us needs no answer.<br>Do I not<br>know<br>How odious the lordly Roman is<br>To the despiséd Asian ; and that<br>To gain your liberty you would pull down<br>that are a new war gainst heaven.<br><i>i Merch.</i><br>Terrible!<br>Flam.<br><i>i Merch.</i><br><i>i Merch.</i> | Or in a look repine? Our government        |                                             |
| In her accustomed lenity imposed<br>Upon your stubborn necks, begets con-<br>tempt.<br>Hath our familiar commérce and trading,<br>Almost as with our equals, taught you to<br>Dispute our actions? Have you quite forgot<br>What we are, and you ought to be? Shall<br>vassals<br>Capitulate with their lords?<br>2 Merch.<br>I vow he speaks<br>In his own dialect.<br>Flam.<br>To have the vanquished hate the conqueror,<br>And from us needs no answer.<br>Do I not<br>know<br>How odious the lordly Roman is<br>To the despiséd Asian; and that<br>To gain your liberty you would pull down<br>The altars of your gods, and like the giants<br>Raise a new war gianst heaven.<br>1 Merch.<br>Merch.<br>Merch.<br>Merch.<br>Merch.<br>Merch.<br>Merch.<br>Merch.<br>Merch.<br>Merch.<br>Merch.<br>Merch.<br>Merch.<br>Merch.<br>Merch.<br>Merch.<br>Merch.<br>Merch.<br>Merch.<br>Merch.<br>Merch.<br>Merch.<br>Merch.<br>Merch.<br>Merch.<br>Merch.<br>Merch.<br>Merch.<br>Merch.<br>Merch.<br>Merch.<br>Merch.<br>Merch.<br>Merch.<br>Merch.<br>Merch.<br>Merch.<br>Merch.<br>Merch.<br>Merch.<br>Merch.<br>Merch.<br>Merch.<br>Merch.<br>Merch.<br>Merch.<br>Merch.<br>Merch.<br>Merch.<br>Merch.<br>Merch.<br>Merch.<br>Merch.<br>Merch.<br>Merch.<br>Merch.<br>Merch.<br>Merch.<br>Merch.<br>Merch.<br>Merch.<br>Merch.<br>Merch.<br>Merch.<br>Merch.<br>Merch.<br>Merch.<br>Merch.<br>Merch.<br>Merch.<br>Merch.<br>Merch.<br>Merch.<br>Merch.<br>Merch.<br>Merch.<br>Merch.<br>Merch.<br>Merch.<br>Merch.<br>Merch.<br>Merch.<br>Merch.<br>Merch.<br>Merch.<br>Merch.<br>Merch.<br>Merch.<br>Merch.<br>Merch.<br>Merch.<br>Merch.<br>Merch.<br>Merch.<br>Merch.<br>Merch.<br>Merch.<br>Merch.<br>Merch.<br>Merch.<br>Merch.<br>Merch.<br>Merch.<br>Merch.<br>Merch.<br>Merch.<br>Merch.<br>Merch.<br>Merch.<br>Merch.<br>Merch.<br>Merch.<br>Merch.<br>Merch.<br>Merch.<br>Merch.<br>Merch.<br>Merch.<br>Merch.<br>Merch.<br>Merch.<br>Merch.<br>Merch.<br>Merch.<br>Merch.<br>Merch.<br>Merch.<br>Merch.<br>Merch.<br>Merch.<br>Merch.<br>Merch.<br>Merch.<br>Merch.<br>Merch.<br>Merch.<br>Merch.<br>Merch.<br>Merch.<br>Merch.<br>Merch.<br>Merch.<br>Merch.<br>Merch.<br>Merch.<br>Merch.<br>Merch.<br>Merch.<br>Merch.<br>Merch.<br>Merch.<br>Merch.<br>Merch.<br>Merch.<br>Merch.<br>Merch.<br>Merch.<br>Merch.<br>Merch.<br>Merch.<br>Merch.<br>Merch.<br>Merch.<br>Merch.<br>Merch.<br>Merch.<br>Merch.<br>Merch.<br>Merch.<br>Merch.<br>Merch.<br>Merch.<br>Merch.<br>Merch.<br>Merch.<br>Merch.<br>Merch.<br>Merch.<br>Me                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                    |                                            |                                             |
| Upon your stubborn necks, begets contempt.Beree.I have tooktempt.I have tookHath our familiar commérce and trading,<br>Almost as with our equals, taught you to<br>Dispute our actions? Have you quite forgotI ic come not up in my reply.Almost as with our equals, taught you to<br>Dispute our actions? Have you quite forgotI if ic come not up in my reply.Vmat we are, and you ought to be?Shall<br>be'd foundvassalsI would to be?Capitulate with their lords?<br>2 Merch.I would not swallow my spittle.<br>a Merch.2 Merch.I would not swallow my spittle.<br>a Merch.1 have the vanquished hate the conqueror,<br>And from us needs no answer.No I not<br>knowHow odious the lordly Roman is<br>To the despiséd Asian; and that<br>To gain your liberty you would pull down<br>The altars of your gods, and like the giants<br>Raise a new war gainst heaven.<br>I Merch.Not more strained and that<br>to gain your of give assurance of this,<br>NuenKiam.Did you not give assurance of this,<br>NuenMerch.Our wives and daughters<br>Lie open to their lusts, and such as should be<br>Our judges dare not right us.<br>3 Merch.                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                      |                                            |                                             |
| tempt.Hath our familiar commérce and trading,<br>Almost as with our equals, taught you to<br>Dispute our actions? Have you quite forgot<br>What we are, and you ought to be? Shall<br>vassalsPoison in at my ears, and I shall burst<br>If it come not up in my reply.<br>If <i>Merch</i> .SubsectionIf it come not up in my reply.<br>If it come not up in my reply.<br>If <i>Merch</i> .Capitulate with their lords?<br>2 Merch.I would not swallow my spittle.<br>2 Merch.2 Merch.I vow he speaks<br>In his own dialect.If hawe the vanquished hate the conqueror,<br>And from us needs no answer.Do I not<br>knowHow odious the lordly Roman is<br>To the despiséd Asian ; and that<br>To gain your liberty you would pull down<br>the altars of your gods, and like the giants<br>Raise a new war gainst heaven.<br>I Merch.I Merch.<br>Merch.I Merch.Terrible!Flam.Terrible!Flam.Did you not give assurance of this,<br>when                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                |                                            |                                             |
| Hath our familiar commérce and trading,<br>Almost as with our equals, taught you to<br>Dispute our actions? Have you quie forgot<br>What we are, and you ought to be? Shall<br>vassals<br>Capitulate with their lords?<br><u>a Merch.</u> I vow he speaks<br>In his own dialect.<br>Flam. 'Tis too frequent, wretches,<br>To have the vanquished hate the conqueror,<br>And from us needs no answer. Do I not<br>know<br>How odious the lordly Roman is<br>To the despiséd Asian; and that<br>To gain your liberty you would pull down<br>The altars of your gods, and like the giants<br>Raise a new war gainst heaven.<br>I Merch. Did you not give assurance of this,<br>When                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                  |                                            |                                             |
| Almost as with our equals, taught you to<br>Dispute our actions? Have you quite forgot<br>What we are, and you ought to be? Shall<br>vassals<br>Capitulate with their lords?<br>2 Merch.<br>I n his own dialect.<br>Flam.<br>To have the vanquished hate the conqueror,<br>And from us needs no answer. Do I not<br>know<br>How odious the lordly Roman is<br>To the despiséd Asian; and that<br>To gain your liberty you would pull down<br>The altars of your gods, and like the giants<br>Raise a new war gainst heaven.<br>I Merch.<br>Terrible!<br>Flam.<br>I Merch.<br>Condition that we live in 1 Made the anvil<br>On which Rome's tyrannies are shaped and<br>fashioned.<br>I Merch.<br>But our calamities there's nothing<br>left us,<br>Which we can call our own.<br>2 Merch.<br>Dur wives and daughters<br>Lie open to their lusts, and such as should be<br>Our judges dare not right us.<br>3 Merch.<br>Condition that we live in 1 Made the anvil<br>On which Rome's tyrannies are shaped and<br>fashioned.<br>I Merch.<br>But our calamities there's nothing<br>left us,<br>Which we can call our own.<br>2 Merch.<br>Dur judges dare not right us.<br>3 Merch.<br>Co. Antiochus 1<br>Thrice happy were the men whom fate ap-<br>pointed                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                         |                                            |                                             |
| Dispute our actions? Have you quite forgot<br>What we are, and you ought to be? Shall<br>vassals<br>Capitulate with their lords?<br>2 Merch.<br>In his own dialect.<br>Flam. Tis too frequent, wretches,<br>And from us needs no answer. Do I not<br>know<br>How odious the lordly Roman is<br>To the despiséd Asian ; and that<br>To gain your liberty you would pull down<br>The altars of your gods, and like the giants<br>Raise a new war gainst heaven.<br>I Merch.<br>Did you not give assurance of this,<br>New Men                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                       |                                            |                                             |
| What we are, and you ought to be? Shall<br>vassals<br>2 Merch. I vow he speaks<br>In his own dialect.<br>Flam. Tis too frequent, wretches,<br>To have the vanquished hate the conqueror,<br>And from us needs no answer. Do I not<br>know<br>How odious the lordly Roman is<br>To the despiséd Asian; and that<br>To gain your liberty you would pull down<br>The altars of your gods, and like the giants<br>Raise a new war gainst heaven.<br>I Merch. Terrible!<br>Flam. Did you not give assurance of this,<br>When                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                           | Dispute our actions? Have you quite forgot | Berec. He durst not stay me. If he had,     |
| Capitulate with their lords?<br>2 Merch. I vow he speaks<br>In his own dialect.<br>Flam. Tis too frequent, wretches,<br>To have the vanquished hate the conqueror,<br>And from us needs no answer. Do I not<br>know<br>How odious the lordly Roman is<br>To the despiséd Asian; and that<br>To gain your liberty you would pull down<br>The altars of your gods, and like the giants<br>Raise a new war gainst heaven.<br>I Merch. Terriblet<br>Flam. Did you not give assurance of this,<br>when                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                 |                                            |                                             |
| <ul> <li><i>Merch.</i> I vow he speaks</li> <li>In his own dialect.</li> <li><i>Flam.</i> 'T is too frequent, wretches,</li> <li><i>Gur wrongs</i> and our disgraces.</li> <li><i>Merch.</i> O, the wretched</li> <li>Condition that we live in ! Made the anvil</li> <li>On which Rome's tyrannies are shaped and fashioned.</li> <li><i>Merch.</i> But our calamities there's nothing</li> <li><i>Merch.</i> But our calamities there's nothing</li> <li><i>Merch.</i> Our wives and daughters</li> <li><i>Amerch.</i> Condition that we live in !</li> <li><i>Merch.</i> But our calamities there's nothing</li> <li><i>Merch.</i> But our calamities there's nothing</li> <li><i>Merch.</i> Our wives and daughters</li> <li><i>Merch.</i> Our wives and daughters</li> <li><i>Staterch.</i> O, Antiochus !</li> <li><i>Thrice</i> happy were the men whom fate appointed</li> </ul>                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                          |                                            |                                             |
| In his own dialect.<br>Flam. 'Tis too frequent, wretches,<br>To have the vanquushed hate the conqueror,<br>And from us needs no answer. Do I not<br>know<br>How odious the lordly Roman is<br>To the despiséd Asian; and that<br>To gain your liberty you would pull down<br>The altars of your gods, and like the giants<br>Raise a new war gainst heaven.<br>I Merch. But our calamities there's nothing<br>left us,<br>Which we can call our own.<br>2 Merch. But our calamities there's nothing<br>left us,<br>Which we can call our own.<br>2 Merch. Our wives and daughters<br>Lie open to their lusts, and such as should be<br>Our judges dare not right us.<br>3 Merch.<br>But our calamities there's nothing<br>left us,<br>Which we can call our own.<br>2 Merch. Our wives and daughters<br>Lie open to their lusts, and such as should be<br>Our judges dare not right us.<br>3 Merch.<br>Condition that we live in ! Made the anni<br>1 Merch. But our calamities there's nothing<br>left us,<br>Which we can call our own.<br>3 Merch.<br>Condition that we live in ! Made the anni<br>1 Merch.<br>3 Merch.<br>Condition that we live in ! Made the anni<br>1 Merch.<br>3 Merch.<br>Condition that we live in ! Made the anni<br>1 Merch.<br>1 Me                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                              |                                            |                                             |
| Flam.Tis too frequent, wretches,<br>To have the vanquished hate the conqueror,<br>And from us needs no answer. Do I not<br>knowCondition that we live in ! Made the anvil<br>On which Rome's tyrannies are shaped and<br>fashioned.How odious the lordly Roman is<br>To the despised Asian ; and that<br>To gain your liberty you would pull down<br>The altars of your gods, and like the giants<br>Raise a new war gainst heaven.<br>I Merch.Which we can call our own.<br>2 Merch.Which we can call our own.<br>2 Merch.I Merch.Terrible !<br>Flam. Did you not give assurance of this,<br>New henTis too frequent, wretches,<br>a merch.On which Rome's tyrannies are shaped and<br>fashioned.I Merch.I Merch.I Merch.<br>S Merch.Our wives and daughters<br>Lie open to their lusts, and such as should be<br>Our judges dare not right us.<br>3 Merch.I Merch.Terrible !<br>Flam. Did you not give assurance of this,<br>I whenOn which Rome's tyrannies are shaped and<br>flam.                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                            |                                            |                                             |
| To have the vanquished hate the conqueror,<br>And from us needs no answer. Do I not<br>know<br>How odious the lordly Roman is<br>To the despiséd Asian; and that<br>To gain your liberty you would pull down<br>The altars of your gods, and like the giants<br>Raise a new war gainst heaven.<br>I Merch.<br>Stam.<br>Did you not give assurance of this,<br>When                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                |                                            |                                             |
| And from us needs no answer. Do I not<br>know<br>How odious the lordly Roman is<br>To the despiséd Asian; and that<br>To gain your liberty you would pull down<br>The altars of your gods, and like the giants<br>Raise a new war gainst heaven.<br><i>i Merch.</i><br><i>i Merch.</i>                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                         |                                            |                                             |
| How odious the lordly Roman is<br>To the despised Asian; and that<br>To gain your liberty you would pull down<br>The altars of your gods, and like the giants<br>Raise a new war gainst heaven.<br><i>t Merch.</i><br>Flam. Did you not give assurance of this,<br>when<br>the diagonal difference of the point of the p                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                               |                                            |                                             |
| To the despised Asian; and that<br>To gain your liberty you would pull down<br>The altars of your gods, and like the giants<br>Raise a new war gainst heaven.<br><i>i Merch.</i><br>Flam. Did you not give assurance of this,<br>Which we can call our own.<br><i>a Merch.</i><br>Our wives and daughters<br>Lie open to their lusts, and such as should be<br>Our judges dare not right us.<br><i>3 Merch.</i><br>O, Antiochus !<br>Thrice happy were the men whom fate ap-<br>pointed                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                           | know                                       | 1 Merch. But our calamities there's nothing |
| To gain your liberty you would pull down<br>The altars of your gods, and like the giants<br>Raise a new war gainst heaven.<br>I Merch.<br>Flam. Did you not give assurance of this,<br>when<br>United the flam.<br>I dependent of the state of the stat                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                               |                                            |                                             |
| The altars of your gods, and like the giants<br>Raise a new war gainst heaven.<br><i>i Merch.</i><br>Filam. Did you not give assurance of this,<br>when                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                           |                                            |                                             |
| Raise a new war gainst heaven.<br><i>x Merch.</i><br><i>Flam.</i> Did you not give assurance of this,<br>when<br><i>Flam.</i> Did you not give assurance of this,<br><i>Terrible</i> !<br><i>Sufference of the second seco</i>                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                              |                                            |                                             |
| I Merch. Terrible! 3 Merch. O, Antiochus!<br>Flam. Did you not give assurance of this,<br>when O, Antiochus !<br>Thrice happy were the men whom fate ap-<br>pointed                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                               |                                            |                                             |
| Flam. Did you not give assurance of this, when when                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                               |                                            |                                             |
| when pointed                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                      |                                            |                                             |
|                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                   |                                            |                                             |
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| a Merch. They have set                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                         | ł  |
|--------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------|----|
| A period to their miseries.                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                    | L  |
| i Merch. We survive                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                            | Ľ  |
| To linger out a todious life ; and death                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                       |    |
| We call in vain what flics us.                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                 | 1  |
| Beree. If religion                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                             | L  |
| Be not a mere word only, and the gods-                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                         | 1  |
| Are just, we shall find a delivery                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                             | 1  |
|                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                | 1  |
| When least expected,                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                           | 1, |
| P. 2. 2. 2. 2. 1.                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                              | 1  |
| Enter Antiochus.                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                               | L. |
| . Ident Produced all have sta                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                  | L  |
| I Merch. Tis beyond all hope, sir.                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                             | E  |
| Berec. Ha! who is this?                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                        | E  |
| Ant. Your charity to a poor man                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                |    |
| As you are Asians.                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                             | F  |
| 2 Merch. Pray you observe him.                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                 |    |
| 3 Merch. I am amazed !                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                         | Ł  |
| I Merch. I thunderstrook !                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                     | L  |
| Berec. What are you?                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                           | L  |
| Ant. The King Antiochus.                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                       | L  |
| 2 Merch. Or some deity                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                         | l. |
| That hath assumed his shape?                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                   | 1  |
| Berec. He only differs                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                         |    |
| In the colour of his hair, and age.                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                            | 3  |
| Ant. Consider                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                  |    |
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| What two and twenty years of misery                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                            |    |
| Can work upon a wretch : that long time                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                        | L  |
| spent too                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                      |    |
| Under distant zeniths, and the change you                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                      | 14 |
| look on                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                        | 1. |
| Will not deserve your wonder.                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                  |    |
| I Merch. His own voice !                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                       | 14 |
| 2 Merch. His very countenance, his fore-                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                       | 1  |
| head, eyes l                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                   | 1. |
| 3 Merch. His nose, his very lip !                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                              |    |
| Berec. His stature, speech !                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                   |    |
| 1 Merch. His very hand, leg. foot !                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                            | 1  |
| 2 Merch. The moles upon                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                        | 12 |
| His face and hands.                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                            | 1  |
| 3 Merch. The scars caused by his hurts                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                         | 17 |
| On his right brow and head.                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                    | 1  |
| Berec. The hollowness                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                          | 10 |
| Of his under jaw, occasioned by the loss                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                       | -  |
| Of a tooth pulled out by his chirurgion.                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                       |    |
| I Merch. To confirm us, tell your chirur-                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                      | H  |
| gion's name                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                    | li |
| When he served you.                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                            | 1  |
|                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                |    |
| Ant. You all knew him as I<br>Do you : Demetrius Castor.                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                       |    |
|                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                | 1  |
| 2 Merch. Strange.                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                              |    |
| 3 Merch. But                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                   | 1  |
| Most infallibly true.                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                          |    |
| Berec. So many marks                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                           | 10 |
| Confirming us, we'll pay for our distrust                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                      |    |
| A sacrifice for his safety.                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                    |    |
| 1 Merch. May Rome smile !                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                      |    |
| 2 Merch. And Asia once more flourish !                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                         | 17 |
| 3 Merch. You the means, sir !                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                  |    |
| and the second s |    |

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Ant. Silence your abouts | I will pe stronger proofs

has these exterior marks when i well where the Cartlinginian semanar. With whom I have held more include and private counsels than with all the in-M Asia or Afric : I'll amage them With the wonder of my story.

Beret. Yet, mil our majesty be furnished like yourst. To a neighbour village

Where you please. The and Ant. And, our gods pleased, oppressed has when aid is least expected, may share d The insulting Roman bondare, and u m The insulting comman estime liberty.

#### ACT IL

CENE I.-Carthage, A Room in fir. House of Flamining.

Enter Flaminius and his freedman Calina Flam. Aman that styles himself Anioda

say you? Calis. Not alone styled so, but as such

received

and honoured by the Asians.

Flam. Two impostors or their pretension to that fatal name Already have paid dear ; nor shall this had scape unpunished.

I will exact your window Calis. With an Herculean arm (the cause requires 1) To strangle this new monster in the birth

or, on my life, he hath delivered to The credulous multitude such reasons and They should believe he is the true Antioche That, with their gratulations for his sainty. and wishes for his restitution, many Offer the hazard of their lives and fortunes

'o do him service. Flam. Poor seducid fooia!

lowever 'tis a business of such weight

must not sleep in 't. Is he now in Carthage? Calls. No, sit ; removed to a grange some two miles off ;

and there the malcontents, and such, whose wants

With forfeited credits make them wish a change

f the Roman government, in troops flock to him.

Flam. With one puff-thus-will I disperse and scatter his heap of dust. Here take my ring. By

| -             | BELIEVE AS                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                     | S YOU LIST. 60r                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                           |   |
|---------------|----------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------|-------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------|---|
|               | Entreat my friend Amilcar to procure<br>A mandate from the Carthaginian senate<br>For the apprehension of this impostor,<br>And with all possible speed. [ExitCalistus.                                                                                        | And the warlike Romans hot in their exc-<br>cution,<br>To shun their fury he and his minions were<br>(Having cast off their glorious armour) forced                                                                                                                                       |   |
| N N N S S S S | Howe'er I know<br>The rumour of Antiochus' death uncertain,<br>It much imports the safety of great Rome<br>To have it so believed.                                                                                                                             | To hide themselves as dead, with fear and<br>horror,<br>Among the slaughtered carcases. I lay by<br>them,<br>And rose with them at midnight. Then,                                                                                                                                        |   |
| -             | Enter Demetrius.<br>Dem. There wait without<br>Three fellows I ne'er saw before, who much<br>Importune their access. They swear they<br>bring<br>Business along with 'em that deserves your                                                                    | retiring<br>Unto their ships, we sailed to Corinth : ther.ce<br>To India, where he spent many years<br>With their gymnosophists. There I waited.<br>on him,<br>And came thence with him. But, at length,                                                                                  |   |
|               | care,<br>It being for the safety of the republic,<br>And quiet of the provinces. They are full<br>Of gold—I've felt their bounty.<br><i>Flam:</i> Such are welcome.<br>Give them admittance. In this various play<br>Of state and policy, there is no property | tired out<br>With an unrewarded service, and affrighted<br>In my imagination with the dangers,<br>Or rather certain ruins, in pursuing<br>His more than desperate fortunes, we forsook<br>him.<br><i>Flam.</i> A wise and politic fellow! Give me-<br>thy hand.                           |   |
|               | But may be useful.<br>Enter Chrysalus, Geta, and Syrus.                                                                                                                                                                                                        | Thou'rt sure of this ?<br>Chrys. As of my life.<br>Flam. And this is.                                                                                                                                                                                                                     | 1 |
|               | Now, friends, what design<br>Carries you to me?<br>Geta. My most honoured lord                                                                                                                                                                                 | Known only to you three?<br>Chrys. There's no man lives else<br>To witness it.<br>Flam. The better : but inform me,<br>And, as you would oblige me to you, truly,<br>Where did you leave him?<br>Syrus. For the payment of<br>Our long and tedious travail, we made bold<br>To rifle him. |   |
|               | A dreadful danger, with the nimble wings<br>Of speed approaching to the state of Rome,<br>We hold it fit you should have the first notice,<br>That you may have the honour to prevent it.<br><i>Flam.</i> I thank you; but instruct me what<br>form wears      | Flam.       Good !         Geta.       And so disabling him         Of means to claim his right, we hope       despair         Hath made him hang himself.       It had been safer         Flam.       It had been safer                                                                  | , |
|               | The danger that you speak of.<br><i>Chrys.</i><br>In the shape of King Antiochus.<br><i>Flam.</i><br>Rose from the dead?<br><i>Chrys.</i> Alas ! he never died, sir;                                                                                           | If you had done it for him. But as it is,<br>You are honest men. You have revealed this,<br>secret<br>To no man but myself?<br>Chrys.<br>Flam. I will take order that you never                                                                                                           |   |
|               | He at this instant lives—the more the pity<br>He should survive, to the disturbance of<br>Rome's close and politic counsels in the<br>getting<br>Possession of his kingdom, which he would                                                                     | shall. [Aside.<br>And, since you have been true unto the<br>state,<br>I'll keep you so. I'm even now considering<br>How to advance you.                                                                                                                                                   |   |
|               | Recover (simple as he is) the plain<br>And downright way of justice.<br><i>Flam.</i> Very likely.<br>But how are you assured this is Antiochus,<br>And not a counterfeit? Answer that.                                                                         | Chrys. What a pleasant smile<br>His honour throws upon us.<br>Geta. We are made.<br>Flam. And now 'tis found out, that no.<br>danger may                                                                                                                                                  | ' |
|               | I serv'd him<br>In the Achaian war, where, his army routed,                                                                                                                                                                                                    |                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                           |   |

Which the Carthaginian laws, you know, call death,

My house shall be your sanctuary.

There's a favour! Syrns. Flam. And that our entertainment come not short

Of your deservings, I commit you to My secretary's care. See that they want not, Among their other delicates-

Mark that ! Chrys. Flam. - A sublimated pill of mercurie,

For sugar to their wine. I understand you. Dem.

Flam. Attend these honest men, as if they were

Made Roman citizens, And be sure, at night.

I may see 'em well-lodged.-Dead in the vault, I mean,

Their gold is thy reward.

Aside to Demetrius. Believe it done, sir. Dem. Flam. And when 'tis known how I have recompensed

(Though you were treacherous to your own king.)

The service done to Rome, I hope that others Will follow your example. Enter, friends ; I'll so provide that when you next come forth,

You shall not fear who sees you.

Chrys. Was there ever So sweet a tempered Roman ? Flam.

You shall find it. Excunt.

Ha ! what's the matter? Do I feel a sting here.

For what is done to these poor snakes? My reason

Will easily remove it. That assures me,

That, as I am a Roman, to preserve

And propagate her empire, though they

My father's sons, they must not live to witness

Antiochus is in being. The relation The villain made, in every circumstance Appeared so like to truth, that I began To feel an inclination to believe

What I must have no faith in. By my birth I am bound to serve thee, Rome, and what I do.

Necessity of state compels me to. [Exit. SCENE 11 .- The Senate Hall in Carthage.

Enter Amilcar, Hanno, Asdrubal, and Carthalo.

Amil. To steer a middle course 'twixt these extremes,

Exacts our serious care.

Hanna. I know not which the I should incline Amil. The reasons this are and To prove himself Antiochus, are up an And the attestation of his countr In every circumstance so punct As not to show him mer con An act of barb'rous cruelty Carth. Give me leave to speak my thought. Wit bound to weigh Not what we should do in the pair I honour, Swayed by our pity, but what may be in With the safety of the state. Asit. The main consideration : for, grant This is the true Antiochus, without day Nay, almost certain ruln to oundyn. We cannot yield him favour or protects Hanno. We've fear'd and felt the Test power, and must Expect, if we provoke him, a return Not limited to the quality of the offers Bat left at large to his interpretation Which seldom is confined. Who knows that The tribute Rome receives from Asia a Her chief supportance ; other provision Hardly defray the charge by which the Kept in subjection. They, in name, prop Render the Roman terrible ; but his sup-And power to do hurt, without question Derived from Asia. And can we hope That such as lend their aids to force all them, Will be held for less than capital eres And, as such, pursued and punished? We were well rid of him. The surrest con Carth Is to deliver him into the hands Of bold Flaminius. Hanno. And so oblige Rome, for a matchless benefit, Amil. If my per Were absolute, as 'tis but tirular,

And that confined too, being by you day Prince of the Senate only for a year, I would oppose your counsels, and

labour

With arguments to confute them. Yet, b ever.

Though a fellow-patriot with you, let it Savour

Of usurpation, though in my opinion I cross your abler judgments. Call to m Our grandsires' glories (though not second With due imitation), and remember



603 hat expense of coin, as blood, they Carth. As he would command, Not argue his desires. a their liberty, and kept the scale Amil. May it please your lordship ire even 'twixt Carthage and proud To take your place. ne; Flam. In civil courtesy ugh the Punic faith is branded by As I am Titus Flaminius, I may thank you; mies, our confederates and friends, But, sitting here as Rome's ambassador, enteen kings, our feodaries, found it (In which you are honoured,) to instruct you in as fate. Our strengths upon the sea ng theirs-and our land soldiers Her will, (which you are bound to serve, er far above theirs, though inferior not argue) and discipline (to our shame we I must not borrow-that were poor-but uk it) take n for our cavallery, in the champaign As a tribute due to her, that's justly styled en have they brake their piles, and The mistress of this earthly globe, the boldred ness ward legions. To reprehend your slow progression in This, I grant, is not Doing her greatness right. That she believes, 0. In me, that this impostor was suborned ontradicted. By the conquered Asiatics, in their hopes If so we find it ecords, and that this state hath been Of future liberty, to usurp the name ctuary to which mighty kings Of dead Antiochus, should satisfy d to for protection, and found it, Your scrupulous doubts ; all proofs beyond ot to posterity be told this being so far degenerate from the race Merely superfluous. derived, as in a servile fear Carth. My lord, my lord, toman power, in a kind to play the You trench too much upon us. We are not ds Asd. ravenous lusts, by yielding up a Led by an implicit faith. Nor, though we would Hanno. ars the shape of our confederate, Preserve Rome's amity, must not yield up r devouring gripe, whose strong The freedom of our wills and judgments to irance Quit or condemn, as we shall be appointed ntegrity and impartial doom By her imperious pleasure. ade this seat his altar. Carth. We confess not, Nor ever will, she hath a power above us. I join with you Carthage is still her equal. pinion, but no farther than he done with safety. Amil. If you can In his ruins Prove this man an impostor, he shall suffer r ourselves, you needs must grant As he deserves. If not, you shall perceive You have no empire here. nsiderate pity, no way suiting Call in the pris'ner : Hanno. wise man's reason. Then, as you please, confront him. Let us face to face Flam. This neglect Hereafter will be thought on. e accuser and accused, and then, We shall stand r's arguments work on us, determine Amil. espect of our security The danger howsoever. When we did, ur shall invite us. His cause unheard, at your request commit From the Senate, This king or this impostor, you received the Roman, Titus Flaminius More favour than we owed you. : us with his counsel. Officer [within]. Room for the prisoner ! And let the prisoner 0. Enter Antiochus, habited as a king, Bereght into the court. cinthius, the three Merchants, and a Guard. The gods of Carthage s the right way ! Ant. This shape, that you have put me in, suits ill Enter Flaminius. With the late austereness of my life. With what gravity Berec. Fair gloss Wrongs not the richest stuff, but sets it off, approach us.

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And let your language, high and stately, But, without stronger proofs that |\* speak you As you were born-a king. Produced to make us think so, can a Ant. Health to the Senate. YOU But as a man suspected We do suppose your duties done. Sit still. Titus Flaminius, we remember you. Ant. As you are a public minister from Rome Flam. Of subornation and impose You may sit covered. Ant. Flam. This fellow's saucy tongue. O blue How ! Ant. But as we are How soon a short college hath make A potent king in whose court you have waited splendour, And sought our favour, you betray your pride, As it had never shined on these lorgest But you refuse to hear me as a king And the more than saucy rudeness of your Deny not yet, in justice, what you go manners. A bended knee, remembering what we are, To common men, free liberty without Much better had become you. His interruption (having heard what he Flam. Hal Objects against me) to acquit mysel We said it : Of that, which, in his malice, I am day Ant. But fall from our own height to hold diswith. Amil. You have it. course With a thing so far beneath us. Ant. As my present fortune will Beree. Admirable ! I thank your goodness. Rise therein Amil. The Roman looks as he had seen agent Of mischief, and accumulate in one hop the wolf. How his confidence awes him. All engines, by the devil thy futor lasts To ruin innocence. In poison story Asd. Be he what he will, Thy bloodied tongue, and let thy water He bears him like a king ; and I must tell full you Of bitterness as malice, labour to I am amazed too, Ant. Are we so transformed Seduce these noble hearers. Make mil Thy coined accusation, guilty of From what we were, since our disaster in The Grecian enterprise, that you gaze upon us As some strange prodigy ne'er seen in Afric. Such crimes, whose names my innor ne'er knew. I'll stand the charge. And when this Antiochus speaks to you, the King Antiochus, And challenges a retribution in hast shot His entertainment of the love and favours All arrows in thy quiver, feathered val Slanders, and aimed with cruelty, in call Extended to you. Call to memory Your true friend and confederate, who re-My truth, though yet concealed, the and fused tains of Thy glossed fictions in her strength P In his respect to you the proffered amity Of the Roman people. Hath this vile enmoved, Shall in a glorious shape appear, and shot chanter Thy painted mistress, falschood, and Environed me with such thick clouds in your Erroneous belief, from his report stripped bare Of borrowed and adulterate colours, is That I was long since dead, that, being Her own shape and deformity. present, The beams of majesty cannot break through Berec. I am rank 1 Merch. O, more than royal sir The foggy mists, raised by his wicked charms, To lend you light to know me ? I cite you, Amil. My lord Amilear: now I look on you 2 Merch. As prince of the senate, but, when you were Prepares to speak. Berec. And still that villainous sale Ince. Ushers his following mischiefs I've seen you in my court assisted by Grave Hanno, Asdrubal, and Carthalo, Flam. Since the assume The pillars of the Carthaginian greatness. From one of my place, quality, and rank Is not sufficient with you to suppress I know you all. Antiochus ne'er deserved This bold seductor, and to acquit our us To be thus slighted. Not so. We in you From the least tyrannous imputation. Amil. Look on the figure of the King Antiochus, I will forget awhile I am a Roman,



| arguments are warranted by his                                            |                                                                                  |
|---------------------------------------------------------------------------|----------------------------------------------------------------------------------|
| ord<br>t filled from his tongue. This crea-<br>e here.                    | him :<br>Proscribed and banished persons : the ring-<br>leader                   |
| vles himself Antiochus, I know                                            | Of this seditious troop a turbulent Flamen,                                      |
| apostata Jew, though others say                                           | Grown fat with idleness—                                                         |
| cheating Greek called Pseudolus,                                          | Berec. That's I.                                                                 |
| eps a whore in Corinth. But I'll                                          | Flam. And puffed up                                                              |
| ne                                                                        | With the wind of his ambition.                                                   |
| proofs; reports and rumours being                                         | Berec. With reverence to                                                         |
| s unsuitable with my gravity<br>k, or yours to hear. 'Tis most ap-        | [This place,] thou liest. I am grown to this bulk                                |
| ent                                                                       | By being                                                                         |
| g Antiochus was slain in Greece;                                          | -,                                                                               |
| ly, at his subjects' suit, delivered ;                                    | Amil. I [bow to] your goddess. She                                               |
| es, from the funeral pile, raked up,                                      | Defends you from a whipping.                                                     |
| a golden urn preserved, and kept                                          | Hanno. Take him off,                                                             |
| royal monument of the Asian                                               | He does disturb the court.<br>Berec. I'll find a place vet                       |
| gs.<br>as the clemency of Marcus Scaurus,                                 | Berec. I'll find a place yet<br>Where I will roar my wrongs out.                 |
| man conqueror, whose triumph was                                          | [Exeunt Officers with Berecinthius.                                              |
| only with his statue. But suppose                                         | Flam. As you have,                                                               |
| survived (which is impossible)                                            | In the removing of that violent fool,                                            |
| all in the compass of your reason                                         | Given me a taste of your severity,                                               |
| is impostor (if he were the man                                           | Make it a feast, and perfect your great jus-                                     |
| he with impudence affirms he is)<br>have wandered two and twenty          | In the surrendering up this false pretender                                      |
| ious vears                                                                | To the correction of the law, and let him                                        |
| vagabond o'er the world, and not                                          | Undergo the same punishment, which others                                        |
| e tried                                                                   | Have justly suffered that preceded him                                           |
| mercy as a suppliant.                                                     | In the same machination.                                                         |
| to. Shrewd suspicions.                                                    | Ant. As you wish                                                                 |
| . A mason of Callipolis, heretoiore,<br>ed as far, and was, like this im- | A noble memory to after times<br>Reserve one ear for my defence, and let not—    |
| tor,                                                                      | For your own wisdoms let not—that belief,                                        |
| ish Asians followed. And a second,                                        | This subtle fiend would plant, be rooted in                                      |
| n of a base condition, did                                                | you                                                                              |
| n the like. All ages have been fur-                                       | Till you have heard me. Would you know                                           |
| ned<br>the have usurped upon the names                                    | the truth,<br>And real cause, why poor Antiochus hath                            |
| sons of dead princes. Is it not                                           | So long concealed himself? Though in the                                         |
| ent as the day this wretch, instructed                                    | opening                                                                          |
| e poor Asians (sworn enemies                                              | A wound, in some degree by time closed up,                                       |
| majesty of Rome) but personates                                           | I shall pour scalding oil and sulphur in it,                                     |
| ad Antiochus : hired to it by these                                       | I will, in the relation of my                                                    |
| up a rebellion, which they call<br>or restoring. And will you,            | To be lamented story, punctually<br>Confute my false accuser. Pray you conceive, |
| or your wisdom, are esteemed the                                          | As far as your compassion will permit,                                           |
| es                                                                        | How great the grief and agony of my soul                                         |
| cles of Afric, meddle in                                                  | was,                                                                             |
| airs of this affronter, which no                                          | When I considered that the violence                                              |
| narch,                                                                    | Of my ill-reined ambition had made Greece                                        |
| h and giddy than Antiochus was,<br>undertake.                             | The fatal sepulchre of so many thousands                                         |
| Would I were dead, indeed,                                                | Of brave and able men, that might have stood                                     |
| than hear this, living !                                                  | In opposition for the defence                                                    |
| . I confess                                                               | Of mine own kingdom, and a ready aid                                             |
| some marks of king Antiochus, but                                         | For my confed rates. After which rout,                                           |
| st of 'em artificial. Then observe                                        | And my retreat in a disguise to Athens,                                          |
|                                                                           |                                                                                  |

| The shame of this disgrace, though I then                                           | Ami               |
|-------------------------------------------------------------------------------------|-------------------|
| had                                                                                 | The tr            |
| The forehead of this man, would have de-                                            | Flan              |
| terred me                                                                           | And h             |
| From being ever seen where I was known ;                                            | Cart              |
| And such was then my resolution.                                                    | Ant.              |
| Amil. This granted, whither went you?                                               | His ma<br>Your le |
| Ant. As a punishment<br>Imposed upon myself, and equal to                           | de                |
| My wilful folly, giving o'er the world,                                             | The fi            |
| I went into a desert.                                                               | sti               |
| Flam. This agrees                                                                   | Of his            |
| With the dead slaves' report ; but I must                                           | With              |
| contemn it Aside.                                                                   | CO                |
| Amil. What drew you from that austere                                               | "Tis n            |
| life ?                                                                              | fa                |
| Asd. Clear that.                                                                    | And,              |
| Ant. The counsel of a grave philosopher                                             | pr the            |
| Wrought on me to make known myself the                                              | To the<br>Suffer  |
| That I was born, And, of all potentates                                             | To be             |
| In Afric, to determine of the truth                                                 | In the            |
| Of my life and condition I preferred                                                | III               |
| The commonwealth of Carthage.                                                       | And w             |
| Flam, As the fittest                                                                | Upon              |
| To be abused.                                                                       | Poor p            |
| Ant. This is not fair.                                                              | In hop            |
| Amil. My lord,                                                                      | Such a            |
| If not entreat, I must command your silence,                                        | For th            |
| Or absence-which you please,                                                        | int CB            |
| Flam. So peremptory?                                                                | Than<br>A sole    |
| Ant. To vindicate myself from all sus-<br>picion                                    | in sold           |
| Of forgery and imposture, in this scroll,                                           | Inari             |
| Writ with my royal hand, you may peruse                                             | This is           |
| A true memorial of all circumstances,                                               | King              |
| Answers, despatches, doubts, and difficulties                                       | Flat              |
| Between myself and your ambassadors,                                                | Is taxe           |
| Sent to negociate with me.                                                          | I'll her          |
| Amil. Fetch the records.                                                            | Consid            |
| Ant. 'Tis my desire you should. Truth                                               | Your i            |
| socks the light.                                                                    | Am                |
| And, when you have compared them, if<br>you find them                               | Hath              |
| In any point of moment differing,                                                   | Incline           |
|                                                                                     | As suc            |
| Enter one with the books.                                                           | Until             |
| Conclude me such a one, as this false man                                           | Procla            |
| Fresents me to you. But, if you perceive                                            | Canno             |
| Those private passages, in my cabinet                                               | You w             |
| argued,                                                                             | Ani               |
| And, but to your ambassadors and myself,                                            | Fright            |
| Concealed from all men, in each point                                               | Am Not al         |
| agreeing,<br>Judge if a cheating Greek, a Pseudolus,                                | Delive            |
| Judge if a cheating Greek, a Pseudolus,<br>Or an apostata Jew, could e'er arrive at | In Ca             |
| Such deep and weighty secrets.                                                      | SC                |
| Hanno. To a syllable                                                                | You a             |
| They are the same.                                                                  | Consu             |

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ae Antiochus I A magicine rate

th the spirit of Python.

You see he will omit so tris, and lice can lay hold of, to don't we and favour to me. Now in m

ath :

rmest base on which he build the ength

assertions : if you please to act your accustom'd wisdom, you po

nerely fabulous, Had the

as a truth, would have it a m

doubtful Asians, why did they at the carcase they affirmed was and viewed by such men as were incent great cause, that were beed op w-

ere familiar with the marks I tam my body, and not rely upon

prisoners taken in the war, from whe lepositions as they know would me cir dark ends. Was anything p

to suppose a body, and that places ter it

ch monument ; and, then, prodof the lower Asia !

Rome's honour ed in this of practise and corruption ar no more. In your distermination, ler what it is to hold and keep ler riend or enemy. *Exit Function* We wish we walk

e you as a king, since your relation wrought so much upon us that we de h protect you, but with certain danyou are by other potent nations imed for such, our fitting caution to be censured, though we do contro-rould elsewhere seek justice. Where? when a

I the threats of Rome shall force and r you. The short time that you see thage you are safe. No more a p-

re enlarged. With full security it of your affairs. In what-we may



our friends. Break up the court. unt all but Antiochus and the three erchants. Dear sir. ch.

irage in your liberty. The world n to you ch. We shall meet with comfort

ost despaired of by us.

Never, never ! en, though fallen, may rise, but 's like me.

by fortune slaved, are ne'er set free. [Excunt.

#### ACT III.

I.-House of Flaminius at Carthage. laminius (with two letters), Calistus, and Demetrius.

You gave him store of gold with instructions prescribed him ?

Yes, my lord, and on eiture of my credit with your honour, ll do his parts, and dive into epest secrets.

Men of place pay dear r intelligence. It eats out of the it

employment. But, in a design weight, prodigality is a virtue. ow was of trust that you despatched ie with the packets?

Yes, sir, he flies-not rides. if his access answer his care, on return.

I am on the stage, ow, in the scene imposed upon me, of change-nay, a mere labyrinth ic windings-I show not myself an actor, varying every shape e occasion, it will hardly poise ectation. I'll so place my nets this bird want wings to carry him, light, out of Afric, I shall catch him. 1

Sir.

Give these at Syracusa roconsul Marcellus. Let another post inia with these. You have the picture mpostor?

Drawn to the life, my lord. . Take it along with you. I have imanded,

senate's name, that they man out r gallies.

to let one vessel pass without examination. The sea

Shall not protect him from me. I've charged too

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The garrisons, that keep the passages

By land, to let none 'scape, that come from Carthage,

Without a curious search.

#### Enter Lentulus.

I will excuse Lent. My visit without preparation. Fear not-

Flam. Who have we here? Lent. When you have viewed me better You will resolve yourself.

Flam. My good lord Lentulus ! Lent. You name me right. The speed that brought me hither

As you see accoutred-and without a train Suitable to my rank-may tell your lordship That the design admits no vacant time For compliment. Your advertisements have

been read The consuls and the senate In open court.

Are full of wonder and astonishment At the relation. Your care is much

Commended, and will find a due reward, When what you have so well begun is ended. In the meantime with their particular thanks They thus salute you. You'll find there that they

(Their good opinion of me far above My hopes or merits) have appointed me Your successor in Carthage, and commit Unto your abler trust the prosecution Of this impostor.

Flam. As their creature ever I shall obey, and serve them. I will leave My freedman to instruct you in the course Of my proceedings. You shall find him able And faithful, on my honour.

I receive him Lent. At his due value. Can you guess yet whither

This creature tends. By some passengers I met

I was told howe'er the state denies to yield him To our dispose, they will not yet incense us By giving him protection. Flam.

Ere long,

I hope I shall resolve you. To my [aid]

#### Enter Titus.

Here comes my true discoverer. Be brief, And labour not with circumstance to endear The service thou hast done me.

As your lordship Titus. Commanded me, in this Carthaginian habit I made my first approaches, and delivered The gold was given me, as a private present, Sent from the lord Amilcar for his viaticum

To another country. For I did pretend I was his menial servant. Flam. Very well. Twas entertained almost with Tetme\_ sacrifice, And I, as one most welcome, was admitted Into their turbulent counsel. Many means Were there propounded, whither, and to whom, 2 Merch Their king Antiochus (for so they style him) Should fly for safety. One urged to the Parthian, A second into Egypt, and a third To the Batavian. But, in conclusion, The corpulant Flamen, that would govern Ant. And in his nature would not give allowance To any proposition that was not The child of his own brain, resolved to Carry Their May-game prince, covered with a 2 Merch disguise To Prusias king of Bithynia. His opinion Carried it ; and thither, without pause or Ant. To thank my lord for his bounty, they are gone-Upon my certain knowledge, for 1 rid Two days and nights along, that I might not build Upon suppositions. By this they are At their journey's end. Flam. With my thanks, there's thy reward. I will take little rest until I have Soured his sweet entertainment. You have been In the court of this Prusias. Of what temper is he? Lent. A well disposed and noble gentleman, And very careful to preserve the peace And quiet of his subjects. I shall find him Flam. The apter to be wrought on. Do you know who is His special favourite? One that was his tutor, Lent. A seeming politician, and talks often. The end of his ambition is to be A gentleman of Rome. I shall fit him, fear not. Flam. Your travail's ended-mine begins : 1 take my leave. Formality of manners now is useless : I long to be a horseback You have my wishes For a fair success. Flam. My care shall not be wanting. Excunt.

800

#### SCENE IL - Copital of Praiss, ing # Bithynia.

Enter Antiochus and the three Merchant

1 Merch. This tedlous journey, from )= majesty's

Long discontinuance of riding hand, With weariness hath dull'd your spirit.

His corpulency considered, both bed an Beyond imagination.

3 Merch. A

As he rode down a hill I did expect. The chining of his borse.

Ant. I worden nor How mine sustained his burden, dor w

That sits on my more heavy heart we

The sinews of an elephant.

2 Merch. The well That beast hath strength to carry six and men

In a turret on his back.

Ant. True. But the serve Of a wretched and forsadcen king like at Is far more ponderous.

r Merch. O part not, sr, From your own strength by yielding a despair.

I am most confident Berecinthius will.

From the great king Prusias-in his godness great-

Ant. 1 am prepared, howes

#### Enter Berecinthius.

3 Merch. Ha ! these are see Of a glorious entertainment—not contempt Beree. Bear up, sir. I have dote p= simple service :

I thank my eloquence and boldness for k. When would a modest silent fool effect

What I have done? But such men are at

For great employments. The for, the

would confer With a lion without fear, must see him clim

O for a dozen of rubbers and a bath, And yet I need no tub since I down myself

In mine own balsam.

1 March. Balsamum? It sur? Like a tallow chandler's shop.

Bere, Does it so ? thou thin-gd! Thou thing without moisture ! But I have no time



ł

# BELIEVE AS YOU LIST.

| To answer thee. The great king—by my means, sir—         | Consider of the manner and the means<br>How to restore you to your own. |
|----------------------------------------------------------|-------------------------------------------------------------------------|
| Ever remember that in his own person,                    | Queen. And till then                                                    |
| With his fair consort and a gallant train,<br>[Flourish. | Suppose yourself in your own court.<br>Ant. The gods                    |
| Are come to entertain you.                               | Be sureties for the payment of this debt                                |
| Ant. Jove ! if thou art                                  | I stand engaged. Your bounties overwhelm                                |
| Pleased that it shall be so-                             | me.                                                                     |
|                                                          | [Flourish. Excunt all but Berecin-                                      |
| Berec. Change not Jove's purpose                         |                                                                         |
| In your slowness to receive it. In your car-             | thius, and the Merchants.                                               |
| riage                                                    | Berec. Ay 1 marry this is as it should be !                             |
| Express yourself. They come.                             | Hal                                                                     |
| Enter Drusies his Orien and Philorenus                   | After these storms raised by this Roman                                 |
| Enter Prusias, his Queen, and Philoxenus.                | devil,                                                                  |
| Prusias. The strong assurance                            | Titus Flaminius—you know whom I mean—                                   |
| You gave at Carthage to confirm you are                  | Are we got into the port once. I must                                   |
| The king Antiochus (for so much, from                    | purge.                                                                  |
| My agent there I've heard) commands me to                | 1 Merch. Not without cause.                                             |
| Believe you are so. And however they,                    | Berec. Or my increasing belly                                           |
| Awed by the Roman greatness, durst not                   | Will metamorphose me into the shape                                     |
|                                                          |                                                                         |
| lend you                                                 | Of a great tortoise, and I shall appear                                 |
| Aid or protection ; in me you shall find                 | A cipher, a round man, or what you will.                                |
| A surer guard. I stand on mine own bases,                | Now jeer at my bulk, and spare not.                                     |
| Nor shall or threats or prayers deter me                 | I Merch. You are pleasant.                                              |
| from                                                     | Berec. Farce thy lean ribs with hope, and                               |
| Doing a good deed in itself rewarded;                    | thou wilt grow to                                                       |
| You are welcome to my bosom.                             | Another kind of creature. When our king is                              |
| Ant. All that yet                                        | Restored, let me consider, as he must be,                               |
| I can return you, sir, is thanks, expressed              | And I the principal means, I'll first grow                              |
| In tears of joy, to find here that compassion            | rich,                                                                   |
| Hath not forsook the earth.                              | Infinite rich, and build a strange new temple                           |
| Queen. Alas, good king,                                  | To the goddess that I worship, and so bind                              |
| I pity him!                                              | her .                                                                   |
| Prus. This lady, sir, your servant,                      | To prosper all my purposes.                                             |
| Presents her duty to you.                                | a Merch. Be not rapt so.                                                |
| Ant. Pray you forgive me.                                | Berec. Prithee, do not trouble me. First                                |
|                                                          |                                                                         |
| Calamity, my too long rude companion,                    | I will expel                                                            |
| Hath taught me, gracious madam, to forget                | The Romans out of Asia. And, so breaking                                |
| Civility and manners. [Kisses her.                       | Their reputation in the world, we will                                  |
| Queen. I ne er touched                                   | Renew cur league with Carthage. Then                                    |
| But the king, my husband's lips, and, as I               | draw to                                                                 |
| live,                                                    | Our party the Egyptian Ptolemy,                                         |
| He kisses very like him.                                 | And great Arsaces' issue. I will be                                     |
| Prus. Here is one                                        | The general, and march to Rome, which                                   |
| I dare present to you, for a knowing man                 | taken,                                                                  |
| In politic designs. But he is present,                   | I'll fill proud Tiber with the carcases                                 |
| I should say more clse.                                  | Of men, women, and children. Do not per-                                |
| Ant. Your assistance, sir,                               | suade me,-                                                              |
| To raise a trod-down king, will well become              | I'll show no mercy !                                                    |
| you.                                                     | 3 Merch. Have the pow'r to hurt first.                                  |
| Philox. What man can do that is fami-                    | Berec. Then by the senators, whom I'll                                  |
| liar with                                                | use as horses,                                                          |
| The deep directions of Xenophon,                         | I will be drawn in a chariot, made for my                               |
| Or Aristotle's politics, besides                         | bulk,                                                                   |
| Mine own collections, which some prefer,                 |                                                                         |
|                                                          | In triumph to the capitol, more admired                                 |
| And with good reason, as they say, before                | Than Bacchus was in India. Titus Fla-                                   |
| em,                                                      | minius                                                                  |
| Your highness may expect.                                | Our enemy, led like a dog in a chain,                                   |
| Prws. We will at leisure,                                | As I descend or reascend in state,                                      |
|                                                          | R R                                                                     |

Simil serve for my foot-stool. I will conjure him

If revenge hath any spells.

#### Easter Flaminius with Demetrius.

Command the captain Flam. To wait me with his galley at the next port. I'm confident I shall fraught him. Exit Demetrius. You are conjuring, z Merch. And see what you have raised. Cybele save me l Berer. I do not fear me, Pluto, though thou hast Assumed a shape not to be matched in Cocytus ! Why dost thou follow me? Art thou mad? Wham. Thou com'st Berec. To make me so. How my jelly quakes. Avaunt ! What have I to do with thee? Flam. You'll know at leisure. The time is now too precious. Exit Flaminius. "Tis vanished. Berec. Sure, 'twas an apparition. I Merch. I fear A fatal one to us. We may easily guess at > Merch. The cause that brings him hither. 3 Merch. Now, if ever. Confirm the king-1 Merch. Against this battery New works are to be raised, or we are ruined. Beree. What think you of this rampire? 'twill hold out | And he shall shoot through an' through it but Excunt. I'll cross him. SCENE III .- Court of Prusias. Enter Flaminius and Philoxenus. Flam, What we have said, the consuls will make good, And the glad senate ratify. Philox, They have so Obliged me for this favour, that there is not A service of that difficulty, from which I would decline. In this rest confident, I am your own-and sure. Flam\_ You shall do, sir, A noble office in it. And, however We thank you for the courtesy, the profit And certain honours, the world's terror, Rome, In thankfulness cannot but shower upon you, Are wholly yours. How happy I esteem Myself, in this employment, to meet with A wise and provident statesman,

# Philes.

Flam. 1 flatter not inspeaking with 'a are so,

My good be

And, in this prompt alacrity, confirm ?. Since a wise forecast in the manager Worldly affairs is the true wisdom-The school mistress of idiots. You wells Charity begins at home, and that se a Nearest unto ourselves. Foois hald ge Imaginary hopes, but wise men cort On real certainties, A tender conserv Like a glowworm, shows a seeming in a darkness, But, set near to the glorious light of here. And a master in that art—you neal use All rubs—tho' with a little wrong == times-That may put by the bias of your com From the fair mark they aim at. Philox. You are read with In worldly passages. Flam. I harter with yes Such triffes as I have. But, if you pin You could instruct me that philosophy And policy, in states, are not such strain As men o'er curious and precise would be them. But to the point. With speed get me To the king your pupil. And its well is the That he hath such a tutor -- Rich Billys Was never so indebted to a patriot. And vigilant watchman, for her pace of safety, As to yourself, Philox. Without boast I may wing I have done something in that way Flam. Fame, filling her loud trump with man proclaims it ! But, when it shall be understood you st The principal means, by which a daugment serpent, Warm'd in your sovereign's boson, is a livered To have his sting and venomous teeth pair out ; And the ruin, in a willing grant, model. Which in detaining him falls on the kin dom, Not Prusias alone, but his saved prople, Will raise your providence altars ! Philox. Let me com Your patience some iew minutes. the king In person to you, Flam. Do, and, this effects. Think of the ring you are privileged to a When a Roman gentleman ; and, after 155



# BELIEVE AS YOU LIST.

| BELIEVE AS YOU LIST. 611                                                                |                                                                                                                 |
|-----------------------------------------------------------------------------------------|-----------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------|
| Of provinces and purple !                                                               | Prus. I attempt not                                                                                             |
| <i>Exit</i> Philoxenus.                                                                 | To trouble her, nor ever will.                                                                                  |
| I must smile now                                                                        | Flam. Fix there !                                                                                               |
| In my consideration with what glibness<br>My flatteries, oiled with hopes of future     | Or if, for your own good, you will move further,                                                                |
| greatness,                                                                              | Make Rome your thankful debtor by sur-                                                                          |
| Are swallowed by this dull pate. But it is                                              | Into her hands the false impostor, that                                                                         |
| North the observation. Most of our seem-                                                | Into her hands the false impostor, that<br>Seeks to disturb her quiet.                                          |
| ing statesmen                                                                           | Prus. This I looked for :                                                                                       |
| Are caught in the same noose.                                                           | And that I should find mortal poison<br>wrapp'd up                                                              |
| Prusias and Philoxenus approaching.                                                     | In your candied pills. Must I, because you say so,                                                              |
| Returned so soon-                                                                       | Believe that this most miserable king is                                                                        |
| And the king with him ! But his angry forehead                                          | A false affronter? who, with arguments<br>Unanswerable, and near miraculous proofs,                             |
| Furrowed with frowns. No matter, I am                                                   | Confirms himself the true Antiochus.                                                                            |
| for him.                                                                                | Or is it not sufficient that you Romans,                                                                        |
| Prus. From the people of Rome-so                                                        | In your unsatisfied ambition, have                                                                              |
| quick? Hath he brought with him<br>Letters of credence, and authority                   | Seized with an unjust gripe on half the world,                                                                  |
| To treat with us?                                                                       | Which you call conquest? If that I consent                                                                      |
| Philox. I read them.                                                                    | not                                                                                                             |
| <b>Prws.</b> What can he<br><b>Propound which I must fear to hear?</b> I                | To have my innocence soiled with that pol-<br>lution                                                            |
| would                                                                                   | You are willingly smeared o'er with                                                                             |
| Continue in fair terms with that warlike                                                | Flam. Pray you, hear me                                                                                         |
| nation,                                                                                 | Prus. I will be first heard. Shall I, for                                                                       |
| Ever provided I wrong not myself<br>In the least point of honour.                       | your ends,<br>Infringe my princely word? or break the                                                           |
| Philox. To the full                                                                     | laws                                                                                                            |
| He will instruct your majesty.                                                          | Of hospitality? defeat myself                                                                                   |
| Felicity, as a page, attend your person,                                                | Of the certain honour to restore a king<br>Unto his own? and what you Romans have                               |
| As you embrace the friendly counsel sent                                                | Extorted and keep from him? Far be't from                                                                       |
| you                                                                                     | me!                                                                                                             |
| From the Roman senate.                                                                  | I will not buy your amity at such loss.                                                                         |
| <b>Prus.</b> With my thanks to you Their instrument, if the advice be such,             | So it be to all after times remembered<br>I held it not sufficient to live                                      |
| As by this preparation you would have me                                                | As one born only for myself, and I                                                                              |
| Conceive it is, I shall-and 'twill become                                               | Desire no other monument !                                                                                      |
| me-<br>Receive it as a favour.                                                          | Flam. I grant<br>It is a specious thing to leave behind us                                                      |
| Flam. Know then, Rome,                                                                  | A fair report, though in the other world                                                                        |
| In her pious care that you may still increase                                           | We have no feeling of it : and to lend                                                                          |
| The happiness you live on ; and your sub-                                               | A desperate, though fruitless, aid to such                                                                      |
| jects,<br>Under the shadow of their own vines, eat                                      | As Fate, not to be altered, hath marked out<br>Examples of calamity, may appear                                 |
| The fruit they yield them—their soft musical                                            | A glorious ornament : but here's a man,                                                                         |
| feasts                                                                                  | The oracle of your kingdom, that can tell                                                                       |
| Continuing, as they do yet, unaffrighted<br>With the harsh noise of war-entreats as low | you,<br>When there's no probability it may be                                                                   |
| As her known power and majesty can                                                      | Effected, 'tis mere madness to attempt it.                                                                      |
| descend,                                                                                | Philox. A true position.                                                                                        |
| You would return, with due equality,                                                    | Flam. Your inclination                                                                                          |
| A willingness to preserve what she hath con-<br>quered                                  | Is honourable, but your power deficient,<br>To put your purpose into act.                                       |
| From change and innovation.                                                             | Prws, My power?                                                                                                 |
|                                                                                         | RR2                                                                                                             |
|                                                                                         | م الله العالم العالية عن المناطقة المحكمة المحكمة المحكمة العالم المحكمة المحكمة المحكمة المحكمة المحكمة المحكم |

| Flam. Is not to be disputed, if weighed                                   | Flass. As a friend I have defm                                                   |
|---------------------------------------------------------------------------|----------------------------------------------------------------------------------|
| truly                                                                     | And more than my commission warment                                              |
| With the petty kings your neighbours; but,<br>when balanced               | War? But non-Poor                                                                |
| With the globes and sceptres of my mistress<br>Rome,                      | If the first I entertain it. If the latter,<br>I'll instantly defy you !         |
| Will but I spare comparisons, but you build on                            | Philox. Pray you say Part<br>Prus. On what conditions?                           |
| Your strength to justify the fact. Alas,                                  | Flam. The del                                                                    |
| t is a feeble reed, and leaning on it.                                    | Of this seductor and his complices.                                              |
| Vill wound your hand much sooner than                                     | On no terms else-and suddenly,<br>Prus.                                          |
| support you.<br>fou keep in pay, 'tis true, some peace-                   | Dispense with my faith given?                                                    |
| trained troops,                                                           | Philes. I'll vield you rea                                                       |
| Which awe your neighbours ; but consider,<br>when                         | Prus. Let it be Peace then, oh. Pro-                                             |
| Our eagles shall display their sail-stretched wings,                      | The wretched man, In the meantim                                                 |
| Hovering o'er our legions, what defence                                   | How to excuse myself.                                                            |
| an you expect from yours?                                                 | Flam. While I, insi                                                              |
| Philox. Urge that point home.<br>Flam. Our old victorious bands are ever  | Triumph in my success, and meditate<br>On the reward that crowns it. A s         |
| ready;                                                                    | army                                                                             |
| And such, as are not our confed'rates, tremble,                           | Could have done no more than I ahare                                             |
| to think where next the storm shall fall,                                 | A little breath, have effected.                                                  |
| with horror.<br>Philoxenus knows it. Will you to help one                 | Enter Queen, Antiochus, Berecinthia                                              |
| ou should contemn, and is not worth your pity,                            | three Merchants, Philoxenus, and I<br>trius.                                     |
| full it on your own head? Your neighbour                                  | Ant. Goodness guin                                                               |
| Carthage<br>Would smile to see your error. Let me paint                   | Whom do I look on ? Sir, come further<br>him.                                    |
| he danger to you ere it come. Imagine                                     | He is infectious; so swollen with mee                                            |
| Our legions, and the auxiliary forces                                     | And strange impieties; his language                                              |
| of such as are our friends and tributaries,                               | So full of siren sorceries, if your home h                                       |
| Drawn up-Bithynia covered with our                                        | There is no touch of moral bonesty                                               |
| armies-<br>Il places promising defence blocked up                         | Though rampired in your soul, but a                                              |
| With our armed troops-the siege con-                                      | The mandrake's shricks, the aspick's o                                           |
| tinuing-                                                                  | tooth,                                                                           |
| amine within and force without disabling                                  | The tears of crocodiles, or the basilisk                                         |
| il opposition—then the army entered !<br>s victory is insolent, the rapes | Kill not so soon, nor with that violent<br>As he who, in his cruel nature, holds |
| of virgins and grave matrons-reverend old                                 | Antipathy with mercy.                                                            |
| men                                                                       | Prus. I am sorre-                                                                |
| Vith their last groans accusing you-your<br>city                          | Ant. Sorry-for what? That you h                                                  |
| And palace sacked                                                         | To be a good and just prince? Are                                                |
| Philox. Dear sir l                                                        | passion                                                                          |
| Flam. And you yourself                                                    | And charity grown crimes?                                                        |
| aptived; and, after that, chained by the neck;                            | Prus. The gods can u<br>How much I would do for you. And by                      |
| our matchless queen, your children, officers,                             | Necessity of state-                                                              |
| friends,                                                                  | Ant Make not the                                                                 |
| Waiting, as scorns of fortune, to give lustre                             | Guilty of your breach of faith ! From                                            |
| Philox, I am in a fever                                                   | you find not<br>Treachery commanded; and the state                               |
| a min in a rever                                                          | treatines, commanded, and the state                                              |

# 610

To think upon it.

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| Strength from disloyalty, in the quicksands which                                                                                                      | Hear me. Will you that are a man-nay more.                                                     |
|--------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------|------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------|
| <ul> <li>She trusteth in, is swallowed. 'Tis in vain</li> <li>To argue with you. If I am condemned,<br/>Defences come too late. What do you</li> </ul> | A king of men—do that, forced to it by fear,<br>Which common men would scorn? I am a<br>woman— |
| Shall fall on poor Antiochus?                                                                                                                          | A weak and feeble woman—yet before<br>I would deliver up my bondwoman,                         |
| Prus. For my                                                                                                                                           | And have it told I did it by constraint,                                                       |
| Security-there being no means left else-                                                                                                               | I would endure to have these hands cut off,                                                    |
| Against my will I must deliver you.                                                                                                                    | These eyes pull'd out                                                                          |
| Ant. To whom?                                                                                                                                          |                                                                                                |
| Enter Guard.                                                                                                                                           | Queen. Do then,                                                                                |
| Prus. To Rome's ambassador.                                                                                                                            | As a king should.<br>Prus. Away with her!                                                      |
| Ant. O, the Furies                                                                                                                                     |                                                                                                |
| Exceed not him in cruelty ! Remember                                                                                                                   | Flam. My affairs                                                                               |
| I am a king ! your royal guest ! Your right                                                                                                            |                                                                                                |
| hand,                                                                                                                                                  | Prus. He's yours. Conceive                                                                     |
| The pawn and pledge that should defend me from                                                                                                         | What I would say. Farewell.<br>[Excunt Prusias and Philoxenus.                                 |
| My bloody enemy! Did you accuse                                                                                                                        | Ant. That I had been                                                                           |
| The Carthaginian senate for denying                                                                                                                    | Born deaf! I will not grace thy triumph,                                                       |
| Aid and protection to me-giving hope                                                                                                                   | tyrant,                                                                                        |
| To my despairing fortunes? Or but now                                                                                                                  | With one request of favour.                                                                    |
| <b>Raise</b> me to make my fall more terrible?<br>Did you tax them of weakness, and will                                                               | <i>Exit</i> Antiochus <i>guarded</i> .<br><i>Berec.</i> My good lord !                         |
| you                                                                                                                                                    | Flam. Your will, dear Flamen?                                                                  |
| So far transcend them in a coward fear,                                                                                                                | Berec. I perceive you are like                                                                 |
| Declaimed against by your own mouth? O,                                                                                                                | To draw a great charge upon you. My fat                                                        |
| sir,<br>If you dare not give me harbour, set me safe                                                                                                   | bulk,<br>And these my lions, will not be kept for a                                            |
| yet                                                                                                                                                    | little.                                                                                        |
| In any desert, where this serpent's hisses<br>May not be heard; and to the gods I'll speak                                                             | Nor would we be chargeable. And, there-<br>fore, kissing                                       |
| you                                                                                                                                                    | Your honoured hands, I take my leave.                                                          |
| A prince both wise and honourable.<br>Prws. Alas !                                                                                                     | Flam. By no means,<br>I have been busy, but I shall find leisure                               |
| It is not in my power.                                                                                                                                 | To treat with you in another place.                                                            |
| Ant. As an impostor                                                                                                                                    | Berec. I would not                                                                             |
| Take off my head then. At the least-so far-                                                                                                            | Put your lordship to the trouble.                                                              |
| Prove merciful. Or with any torture ease me<br>Of the burthen of a life : rather than yield me                                                         | Flam. It will be<br>A pleasure rather. Bring them all away.                                    |
| To this politic state hangman.                                                                                                                         | Berec. The comfort is, whether I drown or                                                      |
| Flam. This to me is A kind of ravishing music!                                                                                                         | hang<br>I shall not be long about it. I'll preserve                                            |
| <i>Queen.</i> I have lived                                                                                                                             | The dignity of my family.                                                                      |
| For many years, sir, your obedient handmaid,                                                                                                           | Flam. "Twill become you.                                                                       |
| Nor ever in a syllable presumed                                                                                                                        | [Excunt omnes.                                                                                 |
| To cross your purpose. But now, with a sorrow                                                                                                          |                                                                                                |
| As great almost as this poor king's, beholding                                                                                                         | ACT IV.                                                                                        |
| Your poverty of spirit—for it does                                                                                                                     | SCENE I.—A Street in Callipolis.                                                               |
| Deserve no better name—I must put off<br>Obsequiousness and silence, and take to me                                                                    | Enter Metellus, Proconsul of Lusitania, and                                                    |
| The warrant and authority of your queen,                                                                                                               | Sempronius, a Captain.                                                                         |
| And, as such, give you counsel.                                                                                                                        | Met. A revolt in Asia?                                                                         |
| Prus. You displease me.                                                                                                                                | Semp. Yes. On the report                                                                       |
| Queen. The physic promising health is ever bitter.                                                                                                     | The long-thought dead Antiochus lives.<br>Met. I heard                                         |
| ever bitter.                                                                                                                                           |                                                                                                |

614 My captain's place, I had cashie'd a And, should she beg your proconsid Such a one appeared in Carthage, but suppressed Titus Flaminius, my noble friend, you heard her Who, by his letters, promised me a visit If his designs, as I desire they may, Twere hers upon my life. Met. She should be dante And her whole tribe ! Succeeded to his wishes Till you behold him Semp. Enter Flamining. I can bring your honour, if you please, where My lord Finminius, well you I have long been full of expectation May find fair entertainment. Of your great design, and hope a fary Met. From whom, captain? Hath crowned your travail in your be Semp. A new rigg'd pinnace, that put off from Corinth, This dangerous impostor. And is arrived among us-tight and yare Nor comes she to pay custom for her fraught, Flam At the lens I have him and his complices. But to impose a tax, on such as dare Presume to look on her, which smock Met. gamesters offer Enquire how you achieved him, he Sooner than she demands it. know, Some fresh courtezan Since 'tis referr'd to you, what punish Should fall upon him ? Met. Upon mine honour ! You are i' the right, my lord. Flam. Semp. If you please, in p Met. And there lies your intelligence? Semp. True, my good lord. I will acquaint you. Met. Captain, let me cutm Tis a discovery will not shame a captain. To meditate on your woman in the When he lies in garrison. Since I was a TOOM. We may have employment for you. trader In such commodities I never saw Semp. Her equal. I was ravished with the object, She would command my service And, would you visit her, I believe you'd Exit Sent Met. write Pray y Yourself of my opinion. Flam. Now, my good lord, I ask Met. Fie upon thee I grave advice I am old. What course to take. Met. That, in my judgment, need Long consultation. He is a traitor. Semp. And therefore have the greater use Of such a cordial. All Medea's drugs, And her charms to boot, that made old And, his process framed, must, as a tr Æson young, suffer Were nothing to her touch. Your viper wine, A death due to his treason So much in practice with grey-bearded Flam. There's much To be considered, there being a belief gallants, Dispersed almost through Asia, that h But vappa to the nectar of her lips. She hath done miracles since she came, The true Antiochus ; and we must de The certain scandal it will draw upon usurer, Full of the gout, and more diseases than The Roman government, if he die the His crutches could support, used her rare He is by the most received to be; and physic fore. But one short night, and rising in the morn-Till that opinion be removed, we must ing, he Use some quaint practice, that may Danced a lavolta | upon Met. Prithee, leave thy fooling, His hopes or fears, to draw a free conf And talk of something else. That he was suborned to take on hi The whole world yields not Semp. name Apter discourse. She hath all the qualities He still maintains. Conducing to the sport ; sings like a siren ; Met. That, torture will wrest from Dances, as the gross element of earth I know no readier way. Had no part in her; her discourse, so full Flam. If you had s

Of eloquence and prevailing, there is nothing His carriage in Carthage and Bithynia She asks to be denied her. Had she desired You would not think so. Since I had I

Ant.

ver I have used all possible means it might

him into despair, and so to do nce on himself. He hath not tasted three days any sustenance, and still ues fasting.

Keep him to that diet ew hours more.

I am of opinion rather, ompetence offered him, and a place rest.

he might spend the remnant of his days sure and security, might do more ear of death or torture.

It may be are such natures : and now I think on't,

wlp you to a happy instrument

Whispers. tion it. Your ear. lis wondrous well. ay prove fortunate.

'Tis but a trial.

er, I will send for her, Pray you do. all have my directions.

What botches

de in the shop of policy ! w. So they cover kedness we must conceal, it skills not.

Excunt.

NE II. - The Prison in Callipolis. failor, with a poniard and a halter. r. Why should I feel compunction that.

yields me profit? Ha! a prisoner's

sooner pierce flint, or Egyptian rble

hove us to compassion. Yet I know not strangely on me. Some say he is a

be so; but, if they hold out thus, e he's like to die a beggar's death, arve for hunger. I am, by a servant lord Flaminius, strictly commanded, I have raised him out of the dungeon, to ese instruments in his view. To what

to enquire, but I am certain, is long fast, they are viands that andly he digested. Do you hear, sir? [below.] If thou'rt my death'sman, icome !

I so pity you wish I had commission, as you rise, you from all future misery, ck your brains out.

Would thou hadst ! You have

Javlor. The liberty to air yourself, and that Is all I can afford you. Fast, and be merry ; I am elsewhere called on, [Exit Jailor.

Death 1 as far as faintness Ant. Will give me leave to chide thee, I am angry Thou comest not at me, No attendance? Famine

Thy meagre harbinger, flatters me with hope

Of thy so wished arrival, yet thy coming Is still deferred. Why? Is it in thy so Is it in thy scorn To take a lodging here? I am a king, And know that not the reverence that waits.

Upon the potent sceptre, nor the guards Of faithful subjects; neither threats nor prayers

Of friends or kindred ; nor yet walls of brass Or iron, should their proud height knock at the moon.

Can stop thy passage, when thou art resolved To force thy entrance : yet a king, in reason, By the will of fate severed from common men, Should have the privilege and prerogative, When he is willing, to disrobe himself

Of this cobweb garment, life, to have thee ready

To do thy fatal office. What have we here?

Enter Flaminius, Metellus, and Semproniusabove.

A poniard, and a halter ! From the objects. I am easily instructed to what end

They were prepared, Either will serve the turn

To ease the burthen of a wretched life. Or thus [lifts the dagger] or thus [lifts the

halter in death ! I must commend The Roman courtesy. How am I grown So cheap and vile in their opinion that I am denied an executioner?

Will not the loss of my life quit the cost?

O rare frugality | Will they force me to Be mine own hangman? Every slave, that's guilty

Of crimes not to be named, receives such favour

By the judge's doom, and is my innocence-The oppressed innocence of a star-crossed king-

Held more contemptible? My better angel, Though wanting power to alter fate, discovery Their hellish purposes. Yes—yes— its so. My body's death will not suffice, they aim at My soul's perdition. And shall 1, to shum A few more hours of misery, betray her? No, she is free still, and shall so return From whence she came, and in her pummers triumph.

Their tyranny chained and fettered-[Sinks back from weakness, Flam. O, the devil t Thou art weak. This will not do.

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Met. [Orders the Jallor to take in food. Met. Mark how he'll stand

The second charge. Semp. The honour is reserved

For the pretty tempting friend I broughtmy life on't.

### Enter Jailor, with brown bread, and a wooden dish of water,

Jailor. Here, sir, take this. 'Tho' coarse it will kill hunger.

It is your daily pittance. Yet, when you please,

Your commons may be mended.

Ant. Show me the way. Jailor. Confess yourself to be a cozening knave—

The matter's feasible. But, if you will be Still king of the crickets, feed on this and live. You shall not say we starved you.

Ant. Stay, I beseech thee,

And take thy cruel pity back again To him that sent it. This is a tyranny That doth transcend all precedents. Mysoul, But even now, this himp of clay, her prison,

Of itself, in the want of nourishment, opening, Had shook off her sick feathers, and prepared Herself to make a noble flight, as set At liberty, and now this reparation Again immures. You ! for whose curious

Again immures. You ! for whose curious palates

The elements are ransacked, look upon This bill of fare, by my penurious steward, Necessity, served to a famished king ; And, warned by my example, when your tables

Crack not with the weight of deer, and farfetched dainties,

Dispute not with heaven's bounties. What shall 1 do?

If I refuse to touch and taste these coarse And homely cakes, I hasten my own fate, And so, with willingness, embrace a sin I hitherto have fled from. No -I'll eat; And if, at this poor rate, life can continue, I will not throw it off.

Flam. I pine with envy To see his constancy. [A lute is heard, Met. Bid your property enter And use her subtlest magic.

Semp. I have already Acquainted her with her cue. The music ushers

Her personal appearance. [A song. Ant. From what hand And voice do I receive this charge It is unusual at such a feast -But I miscall it. "The some new for Mounted to batter me ! Ha!

## Enter Courteman.

Court.

More harsh and rtagged in my dope Than thy tormentors, these eyes h stripped

My tongue, and, with a shower of to told you

Compassion brings me hither.

Believe so much, as, by my mineries (An oath I dare not break) I glassy Pity methinks, I know not how, an So lovely in you.

Court. It being spent up A subject, in each circumstance des An universal sorrow, tho' its simple It cannot be deformed. May I pres To kiss your royal hand, for sure you Less than a king !

Ant. Have I one withe Dares only think so much?

Court. I do be And will die in that belief; and more

Confirms it than your patience, not Found in a meaner man. Not all f Of the majesty you were born to, the With pomp and glorious histre, sho in

Such full perfection as, at this instan Shines round about you, in your c bearing

Your adverse fortune—a degree bey All magnanimity that ever was Canonized by mankind 1

Ant. Astonishm And wonder seizes on me. Pray

you? Court. Without your pity-neare

grave Than the malice of prevailing enem Can hurry you.

Ant. My pity 1 I will par So much from what I have engro mourn

Mine own afflictions, as-I freely gra Will you have me weep before 1 km

In which I may serve you?

Court. You alread Spent too much of that stock. Profirst hear me,

[A song. And wrong not my simplicity with d From what hand. Of that I shall deliver. I am a virgi

f I had not toyed with her myself, low believe her ! And, tho' not of the eagle's brood, nded

### oble family.

Her mother sold her nthian lecher at thirteen, orted.

Be silent, I command you. o be a virgin, and so well derived, nion, fair one, are not things ented,

If I had not fallen clear height of chastity-I confess

forward wishes. That, sir, is guilty of ! I am in love, sir,y mad in love-and my desires stopped in their career

With whom taken?

With your own dear self, sir, not with such a face of wonder : d a truth. The story of

deplorable fortune at the first d me

than modest heats ; but, since I ou.

e, and shall turn cinders, if not mercy to me

Foolish creature, suppose this true, and met your

al ardour, -as I am, what

hope is left you to arrive at ou long for ?

If you will be good self the voyage is accomplished. atting off a poisoned shirt,

he wearing eats into your flesh, against your will, be soon forced ou >

of your enemies tendering to you security, and safety, than ce of your friends' and servants'

upon you.

Tis impossible. lark mystery, for yet, to me, in riddles.

I will make it easy iderstanding, and thus-sweeten Opers to kiss him.

erv. "Tis but to disclaim, ontinual cares that wait upon it, a king.

Devil Flaminius !

iere !

Court. Why do you turn away? The counsel that I offer, if you please To entertain it, as long-wished companions, In her right hand, brings liberty and a calm, After so many storms. And you no sooner Shall, to the world, profess you were suborned To this imposture-tho' I still believe It is a truth-but, with a free remission For the offence, I, as your better genius, Will lead you, from this place of horror, to A paradise of delight, to which compared, Thessalian Tempe, or that garden, where Venus with her revived Adonis spend Their pleasant hours, and make from their

embraces

A perpetuity of happiness, Deserve not to be named. There, in an

arbour, Of itself supported o'er a bubbling spring, With purple hyacinths and roses covered, We will enjoy the sweets of life ; nor shall Arithmetic sum up the varieties of

Our amorous dalliance. Our viands such,

As not alone shall nourish appetite, But strengthen our performance. And, when call'd for,

The quiristers of the air shall give us music : And, when we slumber, in a pleasant dream You shall behold the mountains of vexations Which you have heaped upon the Roman tyrants

In your free resignation of your kingdom, And smile at their afflictions.

Ant Hence, you siren ! Court. Are you displeased?

Were all your flatteries Ant. Aimed at this mark? Will not my virtuous

anger, Assisted by contempt and scorn, yield strength

To spurn thee from me? But thou art some whore-

Some common whore-and, if thou hast a soul,

(As in such creatures it is more than doubted) It hath its being in thy wanton veins

And will, with thy expense of blood, become Like that of sensual beasts !

Met. This will not do. Ant. How did my enemies lose themselves to think,

A painted prostitute with her charms could conquer

What malice, at the height, could not

Is all their stock of malice so consumed, As, out of penury, they are forced to use A whore for their last agent?

Court.

If thou wert

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Ten times a king thou liest. I am a lady-Eat mine own carbonadoes, and le div-A gamesome lady-of the last edition ; nicled And, tho' I physic noblemen, no whore. For a cannibal never read of ! Met. He hath touched her freehold ! Of. Will you walk in? Now let her alone, Berec. I shall come too soon, the' I can Semp. And she will worry him. to such a breakfast ! I ever use to take my portion sitting Hanging in the air, it is not physic Have I lived to have Court. My courtesies refused ? That I had leave To pluck thy eyes out ! Time flies away, # Of. Are you so coy? Thou art a man of snow, Berec. Why let him fly, sir. Or, if an And thy father got thee in the wane of the please to stay him, And bind up the bold knave's wings, min moon ! use of my collar. But scorn me not. "Tis true I was set on There's substance in it, I can assure your By the higher powers ; but now, for all the worship, And I thank your wisdom that you min wealth In Asia, thou shalt not have the favour, Though, prostrate on the earth, thou wouldst distinction Between me and this starveling. He gas implore it To kiss my shoestring. to it Like a greyhound for killing of sheep ha Enter Jailor and others. twopenny slip, But here's a cable will weigh up an mole We lose time, my lord. Flam. And yet, if I may have fair play, ere I de Court. Foh ! how he stinks ! I will not Ten to one I shall make it crack. wear a rag more That he hath breathed on Of. What would you have, sr? Berec. My ballast about me. I shall me Met. Without more ado Let him have his sentence. sail well else To the other world. My bark you see wants Drag him hence. Flam. Are you there ? Ant. stowage. Nay then-But give me half a dozen hens, and a lond Flam. I will not hear him speak. My veal To keep it steady, and you may spare the anger Is lost. Why linger you? trouble Ant. Death ends all, Of pulling me by the legs, or setting the knot Excunt. Under mine ear. This drum, well braced, however ! defies SCENE III. - Place of Execution, Callipolis. Such foolish courtesies. Enter Officers, leading in Berecinthius This mirth, good Flamez, I Merch. and 1st Merchant, with halters. Is out of season. Let us think of Elysium If we die honest men ; or what we-there-Berec. What a skeleton they've made of me! Starve me first, Shall suffer from the furies. And hang me after ! Is there no conscience Berec. Thou'rt a fool To think there are or gods or goddesses, extant For the latter, if that they had any power, To a man of my order? They have de-Mine, being the mother of them, would have graded me, Ta'en away my lions, and to make me roar helped me. They are things we make ourselves. Or, like them They've pared the flesh off from my fingers' grant there should be ends, A hell, or an Elysium, sing I cannot To Orpheus' harp in the one, nor dance in And then laughed at me! I've been kept in darkness the other. But-if there be a Cerberus, if I serve not These five long days-no visitants but devils, Or men in shapes more horrid, coming at To make three cops for his three heads, that me. may serve For something more than an ordinary break-A chafing dish of coals and a butcher's knife I found set by me-and, inquiring why, fast, The cur is devilish hungry. Would I had I was told that I had flesh enough of mine

And, if that I were hungry, I might freely

OWD.

The cur is devilish hungry. Would I had Run away with your fellow merchants, 1 had then

| <b>Provided</b> for my frame. Yet, as I am,<br>I have one request to make, and that, my | Semp. I have performed it<br>In every circumstance.                       |
|-----------------------------------------------------------------------------------------|---------------------------------------------------------------------------|
| friends,<br>Concerns my body, which I pray you grant,                                   | Flam. How do the people<br>Receive it?                                    |
|                                                                                         |                                                                           |
| And then I shall die in peace.<br>Off. What is it?                                      | Semp. As an act of cruelty,<br>And not of justice. It drew tears from all |
|                                                                                         |                                                                           |
|                                                                                         | The sad spectators. His demeanour was                                     |
| That you would be suitors to the proconsul                                              | In the whole progress worth the observation,                              |
| for me                                                                                  | But, in one thing, most remarkable.                                       |
| That no covetous Roman, after I am dead,                                                | Flam. What was that?                                                      |
| May beg to have myskin flayed off, and stuff it                                         | Semp. When the city-clerk with a loud                                     |
| Withstraw like an alligator, and then show it                                           | voice read the cause                                                      |
| In fairs and markets for a monster. Tho                                                 | For which he was condemned, in taking on                                  |
| I know the sight will draw more fools to                                                | him<br>The name of a binn with a settled source                           |
| gape on t                                                                               | The name of a king, with a settled coun-                                  |
| Than a camel or an elephant, aforehand                                                  | tenance                                                                   |
| I tell you, if you do, my ghost shall haunt you.                                        | The miserable man replied, I am so;                                       |
| Off. You shall have burial, fear not.                                                   | But when he touched his being a cheating                                  |
| Berec. And room enough                                                                  | Jew,                                                                      |
| To tumble in, I pray you, the I take up                                                 | His patience moved, with a face full of anger                             |
| More grave than Alexander. I have ill luck                                              | He boldly said, 'Tis fulse. I never saw                                   |
| If I stink not as much as he, and yield the                                             | Such magnanimity.                                                         |
| worms                                                                                   | Flam. Frontless impudence rather !                                        |
| As large a supper.                                                                      | Met. Or anything else you please.                                         |
| 1 Merch. Are you not mad to talk thus?                                                  | Flam. Have you forced on him.                                             |
| Berec. I came crying into the world, and                                                | The habit of a slave?                                                     |
| am resolved                                                                             | Semp. Yes, and in that,                                                   |
| To go out merrily—therefore despatch me.<br>[Excunt.                                    | Pardon my weakness, still there does appear                               |
| [ <i>L</i> . <i>46##6</i> .                                                             | A kind of majesty in him.<br>Flam. You look on it                         |
| SCENE IV Proconsul's House at                                                           | With the eyes of foolish pity that deceives                               |
| Callipolis.                                                                             | you.                                                                      |
| Enter Metellus and Flaminius.                                                           | Semp. This way he comes; and, I believe,                                  |
| · · · · ·                                                                               | when you see him,                                                         |
| Met. There was never such constancy.                                                    | You'll be of my opinion.                                                  |
| Flam. You give it                                                                       | Off. (within). Make way there.                                            |
| Too fair a name. 'Tis foolish obstinacy,                                                |                                                                           |
| For which he shall, without my pity, suffer.                                            | Enter Officers leading in Antiochus, his                                  |
| What we do for the service of the republic,                                             | head shaved, in the habit of a slave.                                     |
| And propagation of Rome's glorious empire,                                              |                                                                           |
| Needs no defence, and we shall wrong our                                                | Ant. Fate! 'tis thy will it should be thus,                               |
| judgments                                                                               | and I                                                                     |
| To feel compunction for it. Have you given                                              | With patience obey it. Was there ever,                                    |
| order,                                                                                  | In all precedent maps of misery,                                          |
| According to the sentence, that the impostor,                                           | Calamity so drawn out to the life                                         |
| Riding upon an ass, his face turned to                                                  | As she appears in me? In all the changes                                  |
| The hinder part, may in derision be                                                     | Of fortune, such a metamorphosis                                          |
| Brought through Callipolis?                                                             | Antiquity cannot show us ! Men may read                                   |
| Met. Yes. And a paper                                                                   | there                                                                     |
| Upon his head, in which, with capital letters,                                          | Of kings deposed, and some in triumph led                                 |
| His faults are inscribed, and by three trum-                                            | By the proud insulting Roman. Yet they                                    |
| Proclaimed before him ; and—that done-to                                                | Acknowledged such, and died so. My sad                                    |
| have him                                                                                | fate                                                                      |
|                                                                                         | Is of worse condition, and Rome                                           |
| Committed to the gallies. Here comes<br>Sempronius,                                     | To me more barbarous than ere yet to any                                  |
| compromus,                                                                              | Brought in subjection. Is it not sufficient                               |
| Enter Sempronius.                                                                       | That the locks of this our royal head are                                 |
| To whom I gave the charge.                                                              | shaved off-                                                               |
| Bure me charge.                                                                         |                                                                           |

2 Merch.

Mar.

Of the recovery of our own,

With strong hand, by his vie Titus Flaminius, when he w

Inv

Urged us to seek redress ; n We should oppose great Ro

My glorious robes changed to this slavish habit-

This hand, that grasped a sceptre, manacled-Or that I have been, as a spectacle, Exposed to public frown, if to make perfect

Exposed to public frown, if to make perfect This cruel reckoning I am not compelled To live beyond this, and, with stripes, be

forced To stretch my shrunk-up sinews at an oar, In the company of thieves and murderers— My innocence, and their guilt, no way dis-

tinguished.

But equal in our sufferings? Met. You

Mcl. You may yet Redeem all, and be happy.

Flam. But, persisting In this imposture, think but what it is To live in hell on earth, and rest assurd

It is your fatal portion.

Ant. Do what you please ! I um in your power, but still Antiochus, King of the lower Asia-no impostor-

That, four and twenty years since, lost a battle,

And challenge now mine own, which tyrannous Rome

With violence keeps from me.

Flam. Stop his mouth ! Ant. This is the very truth ; and if I live Thrice Nestor's years in torture, I will speak No other language.

Met. I begin to melt. Flam. To the galley with him!

Ant. Every place shall be A temple to my penitence in me !

[Excunt.

### ACT V.

### SCENE I.-Syracuse.

Enter Marcellus, proconsul of Sicily (with a letter), and the 2nd and 3rd Merchants.

Mar. Upon your recantation this Gallerien

Was not Antiochus, you had your pardons Signed by the senate?

2 Merch. Yes, my lord. Mar. Troth, tell me,

And freely—I am no informer—did you Belleve and know him such, or raised that rumour

For private ends of your own?

3 Merch. May it please your excellence To understand, the fear of death wrought on us,

In a kind, to turn apostatas : besides, Having proved our testimonies could not help him,

We studied our safeties.

You are excusable. But-3 Merch. We beer Press us no further. Mar. I do no Do you know what this cont Holdi 2 Merch. No 3 Merch. Perhaps we biri for our [deat]hs, As 'tis said of Bellerophon, w Presume to open it. Mar. Twas n But I'll discharge you of that Nor hurt intended to you. We thank 3 Merch. Mar. How is the service spoke of In Rome? 2 Merch. With admirati Divine great honours to him. Mar.

Is not oraculous ever. Are yo The galley in which your sup chained

Was bound for Syracusa? 3 Merch.

In the port, my lord.

Mar. Titus Flan 3 Merch. Upon my certain Mar. Keep 5

Concealed till you are called least hoped for

You shall have justice. 2 Merch. Your honom

2 Merch. Your honour Exem

Mar. Here, here, it is appar poet

Wrote truth, tho' no proof e alleged

To make it good, that though lay open

To human wishes, and the fate. To sign what we desire, sug

Involve our reason, we'd still b And not a blessing. How man Ample possessions, and, like po Disposing of their vassals, sated The peace and quiet of a count Carried headlong with ambition To wear the golden fetters of er Presuming there's no happings

- 1 BELIEVE AS YOU LIST. 621 But when they In the height of his felicity, to confess The service of the state. have tried. Fabricius, my lord and father, for By a sad experience, the burthen of them, His much-loved kinsman, and as such ob-E When 'tis not in their power, at any rate, served him. F They would redeem their calm security, You may please to remember too, when, at Mortgaged in wantonness. Alas ! what are A public sacrifice, made to the gods After a long infection, in which . we. That govern provinces, but preys exposed To every subtle spy; and when we have, The Asian kings and queens were his assistants, Like sponges, sucked in wealth, we are With what respect and grace he did receive squeezed out me. By the rough hand of the law; and, failing in And, at a solemn tilting, when he had F Put on the richest armour in the world, One syllable of our commission, with r The loss of what we got with toil, we draw What was our own in question. You come Smiling he said -- his words are still, and shall be. з Writ in the tablet of my heart-Fair timely, 2 cousin. Enter Cornelia, with a Moor-woman. So he began (and then you thought me fair 2 To turn my tired thoughts from a sad distoo), course Since I am term'd a soldier, 'twere a solecism, That I had with myself. In the language of the war, to have no mis-2 Corn. I rather fear, sir, tress. I bring an argument along with me And therefore, as a prosperous omen to My undertakings, I desire to fight— That will increase, not lessen, such conceptions So you with willingness give suffrage to it-Under your gracious colours ? and, then, As I found with you. Why, sweet ! what's the matter? loosening Mar. 1 Corn. When I but name Antiochus, tho' I A scarf tied to mine arm, he did entreat me To fasten it on his. O, with what joy spare, I did obey him, rapt, beyond myself, To make a brief relation, how he died, Or what he is, if he now live, a sigh, In my imagination, to have And seconded with a tear, I know, must fall So great a king my servant ! As a due tribute to him. You had too Mar. Mar. Which I pay Some private conference. Without compulsion. But why do you Corn. And you gave way to it Without a sign of jealousy, and dispensed Lance this old sore? Corn. The occasion commands it, with The Roman gravity. And now I would forget it, I am forced, In thankfulness, to call to memory Mar. Would I could again The favours for which we must ever owe him. Grant you like opportunity; but why You had the honour, in his court at Sardis, Is this remembered now? To be styled his friend, an honour Rome It does prepare Corn. and Carthage A suit I have, which you must not deny me, Were rivals for, and did deserve the envy To see the man, who, as it is reported, Of his prime minions and favourites : In the exterior parts nature hath drawn His natural subjects planted in his favour As his perfect copy. There must be some-Or rooted up, as your dislike or praise thing in him Reported them-the good king holding Remarkable in his resemblance only what Of King Antiochus' features. You spake to be oraculous, and not Mar. 'Twas my purpose, To be disputed. His magnificent gifts Enter Flaminius and Demetrius. Confirmed his true affection, which you were More weary to receive than he to give : And so much, my Cornelia, Flaminius Yet still he studied new ones. Shall not deny us. Mar. Pray you no more. Flam. As my duty binds me, Corn. O'tis a theme, sir, I could everdwell My stay here being but short, I come, unon. sent for But since it does offend you. I will speak To kiss your lordship's hands. Of what concerns myself. He did not blush, I answer you Mar.

In your own language, sir. And yet your stay here

May be longer than you think. [Aside, First. Most bonoured madam, I cannot stoop too low in tendering of My humblest service.

Cors. You disgrace your courtship By overacting it, my lord. I look not For such observance.

Flam, 1 am most unhappy, If that your excellence make any scruple Of doubt you may command me.

Cern. This assurance Gives me encouragement to entreat a favour, In which, my lord being a suitor with me, I hope shall find a grant.

Flam. Tho' all that's mine Be comprehended in it.

Mar.' Your promise, sir, Shall not so far engage you. In respect Of some familiar passages between King Antiochus, when he lived, and us,

And, tho' it needs not, for farther proof That this is an impostor, we desire Some conference with him.

Flam. For your satisfaction 1 will dispense a little with the strictness Of my commission, Sirrah1 Will the captain To bring him to the proconsul.

Corn. His chains took off : That I entreal too. Since I would not look on

The image of a king I so much honoured Bound like a slave.

Flam. See this great lady's will Be punctually obeyed. [Exit Demetrius. Mar. Your wisdom, sir,

Hath done the state a memorable service, In strangling, in the birth, this dreadful

monster ;

And, tho' with some, your cruel usage of him-

(For so they call your fit severity)

They find a barsh interpretation, wise men In judgment must applaud it.

Flam, Such as are Selected instruments for deep designs,

As things unworthy of them must not feel Or favours or affections. Tho' I know The ocean of your apprehensions needs not

The rivulet of my poor cautions, yet,

Bold from my long experience, I presume (As a symbol of my zeal, and service to you)

To leave this counsel. When you are, my lord,

Graced, or distasted by the state, remember Your faculties are the state's, and not your own.

And, therefore, have a care il

Of friend or every sway you not in The limits are assigned you. We s Swim down the stream, but to op torrent

Is dangerous, and to go more, or in Than we are warranted, fatal.

Mar. With m For your so grave advice, 111 put in On all occasions what you deliver, And study 'em as aphorisms. In the time.

Pray you attempt such entertainant Syracusa can present you. When postor

Arrives let us have notice. Pray in sir,

SCENE II.-Hall in Syrace

Enter Antiochus, Captain, and St

Capt. Wait at the palace gate.

Of his escape. I'll be myself his gu Till you hear further from me.

Ant. What new Hath cruelty found out to raise aga This poor demolished ramping?

levelled With the earth already. Will they tri

The mins they have made ; or is the One masterpiece of tyranny in store Beyond that I have suffered? If th A vial of affliction, not poured out y Upon this sinful head, I am prepare And will look on the cloud before it Without astonishment. Scorn r captain,

As a vain braggart, I will make this And I have strength to do it. I am With such varieties of defensive we Lent to me from my passive forma That there's no torment, of a shape a Can shake my constancy ! Where scene now ?

Tho' the hangings of the stage we gealed gore,

The chorus flinty executioners

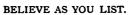
And the spectators, if it could be, m Inhuman than Flaminius, the cur go The principal actor's ready.

Capt. If I d

Ant. Take heed, Pity in Roman officers is a crime

To be punished more than murther blood.

Bear up. To tell me where I am, I Is no offence.



•

| You are in Syracusa-                                                     | Of fate, determined that the royalties              |
|--------------------------------------------------------------------------|-----------------------------------------------------|
| ourt of the Proconsul.                                                   | Of Asia must be conferred upon her-                 |
| Who? Marcellus.                                                          | For what offence I know not—'tis in vain            |
| That noble Roman. By him you are t for,                                  | For men to oppose it. You express, my lord,         |
| vhat end I'm ignorant.                                                   | A kind of sorrow for me, in which, madam,           |
| Ha! He was                                                               | You seem to be a sharer. That you may               |
| ture, and, in my prosperity, proud<br>dependence of me, tho' I grand him | Have some proof to defend it, for your mirth's sake |
| e title of a friend; and his fair lady                                   | I'll play the juggler, or more subtle gipsy,        |
| ship styled my mistress. Can they be                                     | And to your admiration reveal                       |
| with such barbarism as to make me                                        | Strange mysteries to you, which, as you are         |
| acle for their sport?                                                    | Romans,                                             |
| tele for tales sports                                                    | You must receive for cunning tricks, but give       |
| r Marcellus, Flaminius, Cornelia,                                        | No farther credit to them.                          |
| Moor-woman, and Servants.                                                | Flam. At your peril                                 |
| stool-woman, and Servains.                                               | You may give him hearing. But to have               |
| They are here, and soon                                                  | faith in him                                        |
| ill resolve you.                                                         | Neighbours to treason. Such an impudent             |
| Be reserved, and let not                                                 | slave                                               |
| ur resemblance of his shape transport                                    |                                                     |
| a recentionance of the sharpe transport                                  | Mar. I dare stand his charms                        |
| yourself. Though I confess the                                           |                                                     |
| ect                                                                      | Ant. If so, have at you !                           |
| uch amaze me.                                                            | Can you call to your memory when you were           |
| You impose, my lord,                                                     | At Sardis with Antiochus, before                    |
| want power to bear.                                                      | His Grecian expedition, what he,                    |
| Let my example,                                                          | With his own hands, presented you as a              |
| your fierce passions make war                                            | favour,                                             |
| inst it.                                                                 | No third man by to witness it?                      |
| hen your reason.                                                         | Mar. Give me leave                                  |
| Have you taken yet                                                       | To recollect myself. Yes-sure 'twas so-             |
| iew of me? In what part do I                                             | He gave me a fair sword.                            |
| a monster?                                                               | Ant. 'Tis true, and you                             |
| His own voice !                                                          | Vowed never to part from it. Is it still            |
| Forbear.                                                                 | In your possession?                                 |
| were an impostor, as this fellow                                         | Mar. The same sword I have,                         |
| s you to believe, you break the laws                                     | And, while I live, will keep.                       |
| humanity in adding to                                                    | Ant. Will you not say,                              |
| n at the height ; and I must tell you                                    |                                                     |
| erence, you should pay unto the shape                                    | Were master of that gift, if now I know it,         |
| z Antiochus, may challenge pity                                          | Among a thousand others, that I have                |
| lue debt-not scorn. Wise men                                             | The art of memory?                                  |
| serve                                                                    | Mar. I shall receive it                             |
| pictures of their friends, and look                                      | As no common sleight. Sirrah ! Fetch all !          |
| on them                                                                  | , the swords                                        |
| eling and affection, yet not hold it                                     | For mine own use in my armoury, and, do             |
| h superstition. But there is                                             | you hear, IV hispers.                               |
| kfulness a greater tye on you                                            | Do as I give directions.                            |
| # compassion.                                                            | Servant. With all care, sir,                        |
| Were it possible                                                         | [Exit Servant.]                                     |
| ouldst be King Antiochus-                                                | Ant. To entertain the time until your               |
| What then?                                                               | servant                                             |
| I should both say and do                                                 | Returns. There is no syllable that passed           |
| Nothing for me                                                           |                                                     |
| as my persuasion could prevent it)                                       | not                                                 |
| ting with the quality and condition                                      | Articulately deliver. You must still                |
| that owes his loyalty to Rome.                                           | Be confident that I am an impostor,                 |
| nce it is, by the inscrutable will                                       | Or else the trick is nothing.                       |
| · · · · · · · · · · · · · · · · · · ·                                    | ,                                                   |
|                                                                          |                                                     |

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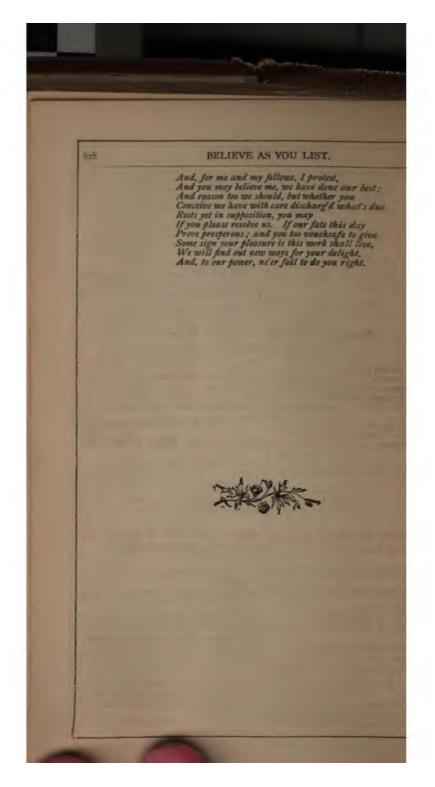
| 624                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                          | BELIEVE AS                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                         | S YOU LIST.                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                  |
|----------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------|--------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------|------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------|
| Enter Ser<br>Corn.<br>Ant. O wele<br>cutions sw<br>But mine is no<br>Mare.<br>Enter another<br>Ant. Ayel 14<br>gave you<br>Before I went t<br>Nor let this trii<br>I am Antiochus<br>These are but j<br>Flam. They<br>seeled betv<br>The devil and t<br>Of his dama<br>Daemon<br>Acquaints him<br>Mare.<br>But I am thus<br>Corn.<br>Myself no long<br>Ant. Se<br>Credulity be ex<br>To take away a<br>You shall have<br>you gave n<br>As a testimony<br>Into your servi<br>When I fought<br>mine eye<br>Hath on the su<br>You deigned<br>armlet]<br>Which you wei<br>Corn.<br>It was the king<br>Ant.<br>Sor King Antio<br>thake a discove<br>Of which you you you<br>you this this<br>Ant.<br>Sor king Antio<br>thake a discove<br>Of which you you you<br>you this this<br>for king Antio | vant with many swords.<br>Can this be 7<br>ome, friend. Most choice and<br>ords,<br>the most them.<br>Bring the rest 1<br>Servant with more swords.<br>This is it. This is the sword I<br>of Greece. Be not amazed<br>be purchase a belief<br>. Here is one will assure you<br>aggling tricks of an affronter.<br>There is one will assure you<br>aggling tricks of an affronter.<br>The second state of the second<br>aggling tricks of an affronter.<br>The second state of the second<br>aggling tricks of an affronter.<br>The second state of the second<br>aggling tricks of an affronter.<br>The second state of the second<br>aggling tricks of an affronter.<br>The second state of the second<br>aggling tricks of an affronter.<br>The second state of the second<br>aggling tricks of an affronter.<br>The second second state of the second<br>aggling tricks of an affronter.<br>The second second state of the second<br>aggling tricks of an affronter.<br>The second second state of the second<br>aggling tricks of an affronter.<br>The second second second<br>terms of the second second<br>to receive from the second s | This Moorish woman. Yea.<br>wert<br>One of my laundry, and the<br>Zanthia<br>While thou wert mime. If<br>lighted on<br>So gracious a mistress.<br>Moor-norman. Min<br>Olet me kiss your foet. When<br>Have thus transformed you?<br>Flam. This not<br>To suffer this.<br>Marc. I am turn'd st<br>All this is but a vision.<br>Ant. Your<br>Since what I now shall say is<br>As is known only to yourself.<br>And must exclude a third<br>lord,<br>From being of the counsel.<br>Access, and privacy with you<br>(No friend to modest purposes<br>With pills of poisoned languag<br>With hopes of future greatme<br>The ruin of your honour. If<br>My power to justify the ill, an<br>You with mountainous promis<br>service. |
| My name, and<br>Corn. 'Tis n<br>my life for<br>These knees sh<br>Ant.<br>For your own s                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                      | ipher I then used, engraven,<br>lost apparent. Tho' I lose<br>it,<br>all pay their duty.<br>By no means ;<br>ake be still incredulous,<br>cannot save me. I should                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                 | Corn. [D<br>Your thankfulness for his so n<br>And labour that the senate m<br>Unto his own. I'll die else.<br>Ant. Live<br>To nobler and more profitable                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                     |



| irs should be buried in my ruins.<br>:e. My lord, you must not see<br>in the policy of state,<br>len. With compassion<br>miserable king hath suffered<br>i nyour mem'ry.<br>You stand as<br>r had bewitched you. Drag him<br>ind let his weighty chains be<br>d.<br>or my sake let the poor man<br>hat favour<br>ford him.<br>Sir, you must excuse me.<br>bused the liberty I gave you,<br>[To Antiochus.<br>, you pay dear for t. I will trust<br>ion of his punishment<br>but myself. His cries and groans<br>y hourly music. So, my lord,<br>cave abruptly.<br>May all plagues,<br>ollowed tyranny, pursue thee !<br>'ray you stay a little.<br>Not a minute, for<br>ment !<br>I will not purchase, sir,<br>any at such a rate. And yet<br>he boldness upon me to tell you<br>and shall, stay.<br>Nay, what is more,<br>ner—not a guest. Look not so<br>your proud thoughts.<br>You shall find I have<br>arrant, with detaining you,<br>s man into my custody.<br>t in my power, whate er you are,<br>iurther favour, I thus free you<br>devil's paws.<br>I take it as<br>of my torments.<br>But you shall, here,<br>E PILCO | Yield an account without appeal for what         You have already done. You may peruse.         [Does it]       [Hands Aim the letter.         Shake you already?       Do you find I have         [The warran]t? Call in the Asian merchants.       Ent:r the two Merchants and a Guard.         a Merch.       .       .         main the two Merchants and a Guard.       a Merch.       .         a Merch.       .       .         main the true that you took bribes       Of the Carthaginian merchants, to detain         Their lawful prize; and, for your sordid ends,       .         Abused the trust, committed by the state,       To right their vassals. The wise senate, as         They will reward your good and faithful service,       Cannot, in justice, without punishment         Pass o'er your ill.       Guiltiness makes you dumb.         But, 'till that I have leisure, and you find       Your tongue—to prison with him !         Plam.       I prove too late,         As heaven is merciful, man's cruelty       Never escapes unpunished.         Labours to break forth from me. But what is       Rome's pleasure shall be done with me?         Marc.       Pray you think, sir, "Tis a Roman—not your constant friend—that tells you         You are confined unto the Gyarze       With a strong guard upon you.         Re-enter Guard. |   |
|---------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------|-----------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------|---|
| EPILOGUE.<br>The end of epilopues is to enquire                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                 |                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                   |   |
| A NE CHIL DI EVILIPHES IS                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                       | IV LAVAIIE                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                        | 1 |

The end of collogues is to enguire The censure of the play, or to desire Pardon for what's amiss. In his intent The maker vows that he is innocent.

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# POEMS

### **ON SEVERAL OCCASIONS.**

## To my Honorable freinde Sr. ffrancis ffoliambe Knight and Baronet.

my service I præsent this booke, e, I confesse, but pray you looke e sender, not his guift, with your tomde favor, and then 't will indure ch the better. Somethinge there ' bee

finde in the perusall fit for mee to one I henor, and may pleade, ir defence, though you descende to le

A Pamplet of this nature. May it prove In your free iudgement, though not worth you<sup>r</sup> llove, Yet fit to finde a pardon, and I'll say

Upon your warrant that it is a play.

Ever at your commaundment,

PHILIP MASSINGER.

judicious and learned Friend the Author, []ames Shirley] upon his ingenious Poem, the Grateful Servant, a Comedy, published in 1630.

·····

| t I well know, that my obscurer     | I'll steer a mid way, have clear truth my guide, |
|-------------------------------------|--------------------------------------------------|
| with theirs who here advance thy    |                                                  |
| с,                                  | Here are no forced expressions, no rack'd        |
| add to it, give me leave to be,     | phrase ;                                         |
| the rest a modest votary            | No Babel compositions to amaze                   |
| altar of thy Muse. I dare not       | The tortured reader ; no believed defence        |
| e                                   | To strengthen the bold Atheist's insolence ;     |
| perboles unto thy praise ;          | No obscene syllable, that may compel             |
| it can find credit in this age,     | A blush from a chaste maid; but all so well      |
| I should swear, in each triumphant  |                                                  |
| e                                   | say                                              |
| thy work there's no line but of     | It is a grateful poem, a good play :             |
| ght,                                | And such as read ingeniously, shall find         |
| sy itself shewn at the height :     | Few have outstripp'd thee, many halt             |
| mmon places, friend, will not agree | behind.                                          |
| y own vote, and my integrity.       | PHILIP MASSINGER.                                |
| y own vote, and my integrity.       | S S 2                                            |
|                                     |                                                  |

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### POEMS.

### To bis Son, J[ames] S[mith] upon his Minerva.

Thou art my son; in that my choice is | Methinks I do behold, in this rare h spoke

Thine with thy father's Muse strikes equal stroke.

It shew'd more art in Virgil to relate,

And make it worth the hearing, his gnat's fate,

Than to conceive what those great minds must be

That sought, and found out, fruitful Italy. And such as read and do not apprehend, And with applause, the purpose and the end

Of this neat poem, in themselves confess A dull stupidity and barrenness.

A temple built up to facetious Min Pleased Phoebus smilling on it : de then,

But that the suffrage of judicious me Will honour this Thalia ; and, for the That praise sir Bevis, or what's a

Let them dwell still in ignorance. In a new strain, and from it raise de As thou in this hast done, doth chance,

But merit, crown thee with the branch.

PHILIP MASSIN

### SERO SED SERIO.

To the Right Honourable my most singular good Lord and Patron, Philip . Pembroke and Montgomery, Lord-Chamberlain of His Majesty's How De. upon the deplorable and untimely Death of his late truly noble Son. ( Lord Herbert, O'c.

"Twas fate, not want of duty, did me wrong; | Have ample credit in himself, to bot Or, with the rest, my hymencel song Had been presented, when the knot was tied That made the bridegroom and the virgin bride

A happy pair. I curs'd my absence then That hinder'd it, and bit my star-cross'd

Too busy in stage-blanks, and triffing rhyme, When such a cause call'd, and so apt a time To pay a general debt ; mine being more Than they could owe, who since, or hereto-

fore Have labour'd with exalted lines to raise Brave piles, or rather pyramids of praise To Pembroke and his family : and dare I,

Being silent then, aim at an elegy? Or hope my weak Muse can bring forth one

verse

Deserving to wait on the sable hearse Of your late hopeful Charles? his obsequies Exact the mourning of all hearts and eyes That knew him, or loved virtue. He that would

Write what he was, to all posterity, should

Nay, make his own, the saddest SOTTOW

Ever express'd, and a more moving Than Spenser used when he gave A A living epicedium. For poor me, By truth I vow it is no flattery

I from my soul wish, (if it might ren Grief's burthen, which too feeling prove,

Though I have been ambitious of fai As poets are, and would preserve a r That, my toys burnt, I had lived un to men.

And ne'er had writ, nor ne'er to again.

Vain wish, and to be scorn'd ! can dross

With such pure gold be valued? or Of thousand lives like mine, merit to The same age thought on, when his Is only mentioned? no, my lord, his Is to be prized at a higher rate ;

Nor are the groans of common men Blended with those, which the nobili



y for him. That great ladies

death, and lords vie at his urn mpassion; that true sorrow, fed vers of tears, still bathes the d bed

spouse ; that our great king and

our grief) disdain'd not to be

comforters ; these well become such a hope, and on his tomb ive : but, since no more could be o set off his tragedy, general sadness, why should you

ne'er so great? No stoic can, a loving father, and a man, oderate sorrow ; but to take of it, for his or your own sake

If we may trust divines, will rather be Censured repining, than true piety. I still presume too far, and more than fear My duty may offend, pressing too near Your private passions. I thus conclude, If now you shew your passive fortitude, In bearing this affliction, and prove You take it as a trial of heaven's love And favour to you, you ere long shall see Your second care return'd from Italy, To bless his native England, each rare part, That in his brother lived, and joy'd your

heart, Transferr'd to him ; and to the world make known

y boldness!) pay more than his He takes possession of what's now his own. Your honour's

most humble and faithful servant, PHILIP MASSINGER.

# The Unnatural Combat.

To my much Honoured Friend, Anthony Sentleger, of Oakbase in Kent, E

That the patronage of trifles, in this kind, hath long since rendered dedication inscriptions obsolete, and out of fashion, I perfectly understand, and exampt gennously confess, that I walking in the same path, may be truly argued by weakness, or wilful error: but the reasons and defences, for the tender of my series way to you, are so just, that I cannot (in my thankfulness for so many favours retrut be ambitious to publish them. Your noble father, Sir Warham Semleger pleasure, in poetry, feared not to hold converse with divers, whose necessions famade it their profession, among which, by the elemency of his judgment, I was the last place admitted. You (the heir of his honour and estate) interited his go elinations to men of my poor quality, of which I cannot give any ampler testimony by my free and glad profession of it to the world. Besides (and it was not the ke couragement to me) manycof eminence, and the best of such, who disdained not to notice of me, have not thought themselves disparaged, I dare not say honoured, celebrated the patrons of my humble studies. In the first file of which, I am con you shall have no cause to blush, to find your name written. I present you with the tragedy, without prologue or epilogue, it being composed in a time (and that to adventure, as knowing as this) when such by-ornaments were not advanced abo fabric of the whole work. Accept it, I beseech you, as it is, and continue your to the author,

Your Servant,

PHILIP MASSING

# The Duke of Milan.

To the Right Honourable, and much esteemed for her bigh birth, but more as for her virtue, the Lady Catherine Stanhope, swife to Philip Lord Sta Baron of Shelford.

### MADAM.

SDR.

If I were not most assured that works of this nature have found both patronss protection amongst the greatest princesses of Italy, and are at this day cherisi persons most eminent in our kingdom, I should not presume to offer these my we imperfect labours at the altar of your favour. Let the example of others, more kn and more experienced in this kindness (if my boldness offend) plead my pardon, a rather, since there is no other means left me (my misfortunes having cast me course) to publish to the world (if it hold the least good opinion of me) that I a your ladyship's creature. Vouchsafe, therefore, with the never-failing elemency of noble disposition, not to contemn the tender of his duty, who, while he is, will ever

An humble Servant to your

Ladyship, and yours,

PHILIP MASSINGE

## The Bondman.

# To the Right Honourable, my singular good Lord, Philip Earl of Montgomery, Knight of the most Noble Order of the Garter, &c.

### RIGHT HONOURABLE.

**WEVER I could never arrive at the happiness to be made known to your lordship, yet** a desire, born with me, to make a tender of all duties and service to the noble family of the Herberts, descended to me as an inheritance from my dead father, Arthur Massinger. Many years he happily spent in the service of your honourable house, and died a servant to it; leaving his to be ever most glad and ready, to be at the command of all such as derive themselves from his most honoured master, your lordship's most noble father. The consideration of this encouraged me (having no other means to present my humblest rvice to your honour) to shroud this trifle under the wings of your noble protection; and I hope, out of the clemency of your heroic disposition, it will find, though perhaps not a welcome entertainment, yet, at the worst, a gracious pardon. When it was first acted, your lordship's liberal suffrage taught others to allow it for current, having received the modulted stamp of your lordship's allowance : and if in the perusal of any vacant hour, when your honour's more serious occasions shall give you leave to read it, it answer, in your lordship's judgment, the report and opinion it had upon the stage, I shall esteem my labours not ill employed, and, while I live, continue

The humblest of those that

truly honour your lordship,

PHILIP MASSINGER.

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# The Renegado.

### To the Right Honourable George Harding, Baron Berkeley, of Berkeley Castle, and Knight of the Honourable Order of the Bath.

### My Good Lord,

To be honoured for old nobility, or hereditary titles, is not alone proper to yourself, but to some few of your rank, who may challenge the like privilege with you : but in our age to vouchsafe (as you have often done) a ready hand to raise the dejected spirits of the contemned sons of the Muses; such as would not suffer the glorious fire of poesy to be wholly extinguished, is so remarkable and peculiar to your lordship, that with a full vote and suffrage, it is acknowledged that the patronage and protection of the dramatic poem, is yours, and almost without a rival. I despair not therefore, but that my ambition to present my service in this kind, may in your clemency meet with a gentle interpretation. Confirm it, my good lord, in your gracious acceptance of this trifle; in which, if I were not confident there are some pieces worthy the perusal, it should have been taught an humbler flight ; and the writer, your countryman, never yet made happy in your notice and favour, had not made this an advocate to plead for his admission among such as are wholly and sincerely devoted to your service. I may live to tender my humble thankfulness in some higher strain; and till then, comfort myself with hope, that you descend from your height to receive

Your honour's commanded servant.

PHILIP MASSINGER.

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# The Roman Actor.

To my much bonoured and most true Friends, Sir Philip Knyvet, Knt. and A and to Sir Thomas Jeay, Knt., and Thomas Bellingham, of Neural in Sussex, Esq.

How much I acknowledge myself bound for yout so many and extraordinary is conferred upon me, as far as it is in my power, posterity shall take notice I was unworthy of such noble friends, if I should not, with all thankfulness, profes and them. In the composition of this Tragedy you were my only supporters, and it is now by your principal encouragement to be turned into the world, it cannot walk a than under your protection. It hash been happy in the suffrage of some learned judicious gentlemen when it was presented, nor shall they find cause. I hope is perusal, to repent them of their good opinion of it. If the gravity and height d subject distaste such as are only affected with jigs and ribaldry, (as I presument wilk) condemnation of me and my poem, can no way offend me : my reason teaching me, it the most periest birth of my Minerva; and therefore in justice offer it to those have best deserved of me; who, I hope, in their conterous acceptance will read worth their receiving, and ever, in their gentle construction of my imperfections, be they may at their pleasure dispose of him, that is wholly and sincerely

Devoted to their service,

PHILIP MASSINGER

# The Great Duke of Florence.

To the truly bonoured, and my noble Favourer, Sir Robert Wiseman, Kn Thorrell's-Hall, in Essex.

SIR,

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As I dare not be ungrateful for the many benefits you have heretofore conferred me, so I have just reason to fear that my attempting this way to make satisfactio some measure) for so due a debt, will further engage me. However, examples encoume. The most able in my poor quality have made use of Dedications in this nature make the world take notice (as far as in them lay) who and what they were that supportment and protection to their studies, being more willing to publish the doer receive a benefit in a corner. For myself, I will freely, and with a zealous thankful acknowledge, that for many years I had but faintly subsisted, if I had not often tast your bounty. But it is above my strength and faculties to celebrate to the desert, noble inclination, and that made actual, to raise up, or, to speak more properly, tbuild the ruins of demolished poesie. But that is a work reserved, and will be, no do undertaken, and finished, by one that can to the life express it. Accept, I beseech the tender of my service, and in the list of those you have obliged to you, contempt the name of

Your true and faithful honourer,

PHILIP MASSINGE

# The Maid of Honour.

### To my most bonoured 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, barrons to me and my despised studies, I cannot but with all humble thankfulness technowledge : and living, as you have done, inseparable in your friendship, (notwith-tanding all differences, and suits in law arising between you,) I held it as impertinent as beard, in the presentment of my service in this kind, to divide you. A free confession f a debt in a meaner man, is the amplest satisfaction to his superiors; and I heartily rish, that the world may take notice, and from myself, that I had not to this time sub-inted, but that I was supported by your frequent courtesies and favours. When your nore serious occasions will give you leave, you may please to peruse this triffe, and eradventure find something in it that may appear worthy of your protection. Receive t, 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,

# The Picture.

o my bonoured and selected Friends, of the Noble Society of the Inner Temple.

T 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 a 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, hat 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 tranted that in the publication, which, for some reasons, I denied myself. One, and hat is an amin one; I had rather enjoy (as I have done) the real proofs of their friend-hip, than, mountebank-like, boast their numbers in a catalogue. Accept it, noble centlemen, as a confirmation of his service, who hath nothing else to assure you, and vitness to the world, how much he stands engaged for your so frequent bounties; and in nour charitable opinion of me believe, that you now may, and shall ever command, Your Servant, PHILIP MASSINGER,

PHILIP MASSINGER.

## The Emperor of the East.

To the Right Honourable, and my especial good Lord, John Lord Mohun, Baron of Okebampton, doc.

### MY GOOD LORD.

MY GGOD LORD, .ET my presumption in styling you so, (having never deserved it in my service,) from the lemency of your noble disposition, find pardon. The reverence due to the name of dohun, long since honoured in three earls of Somerset, and eight barons of Munster, my challenge from all pens a deserved celebration. And the rather in respect those titles ere not purchased, but conferred, and continued in your ancestors, for many virtuous, oble, and still living actions ; nor ever forfeited or tainted, but when the iniquity of those mes laboured the depression of approved goodness, and in wicked policy held it fit that yyalty and faith, in taking part with the true prince, should be degraded and mulcted. In this admitting no further dilation in this place, may your lordship please, and with all cosible brevity, to understand the reasons why I am, in humble thankfulness, ambitious.

to shelter this poem under the wings of your honourable protection. My worth Mr. Aston Cockayne, your nephew, to my extraordinary content, delivered to net lordship, at your vacant hours, sometimes vouchsafed to peruse such triffies of have passed the press, and not alone warranted them in your genile suffriger, but not to bestow a remembrance of your love, and intended favour to me. I protect My worthy not to bestow a remembrance of your love, and intended favour to me. I prefers world, I was exalted with the bounty, and with good assurance, it being so mer n age to meet with one noble name, that, in fear to be censured of levity and with darea express itself a friend or patron to contemned poetry. Having, therefore, is me else left me to witness the obligation in which I stand most willingly bound to your lord a clear aspect you will deign to receive it, (it being an induction to my future entends and that in the list of those, that to your merit truly admire you, you may despite a number Your lordship's faithful homourer,

PHILIP MASSING

# A New Way to Pay Old Debts.

To the Right Honourable, Robert Earl of Carnarvon, Master Falconer of Early

### MY GOOD LORD.

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PARDON, I beseech you, my boldness, in presuming to shelter this Comedy under wings of your lordship's favour and protection. I am not ignorant (having never served you in my service) that it cannot but meet with a severe construction, it clemency of your noble disposition, you fashion not a better defence for me, than fancy for myself. All I can allege is, that divers Italian princes, and lords of eminent in England, have not disdained to receive and read poems of this nature ; nor am 1w lost in my hopes, but that your honour (who have ever expressed yourself a far and friend to the Muses) may vouchsafe, in your gracious acceptance of this mi give me encouragement to present you with some laboured work, and of a higher a hereafter. I was born a devoted servant to the thrice noble family of your incomp lady, and am most ambitious, but with a becoming distance, to be known to ship, which, if you please to admit, I shall embrace it as a bounty, that while I line oblige me to acknowledge you for my noble patron, and profess myself to be. Your honour's true servant,

PHILIP MASSING

# The City Madam.

### To the truly Noble and Virtuous Lady Ann Countess of Oxford.

### HONOURED LADY,

In that age when wit and learning were not conquered by injury and violence, this p was the object of love and commendations, it being composed by an infailible pen-censured by an unerring auditory. In this epistle I shall not need to make an ape for plays in general, by exhibiting their antiquity and utility : in a word, they are mi or glasses which none but deformed faces, and fouler consciences fear to look into. encouragement I had to prefer this dedication to your powerful protection proceeds to the universal fame of the deceased author, who, (although he composed many.) w none amiss, and this may justly be ranked among his best. I have redeemed it from teeth of Time by committing of it to the press but more in implement your protection teeth of Time, by committing of it to the press, but more in imploring your patron I will not slander it with my praises, it is commendation enough to call it MASSING if it may gain your allowance and pardon, I am highly gratified, and desire only to t the happy title of, Madam,

Your most humble servant,

ANDREW PENNYCUICKE.

### a means left column ; b right column.

MEN. 396 Å. inten-man was an impudent impostor who, is garb and appearance of a lunatic, rambled e country, and compelled, as Decker says, the of smal families "to give him, through lear, he demanded."

. 331 d. ical phraseology, is a term used when false ms are drawn from the opponent's prenilses.

270 d. abuse me :" f.s., you practise on my credulity orged tale. The word often occurs in this

EGALIS. 286 a, 305 a. where the kings of flongary were anciently. Whitehall is offen called so by writers of the the century.

 $r_{7}6$   $\delta$ . Binds no further than to the altar," is not an o the narried state, but to the maying of hat he would support the interest of his triend *the allar*; *i.d.*, as far as his respect for the digremit.

DAM. 133 <sup>b</sup>. leration allowed to religious sects of all deno-s had, in Massinger's time, filled Amsterdam after from every country in Europe. To this time of realists there are perpetual allusions in

ETE. 200 d. ory of Iphia and Anamarcte is beautifully told "Met." xiv.-doit et erg.] Massinger has fol-leader part farms.

### 10 8.

and is frequently used for Bird, by our old "Roman angel," therefore, means the cagle, try emign.

### 1154.

115 d. extension contains excelled us in the education sy bestowed on their animals. Banks's horse and all that have been brought up in the of Mr. Actley, and the apes of these days are one to their progenitors. The apes of Mas-line were gilled with a pretry smattering of ad philosophy. In the "Farzen's Wedding" in admission to che diat would freuen when the ne was mentionest; and in "Ram Alley" to

**TA.** 27 b, 32a, 38 b, 40 b, 605 a, 66 a, 620 a,  $10^{-10}$  c,  $10^{-10$ 

344 b. tients attached a certain degree of mystical nee to the presentation of an apple; which creatly agreed to consider sis a tack confermion b, accepted and returned.

AT ALL! 445 c. This expression occurs in Skelton's hold and animated description of Ryotte, the prototype of a gamester =-"With that came Ryotte, rushing all at ones. A rushic galande, to ragged and to rente. And on the borde he whitled a pair of homes, guater, trey, dews i he chattered as he work, Now have at all, by St. Thomas of Kent \*-Rowge of Court.

ATHEISM. 270 b. Our old writers seem to have used auch words as profameness, biaspheny, *atherway*, *dc.*, with a liaxity which modern practice does not acknowledge. They applied them to any cathrordinary violation of moral or natural decorum.

ATONEMENT. 88 b, 543 b. Reconciliation. To atone is often used is this sense by Shakspeare and others.

AVENTINE. 195 a. My security, my defence. The Aventine was a post of great strength. It is used in the same metaphonical sense by Fletcher, and others of our used frameworks.

BAKEHOUSE. 186 d... The conduit and the *bakehouse* in the age of Mas-singer were the general rendeavous of gossips of both sexes: they are so still in most country town.

### BANDOG. 12 b.

A dog so herce as to require to be clusted up, as the name implies.

the name impact. BANQUET. 46 b, 101 b, 430 b. A banquet was what we now call a decert, and was composed of firit, sweetnests, 6c. It was usually placed in a separateroom, to which the guests removed as soon as they had dired. The commun place of banqueting was the guidenhouse, or arbow, with which almost every dwelling was once furnished.

which almost every dwelling was once furnished, BARATHRUM. 406 a. "Barathrum of the shambles" is taken literally from Horacs. "The word is set tempestas, barathrumque macelli," The word is used by Shirky and others in the classical sense of an abyse or devouring gulf. [I have no doubt that when Meg Merulies called Dominie Sampson. "You black herrowness of the kirk," preparatory to the order "Cape, sinver, and awallow," Sir Walter Scott was thinking of this word, and not of "the side of a wheelbarow," as Interpreted in the Clossary to the Waverley Boyeks.] BARLEY, MERAK.

In the Growary to the wateries woves," BARLEY-BREAK. 30 0, 185*a*. A game played by six people (three of each next, who were complete by lot. A please of growand was them chosen, and divided into three compariments, of which the middle one was called Hell. It was the object of the couple condemned to this division to catch the others who advanced from the two ex-tremines

tremities. ("At *barley-break* her sweet smill foot to try." is a line in the "Arcadia."]

BASES, 2022 Å. Seem to have been some kind of quilted and orm-mented covering for the thighs. Highlanders were a kind of have a this day. 1024 the French wered, set

**BASKET.**  $382 d_{2}$ ,  $303 \dot{\theta}$ ,  $425 d_{2}$ . The allowing are to the braket is which the broken bread, and mear was distributed to the poor at the portor's lodge of great house. The "sheriff shadest" was that in which the victuals were sout to the prisons from the sheriff viable.

BEADSMEN. 430 b, 438 b. In pure Saxon, and means prayers men, i.e., such as are engaged, in consequence of part or presed favours, to pray for their benefactors. The nume was formerly given with great propriety to the inflabitants of alumhouses and, in general, to the objects of our public charities.

BEARING-DISHES. 420 d. Means solid, substantial dishes, like the "portly viands" spoken of at 45 c.

BECCO. 318 Å. Is rendered by the commentators on our old plays a cachold. The flatians generally use it for one acces-sary to his own disgrave, and in this sense Mansinger amploys it.

### BEGGING ESTATES.

BEGGING ESTATES. 324 d. A servere sarcasm on the selding of the contients. The states of many condemned percents were begged with scandisch preclorence, were justly suspected in the sandwise preclorence, were justly suspected in the sandwise of the server of the principal part of the sring for which the possessors suffered.

# BEGLERBEG. 150 a. Chief governor of a city.

# BEND HER BODY. 77 0. 545 d. To try if there be may life in it. In "The Maid's Tragedy."

"I've heard if there be any life, but boto The body thus, and it will show itself.

### BIND.

BIND. 462 a. "And by turns bind with her." This exquisite description of trust amments is from the hand of a great master. I lament that it is so technical, but in Massinger's time this language was perfectly familiar to the audience who heard it, in a greater or less degree, in every play that came before them. A lawk is said to bind when she seise her prey.

BISOGNION. 272*a*. A necessitous person, a beggar. In our old writers it frequently occurs as a term of contempt.-[The Becontan of Ancient Fistel.]

BLACKS. 360 b, 568 b. Constantly used by our old writers for mounting weeds.

BLASPHE'MOUS. 237 4. The word was constantly thus accented by Sidney, Spenser, and others, and with strict regard to its Greek derivation.

# BLUE GOWN. 446 0, 455 a. The livery of Bridewell.

BOMAN. 446 b. In the language of Alsatia a gallant fellows but most probably, in this instance, a minprint for Roman, which reading is here adopted.

BOX-REEPER. 422 Dram. Pers. The groom-porter of a gambling-house. This im-portant character never plays, but is seated on a low or elevated chair, where he declares the state of the game, the odds, and the success of the parties.

BRACHES. 58 a, 388 d, 437 b. The Confidement's Reconstition says "Braches is a manuerity name for hound bitches," and, adds Gifford, "Jor all advert,"

BREDA. 391 st. This was use of the most pricks line. Spinits and them before it oth August, toos, and it will see rit july, this Tobarco was sold for

BROADSIDE (to shew). 1651. Giford address this is familiarily of our an construction in the familiarily of our an construction of the familiarily 
BUCK. 25.4. To sack is to wash clother by loving the smooth plank or stone, and busing then yet fattened at the sides.

BUG-WORDS. 407 . Frightful, terrific words,-in the same way-bear.

BURSE. 436 b. The New Exchange, which was firm fidelif where all kinds of finery for the ladim, trainin ments, &c., were sold.

BUTLER. 570 a. "Oracle Butler I" He allades to Dr. W. h very celebrated physician of Queen Hambelie

CALVERED SALMON. 266 & 482 A. Appears to have different very line tem sultanon, as the directions are to "bod is in tem oil and spices."

CANCELIER. 462 c. "Is when a high flows hawk in her stooping two or three times upon the wing, to recom-before she selecth upon her pro-

CANDOUR. 183*a*, 471 8. Massinger uses candour in both these p synonymous with "honour," or fairness of res

### CAPITULATE. 599 a.

To draw up articles. So Shakspeare: "The Archbishop's Grace of York, Doogle Mortimer.

### Capitulate against us, and are up."

CARANZA. 44.5, 473.5. This man wrote a treatise on ducting, wi to have been the *Vade Mecure* of the pure lants about the Court of James I. He is mentioned by Beaumont and Fletcher, and

### CASTER. 446 a.

ASTER: 440 a. "I long to more the caster." When at a table a setter supposes himself to pressen more than the carter, it is unual for blin, on porting into the ring, to cry Ware Caster / The ca-declares at all under such a sum, ten, tren, trend pounds, for instance; or clast to place against of certain setters the corresponding summ. Ware, accessed widy t

CASTING. 315 d. "When the hawk will come to the lure, then every night stones, till you find her stonesoc after that, proffer her sustaing, to make her cleap purge her gorge."

CAT-STICK. 2600, This is what is now called a bock-stick, used dren in the game of tip-cat or kit-car.

CAUTELOUS, 110 h. This word occurs continually in the sense of applicions, over-circumspect.



cc. 1297, 2497, 4947, 302 cpt., a, 592 b, 635 cpt., 634. Recetturs used this word precisely as we do it, sometimes for a quality of the mind, source of a judicial determination. If twas so used even a judicial determination. If twas so used even fund croker reads "conjuce," which is meaning-fund croker reads "conjuce," which is meaning-tion croker reads "conjuce," which is meaning-tion convertight the set of 
15. 493 a. e is white paint for the complexion. No one been successful in procuring oil from sair, al-many have pretended to do so, and have said anytions to those who desire to be "beautiful anytions to those who desire to be "beautiful

ERS. 165 a, pieces of ordnance, such as are still fired in the rejoicing days.

ES. 136 a. d of clogs with thick cork soles, which the ladies there shoes when they go abroad. They are d by Shakspeare, and most of our old drama-

S. 233.d. charms be writ on such pure rubics." This to a very old opinion that some sorts of genus i wherene succity; could not be profaned, or to the purposes of magic.

TRENCHERS. 568 a. the general introduction of books, our ancess e areful to dole out instruction in many ways. R pictures, remothers, haives, wearing apparel, ng-in a word-that was capable of containing entence, was instructed to account.

150 g. forr in the Turkish court, who performs the number.

, 608 h. ine is to cut through the backbone. Mr. Croker reads "chining of the Arth," but it is from what follows that the beast, not the rider, it tee

COPLA. 561 cf. es the cutting off that part of a debt which on the interest of the sum lett.

78 b. unmannered clowns; at once sordid and

AR. 3330. d perfect-a latinism

161 4, 427 4. n Maisinger, as well as his contemporaries, the political regulations, customs, and habits y as datinguilabed from the Court score inter-tion or moral improvement, as opposed to a arbarism or pure nature.

205 4. the mutuals shrunk up with hunger, so as to sther-metaphorically, to be marved.

574 st.

36 8, 293 a. gest of the human intentines. "To satisfy man to satisfy humger. It frequently scenars is satisfy in our old poets.

HTHES. 112 G. of which using horowers made what they "the ubt matters and gurious and aberry" of m of the present day.]

RE. 129 a, 249 a, 494 a, 526 cpi., ra, 592 b, 625 cpi., 634. "Will you come off, sirt i.e. Will you pay, sirt The word is used by all our old dramatic writers."

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CONCEITED, 110 8. Facetious, witty. Abounding with conceits, not con-

CONDUIT. 186 g.

CONSTANTLY. 248 b. "So constantly ;" with such unshaken patience, such immovable resolution.

CORSIVE. 227 4, 349 b. Our old authors used corrector or corrector indiffe-rently, as suited the verse.

COUNSEL. 79 a. 214 a. Is used for survey.

COUNTERFEIT GOLD THREAD, 112 4. See MOMPRESON,

COURTSHIP. 83 at, 85 b, 228 a, 245 b, 494 a. The court paid to rank, court-policy, court-threeding, the grace and elegance learned in courts.

CRACK. 36 a, 528 b. An arch, sprightly boy. The word is of constant oc-currence in our old plays.

CRINCOMES. 483 a. Calipso's meaning is that, having already less her nose, she is secured from one of the evis, rull known among the vulgar by the name which she among to it.

CRONE. 36 a. This word, which, as Johnson says, means an old toothless ewe, is constantly used for an old wanan.

CROWD. 591 b. Another word for fiddle.

CROWNS O' THE SUN. 36 b, 176 b. The best kind of crown then struck. They had a star (sun) on one side.

CRY AIM 1 105 a, 135 a, 597 a. A phrase taken from archery. "When any one had, challenged another to shoot at the batts, the similars by used to rry "Aim" to encomage the shooting.

CUPID AND DEATH. 26 &. This is a beautiful allusion to a little poem automy the Elegies of Secundus. The fable is very ancient.

CULLIONS. 469 0. Abject wretches : a term taken from the Italians, and strongly expressive of contempt.

CURIOSITY, 424 a. Here, as in many other passages of these plays, sig-nifies scrupidous attention, anxiety.

CURIOUS IMPERTIMENT. 372 b. An allusion to the title of one of Cervantes's novall, which were much read in Maninger's time.

CURIOUSNESS. 53 d. 166 b. Refined and over-scrapulous co-subject. ulous consideration of the

DAG. 376 a. A pocket-pistol. Their introduction is manifold by Knolles in bis "History of the Turks."

DALLIANCE. #3.0. Menitation, delay.

DANGER. 358 b, 453 b. To be in your danger meant to be in your delt. So Fortia : "You stand within his danger, do you not?"

638

DEAD-PAYS. 57 6. The collineary practices here alloded to appear no to have been unfrequent-Sit W. Davenant mention many similar corruptions in the "war department" of his time.

DEAP. 613 b. DEAP. 613 b. DEAP. 613 b. Mit. Crafton Croker reads down, but the change seems required by the sense. It may, however, be the correct word, and have been used as meaning not merely more and the merel is and open and the may have while that he had been born "a beaut wanting document of reason."

**DECIMO-SEXTO.** 49 a, 260 b. This expression in both places applied to a page-Gifford says that no author, with whom he is an quasined, repeats himself so frequently, and with su intic ceremony as Massinger.

DECK. 472 b. "Ready in the deck" means in the Assay, the grazz. In our old poets a pack of cards is called a deck.

# DECLINE, 255 a. Here means to divert from their course.

DEDUCT. 573 a. "Do out abduet it to days." A latteism from dedu-cere, to bring it down, or reduce it to days.

DEER OF TEN. 340 a. A deer that has ten branches to his barns, which they have at three years old.

DEFENDED. 482 b. Forbidden, interdicted, as in the French. The word occurs in this sense in many of our old writers.

DEFENSIBLE. 460 Å. Recome an object of justification rather than of shame.

DEGREES. 207 5. Scale Gemonia. Abrupt and rugged procipices on the Aventine, where the bodies of state criminals were daug.—See GEMONIES.

### DEMEANS. 284 6. Here used for means, as demerits for merius. [02, Demeanes.]

DEPART. 136 a. Depart and part were anciently synonymous. Thus Ben Jonson-

"He that departs with his own honesty For vulgar praise, does it too dearly buy."

DEPENDENCIES. 354*b*. "Masters of dependencies" were a set of needy bravoes, who undertook to ascertain the authentic grounds of a guarrel and in some cases to settle it for the timorous or unskilful.

DERIVE. 603 a. Verb neuter, to come from .- JOHNSON.

DISCLOSE. 258 b, Constantly used by our old writers for katch.

DISSOLVE. 90 å, 209 å. "Dissolve this doubtful riddle." Our old writers used dissolve and solve indiscriminately; or if they made any difference it was in favour of the former.

DISTASTE. 52  $\delta$ , 135  $\delta$ , 622 d. Displease. The word perpetually recurs in this sense; as also in that of *divisio*. It is so used by Congress.

DISTEMPERED. 65 A. Intusicated. It is used that in "ill Shirley in "The Ground Server"

DIVERT. 227 d. The mutives that denoted any i.e., then a muti-fullowing your advice.

ELENCHS. 331 d. A sophistical refutation of a po-nn opponent.

nn opponent. EMPTRIC, 342 Å. Massinger's empiric may be consider fut parent of the quark, which for his turies has pointoned as in the theorem and on the stage. It may be desthood while ever fill into a distribut heads, in the term of the distribution of the stage of the left of the stage of the stage of the stage term of the stage of the stage of the stage mainding out is visual to the stage of the stage mainding out is visual to the stage of the mainding out is visual to the stage of the the stage of the stage to the stage of 
# ENTRADAS. 487 8. Rents, revenues.

EQUAL MART. 539 8. A vile translation of its appenements, in equal

ESTRIDGE TRAIN. 57 b. 253 b. Ostrich tail. There is some humon apostrophe to the bird.

EXTENDED. 418 8, 453 8, "This manor is extended to my use," i.e. is a legal phrase, and occurs continually.

EYASSES. 315 a. A young have newly taken out of the next, a able to prey for himself.

# FADGE. 585 a. To sult-to fit.

FARCE. 609 b. To utoff-a cullmary term.

FAULT. 126 b, 577 b, Misfortume. That the word anciently had this log could be proved by many examples.

FESTIVAL-EXCEEDINGS. 314.4. 425 At the Middle Temple an additional disk regular dinner is still called "Exceeding."

FEWTERER. 260 b, 314 b. A name which frequently occurs in our old y on Huating. He was the person who not so the dogs immediately under the huntscame.

FINE-NESS. 152 5, Subtle and ingenious device. Johnson and concur in reprobating the introduction of the finease into our language an unite unnecessary.



word is used by Ben Jonson, a close and de-nitator of the ancients, for a domestic parasite,

### 20 8.

far enough for reaching." The word for oc-rpetually in these plays in the sense of persen-t is so used by every writer of Massinger's age.

ENT. 195 d. Prequent in the city," a latinism, for 'th cur-eported in the city.

ENT 197 b. quent senate, " a latinism for a " full house."

# RY. 425 a. d clothes shop. The word is pure French, but a most of our ancient dramatists.

425 Å. your fur" to put under her feet while she tried shows, says M. Macon. Gilford characteris-nda, "*Grande containes* / was not the fur a undreased skie, such as is sometimes used by the present day in lice of a shocing horn?"

### 81 0.

d printed preling. I have made the change

326 st.

pan-counter, or blow point, but shall pay to some countier.-Sat. iv.

### RDEN. ey slave .- French.

RD. 578 a. spiket by Sir John Davies as a "swift and ag dance with lofty turns and capriois in the

# D ROBE. 194 0, 598 b.

### 266.

etian coin (gazetta) worth about three farthing ioney. The petty Italian courant, or writter of intelligence was originally sold for this nee is derived the name which is now common newspapers of Europe.

IES. 207 b. Remedies (Scala Generatia) were abrupt and precipics on the Aventine, where the bodies criminals were flung, and whence, after they are exposed to the insults of the subble, they agged to the Tiber, which flowed at the toot

PRINT. 65 a.

US. 39 0, 550, 227 b.

278 8. a allowing to the "Spanish Tragedy;" the st of all the writers of those times, who seem r ungasy, notwill standing their scotts at its

ND STORE. 295 a. 446 a. pression, which is taken from an old balled, y occurs in these plays.

# GO NO LESS. 441 a, 547 $\delta$ . This is a gaming phrase, and means I will not playfor a smaller stake.

GOLLS. 443 a. A cant word for hands, or rather fists. It occurs con-tinually in our old writers.

GOOD, 358 8, 442 st. Luke here alludes to the mercantile sense of the word good, i.e. rich.

# GOOD FELLOWS. 487 b, 490 a. A cant name by which highwaymen and thieves have been long pleased to denominate themselves ; and which has been given them, in courtesy, by others. GOOD FELLOWS.

# GOVERNOR'S PLACE. 7a. From the Latin, ne sis miki tutor.

GRANSON. 358 a. The "memorable overthrow" of Granson took place March ard, 1470; that of Morat, June rend, in the same year; and that of Nancy, January sh, 1477. In this Charles tor, as he is here called, Charalouh, Duke of Burgundy, fell, and the subtle fox of France, the politic Louis XL, shortly after seized upon the defencedem ducby.

### GREAT-wholesale. 3186.

GREEN APRON. 134 a. It should be observed that this colour is appropriated to the descendants of Mahomet. To "land at Tunia, or any other town professing the Mahometan religion in a green dress at this day would place the weater matery in danger.

GREGORIES. 578 a. Gifford leaves this word unexplained. Gregorie was a famous harber and wigmaker of Massinger's day. Bichop Hall, for some similar reason, I suppose, uses *Regerians* for fails ecalps.

# GUARD. 288 8. Posture of defence.

### GYAR. 625 0.

Gyaros of Gyara was a small island in the Ægreau sea. Under the Romans it was used as a place of insnishment, and was one of the most dreaded spots employed for that purpose.

HAND. 153 b. "Hand with my will" means go hand-in-hand, co-operate, with my will.

HAWKING. 315.4. Humanity has seldion obtained a greater triumph is the animal world than in the abolition of this much ea-crable pursuit, compared to which cock-fighting an bull-bailing are innocent assussments; and this root e-much on account of the grame killed in the open fiels as of the innuense number of domestic animals sacrifico-to the instruction of the hawk. The blood run col-while we persue the calm directions of the bruit factors to impair, it down, fastien by the boak, kinca-the legs and wings of firsting pigeons, heuse, and usum times herows, for the hourdy carries of the hawk, who was thus enabled to pull them to pieces without real tance.





# HUMANITY, 360 a. Polite literature. The term is sti Scotch universities.

HUNT'S UP. 76 a. Was a lesson on the horn, played a of sportsmen, to call them up in the probably sufficiently obstreperous, for applied by our old writers, as in oths or clamour of an awakening or alarm

IMP. 165 a, 221 b, 226 a. To imp "is to insert a feather int havk, or other bird, in place of one in the language of the present day. perpetually allude. There is a passe "Albumazar" which There is a passe "Albumazar" which would be admin noblest scenes of Shakapeare: How alow the day alloce on t when a

How source or Sumapoure : How slow the day slides on 1 when w Time's baste, he seems to lose a math And when we wish him stay, he maps With feathers planned with thought.

IMPOTENT. 48 a, 227 b, 400 a, Wild, ferce, uncontrollable in his par latinism, impedent americ, and is a pression. Horace applies the word to (

INGLES. 443 a. Bosom friends, associates.

IPHIS. 209 a.

Vide Anaxarete.

KA ME, KA THEE! 432 d. Is a Scotch proverb, and means, indulg and I'll serve thee in my turn. It is not our old dramas.

KATEXOKÉN. 471 a. Supereminently-the Greek κατίξοχην KEEPER OF THE DOOR. 184 a. This was one of the thousand synonymus

LACHRYM.E. 254 b. 318 b. Was the title of a musical work, compos Douland, a celebrated luminist in the time It is alluded to in the Knight of the buryou



### 641

TO DEPART. 583 d. re was anciently both a tune and a dance of this

ATE. 428 b. prison was anciently appropriated to the free-the city and to clergymen. It was taken down 1750

IFICENT. 329 8. tantly used by Massinger for munificent.

RAKES. 35a. drakes have a soporific quality, and were used ancients when they wanted a narcotic of the owerful kind. To this there are perpetual is in our old writers.

IND. 437 b. uline, mannish. It sometimes carried inger sense of violent, terocious, wicked. It sometimes carried with it

OSET. 437 a. all monkey.

AID. 582 b. nermaids of the writer's time had succeeded to ens of the ancients, and possessed all their as well as seductive qualities. Mermaid also t of the thousand cant terms which served to a strumpet; and to this perhaps Agatha

R. 474 a. ich is to lurk.

VA. 220 a. attachment of Domitian to Minerva is an his-act. He chose her at an early period of his als protectress, multiplied her statues to a great id had always a strong reliance on her

SSES. 129*a*, 168*a*, 621 *b*, 623 *a*, nt and Mistress signified in the language of jet's time, a lover and the object of his affec-ter we now call the object of his affec-we melody of this speech (*Charker in Scene* v. "Parliament of Love, p. 188*a*"). Nothing is sorthing is inverted, phinners and simplicity are ids of which the poet has availed himself; yet a reflect specimen of flowing, elegant, and rhyth-adulation is not to be found in the English lan-The sprightliness, energy, and spirit, which the remainder of this scene, are worthy of all

sson, Sir GILES. 395 b. mdoubtedly the prototype of Sir Giles Over-He and one Michel had obtained of the facile patent for the sole manufacturing of gold and read, which they abused to the most detestable to This is specially alluded to in the "Bond-ct file scene 3. His character will be found in "Life and Reign of James L." such arms toa. e cup of his iniquities was full, and the House uons ordered his apprehension (3rd March, made his escape beyond sea. On the 3rd of month a proclanation was issued, banishing the king's dominions, and degrading him from od. His associate, Sir Francis Michel [Ustice was also degraded, fined a thousand pounds, a horseback through the principal streets (his he tal), and imprisoned for life.

358 a. in an INS. 376 b. we lines there is an allusion to another profes-i less honourable nature), which in those days hooly added to that of music-master.

NANCY. 358 a. Vide Gran

NEAT-HOUSE. 437 a.

The Neat-house was a celebrated garden and nursery near Chelsea.

NIMMING. 486 a.

The word is pure Saxon, and means to *take*, to *seize*. It is found in all our old writers, and, indeed, is still in use as a cant term for stealing.

NO CUNNING QUEAN. 100 0.

In our author's time, as is justly observed by War-burton, "the negative, in common speech, was used ironically to express the excess of a thing."

OIL OF ANGELS. 82a.

It may be just necessary to observe that this is a pleasant allusion to the gold coin of that name.

OLYMPUS. 411 a.

Either Massinger or his transcriber has mistaken Olympus for Parnasuus. It may be the former; for in trusting to their memory, such alips are not unusual in our oid writers, who were, indeed, little solicitous of accuracy in these trivial matters.

ORC. 220 b.

A fabulous sea monster, depicted on most of the charts of Massinger's time. The whale of our old romances.

OUT. 170 b. "I'll not out for a second." [/:4 it is evident from the sequel that Novall did take up the bet, the Edinburgh Reviewers maintained that the word "up to" in this line should have been omitted. Gifford successfully defended his reading, and proved beyrond all question that the meaning of "I'll not out" was "I'll not be found wanting."]

OUTCRY. 429*a*, 596*b*. A public auction. [The word is still used by our countrymen in India.]

5a, 108 a, 141 b. OWE. To own

"No sound that the earth owes."-Tempest.

PACKING. 239 b.

Insidious contrivance; iniquitous collusion. The word is thus used by Shakspeare, and others, [and the term is preserved in "packing a jury."]

PADDER, 396 b. A lurker about the highways, a foot-pad.

PANTOFLE. 49 a.

"Ere I was sworn to the pantofie "means before I was taken from my first menial service, and made attendant on a lady.

PARALLEL. 88 6. " And, but herself, admits no parallel."

This idea, in the much ridiculed form of " None but himself can be his parallel,"

is familiar to every one as a verse of Theohald's; but not only is it found in Massinger, but twenty instances of it could be adduced from his contempotaries

PARALLELS. 258 b. The word scens to be used here for radii. Other writers of the time fell into the same error.

PARTED. 110, 244 6. Favoured, or endowed, with a part, or parts. PARTIMAN.

ARTIHAN. 597 8. Mr. Crofton Croker prints Parthense. TT

PASH 100. To strike a thing with such force as to cruch it to pieces

PASSIONATE. 226 a. 575 b. Plaintive, full of sorrow, deeply affected.

PASSION. 561 a. 593 b. Pathetic speech, or exclam mation

PASTRY FORTIFICATIONS. 391 a. The cooks of Elizabeth and James took great pride in the construction of these forifications; [and in hater days Gibraltar and Seringapatam were similarly com-memorated. The earth-works of Todlebea were not picturesque enough for the purpose.]

PATCH: 98, 406 8, 419 a. Patch was the cant name of a fool kept by Cardinal Wolsey; and who has had the honour of transmitting his appellation to a very numerous body of descen-dants; he being "a modelable faad in his time."

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PREVISH, 20 b. Foolish. Mrs. Quickly says of her fellow servant, "His worst fault is that he is given to prayer: he is something *feretick* that way." "Your previsioness," 415 b, means you-his daughter.

PESCARA. 70 b. The Marquis was indeed a "great soldier," a form-nate commander, an able negociator, in a word one of the chief ornanents of a period which abounded in extraordinary characters

PIG-SCONCE. 438 a. A heavy, dull-pated fellow.

PLACE. 462 a, 557 a. In falconry means the greatest elevation which a bird of prey attains in its llight. This lends additional force to Shakspeare's line-

"A falcon towering in his pride of place."

PLEURISY OF GOODNESS. 554. Superabundance of goodness.

PLYMOUTH CLOAK. 388 a. An old expression for a confect. Davenant says-"Whose cloak, at Plymouth spun, was crab-tree wood."

POET. 6200. " The poet wrote truth"-Mr. Crofton Croker prints post.

POOR JOHN. 1336, 2986. Hake dried and salted.

PORTER'S LODGE. 82 b, 390a. The porter's lodge in great houses was the usual place of punishment for the domestics.

PORTS. 20, 163 d. The gater of a city, as in Edinburgh.

OSSESS. 235 b. Acquaint, inform. In this sense the word perpetually occurs in our old writers. POSSESS.

POWER OF THINGS. 1956. A Latinism-that now sways the world, rerunn potestar.

PRACTICE. 1870, 2524. Insidious trick, stratagem, artifice.

PREST. 440 b. Ready, prepared.

100

PREVENT. 139 b, 406 a, 416 a, 563 b. Anticipate, from the Latin. It is so used in the Psalms, "Mine eyes prevent the night-watches."

PROVANT SWORD. 254 A A plain, un supplied with, L such with

PUT ON. 1856, 4056, 4526. Be covered :

PUT ON YOUR SPIRITS. 353 . Rouse, animate them

QUALITY. 197 5, 292 5, 376 5, 630 Used in a general sense for any occurs or condition of life, but more poet for a physic.

QUELLIO RUFFS. 449 8. Ruffs for the neck, a corruption of case

QUIRPO. 363 a.

Quirpo (cuerpo) is an undrens. The Spani whom we barrowed the word, apply it to a light jacket without his calter or done of dramatists, who use the expression upon of mean by it any state from markedness to clothing. Giford could not mitistly human meaning of collyport and Brokhos in the per-

RAGGED CLIFFS. 188 a.

This expressive epithet is from Se-into the defts of the rocks, and im ragged rocks."-Instahli zz. Mass-indebted to this source.

RAM ALLEY, 399 a. Ram Alley is one of the avenues into the from Fleet Street. The stink from its coales spoken of by Barrey in his comedy (stal).

430. REMARKABLE. Had in Massinger's time a more dignified and a more appropriate meaning than it bears at j With him it constantly stands for surprising striking, or observable in an incommon degree

REMEMBER. 122 b, 172 b, 472 a. Is used for cause to remember, put in mind a

RESOLVED. 77 a. 318 a. Convinced. Thus Shakspeares

"By heavens ! I am resolved That Clifford's manhood hes upon his tongu

REST ON IT. 103 a. Fixed, determined on it. Taken from the 1 table.

RIDE DE. 437 b. "I can but ride"-i.e., I know the worst of my ment; I can but be carted for a strampet. RIVO. 1450. This interjection is frequently introduced by poets, and generally as an incitement to be mirth and revelry.

ROARER. 139 a. A cant term for what we now call a blast bully.

ROSES. 425 a, 449 a. These were not the dowers of that name, but 1 ribands to be fixed on the shoes. They were posterous size, and extremely dear.

Rouse. 65 b, 111 a. A rouse was a large glass in which a heat iven, the drinking of which by the rest of the ca formed a carvuse.

SACRED. 344 0. Theodosius alludes to the Latin word name.

in short; while Spiilles were mere lazathouses, recep-tacks for wretches in the lepresy, and other loathsome diseases; the consequence of debauchery and wice. [Thus Ancient Pistol, "News have 1 that my Doll is used i'the Spiilles of malady of France."] T. MARTIN'S. 445 *a*. The parish of St. Martin appears, from the old bis-tories of London, to have been distinguished succes-sively for a sanctuary, a bridewell, a spittle, and an anaboase. Which of them was to be driven from the mind of Mistress Shave an by the full tide of prosperity which is here anticipated, must be left to the sayacity ST. MARTIN'S. SQUIRE O' DAMES. 183 b, 323 a. This honourable term was degraded by our old dramatists to mean a pander. of the reader. SANZACKE. 1500. TART-UP. 315 *a*. A coarse kind of half boot or spatterdash with thick soles; the *pare* of the ancients. START-UP. Governor of a city. SCARABS. 78 . Beetles. STATE. 102 a, 251 a. DTATE. 102 a, 251 a. The state was a raised platform, on which was placed a chair with a canopy over it. The word occurs per-petually in our old writers. It is used by Dryden, but seems to have been growing obsolete while he was writing: in the first edition of Mac Fleckno, the mo-narch is placed on a state: in the subsequent ones he is seated, like his fellow kings, on a *chrows:* it occurs also, and I believe for the last time, in Swift: "A she affected not the grandeur of a state with a casopy, she thought there was no offence in an elbow chair."— *Hist. of John Bull*, c. 1. CARLET. 428 a. "Or they will ne'er wear scarlet," i.e., never rise to city honours. Our old writers have innumerable abusings to the scarter gowns of the mayors and alder-SCARLET. men of London **COTOMY.** 579  $\delta$ . From the Greek; a dizziness or awimming in the bead. SCOTOMY. SEEK TO. 62 a, 200 a. To supplicate, entreat, have carnest recourse to. Thus in 2 Chron. xvi. r2, we read, "And Asa was diseased in his feet, yet in his disease he song As not so the Lord, but to his physicians." STATES. 247 a. Statesmen, n en of power, ec., a common acceptation of the word. STONES. 315 a. SEISACTHEIA. 561 a. Vide Casting. Zeroaidera. i.e., a shaking off a burthen; meta-phorically an abolition of debt. STOOLS, TG BRING WITH ONE, 50 Å, 266 Å. The singular custom of uniavited or unexpected guests bringing scats with them, is frequently noticed by the writers of Massinger's time. [In the army at this day 'camp fashion 'means that the guest should bring not chair only, but plate, knife, fork, spoon, and glass likewise.] SERVANT. 52a, 168 a, 621 b, 623 a. Vide Mistre SilADOWS. 46 a. It was considered, Plutarch says, as a mark of politeness, to let an invited guest know that he was at liberty to bring a friend or two with him a permission that was, however, sometimes abused. These friends the Romans called *Londensu* (underly a term which Massinger has very happily explained. STRANGELY GUARDED. 340 0. Perhaps this ought to be strongly guarded. STRENGTHS. 155 b, 164 b, 339 b. Castles, strong places, and, metaphorically, defences. TRIKER. 58 a. A striker is a wencher. The word occurs again in the "Parliament of Love." SIIAPE. 131 a, 178 a, 207 a, 209 a, 337 b, STRIKER. 603 b, 607 a. Dress, habit-derived from the phraseology of the theatre SUPPLANT. 154 b. HEW WATER. 253 a. Show water, to clear his sight. This was a proverbind perphrasis for a bribe, which, in Massingers days, was found to be the only collyrium for the eyes of a To trip up, to overthrow ; a Latinism SHEW WATER. WEATING SICKNESS. 58 a. This alludes to a species of plague (*sulor anglicus*) peculiar, the physicians say, to this country, where it inclue dreadful ravages in the toth century. It is frequently mentioned by our old writers. SWEATING SICKNESS. was four courtier. SIEGE. 462 a. "Hern at sign is when you find a hern standing by the water side watching for prey or the like." SWORN SERVANTS. 204 5. In Massinger's time the attendants of the great, who nuintamed them in considerable numbers, took an oath of hdelity on their entering into service. SKILLS NOT. 658, 1928, 1944, 615a. Matters not, significs not. 381 b. SLEEPS MOST AN END. EEPS MOST AN END. 506 a. Almost perpetually-without intermission. TAILORS. Our old writers abound in allusion to the quantity of bread devoured by tailors. SLEEP ON EITHER EAR. 466 a. TAINT. 184 a. This idea is derived from Terence," in anrem utram-tris dormire," and means to sleep soundly, free from To break, in a derogatory sense. It is used in the same way in "Every Man out of his Humour." CARE. AKE UP. 228 a, 317 b. Stop, check yourself. [Shut up, in the slang of 1868.] TAKE UP. SORT 20 8. "Sert of rogues," a set, or pack of rogues. Of con-stant recurrence in our old writers. TALL. 32 b, 46 b. Tall, in the language of our old writers, means store, or, rather, iold and fearless: but they abused the word (of which they seem found) in a great variety of seases A tail mean of his density, was a great by there is a feat mean of his because, a licentious speaker; and a sail trencherment, a locarity textus. TALL. SPITTLE. 309 b, 369 b, 437 b. The earlier editors in each instance changed this word to  $S_{\mu}(as)$ , but our old writers carefully distin-guished between the two. With them, a bospital, or  $s_{\mu}(tal, arguided a charitable institution for the advan-$ tage of poer, infirm, and aged persons, an almoshouse

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TAMIN. 403 5. A coarse linsey-woolsey stuff, still worn by the poor of this country, under the name of tancing, or, rather, scoursey: a corruption. I suppose, of classical, Fr., which has the same meaning.

- THING OF THINGS. III b. A literal translation of Ens Entrium.
- TIMARIOTS. 284 a. The Tarkish Cavalry, a sort of feudal yeomanry, who hold their lands on condition of service.

TOKEN. 389 a, 447 b. During the reign of Elizabeth, and down to Charles IL, very little copper money was coined. For the con-venience of the public, tradeamen were permitted to strike takens, at hey were called. The value generally was about one farthing.

- TRILLIBUBS. 578 b. A cast word for anything of a triffing nature. TRIPE, 266 b.
- A tripe shop. To "carry my own stool" is explained elsewhere.

UNCIVIL. 373 b. Unacquainted with the usages and customs of ervit, or municipal life.

UNEQUAL. 348 b. Unjust.

UNTAPPICE. 511 a. To discover one's self. A hunting frame for turning the game out of a bag, or driving it out of a cover.

USES. 254 b. 335 a. An expression adopted by our old dramatists from the Poritans, who usually divided their discourses into *advertinex* and *user*. By the former they meant the explanation of their subject; and by the latter the practical inferences drawn from it.

VARLETS. 381 a. So our old writers call the sheriff's officers.

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VIRBIUS, 209 a.

The name given to Hippolytus, after he was re-stored to life by Æsculapius. He was so called, say the critics, "quod inter virar bir fuerit."

VOLEY. 304 6. "What we spake on the voley," a literal translation of the French phrase a la vole, which signifies at random, or inconsiderately. [The word is preserved in the technical language of the racquet-court.]

VOTES. 484 A.

Prayers 1 do not know when left the way in t pedantic adoption of the Latin word (network in and it in Jonson, and in others before in thm.

PPA. 614 a. Polled whe that has lost its strength (Lam). VAPPA.

WAISTCOATEER. 437 a.

It appears from investmentable passages in see in plays that mensioneles was a cost form for a error of the lowest kind; providely given at them fore to smally appearing, either through choice or access in a succent habit.

WHERE, 168 8, 354 a, 389 a, 496 a, 555 567 a.

antiy used for mAcrear. 6

WHILE. 210 b.

Until : a very common acceptanian of the word inv old writers.

WHITING MOP. 482 5. A young whiting. Puttenham says "We call in fahes that be not come to their full growth mopper, whiting moppes, gurnard moppes, dec."

WITNESS. 333 a. The puritan word for sponsor.

WORK OF GRACE. 152 6.

This is a reversitial description of the elevation the host; and could only be written by a man on whin that awful act of pious daring had made a deep an lasting impression.

WREAK, 135 d. To revenge. So Spenser :

"Another's wrongs to zeroal upon thyself "

YAW. 510 b. Yow is that unsteady motion which a ship makes it a great swell, when in steering she inclines to the rgh or left of her course.

87 a. YELLOW.

"I should wear yellow breeches." Be jealous ; yellow with our old poets, being the livery of jealousy; pro bably because it was that of Hymen.

ZANY. 557 b. To imitate. So Lovelace :

"As I have seen an arrogant baboon With a small piece of glass carry the san."





TAMIN. 403.8. A counter inner-woolsey stuff, stiff worn by the poss of this country, ander the name of dension, or rather, *himmyr*, a corruption. I suppose, of *dension*, Fr., which has the name meaning.

### THING OF THINGS. III . A literal translation of Ens Entran.

TIMARIOTS. 284 d. The Turkish Cavalry, a wort of feudal ycomawry, who hold their lands on condition of service.

TOKEN. 389 a, 447 b. During the reign of Elizabeth, and down to Charles H., very little conper maney was coined. For the con-resistence of the public bradesness were permitted to strike tablws, as they were called. The value generally was about one farthong.

TRILLIBURS. 578 b. A cant word for anything of a trifling nature. TRIPE. 266 8.

A tripe shop. To "carry my own stool" is esplained

UNCIVIL. 373 b. Unacquainted with the usages and customs of civil, or municipal life.

UNEQUAL. 348 8. Unjust.

UNTAPPICE. 511 a. To discover one's soit. A hunting frame for turning the game out of a bag, or driving it out of a cover.

USES. 254 b, 335 a. An expression adopted by our old dramatians from the Particasion adopted by our old dramatians from explanations, who annually divided their discourses into explanations of their subject; and by the latter the practical inferences drawn from it.

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