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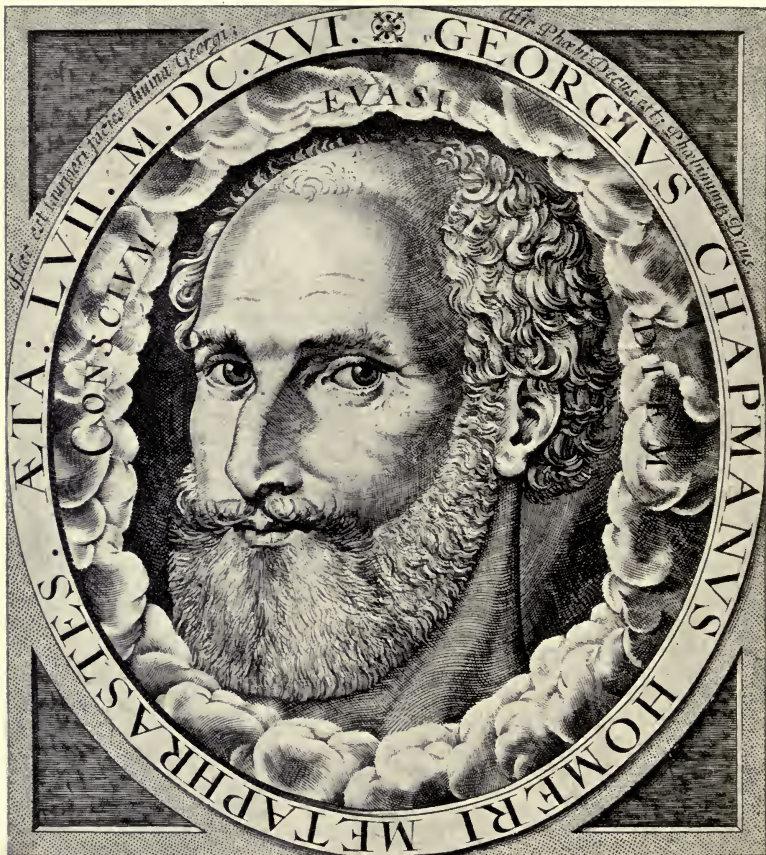
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Philip Whalen



*Optimus sic sese, qui novit cuncta Magister,
 Prospiciens rerum fines Meliora sequuntur
 De Homero Reliquis. Aes:*

*Et tuen Linguae stroue, whur, Ceyre. Gould Homer talt,
 Quid nov ene Chapman, civnes sim, from teem av. Sretia Nobis.
 Eruditorum Poetarum huus F. ui, facile Principi, Dno Georgio Chapman;
 Homere rehit nolit. Invidia Reliquis. A. M. T. scollam hanc
 Xapishney. D. D.*

*Ille simul Alneas, et Homerum scripsit itsum,
 Qui scribit Nomen, Magne Poetae, tuum.*

THE WORKS
OF
GEORGE CHAPMAN
PLAYS

EDITED WITH NOTES BY
RICHARD HERNE SHEPHERD



A NEW EDITION

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1889

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The Blind Beggar of Alexandria.*

*Enter Queen Ægiale, Ianthe her maid,
two councillors.*

Ægi. Leave me awhile, my lords, and wait for me

At the black fountain, by Osiris' grove,
I'll walk alone to holy Irus' cave,
Talking a little while with him and then return.

[*Exeunt omnes. Manet Ægiale.*

Ianthe, begone.

Now, Irus, let thy mind's eternal eye,

Extend the virtue of it past the Sun.

Ah! my Cleanthes, where art thou become?

But since I saved thy guiltless life from death,

And turn'd it only into banishment,

Forgive me, love me, pity, comfort me.

Enter Irus the Beggar with Pego.

Pe. Master.

Ir. Pego.

Pe. Wipe your eyes and you had them.

Ir. Why, Pego.

Pe. The Queen is here to see your blindness.

Ir. Her Majesty is welcome, Heavens preserve,

And send her highness an immortal reign.

Ægi. Thanks, reverent Irus, for thy gentle prayer,

Dismiss thy man awhile and I will lead thee,

For I have weighty secrets to impart.

Pe. Would I were blind that she might lead me. [Exit.

Ægi. Irus, thy skill to tell the drifts of fate,

* "The Blinde begger of Alexandria, most pleasantly discoursing his variable humours in disguised shapes full of conceite and pleasure. As it hath beene sundry times publickly acted in London, by the right honorable the Earle of Nottingham, Lord High Admirall his seruantes. By George Chapman: Gentleman. Imprinted at London for William Iones, dwelling at the signe of the Gun, neere Holburne Conduict. 1598."

Our fortunes and things hid from sensual eyes,

Hath sent me to thee for advertisement

Where Duke Cleanthes lives, that was exiled

This kingdom for attempting me with love,
And offering stain to Egypt's royal bed.

Ir. I hope your majesty will pardon me,
If conscience make me utter what I think,
Of that high love-affairs 'twixt him and you.

Ægi. I will, sweet Irus, being well assured

That whatsoever thy sharp wisdom sees

In my sad frailty, thou wilt have regard

To my estate and name and keep it close.

Ir. Of that your highness may be well assured :

Then I am bound, madam, to tell you this,
That you yourself did seek Cleanthes' love,

And to aspire it, made away his Duchesse,

Which he well knowing and affecting her

Dear as his life, denied to satisfy

That kindness offer'd 'twixt yourself and him ;

Therefore did you in rage inform the Duke

He sought your love, and so he banish'd him.

Ægi. Too true it is, grave Irus, thou hast told :

But for my love's sake, which not gods can rule,

Strike me no more of that wound yet too green,

But only tell me where Cleanthes is,

That I may follow him in some disguise,

And make him recompence for all his wrong.

Ir. Cleanthes is about this city oft,

With whom your majesty shall meet ere long,

And speak with him, if you will use such means

As you may use, for his discovery.

Ægi. What shall I use then, what is in my power

I will not use for his discovery?

I'll bind the wings of love unto mine arms,

And like an eagle prying for her prey,
Will overlook the earth's round face for
him,

Were this sufficient.

Or I will Moorlike learn to swim and dive
Into the bottom of the sea for him,
Lest being the sun of Egypt, and now set,
Thetis in rage with love would ravish him,
Were this sufficient.

Ir. But, madam, this must be the like-
liest mean

To seek him out, and have him at your
will.

Let his true picture through your land be
sent,

Proposing great rewards to him that finds
him,

And threatening death to them that
succour him,

So I'll assure your grace shall meet with
him.

Agi. Happy and blest be Irus for his
skill

He sweetly plants in my contentious mind,
For which, most reverent and religious
man,

I give this jewel to thee, richly worth

A quintal or an hundred weight of gold.

Bestow it as thou list on some good work,

For well I know thou nothing dost reserve

Of all thy riches men bestow on thee.

But wouldst thou leave this place and poor
man's life,

The Count of Egypt should embrace thy
feet,

And topless honours be bestow'd on thee.

Ir. I thank your highness for thus rais-
ing me ;

But in this barrenness I am most renown'd.
For wisdom and the sight of heavenly
things

Shines not so clear as earthly vanities.

Agi. Most rich is Irus in his poverty !

Oh, that to find his skill my crown were
lost ;

None but poor Irus can of riches boast.

Now, my Cleanthes, I will straight advance

Thy lovely pictures on each monument

About the city and within the land.

Proposing twice five thousand crowns to
him

That finds him, to be tender'd by my hands,

And a kind kiss at my imperial lips.

To him that succours him I'll threaten
death,

But he that doth not succour him shall die,
For who is worthy life will see him want ?

To all his pictures when they be dispersed
Will I continual pilgrimages make,

As to the saints and idols I adore,
Where I will offersighs, and vows, and tears.
And sacrifice a hecatomb of beast,
On several altars built where they are
placed,

By them shall Isis' statue gently stand,
And I'll pretend my jealous rites to her ;

But my Cleanthes shall the object be,

And I will kneel and pray to none but he.
[Exit.

Ir. See, Earth and Heaven, where her
Cleanthes is.

I am Cleanthes and blind Irus too,

And more than these, as you shall soon
perceive,

Yet but a shepherd's son at Memphis born ;
And I will tell you how I got that name.

My father was a fortune-teller and from
him I learnt his art,

And knowing to grow great, was to grow
rich,

Such money as I got by palmistry,

I put to use and by that means became

To take the shape of Leon, by which name,

I am well known a wealthy usurer,

And more than this I am two noblemen :

Count Hermes is another of my names,

And Duke Cleanthes whom the Queen so
loves.

For till the time that I may claim the crown,

I mean to spend my time in sports of love,

Which in the sequel you shall plainly see,

And joy, I hope, in this my policy.

Enter Pego, Elimine, Samathis, and
Martia, with their men Menippus,
Pollidor, and Druso.

Pe. Oh, master, here comes the three
wenches ! now strike it dead, for a
fortune.

Ir. These are the nymphs of Alexandria,
So call'd because their beauties are so rare.

With two of them at once am I in love
Deeply and equally ; the third of them,

My silly brother here as much affects,
Whom I have made the Burgomaster of
this rich town,

With the great wealth, I have bestow'd on
him.

All three are maids kept passing warily,
Yet lately being at their father's house,

As I was Leon the rich usurer,
I fell in love with them, and there my
brother too,

This fitly chancoeth that they have liberty
To visit me alone : now will I tell their
fortunes so

As may make way to both their loves at
once ;

The one as I am Leon the rich usurer,
The other as I am the mad-brain Count,
And do the best too for my brother's love.

Pe. Thanks, good master brother, but
what are they
That talk with them so long? are they
wocers trow?

I do not like it, would they would come
near.

Ir. Oh, those are three servants that
attend on them;

Let them alone, let them talk awhile.

Eli. Tell us, Menippus, Druso, and
Pollidor,

Why all our parents gave you three such
charge,

To wait on us and oversee us still,
What do they fear, think you, that we
would do?

Me. Their fear is lest you should ac-
company

Such as love wanton talk and dalliance.

Eli. Why, what is wanton talk?

Me. To tell you that were to offend
ourselves

And those that have forbidden you should
hear it.

Sa. Why, what is dalliance, says my
servant, then?

Dru. You must not know, because you
must not dally.

Sa. How say you by that? well, do you
keep it from us, as much as you can, we'll
desire it nevertheless, I can tell ye.

Ma. Lord, what strait keepers of poor
maids are you,

You are so chaste you are the worse again.

Eli. Pray you, good servants, will you
do us the service,

To leave us alone awhile?

Me. We are commanded not to be from
you,

And therefore to leave you alone,
Were to wrong the trust your parents put
in us.

Ma. I cry you mercy, sir, yet do not
stand all on the trust our parents put in
you, but put us in a little too, I pray.

Sa. Trust us, good servants, by ourselves
awhile.

Dru. Let us, my masters, and you say
the word,

They'll but to Irus for to know their
fortunes,

And he's a holy man, all Egypt knows.

Me. Stay not too long, then, mistress,
and content.

Eli. That's my good servant, we will
straight return.

Po. And you, mistress.

Ma. And I, trusty servant.

Po. Faith then I'll venture my charge
among the rest. [*Exeunt.*

Ma. A mighty venture! you shall be
chronicled in Abraham's asses' catalogue
of coxcombs for your resolution.

Eli. Now the great fool take them all!
Who could have pick'd out three such
lifeless puppies,

Never to venture on their mistresses.

Sa. One may see by them it is not meet
choice men should have offices.

Ma. A pretty moral! work it in the sam-
pler of your heart.

Eli. But are we by ourselves?

Ma. I think so, unless you have alone*
in your belly.

Eli. Not I, God knows; I never came
where they grew yet,

Since we are alone let's talk a little merrily,
Methinks I long to know what wanton talk
and dalliance is.

Sa. I'll lay my life 'tis that my mother
uses when she and others do begin to talk,
and that she says to me, "Maid, get ye
hence, fall to your needle: what, a maid
and idle?"

Ma. A maid and idle! Why, maids must
be idle, but not another thing.

Sa. Then do not name it, for I fear 'tis
naught.

For yesterday I heard Menippus say
As he was talking with my mother's maid,
And I stood hearkening at the chamber
door,

That with that word a maid was got with
child.

Eli. How, with the very word?

Sa. I mean with that the word seems to
express.

Ma. Nay, if you be so fine you will not
name it now,

We are all alone, you are much too nice.

Eli. Why, let her choose, let us two
name it.

Ma. Do then, Elimine.

Eli. Nay do you, Martia.

Ma. Why, woman, I dare.

Eli. Do then, I warrant thee.

Ma. I'll warrant myself, if I list, but
come let it alone,

Let us to Irus for our fortunes.

Eli. God save grave Irus!

Ir. Welcome, beauteous nymphs.

Sa. How know you, Irus, we are beautiful,
And cannot see?

* Sic in Orig.

Ir. Homer was blind, yet could he best discern

The shapes of everything, and so may I.

Eli. Indeed, we hear your skill can beautify

Beauty itself, and teach dames how to deck

Their heads and bodies fittest to their forms,

To their complexions and their countenances.

Ir. So can I,auteous nymphs, and make all eyes

Sparkle with love-fire from your excellence.

Eli. How think you we are tyred to tempt men's looks,

Being thus nymphlike is it not too strange?

Ir. It is the better so it doth become.

But that I may disclose to you your fortunes,

Tell me first, Pego, their true faces' forms?

Pe. Marry, sir, this that speaks to you has a face thin like unto water gruel, but yet it would do your heart good if you could see it.

Ir. I know and see it better than thyself, The blaze whercof doth turn me to a fire, Burning mine entrails with a strong desire.

Eli. Why turn'st thou from us, Irus? tell my fortune.

Ir. I wonder at the glory it presents

To my soul's health, that sees upon your head

A coronet, and at your gracious feet, Nobles and princes in their highest state, Which state shall crown your fortune ere you die,

And ere the heart of Heaven, the glorious sun,

Shall quench his roseate fires within the west.

You shall a husband have noble and rich.

Sa. Happy, Elimine, oh that I might too.

Eli. Thanks for this news, good Irus, but disclose

The means to this, if it be possible.

Ir. When you come home ascend your father's tower,

If you see a man come walking by, And looking up to you, descend,

And issue, for you shall have leave, And if he woo you, choose him from the world.

Though he seem humorous and want an eye,

Wearing a velvet patch upon the same, Choose him your husband, and be blest in him.

Eli. I'll do as thou advisest, gentle Irus, And proving this, I'll love thee whilst I live.

Sa. My fortune now, sweet Irus.

Ir. What face hath this nymph, Pego?

Pe. Marry, sir, a face made in form like the ace of hearts.

Ir. And well compared, for she commands all hearts;

Equal in beauty with that other nymph, And equally she burns my heart with love.

Sa. Say, say, sweet Irus, what my fortune is,

Thou turn'st from me, as when thou didst admire

The happy fortune of Elimine.

Ir. So might I well, admiring yours no less.

Then when the light-crown'd-monarch of the heavens

Shall quench his fire within the Ocean's breast,

Rise you and to your father's garden hie, There in an harbour do a banquet set,

And if there comes a man that of himself Sits down, and bids you welcome to your feast,

Accept him, for he is the richest man That Alexandria or Egypt hath;

And soon possessing him with all his wealth,

In little time you shall be rid of him, Making your second choice 'mongst mighty kings.

Sa. Blest be thy lips, sweet Irus, and that light

That guides thy bosom with such deep foresight!

Sleep shall not make a closet for these eyes

All this succeeding night, for haste to rise.

Ma. My fortune now, sweet Irus, but i'faith,

I have some wrong to be the last of all, For I am old as they, and big enough

To bear as great a fortune as the best of them.

Ir. What face hath this nymph, Pego?

Pe. Oh! master, what face hath she not? If I should beg a face, I would have her face.

Ir. But is it round, and hath it ne'er a blemish,

A mouth too wide, a look too impudent?

Pe. Oh! master, 'tis without all these, and without all cry.

Ir. Round faces and thin-skinn'd are happiest still.

And unto you, fair nymph,

Shall fortune be exceeding gracious too.
When the next morning therefore you
shall rise,

Put in your bosom rosemary, thyme, and
rue,

And presently stand at your father's door.
He that shall come offering kindness there,
And crave for favour those same wholesome
herbs,

Bestow them on him ; and if meeting him,
He keep the nuptial rosemary and thyme,
And tread the bitter rue beneath his feet,
Choose him your husband, and be blest in
him.

Ma. I will, sweet Irus ; nothing grieves
me now

But that Elimine this night shall have
Her happy husband, and I stay till morning.

Eli. Nought grieves me, Irus, but that
we are maids,

Kept short of all things, and have nought
to give thee ;

But take our loves, and in the wished proof
Of these high fortunes thou foretellest us,
Nothing we have shall be too dear for thee.

Sa. We that are sisters, Irus, by our vow,
Will be of one self blood and thankful
mind

To adore so clear a sight in one so blind.

[*Exeunt.*]

Ir. Farewell, most beauteous nymphs,
your loves to me

Shall more than gold or any treasure be.
Now to my wardrobe for my velvet gown ;
now doth the sport begin ;

Come, gird this pistol closely to my side,
By which I make men fear my humour
still,

And have slain two or three, as 'twere my
mood,

When I have done it most advisedly
To rid them as they were my heavy foes ;
Now am I known to be the mad-brain
Count,

Whose humours twice five summers I have
held,

And said at first I came from stately Rome,
Calling myself Count Hermes, and assuming
The humour of a wild and frantic man,
Careless of what I say or what I do ;
And so such faults as I of purpose do
Is buried in my humour and this gown I
wear

In rain, or snow, or in the hottest summer,
And never go nor ride without a gown,
Which humour does not fit my frenzy well,
But hides my person's form from being
known,

When I Cleanthes am to be descried.

Enter Pego, like a Burgomaster.

Pe. How now, master brother ?

Ir. Oh, sir, you are very well suited.
Now, master Burgomaster, I pray you re-
member

To seize on all Antistenes his goods,
His lands and chattels, to my proper use,
As I am Leon, the rich usurer ;
The sun is down, and all is forfeited.

Pe. It shall be done, my noble Count.

Ir. And withal, sir, I pray you, forget
not your love—
To-morrow morning, at her father's door.

Pe. Ah, my good Count, I cannot that
forget,

For still to keep my memory in order,
As I am Burgomaster, so love is my
recorder. [*Exeunt.*]

Enter Elimine, above, on the walls.

Now see a morning in an evening rise,
The morning of my love and of my joy,
I will not say of beauty, that were pride ;
Within this tower I would I had a torch
To light, like Hero, my Leander hither.
Who shall be my Leander ? Let me see,
Rehearse my fortune.

When you see one clad in a velvet gown,
And a black patch upon his eye, a patch,
Patch that I am, why, that may be a patch
Of cloth, of buckram, or of fustian cloth,
Say, with a velvet patch upon his eye,
And so my thoughts may patch up love
the better ;

See, where he comes, the Count ; what,
girl, a countess ?

Enter Count.

See, see, he looks as Irus said he should :
Go not away, my love, I'll meet thee
straight.

Count. Oh, I thank you, I am much
beholding to you,

I saw her in the tower, and now she is
come down,
Luck to this patch and to this velvet gown.

*Enter Elimine and Bragadino, a Spaniard,
following her.*

Count. How now, shall I be troubled
with this rude Spaniard now ?

Brag. One word, sweet nymph.

Count. How now, sirrah, what are
you ?

Brag. I am Signor Bragadino, the
martial Spaniard, the aid of Egypt in
her present wars ; but, Jesu, what art thou
that hast the guts of thy brains griped with
such famine of knowledge not to know me ?

Count. How now, sir! I'll try the proof of your guts with my pistol, if you be so saucy, sir.

Brag. Oh, I know him well: it is the rude Count, the uncivil Count, the unstead Count, the bloody Count, the Count of all Counts; better I were to hazard the dissolution of my brave soul against an host of giants than with this loose Count, otherwise I could tickle the Count; i'faith, my noble Count, I do descend to the craving of pardon—love blinded me; I knew thee not.

Count. Oh, sir, you are but bonaventure, not right Spanish, I perceive; but do you hear, sir, are you in love?

Brag. Surely the sudden glance of this lady nymph hath suppl'd my Spanish disposition with love that never before dreamt of a woman's concavity.

Count. A woman's concavity, 'sblood, what's that?

Brag. Her hollow disposition which you see sweet nature will supply, or otherwise stop up in her with solid or firm faith.

Count. Give me thy hand, we are lovers both: shall we have her both?

Brag. No, good sweet Count, pardon me.

Count. Why then, thus it shall be; we'll strike up a drum, set up a tent, call people together, put crowns apiece, let's rifle for her.

Brag. Nor that, my honest Count.

Count. Why then, thus it shall be: we'll woo her both, and him she likes best shall lead her home through streets, holding her by both her hands, with his face towards her; the other shall follow with his back towards her, biting of his thumbs. How sayest thou by this?

Brag. It is ridiculous, but I am pleas'd; for, upon my life, I do know this, the shame will light on the neck of the Count.

Count. Well, to it; let's hear thee.

Brag. Sweet nymph, a Spaniard is compared to the great elixir, or golden medicine.

Count. What, dost thou come upon her with medicines? Dost thou think she is sore?

Brag. Nay, by thy sweet favour, do not interrupt me.

Count. Well, sir, go forward.

Brag. I say a Spaniard is like the philosopher's stone.

Count. And I say another man's stone may be as good as a philosopher's, at all times,

Brag. By thy sweet favour.

Count. Well, sir, go on.

Brag. Sweet nymph, I love few words; you know my intent, my humour is in-sophistical and plain; I am Spaniard a born, my birth speaks for my nature, my nature for your grace, and should you see a whole battail ranged by my skill, you would commit your whole self to my affection; and so, sweet nymph, I kiss your hand.

Count. To see a whole battail, ha, ha, ha! what a jest is that; thou shalt see a whole battail come forth presently of me, fa, fa, fa!

Brag. Put up thy pistol, 'tis a most dangerous humour in thee.

Count. Oh, is that all? why, see 'tis up again: now thou shalt see I'll come to her in thy humour. Sweet lady, I love sweet words, but sweet deeds are the noble sounds of a noble Spaniard, noble by country, noble by valour, noble by birth; my very foot is nobler than the head of another man; upon my life I love, and upon my love I live, and so, sweet nymph, I kiss your hand; why, lo, here we are both, I am in this hand, and he is in that: handy dandy prickly prandy, which hand will you have?

Eli. This hand, my lord, if I may have my choice.

Count. Come, Spaniard, to your penance; bite your thumbs.

Brag. Oh, base woman!

Count. 'Sblood! no base woman; but bite your thumbs quickly.

Brag. Honour commands; I must do it.

Count. Come on, sweet lady, give me your hands if you are mine, I am yours; if you take me now at the worst, I am the more beholding to you, if I be not good enough, I'll mend; what would you more?

Eli. It is enough, my lord, and I am yours.

Since I well know my fortune is to have you.

Now must I leave the pleasant maiden chase,

In hunting savage beasts with Isis' nymphs,
And take me to a life which I, God knows,
Do know no more than how to scale the heavens.

Count. Well, I'll teach you, fear not you; what, signior, not bite your thumbs?

Brag. Pardon me, sir, pardon me.

Count. By God's blood, I will not pardon you; therefore bite your thumbs.

Brag. By thy sweet let me speak one

word with thee : I do not like this humour in thee in pistoling men in this sort, it is a most dangerous and stigmatal humour ; for, by thy favour, 'tis the most finest thing of the world for a man to have a most gentlemanlike carriage of himself, for otherwise I do hold thee for the most tall, resolute, and accomplished gentleman on the face of the earth ; hark ye, we'll meet at Corrucus, and we'll have a pipe of tobacco. Adieu, adieu.

Count. Do you hear, sir? Put your thumbs in your mouth without any more ado; by the heavens, I'll shoot thee through the mouth.

Brag. It is base and ridiculous.

Count. Well, thou shalt not do it ; lend me thy thumbs, I'll bite them for thee.

Brag. Pardon me.

Count. 'Swounds and you had I would have made such a woful parting betwixt your fingers and your thumb, that your Spanish fists should never meet again, in this world. Will you do it, sir?

Brag. I will, I will ; presto and I will follow thee.

Count. Why so ! Oh, that we had a noise of musicians to play to this antic as we go. Come on, sweet lady, give me your hands, we'll to church and be married straight ; bear with my haste now, I'll be slow enough another time, I warrant you. Come spaniola questo, questo, spaniola questo. [*Exeunt.*

Enter Ægiale, Herald, Euribates, Clearchus with a picture.

Ægi. Advance that picture on this fatal spring.
And Herald, speak, uttering the king's edict.

He. Ptolemy, the most sacred king of Egypt, first of that name, desiring peace and amity with his neighbour princes, hath caused this picture of Cleanthes to be set up in all places, proposing great rewards to him that finds him, and threatening death to him that succours him.

Ægi. Which gods forbid, and put it in his mind
Not so to stomach his unjust exile
That he convert the fury of his arm,
Against forsaken Egypt taking part,
With those four neighbour kings that threaten him,
And have besieged his most Imperial town.

Clear. Now may it please your highness to leave your discontented passions,

and take this morning's pride to hunt the boar.

Ia. We have attended on your grace thus far,
Out of the city, being glad to hear
Your highness had abandon'd discontent,
And now will bend yourself to merriment.

Ægi. So will I, lovely Ianthe, come then,

Let us go call forth sacred Isis' nymphs
To help us keep the game in ceaseless view,

That to the busy brightness of his eyes
We may so intervent his shifts to 'scape
That giddy with his turning he may fall,
Slain with our beauties more than swords
or darts.

[*Exit with a sound of horns.*]

Enter Leon with his sword.

Le. Now I am Leon, the rich usurer,
And here, according to the king's command

And mine own promise, I have brought my sword,

And fix it by the statue she set up.
By this am I known to be Cleanthes,
Whose sudden sight I now will take upon me,

And cause the nobles to pursue my shadow,
As for my substance they shall never find,
Till I myself do bring myself to light.
Cleanthes, Cleanthes ; stop, Cleanthes, see
Cleanthes,

Pursue Cleanthes, follow Cleanthes.

Enter three Lords with swords drawn.

1st Lord. Where is Cleanthes, Leon? sawest thou him?

Le. Ay, why should I else have thus cried out on him?

I saw him even now, here did he fix his sword,

And not for dastard fear or cowardice,
For know all Egypt rings of his renown,
But fearing for his noble service done,
To be rewarded with ingratitude,
He fled from hence fearing to be pursued.

2nd Lord. Come on, my lords, then, let us follow him,

And pursue him to the death. [*Exeunt.*]

Le. O, do not hurt him, gentle citizens !
See how they fly from him whom they pursue,

I am Cleanthes, and whilst I am here,
In vain they follow for to find him out.
But here comes my love bright Samathis,
Whom I love equally with fair Elimine ;
See, here she comes, as I appointed her.

Enter Samathis and her maids with a banquet.

Jaquine. But i' faith, mistress, is this for a wooer?

Sa. Not for a wooer only, my Jaquine, But a quick speeder, girl; for this is he, That all my fortune runs upon, I tell thee.

Ja. Oh, dainty mistress, send for some more banquet.

Sa. No, my fine wench, this and myself is well.

And let him not sit down like the ox and the ass,

But give God thanks, for we are worthy of it, though we say't.

Ja. Mistress, 'tis true. And that he may be good,

I conjure him by these three things a cross, Now let him come he shall be good, I warrant ye.

Le. Nay, do not fly me, gentle Samathis.

Sa. Pardon me, sir, for if I see a man, I shall so blush still that I warrant you I could make white wine claret with my looks.

Le. But do not blush and fly an old man's sight.

Sa. From whom if not from old men should I fly?

Le. From young men rather that can swift pursue,

And then it is some credit to outgo them, Yet though my years would have me old I am not,

But have the gentle jerk of youth in me, As fresh as he that hath a maiden's chin. Thus can I bend the stiffness of my limbs, Thus can I turn and leap and hoise my gate,

Thus can I lift my love as light as air.

Now say, my Samathis, am I old or young?

Sa. I would have my love neither old nor young

But in the middle, just between them both.

Le. Fit am I then for matchless Samathis; And will be bold to sit. For bachelors, Must not be shamefaced when they meet with maids;

My sweet love, now let me entreat you sit, And welcome you to your own banquet here.

Sa. Even thus did Irus say that he should say:

Then by your leave, sir, I will sit with you.

Le. Welcome as gold into my treasury. And now will I drink unto my love, With the same mind that drinking first began to one another.

Sa. And what was that, I pray, sir?

Le. I'll tell my love the first kind cause of it,

And why 'tis used as kindness still amongst us:

If it be used aright 'tis to this end, When I do say "I drink this, love, to you," I mean I drink this to your proper good,

As if I said "What health this wine doth work in me;

Shall be employ'd for you at your command and to your proper use;"

And this was first th'intent of drinking to you.

Sa. 'Tis very pretty, is it not, Jaquine?

Ja. Oh! excellent, mistress; he's a dainty man.

Le. Now to your use, sweet love, I drink this wine,

And with a merry heart that makes long life,

Over the cup I'll sing for my love's sake.

SONG.

Health, fortune, mirth, and wine,

To thee, my love divine.

I drink to my darling,

Give me thy hand, sweeting.

With cup full ever plied,

And hearts full never dried.

Mine own, mine own dearest sweeting,

Oh, oh, mine own dearest sweeting.

What frolic, love! mirth makes the banquet sweet.

Sa. I love it, sir, as well as you love me.

Le. That is as well as I do love myself.

I will not joy, my treasure, but in thee, And in thy looks I'll count it every hour, And thy white arms shall be as bands to me,

Wherein are mighty lordships forfeited;

And all the dames of Alexandria

For their attire shall take their light from thee.

Sa. Well, sir, I drink to you and pray you think

You are as welcome to me as this wine.

Le. Thanks, gentle Samathis, but delicious love,

Hath been the fig I eat before this wine, Which kills the taste of these delicious cates:

Will you bestow that banquet, love, on me?

Sa. Nay, gentle Leon, talk no more of love,

If you love God or a good countenance, For I shall quite be out of countenance then.

Le. Love decks the countenance, spirit-
eth the eye,
And tunes the soul in sweetest harmony:
Love then, sweet Samathis.

Sa. What shall I do, Jaquine?

Ja. Faith, mistress, take him.

Sa. Oh, but he hath a great nose.

Ja. 'Tis no matter for his nose, for he
is rich.

Sa. Leon, I love, and since 'tis forth,
farewell.

Le. Then triumph, Leon, richer in thy
love,

Than all the heaps of treasure I possess :
Never was happy Leon rich before,
Nor ever was I covetous till now,
That I see gold so fined in thy hair.

Sa. Impart it to my parents, gentle
Leon,
And till we meet again at home, farewell.

[*Exeunt.*]

Le. Soon will I talk with them and follow
thee,

So now is my desire accomplished.
Now was there ever man so fortunate
To have his love so sorted to his wish ?
The joys of many I in one enjoy.
Now do I mean to woo them crossly both,
The one as I am Leon the rich usurer,
The other as I am the mad-brain
Count.

Which if it take effect, and rightly prove,
'Twill be a sport for any emperor's love.

[*Exit.*]

Enter Ptolemy, Ægiale, Doricles, Aspasia,
Ianthe, Euphrosyne, Clearchus, Euri-
bates, *with sound.*

Pto. Prince of Arcadia, lovely Doricles,
Be not discouraged that my daughter here,
Like a well-fortified and lofty tower,
Is so repulsive and unapt to yield.
The royal siege of your heroic parts
In her achievement will be more renown'd,
And with the greater merit is employ'd.
The beauteous queen, my wife, her mother
here,
Was so well mann'd, and yet had never
man
So main a rock of chaste and cold dis-
dain.

Ægi. My lord, what mean ye? go,
Aspasia,

Send for some ladies to go play with you,
At chess, at billiards, and at other game ;
Ianthe, attend her.

You take a course, my lord, to make her coy,
To urge so much the love of Doricles,
And frame a virtue of her wanton hate,

We must persuade her that he loves her
not,

But that his services and vows of love
Are but the gentle compliments of court,
So would she think that if she would have
loved,

She might have won him. And with that
conceit

Of hardness to be won, his merit's grace
Will shine more clearly, in her turning
eyes:

Things hard to win with ease makes love
incited,

And favours won with ease are hardly
quited ;

Then make as if you loved her not, my lord.

Do. Love that has built his temple on
my brows

Out of his battlements into my heart,

And seeing me to burn in my desire,
Will be I hope appeased at the last.

Ægi. Be ruled by me yet, and I warrant
you

She quickly shall believe you love her not.

Do. What shall I do, madam?

Ægi. Look not on her so much.

Do. I cannot choose, my neck stands
never right,

Till it be turn'd aside and I behold her.

Ægi. Now trust me such a wry-neck'd
love was never seen,

But come with me, my lord, and I'll in-
struct you better.

Pto. So, madam, I leave you; now from
our love-sports,

To Antistenes and his great suit with Leon.

Enter Antistenes, Leon, and Burgo-
master.

See the Burgomaster, Antistenes, and Leon
come together. Stay, master Burgo-
master, what reason made you use your
office on the Lord Antistenes, seizing on
all his moveables and goods at the suit of
Leon?

Pe. I will tell your grace the reason of
it or anything else ; for I know you are a
wise prince, and apt to learn.

Pto. I thank you for your good opinion,
sir ; but the reason of your office done upon
this nobleman and his lands ?

Pe. The reason why I have put in office
or execution my authority upon this noble-
man consisteth in three principal points or
members, which indeed are three goodly
matters.

Pto. I pray you let's hear them.

Pe. The first is the credit of this honest
man, because he is rich.

Pto. Why is he honest because he is rich?

Pe. Oh, I learn that in any case; the next is the forfeit of his assurance, and the last I will not trouble your grace withal.

An. But this it is whereof I most complain unto your grace, that having occasion in your grace's service, to borrow money of this Leon here, for which I mortgaged all my lands and goods, he only did agree that paying him four thousand pound at the day I should receive my statute safely, Which now not only falsely he denies, But that he hath received one penny due, Which this my friend can witness I repaid, Upon the stone of Irus the blind man, Four thousand pound in jewels and in gold, And therefore crave I justice in this case.

Le. Vouchsafe, dread sovereign, an unpartial ear

To that I have to say for my reply.

He pleads the payment of four thousand pound

Upon the stone before blind Irus' cave.

To which I answer and do swear by heaven,
He spake with me at the aforesaid place,
And promised payment of four thousand pound,

If I would let him have his statutes in,
And take assurance for another thousand,
Some three months to come or thereabouts.
Which I refusing he repaid me none,
But parted in a rage and cared not for me.

Gen. Oh monstrous! who ever heard the like?

My lord, I will be sworn he paid him,
On poor Irus' stone four thousand pound,
Which I did help to tender; and hast thou
A hellish conscience and such a brazen forehead,

To deny it against my witness,
And his noble word?

Le. Sir, against your witness and his noble word

I plead mine own and one as good as his,
That then was present at our whole conference.

An. My lord, there was not any but ourselves:

But who was it that thou affirm'st was there?

Le. Count Hermes, good my lord, a man well known,

Though he be humorous, to be honourable.

Pto. And will he say it?

Le. He will, my gracious lord, I am well assured,

And him will I send hither presently,
Entreating your gracious favour if the impediment

Of a late sickness cause me not return,
For I am passing ill.

Pto. Well, send him hither and it shall suffice.

Le. I will, my gracious lord, and stand
To any censure passing willingly,
Your highness shall set down or command
Worshipful master Burgomaster, your officer,

To see perform'd betwixt us. [*Exit.*]

Pe. We thank you heartily; alas, poor soul,

How sick he is!

Truly I cannot choose but pity him,
In that he loves your gracious officers.

Enter Count.

Pto. Oh, I thank you, sir.

Count. King, by your leave, and yet I need not ask leave, because I am sent for; if not, I'll begone again, without leave. Say, am I sent for, yea or no?

Pto. You are to witness 'twixt Antistenes and wealthy Leon.

Count. I know the matter, and I come from that old miser Leon, who is suddenly fallen sick of a knave's evil; which of you are troubled with that disease, masters?

Pto. Well, say what you know of the matter betwixt them.

Count. Then thus I say: my Lord Antistenes came to the stone of the blind fool Irus, that day when four thousand pounds were to be paid, where he made proffer of so much money if Leon would return the mortgage of his lands, and take assurance for another thousand to be paid I trow some three months to come or thereabout; which Leon, like an old churl as he was, most uncourteously refused: my Lord Antistenes, as he might very well, departed in a rage; but if it had been to me I would have pistoled him, i'faith.

An. But you are wondrously deceived, my lord,

And was not by when he and we did talk.

Count. 'Swounds, then I say you are deceived, my lord,

For I was by now, by my honour and by all the gods.

An. Then you stood close, my lord, unseen to any.

Count. Why, I stood close to you and seen of all,

And if you think I am too mad a fellow
To witness such a weighty piece of work,
The holy beggar shall perform as much,
For he was by at our whole conference.

Pto. But say, Count Hermes, was the beggar by?

Count. I say he was and he shall say he was.

Eu. But he is now they say lock'd in his cave,

Fasting and praying, talking with the gods,
And hath an iron door 'twixt him and you:
How will you then come at him?

Count. I'll fetch him from his cave in spite of all his gods and iron doors, or beat him blind when as I do catch him next. Farewell, my lords, you have done with me. I'll send the beggar presently, for I am now riding to Corrucus. [*Exit.*]

Pto. I know not what to think in these affairs:

I cannot well condemn you, my lord,
And your sufficient witness, being a gentleman,

Nor yet the other two, both men of credit,
Though in his kind this Count be humorous;

But stay, we shall hear straight what Irus will depose.

Enter Irus.

Ir. Oh, who disturbs me in my holy prayers?

Oh that the king were by that he might hear,
What thundering there is at my farther door,

Oh, how the good of Egypt is disturb'd in my devotion!

Pto. I am here, Irus, and it was Count Hermes

That was so rude to interrupt thy prayers.
But I suppose the end of thy repair,

Being so weighty could not have displeas'd,
For on thy witness doth depend the living
Of Lord Antistenes, who doth affirm

That three days past he tender'd at thy stone

Four thousand pounds to Leon, and desired

His mortgage quitted, which he promising
On such assurance, more as he propos'd,
Received at that time his four thousand pounds.

Ir. I then was in the hearing of them both,

But heard no penny tender'd, only promised

By Lord Antistenes, if he would bring him in

His mortgage, and take assurance for another thousand

Some three months to come, or thereabouts,

Which Leon most uncourteously refused.
My lord was angry, and I heard no more,
And thus must I crave pardon of your grace. [*Exit.*]

Pto. Farewell, grave Irus.

An. Gods are become oppressors of the right.

Eu. Never had right so violent a wrong.
For let the thunder strike me into hell,
If what I have reported be not true.

Pto. This holy man no doubt speaks what he heard,

And I am sorry for Antistenes.

But I'll relieve your low estate, my lord,
And for your service done me, guerdon you.

Master Burgomaster, let the lord have liberty,

And I will answer Leon what is due.

[*Exeunt.*]

Enter Elimine, Martia, Samathis.

Eli. Soft, Mistress Burgomaster, pray you stay,

Your heart is greater than your person far,
Or your state either; do we not know ye, trow?

What woman you are but a Burgomaster's wife,

And he no wiser than his neighbours neither?
Give me the place according to my calling.

Ma. What skill for places, do we not all call sisters?

Eli. No, by my faith, I am a countess now,

I should have one to go before me bare,
And say "stand by there" to the best of them,

And one to come behind and bear my train,
Because my hands must not be put unto it.
My husband is a lord, and past a lord.

Sa. And past a lord; what is that past, I pray?

Eli. Why, he's a what-you-call't.

Ma. A what-you-call't? Can you not name it?

Eli. I think I must not name it.

Sa. And why so, I pray?

Eli. Because it comes so near a thing that I know.

Ma. Oh, he is a Count, that is, an Earl.

Sa. And yet he is not known to have much land.

Eli. Why, therefore he is an unknown man.

Ma. Ay, but my husband is the king's officer.

Sa. Ay, but my husband is able to buy both yours.

Eli. You say husband—I may say my lord.
Ma. And methinks husband is worth ten of lord.

Eli. Indeed, I love my lord to call me wife

Better than madam, yet do I not mean
 To lose my lady's titles at your hands ;
 I may for courtesy, and to be term'd
 A gentle lady, call you sisters still,

But you must say, "and, please your
 ladyship,
 'Tis thus and so," and, "as your honour
 please,"

Yet shall my husband call me wife, like
 yours ;
 For why made God the husband and the
 wife

But that those terms should please us more
 than others ?

New-fashion terms I like not ; for a man
 To call his wife cony, forsooth, and lamb :
 And pork, and mutton, he as well may say.

Ma. Well, madam, then, and please
 your ladyship,

What gowns and head-tires will your honour
 wear ?

Eli. Twenty are making for me, head-
 tires and gowns,
 Head-tires enchased, in order like the stars,
 With perfit, great, and fine-cut precious
 stones ;

One hath bright Ariadne's crown in it,
 Even in the figure it presents in heaven ;
 Another hath the fingers of Diana,
 And Berenice's ever-burning hair ;
 Another hath the bright Andromeda
 With both her silver wrists bound to a rock,
 And Perseus that did loose her and save
 her life,

All set in number and in perfect form,
 Even like the Asterisms fix'd in heaven ;
 And even as you may see in moonshine
 nights,

The moon and stars reflecting on their
 streams,
 So from my head shall you see stars take
 beams.

Ma. Oh, brave ! God willing, I will
 have the like.

Sa. And so will I, by God's grace, if I
 live.

Eli. Come up to supper, it will become
 the house wonderful well.

Ma. Well, if my husband will not, let
 him not look for one good look of me.

Sa. Nor mine, I swear.

Ma. I'll ask my husband when I am
 with child,

And then I know I shall be sped, i'faith.

Eli. But every pleasure hath a pain,
 they say ;

My husband lies each other night abroad.

Sa. And so doth mine, which I like but
 little.

Ma. Well, time, I hope, and change of
 company

Will teach us somewhat to bear out the
 absence. [Exit.

Eli. I know not what to say :

My husband makes as if each other night
 he had occasion

To ride from home : at home serves not
 his turn ;

To my good turn it, Cupid, I beseech you.

Enter Leon, and Druso following him.

Le. Now will I try to make myself, the
 Count,

An arrant cuckold and a wittol too.

Dru. Now may I chance to prove a
 cunning man,

And tell my mistress where my master
 haunts.

Le. Bright nymph, I come in name of
 all the world

That now sustains dead winter in the
 spring,

To have a graces from thy summer darted.
 Thy love, sweet soul, is all that I desire,

To make a general summer in this heart,
 Where winter's double wrath hath tyrann-
 ized.

Eli. How dare you, Leon, thus solicit
 me,

Where if the Count my husband should
 come now,

And see you courting you were sure to die ?

Le. Oh, but he is safe, for at my house,
 Booted and spurr'd and in his velvet gown,
 He took his horse and rode unto Corrucus,
 And therefore, beauteous lady, make not
 strange

To take a friend and add unto thy joys
 Of happy wedlock : the end of every act
 Is to increase contentment and renown,
 Both which my love shall amply joy in you.

Eli. How can renown ensue an act of
 shame ?

Le. No act hath any shame within itself,
 But in the knowledge and ascription

Of the base world, from whom shall this
 be kept,

As in a labyrinth or a brazen tower.

Eli. But virtue's sole regard must hold
 me back.

Le. The virtue of each thing is in the
 praise,

And I will rear thy praises to the skies.

Out of my treasury choose the choice of gold,

Till thou find some matching thy hair in brightness,

But that will never be, so choose thou ever.

Out of my jewelry, choose thy choice of diamonds,

Till thou find some as brightsome as thine eyes,

But that will never be, so choose thou ever. Choose rubies out until thou match thy lips,

Pearl till thy teeth, and ivory till thy skin Be match'd in whiteness, but that will never be.

Nor never shall my treasury have end, Till on their beauties ladies loathe to spend; But that will never be, so choose thou ever.

Eli. Now what a God's name would this vain man have?

Do you not shame to tempt a woman thus? I know not what to say, nor what to do; He would have me do that I fear I should not,

Something it is he seeks that he thinks good,

And methinks he should be more wise than I;

I am a foolish girl, though I be married, And know not what to do, the gods do know.

Le. Are you content, sweet love, to grant me love?

Eli. And what then, sir?

Le. To grant me lodging in your house this night?

Eli. I think the man be weary of his life;

Know you the Count my husband?

Le. Marvellous well, and am assured of him.

Eli. Faith, that you are, assure as I myself: So you did talk of gold and diamonds.

Le. Ay, and gold and diamonds shall my sweet love have.

Eli. Well, I'll not bid you, sir, but if you come,

At your own peril, for I'll wash my hands.

[*Offer to go out.*]

Le. A plague of all sanguine simplicity!

Eli. But do you hear, sir, pray you do not think that I granted you in any case.

Le. No, I warrant you I'll have no such thought.

Oh, this is old excellent.

Now who can desire better sport?

This night my other wife must lie alone, And next night this wife must do the like.

Now will I woo the other as the Count, Which if she grant and they do break their troth,

I'll make myself a cuckold 'twixt them both.

Dru. I'll follow him until he take the earth,

And then I'll leave him. [Exit.]

Enter Samathis alone.

Sa. Now if my husband be not all alone, He is from home and hath left me alone, So I must learn to lie, as children go, All alone, all alone, which lesson now I am able to bear a child is worse to me Than when I was a child; the moral this, Strength without health a disadvantage is.

Enter Druso.

Dru. Mistress, what will you say if I can tell you where my master is?

Sa. Where, Druso, I pray thee?

Dru. Even close with the young countess i'faith.

Sa. Out on her, strumpet; doth she brag so much

Of her great Count, and glad to take my husband?

Hence comes her head-tires and her fair gowns,

Her train borne up and a man bare before her.

Was this my fortune that should be so good?

I'faith, you beggar you, you old false knave,

You holy villain, you prophetic ass, Know you no better what shall come to pass?

I'll be revenged i'faith, i'faith I'll be revenged.

[Exit.]

Enter Ægiale with the guard.

Ægi. Oh, Irus, shall thy long approved skill,

Fail in my fortunes only, when shall I meet With my Cleanthes? What a world of time,

Is it for me to lie as in a swound, Without my life Cleanthes! can it be,

That I shall ever entertain again, Having the habit of cold death in me,

My life, Cleanthes?

Count [*knock within*]. Let me come in, you knaves, I say let me come in.

1st Guard. Sir, we are set to guard this place as our lives, and none without a warrant from the King or the Queen must enter here.

Count. 'Swounds, tell not me of your warrants; let me come in, I say.

1st Guard. My lord, we are commanded to keep out all comers, because of the branch wherein the king's life remains.

Count. Let me come in, you knaves; how dare you keep me out? 'Twas my gown to a mantle of rug, I had not put you all to the pistol.

Ægi. Shall we be troubled now with this rude Count?

Count. How now, Queen! what art thou doing? passioning over the picture of Cleanthes, I am sure; for I know thou lovest him.

Ægi. What's that, you traitor?

Count. No traitor neither, but a true friend to you, for had I been otherwise I should have disclosed the secret talk thou hadst with Cleanthes in the arbour, the night before he was banished, whilst I stood close and heard all.

Ægi. The man is mad: chains and a whip for him!

Count. Be patient, my wench, and I'll tell thee the very words: "Oh! my Cleanthes, love me, pity me, hate me not for love, and it is not lust that hath made me thus importunate, for then there are men enough besides Cleanthes." Go to, tell me, were not these your words, and I like no traitor to you, but a trusty friend? Now by this pistol, which is God's angel, I never uttered them till now.

Ægi. I spake them not; but had you been so bad

As some men are, you might have said as much

By fictions only, therefore I must needs think much the better of you to conceal it.

Count. Oh, you're a cunning wench, and am not I a mad slave to have such virtue as secrecy in me and none never looked for any such thing at my hands? and here's a branch forsooth of your little son turned to a Mandrake tree, by Hella the sorceress.

Ægi. 'Tis true, and kills me to remember it.

Count. Tut, tut, remember it and be wise; thou wouldst have Cleanthes come again, wouldst thou not?

Ægi. The king is so advised to give him death.

Count. The king!—come, come, 'tis you rule the king. Now, would any wise woman in the world be so hunger-starved for a man, and not use the means to have him? Think'st thou Cleanthes will come again to have his head chopped off so soon

as he comes? but had you plucked up this branch wherein the king thy husband's life consists and burnt it in the fire, his old beard would have stunk for't in the grave ere this, and then thou shouldst have seen whether Cleanthes would have come unto thee or no.

Ægi. Oh, execrable counsel!

Count. Go to, 'tis good counsel, take the grace of God before your eyes, and follow it: to it, wench, coraggio; I know I have gotten thee with child of a desire, and thou long'st but for a knife to let it out; hold, there 'tis; serve God and be thankful. Now, you knaves, will you let me come out, trow?

1st Guard. Please your lordship to bestow something on us, for we are poor knaves.

Count. Hark you, be even knaves still, and if you be poor long, you're foolish knaves, and so I'll leave you.

2nd Guard. Nay, 'swounds, my lord; no knaves neither.

Count. Then he was a knave that told me so; what dost thou tell me that? [*Exit.*]

Ægi. This serpent's counsel stings me to the heart,

Mounts to my brain, and binds my prince of sense,

My voluntary motion and my life, Sitting itself triumphing in their thrones,

And that doth force my hand to take this knife,

That bows my knees and sets me by thy branch,

Oh! my Diones, oh! my only son, Canst thou now feel the rigour of a knife?

No, thou art senseless, and I'll cut thee up, I'll shroud thee in my bosom safe from storms,

And trust no more my trustless guard with thee.

Come then, return unto thy mother's arms, And when I pull thee forth to serve the fire,

Turn thyself wholly into a burning tongue Invoking furies and infernal death,

To cool thy torments with thy father's breath.

Enter Elimine and Samathis.

Sa. Now, madam countess, do you make account

To take up husbands by your countess-ship?

Have you the broad seal for it, are you so high,

And stoop to one so low as is my husband?

Hence come your head-tires and your costly gowns,

Your train borne up and a man bare before you,

Now fie on pride when women go thus naked!

I ever thought that pride would have a fall, But little thought it would have such a fall.

Eli. What fall, I pray you?

Sa. There you lay last, forsooth, there you lay last.

Eli. Be not so angry, woman; you are deceived.

Sa. I know I am deceived, for thou deceivedst me,

Thou mightest as well have pick'd my purse, I tell thee;

"Oh," would my mother say, "when you have a husband,

Keep to him only;" but now one may see How horrible a thing it is to change,

Because it angers one so horribly, You must have ushers to make way before you.

Eli. The dame is mad: I'll stay no longer with her. [*Exit Elimine.*]

Sa. Well, madam short-heels, I'll be even with you,

See, where the mad-brain Count, her husband, comes.

Enter Count.

Sa. I will begone.

Count. Here, you usurer's wife, stay—a plague on you, stay; whither go you so fast? Why, did I ever hurt any of your sex yet?

Sa. Why no, my lord.

Count. Why no, my lord—why the devil do you turn tail when you should not? When you should, you will not be half so hasty. A man must love you, woo you, spend upon you, and the devil of one of you is worthy to kiss the hem of my riding-gown here.

Sa. Is this your riding-gown, my lord?

Count. 'Tis no matter what it is, talk not to me: what the devil did I mean to call thee back again?

Sa. Why, my lord, I mean not to trouble you.

Count. Go to, stay, I say, 'tis against my will that I use you so kindly, I can tell you.

Sa. Why, you may choose, my lord.

Count. Ay, but I cannot choose: there you lie now; 'tis love, forsooth, that entails me to you, for if it had not been for love, I had not been here now; for the gods do

know I hold thee dearer than the pomegranate of mine eye, and that's better, by threepence, than the apple of mine eye.

Sa. My lord, I am sorry for your heaviness.

Count. Nay, 'tis no matter. I am not the first ass that hath borne Cupid's treasury.

Sa. My lord, 'tis enough to make an ass wise to bear treasure.

Count. Why then, be you that wise ass, and bear me, for I have some treasure about me: will you love me?

Sa. Love you, my lord? It is strange you will ask it.

Count. I am not the first hath desired you.

Sa. Nor you shall not be the last I will refuse.

Count. Nor are you the fairest I have seen.

Sa. Nor the foulest you have loved.

Count. Nor the fittest to be beloved.

Sa. Nor the unfittest to hate.

Count. Do and you dare, but, sirrah, and thou wilt not love, I pray thee be proud.

Sa. Why so, my lord?

Count. Because I would have thee fall, for pride must have a fall.

Sa. Do you delight in my fall so much?

Count. As much as in mine own rising, 'faith; but do not you think it strange that I do love you; for before I did love you, Cupid pricked me a Spanish leather jerkin with shooting at me, and made it so full of holes that I was fain to leave it off, and this loss have I had for your sake.

Sa. My lord, I'll bestow an old jerkin on you.

Count. Nay, that shall not serve your turn, for I have had a greater loss than that: I lost my left eye for your sake.

Sa. I do not think so.

Count. Ay, but I'll tell you how: as I was hunting in the park, I saw Cupid shooting a cockhye into your face, and gazing after his arrow, it fell into mine eye.

Sa. A pretty fiction.

Count. But I find this no fiction, and you shall make me amends with love, or by this patch of mine eye, and the patch thou wottest where, I will swear to all the city I have lain with thee.

Sa. I hope your lordship will not do me that wrong.

Count. Then do you me right, and let me lie with you; I have made the bottle-nosed knave your husband so drunk that

he is not able to stand ; go, get you home, I'll follow you.

Sa. Why, my lord, what will you do there ?

Count. Go to, make no more questions, but say I shall be welcome ; or, by mine honour, I'll do as I say ; otherwise, be as secret as death.

Sa. Twenty to one he will : well, my lord, if you come, you come.

Count. Oh, I thank you heartily ; oh, excellent, or never trust me.

Enter Menippus and Elimine.

Me. Madam, your honour is come somewhat too soon.

Eli. Why so, Menippus ?

Me. Had you stayed never so little longer, you should have met my lord coming out of Leon's house, and out of his moveables.

Eli. How, out of his moveables ?

Me. Even in plain troth, I see him woo her, win her, and went in with her.

Eli. Now, of mine honour, I will be revenged. Fetch me the Burgomaster, Menippus ; I'll have them both whipped about the town.

Me. Nay, madam, you must not dishonour him so.

Eli. What shall mine honour do, then ?

Me. Do but tongue-whip him, madam, and care not,
And so I leave him to the mercy of your tongue.

Eli. My tongue shall have hell, and no mercy in it.

Enter the Count.

Count. Excellent music, excellent music.

Eli. And the devil take the instrument !

Count. What, art thou so nigh ?

Eli. Ay, and it were a good deed to be a little nigher too ; you make a Count ass of me, indeed, as if I were too little for you ; but bigness is my fault, unless I were a little better used at your hands.

Count. Why, thou wilt be too perfit if I should use thee much, for use makes perfitness.

Eli. Ay, but I cannot be too perfit, and therefore I'll spoil her perfections that helps to spoil mine, I warrant her.

Count. Why may not I lie with her, as well as thou layest with her husband ?

Eli. I defy you and all the world, that can say black is mine eye.

Count. I think so indeed, for thine eye is grey, but thou didst lie with him by

that same token he gave thee a carcanet, and thou told'st me that thy mother sent it thee : thou didst promise to banquet him when I was next abroad, thou didst say he could not be so old as he made himself to be, thou didst say 'twas pity of his nose, for he would have been a fine man else, and that God did well to make him a rich man, for he was a good man too ; and these tokens I think are sufficient, for these he told me with his own mouth.

Eli. He lied like an old knave as he was, and that he shall know the next time these lips open, in faith ! oh, wicked perjured man would he disclose my secrets ? i'faith, what woman would trust any man alive with her honesty ? *[Exit.*

Count. Ha, ha, ha, I have sent her in a pelting chase, but I'll follow her and make her mad with anger.

Enter Porus king of Æthiopia, Rhesus king of Arabia, Bion king of Phasiaca, Bebritius king of Bebritia, with soldiers and drum and ensign.

Po. Thus have we trod the sandy vales of Egypt,

Adjoining to the plains of Alexandria,
Where proud King Ptolemy keeps his residence,

Securely trusting to his prophecies,
Which hath foretold him many years ago,
That if the young Arcadian Doricles
Should link in marriage with his lovely daughter,

He then should conquer all our bordering lands,

And make us subject to his tyranny.

Rhe. Trusting to his fond fantastic dreams,

He hath exiled the warlike Duke Cleanthes,
Whose name was terror to our valiant troops.

Bi. Cleanthes exiled gives us easy way
To our attempts where had he stay'd,
And been a friend to him, yet should he not

Escape subjection.

Be. We will divide his kingdom 'twixt us four,

And reave from him his four chief ornaments,

And for to grieve his aged mind the more,

He shall be kept in lasting servitude,
So to fulfil what fate to him assign'd.

Po. Come, let us march and brave him at the walls.

If Porus live to wield his martial sword,

His city walls shall not preserve him safe,
But he shall die by Porus and his friends.

[*Exeunt.*]

Enter Doricles and Aspasia.

Do. Sweet madam, grant me once a cheerful look

To glad my dying heart with sorrow kill'd :
Your father hath resign'd his free consent ;
You bound by duty to obey his will.

As. Nay, rather let him hail me to my death,

Than 'gainst my will constrain me match myself.

Enter Count.

Count. Die, thou vile wretch, and live, Aspasia ;

Even now I heard thy father Ptolemy,
With words that still do tingle in mine ears,
Pronounce him heir to Alexandria.

'Tis time for me to stir when such young boys

Shall have their weak necks over-poised with crowns,

Which must become resolved champions,
That for a crown's exchange will sell their souls.

[*He kills him.*]

As. Wicked Count Hermes, for this monstrous deed,

Egypt will hate thee and thou sure must die :

Then hie thee to the hills beyond the Alps,
Fly to unknown and unfrequented climes,
Some desert place that never saw the sun.

For if the king or any of his friends
Shall find Count Hermes, thou art surely dead.

Count. I'll fly no more than doth a settled rock,

No more than mountains or the steadfast poles ;

But come, sweet love, if thou wilt come with me,

We two will live amongst the shadowy groves,

And we will sit like shepherds on a hill,
And with our heavenly voices 'tice the trees

To echo sweetly our celestial tunes.
Else will I angle in the running brooks,

Seasoning our toils with kisses on the banks ;

Sometime I'll dive into the murmuring springs,

And fetch thee stones to hang about thy neck.

Which by thy splendour will be turn'd to pearl.

Say, fair Aspasia, wilt thou walk with me ?

As. No, bloody Count, but I will clear myself,

And tell thy murders to the amazed court.

Count. Nay, if thou wilt not choose, you peevish girl,

Thou canst not say but thou wert offer'd fair.

But here must end Count Hermes' strange disguise.

My velvet gown, my pistol, and this patch
No more must hide me in the Count's attire.

Now will I turn my gown to usurer's coats,

And thus appear unto the world no more.
Farewell, Aspasia.

[*Exit Count.*]

As. Go, wretched villain, hide thy hated head

Where never heaven's light may shine on thee,

Who's there? come forth, for here is murder done,

Murder, murder of good prince Doricles.

Enter Euribates.

Eu. Who calls out murder?—lady, was it you?

As. As I was walking in the pleasant weeds,

With Doricles, the young Arcadian prince,
Rush'd in Count Hermes and in desperate words

Hath slain this prince.

Eu. A baleful deed! Pursue the murderer,

And tell the king of this foul accident.

Enter Ptolemy.

Pto. Oh, tell no more ; instead of tears,
My beating heart dissolves in drops of blood,

And from mine eyes that stare upon this corpse

Leaps out my soul and on it I will die.

Oh, Doricles, oh, dear Arcadian prince,
The bulwark and supporter of my life,

That by decree of fates was promised
To add four neighbour kingdoms to my crown,

And shield me from a most abhorred death,

Now shall my kingdom leave me with my life,

And suddenly look for some monstrous fate,
Shall fall like thunder on my wretched state.

Enter a Messenger.

Mes. Arm, arm, my lord ! my lords, to instant arms,

Four mighty kings are landed in thy coast,
And threaten death and ruin to thy land,
Black Porus, the Ethiopian king,
Comes marching first with twenty thousand
men,

Next Rhesus, king of sweet Arabia,
In warlike manner marcheth after him,
In equal number and in battle 'ray.
Next Bion, king of rich Phasiaca,
And stern Bebritius of Bebritia,
With each of them full twenty thousand
strong,
All which hath vow'd the death of Ptolemy,
And thus they hither bend their speedy
feet.

Pto. How suddenly is weather overcast,
How is the face of peaceful Egypt
changed,
Like as the smiling flowers above the
ground
By keenest edge of Eurys' breath is cut.

Eu. To arms, my lord, and gather up
your strength,
Your bands in Memphis and in Caspia,
Join'd with your power of Alexandria,
Will double all the forces of these kings.

Pto. All shall be done we may, mean-
while
Bury the body of this slaughter'd prince,
Lest with the view my senses follow his.
Curs'd be his hand that wrought the
damned deed,
Cold and uncover'd may his body lie,
Let storm and hail and thunder beat on him,
And every bird and beast run over him,
That robb'd poor Ptolemy of such a hope.
Pursue the desperate Count that murder'd
him,
A thousand kingdoms shall not save his
life.

Enter Leon.

Le. A miracle, a miracle, a dreadful
miracle!

Pto. What miracle, oh! what will heavens
do more,
To punish Egypt and her hapless king?

Le. As I was walking through the Syrian
groves,
I saw the desperate Count, the murderer
Of good prince Doricles, as I hear say,
Fly through the deserts to the Memphic
shades,
Where hell to interrupt his passage thither,
Raving beneath the groundwork of the
earth
As if ten thousand vapours burst in her,
Sever'd her womb and swallow'd quick
miserable Count.

Pto. Just are the heavens in his most
dreadful end.

But come, my lords, let us to instant arms,
To drive away more mischiefs from our
land. *[Exeunt.*

Le. So get you gone and perish all with
him,

Now shall you know what want you have
of me.

Now will I gather up my sums of money,
And of my creditors borrow what I can.
Because as Leon I'll be seen no more,
This day they promised for to meet me
here,
And here comes some of them.

Enter First Messenger.

1st Mess. My master, sir, your friend
Calatus, hath sent you, sir, your five hun-
dred crowns for the rich jewel that he
bought of you.

Le. I thank him heartily; this jewel of
so many thousand crowns the Queen of
Egypt did bestow on me, when that I told
her in poor Irus' shape where her Clean-
thes was; but soft, who have we here?

Enter Second Messenger.

2nd Mess. Druso, the Italian merchant,
hath sent by me,
Hath sent you, sir, in diamonds and in
pearls

So much as mounteth to five thousand
crowns,
And craves no more assurance but your
word.

Le. There's my bill, and thank thy mas-
ter; he shall have more than word.

[Exeunt. Manet Leon.]

Never shall he nor they see this again,
Nor me neither, as I am this present man;
This, with the rest I have will make a
pretty sum,

With this will I employ me in these wars.
Now will I take on me the form and shape
Of Duke Cleanthes; but what intends this
alarum? *[Alarum.]*

Enter Clearchus.

Clear. Where may I seek to find Clean-
thes out,
That martial prince whom Ptolemy, un-
kind,
Hath banished from out the Egyptian
land;
Our warlike troops are scatter'd and o'er-
thrown,
And his dear friends Acates and Acanthes

Lie in the field besmired in their bloods.
I'll run through all these groves to find him
out. [Exit.

Le. My sweet Acates and Acanthes
slain!

Grief to my heart and sorrow to my soul.
Then rouse thyself, Cleanthes, and re-
venge
Their guiltless blood on these base mis-
creants.

Oh, let the canker'd trumpet of the deep
Be rattled out and ring into their ears
The dire revenge Cleanthes will inflict
On these four kings and all their 'com-
plices. [Alarum. Excursions.

*Enter Cleanthes, leading Porus, Rhesus,
Bion, Bebritius; Pego, Clearchus,
Euribatus.*

Cle. Thus have you strove in vain
against those gods,
That rescue Egypt in Cleanthes' arms;
Come, yield your crowns and homages to
me.

Though Ptolemy is dead, yet I survive,
Elect and chosen by the peers to scourge
The vile presumption of your hated lives;
Then yield as vanquish'd unto Egypt's
king.

Po. First by thy valour and the strength
of arms,
Porus, the wealthy Ethiopian king,
Doth yield his crown and homage unto
thee,

Swearing by all my gods whom I adore,
To honour Duke Cleanthes whilst he live,
And in his aid with twenty thousand men,
Will always march 'gainst whom thou
mean'st to fight.

Bi. Bion, whose neck was never forced
to bow,
Doth yield him captive to thy warlike
sword.

Command whatso thou list, we will per-
form,
And all my power shall march at thy com-
mand.

Rhe. Rhesus doth yield his crown and
dignity
To great Cleanthes, Egypt's only strength;
For if Cleanthes lives, who ever lived
More likelier to be monarch of the world?
Then here accept my vow'd allegiance,
Which as the rest I render unto thee.

Be. So saith Bebritius of Bebritia,
And lays his crown and homage at thy
feet.

Cle. Hold, take your crowns again,
And keep your oaths and fealties to me.

So shall you live as free as heretofore,
And ne'er hereafter stoop to conquest more.

Enter Elimine and Samathis with child.

Pe. Here comes the two widows of the
beggard and the king; little know they that
both their husbands are turned into one
king; there would be old striving who
should be queen, i'faith.

Eli. Pity, dread sovereign.

Sa. Pity, gracious lord.

Cle. What are your suits?

Eli. I, the poor Countess and the widow
left

Of late Count Hermes, having all my goods
Seized to our late king's use, for murder
done,

Of young prince Doricles, humbly pray
your grace

I may have somewhat to maintain my
state,

And this poor burthen which I go withal,
The hapless infant of a hapless father.

Sa. And I, my lord, humbly entreat
your grace,

That where my husband Leon is deceased,
And left me much in debt, his creditors
Having seized all I have into their hands,
And turn'd me with this hapless burthen
here,

Into the streets, your highness will descend
To my relief by some convenient order.

Cle. Poor souls, I most extremely pity
them.

But say, is Leon dead?

Cle. Men say, my lord he cast his
desperate body

From th' Alexandrian Tower into the sea.

Cle. Who saw the sight, or gave out
this report?

You, master Burgomaster?

Pe. I did, my gracious lord.

Cle. So I devised indeed that he should
say,

That none should never look for Leon
more.

But these my widows here must not be left,
Unto the mercy of the needy world,
Nor mine own issue that they go withal
Have such base fortunes and their sire so
great.

Widows, in pity of your widowhood,
And the untimely ends of both your hus-
bands,

The slaughter of the Count, your husband,
madam,

Shall be remitted, and yourself enjoy

The utmost of the living he possess'd,

So will I pay your husband Leon's debt,

And both shall live fitting their wonted states,

Kings in their mercy come most near the gods,

And can no better show it than in ruth,
Of widows and of children fatherless.

Myself will therefore be to both your births
A careful father in their bringing up.

Am. The gods for ever bless your majesty!

Cle. But tell me, were your husbands such bad men,

That every way they did deserve such ends?

Eli. Mine was a husband to my heart's content,

But that he used the privilege of men.

Cle. What privilege of men?

Eli. To take some other love besides his wife,

Which men think by their custom they may do,

Although their wives be strictly bound to them.

Cle. With whom suspect you he was great withal?

Eli. With this poor widow here, the world supposeth.

Sa. So thinks the world my husband was with you.

Pe. Fair dames, what will you say to me,

If I can tell you where your husbands be?

Cle. What! can you, sir?

Pe. Nay nothing, sir, I did but jest with you; I feared* him, i' faith; but I'll be secret, that's flat.

Cle. Well, master Burgomaster, see that you restore

The goods and lands you seized
Both of the Countess and rich Leon's wife.

Not pity of their widowhoods alone,
But their rare beauties move me to this good;

Oh, master Burgomaster, see here's your wife,

Come to welcome you home from wars.

Enter Martia with a child.

Mar. Oh husband, husband, will you go to war, and leave me in this taking?

Pe. This taking! why, this is a very good taking; how say you, is it not, and like your majesty?

Cle. 'Tis very well, master Burgomaster.

* Feared him—i.e., frightened. Or perhaps a misprint for *scared*.

Pe. But shall I entreat one boon of your majesty?

Cle. What's that, master Burgomaster?

Pe. Marry, even to be godfather to my young Burgomaster here.

Cle. With all my heart, sir.

Mar. Come on, sweet husband, for my time draws near.

Pe. Fear not, thou shalt be a joyful mother, I warrant thee.

Cle. How say you, my lords; is not our Burgomaster a tall man every way? Did you not mark how manfully he behaved himself in our late battle?

Po. We did, my lord, and wonder at his courage.

Rhe. His merit doth deserve a better place

Than to be Burgomaster of Alexandria.

Cle. Then say, my lords, how shall we deal with him?

Bi. Had he been widower he might have wedded with this Countess here.

Pe. Oh! I have one of mine own, I thank you, sir; here's one has the sweet of them, i' faith.

Po. My lord, the offer had been too high a grace,

For ne'er did eye behold a fairer face.

Be. So saith mine eye that hath my heart incensed.

Bi. And, Rhesus, methinks this exceeds her far.

Rhe. No question of it, as the sun a star.

Po. As suddenly as lightning beauty wounds.

Be. None ever loved, but at first sight they loved.

Po. Love's darts are swift as is the lightning-fire.

Rhe. See, he shoots arrows burning from her eyes.

Po. Why, which loves Rhesus?

Rhe. This celestial dame.

Po. And which loves Bion?

Bi. Even the very same.

Po. Then may I freely joy the Countess here.

Beb. No, Porus, for Bebritius loves her too.

Cle. Are they in love? oh! gods would that were true,

My loving joy the fresh desire of kings.

How now, my lords, doth beauty startle you?

Po. More than dead stocks would startle at such beauty.

Be. In vain do I resist my passions.
Mighty Cleanthes, to annex my heart

In love to thee as well as victory,
Grant this fair Countess here may be my
queen.

Po. No, great Cleanthes, give her to my
hand,

Whose heart was first the subject of her
graces.

Rhe. Then let the Arabian king make
this his queen.

Bi. Nay, this, Cleanthes, let my love
enjoy.

Cle. How fatal are these loves ; now I
perceive,

Their fortunes that I told as I was Irus
Will now in force, I see, be come to pass.

Sa. Oh ! holy Irus, blessed be thy
tongue,

That like an orator hath told our fortunes.

Fli. He told us we should soon lose our
first loves,

Making our second choice 'mongst greatest
kings.

Cle. I did indeed, but God knows knew
not how.

Pe. How say you, master brother, am
not I secret now ?

Cle. Thou art, and be so still, for not the
world

Shall ever know the mad pranks I have
play'd.

Now stand fair, my lords, and let these
ladies view you.

Eli. In my eye now the blackest is the
fairest,

For every woman chooseth white and red.

Come, martial Porus, thou shalt have my
love.

Be. Out on thee, foolish woman, thou
hast chose a devil.

Pe. Not yet, sir, till he have horns.

Sa. 'Tis not the face and colour I regard,
But fresh and lovely youth allures my
choice,

And thee, most beauteous Bion, I affect.

Rhe. Hapless is Rhesus !

Bebri. Accursed Bebritius !

Cle. Have patience, gentle lords ; I will
provide

Other Egyptian ladies for your turn,
So will we link in perfit league of love.

So shall the victory you lost to me
Set double glory on your conquer'd heads.

So let us go to frolic in our Court,
Carousing free whole bowls of Greekish
wine,

In honour of the conquest we have made,
That at our banquet all the gods may
'tend,

Plauding our victory and this happy end.

[*Exeunt.*]

An Humorous Day's Mirth.*

Enter the Count Labervele, in his shirt and nightgown, with two jewels in his hand.

La. Yet hath the morning sprinkled through the clouds

But half her tincture, and the soil of night Sticks still upon the bosom of the air :

Yet sleep doth rest my love for nature's debt,

And through her window and this dim twilight

Her maid, nor any waking I can see.

This is the holy green, my wife's close walk, To which not any but herself alone

Hath any key, only that I have clapt

Her key in wax, and made this counterfeit, To which I steal access to work this rare

And politic device.

Fair is my wife, and young and delicate, Although too religious in the purest sort,

But pure religion being but mental stuff And sense indeed, all for itself,

Is to be doubted, that when an object comes

Fit to her humour, she will intercept

Religious letters sent unto her mind,

And yield unto the motion of her blood.

Here have I brought, then, two rich agates for her,

Graven with two posies of mine own devising,

For poets I'll not trust, nor friends, nor any.

She longs to have a child, which yet, alas !

I cannot get, yet long as much as she ;

And not to make her desperate, thus I write

In this fair jewel, though it simple be,

Yet 'tis mine own, that meaneth well in nought.

'Tis—

*Despair not of children,
Love with the longest;
When man is at the weakest,
God is at the strongest.*

I hope 'tis plain and knowing; in this other that I write,

*God will reward her a thousand-fold,
That takes what age can, and not what age would.*

I hope 'tis pretty and pathological. Well, even here

Lie both together till my love arise,

And let her think you fall out of the skies : I will to bed again. [*Exit.*]

Enter Lemot and Colenet.

Le. How like you this morning, Colenet? What, shall we have a fair day?

Co. The sky hangs full of humour, and I think we shall have rain.

Le. Why, rain is fair weather when the ground is dry and barren, especially when it rains humour, for then do men, like hot sparrows and pigeons, open all their wings ready to receive them.

Co. Why, then, we may chance to have a fair day, for we shall spend it with so humorous acquaintance as rains nothing but humour all their life-time.

Le. True, Colenet, over which will I sit like an old king in an old-fashion play, having his wife, his council, his children, and his fool about him, to whom he will sit, and point very learnedly, as followeth:—

“My council grave, and you, my noble peers,

My tender wife, and you my children dear, And thou, my fool.”

Co. Not meaning me, sir, I hope.

Le. No, sir : but thus will I sit, as it were, and point out all my humorous companions.

Co. You shall do marvellous well, sir.

* “A Pleasant Comedy entituled: An Humorous dayes Myrth. As it hath been sundrie times publicly acted by the right honourable the Earle of Nottingham Lord high Admirall his seruants. By G. C. At London Printed by Valentine Syms : 1599.”

Le. I thank you for your good encouragement: but, Colenet, thou shalt see Catalian bring me hither an odd gentleman presently, to be acquainted withal, who, in his manner of taking acquaintance will make us excellent sport.

Co. Why, Lemot, I think thou send'st about of purpose for young gallants to be acquainted withal, to make thyself merry in the manner of taking acquaintance.

Le. By heaven I do, Colenet; for there is no better sport than to observe the compliment, for that's their word—compliment, do you mark, sir?

Co. Yea, sir, but what humour hath this gallant in his manner of taking acquaintance?

Le. Marry thus, sir: he will speak the very selfsame word, to a syllable, after him of whom he takes acquaintance: as if I should say, "I am marvellous glad of your acquaintance," he will reply "I am marvellous glad of your acquaintance;" "I have heard much good of your rare parts and fine carriage," "I have heard much good of your rare parts and fine carriage." So long as the compliments of a gentleman last, he is your complete ape.

Co. Why, this is excellent.

Le. Nay, sirrah, here's the jest of it: when he is past this gratulation, he will retire himself to a chimney, or a wall, standing folding his arms thus; and go you and speak to him so far as the room you are in will afford you, you shall never get him from that most gentlemanlike set, or behaviour.

Co. This makes his humour perfit; I would he would come once.

Enter Catalian and Blanuel.

Le. See where he comes. Now must I say, *Lupus est in fabula*, for these Latin ends are part of a gentleman and a good scholar.

Ca. O, good morrow, Monsieur Lemot; here is the gentleman you desired so much to be acquainted withal.

Le. He is marvellous welcome. I shall be exceeding proud of your acquaintance.

Bla. I shall be exceeding proud of your acquaintance.

Le. I have heard much good of your rare parts and fine carriage.

Bla. I have heard much good of your rare parts and fine carriage.

Le. I shall be glad to be commanded by you.

Bla. I shall be glad to be commanded by you.

Le. I pray do not you say so.

Bla. I pray do not you say so.

Le. Well, gentlemen, this day let's consecrate to mirth; and, Colenet, you know, no man better, that you are mightily in love with love, by Martia, daughter to old Foyes.

Co. I confess it: here are none but friends.

Le. Well, then, go to her this morning in Countess Moren's name, and so perhaps you may get her company, though the old churl be so jealous that he will suffer no man to come at her, but the vain gull Labesha for his living sake, and he as yet she will not be acquainted withal.

Co. Well, this I'll do, whatsoever come on it.

Le. Why, nothing but good will come of it, ne'er doubt it, man.

Ca. He hath taken up his stand, talk a little further and see and you can remove him.

Le. I will, Catalian. Now, Monsieur Blanuel, mark, I pray.

Bla. I do, sir, very well, I warrant you.

Le. You know the old Count Labervele hath a passing fair young lady, that is a passing foul Puritan.

Bla. I know her very well, sir; she goes more like a milkmaid than a Countess, for all her youth and beauty.

Le. True, sir, yet of her is the old Count so jealous that he will suffer no man to come at her; yet I will find a means that two of us will have access to her, though before his face, which shall so heat his jealous humour till he be stark mad; but, Colenet, go you first to lovely Martia, for 'tis too soon for the old lord and his fair young lady to rise.

Co. Adieu, Monsieur Blanuel.

Bla. Adieu, good Monsieur Colenet.

[*Exit Col.*]

Le. Monsieur Blanuel, your kindness in this will bind me much to you.

Bla. Monsieur Lemot, your kindness in this will bind me much to you.

Le. I pray you do not say so, sir.

Bla. I pray you do not say so, sir.

Le. Will't please you to go in?

Bla. Will't please you to go in?

Le. I will follow you.

Bla. I will follow you.

Le. It shall be yours.

Bla. It shall be yours.

Le. Kind Monsieur Blanuel.

Bla. Kind Monsieur Lemot.

[*Exit.*]

Enter Foyes, and Martia, and Besha.

Fo. Come on, fair daughter, fall to your work of mind, and make your body fit to embrace the body of this gentleman, 'tis art : happy are they, say I.

Be. I protest, sir, you speak the best that ever I heard.

Fo. I pray, sir, take acquaintance of my daughter.

Be. I do desire you of more acquaintance.

Fo. Why dost not thou say yea, and I the same of you?

Mar. That everybody says.

Fo. Oh, you would be singular.

Mar. Single, indeed.

Fo. Single, indeed, that's a pretty toy, Your betters, dame, bear double, and so shall you.

Be. Exceeding pretty, did you mark it forsooth?

Mar. What should I mark forsooth?

Be. Your bearing double, which equivocates is and hath a fit allusion to a horse that bears double, for your good father means you shall endure your single life no longer, not in worse sense than bearing double forsooth.

Mar. I cry you mercy, you know both belike.

Be. Knowledge, forsooth, is like a horse, and you that can bear double : it nourisheth both Bee and Spider—the Bee honeysuckle, the Spider poison. I am that bee.

Mar. I thought so, by your stinging wit.

Be. Lady, I am a bee without a sting, no way hurting any, but good to all, and before all, to your sweet self.

Fo. Afore God, daughter, thou art not worthy to hear him speak : but who comes here?

Enter Colenet.

Co. God save you, sir.

Fo. You are welcome, sir; for ought that I know yet.

Co. I hope I shall be so still, sir.

Fo. What is your business, sir, and then I'll tell you.

Co. Marry thus, sir : the Countess Moren entreats your fair daughter to bear her company this forenoon.

Fo. This forenoon, sir. Doth my lord or lady send for her, I pray?

Co. My lady, I assure you.

Fo. My lady, you assure me ; very well, sir ; yet that house is full of gallant gentle-

men ; dangerous thorns to prick young maids, I can tell you.

Co. There are none but honest and honourable gentlemen.

Fo. All is one, sir, for that ; I'll trust my daughter with any man, but no man with my daughter, only yourself, Monsieur Besha, whom I will entreat to be her guardian, and to bring her home again.

Co. I will wait upon her, and it please you.

Fo. No, sir, your weight upon her will not be so good : here, Monsieur Besha, I deliver my daughter unto you a perfect maid, and so I pray you look well unto her.

Co. Farewell, Monsieur Foyes.

Be. I warrant I'll look unto her well enough.

Mistress will it please you to preambulate?

Mar. With all my heart. [*Exeunt.*]

Enter the Puritan.

Flo. What have I done? Put on too many clothes ; the day is hot, and I am hotter clad than might suffice health ; my conscience tells me that I have offended, and I'll put them off. That will ask time that might be better spent, one sin will draw another quickly so ; see how the devil tempts. But what's here? jewels? how should these come here?

Enter Labervele.

La. Good morrow, lovely wife ; what hast thou there?

Flo. Jewels, my lord, which here I strangely found.

La. That's strange indeed ; what, where none comes

But when yourself is here? Surely the heavens

Have rain'd thee jewels for thy holy life,
And using thy old husband lovingly ;
Or else do fairies haunt this holy green,
As evermore mine ancestors have thought.

Flo. Fairies were but in times of ignorance,

Not since the true pure light hath been reveal'd,

And that they come from heaven I scarce believe :

For jewels are vain things, much gold is given

For such fantastical and fruitless jewels,
And therefore heaven I know will not maintain

The use of vanity. Surely I fear I have much sinned to stoop and take them up,

bowing my body to an idle work; the strength that I have had to this very deed might have been used to take a poor soul up in the highway.

La. You are too curious, wife; behold your jewels: what I methinks there's posies written on them.

Then he reads:

*Despair not of children,
Love with the longest;
When man is at the weakest,
God is at the strongest.*

Wonderful rare and witty, nay divine!
Why, this is heavenly comfort for thee, wife.
What is this other?

*God will reward her a thousand-fold,
That takes what age can, and not what
age would.*

The best that e'er I heard; no mortal
brain

I think did ever utter such conceit
For good plain matter, and for honest
rhyme.

Flo. Vain poetry, I pray you burn them,
sir.

La. You are to blame, wife; heaven
hath sent you them to deck yourself
withal, like to yourself, not to go thus
like a milk-maid; why, there is difference
in estates by all religion.

Flo. There is no difference.

La. I prithee, wife, be of another mind,
And wear these jewels and a velvet hood.

Flo. A velvet hood! O vain devilish
device!

A toy made with a superfluous flap,
Which being cut off, my head were still as
warm.

Diogenes did cast away his dish,
Because his hand would serve to help him
drink,

Surely these heathens shall rise up against us.

La. Sure, wife, I think thy keeping
always close, making thee melancholy, is
the cause we have no children, and there-
fore if thou wilt, be merry, and keep com-
pany a God's name.

Flo. Sure, my lord, if I thought I should
be rid of this same punishment of barren-
ness, and use our marriage to the end it
was made, which was for procreation, I
should sin, if by my keeping house I
should neglect the lawful means to be a
fruitful mother, and therefore if it please
you I'll use resort.

La. Gods my passion, what have I done?
who would have thought her pureness

would yield so soon to courses of tempta-
tions? Nay, hark you, wife, I am not sure
that going abroad will cause fruitfulness
in you; that, you know, none knows but
God himself.

Flo. I know, my lord, 'tis true; but the
lawful means must still be used.

La. Yea, the lawful means indeed must
still; but now I remember that lawful
means is not abroad.

Flo. Well, well, I'll keep the house still.
La. Nay, hark you, lady, I would not
have you think, marry, I must tell you
this, if you should change the manner of
your life, the world would think you
changed religion too.

Flo. 'Tis true, I will not go.

La. Nay, if you have a fancy.

Flo. Yea, a fancy, but that's no matter.

La. Indeed, fancies are not for judicial
and religious women.

Enter Catalian like a scholar.

Ca. God save your lordship, and you,
most religious lady.

La. Sir, you may say God save us well
indeed,

That thus are thrust upon in private walks.

Ca. A slender thrust, sir, where I touch'd
you not.

La. Well, sir, what is your business?

Ca. Why, sir, I have a message to my
lady from Monsieur du Barte.

La. To your lady! well, sir, speak your
mind to your lady.

Flo. You are very welcome, sir, and I
pray how doth he?

Ca. In health, madam, thanks be to
God, commending his duty to your lady-
ship, and hath sent you a message which
I would desire your honour to hear in pri-
vate.

Flo. "My ladyship" and "my honour!"
they be words which I must have you
leave, they be idle words, and you shall
answer for them truly: "my duty to you,"
or "I desire you," were a great deal better
than "my ladyship," or "my honour."

Ca. I thank you for your Christian ad-
monition.

Flo. Nay, thank God for me. Come, I
will hear your message with all my heart,
and you are very welcome, sir.

La. "With all my heart, and you are
very welcome, sir," and go and talk with a
young lusty fellow able to make a man's
hair stand upright on his head! What purity
is there in this, trow you? ha, what wench
of the faculty could have been more for-

ward? Well, sir, I will know your message, you sir; what says the holy man, sir? Come, tell true, for by heaven or hell I will have it out.

Ca. Why, you shall, sir, if you be so desirous.

La. Nay, sir, I am more than so desirous; come, sir, study not for a new device now.

Ca. Not I, my lord, this is both new and old. I am a scholar, and being spiritually inclined by your lady's most godly life, I am to profess the ministry, and to become her chaplain, to which end Monsieur du Barte hath commended me.

La. Her chaplain in the devil's name, fit to be vicar of hell.

Flo. My good head, what are you afraid of? he comes with a godly and neighbourly suit: what, think you his words or his looks can tempt me? have you so little faith? If every word he spake were a serpent as subtle as that which tempted Eve, he cannot tempt me, I warrant you.

La. Well answered for him, lady, by my faith. Well, hark you, I'll keep your chaplain's place yonder for awhile, and at length put in one myself. [*Enter Lemot.*] What, more yet? Gods my passion, whom do I see? the very imp of desolation, the minion of our king, whom no man sees to enter his house but he locks up his wife, his children, and his maids, for where he goes he carries his house upon his head, like a snail: now, sir, I hope your business is to me.

Le. No, sir, I must crave a word with my lady.

La. These words are intolerable, and she shall hear no more.

Le. She must hear me speak.

La. Must she, sir; have you brought the king's warrant for it?

Le. I have brought that which is above kings.

La. Why, every man for her sake is a Puritan. The devil I think will shortly turn Puritan, or the Puritan will turn devil.

Flo. What have you brought, sir?

Le. Marry this, madam; you know we ought to prove one another's constancy, and I am come in all chaste and honourable sort to prove your constancy.

Flo. You are very welcome, sir, and I will abide your proof. It is my duty to abide your proof.

La. You'll bide his proof; it is your duty to bide his proof; how the devil will you bide his proof?

Flo. My good head, no otherwise than before your face in all honourable and religious sort; I tell you I am constant to you, and he comes to try whether I be so or no, which I must endure. Begin your proof, sir.

Le. Nay, madam, not in your husband's hearing, though in his sight; for there is no woman will show she is tempted from her constancy, though she be a little. Withdraw yourself, sweet lady.

La. Well, I will see, though I do not hear; women may be courted without offence, so they resist the courtier.

Le. Dear and most beautiful lady; of all the sweet, honest, and honourable means to prove the purity of a lady's constancy, kisses are the strongest. I will, therefore, be bold to begin my proof with a kiss.

Flo. No, sir, no kissing.

Le. No kissing, madam? how shall I prove you then sufficiently, not using the most sufficient proof? To flatter yourself by affection of spirit, when it is not perfectly tried, is sin.

Flo. You say well, sir; that which is truth is truth.

Le. Then do you well, lady, and yield to the truth.

Flo. By your leave, sir, my husband sees; peradventure it may breed an offence to him.

Le. How can it breed an offence to your husband to see your constancy perfectly tried?

Flo. You are an odd man, I see; but first I pray tell me how kissing is the best proof of chaste ladies.

Le. To give you a reason for that, you must give me leave to be obscure and philosophical.

Flo. I pray you be. I love philosophy well.

Le. Then thus, madam: every kiss is made as the voice is, by imagination and appetite, and as both those are presented to the ear in the voice, so are they to the silent spirits in our kisses.

Flo. To what spirit mean you?

Le. To the spirits of our blood.

Flo. What if it do?

Le. Why, then, my imagination and mine appetite working upon your ears in my voice, and upon your spirits in my kisses, piercing therein the more deeply, they give the stronger assault against your constancy.

Flo. Why, then, to say, "prove my constancy," is as much as to say, "kiss me."

Le. Most true, rare lady.

Flo. Then prove my constancy.

Le. Believe me, madam, you gather exceeding wittily upon it.

La. Oh, my forehead, my very heart aches at a blow; what dost thou mean, wife? thou wilt lose thy fame, discredit thy religion, and dishonour me for ever.

Flo. Away, sir; I will abide no more of your proof, nor endure any more of your trial.

Le. Oh, she dares not, she dares not; I am as glad I have tried your purity as may be: you the most constant lady in France? I know an hundred ladies in this town that will dance, revel all night amongst gallants, and in the morning go to bed to her husband as clear a woman as if she were new christened; kiss him, embrace him, and say, "no, no, husband, thou art the man;" and he takes her for the woman.

Flo. And all this can I do.

La. Take heed of it, wife.

Flo. Fear not, my good head; I warrant you for him.

Le. Nay, madam, triumph not before the victory; how can you conquer that against which you never strive, or strive against that which never encounters you? To live idle in this walk, to enjoy this company, to wear this habit, and have no more delights than those will afford you, is to make virtue an idle housewife, and to hide herself in slothful cobwebs, that still should be adorned with actions of victory: no, madam, if you will unworthily prove your constancy to your husband, you must put on rich apparel, fare daintily, hear music, read sonnets, be continually courted, kiss, dance, feast, revel all night amongst gallants, then if you come to bed to your husband with a clear mind and a clear body, then are your virtues *ipsissima*; then have you passed the full test of experiment, and you shall have an hundred gallants fight thus far in blood for the defence of your reputation.

La. Oh, vanity of vanities!

Flo. Oh, husband, this is perfect trial indeed.

La. And you will try all this now, will you not?

Flo. Yea, my good head; for it is written, we must pass to perfection through all temptation, Abacuk the fourth.

La. Abacuk!—cuck me no cucks; in a doors, I say; thieves, Puritans, murderers; in a doors, I say. [Exit.]

Le. So now is he stark mad, i'faith; but sirrah, as this is an old lord jealous of his young wife, so is ancient Countess Moren jealous of her young husband; we'll thither to have some sport, i'faith. [Exit.]

Enter Besha *hanging upon* Martia's *sleeve, and the* Lord Moren *comes to them.*

Mar. I prithee, Besha, keep a little off; hang not upon her shoulders thus for shame.

Be. My lord, *Pardon a moy*, I must not let her talk alone with any one, for her father gave me charge.

Mar. Oh, you are a goodly charger for a goose.

Be. A goose! you are a gander to call me goose; I am a Christian gentleman as well as you.

Mo. Well, sirrah, get you hence, or by my troth I'll have thee taken out in a blanket, tossed from forth our hearing.

Be. In a blanket? what, do you make a puppy of me? By skies and stones, I will go and tell your lady. [Exit.]

Mo. Nay, but, Besha.

Mar. Yes, he will tell, my lord.

Enter the Countess Moren *and* Besha.

Coun. Why, how now, my lord! what, thought you I was dead, that you are wooing of another thus, or are you laying plots to work my death?

Mo. Why, neither, sweet bird; what need you move these questions unto me, who you know loves you above all the women in the world?

Coun. How he can flatter now he hath made a fault.

Be. He can do little, and he cannot cog.

Mo. Out, you ass!

Coun. Well, come tell me what you did entreat.

Mo. Nothing, by heaven, sweet bird, I swear, but to entreat her love.

Coun. But to entreat her love!

Mo. Nay, hear me out.

Coun. Nay, here you are out, you are out too much, methinks, and put me in.

Mo. And put you in?

Coun. In a fair taking, sir, I mean.

Mo. Oh, you may see what hasty taking is; you women evermore scramble for our words, and never take them mannerly from our mouths.

Coun. Come, tell me what you did entreat.

Mo. I did entreat her love to Colenet.

Coun. To Colenet? Oh, he is your dear

cousin, and your kind heart i'faith is never well but when you are doing good for every man ; speak, do you love me ?

Mo. I'faith, sweet bird.

Coun. Best of all others ?

Mo. Best of all others.

Coun. That's my good bird, i'faith.

Be. Oh, mistress, will you love me so ?

Mar. No, by my troth will I not.

Be. " No, by my troth, will I not : " why that's well said, I could never get her to flatter me yet.

Enter Lemot, Blanel, and Catalian, and Colenet.

Le. Good morrow, my good lord, and these passing lovely ladies.

Ca. So now we shall have all manner of flattering with Monsieur Lemot.

Le. You are all manner of ways deceived, madam, for I am so far from flattering you, that I do not a whit praise you.

Coun. Why do you call us passing lovely then ?

Le. Because you are passing from your loveliness.

Mar. Madam, we shall not have one mot of Monsieur Lemot, but it shall be as it were a moat to drown all our conceit in admiration.

Le. See what a mote her quick eye can spy in mine, before she looks in it.

Mar. So mote I thee, thine answer is as good as might be.

Le. Here's a poor name run out of breath quickly.

Co. Why, Monsieur Lemot, your name is run out of breath at every word you speak.

Le. That's because my name signifies word.

Mar. Well hit, Monsieur *verbum*.

Le. What, are you good at Latin, lady ?

Mar. No, sir, but I know what *verbum* is.

Le. Why, 'tis greenbum : *ver* is green, and you know what bum is, I am sure of that.

Mar. No, sir, 'tis a verb, and I can decline you.

Le. That you can, I'll be sworn.

Mar. What can I do ?

Le. Decline me, or take me a hole lower, as the proverb is.

Mar. Nay, sir, I mean plain grammatical declination.

Le. Well, let's hear your scholarship, and decline me.

Mar. I will, sir : *moto, motas*.

Be. O excellent ! she hath called him ass in Latin.

Le. Well, sir, forward.

Mar. Nay, there's enough to try both our scholarships.

Le. *Moto, motas* ; nay, 'faith forward to *motavi*, or *motandi*.

Mar. Nay, sir, I'll leave when I am well.

Co. Why, Monsieur Lemot, your name being in word general, is in nini, or in hammer, or in cock, or in buzzard.

Le. Or in wagtail, or in woodcock, or in dotteril, or in dizard.

Mar. Or in clot, or in head, or in cow, or in baby.

Le. Or in mawkin, or in trash, or in pap, or in lady.

Co. Or indeed in everything.

Le. Why then 'tis in thing.

Mar. Then, good Monsieur Thing, there let it rest.

Le. Then above all things I must have a word with you.

Be. Hands off, sir ; she is not for your mowing.

Le. She is for your mocking.

Be. And she mock me, I'll tell her father.

Le. That's a good child ; thou smellst of the mother, and she was a fool, I warrant you.

Be. Meddle with me, but do not meddle with my mother.

Le. That's a good child ; come, I must needs have a word with you.

Be. You shall do none of your needs with her, sir.

Ca. Why, what will you do ?

Be. What will I do ? you shall see what I'll do. [*Then he offereth to draw.*]

Bla. Go to, you ass ; offer to draw here, and we'll draw thee out of the house by the heels.

Be. What, three against one ? now was ever proper hard-favoured gentleman so abused ? Go to, mistress Martia, I see you well enough ; are you not ashamed to stand talking alone with such a one as he ?

Le. How, sir ? with such a one as I, sir ?

Be. Yea, sir, with such a one as you, sir.

Le. Why, what am I ?

Be. What are you, sir ? why, I know you well enough.

Le. Sirrah, tell me what you know me for, or else by heaven I'll make thee better thou hadst never known how to speak.

Be. Why, sir, if you will needs know, I know you for an honourable gentleman and the king's minion, and were it not to you,

there's ne'er a gentleman in Paris should have had her out of my hands.

Mar. Nay, he's as tall a gentleman of his hands as any is in Paris.

Col. There's a favour for you, sir.

Le. But I can get no favour for you, sir.

Bla. I pray, my lord, entreat for your cousin Colenet.

Mo. Alas! man, I dare not for my wife.

Ca. Why, my lord, she thinks it is for nothing, but to speak for your cousin.

Mo. I pray you, bird, give me leave to speak for my cousin.

Coun. I am content for him.

Mo. Then one word with you more, courteous lady Martia.

Be. Not, and you were my father.

Mo. Gentlemen, for God sake thrust this ass out of the doors.

Le. Nay, by'r lady, he'll run home and tell her father.

Ca. Well, go to her; I warrant he shall not trouble you. Kind gentleman, how we dote on thee: embrace him, gentlemen.

Bla. Oh! sweet Besh, how we honour thee!

Ca. Nay, gentlemen, look what a piercing eye he hath.

Be. An eye? I have an eye and it were a pole-cat.

Ca. Nay, look what a nose he hath.

Be. My nose is net crimson.

Ca. Nay, look what a handsome man he is. Oh! Nature, Nature, thou never madest man of so pure a feature.

Be. Truly, truly, gentlemen, I do not deserve this kindness.

Ca. O lord, sir, you are too modest: come, shall we walk?

Be. Whither? to the alehouse?

Le. Hark you, madam, have you no more care of the right of your husband, than to let him talk thus affectionately with another?

Coun. Why, he speaks not for himself, but for his cousin Colenet.

Enter Lemot.

Le. Gods my life? he tells you so, nay and these excuses may serve I have done.

Coun. By the mass, now I observe him, he looks very suspiciously indeed; ne'er trust me if his looks and his gesture do not plainly show himself to swear, "by this light I do love thee."

Le. By'r lady, madam, you guess shrewdly indeed; but hark you, madam, I pray let not me be the author of discord between my good lord and you.

Coun. No, no, Mousieur Lemot, I were blind if I could not see this; I'll slit her nose, by Jesus.

Mo. How now, what's the matter?

Coun. What's the matter? If I could come at your mistress, she should know what's the matter.

Mo. My mistress?

Coun. Yea, your mistress. Oh, here's fair dissimulation. Oh, ye impudent gossip; do I send for you to my house to make you my companion, and do you use me thus? Little dost thou know what 'tis to love a man truly, for if thou didst, thou wouldst be ashamed to wrong me so.

Mar. You wrong me, madam, to say I wrong you.

Coun. Go to, get you out of my house.

Mar. I am gone, madam.

Mo. Well, come in, sweet bird, and I'll persuade thee; there's no harm done.

Coun. Well, we shall hear your persuasions.

Le. Well, God knows, and I can partly guess what he must do to persuade her. Well, take your fair charge, fair and manly, Monsieur Labesha.

Mo. One word with you more, fair lady.

Le. Not a word; no man on pain of death, not a word; he comes upon my rapier's point, that comes within forty foot on her.

Be. Thanks, good Lemot, and thanks, gentlemen all; and her father shall thank you.

Mo. Much good do it you, sir. Come, gentlemen, let's go wait upon the king, and see the humour of the young lord Dowsecer.

Le. Excuse me to the king, and tell him I will meet him there. So this is but the beginning of sport between this fine lord and his old lady. But this wench Martia hath happy stars reigned at the disposition of her beauty, for the king himself doth mightily dote on her. Now to my Puritan, and see if I can make up my full proof of her.

Enter the Puritan in her best attire.

Flo. Now am I up and ready—ready? why? Because my clothes once on, that call we ready. But readiness I hope hath reference to some fit action for our several state; for when I am attired thus, Countess-like, 'tis not to work, for that befits me not; 'tis on some pleasure, whose chief object is one man's content, and he my husband is; but what need I thus be

attired, for that he would be pleased with meaner weed? Besides, I take no pleasure thus to please him; I am content, because it is my duty to keep to him, and not to seek no further; but if that pleasure be a thing that makes the time seem short, if it do laughter cause, if it procure the tongue but heartily to say, "I thank you," I have no such thing, nor can the godliest woman in the world, against her nature please her sense, or soul; she may say, this I will, or this I will not. But what shall she reap hereby? Comfort in another world, if she will stay till then.

Enter her husband behind her.

La. Yea, marry, sir; now I must look about: now if her dissolute prover come again, shall I admit him to make farther trial? I'll have a dialogue between myself and manly reason to that special end. Reason, shall I endure a dissolute man to come and court my wife, and prove her constancy? *Reason:* "To court and prove her you may bear, my lord, For perfit things are not the worse for trial; Gold will not turn to dross for deepest trial." Before God a comfortable saying. Thanks, gentle Reason, I'll trouble you no more. God save, sweet wife, look up, thy tempter comes.

Flo. Let him, my lord; I hope I am more blest than to relent in thought of lewd suggestion.

La. But if by frailty you should yield in thought, what will you do?

Flo. Then shall you keep me close, and never let me see man but yourself; if not, then boldly may I go abroad.

La. But how shall I know whether you yield or no?

Flo. Hear us yourself, my lord.

La. Tut, that were gross, for no woman will yield in her husband's hearing.

Flo. Then to assure you if I yield or no, mark but these signs: as he is proving me, if I do yield, you shall perceive my face blush and look pale, and put on heavy looks. If I resist, I will triumph, and smile, and when I hold up my finger, stop his vain lips, or thrust him on the breast; then is he overthrown both horse and foot.

La. Why, this doth satisfy me mightily; see, he is come.

Le. Honour to my good lord, and his fair young lady.

La. Now, Monsieur Sathan, you are come to tempt and prove at full the spirit of my wife.

Le. I am, my lord; but vainly, I suppose.

La. You see she dares put on this brave attire fit with the fashion, which you think serves much to lead a woman into light desires.

Le. My lord, I see it: and the sight thereof doth half dismay me to make further proof.

La. Nay, prove her, prove her, sir, and spare not: what doth the witty minion of our king think any dame in France will say him nay? But prove her, prove her, see and spare not.

Le. Well, sir, though half discouraged in my coming, yet I'll go forward: lady, by your leave.

Flo. Now, sir, your cunning in a lady's proof.

Le. Madam, in proving you I find no proof against your piercing glanceings, but swear I am shot through with your love.

Flo. I do believe you: who will swear he loves, to get the thing he loves not? if he love, what needs more perfit trial?

Le. Most true, rare lady.

Flo. Then we are fitly met: I love you too.

Le. Exceeding excellent.

Flo. Nay, I know you will applaud me in this course; but to let common circumstances pass, let us be familiar.

Le. Dear life, you ravish my conceit with joy.

La. I long to see the signs that she will make.

Flo. I told my husband I would make these signs: if I resisted, first hold up my finger, as if I said, "i' faith, sir, you are gone," but it shall say, "i' faith, sir, we are one."

La. Now she triumphs, and points to heaven, I warrant you.

Flo. Then must I seem as if I would hear no more, and stop your vain lips: go, cruel lips, you have bewitched me, go.

La. Now she stops in his scorned words, and rates him for his pains.

Flo. And when I thrust you thus against the breast, then are you overthrown both horse and foot.

La. Now is he overthrown, both horse and foot.

Flo. Away, vain man, have I not answered you?

Le. Madam, I yield and swear I never saw so constant, nor so virtuous a lady.

La. Now, speak, I pray, and speak but truly, have you not got a wrong sow by the ear?

Le. My lord, my labour is not altogether lost, for now I find that which I never thought.

La. Ah, sirrah, is the edge of your steel wit rebated then against her adamant?

Le. It is, my lord; yet one word more, fair lady.

La. Fain would he have it do, and it will not be: hark you, wife, what sign will you make me now if you relent not?

Flo. Lend him my handkercher to wipe his lips of their last disgrace.

La. Excellent good; go forward, see, I pray.

Flo. Another sign, if faith, love is requited.

Le. Let him have signs enow, my heavenly love; then know there is a private meeting this day at Verone's ordinary, where if you will do me the grace to come, and bring the beauteous Martia with you, I will provide a fair and private room, where you shall be unseen of any man, only of me, and of the king himself, whom I will cause to honour your repair with his high presence, and there with music and quick revellings you may revive your spirits so long time dulled.

Flo. I'll send for Martia then, and meet you there, and tell my husband I will lock myself in my choice walk till supper-time. We pray, sir, wipe your lips of the disgrace They took in their last labour.

Le. Marry, the devil was never so dejected.

La. Nay, stay, see.

Le. No, no, my lord, you have the constant'st wife that ever: well, I'll say no more.

[*Exit.*

La. Never was minion so disinion'd. Come, constancy, come, my girl, I'll leave thee loose to twenty of them, if faith.

Flo. Come [then he sighs], my good head, come.

[*Exit.*

Enter the King and all the Lords with the trumpets.

King. Why sound these trumpets in the devil's name?

Ca. To show the king comes.

King. To show the king comes? Go hang the trumpeters, they mock me boldly, and every other thing that makes me known, not telling what I am, but what I seem, a king of clouts, a scarecrow, full of cobwebs, spiders and earwigs, that sets jackdaw's long tongue in my bosom, and upon my head; and such are

all the affections of love swarming in me, without command or reason.

Le. How now, my liege! what, quagmired in philosophy, bound with love's whippcord, and quite robbed of reason: and I'll give you a receipt for this presently.

King. Peace, Lemot; they say the young Lord Dowsecer is rarely learned, and nothing lunatic as men suppose, but hateth company, and worldly trash, the judgment and the just contempt of them, have in reason arguments that break affection (as the most sacred poets write) and still the roughest wind: and his rare humour come we now to hear.

Le. Yea, but hark you, my liege, I'll tell you a better humour than that: here presently will be your fair love Martia, to see his humour, and from thence fair Countess Florilla, and she will go unto Verone's ordinary, where none but you and I, and Count Moren, will be most merry.

King. Why, Count Moren, I hope, dares not adventure into any woman's company but his wife's.

Le. Yes, as I will work, my liege, and then let me alone to keep him there till his wife comes.

King. That will be royal sport: see where all comes: welcome, fair lords and ladies.

Enter Labervele, Labesha, and all the rest.

La. My liege, you are welcome to my poor house.

Le. I pray, my liege, know this gentleman especially; he is a gentleman born, I can tell you.

King. With all my heart: what might I call your name?

La. Monsieur Labesha, Signor de Foulasa.

King. De Foulasa, an ill-sounding barrendry, of my word! but to the purpose, Lord Labervele; we are come to see the humour of your rare son, which by some means, I pray, let us partake.

La. Your highness shall too unworthily partake the sight which I with grief and tears daily behold, seeing in him the end of my poor house.

King. You know not that, my lord, your wife is young, and he perhaps hereafter may be moved to more society.

La. Would to God he would, that we might do to your crown of France more worthy and more acceptable service.

King. Thanks, good my lord; see where he appears.

Enter Lavel with a picture, a pair of large hose, a codpiece, and a sword.

King. Say, Lavel, where is your young friend, the young lord Dowsecer?

Lav. I look, my liege, he will be here anon, but then I must entreat your Majesty and all the rest, to stand unseen, for he as yet will brook no company.

King. We will stand close, Lavel; but wherefore bring you this apparel, that picture, and that sword?

Lav. To put him by the sight of them in mind of their brave states that use them, or at the least, of the true use they should be put unto.

King. Indeed the sense doth still stir up the soul, and though these objects do not work, yet it is very probable in time she may—at least, we shall discern his humour of them.

Le. See where he comes contemplating; stand close.

Enter Dowsecer.

Quid Dei potes videri magnum in rebus humanis quæ æterni omnes to thy ousque notas sic omnibus magna tutor.

“What can seem strange to him on earthly things,

To whom the whole course of eternity,
And the round compass of the world is known?”

A speech divine, but yet I marvel much
How it should spring from thee, Mark
Cicero,

That sold for glory the sweet peace of life,
And made a torment of rich nature's work,
Wearing thyself by watchful candle-light,
When all the smiths and weavers were at rest,
And yet was gallant ere the day-bird sung
To have a troop of clients at thy gates,
Arm'd with religious supplications
Such as would make stern Minos laugh to
read :

Look on our lawyers' bills, not one contains virtue or honest drifts; but he cares, he cares, he cares; for acorns now are in request, but the oak's poor fruit did nourish men, men were like oaks of body, tough, and strong men were like giants then, but pigmies now, yet full of villainies as their skin can hold.

Le. How like you this humour, my liege?

King. This is no humour, this is but perfit judgment.

Coun. Is this a frenzy?

Mar. Oh, were all men such,
Men were no men, but gods: this earth a heaven.

Do. See, see, the shameless world, that dares present her mortal enemy with these gross ensigns of her lenity, iron and steel, uncharitable stuff, good 'spital-founders, enemies to whole skins: as if there were not ways enough to die by natural and casual accidents, diseases, surfeits, brave carouses, old aqua-vitæ, and too base wives, and thousands more: hence with this art of murder. But here is goodly gear, the soul of man, for 'tis his better part; take away this, and take away their merits, and their spirits, scarce dare they come in any public view, without this countenance-giver, and some dare not come, because they have it too; for they may sing, in written books they find it; what is it then the fashion, or the cost, the cost doth match, but yet the fashion more; for let it be but mean, so in the fashion, and 'tis most gentleman-like, is it so? make a hand in the margent, and burn the book, a large house and a codpiece makes a man a codpiece, nay, indeed, but the house must down: well for your gentle forgers of men, and for you come to rest me into fashion, wear you thus, and sit upon the matter.

La. And he doth despise our purposes.

Ca. Bear with him yet, my lord, he is not resolved.

La. I would not have my friend mock worthy men,

For the vain pride of some that are not so.

Do. I do not here deride difference of states,

No not in show, but wish that such as want show

Might not be scorn'd with ignorant Turkish pride,

Being pompous in apparel, and in mind:
Nor would I have with imitated shapes,
Men make their native land the land of apes,

Living like strangers when they be at home,
And so perhaps bear strange hearts to
their home,

Nor look a snuff like a piannet's tail,
For nothing but their tails and formal locks,
When like to cream-bowls, all their virtues swim

In their set faces, all their in parts then,
Fit to serve peasants, or make curds for
daws:

But what a stock am I thus to neglect
This figure of man's comfort, this rare
piece?

La. Heavens grant that make him more humane and sociable.

King. Nay, he's more humane than all we are.

La. I fear he will be too sharp to that sweet.sex.

Do. She is very fair, I think that she be painted; and if she be, sir, she might ask of me, how many is there of our sex that are not? 'tis a sharp question: marry and I think they have small skill, if they were all of painting, 'twere safer dealing with them; and indeed were their minds strong enough to guide their bodies, their beautiful deeds should match with their heavenly looks, 'twere necessary they should wear them, and would they vouchsafe it, even I would joy in their society.

Mar. And who would not die with such a man?

Do. But to admire them as our gallants do,

"Oh, what an eye she hath! Oh! dainty hand,

Rare foot and leg!" and leave the mind respectless,

This is a plague that in both men and women

Makes such pollution of our earthly being: Well, I will practise yet to court this piece.

La. Oh! happy man, now have I hope in her.

King. Methinks I could endure him days and nights.

Do. Well, sir, now thus must I do, sir, ere it come to women; now, sir, a plague upon it, 'tis so ridiculous I can no further: what poor ass was it that set this in my way? Now if my father should be the man! God's precious coals, 'tis he.

La. Good son, go forward in this gentle humour: observe this picture: it presents a maid of noble birth and excellent of parts, whom for our house and honour sake, I wish thou wouldst confess to marry.

Do. To marry, father? why, we shall have children.

La. Why, that's the end of marriage, and the joy of men.

Do. Oh, how you are deceived! you have but me, and what a trouble am I to your joy! but, father, if you long to have some fruit of me, see, father, I will creep into this stubborn earth and mix my flesh with it, and they shall breed grass, to fat oxen, asses, and such-like, and when they in the grass the spring converts into beasts' nourishment, then comes the fruit of this my body forth; then may you well say, seeing my race is so profitably increased, that good fat ox, and that same large-eared ass are

my son's sons, that calf with a white face is his fair daughter; with which, when your fields are richly filled, then will my race content you; but for the joys of children, 'tush, 'tis gone—children will not deserve, nor parents take it: wealth is the only father and the child, and but in wealth no man hath any joy.

La. Some course, dear son, take for thy honour sake.

Do. Then, father, here's a most excellent course.

La. This is some comfort yet.

Do. If you will straight be gone and leave me here, I'll stand as quietly as any lamb, and trouble none of you.

La. An hapless man.

Le. How like you this humour yet, my liege?

King. As of a holy fury, not a frenzy.

Mo. See, see, my liege, he hath seen us, sure.

King. Nay, look how he views Martia, and makes him fine.

Le. Yea, my liege, and she as I hope well observed, hath uttered many kind conceits of hers.

King. Well, I'll be gone, and when she comes to Verone's ordinary, I'll have her taken to my custody.

Le. I'll stay, my liege, and see the event of this.

King. Do so, Lemot. [*Exit the King.*

Do. What have I seen? how am I burnt to dust with a new Sun, and made a novel Phoenix; is she a woman that objects this sight, able to work the chaos of the world into gestion? Oh, divine aspect! the excellent disposer of the mind shines in thy beauty, and thou hast not changed my soul to sense, but my sense unto soul, And I desire thy pure society, But even as angels do to angels fly. [*Exit.*

Mar. Fly, soul, and follow him.

La. I marvel much at my son's sudden strange behaviour.

Le. Bear with him yet, my lord, 'tis but his humour: come, what, shall we go to Verone's ordinary?

La. Yea, for God's sake, for I am passing hungry.

Mo. Yea, come, Monsieur Lemot; will you walk?

Coun. What, will you go?

Mo. Yea, sweet bird, I have promised so.

Coun. Go to, you shall not go and leave me alone.

Mo. For one meal, gentle bird. Verone

invites us to buy some jewels he hath brought of late from Italy: I'll buy the best, and bring it thee, so thou wilt let me go.

Coun. Well said, flattering Fabian; but tell me then what ladies will be there?

Mo. Ladies? why, none.

Le. No ladies use to come to ordinaries, madam.

Coun. Go to, bird, tell me now the very truth.

Mo. None, of mine honour, bird; you never heard that ladies came to ordinaries.

Coun. Oh, that's because I should not go with you.

Mar. Why, 'tis not fit you should.

Coun. Well, hark you, bird, of my word you shall not go, unless you will swear to me you will neither court nor kiss a dame in any sort, till you come home again.

Mar. Why, I swear I will not.

Coun. Go to, by this kiss.

Mar. Yea, by this kiss.

Fo. Martia, learn by this when you are a wife.

La. I like the kissing well.

Flo. My lord, I'll leave you; your son Dowsecer hath made me melancholy with his humour, and I'll go lock myself in my close walk till supper-time.

La. What, and not dine to-day?

Flo. No, my good head: come, Martia, and I will fast together.

Mar. With all my heart, madam.

[*Exit.*

La. Well, gentlemen, I'll go see my son.

[*Exit.*

Fo. By'r lady, gentlemen, I'll go home to dinner.

La. Home to dinner? by'r lord, but you shall not; you shall go with us to the ordinary, where you shall meet gentlemen of so good carriage, and passing compliments, it will do your heart good to see them; why, you never saw the best sort of gentlemen if not at ordinaries.

Fo. I promise you that's rare, my lord; and Monsieur Lemot, I'll meet you there presently.

Le. We'll expect your coming.

[*Exeunt all.*

Enter Verone with his napkin upon his shoulder, and his man Jaques with another, and his Son bringing in cloth and napkins.

Ve. Come on, my masters: shadow these

tables with their white veils, accomplish the court cupboard, wait diligently to-day for my credit and your cwn, that if the meat should chance to be raw, yet your behaviours being neither rude nor raw, may excuse it; or if the meat should chance to be tough, be you tender over them in your attendance, that the one may bear with the other.

Ja. Faith, some of them be so hard to please, finding fault with your cheer, and discommending your wine, saying, they fare better at Valere's for half the money.

Boy. Besides, if there be any cheboules in your napkins, they say your nose or ours have dropt on them, and then they throw them about the house.

Ve. But these be small faults; you may bear with them; young gentlemen and wild heads will be doing.

Enter the Maid.

Maid. Come, whose wit was it to cover in this room, in the name of God, I trow ye?

Boy. Why, I hope this room is as fair as the other.

Maid. In your foolish opinion. You might have told a wise body so, and kept yourself a fool still.

Fo. I cry for mercy; how bitter you are in your proverbs.

Maid. So bitter I am, sir.

Ve. Oh, sweet Sateena! I dare not say I love thee.

Ja. Must you control us, you proud baggage you?

Maid. Baggage? you are a knave to call me baggage.

Ja. A knave? my master shall know that.

Ve. I will not see them.

Ja. Master, here is your maid uses herself so saucily, that one house shall not hold us two long, God willing.

Ve. Come hither, huswife. Pardon me, sweet Jacenan: I must make an angry face outwardly, though I smile inwardly.

Maid. Say what you will to me, sir.

Ve. Oh, you are a fine gossip; can I not keep honest servants in my house, but you must control them? you must be their mistress.

Maid. Why, I did but take up the cloth, because my mistress would have the dinner in another room; and he called me baggage.

Ja. You called me knave and fool, I thank you, small bones.

Maid. Go to, go to, she were wise enough would talk with you.

Boy. Go thy ways for the proudest harlotry that ever came in our house.

Ve. Let her alone, boy; I have schooled her, I warrant thee; she shall not be my maid long, if I can help it.

Boy. No, I think so, sir; but what, shall I take up the cloth?

Ve. No, let the cloth lie; hither they'll come first—I am sure of it. Then if they will dine in the other room, they shall.

Enter Rowl.

Ro. Good morrow, my host; is nobody come yet?

Ve. Your worship is the first, sir.

Ro. I was invited by my cousin Colenet, to see your jewels.

Ve. I thank his worship and yours.

Ro. Here's a pretty place for an ordinary. I am very sorry I have not used to come to ordinaries.

Ve. I hope we shall have your company hereafter.

Ro. You are very like so.

Enter Berger.

Ber. Good morrow, my host; good morrow, good Monsieur Rowl.

Ro. Good morrow to you, sir.

Ber. What, are we two the first? give's the cards. Here, come, this gentleman and I will go to cards while dinner be ready.

Ro. No, truly, I cannot play at cards.

Ber. How! not play? Oh for shame, say not so; how can a young gentleman spend his time but in play, and in courting his mistress? Come, use this, lest youth take too much of the other.

Ro. Faith, I cannot play, and yet I care not so much to venture two or three crowns with you.

Ber. Oh, I thought that I should find of you; I pray God I have not met with my match.

Ro. No, trust me, sir, I cannot play.

Ber. Hark you, my host; have you a pipe of good tobacco?

Ve. The best in the town. Boy, dry a leaf.

Boy. There's none in the house, sir.

Ve. Dry a dock leaf.

Be. My host, do you know Monsieur Blanuel?

Ve. Yea, passing well, sir.

Be. Why, he was taken learning tricks

at old Lucilla's house, the muster-mistress of all the smock-tearers in Paris, and both the bawd and the pander were carried to the dungeon.

Ve. There was dungeon upon dungeon; but call you her the muster-mistress of all the smock-tearers in Paris?

Ber. Yea, for she hath them all trained up afore her.

Enter Blanuel.

Bla. Good morrow, my host; good morrow, gentlemen all.

Ve. Good morrow, Monsieur Blanuel; I am glad of your quick delivery.

Bla. Delivery! what, didst thou think I was with child?

Ve. Yea, of a dungeon.

Bla. Why, how knew you that?

Ro. Why, Berger told us.

Bla. Berger, who told you of it?

Ber. One that I heard, by the lord.

Bla. Oh excellent, you are still playing the wag.

Enter Lemot and Moren.

Le. Good morrow, gentlemen all; good morrow, good Monsieur Rowl.

Ro. At your service.

Le. I pray, my lord, look what a pretty falling band he hath, 'tis pretty fantastical, as I have seen made, with good judgment, great show, and but little cost.

Mo. And so it is, I promise you; who made it, I pray?

Ro. I know not, i'faith, I bought it by chance.

Le. It is a very pretty one, make much of it.

Enter Catalian, sweating.

Ca. Boy, I prithee call for a coarse napkin. Good morrow, gentlemen; I would you had been at the tennis court, you should have seen me a beat Monsieur Besan, and I gave him fifteen and all his faults.

Le. Thou didst more for him than ever God will do for thee.

Ca. Jaques, I prithee fill me a cup of canary, three parts water.

Le. You shall have all water and if it please you.

Enter Maid.

Maid. Who called for a coarse napkin?

Ca. Marry I, sweetheart; do you take the pains to bring it yourself? have at you, by my host's leave.

Maid. Away, sir! fie, for shame!

Ca. Hark you, my host, you must marry this young wench; you do her mighty wrong else.

Ver. Oh, sir, you are a merry man.

Enter Foyes and Labesha.

Fo. Good morrow, gentlemen, you see I am as good as my word.

Mo. You are, sir, and I am very glad of it.

Le. You are, welcome, Monsieur Foyes: but you are not, no, not you.

Be. No, welcome that gentleman; 'tis no matter for me.

Le. How, sir? no matter to you! By this rush I am angry with you, as if all our loves protested unto you were dissembled; no matter for you?

Be. Nay, sweet Lemot, be not angry; I did but jest, as I am a gentleman.

Le. Yea, but there's a difference of jesting, you wrong all our affections in so doing.

Be. Faith and troth, I did not, and I hope, sirs, you take it not so.

All. "No matter for me!" 'twas very kindly said, I must needs say so.

La. You see how they love me.

Fo. I do, sir, and I am very glad of it.

Be. And I hope, Lemot, you are not angry with me still.

Le. No, faith, I am not so very a fool to be angry with one that cares not for me.

Be. Do not I care for you? nay then.

Ca. What, dost thou cry?

Be. Nay, I do not cry, but my stomach waters to think that you should take it so heavily; if I do not wish that I were cut into three pieces, and that these pieces were turned into three black puddings, and that these three black puddings were turned into three of the fairest ladies in the land for your sake, I would I were hanged; what a devil can you have more than my poor heart?

Ca. Well, hark you, Lemot, in good faith you are to blame to put him to this unkindness, I prithee be friends with him.

Le. Well, I am content to put up this unkindness for this once, but while you live take heed of "no matter for me."

Be. Why is it such a heinous word?

Le. O, the heinouslest word in the world!

Be. Well, I'll never speak it more, as I am a gentleman.

Le. No, I pray do not.

Fo. My lord, will your lordship go to cards?

Lor. Yea, with you, Monsieur Foyes.

Ro. Lemot, will you play?

Le. Pardon, good Monsieur Row!; if I had any disposition to gaming, your company should draw me before any man's here.

Fo. Labesha, what will you play?

La. Play, yea, with all my heart; I pray lend me threepence.

Ro. I'll play no more.

Ca. Why, have you won or lost?

Ro. Faith, I have lost two or three crowns.

Ca. Well, to him again, I'll be your half.

Le. Sirrah Catalian, while they are playing at cards, thou and I will have some excellent sport: sirrah, dost thou know that same gentleman there?

Ca. No, i'faith, what is he?

Le. A very fine gull, and a neat reveller, one that's heir to a great living, yet his father keeps him so short, that his shirts will scant cover the bottom of his belly, for all his gay outside, but the linings be very foul and sweaty, yea, and perhaps lousy, with despising the vain shifts of the world.

Ca. But he hath gotten good store of money now methinks.

Le. Yea, and I wonder of it; some ancient serving-man of his father's, that hath gotten forty shillings in fifty years upon his great good husbandry, he swearing monstrous oaths to pay him again, and besides to do him a good turn (when God shall hear his prayer for his father) hath lent it him, I warrant you; but, howsoever, we must speak him fair.

Ca. Oh, what else!

Le. God save sweet Monsieur Row!; what, lose or win, lose or win?

Ro. 'Faith sir, save myself, and lose my money.

Le. There's a proverb hit dead in the neck like a cony; why, hark thee, Catalian, I could have told thee before what he would have said.

Ca. I do not think so.

Le. No, thou see'st here's a fine plump of gallants, such as think their wits singular, and themselves rarely accomplished; yet to show thee how brittle their wits be, I will speak to them severally, and I will tell thee before what they shall answer me.

Ca. That's excellent, let's see that, i'faith.

Le. Whatsoever I say to Monsieur Row! he shall say, "Oh, sir, you may see an ill weed grows apace."

Ca. Come, let's see.

Le. Now, Monsieur Row!, methinks you

are exceedingly grown since your coming to Paris.

Ro. Oh, sir, you may see an ill weed grows apace.

Ca. This is excellent; forward, sir, I pray.

Le. Whatsoe'er I say to Labesha, he shall answer me, "Black will bear no other hue," and that same old Justice, as greedy of a stale proverb, he shall come in the neck of that and say, "Black is a pearl in a woman's eye."

Ca. Yea, much i'faith.

Le. Look thee, he comes hither. Labesha, Catalian and I have been talking of thy complexion, and I say, that all the fair ladies in France would have been in love with thee, but thou art so black.

La. Oh, sir, black will bear no other hue.

Fo. Oh, sir, black is a pearl in a woman's eye.

Le. You say true, sir, you say true, sir. Sirrah Catalian, whatsoe'er I say to Berger that is so busy at cards, he shall answer me, "'Sblood, I do not mean to die as long as I can see one alive."

Ca. Come, let us see you.

Le. Why, Berger, I thought thou hadst been dead; I have not heard thee chide all this while.

Ber. 'Sblood, I do not mean to die as long as I can see one alive.

Ca. Why, but hark you, Lemot, I hope you cannot make this lord answer so roundly.

Le. Oh, as right as any of them all, and he shall answer me with an old Latin Proverb, that is, "*Usus promptus facit.*"

Ca. Once more, let's see.

Le. My lord, your lordship could not play at this game very lately, and now methinks you are grown exceeding perfit.

Mo. Oh, sir, you may see, *Usus promptus facit.*

Enter Jaques.

Ja. Monsieur Lemot, here is a gentleman and two gentlewomen do desire to speak with you.

Le. What, are they come? Jaques, convey them into the inward parlour by the inward room, and there is a brace of crowns for thy labour; but let nobody know of their being here.

Ja. I warrant you, sir.

Le. See, where they come! welcome, my good lord and ladies, I'll come to you presently: so, now the sport begins, I shall start the disguised King plaguily, nay, I shall put the lady that loves me in a

monstrous fright, when her husband comes and finds her here.

Boy. The gentleman and the two gentlewomen desire your company.

Le. I'll come to them presently.

Fo. Gentlemen, I'll go speak with one, and come to you presently.

[*The Boy speaks in Foyes's ear.*]

Le. My lord, I would speak a word with your lordship, if it were not for interrupting your game.

Lord. No, I have done, Lemot.

Le. My lord, there must a couple of ladies dine with us to-day.

Lord. Ladies? God's my life, I must be gone.

Le. Why, hark you, my lord, I knew not of their coming, I protest to your lordship, and would you have me turn such fair ladies as these are away?

Lord. Yea, but hark you, Lemot; did not you hear me swear to my wife, that I would not tarry if there were any women? I wonder you would suffer any to come there.

Le. Why, you swore but by a kiss, and kisses are no holy things, you know that.

Lord. Why, but hark you, Lemot, indeed I would be very loth to do anything, that if my wife should know it, should displease her.

Le. Nay, then, you are too obsequious; hark you, let me entreat you, and I'll tell you in secret, you shall have no worse company than the King's.

Lord. Why, will the King be there?

Le. Yea, though disguised.

Lord. Who are the ladies?

Le. The flowers of Paris, I can tell you: fair Countess Florilla, and the lady Martia.

Enter Jaques.

Ja. Monsieur Lemot, the gentleman and the two gentlewomen desire your company.

Le. I'll come to them straight: but, Jaques, come hither, I prithee; go to Labesha, and tell him that the Countess Florilla and the lady Martia be here at thy master's house; and if it come in question hereafter, deny that thou told'st him any such thing.

Ja. What, is this all? 'Sblood, I'll deny it, and forswear it too.

Le. My lord, I'll go and see the room be neat and fine, and come to you presently.

Lord. Yea; but, hark you, Lemot, I prithee take such order that they be not known of any women in the house.

Le. Oh, how should they? now to his wife; go, i'faith? [Exit.]

Ja. Hark you, Monsieur Labesha, I pray let me speak a word with you.

La. With all my heart; I pray look to my stake, there's threepence under the candlestick.

Ja. I pray see; do you know the Countess Florilla, and the lady Martia?

La. Do I know the lady Martia? I knew her before she was born: why do you ask me?

Ja. Why, they are both here at my master's house.

La. What, is mistress Martia at an ordinary?

Ja. Yea, that she is.

La. By skies and stones, I'll go and tell her father. [Exit.]

Enter Lemot and the Countess.

Coun. What, you are out of breath, methinks, Monsieur Lemot?

Le. It is no matter, madam, it is spent in your service, that bear your age with your honesty, better than an hundred of these nice gallants; and indeed it is a shame for your husband, that contrary to his oath made to you before dinner, he should be now at the ordinary with that light huswife Martia, which I could not choose but come and tell you; for indeed it is a shame that your motherly care should be so slightly regarded.

Coun. Out on thee, strumpet, and accursed, and miserable dame!

Le. Well, there they are, nothing else; now to her husband go I. [Exit.]

Coun. Nothing else, quoth you, can there be more? Oh! wicked man, would he play false that would so simply vow, and swear his faith, and would not let me be displeas'd a minute, but he would sigh and weep till I were pleas'd. I have a knife within that's razor-sharp, and I will lay an iron in the fire, making it burning hot, to mark the strumpet; but 'twill be cold too ere I can come thither. Do something, wretched woman; stay'st thou here? [Exit.]

Enter Lemot.

Le. My lord, the room is neat and fine; will't please you go in?

Ve. Gentlemen, your dinner is ready.

Le. And we are ready for it.

Le. Jaques, shut the doors: let nobody come in. [Exeunt omnes.]

Enter Labervele, Foyes, Labesha, and the Countess.

La. Where be these puritans, these murderers? Let me come in, here.

Fo. Where is the strumpet?

Coun. Where is this harlot? Let us come in, here.

La. What shall we do? the streets do wonder at us, and we do make our shame known to the world. Let us go and complain us to the King.

Fo. Come, Labesha, will you go?

La. No, no, I scorn to go; no king shall hear my plaint: I will in silence live a man forlorn, Mad, and melancholy as a cat, And never more wear hatband on my hat.

Enter Moren and Martia.

Mo. What dost thou mean? Thou must not hang on me.

Ma. Oh, good lord Moren, have me home with you; you may excuse all to my father for me.

Enter Lemot.

Le. Oh, my lord, be not so rude to leave her now.

Lord. Alas, man, and if my wife should see it, I were undone.

Enter the King and another.

King. Pursue them, sirs, and taking Martia from him, convey her presently to Verone's house.

Enter the Puritan to Lemot.

Pu. What villain was it that hath utter'd this?

Le. Why, 'twas even I: I thank you for your gentle terms: you give me villain at the first. I wonder where's this old doter? what, doth he think we fear him?

Flo. Oh, monstrous man! what wouldst thou have him take us?

Le. Would I? quoth you; yea, by my troth, would I. I know he is but gone to call the constable, or to raise the streets.

Flo. What means the man, trow? is he mad?

Le. No, no, I know what I do—I do it of purpose; I long to see him come and rail at you, to call you harlot, and to spurn you too. Oh, you'll love me a great deal the better; and yet let him come, and if he touch but one thread of you, I'll make that thread his poison.

Flo. I know not what to say.

Le. Speak, do you love me?

Flo. Yea, surely do I.

Le. Why, then have not I reason, that love you so dearly as I do, to make you hateful in his sight, that I might more freely enjoy you?

Flo. Why, let us be gone, my kind Lemot, and not be wondered at in the open streets.

Le. I'll go with you through fire, through death, through hell. Come, give me your own hand, my own dear heart, this hand that I adore and reverence, and loath to have it touch an old man's bosom. Oh, let me sweetly kiss it. [*He bites.*]

Flo. Out on thee, wretch! he hath bit me to the bone; oh, barbarous cannibal! now I perceive thou wilt make me a mocking stock to all the world.

Le. Come, come, leave your passions, they cannot move me; my father and my mother died both in a day, and I rung me a peal for them, and they were no sooner brought to the church and laid in their graves, but I fetched me two or three fine capers aloft, and took my leave of them, as men do of their mistresses at the ending of a galliard; *Besilas manos.*

Flo. Oh, brutish nature, how accursed was I ever to endure the sound of this damned voice!

Le. Well, and you do not like my humour I can be but sorry for it. I bit you for good will, and if you accept it, so; if no, go.

Flo. Villain, thou didst it in contempt of me.

Le. Well, and you take it so, so be it: hark you, madam, your wisest course is even to become Puritan again, put off this vain attire, and say, "I have despised all: thanks my God, good husband, I do love thee in the Lord;" and he (good man) will think all this you have done was but to show thou couldst govern the world, and hide thee as a rainbow doth a storm: my dainty wench, go, go; what, shall the flattering words of a vain man make you forget your duty to your husband? Away, repent, amend your life, you have discredited your religion for ever.

Flo. Well, wretch, for this foul shame thou putt'st on me,
The curse of all affection light on thee.

[*Exit.*]

Le. Go, Abacuck, go; why, this is excellent: I shall shortly become a schoolmaster, to whom men will put their wives, to practise; well, now will I go set the Queen upon

the King, and tell her where he is close with his wench: and he that mends my humour, take the spurs: sit fast, for by heaven I'll jerk the horse you ride on.

Enter my Host, Catalian, Blanuel, Berger, Jaques, Maid, and Boy.

Host. Well, gentlemen, I am utterly undone without your good helps; it is reported that I received certain ladies or gentlewomen into my house: now, here's my man, my maid, and my boy, now if you saw any, speak boldly before these gentlemen.

Ja. I saw none, sir.

Maid. Nor I, by my maidenhead.

Boy. Nor I, as I am a man.

Ca. Well, my host, we'll go answer for your house at this time, but if at other times you have had wenches, and would not let us know it, we are the less beholding to you. [*Exeunt all but my Host and the Gentleman.*]

Ber. Peradventure the more beholding to him. But I lay my life Lemot hath devised some jest; he gave us the slip before dinner.

Ca. Well, gentlemen, since we are so fitly met, I'll tell you an excellent subject for a fit of mirth, and it be well handled.

Ber. Why, what is it?

Ca. Why, man, Labesha is grown marvellous malcontent upon some amorous disposition of his mistress, and you know he loves a mess of cream and a spice-cake with his heart, and I am sure he hath not dined to day, and he hath taken on him the humour of the young lord Dowsecer, and we will set a mess of cream, a spice-cake, and a spoon, as the armour, picture, and apparel was set in the way of Dowsecer, which I doubt not but will work a rare cure upon his melancholy.

Host. Why, this is excellent; I'll go fetch the cream.

Ca. And I the cake.

Ber. And I the spoon.

[*Exeunt, and come in again.*]

Ca. See where he comes, as like the lord Dowsecer as may be; now you shall hear him begin with some Latin sentence that he hath remembered ever since he read his Accidence.

Enter Labesha.

La. *Felix quem faciunt aliena pericula cautum.* Oh! silly state of things, for things they be that cause this silly state: and what is a thing? a bauble, a toy, that stands men in small stead. [*He spies the*

cream.] But what have we here? what vanities have we here?

Host. He is strongly tempted; the Lord strengthen him. See what a vein he hath.

La. Oh, cruel fortune! and dost thou spit thy spite at my poor life? but oh! sour cream, what thinkest thou that I love thee still? no, no, fair and sweet is my mistress; if thou hadst strawberries and sugar in thee: but it may be thou art set with stale cake to choke me: well, taste it, and try it, spoonful by spoonful: bitterer and bitterer still, but oh! sour cream, wert thou an onion, since Fortune set thee for me, I will eat thee, and I will devour thee in spite of Fortune's spite,

Choke I, or burst I, mistress, for thy sake,
To end my life eat I this cream and cake.

Ca. So he hath done; his melancholy is well eased, I warrant you.

Host. God's my life, gentlemen, who hath been at this cream?

La. Cream, had you cream? where is your cream? I'll spend my penny at your cream.

Ca. Why, did not you eat this cream?

La. Talk not to me of cream, for such vain meat

I do despise as food, my stomach dies
Drown'd in the cream-bowls of my mistress' eyes.

Ca. Nay stay, Labesha.

La. No, not I, not I.

Host. Oh, he is ashamed, i'faith: but I will tell thee how thou shalt make him mad indeed. Say his mistress for love of him hath drowned herself.

Ca. 'Sblood, that will make him hang himself.

[*Excunt omnes.*]

Enter the Queen, Lemot, and all the rest of the Lords, and the Countess: Lemot's arm in a scarf.

Le. Have at them, i'faith, with a lame counterfeit humour:

Ache on, rude arm, I care not for thy pain,
I got it nobly in the King's defence,
And in the guardiance of my fair Queen's right.

Queen. Oh, tell me, sweet Lemot, how fares the King,

Or what his right was that thou didst defend?

Le. That you shall know when other things are told.

La. Keep not the Queen too long without her longing.

Fo. No; for I tell you, it is a dangerous thing.

Coun. Little care cruel men how women long.

Le. What, would you have me then put poison in my breath, and burn the ears of my attentive Queen?

Queen. Tell me, whate'er it be, I'll bear it all.

Le. Bear with my rudeness, then, in telling it, for, alas, you see, I can but act it with the left hand: this is my gesture now.

Queen. 'Tis well enough.

Le. Yea, well enough, you say, this recompence have I for all my wounds: then thus, the King, enamoured of another lady, compares your face to hers, and says that yours is fat and flat, and that your nether lip was passing big.

Queen. Oh, wicked man! Doth he so suddenly condemn my beauty, that when he married me he thought divine? For ever blasted be that strumpet's face, as all my hopes are blasted, that did change them!

Le. Nay, madam, though he said your face was fat, and flat, and so forth, yet he liked it best, and said, a perfect beauty should be so.

La. Oh! did he so? Why, that was right even as it should be.

Fo. You see now, madam, how much too hasty you were in your griefs.

Queen. If he did so esteem of me indeed, happy am I.

Coun. So may your highness be that hath so good a husband, but hell hath no plague to such an one as I.

Le. Indeed, madam, you have a bad husband. Truly, then did the King grow mightily in love with the other lady, And swore no king could more enriched be, Than to enjoy so fair a dame as she.

Ca. Oh, monstrous man, and accursed, most miserable dame!

Le. But, says the King, I do enjoy as fair, And though I love her in all honour'd sort, Yet I'll not wrong my wife for all the world.

Fo. This proves his constancy as firm as brass.

Queen. It doth, it doth: oh, pardon me, my lord,

That I mistake thy royal meaning so.

Coun. In heaven your highness lives, but I in hell.

Le. But when he view'd her radiant eyes again,

Blind was he stricken with her fervent beams;

And now, good king, he gropes about in corners,

Void of the cheerful light should guide us all.

Queen. Oh, dismal news! What, is my sovereign blind?

Le. Blind as a beetle, madam, that awhile

Hovering aloft, at last in cowsheds falls.

La. Could her eyes blind him?

Le. Eyes, or what it was, I know not, but blind I am sure he is, as any stone.

Queen. Come, bring me to my prince, my lord, that I may lead him; none alive but I may have the honour to direct his feet.

Le. How lead him, madam? Why, he can go as right as you, or any here, and is not blind of eyesight.

Queen. Of what, then?

Le. Of reason.

Queen. Why, thou saidst he wanted his cheerful light.

Le. Of reason still I meant, whose light, you know, should cheerfully guide a worthy king; for he doth love her, and hath forced her into a private room, where now they are.

Queen. What mocking changes is there in thy words, Fond man, thou murderest me with these exclams.

Le. Why, madam, 'tis your fault, you cut me off before my words be half done.

Queen. Forth and unlade the poison of thy tongue.

Le. Another lord did love this curious lady, who, hearing that the king had forced her, as she was walking with another earl, ran straightways mad for her, and with a friend of his, and two or three black ruffians more, brake desperately upon the person of the king, swearing to take from him, in traitorous fashion, the instrument of procreation: with them I fought awhile, and got this wound, but being unable to resist so many, came straight to you to fetch you to his aid.

La. Why raised you not the streets?

Le. That I forbore, because I would not have the world to see what a disgrace my liege was subject to, being with a woman in so mean a house.

Foy. Whose daughter was it that he forced, I pray?

Le. Your daughter, sir.

La. Whose son was it that ran so mad for her?

Le. Your son, my lord.

La. O gods and fiends forbid!

Co. I pray, sir, from whom did he take the lady?

Le. From your good lord.

Co. Oh, lord, I beseech thee no.

Le. 'Tis all too true. Come, follow the queen and I where I shall lead you.

Queen. Oh, wretched queen, what would they take from him?

Le. The instrument of procreation.

Enter Moren.

Mo. Now was there ever man so much accursed, that when his mind misgave him such a man was hapless, to keep him company? Yet who would keep him company but I? O vile Lemot, my wife and I are bound to curse thee while we live, but chiefly I, well—seek her, or seek her not, find her, or find her not, I were as good see how hell opens as look upon her.

Enter Catalian, and Berger behind him.

Ca. We have [him] i'faith, stop thou him there, and I will meet him here.

Mo. Well, I will venture once to seek her.

Ber. God's lord, my lord, come you this way. Why, your wife runs raging like as if she were mad, swearing to slit your nose, if she can catch you. *[Exit.]*

Mo. What shall I do at the sight of her and hern?

Ca. God's precious, my lord, come you this way. Your wife comes raging with a troop of dames, like Bacchus' drunken foes, just as you go; shift for yourself, my lord.

Mo. Stay, good Catalian.

Ca. No, not I, my lord. *[Exit.]*

Mo. How now, Jaques, what's the news?

Enter Jaques.

Ja. None but good, my lord.

Mo. Why, hast not seen my wife run round about the streets?

Ja. Not I, my lord. I come to you from my master, who would pray you to speak to Lemot, that Lemot might speak to the king, that my master's lottery for his jewels may go forward. He hath made the rarest device that ever you heard. We have fortune in it, and she our maid plays, and I and my fellow carry two torches, and our boy goes before and speaks a speech. 'Tis very fine, i'faith, sir.

Mo. Sirrah, in this thou mayest highly pleasure me. Let me have thy place to bear a torch, that I may look on my wife and she not see me; for if I come into her sight abruptly, I were better be hanged.

Ja. Oh, sir, you shall, or anything that I can do: I'll send for your wife too.

Mo. I prithee do. [*Exeunt both.*]

Enter the Queen, and all that were in before.

Le. This is the house where the mad lord did vow to do the deed. Draw all your swords, courageous gentlemen.

I'll bring you there where you shall honour win;

But I can tell you, you must break your shin.

Ca. Who will not break his neck to save his king? Set forward, Lemot.

Le. Yea, much good can I do with a wounded arm. I'll go and call more help.

Queen. Others shall go. Nay, we will raise the streets; better dishonour than destroy the King.

Le. 'Sblood, I know not how to excuse my villany. I would fain be gone.

Enter Dowsecer and his friend.

Do. I'll geld the adulterous goat, and take from him

The instrument that plays him such sweet music.

La. Oh, rare! This makes my fiction true: now I'll stay.

Queen. Arrest these faithless, traitorous gentlemen.

Do. What is the reason that you call us traitors?

Le. Nay, why do you attempt such violence against the person of the King?

Do. Against the King! Why, this is strange to me.

Enter the King and Martia.

King. How now, my masters? What, weapons drawn! Come you to murder me?

Queen. How fares my lord?

King. How fare I? Well; but you i'faith shall get me speak for you another time; he got me here to woo a curious lady, and she tempts him, say what I can, over what state I will, in your behalf. Lemot, she will not yield.

Le. I'faith, my liege, what a hard heart hath she! Well, hark you, I am content your wit shall save your honesty for this once.

King. Peace, a plague on you, peace! But wherefore asked you how I did?

Queen. Because I feared that you were hurt, my lord.

King. Hurt, how, I pray?

Le. Why hurt, madam? I am well again.

Queen. Do you ask? Why, he told me Dowsecer and this his friend threatened to take away—

King. To take away? What should they take away?

La. Name it, madam.

Queen. Nay, I pray name it you.

Le. Why then, thus it was, my liege. I told her Dowsecer, and this his friend, threatened to take away, and if they could, the instrument of procreation; and what was that now but Martia? being a fair woman, is not she the instrument of procreation, as all women are?

Queen. O, wicked man!

Le. Go to, go to, you are one of those fiddles too, i'faith.

King. Well, pardon my minion that hath fray'd you thus;

'Twas but to make you merry in the end.

Queen. I joy it ends so well, my gracious lord.

Fo. But say, my gracious lord, is no harm done between my loving daughter and your grace?

King. No, of my honour and my soul, Foyes.

Do. The fire of love which she hath kindled in me being greater than my heat of vanity, hath quite expelled.

King. Come, Dowsecer, receive with your lost wits your love, though lost; I know you'll yield, my lord, and you her father.

Both. Most joyfully, my lord.

King. And for her part I know her disposition well enough.

Le. What, will you have her?

Do. Yea, marry will I.

Le. I'll go and tell Labesha presently.

Enter Jaques and my Host.

Ja. Monsieur Lemot, I pray let me speak with you; I come to you from the Lord Moren, who would desire you to speak to the King for my master's lottery, and he hath my place to bear a torch, for barefaced he dares not look upon his wife, for his life.

Le. Oh, excellent! I'll further thy master's lottery, and it be but for this jest only. Hark you, my liege, here's the poor man hath been at great charges for the preparation of a lottery, and he hath made the rarest device, that I know you will take great pleasure in it. I pray let him present it before you at Verone's house.

King. With all my heart. Can you be ready so soon?

Host. Presently and if it like your grace.

King. But hark you, Lemot; how shall we do for every man's posie?

Le. Will you all trust me with the making of them?

All. With all our hearts.

Le. Why, then I'll go to make the posies, and bring Labesha to the lottery presently.

Enter Florilla like a Puritan.

Flo. Surely the world is full of vanity; a woman must take heed she do not hear a lewd man speak; for every woman cannot, when she is tempted, when the wicked fiend gets her into his snares, escape like me; for grace's measure is not so filled up, nor so pressed down, in every one as me, but yet I promise you a little more. Well, I'll go seek my head, who shall take me in the gates of his kind arms, untouched of any.

King. What, madam, are you so pure now?

Flo. Yea, would not you be pure?

King. No puritan.

Flo. You must then be a devil, I can tell you.

La. Oh, wife! where hast thou been?

Flo. Where did I tell you I would be, I pray?

La. In thy close walk, thou said'st.

Flo. And was I not?

La. Truly, I know not; I neither looked nor knocked; for Labesha told me that you and fair Martia were at Verone's ordinary.

King. Labesha? My lord, you are a wise man to believe a fool.

Flo. Well, my good head; for my part I forgive you. But surely you do much offend to be suspicious; where there is no trust, there is no love, and where there is no love 'twixt man and wife, there's no good dealing, surely; for as men should ever love their wives, so should they ever trust them; for what love is there where there is no trust?

King. She tells you true, my lord.

La. She doth, my liege; and, dear wife, pardon this, and I will never be suspicious more.

Flo. Why, I say I do.

Enter Lemot, leading Labesha in a halter.

Le. Look you, my liege, I have done simple service amongst you. Here is one

had hanged himself for love, thinking his mistress had done so for him. Well, sec, your mistress lives.

La. And doth my mistress live?

King. She doth, O noble knight; but not your mistress now.

La. 'Sblood, but she shall for me, or for nobody else.

Le. How now! What, a traitor! Draw upon the King!

La. Yea, or upon any woman here in a good cause.

King. Well, sweet Besha, let her marry Dowsecer; I'll get thee a wife worth fifteen of her; wilt thou have one that cares not for thee?

La. Not I; by the Lord, I scorn her! I'll have her better, if I can get her.

King. Why, that's well said.

Le. What, madam, are you turned puritan again?

Flo. When was I other, pray?

Le. Marry, I'll tell you when; when you went to the ordinary, and when you made false signs to your husband, which I could tell him all.

Flo. Cursed be he that maketh debate 'twixt man and wife.

Le. Oh, rare scripturian! you have sealed up my lips; a hall, a hall! the pageant of the buttery.

Enter two with torches, the one of them Moren, then my Host and his Son, then his Maid dressed like Queen Fortune, with two pots in her hands.

King. What is he?

Le. 'This is Verone's son, my liege.

King. What shall he do?

Ca. Speak some speech that his father's hath made for him.

Queen. Why, is he good at speeches?

Ca. Oh, he is rare at speeches.

Boy. Fair ladies most tender,
And nobles most slender,
And gentles whose wits be scarce.

King. My host, why do you call us "nobles most slender?"

Host. And it shall please your grace, to be slender is to be proper, and therefore when my boy says "nobles most slender," it is as much to say, fine and proper nobles.

Le. Yea, but why do you call us "gentles whose wits are scarce?"

Host. To be scarce is to be rare: and therefore, whereas he says "gentles whose wits be scarce," is as much as to say, gentles whose wits be rare.

Le. Well, forwards, trunchman.

Boy. Fair ladies most tender,
And nobles most slender,
And gentles whose wits be scarce;
Queen Fortune doth come
With her trump and her drum,
As it may appear by my voice.

La. Come hither; are you a school-
master, where was Fortune Queen, of what
country or kingdom?

Host. Why, sir, Fortune was Queen
over all the world.

La. That's a lie; there's none that ever
conquered all the world but master Ali-
sander, I am sure of that.

Le. O rare Monsieur Labesha! Who
would have thought he could have found
so rare a fault in the speech?

Host. I'll alter it, if it please your grace.

King. No, 'tis very well.

Boy. Father, I must begin again, they
interrupt me so.

Host. I beseech your grace give the boy
leave to begin again.

King. With all my heart, 'tis so good
we cannot hear it too oft.

Boy. Fair ladies most tender,
And nobles most slender,
And gentles whose wits are scarce,
Queen Fortune doth come
With her fife and her drum,
As it doth appear by my voice.

Here is Fortune good,
But ill by the rood,

And this naught but good shall do you,
Dealing the lots,
Out of our pots,

And so good Fortune to you, sir.

Le. Look you, my liege, how he that
carries the torch trembles extremely.

King. I warrant 'tis with care to carry
his torch well.

Le. Nay, there is something else in the
wind: why, my host, what means thy
man Jaques to tremble so?

Host. Hold still, thou knave. What,
art thou afraid to look upon the goodly
presence of a king? Hold up, for shame.

Le. Alas, poor man, he thinks 'tis Jaques
his man: poor lord, how much is he
bound to suffer for his wife!

King. Hark you, mine host, what
goodly person is that? is it Fortune herself?

Host. I'll tell your majesty in secret who
it is; it is my maid Jaquena.

King. I promise you she becomes her
state rarely.

Le. Well, my liege, you were all content

that I should make your posies: well,
here they be every one: give Master
Verone his five crowns.

King. There's mine and the Queen's.

La. There's ours.

Do. And there is mine and Martia's.

Le. Come, Labesha, thy money.

La. You must lend me some, for my
boy is run away with my purse.

Le. Thy boy? I never knew any that
thou hadst.

La. Had not I a boy three or four
years ago, and he ran away?

Le. And never since he went thou hadst
not a penny; but stand by, I'll excuse
you. But, sirrah Catalian, thou shalt
stand on one side and read the prizes,
and I will stand on the other and read the
posies.

Ca. Content, Lemot.

Le. Come on, Queen Fortune, tell every
man his posie; this is orderly, the King and
Queen are first.

King. Come, let us see what goodly
posies you have given us.

Le. This is your Majesty's, "At the
fairest, so it be not Martia."

King. A plague upon you! You are still
playing the villain with me.

Le. This is the Queen's; "Obey the
Queen;" and she speaks it to her husband,
or to Fortune, which she will.

Ca. A prize! your Majesty's is the sum
of four shillings in gold.

King. Why, how can that be? There is
no such coin.

Host. Here is the worth of it, if it please
your grace.

Queen. Well, what's for me?

Ca. A heart of gold.

Queen. A goodly jewel.

Le. Count Labervele and Florilla.

La. What's my posie, sir, I pray?

Le. Marry, this, my lord:—

"Of all Fortune's friends, that hath joy in
this life,

He is most happy that puts a sure trust in
his wife."

La. A very good one, sir; I thank you
for it.

Flo. What's mine, I pray?

Le. Marry, this, madam,

"Good fortune, be thou my good-fortune
bringer,
And make me amends for my poor bitten
finger."

La. Who bit your finger, wife?

Flo. Nobody; 'tis vain posie.

Ca. Blank for my Lord Labervele, for

his wife a *posie*, a pair of holy beads with a crucifix.

Flo. Oh, 'bomination idol! I'll none of them.

King. Keep them thyself, Verone; she will not have them.

Le. Dowsecer and Martia, I have fitted your lordship for a *posie*.

Do. Why, what is it?

Le. *Ante omnia una.*

Mar. And what is mine, sir?

Le. A serious one, I warrant you.

"Change: for the better."

Ma. That's not amiss.

Ca. A prize: Dowsecer hath a cat's eyes, or Mercury's rod of gold, set with jacinths and emeralds.

Do. What is for Martia?

Ca. Martia hath the two serpents' heads set with diamonds.

Le. What my host Verone?

King. What, is he in for his own jewels?

Le. Oh, what else, my liege, 'tis our bounty, and his *posie* is—

To tell you the truth, in words plain and mild,

Verone loves his maid, and she is great with child.

King. What, Queen Fortune with child; shall we have young Fortunes, my host?

Host. I am abused, and if it please your majesty.

Maid. I'll play no more.

Le. No, 'faith, you need not now, you have played your bellyful already.

Host. Stand still, good Jaquena, they do but jest.

Maid. Yea, but I like no such jesting.

Le. Come, great Queen Fortune, let see your *posies*; what, madam! alas, your ladyship is one of the last.

Coun. What is my *posie*, sir, I pray?

Le. Marry, madam, your *posie* is made in manner and form of an Echo; as, if you were seeking your husband, and Fortune should be the Echo, and this you say:—

"Where is my husband hid so long unmasked?" "Masked," says the Echo.

"But in what place, Sweet Fortune? let me hear." "Here," says the Echo.

King. There you lie, Echo, for if he were here, we must needs see him.

Le. Indeed, sweet King, methinks 'tis one of them that carries the torches. No, that cannot be neither, and yet, by the mass, here's Jaques; why, my host, did not you tell me that Jaques should be a torch-bearer? Who is this? God's my life, my lord.

Mo. And you be gentlemen, let me go.

Coun. Nay, come your way, you may be well enough ashamed to show your face that is a perjured wretch; did not you swear if there were any wenches at the ordinary you would straight come home?

King. Why, who told you, madam, there were any there?

Coun. He that will stand to it; Lemot, my liege.

Le. Who? I stand to it? Alas! I told you in kindness and good will, because I would not have you company long from your husband.

Mo. Who lo you bird; how much you are deceived!

Coun. Why, wherefore were you afraid to be seen?

Mo. Who? I afraid? Alas! I bore a torch to grace this honourable presence—for nothing else, sweet bird.

King. Thanks, good Mores: see, lady, with what wrong

You have pursued your most enamour'd lord.

But come, now all are friends, now is this day

Spent with unhurtful motives of delight, And o'er joys more my senses at the night.

And now for Dowsecer: if all will follow my device, his beautiful love and he shall married be; and here I solemnly invite you all

Home to my court, where with feasts we will crown

This mirthful day, and vow it to renown.

All Fools.*

TO

MY LONG LOVED AND HONOURABLE FRIEND,

SIR THOMAS WALSINGHAM, KNIGHT.

SHOULD I expose to every common eye,
The least allow'd birth of my shaken
brain ;
And not entitle it particularly
To your acceptance, I were worse than
vain.
And though I am most loth to pass your
sight
With any such like mark of vanity ;
Being mark'd with age for aims of greater
weight,

And drown'd in dark death-usher
melancholy,
Yet lest by others' stealth it be imprest,
Without my passport, patch'd with
others' wit,
Of two enforced ills I elect the least ;
And so desire your love will censure it ;
Though my old fortune keep me still
obscure,
The light shall still bewray my old love
sure.†

PROLOGUS.

THE fortune of a Stage (like Fortune's self),
Amazeth greatest judgments ; and none
knows
The hidden causes of those strange effects,
That rise from this Hell, or fall from this
Heaven :
Who can show cause why your wits, that
in aim
At higher objects, scorn to compose
plays ;
(Though we are sure they could, would
they vouchsafe it ?)
Should (without means to make) judge
better far,
Than those that make ; and yet ye see they
can.
For without your applause, wretched is he
That undertakes the Stage ; and he's more
blest,
That with your glorious favours can con-
test.

Who can show cause why th' ancient
Comic vein
Of Eupolis and Cratinus (now revived,
Subject to personal application)
Should be exploded by some bitter spleens ?
Yet merely Comical and harmless jests
(Though ne'er so witty) be esteem'd but toys,
If void of th' other satyrisms' sauce ?
Who can show cause why quick Ve-
nerian jests
Should sometimes ravish ? sometimes fall
far short
Of the just length and pleasure of your
ears ?
When our pure dames think them much
less obscene,
Than those that win your panegyric
spleen ?
But our poor dooms, alas ! you know are
nothing

* "*All Fools*. A Comedy, Presented at the Black Fryers, And lately before his Maiestie. Written by George Chapman. At London, Printed for Thomas Thorpe. 1605."

† This Sonnet is only found in one or two of the original copies. The leaf containing it is supposed to have been cancelled, for some reason or other, before the publication of the play.—
ED.

To your inspired censure ; ever we
Must needs submit ; and there's the
mystery.

Great are the gifts given to united
heads,

To gifts, attire, to fair attire, the stage
Helps much ; for if our other audience see
You on the stage depart before we end ;

Our wits go with you all, and we are
fools.

So Fortune governs in these stage events ;
That merit bears least sway in most con-
tents.

Auriculas Asini quis non habet ?

How we shall then appear, we must refer
To magic of your dooms, that never err.

ACTORS.

Gostanzo, }
Marc Antonio, } *Knights.*
Valerio, son to Gostanzo.
Fortunio, elder son to Marc Antonio.
Rinaldo, the younger.
Dariotho, }
Claudio, } *Courtiers.*

Cornelio, a start-up Gentleman.
Curio, a Page.
Kyte, a Scrivener.
Francis Pock, a Surgeon.
Gazetta, wife to Cornelio.
Bellanora, daughter to Gostanzo.
Gratiana, stolen wife to Valerio.

ACT THE FIRST.

SCENE I.

Enter Rinaldo, Fortunio, Valerio.

Ri. Can one self cause, in subjects so
alike

As you two are, produce effect so unlike ?
One like the Turtle all in mournful strains,
Wailing his fortunes. Th' other like the
Lark

Mounting the sky in shrill and cheerful
notes ;

Chanting his joys aspired, and both for
love ?

In one, love raiseth by his violent heat
Moist vapours from the heart into the eyes,
From whence they drown his breast in
daily showers :

In th' other, his divided power infuseth
Only a temperate and most kindly warmth,
That gives life to those fruits of wit and
virtue,

Which the unkind hand of an uncivil
father

Had almost nipp'd in the delightsome
blossom.

Fo. O, brother, love rewards our
services

With a most partial and injurious hand,
If you consider well our different fortunes :
Valerio loves, and joys the dame he loves ;
I love, and never can enjoy the sight

Of her I love ; so far from conquering
In my desires' assault, that I can come
To lay no battery to the fort I seek,
All passages to it so strongly kept,
By strait guard of her father.

Ri. I dare swear,
If just desert in love measured reward,
Your fortune should exceed Valerio's far ;
For I am witness (being your bedfellow)
Both to the daily and the nightly service
You do unto the deity of love,

In vows, sighs, tears, and solitary watches.
He never serves him with such sacrifice,
Yet hath his bow and shafts at his com-
mand :

Love's service is much like our humorous
lords,

Where minions carry more than servitors,
The bold and careless servant still obtains ;
The modest and respective nothing gains ;
You never see your love unless in dreams,
He, Hymen puts in whole possession.

What different stars reign'd when your
loves were born,
He forced to wear the willow, you the
horn ?

But, brother, are you not ashamed to make
Yourself a slave to the base lord of love,
Begot of fancy, and of beauty born ?

And what is beauty ? a mere quintessence,
Whose life is not in being, but in seeming ;
And therefore is not to all eyes the same,
But like a cozening picture, which one way

Shows like a crow, another like a swan ;
And upon what ground is this beauty
drawn ?

Upon a woman, a most brittle creature,
And would to God (for my part) that were
all.

Fo. But tell me, brother, did you never
love ?

Ri. You know I did, and was beloved
again,

And that of such a dame as all men
deem'd

Honour'd, and made me happy in her
favours :

Exceeding fair she was not ; and yet fair
In that she never studied to be fairer
Than Nature made her ; beauty cost her
nothing,

Her virtues were so rare, they would have
made

An Ethiop beautiful : at least so thought
By such as stood aloof, and did observe her
With credulous eyes ; but what they were
indeed

I'll spare to blaze, because I loved her
once,

Only I found her such, as for her sake,
I vow eternal wars against their whole sex,
Inconstant shuttlecocks, loving fools, and
jesters ;

Men rich in dirt, and titles sooner won
With the most vile than the most virtuous ;
Found true to none : if one amongst whole
hundreds

Chance to be chaste, she is so proud
withal,

Wayward and rude, that one of unchaste
life

Is oftentimes approved a worthier wife :
Undressed, sluttish, nasty to their hus-
bands,

Spunged up, adorned, and painted to their
lovers :

All day in ceaseless uproar with their house-
holds,

If all the night their husbands have not
pleased them ;

Like hounds, most kind, being beaten and
abused ;

Like wolves, most cruel, being kindest
used.

Fo. Fie, thou profanest the deity of
their sex.

Ri. Brother, I read that Egypt hereto-
fore

Had Temples of the richest frame on
earth ;

Much like this goodly edifice of women :
With alabaster pillars were those Temples

Upheld and beautified, and so are women,
Most curiously glazed, and so are women,
Cunningly painted too, and so are women,
In outside wondrous heavenly, so are
women ;

But when a stranger view'd those fanes
within,

Instead of gods and goddesses, he should
find

A painted fowl, a fury, or a serpent ;
And such celestial inner parts have women.

Va. Rinaldo, the poor fox that lost his
tail,

Persuaded others also to lose theirs :
Thyself, for one perhaps that for desert
Or some defect in thy attempts refused
thee,

Revilest the whole sex, beauty, love, and
all :

I tell thee Love is Nature's second sun ;
Causing a spring of virtues where he shines,
And as without the sun, the world's great
eye,

All colours, beauties, both of Art and
Nature,

Are given in vain to men, so without love
All beauties bred in women are in vain ;

All virtues born in men lie buried,
For love informs them as the sun doth
colours,

And as the sun, reflecting his warm beams
Against the earth, begets all fruits and
flowers ;

So love, fair shining in the inward man,
Brings forth in him the honourable fruits
Of valour, wit, virtue, and haughty
thoughts,

Brave resolution, and divine discourse :
Oh, 'tis the Paradise, the heaven of earth ;
And didst thou know the comfort of two
hearts,

In one delicious harmony united,
As to joy one joy, and think both one
thought,

Live both one life, and therein double life ;
To see their souls met at an interview

In their bright eyes, at parley in their lips,
Their language, kisses : and to observe the
rest,

Touches, embraces, and each circumstance
Of all love's most unmatched ceremonies :
Thou wouldst abhor thy tongue for blas-
phemy.

Oh ! who can comprehend how sweet love
tastes

But he that hath been present at his feasts ?
Ri. Are you in that vein too, Valerio ?

'Twere fitter you should be about your
charge.

How plough and cart goes forward ; I have known

Your joys were all employ'd in husbandry,
Your study was how many loads of hay
A meadow of so many acres yielded ;
How many oxen such a close would fat.
And is your rural service now converted
From Pan to Cupid? and from beasts to
women?

Oh, if your father knew this, what a lecture

Of bitter castigation he would read you !

Va. My father? why, my father? does he think

To rob me of myself? I hope I know
I am a gentleman ; though his covetous
humour

And education hath transform'd me baily,
And made me overseer of his pastures,
I'll be myself, in spite of husbandry.

Enter Gratiana.

And see, bright heaven, here comes my
husbandry. [*Amplectitur eam.**]

Here shall my cattle graze, here Nectar
drink,

Here will I hedge and ditch, here hide
my treasure:

O poor Fortunio, how wouldst thou
triumph,

If thou enjoy'd'st this happiness with my
sister !

Fo. I were in heaven if once 'twere
come to that.

Ri. And methinks 'tis my heaven that
I am past it,

And should the wretched Machiavellian,
The covetous knight, your father, see this
sight,

Lusty Valerio?

Va. 'Sfoot, sir, if he should,
He shall perceive ere long my skill ex-
tends

To something more than sweaty hus-
bandry.

Ri. I'll bear thee witness, thou canst
skill of dice,

Cards, tennis, wenching, dancing, and
what not?

And this is something more than hus-
bandry :

Th'art known in ordinaries, and tobacco-
shops,

Trusted in taverns and in vaulting-houses,

And this is something more than nus-
bandry.

Yet all this while, thy father apprehends
thee

For the most tame and thrifty groom in
Europe.

Fo. Well, he hath ventured on a mar-
riage,

Would quite undo him, did his father
know it.

Ri. Know it? Alas, sir, where can
he bestow

This poor gentlewoman he hath made his
wife,

But his inquisitive father will hear of it?
Who, like the dragon to th' Hesperian fruit,
Is to his haunts? 'Slight hence, the old
knight comes.

*Intrat Gostanzo. Omnes aufugiunt.**

Go. Rinaldo.

Ri. Who's that calls? What, Sir Gos-
tanzo?

How fares your knighthood, sir?

Go. Say, who was that
Shrunk at my entry here? was't not your
brother?

Ri. He shrunk not, sir ; his business
call'd him hence.

Go. And was it not my son that went
out with him?

Ri. I saw not him ; I was in serious
speech

About a secret business with my brother.

Go. Sure 'twas my son ; what made he
here? I sent him

About affairs to be dispatch'd in haste.

Ri. Well, sir, lest silence breed unjust
suspect,

I'll tell a secret I am sworn to keep,

And crave your honoured assistance in it.

Go. What is't, Rinaldo?

Ri. This, sir ; 'twas your son.

Go. And what young gentlewoman
graced their company?

Ri. Thereon depends the secret I must
utter ;

That gentlewoman hath my brother mar-
ried.

Go. Married? What is she?

Ri. 'Faith, sir, a gentlewoman ;
But her unnourishing dowry must be told
Out of her beauty.

Go. Is it true, Rinaldo?

And does your father understand so much?

Ri. That was the motion, sir, I was en-
treating

Your son to make to him, because I know
He is well spoken, and may much prevail.

* The stage directions are given sometimes in English and sometimes in Latin. It has been thought best to reproduce them here just as they appear in the original.—ED.

In satisfying my father, who much loves him,

Both for his wisdom and his husbandry.

Go. Indeed, he's one can tell his tale, I tell you,

And for his husbandry—

Ri. Oh, sir, had you heard
What thrifty discipline he gave my brother,
For making choice without my father's
knowledge,

And without riches, you would have ad-
mired him.

Go. Nay, nay, I know him well; but
what was it?

Ri. That in the choice of wives men
must respect

The chief wife, riches, that in every course
A man's chief load-star should shine out of
riches;

Love nothing heartily in this world but
riches;

Cast off all friends, all studies, all delights,
All honesty, and religion for riches;
And many such, which wisdom sure he
learn'd

Of his experient father; yet my brother
So soothes his rash affection, and presumes
So highly on my father's gentle nature,
That he's resolved to bring her home to
him,

And like enough he will.

Go. And like enough
Your silly father too, will put it up;
An honest knight, but much too much
indulgent

To his presuming children.

Ri. What a difference
Doth interpose itself 'twixt him and you,
Had your son used you thus?

Go. My son, alas!

I hope to bring him up in other fashion;
Follows my husbandry, sets early foot
Into the world; he comes not at the city,
Nor knows the city arts.

Ri. But dice and wenching. [*Aversus.*]

Go. Acquaints himself with no delight
but getting,

A perfect pattern of sobriety,
Temperance and husbandry, to all my
household;

And what's his company, I pray? not
wenches.

Ri. Wenches? I durst be sworn he
never smelt

A wench's breath yet; but methinks 'twere
fit

You sought him out a wife.

Go. A wife, Rinaldo?

He dares not look a woman in the face.

Ri. 'Sfoot, hold him to one; your son
such a sheep?

Go. 'Tis strange in earnest.

Ri. Well, sir, though for my thriftless
brother's sake,

I little care how my wrong'd father takes it,
Yet for my father's quiet, if yourself

Would join hands with your wise and
toward son,

I should deserve it some way.

Go. Good Rinaldo,

I love you and your father, but this matter
Is not for me to deal in; and 'tis needless.
You say your brother is resolved, pre-
suming

Your father will allow it.

Enter Marc Antonio.

Ri. See, my father!

Since you are resolute not to move him,
sir,

In any case conceal the secret,

By way of an atonement let me pray you
will. [*Abscondit se.*]

Go. Upon mine honour.

Ri. Thanks, sir.

Ma. God save thee, honourable Knight
Gostanzo.

Go. Friend Marc. Antonio! welcome;
and I think

I have good news to welcome you withal.

Ri. He cannot hold.

Ma. What news, I pray you, sir?

Go. You have a forward, valiant, eldest
son;

But wherein is his forwardness and valour?

Ma. I know not wherein you intend
him so.

Go. Forward before, valiant behind, his
duty;

That he hath dared before your due con-
sent

To take a wife.

Ma. A wife, sir? what is she?

Go. One that is rich enough: her hair
pure amber;

Her forehead mother of pearl, her fair eyes
Two wealthy diamants; her lips, mines of
rubies;

Her teeth are orient pearl, her neck pure
ivory.

Ma. Jest not, good sir, in an affair so
serious;

I love my son, and if his youth reward me
With his contempt of my consent in
marriage,

'Tis to be fear'd that his presumption
builds not

Of his good choice, that will bear out itself;
And being bad, the news is worse than bad.

Go. What call you bad? is it bad to be poor?

Ma. The world accounts it so; but if my son

Have in her birth and virtues held his choice

Without disparagement, the fault is less.

Go. Sits the wind there? Blows there so calm a gale

From a contemned and deserved anger?

Are you so easy to be disobey'd?

Ma. What should I do? If my enamour'd son

Have been so forward, I assure myself

He did it more to satisfy his love

Than to incense my hate, or to neglect me.

Go. A passing kind construction! suffer this,

You ope him doors to any villany;

He'll dare to sell, to pawn, run ever riot,
Despise your love in all, and laugh at you.

And that knight's competency you have gotten

With care and labour, he with lust and idleness

Will bring into the stipend of a beggar—

All to maintain a wanton whirligig,

Worth nothing more than she brings on her back,

Yet all your wealth too little for that back.

By heaven, I pity your declining state,

For, be assured, your son hath set his foot
In the right pathway to consumption:

Up to the heart in love; and for that love

Nothing can be too dear his love desires:
And how insatiate and unlimited

Is the ambition and the beggarly pride

Of a dame hoisted from a beggar's state

To a state competent and plentiful,

You cannot be so simple not to know.

Ma. I must confess the mischief: but, alas!

Where is in me the power of remedy?

Go. Where? In your just displeasure: cast him off,

Receive him not; let him endure the use
Of their enforced kindness that must trust him

For meat and money, for apparel, house,
And everything belongs to that estate,

Which he must learn with want of misery,
Since pleasure and a full estate hath

blinded

His dissolute desires.

Ma. What should I do?

If I should banish him my house and sight,
What desperate resolution might it breed
To run into the wars, and there to live
In want of competency, and perhaps
Taste th' unrecoverable loss of his chief
limbs,

Which while he hath in peace, at home
with me,

May, with his spirit, ransom his estate

From any loss his marriage can procure.

Go. Is't true? No, let him run into the war,

And lose what limbs he can: better one
branch

Be lopp'd away, than all the whole tree
should perish:

And for his wants, better young want than old.

You have a younger son at Padua—

I like his learning well—make him your heir,
And let your other walk: let him buy wit

At's own charge, not at's father's; if you
lose him,

You lose no more than that was lost before;
If you recover him, you find a son.

Ma. I cannot part with him.

Go. If it be so,

And that your love to him be so extreme,

In needful dangers ever choose the least:

If he should be in mind to pass the seas,

Your son Rinaldo (who told me all this)

Will tell me that, and so we shall prevent it.
If by no stern course you will venture that,

Let him come home to me with his fair
wife;

And if you chance to see him, shake him
up,

As if your wrath were hard to be reflected,
That he may fear hereafter to offend

In other dissolute courses. At my house,
With my advice, and my son's good

example,

Who shall serve as a glass for him to see

His faults, and mend them to his precedent,
I make no doubt but of a dissolute son

And disobedient, to send him home

Both dutiful and thrifty.

Ma. Oh, Gostanzo!

Could you do this, you should preserve
yourself

A perfect friend of me, and me a son.

Go. Remember you your part, and fear
not mine:

Rate him, revile him, and renounce him
too:

Speak, can you do't, man?

Ma. I'll do all I can.

[Exit Marc.]

Go. Alas! good man, how nature over-
weighs him!

Rinaldo comes forth.

Ri. God save you, sir.

Go. Rinaldo, all the news

You told me as a secret, I perceive
Is passing common; for your father knows
it;

The first thing he related was the mar-
riage.

Ri. And was extremely moved?

Go. Beyond all measure:

But I did all I could to quench his fury:
Told him how easy 'twas for a young man
To run that amorous course: and though
his choice

Were nothing rich, yet she was gently
born,

Well qualified, and beautiful. But he still
Was quite relentless, and would needs
renounce him.

Ri. My brother knows it well, and is
resolved

To trail a pike in field, rather than bide
The more fear'd push of my vex'd father's
fury.

Go. Indeed, that's one way: but are
no more means

Left to his fine wits, than t'incense his
father

With a more violent rage, and to redeem
A great offence with greater?

Ri. So I told him:

But to a desperate mind all breath is lost.

Go. Go to, let him be wise, and use his
friends,

Amongst whom I'll be foremost, to his
father:

Without this desperate error he intends
Join'd to the other; I'll not doubt to make
him

Easy return into his father's favour;
So he submit himself, as duty binds him:
For fathers will be known to be them-
selves,

And often when their angers are not deep
Will paint an outward rage upon their
looks.

Ri. All this I told him, sir; but what
says he?

"I know my father will not be reclaim'd,
He'll think that if he wink at this offence,
'Twill open doors to any villany.
I'll dare to sell, to pawn, and run all riot,
To laugh at all his patience, and consume
All he hath purchased to an honour'd pur-
pose,

In maintenance of a wanton whirligig,
Worth nothing more than she wears on
her back."

Go. The very words I used t'incense
his father!

But, good Rinaldo, let him be advised:
How would his father grieve, should he
be maim'd,

Or quite miscarry in the ruthless war?

Ri. I told him so; but, "Better far,"
said he,

"One branch should utterly be lopp'd away,
Than the whole tree of all his race should
perish;

And for his wants, better young want than
old."

Go. By heaven, the same words still I
used to his father!

Why, how comes this about? Well, good
Rinaldo,

If he dare not endure his father's looks,
Let him and his fair wife come home to
me,

Till I have qualified his father's passion.

He shall be kindly welcome, and be sure
Of all the intercession I can use.

Ri. I thank you, sir; I'll try what I can
do,

Although I fear me I shall strive in vain.

Go. Well, try him, try him. [Exit.]

Ri. Thanks sir, so I will.

See, this old politic dissembling knight,
Now he perceives my father so affectionate,
And that my brother may hereafter live
By him and his, with equal use of either,
He will put on a face of hollow friendship.
But this will prove an excellent ground to
sow

The seed of mirth amongst us; I'll go
seek

Valerio and my brother, and tell them
Such news of their affairs as they'll admire.

[Exit.]

Enter Gazetta, Bellanora, Gratiana.

Ga. How happy are your fortunes above
mine!

Both still being woo'd and courted; still so
feeding

On the delights of love, that still you find
An appetite to more; where I am cloy'd,
And being bound to love-sports, care not
for them.

Be. That is your fault, Gazetta; we have
loves,

And wish continual company with them
In honour'd marriage-rites, which you
enjoy.

But sold' or never can we get a look
Of those we love. Fortunio, my dear choice,
Dare not be known to love me, nor come
near

My father's house, where I as in a prison
Consume my lost days, and the tedious
nights,

My father guarding me for one I hate.
And Gratiana here, my brother's love,
Joys him by so much stealth that vehement
fear

Drinks up the sweetness of their stolen
delights :

Where you enjoy a husband, and may
freely

Perform all obsequies you desire to love.

Ga. Indeed I have a husband, and his
love

Is more than I desire, being vainly jealous ;
Extremes, tho' contrary, have the like
effects,

Extreme heat mortifies like extreme cold ;
Extreme love breeds satiety as well

As extreme hatred ; and too violent rigour
Tempt's chastity as much as too much
licence ;

There's no man's eye fix'd on me, but doth
pierce

My husband's soul : If any ask my welfare,
He straight doubts treason practis'd to his
bed :

Fancies but to himself all likelihoods
Of my wrong to him, and lays all on me
For certain truths ; yet seeks he with his
best

To put disguise on all his jealousy,
Fearing perhaps lest it may teach me that
Which otherwise I should not dream upon :
Yet lives he still abroad at great expense,
Turns merely gallant from his farmer's
state,

Uses all games and recreations ;
Runs races with the gallants of the Court,
Feasts them at home, and entertains them
costly,

And then upbraids me with their company.

Enter Cornelio.

See, see, we shall be troubled with him
now.

Co. Now, ladies, what plots have we now
in hand ?

They say, when only one dame is alone
She plots some mischief ; but if three to-
gether,

They plot three hundred. Wife, the air is
sharp,

Y'ad best to take the house, lest you take
cold.

Ga. Alas! this time of year yields no such
danger.

Co. Go in, I say; a friend of yours attends
you.

Ga. He is of your bringing, and may stay.
Co. Nay, stand not chopping logic ; in,
I pray.

Ga. Ye see, gentlewomen, what my happi-
ness is,

These humours reign in marriage, humours,
humours. [*Exit, he followeth.*

Gr. Now by my sooth, I am no fortune-
teller,

And would be loth to prove so ; yet pro-
nounce

This at adventure, that 'twere indecorum
This heifer should want horns.

Be. Fie on this love !

I rather wish to want than purchase so.

Gr. Indeed, such love is like a smoky
fire

In a cold morning ; though the fire be
cheerful,

Yet is the smoke so sour and cumbersome,
'Twere better lose the fire than find the
smoke :

Such an attendant then as smoke to fire,
Is jealousy to love ; better want both
Than have both.

Enter Valerio and Fortunio.

Va. Come, Fortunio, now take hold
On this occasion, as my myself on this :
One couple more would make a barley-
break.

Fo. I fear, Valerio, we shall break too
soon,

Your father's jealous spy-all, will dis-
please us.

Va. Well, wench, the day will come
his Argus eyes

Will shut, and thou shalt open : 'tfoot, I
think

Dame Nature's memory begins to fail
her ;

If I write but my name in mercer's books,
I am as sure to have at six months' end,
A rascal at my elbow with his mace,
As I am sure my father's not far hence ;
My father yet hath ought Dame Nature
debt,

These threescore years and ten, yet calls
not on him ;

But if she turn her debt-book over once,
And finding him her debtor, do but send
Her serjeant, John Death, to arrest his
body,

Our souls shall rest, wench, then, and the
free light

Shall triumph in our faces : where now
night,

In imitation of my father's frown,
Lowers at our meeting.

Enter Rinaldo.

See where the scholar comes.

Ri. Down on your knees, poor lovers,
reverence learning.

Fo. I pray thee, why, Rinaldo?

Ri. Mark, what cause

Flows from my depth of knowledge to
your loves,

To make you kneel and bless me while
you live.

Va. I pray thee, good scholar, give us
cause.

Ri. Mark, then, erect your ears; you
know what horror

Would fly on your love from your father's
frowns,

If he should know it. And your sister
here

(My brother's sweetheart) knows as well
what rage,

Would seize his powers for her, if he
should know

My brother wo'd her, or that she loved
him.

Is not this true? speak all.

Omn. All this is true.

Ri. It is as true that now you meet by
stealth,

In depth of midnight, kissing out at grates,
Climb over walls. And all this I'll reform.

Va. By logic?

Ri. Well, sir, you shall have all means
To live in one house, eat and drink together,
Meet and kiss your fills.

Va. All this by learning?

Ri. Ay, and your frowning father know
all this.

Va. Ay, marry, small learning may
prove that.

Ri. Nay, he shall know it, and desire it
too,

Welcome my brother to him, and your
wife,

Entreating both to come and dwell with
him.

Is not this strange?

Fo. Ay, too strange to be true.

Ri. 'Tis in this head shall work it;
therefore, hear:

Brother, this lady you must call your wife,
For I have told her sweetheart's father
here

That she is your wife; and because my
father,

(Who now believes it) must be quieted,
Before you see him, you must live awhile,
As husband to her, in his father's house.
Valerio, here's a simple mean for you

To lie at rack and manger with your
wedlock,

And, brother, for yourself to meet as freely
With this your long-desired and barred
love.

Fo. You make us wonder.

Ri. Peace; be ruled by me,

And you shall see to what a perfect shape
I'll bring this rude plot, which blind
chance (the ape

Of counsel and advice) hath brought forth
blind.

Valerio, can your heat of love forbear,
Before your father, and allow my brother
To use some kindness to your wife before
him?

Va. Ay, before him, I do not greatly
care,

Nor anywhere indeed; my sister here
Shall be my spy: if she will wrong herself,
And give her right to my wife, I am
pleased.

Fo. My dearest life, I know, will never
fear

Any such will or thought in all my powers.
When I court her, then, think I think 'tis
thee;

When I embrace her, hold thee in mine
arms:

Come, let us practise 'gainst we see your
father.

Va. Soft, sir; I hope you need not do
it yet;

Let me take this time.

Ri. Come, you must not touch her.

Va. No, not before my father.

Ri. No, nor now,

Because you are so soon to practise it,
For I must bring them to him presently.

Take her, Fortunio; go hence man and
wife,

We will attend you rarely with fix'd faces.
Valerio, keep your countenance, and
conceive

Your father in your forged sheepishness,
Who thinks thou darest not look upon a
wench,

Nor know'st at which end to begin to kiss
her.

[*Exeunt.*]

END OF ACT I.

ACT THE SECOND.

SCENE I.

Gostanzo, Marc Antonio.

Go. It is your own too simple lenity,
And doting indulgence shown to him still,

That thus hath taught your son to be no son ;

As you have used him, therefore, so you have him :

Durst my son thus turn rebel to his duty, Steal up a match unsuited his estate, Without all knowledge of a friend or father,

And, to make that good with a worse offence,

Adsolve to run beyond sea to the wars ; Durst my son serve me thus ? Well, I have stay'd him,

Though much against my disposition, And this hour I have set for his repair With his young mistress and concealed wife ;

And in my house, here, they shall sojourn both,

Till your black anger's storm be over-blown.

Ma. My anger's storm ? Ah, poor Fortunio,

One gentle word from thee would soon resolve

The storm of my rage to a shower of tears.

Go. In that vein still ? Well, Marc Antonio,

Our old acquaintance and long neighbour-hood

Ties my affection to you, and the good Of your whole house ; in kind regard whereof

I have advised you, for your credit's sake, And for the tender welfare of your son, To frown on him a little ; if you do not, But at first parley take him to your favour, I protest utterly to renounce all care Of you and yours, and all your amities.

They say, he's wretched that out of himself

Cannot draw counsel to his proper weal. But he's thrice wretched that has neither counsel

Within himself, nor apprehension Of counsel for his own good, from another.

Ma. Well, I will arm myself against this weakness

The best I can. I long to see this Helen That hath enchanted my young Paris thus,

And's like to set all our poor Troy on fire.

Enter Valerio with a Page. Marc retires himself.

Go. Here comes my son. Withdraw, take up your stand ;

You shall hear odds betwixt your son and mine.

Va. Tell him I cannot do't ; shall I be made

A foolish novice, my purse set a-broach By every cheating come-you-seven ; to lend My money, and be laugh'd at ? tell him plain

I profess husbandry, and will not play The prodigal, like him, 'gainst my profession.

Go. Here's a son.

Ma. An admirable spark !

Page. Well, sir, I'll tell him so.

[*Exit Page.*]

Va. 'Sfoot, let him lead

A better husband's life, and live not idly ; Spending his time, his coin and self on wenches.

Go. Why, what's the matter, son ?

Va. Cry mercy, sir : why there comes messengers

From this and that brave gallant ; and such gallants

As I protest I saw but through a grate.

Go. And what's this message ?

Va. Faith, sir, he's disappointed Of payments ; and disfurnish'd of means present ;

If I would do him the kind office therefore

To trust him but some seven-night with the keeping

Of forty crowns for me, he deeply swears, As he's a gentleman, to discharge his trust ;

And that I shall eternally endear him To my wish'd service, he protests and contests.

Go. Good words, Valerio ; but thou art too wise

To be deceived by breath. I'll turn thee loose,

To the most cunning cheater of them all.

Va. 'Sfoot ; he's not ashamed besides to charge me

With a late promise ; I must yield indeed I did (to shift him off with some contentment)

Make such a frivall promise.

Go. Ay, well done ;

Promises are no fetters ; with that tongue Thy promise past, unpromise it again.

Wherefore has man a tongue of power to speak,

But to speak still to his own private purpose ?

Beasts utter but one sound ; but men have change

Of speech and reason, even by nature given them,

Now to say one thing, and another now,
As best may serve their profitable ends.

Ma. By'r-lady, sound instructions to a son.

Va. Nay, sir; he makes his claim by debt of friendship.

Go. Tush; friendship's but a term, boy.
The fond world

Like to a doting mother glazes over
Her children's imperfections with fine terms;

What she calls friendship and true humane kindness,

Is only want of true experience:

Honesty is but a defect of wit;

Respect but mere rusticity and clownery.

Ma. Better and better. Soft, here comes my son.

Enter Fortunio, Rinaldo, and Gratiana.

Ri. Fortunio, keep your countenance; see, sir, here

The poor young married couple, which you pleased

To send for to your house.

Go. Fortunio, welcome.

And in that welcome I imply your wife's,
Who I am sure you count your second self.

[*He kisses her.*]

Fo. Sir, your right noble favours do exceed

All power of worthy gratitude by words,
That in your care supply my father's place.

Go. Fortunio, I cannot choose but love you,

Being son to him who long time I have loved:

From whose just anger my house shall protect you,

Till I have made a calm way to your meetings.

Fo. I little thought, sir, that my father's love

Would take so ill so slight a fault as this.

Go. Call you it slight? Nay, though his spirit take it

In higher manner than for your loved sake,
I would have wish'd him; yet I make a doubt,

Had my son done the like, if my affection
Would not have turn'd to more spleen than your father's:

And yet I qualify him all I can,

And doubt not but that time and my persuasion,

Will work out your excuse: since youth and love

Were th' unresisted organs to seduce you:

But you must give him leave, for fathers must

Be won by penitence and submission,
And not by force or opposition.

Fo. Alas, sir, what advise you me to do?

I know my father to be highly moved,
And am not able to endure the breath
Of his express'd displeasure, whose hot flames,

I think my absence soonest would have quench'd.

Go. True, sir, as fire with oil, or else like them,

That quench the fire with pulling down the house;

You shall remain here in my house conceal'd

Till I have won your father to conceive kinder opinion of your oversight.

Valerio, entertain Fortunio
And his fair wife, and give them conduct in.

Va. Y'are welcome, sir.

Go. What, sirrah, is that all?

No entertainment to the gentlewoman?

Va. Forsooth y'are welcome, by my father's leave.

Go. What, no more compliment? Kiss her, you sheep's head.

Why, when? *Go, go, sir, call your sister hither.*

[*Exit Val.*]

Lady, you'll pardon our gross bringing up;

We dwell far off from court, you may perceive:

The sight of such a blazing star as you
Dazzles my rude son's wits.

Gr. Not so, good sir.

The better husband, the more courtly ever.

Ri. Indeed a courtier makes his lips go far,

As he doth all things else.

Enter Valerio, Bellanora.

Go. Daughter, receive

This gentlewoman home, and use her kindly.

[*She kisses her.*]

Be. My father bids you kindly welcome, lady,

And therefore you must needs come well to me.

Gr. Thank you, forsooth.

Go. Go, dame, conduct 'em in.

[*Exeunt* Rinaldo, Fortunio, Bell. Grat.
Ah, errant sheep'shead, hast thou lived thus long,

And darest not look a woman in the face?
Though I desire especially to see

My son a husband, shall I therefore have him

Turn absolute cullion? Let's see, kiss thy hand.

Thou kiss thy hand? thou wipest thy mouth, by th'mass.

Fie on thee, clown! They say the world's grown finer;

But I for my part never saw young men Worse fashion'd and brought-up than now-a-days.

'Sfoot, when myself was young, was not I kept

As far from Court as you? I think I was; And yet my father on a time invited

The Duchess of his house; I being then About some five-and-twenty years of age, Was thought the only man to entertain her;

I had my congé; plant myself of one leg, Draw back the t'other with a deep-fetch'd honour;

Then with a bel regard advant mine eye With boldness on her very visnomy.

Your dancers all were counterfeits to me: And for discourse in my fair mistress' presence

I did not, as you barren gallants do, Fill my discourses up drinking tobacco;

But on the present furnish'd evermore With tales and practised speeches; as sometimes,

"What is't a clock?" "What stuff's this petticoat?"

"What cost the making? What the fringe and all?"

And "what she had under her petticoat?" And such-like witty compliments: and for need,

I could have written as good prose and verse

As the most beggarly poet of 'em all, Either acrostic, or *Exordion*,

Epithalamions, *Satyrs*, *Epigrams*, *Sonnets in Dozens*, or your *Quatorzains*

In any rhyme, *Masculine*, *Feminine*, Or *Sdruciollo*, or couplets, or Blank Verse.

Y'are but bench-whistlers now-a-days to them

That were in our times. Well, about your husbandry,

Go, for i'faith th'art fit for nothing else.

[*Exit* Valerio, *prodit* Marc Antonio.

Ma. By'r-lady, you have play'd the courtier rarely.

Go. But did you ever see so blank a fool,

When he should kiss a wench, as my son is?

Ma. Alas, 'tis but a little bashfulness. You let him keep no company, nor allow him

Money to spend at fence and dancing-schools,

Y'are too severe, i'faith.

Go. And you, too supple.

Well, sir, for your sake I have stay'd your son From flying to the wars; now see you rate him,

To stay him yet from more expenceful courses,

Wherein your lenity will encourage him.

Ma. Let me alone; I thank you for this kindness. [*Exeunt.*

Enter Valerio and Rinaldo.

Ri. So! are they gone? Now tell me, brave Valerio,

Have I not won the wreath from all your wits,

Brought thee t'enjoy the most desired presence

Of thy dear love at home? and with one labour,

My brother to enjoy thy sister, where It had been her undoing t'have him seen,

And make thy father crave what he abhors;

T'entreat my brother home t'enjoy his daughter,

Command thee kiss thy wench, chide for not kissing,

And work all this out of a Machiavel, A miserable politician?

I think the like was never play'd before!

Va. Indeed, I must commend thy wit, of force,

And yet I know not whose deserves most praise,

Of thine or my wit: thine for plotting well,

Mine, that durst undertake and carry it With such true form.

Ri. Well, the evening crowns the day: Persevere to the end, my wit hath put

Blind Fortune in a string into your hand; Use it discreetly, keep it from your father,

Or you may bid all your good days good-night.

Va. Let me alone, boy.

Ri. Well, sir, now to vary The pleasures of our wits; thou know'st, Valerio,

Here is the new-turn'd gentleman's fair wife,

That keeps thy wife and sister company; With whom the amorous courtier Dariotto

Is far in love, and of whom her sour husband
Is passing jealous, puts on eagle's eyes,
To pry into her carriage. Shall we see
If he be now from home, and visit her?

Enter Gazetta sewing, Cornelio following.

See, see, the prisoner comes.

Va. But soft, sir, see
Her jealous jailor follows at her heels.
Come, we will watch some fitter time to
board her,

And in the meantime seek out our mad crew:
My spirit longs to swagger.

Ri. Go to, youth,
Walk not too boldly; if the serjeants meet
you,

You may have swaggering work your belly-
full.

Va. No better copesmates;
[*Gazetta sits and sings sewing.*
I'll go seek 'em out with this light in my
hand,

The slaves grow proud with seeking out of
us. [*Exeunt.*

Co. A pretty work; I pray what flowers
are these?

Ga. The pansy this.
Co. Oh, that's for lover's thoughts.

What's that, a columbine?*

Ga. No, that thankless flower fits not
my garden.

Co. Him? yet it may mine?
This were a pretty present for some friend,
Some gallant courtier, as for Dariotto,
One that adores you in his soul, I know.

Ga. Me? Why me more than yourself,
I pray?

Co. Oh yes, he adores you, and adorns
me:

I'faith, deal plainly, do not his kisses
relish

Much better than such peasants as I am?

Ga. Whose kisses?

Co. Dariotto's; does he not

The thing you wot on?

Ga. What thing, good lord?

Co. Why, lady, lie with you.

Ga. Lie with me?

Co. Ay, with you.

Ga. You with me, indeed.

Co. Nay, I am told that he lies with you
too,

And that he is the only whoremaster
About the city.

Ga. If he be so only,
'Tis a good hearing that there are no more.

Co. Well, mistress, well, I will not be
abused;

Think not you dance in nets; for though
you do not,

Make broad profession of your love to
him,

Yet do I understand your darkest language,
Your treads a' th'toe, your secret jogs and
wings,

Your intercourse of glances, every tittle
Of your close amorous rites I understand.

They speak as loud to me, as if you said,
"My dearest Dariotto, I am thine."

Ga. Jesus! what moods are these? did
ever husband

Follow his wife with jealousy so-unjust?
That once I loved you, you yourself will

swear;

And if I did, where did you lose my love?
Indeed, this strange and undeserved

usage
Hath power to shake a heart were ne'er so
settled;

But I protest all your unkindness never
Had strength to make me wrong you but
in thought.

Co. No, not with Dariotto?

Ga. No, by heaven.

Co. No letters pass'd, nor no designs for
meeting?

Ga. No, by my hope of heaven.

Co. Well, no time past,

Go, go; go in and sew.

Ga. Well, be it so. [*Exit Ga.*

Co. Suspicion is (they say) the first
degree

Of deepest wisdom; and however others
Inveigh against this mood of jealousy,

For my part I suppose it the best curb,
To check the ranging appetites that reign

In this weak sex; my neighbours point at
me

For this my jealousy; but should I do,
As most of them do, let my wife fly out

To feasts and revels, and invite home
gallants,

Play Menelaus, give them time and place,
While I sit like a well-taught waiting-

woman
Turning her eyes upon some work or
picture,

Read in a book, or take a feigned nap,
While her kind lady takes one to her lap.

No, let me still be pointed at, and thought
A jealous ass, and not a wittoly knave.

* An obvious allusion to Ophelia's speech in
Hamlet (act iv. sc. 5):—

"There is pansies, that's for thoughts; there's
fennel for you, and columbines."—*ED.*

I have a show of courtiers haunt my house,
In show my friends, and for my profit too ;
But I perceive 'em, and will mock their
aims,
With looking to their mark, I warrant
'em :

I am content to ride abroad with them,
To revel, dice, and fit their other sports ;
But by their leaves I'll have a vigilant eye
To the main chance still. See, my brave
comrades.

Enter Dariotho, Claudio, and Valerio :
Valerio putting up his Sword.

Da. Well, wag, well ; wilt thou still de-
ceive thy father,
And being so simple a poor soul before
him,

Turn swaggerer in all companies besides ?

Cl. Hadst thou been 'rested, all would
have come forth.

Va. Soft, sir, there lies the point, I do
not doubt,

But t'have my pennyworths of these
rascals one day,

I'll smoke the buzzing hornets from their
nests,

Or else I'll make their leather jerkins stay.
The whoreson hungry horse-flies ; foot, a
man

Cannot so soon, for want of almanacks,
Forget his day but three or four bare
months,

But straight he sees a sort of corporals,
To lie in ambuscado to surprise him.

Da. Well, thou hadst happy fortune to
escape 'em.

Va. But they thought theirs was hap-
pier to 'scape me.

I walking in the place, where men's law-
suits

Are heard and pleaded, not so much as
dreaming

Of any such encounter, steps me forth
Their valiant foreman, with the word,
"I 'rest you."

I made no more ado, but laid these paws
Close on his shoulders, tumbling him to
earth ;

And there sate he on his posteriors,
Like a baboon ; and turning me about,
I straight espied the whole troop issuing
on me.

I stept me back, and drawing my old
friend here,

Made to the midst of them, and all unable
T'endure the shock, all rudely fell in rout,
And down the stairs they ran with such a
fury,

As meeting with a troop of lawyers there,
Mann'd by their clients : some with ten,
some twenty,

Some five, some three ; he that had least,
had one ;

Upon the stairs they bore them down afore
them ;

But such a rattling then was there amongst
them

Of ravish'd declarations, replications,
Rejoinders and petitions ; all their books
And writings torn and trod on, and some
lost,

That the poor lawyers coming to the bar,
Could say nought to the matter, but in-
stead,

Were fain to rail and talk besides their
books

Without all order.

Cl. Faith, that same vein of railing is
become

Now most applausive ; your best poet is
He that rails grossest.

Da. True, and your best fool is your
broad railing fool.

Va. And why not, sir ?

For by the gods, to tell the naked truth,
What objects see men in this world, but
such

As would yield matter to a railing
humour ?

When he, that last year carried after one
An empty buckram bag, now fills a coach,
And crowds the senate with such troops of
clients

And servile followers as would put a mad
spleen

Into a pigeon.

Da. Come, pray leave these cross capers ;
Let's make some better use of precious
time.

See, here's Cornelio ; come, lad, shall we
to dice ?

Co. Anything I.

Cl. Well said ; how does thy wife ?

Co. In health, God save her.

Va. But where is she, man ?

Co. Abroad about her business.

Va. Why, not at home ?

Foot, my masters, take her to the Court ;
And this rare lad, her husband : and
doest hear ?

Play me no more the miserable farmer ;
But be advised by friends, sell all i' th'
country ;

Be a flat courtier, follow some great
man,

Or bring thy wife there, and she'll make
thee great.

Co. What, to the Court? then take me for a gull.

Va. Nay, never shun it to be call'd a gull;

For I see all the world is but a gull;
One man gull to another in all kinds;
A merchant to a courtier is a gull;
A client to a lawyer is a gull;
A married man to a bachelor, a gull;
A bachelor to a cuckold is a gull;
All to a poet, or a poet to himself.

Co. Hark, Dariotto; shall we gull this guller?

Da. He gulls his father, man; we cannot gull him.

Co. Let me alone. Of all men's wits alive,

I most admire Valerio's, that hath stolen
By his mere industry, and that by spurts,
Such qualities as no wit else can match,
With plodding at perfection every hour;
Which, if his father knew each gift he has,
Were like enough to make him give all
from him:

I mean, besides his dicing and his wenching,
He has stolen languages; th'Italian,
Spanish,

And some spice of the French; besides
his dancing,

Singing and playing on choice instruments:
These has he got, almost against the hair.

Cl. But hast thou stolen all these,
Valerio?

Va. Toys, toys, a pox; and yet they be
such toys

As every gentleman would not be without.

Co. Vain-glory makes ye judge on't
light i'faith.

Da. Afore heaven, I was much deceived
in him;

But he's the man indeed that hides his
gifts,

And sets them not to sale in every presence.
I would have sworn his soul were far from
music,

And that all his choice music was to hear
His fat beasts bellow.

Co. Sir, your ignorance
Shall eftsoun be confuted. Prithee, Val,
Take thy theorbo, for my sake, a little.

Va. By heaven! this month I touch'd
not a theorbo.

Co. Touch'd a theorbo? mark the very
word.

Sirrah, go fetch. [Exit Page.]

Va. If you will have it, I must needs
confess

I am no husband of my qualities.

[*He untrusses and capers.*]

Co. See what a caper there was!

Cl. See again.

Co. The best that ever; and how it be-
comes him!

Da. Oh that his father saw these
qualities!

Enter a Page with an instrument.

Co. Nay, that's the very wonder of his
wit

To carry all without his father's knowledge.

Da. Why, we might tell him now.

Co. No, but we could not,
Although we think we could; his wit
doth charm us.

Come, sweet Val, touch and sing.

Da. Foot, will you hear

The worst voice in Italy?

Enter Rinaldo.

Co. Oh God, sir! [*He sings.*] Courtiers,
how like you this?

Da. Believe it excellent.

Co. Is it not natural?

Va. If my father heard me,
Foot, he'd renounce me for his natural
son.

Da. By heaven, Valerio, and I were
thy father,

And loved good qualities as I do my life,
I'd disinheret thee; for I never heard
Dog howl with worse grace.

Co. Go to, Signor Courtier,
You deal not courtly now to be so plain,
Nor nobly, to discourage a young gentle-
man

In virtuous qualities, that has but stolen
'em.

Cl. Call you this touching a theorbo?

Omn. Ha, ha, ha.

[*Exeunt all but Val. and Rin.*]

Va. How now, what's here?

Ri. Zoons, a plot laid to gull thee,
Could thy wit think thy voice was worth
the hearing?

This was the courtier's and the cuckold's
project.

Va. And is't e'en so? 'Tis very well,
master Courtier, and Dan Cornuto;
I'll cry quit with both;

And first, I'll cast a jar betwixt them both,
With firing the poor cuckold's jealousy.

I have a tale will make him mad,
And turn his wife divorced loose amongst
us.

But first let's home, and entertain my wife,
Oh father, pardon, I was born to gull
thee. [*Exeunt.*]

END OF ACT II.

ACT THE THIRD.

SCENE I.

Enter Fortunio, Bellanora, Gratiana,
Gostanzo *following closely.*

Fo. How happy am I, that by this sweet means,

I gain access to your most loved sight,
And therewithal to utter my full love,
Which but for vent would burn my entrails up.

Go. By th' mass they talk too softly.

Be. Little thinks

The austere mind my thrifty father bears
That I am vow'd to you, and so am bound,
From him, who for more riches he would force

On my disliking fancy.

Fo. 'Tis no fault,

With just deeds to defraud an injury.

Go. My daughter is persuading him to yield

In dutiful submission to his father.

Enter Valerio.

Va. Do I not dream? do I behold this sight

With waking eyes? or from the ivory gate
Hath Morpheus sent a vision to delude me?
Is't possible that I, a mortal man,
Should shrine within mine arms so bright a goddess,

The fair Gratiana, beauty's little world?

Go. What have we here?

Va. My dearest mine of gold,
All this that thy white arms enfold,
Account it as thine own freehold.

Go. God's my dear soul, what sudden change is here?

I smell how this gear will fall out, i'faith.

Va Fortunio, sister, come, let's to the garden. [*Exeunt.*]

Go. Sits the wind there, i'faith? see what example

Will work upon the dullest appetite.

My son, last day so bashful, that he durst not

Look on a wench, now courts her; and by'r lady,

Will make his friend Fortunio wear his head

Of the right modern fashion. What, Rinaldo!

Enter Rinaldo.

Ri. I fear I interrupt your privacy.

Go. Welcome, Rinaldo, would 'thad been your hap

To come a little sooner, that you might I have seen a handsome sight: but let that pass:

The short is that your sister Gratiana Shall stay no longer here.

Ri. No longer, sir?

Repent you then so soon your favour to her, And to my brother?

Go. Not so, good Rinaldo;

But to prevent a mischief that I see

Hangs over your abused brother's head.

In brief, my son has learn'd but too much courtship.

It was my chance even now to cast mine eye

Into a place whereto your sister enter'd:

My metamorphosed son: I must conceal What I saw there: but to be plain, I saw More than I would see. I had thought to make

My house a kind receipt for your kind brother;

But I'd be loth his wife should find more kindness

Than she had cause to like of.

Ri. What's the matter?

Perhaps a little compliment or so.

Go. Well, sir, such compliment perhaps may cost

Married Fortunio the setting on.

Nor can I keep my knowledge; he that lately

Before my face I could not get to look

Upon your sister, by this light, now kiss'd her,

Embraced and courted with as good a grace,

As any courtier could: and I can tell you (Not to disgrace her) I perceived the dame Was as far forward as himself, by the mass.

Ri. You should have school'd him for't.

Go. No, I'll not see't:

For shame once found, is lost; I'll have him think

That my opinion of him is the same

That it was ever; it will be a mean To bridle this fresh humour bred in him.

Ri. Let me then school him; foot, I'll rattle him up.

Go. No, no, Rinaldo, th' only remedy Is to remove the cause; carry the object From his late tempted eyes.

Ri. Alas, sir, whither?

You know my father is incensed so much He'll not receive her.

Go. Place her with some friend

But for a time, till I reclaim your father: Meantime your brother shall remain with me.

Ri. [to himself]. The care's the less then, he has still his longing
To be with this gull's daughter.

Go. What resolve you?

I am resolved she lodges here no more :
My friend's son shall not be abused by mine.

Ri. Troth, sir, I'll tell you what a sudden toy

Comes in my head. What think you if I brought her

Home to my father's house?

Go. Ay, marry, sir ;

Would he receive her?

Ri. Nay, you hear not all :

I mean, with use of some device or other.

Go. As how, Rinaldo?

Ri. Marry, sir, to say,

She is your son's wife, married past your knowledge.

Go. I doubt, last day he saw her, and will know her to be Fortunio's wife.

Ri. Nay, as for that

I will pretend she was even then your son's wife,

But feign'd by me to be Fortunio's,

Only to try how he would take the matter.

Go. 'Fore heaven 'twere pretty.

Ri. Would it not do well?

Go. Exceeding well, in sadness.

Ri. Nay, good sir.

Tell me unfeignedly, do ye like't indeed?

Go. The best that e'er I heard.

Ri. And do you think

He'll swallow down the gudgeon?

Go. A my life,

It were a gross gob would not down with him ;

An honest knight, but simple ; not acquainted

With the fine sleights and policies of the world,

As I myself am.

Ri. I'll go fetch her straight ;

And this jest thrive, 'twill make us princely sport ;

But you must keep our counsel, second all ;
Which to make likely, you must needs sometimes

Give your son leave (as if you knew it not)
To steal and see her at my father's house.

Go. Ay, but see you then that you keep good guard

Over his forward new-begun affections ;

For, by the Lord, he'll teach your brother else,

To sing the cuckoo's note ; spirit will break out,

Though never so suppress'd and pinioned.

Ri. Especially your son's ; what would he be

If you should not restrain him by good counsel?

Go. I'll have an eye on him, I warrant thee.

I'll in and warn the gentlewoman to make ready.

Ri. Well, sir, and I'll not be long after you. [Exit *Go.*]

Heaven, heaven, I see these politicians (Out of blind Fortune's hands) are our most

fools.

'Tis she that gives the lustre to their wits,
Still plodding at traditional devices :

But take 'em out of them to present actions,
A man may grope and tickle 'em like a

trout,

And take 'em from their close deer holes as fat

As a physician, and as giddy-headed,
As if by miracle heaven had taken from

them

Even that which commonly belongs to fools.

Well, now let's note what black ball of debate

Valerio's wit hath cast betwixt Cornelio
And the enamour'd courtier ; I believe

His wife and he will part ; his jealousy
Hath ever watch'd occasion of divorce ;

And now Valerio's villany will present it.
See, here comes the twin-courtier, his companion.

Enter Claud.

Cl. Rinaldo, well encounter'd.

Ri. Why? what news?

Cl. Most sudden and infortunate, Rinaldo ;

Cornelio is incensed so 'gainst his wife
That no man can procure her quiet with

him.

I have assay'd him, and made Marc Antonio,

With all his gentle rhetoric, second me ;
Yet all, I fear me, will be cast away.

See, see, they come ; join thy wit, good Rinaldo,

And help to pacify his yellow fury.

Ri. With all my heart. I consecrate my wit

To the wish'd comfort of distressed ladies.

Enter Cornelio, Marc Antonio, Valerio, Page.

Co. Will any man assure me of her good behaviour?

Va. Who can assure a jealous spirit?

you may be afraid of the shadow of your ears, and imagine them to be horns; if you will assure yourself, appoint keepers to watch her.

Co. And who shall watch the keepers?

Ma. To be sure of that, be you her keeper.

Va. Well said; and share the horns yourself; for that's the keeper's fee.

Co. But say I am gone out of town, and must trust others; how shall I know if those I trust be trusty to me?

Ri. Marry, sir, by a singular instinct given naturally to all you married men, that if your wives play legerdeheel, though you be a hundred miles off, yet you shall be sure instantly to find it in your foreheads.

Co. Sound doctrine, I warrant you; I am resolved, i'faith.

Pa. Then give me leave to speak, sir, that hath all this while been silent; I have heard you with extreme patience; now, therefore, prick up your ears, and vouchsafe me audience.

Cl. Good boy, a mine honour.

Co. Pray, what are you, sir?

Pa. I am here, for default of better, of counsel with the fair Gazetta, and though herself had been best able to defend herself if she had been here, and would have pleased to put forth the buckler which Nature hath given all women, I mean her tongue—

Va. Excellent good boy.

Pa. Yet, since she either vouchsafes it not, or thinks her innocence a sufficient shield against your jealous accusations, I will presume to undertake the defence of that absent and honourable lady, whose sworn knight I am; and in her of all that name (for lady is grown a common name to their whole sex), which sex I have ever loved from my youth, and shall never cease to love, till I want wit to admire.

Ma. An excellent spoken boy.

Va. Give ear, Cornelio; here is a young Mercurio sent to persuade thee.

Co. Well, sir, let him say on.

Pa. It is a heavy case, to see how this light sex is tumbled and tossed from post to pillar, under the unsavoury breath of every humorous peasant. Gazetta, you said, is unchaste, disloyal, and I wot not what; alas! is it her fault? is she not a woman? did she not suck it (as others of her sex do) from her mother's breast? and will you condemn that as her fault which is her nature? Alas! sir, you must con-

sider a woman is an unfinished creature, delivered hastily to the world, before Nature had set to that seal which should have made them perfect. Faults they have, no doubt, but are we free? Turn your eye into yourself (good Signor Cornelio), and weigh your own imperfections with hers. If she be wanton abroad, are not you wanting at home? if she be amorous, are not you jealous? if she be high set, are not you taken down? if she be a courtesan, are not you a cuckold?

Co. Out, you rogue.

Ri. On with thy speech, boy.

Ma. You do not well, Cornelio, to discourage the bashful youth.

Cl. Forth, boy, I warrant thee.

Pa. But if our own imperfections will not teach us to bear with theirs, yet let their virtues persuade us; let us endure their bad qualities for their good; allow the prickle for the rose, the brack for the velvet, the paring for the cheese, and so forth: if you say they range abroad, consider it is nothing but to avoid idleness at home; their nature is still to be doing; keep 'em a-doing at home; let them practise one good quality or other, either sewing, singing, playing, chiding, dancing, or so; and these will put such idle toys out of their heads into yours; but if you cannot find them variety of business within doors, yet, at least, imitate the ancient wise citizens of this city, who used carefully to provide their wives gardeners near the town, to plant, to graft in, as occasion served, only to keep 'em from idleness.

Va. Everlasting good boy.

Co. I perceive your knavery, sir, and will yet have patience.

Ri. Forth, my brave Curio.

Pa. As to her unquietness (which some have rudely termed shrewishness), though the fault be in her, yet the cause is in you. What so calm as the sea of its own nature? Art was never able to equal it; your dicing-tables nor your bowling-alleys are not comparable to it; yet, if a blast of wind do but cross it, not so turbulent and violent an element in the world. So (Nature in lieu of women's scarcity of wit, having indued them with a large portion of will) if they may (without impeach) enjoy their wills, no quieter creatures under heaven; but if the breath of their husbands' mouths once cross their wills, nothing more tempestuous. Why, then, sir, should you husbands cross your wives' wills thus, considering the law allows them no wills at all at their deaths,

because it intended they should have their wills while they lived?

Va. Answer him but that, Cornelio.

Co. All shall not serve her turn; I am thinking of other matters.

Ma. Thou hast half won him, wag; ply him yet a little further.

Pa. Now, sir, for these cuckooish songs of yours, of cuckolds, horns, grafting, and such-like; what are they but mere imaginary toys, bred out of your own heads, as your own, and so by tradition delivered from man to man, like scarecrows, to terrify fools from this earthly paradise of wedlock, coined at first by some spent poets, superannuated bachelors, or some that were scarce men of their hands; who, like the fox, having lost his tail, would persuade others to lose theirs for company? Again, for your cuckold, what is it but a mere fiction? show me any such creature in nature; if there be, I could never see it; neither could I ever find any sensible difference betwixt a cuckold and a christian creature. To conclude, let poets coin, or fools credit, what they list; for mine own part, I am clear of this opinion, that your cuckold is a mere *chimera*, and that there are no cuckolds in the world but those that have wives: and so I will leave them.

Co. 'Tis excellent good, sir; I do take you, sir, d'ye see, to be, as it were, bastard to the saucy courtier, that would have me father more of your fraternity, d'ye see? and so are instructed (as we hear) to second that villain with your tongue, which he has acted with his tenure piece, d'ye see?

Pa. No such matter, a my credit, sir.

Co. Well, sir, be as be may, I scorn to set my head against yours, d'ye see? when in the meantime I will firk your father, whether you see or no.

[*Exit drawing his rapier.*]

Ri. God's my life, Cornelio! [*Exit.*]

Va. Have at your father, i'faith, boy, if he can find him.

Ma. See, he comes here; he has missed him.

Enter Dariotho.

Da. How now, my hearts, what, not a wench amongst you?

'Tis a sign y'are not in the grace of wenches

That they will let you be thus long alone.

Va. Well, Dariotho, glory not too much, That for thy brisk attire and lips perfumed,

Thou play'st the stallion ever where thou comest;

And like the husband of the flock, runn't through

The whole town herd, and no man's bed secure:

No woman's honour unattempted by thee. Think not to be thus fortunate for ever:

But in thy amorous conquests at the last Some wound will slice your mazer: Mars himself

Fell into Vulcan's snare, and so may you.

Da. Alas, alas, i'faith, I have but the name;

I love to court and win; and the consent Without the act obtain'd, is all I seek;

I love the victory that draws no blood.

Cl. Oh, 'tis a high desert in any man

To be a secret lecher; I know some

That (like thyself) are true in nothing else.

Ma. And methinks it is nothing, if not told;

At least the joy is never full before.

Va. Well, Dariotho, th'hadst as good confess,

The sun shines broad upon your practices. Vulcan will wake and intercept you one day.

Da. Why, the more jealous knave and coxcomb he.

What, shall the shaking of his bed a little Put him in motion? It becomes him not;

Let him be dull'd and stall'd, and then be quiet.

The way to draw my custom to his house, Is to be mad and jealous; 'tis the sauce

That whets my appetite.

Va. Or any man's:

Sine periculo friget lusus.

They that are jealous, use it still of purpose

To draw you to their houses.

Da. Ay, by heaven,

I am of that opinion. Who would steal

Out of a common orchard? Let me gain

My love with labour, and enjoy't with fear, Or I am gone.

Enter Rinaldo.

Ri. What, Dariotho here?

'Foot, darest thou come near Cornelio's house?

Da. Why? is the bull run mad? what ails he, trow?

Ri. I know not what he ails; but I would wish you

To keep out of the reach of his sharp horns,

For by this hand he'll gore you.

Da. And why me,

More than thyself, or these two other
whelps?

You all have basted him as well as I.

I wonder what's the cause?

Ri. Nay, that he knows,
And swears withal, that wheresoe'er he
meets you,
He'll mark you for a marker of men's
wives.

Va. Pray heaven he be not jealous by
some tales

That have been told him lately; did you
never

Attempt his wife? hath no love's har-
binger,

No looks, no letters, pass'd 'twixt you and
her?

Da. For looks I cannot answer; I be-
stow them

At large, and carelessly, much like the
sun;

If any be so foolish to apply them

To any private fancy of their own

(As many do), it's not my fault, thou
knowest.

Va. Well, Dariotho, this set face of
thine,

(If thou be guilty of offence to him)

Comes out of very want of wit and feeling

What danger haunts thee; for Cornelio

Is a tall man, I tell you; and 'twere best
You shunn'd his sight awhile, till we might
get

His patience, or his pardon; for past
doubt

Thou diest, if he but see thee.

Enter Cornelio.

Ri. 'Foot, he comes.

Da. Is this the cockatrice that kills with
sight?

How doest thou, boy? ha?

Co. Well.

Da. What, lingering still
About this paltry town? hadst thou been
ruled

By my advice, thou hadst by this time
been

A gallant courtier, and at least a knight;

I would have got thee dubb'd by this time
certain.

Co. And why then did you not yourself
that honour?

Da. Tush; 'tis more honour still to
make a knight

Than 'tis to be a knight; to make a cuck-
old

Than 'tis to be a cuckold.

Co. Y'are a villain.

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Da. God shield man! villain?

Co. Ay, I'll prove thee one.

Da. What, wilt thou prove a villain?

By this light thou deceivest me, then.

Co. Well, sir, thus I prove it. [*Draws.*

Omn. Hold, hold! raise the streets.

Cl. Cornelio.

Ri. Hold, Dariotho, hold.

Va. What, art thou hurt?

Da. A scratch, a scratch.

Va. Go, sirrah, fetch a surgeon.

Co. You'll set a badge on the jealous
fool's head, sir; now set a cockcomb on
your own.

Va. What's the cause of these wars,
Dariotho?

Da. Foot, I know not.

Co. Well, sir, know and spare not. I
will presently be divorced, and then take
her amongst ye.

Ri. Divorced? nay, good Cornelio.

Co. By this sword I will; the world shall
not dissuade me. [*Exit.*

Va. Why, this has been your fault now,
Dariotho,

You youths have fashions: when you have
obtain'd

A lady's favour, straight your hat must
wear it;

Like a jackdaw, that when he lights
upon

A dainty morsel, kaa's and makes his
brags,

And then some kite doth scoop it from him
straight;

When, if he fed without his dawish noise,
He might fare better and have less dis-
turbance.

Forbear it in this case; and when you
prove

Victorious over fair Gazetta's fort,

Do not for pity sound your trump for joy,

But keep your valour close, and 'tis your
honour.

Enter Page and Pock.

Po. God save you, Signor Dariotho.

Da. I know you not, sir; your name, I
pray?

Po. My name is Pock, sir; a prac-
titioner in surgery.

Da. Pock, the surgeon; y'are welcome,
sir; I know a doctor of your name, n:aster
Pock.

Po. My name has made many doctors,
sir.

Ri. Indeed, 'tis a worshipful name.

Va. Marry is it, and of an ancient
descent.

Po. Faith, sir, I could fetch my pedigree far, if I were so disposed.

Ri. Out of France, at least.

Po. And if I stood on my arms, as others do—

Da. No, do not, Pock; let others stand a their arms, and thou a thy legs, as long as thou canst.

Po. Though I live by my bare practice, yet I could show good cards for my gentility.

Va. Tush, thou canst not shake off thy gentry, Pock; 'tis bred i' th' bone. But to the main, Pock. What thinkest thou of this gentleman's wound, Pock; canst thou cure it, Pock?

Po. The incision is not deep, nor the orifice exorbitant; the pericranion is not dislocated. I warrant his life for forty crowns, without perishing of any joint.

Da. Faith, Pock; 'tis a joint I would be loth to lose for the best joint of mutton in Italy.

Ri. Would such a scratch as this hazard a man's head?

Po. Ay, by'r-lady, sir; I have known some have lost their heads for a less matter, I can tell you; therefore, sir, you must keep good diet; if you please to come home to my house till you be perfectly cured, I shall have the more care on you.

Va. That's your only course to have it well quickly.

Po. By what time would he have it well, sir?

Da. A very necessary question; canst thou limit the time?

Po. Oh, sir, cures are like causes in law, which may be lengthened or shortened at the discretion of the lawyer; he can either keep it green with replications or rejoinders, or sometimes skin it fair a' th' outside for fashion sake; but so he may be sure 'twill break out again by a writ of error, and then has he his suit new to begin; but I will covenant with you, that by such a time I'll make your head as sound as a bell; I will bring it to suppuration, and after I will make it coagulate and grow to a perfect cicatrice, and all within these ten days, so you keep a good diet.

Da. Well, come, Pock, we'll talk farther on't within; it draws near dinner-time. What's o'clock, boy?

Page. By your clock, sir, it should be almost one, for your head rung noon some half hour ago.

Da. Is't true, sir?

Va. Away, let him alone; though he

came in at the window he sets the gates of your honour open, I can tell you.

Da. Come in, Pock, come, apply; and for this deed

I'll give the knave a wound shall never bleed:

So, sir, I think this knock rings loud acquittance

For my ridiculous—

[*Exeunt all but Rinal. and Valer.*]

Ri. Well, sir, to turn our heads to salve your licence,

Since you have used the matter so unwisely That now your father has discern'd your humour,

In your too careless usage in his house, Your wife must come from his house to

Antonio's,

And he, to entertain her must be told She is not wife to his son, but to you:

Which news will make his simple wit triumph

Over your father; and your father thinking He still is gull'd, will still account him simple.

Come, sir, prepare your villanous wit to feign

A kind submission to your father's fury, And we shall see what hearty policy

He will discover, in his feigned anger, To blind Antonio's eyes, and make him think

He thinks her heartily to be your wife.

Va. Oh, will I gull him rarely with my wench,

Low kneeling at my heels before his fury, And injury shall be salved with injury.

END OF ACT III.

ACT THE FOURTH.

SCENE I.

Marc Antonio: Gostanzo.

Ma. You see how too much wisdom evermore

Out-shoots the truth: you were so forward still

To tax my ignorance, my green experience In these gray hairs, for giving such advantage

To my son's spirit, that he durst undertake A secret match, so far short of his worth:

Your son so season'd with obedience, Even from his youth, that all his actions

relish

Nothing but duty, and your anger's fear,

What shall I say to you, if it fall out
That this most precious son of yours has
play'd

A part as bad as this, and as rebellious :
Nay, more, has grossly gull'd your wit
withal.

What if my son has undergone the blame
That appertain'd to yours? and that this
wench

With which my son is charged, may call
you father :

Shall I then say you want experience?
Y'are green, y'are credulous; easy to be
blinded.

Go. Ha, ha, ha.

Good Marc Antonio, when't comes to
that,

Laugh at me, call me fool, proclaim
me so,

Let all the world take knowledge I am an
ass.

Ma. Oh! the good God of Gods,
How blind is pride! what eagles we are
still

In matters that belong to other men,
What beetles in our own! I tell you,
knight,

It is confess'd to be as I have told you ;
And Gratiana is by young Rinaldo
And your white son, brought to me as his
wife.

How think you now, sir?

Go. Even just as before,

And have more cause to think honest
Credulity

Is a true loadstone to draw on Decrepity !
You have a heart too open to embrace
All that your ear receives: alas! good
man,

All this is but a plot for entertainment
Within your house; for your poor son's
young wife

My house, without huge danger, cannot
hold.

Ma. Is't possible; what danger, sir, I
pray?

Go. I'll tell you, sir; 'twas time to take
her thence :

My son, that last day you saw could not
frame

His looks to entertain her, now, by'r-lady,
Is grown a courtier; for myself, unseen,
Saw when he courted her, embraced and
kiss'd her,

And, I can tell you, left not much undone,
That was the proper office of your son.

Ma. What world is this?

Go. I told this to Rinaldo,
Advising him to fetch her from my house,

And his young wit, not knowing where to
lodge her

Unless with you, and saw that could not
be

Without some wile: I presently suggested
This quaint device—to say she was my
son's;

And all this plot, good Marc Antonio,
Flow'd from this fount, only to blind our
eyes.

Ma. Out of how sweet a dream have
you awaked me!

By heaven, I durst have laid my part in
heaven

All had been true; it was so lively handled,
And drawn with such a seeming face of
truth;

Your son had cast a perfect veil of grief
Over his face, for his so rash offence,
To seal his love with act of marriage
Before his father had subscribed his choice.
My son (my circumstance lessening the
fact)

Entreating me to break the matter to you,
And joining my effectual persuasions
With your son's penitent submission,
Appease your fury: I at first assented,
And now expect their coming to that
purpose.

Go. 'Twas well, 'twas well; seem to
believe it still,

Let art end what credulity began;
When they come, suit your words and
looks to theirs,

Second my sad son's feign'd submission,
And see in all points how my brain will
answer

His disguised grief, with a set countenance
Of rage and choler; now observe and learn
To school your son by me.

Intrant Rinaldo, Valerio, Gratiana.

Ma. On with your mask; here come
the other maskers, sir.

Ri. Come on, I say,
Your father with submission will be calm'd;
Come on; down a your knees.

Go. Villain, durst thou

Presume to gull thy father? Dost thou
not

Tremble to see my bent and cloudy brows
Ready to thunder on thy graceless head,
And with the bolt of my displeasure cut
The thread of all my living from thy life,
For taking thus a beggar to thy wife?

Va. Father, if that part I have in your
blood,

If tears, which so abundantly distil
Out of my inward eyes, and for a need

Can drown these outward (lend me thy handkercher),

And being, indeed, as many drops of blood
Issuing from the crater of my heart,
Be able to beget so much compassion,
Not on my life, but on this lovely dame,
Whom I hold dearer?

Go. Out upon thee, villain!

Ma. Nay, good Gostanzo; think, you are a father.

Go. I will not hear a word: out, out upon thee!

Wed without my advice, my love, my knowledge,

Ay, and a beggar, too, a trull, a blowse!

Ri. You thought not so last day, when you offer'd her

A twelvemonths' board for one night's lodging with her.

Go. Go to, no more of that; peace, good Rinaldo,

It is a fault that only she and you know.

Ri. Well, sir, go on, I pray.

Go. Have I, fond wretch,

With utmost care and labour brought thee up,

Ever instructing thee, omitting never

The office of a kind and careful father,

To make thee wise and virtuous like thy father:

And hast thou in one act everted all?

Proclaim'd thyself to all the world a fool,

To wed a beggar?

Va. Father, say not so.

Go. Nay, she's thy own; here, rise, fool, take her to thee,

Live with her still, I know thou count'st thyself

Happy in soul, only in winning her:

Be happy still; here, take her hand, enjoy her,

Would not a son hazard his father's wrath,
His reputation in the world, his birth-right,

To have but such a mess of broth as this?

Ma. Be not so violent, I pray you, good Gostanzo,

Take truce with passion, license your sad son

To speak in his excuse.

Go. What? what excuse?

Can any orator in this case excuse him?

What can he say? what can be said of any?

Va. Alas, sir, hear me; all that I can say

In my excuse, is but to show love's warrant.

Go. Notable wag!

Va. I know I have committed

A great impiety, not to move you first

Before the dame I meant to make my wife.

Consider what I am, yet young, and green,
Behold what she is. Is there not in her,
Ay, in her very eye, a power to conquer,
Even age itself and wisdom? Call to mind,
Sweet father, what yourself being young
have been,

Think what you may be, for I do not think
The world so far spent with you, but you may

Look back on such a beauty, and I hope
To see you young again, and to live long
With young affections; wisdom makes a man

Live young for ever: and where is this wisdom

If not in you? Alas, I know not what
Rests in your wisdom to subdue affections,
But I protest it wrought with me so strongly

That I had quite been drown'd in seas of tears

Had I not taken hold in happy time

Of this sweet hand; my heart had been consumed

T'a heap of ashes with the flames of love,
Had it not sweetly been assuaged and cool'd

With the moist kisses of these sugar'd lips.

Go. O, puissant wag; what huge large thongs he cuts

Out of his friend Fortunio's stretching-leather.

Ma. He knows he does it but to blind my eyes.

Go. O, excellent! these men will put up anything.

Va. Had I not had her, I had lost my life,

Which life indeed I would have lost before
I had displeas'd you, had I not received it
From such a kind, a wise, and honour'd father.

Go. Notable boy!

Va. Yet do I here renounce

Love, life, and all, rather than one hour longer

Endure to have your love eclipsed from me.

Gr. Oh, I can hold no longer; if thy words

Be used in earnest, my Valerio,

Thou wound'st my heart, but I know 'tis in jest.

Go. No I'll be sworn she has her lyri-poop too.

Gr. Didst thou not swear to love, spite of father and all the world,

That nought should sever us but death itself?

Va. I did, but if my father
Will have his son forsworn, upon his soul
The blood of my black perjury shall lie ;
For I will seek his favour though I die.

Go. No, no; live still, my son; thou well
shalt know,
I have a father's heart; come join your
hands,
Still keep thy vows, and live together still,
Till cruel death set foot betwixt you both.

Va. Oh, speak you this in earnest?

Go. Ay, by heaven.

Va. And never to recall it?

Go. Not till death.

Ri. Excellent, sir; you have done like
yourself,

What would you more, Valerio?

Va. Worshipful father.

Ri. Come, sir, come you in, and cele-
brate your joys.

[*Exeunt all save the old men.*]

Go. Oh, Marc Antonio,
Had I not arm'd you with an expectation,
Would not this make you pawn your very
soul,

The wench had been my son's wife?

Ma. Yes, by heaven:

A knavery thus effected might deceive
A wiser man than I, for I, alas!
Am no good politician: plain believing,
Simple honesty, is my policy still.

Go. The visible marks of folly, honesty,
And quick credulity his younger brother.
I tell you, Marc Antonio, there is much
In that young boy, my son.

Ma. Not much honesty, if I may speak
without offence to his father.

Go. Oh, God, you cannot please me
better, sir.

H'as honesty enough to serve his turn,
The less honesty ever the more wit,
But go you home, and use your daughter
kindly,
Meantime I'll school your son; and do you
still

Dissemble what you know, keep off your
son;

The wench at home must still be my son's
wife,

Remember that, and be you blinded still.

Ma. You must remember too to let
your son

Use his accustom'd visitations,
Only to blind my eyes.

Go. He shall not fail;

But still take you heed, have a vigilant eye
On that sly child of mine, for by this light,
He'll be too bold with your son's forehead
else.

Ma. Well, sir, let me alone, I'll bear
a brain. [*Exeunt.*]

Enter Valerio, Rinaldo.

Va. Come, they are gone.

Ri. Gone? they were far gone here.

Va. Gull'd I my father, or gull'd he
himself?

Thou told'st him Gratiana was my wife,
I have confessed it, he has pardon'd it.

Ri. Nothing more true, enow can wit-
ness it.

And therefore when he comes to learn the
truth,

(As certainly for all these sly disguises,
Time will strip truth into her nakedness),
Thou hast good plea against him to confess
The honour'd action, and to claim his
pardon.

Va. 'Tis true, for all was done, he deeply
swore,
Out of his heart.

Ri. He has much faith the whites,
That swore a thing so quite against his
heart.

Va. Why, this is policy.

Ri. Well, see you repair

To Gratiana daily, and enjoy her
In her true kind; and now we must expect
The resolute and ridiculous divorce
Cornelio hath sued against his wedlock.

Va. I think it be not so; the ass dotes
on her.

Ri. It is too true, and thou shalt
answer it

For setting such debate 'twixt man and
wife:

See, we shall see the solemn manner of it.

Enter Cornelio, Dariotto, Claudio, Notary,
Page, Gazetta, Bellanora, Gratiana.

Be. Good Signor Cornelio, let us poor
gentlewomen entreat you to forbear.

Co. Talk no more to me, I'll not be
made cuckold in my own house; notary,
read me the divorce.

Ga. My dear Cornelio, examine the
cause better before you condemn me.

Co. Sing to me no more, syren, for I
will hear thee no more; I will take no com-
passion on thee.

Pa. Good Signor Cornelio, be not too
unkind against your wife; say y'are a
cuckold (as the best that is may be so at a
time) will you make a trumpet of your own
horns?

Co. Go to, sir, y'are a rascal; I'll give
you a fee for pleading for her one day.
Notary, do you your office.

Va. Go to, signor, look better to your wife and be better advised, before you grow to this extremity.

Co. Extremity! Go to, I deal but too mercifully with her. If I should use extremity with her I might hang her, and her copesmate my drudge here. How say you, master Notary, might I not do it by law?

No. Not hang 'em, but you may bring them both to a white sheet.

Co. Nay, by the mass! they have had too much of the sheet already.

No. And besides, you may set capital letters on their foreheads.

Co. What's that to the capital letter that's written in mine? I say, for all your law, master Notary, that I may hang 'em. May I not hang him that robs me of mine honour, as well as he that robs me of my horse?

No. No, sir, your horse is a chattel.

Co. So is honour. A man may buy it with his penny, and if I may hang a man for stealing my horse, as I say, much more for robbing me of my honour; for why? if my horse be stolen it may be my own fault; for why? either the stable is not strong enough, or the pasture not well fenced, or watched, or so forth. But for your wife that keeps the stable of your honour; let her be locked in a brazen tower, let Argus himself keep her, yet can you never be secure of your honour; for why? she can run through all with her serpent noddle; besides, you may hang a lock upon your horse, and so can you not upon your wife.

Ri. But I pray you, sir, what are the presumptions on which you would build this divorce?

Co. Presumption enough, sir, for besides their intercourse, or commerce of glances, that passed betwixt this cockrill-drone and her, at my table last Sunday night at supper, their winks, their becks, due gard, their treads a'the toe (as by heaven I swear she trod once upon my toe instead of his), this is chiefly to be noted, the same night she would needs lie alone; and the same night her dog barked. Did not you hear him, Valerio?

Va. And understand him too, I'll be sworn of a book.

Co. Why, very good; if these be not manifest presumptions now, let the world be judge. Therefore, without more ceremony, master Notary, pluck out your instrument.

No. I will, sir, if there be no remedy.

Co. Have you made it strong in law, master Notary? have you put in words enough?

No. I hope so, sir; it has taken me a whole skin of parchment, you see.

Co. Very good; and is egress and regress in?

No. I'll warrant you, sir, it is *forma juris*.

Co. Is there no hole to be found in the orthography?

No. None in the world, sir.

Co. You have written *Sunt* with an *S*, have you not?

No. Yes, that I have.

Co. You have done the better for quietness' sake; and are none of the authentic dashes over the head left out? if there be, master Notary, an error will lie out.

No. Not for a dash over head, sir, I warrant you, if I should oversee. I have seen that tried in Butiro and Caseo, in Butler and Cason's case, *Decimo sexto* of Duke Anonimo.

Ri. Y'ave gotten a learned notary, Signor Cornelio.

Co. He's a shrewd fellow indeed. I had as lieve have his head in a matter of felony, or treason, as any notary in Florence. Read out, master Notary. Harken you, mistress; gentlemen, mark, I beseech you.

Omn. We will all mark you, sir, I warrant you.

No. I think it would be something tedious to read all, and therefore, gentlemen, the sum is this: That you, Signor Cornelio, for divers and sundry weighty and mature considerations you especially moving, specifying all the particulars of your wife's enormities in a schedule hereunto annexed, the transcript whereof is in your own tenure, custody, occupation, and keeping: That for these, the aforesaid premises, I say, you renounce, disclaim, and discharge Gazetta from being your leeful or your lawful wife: And that you eftsoons divide, disjoin, separate, remove, and finally eioigne, sequester, and divorce her, from your bed and your board; That you forbid her all access, repair, egress or regress to your person or persons, mansion or mansions, dwellings, habitations, remainences or abodes, or to any shop, cellar, solar, easements' chamber, dormer, and so forth, now in the tenure, custody, occupation, or keeping of the said Cornelio; notwithstanding all former contracts, covenants, bargains, conditions, agreements, compacts, promises, vows, affiances, as-

surances, bonds, bills, indentures, poledeeds, deeds of gift, defesances, feoffments, endowments, vouchers, double vouchers, privy entries, actions, declarations, explanations, rejoinders, surrejoinders, rights, interests, demands, claims, or titles whatsoever, heretofore betwixt the one and the other party, or parties, being had, made, passed, covenanted, and agreed, from the beginning of the world till the day of the date hereof. Given the seventeenth of November, fifteen hundred and so forth. Here, sir, you must set to your hand.

Co. What else, master Notary? I am resolute, i'faith.

Ga. Sweet husband, forbear.

Co. Avoid, I charge thee in name of this divorce; thou mightst have looked to it in time, yet this I will do for thee; if thou canst spy out any other man that thou wouldest cuckold, thou shalt have my letter to him. I can do no more. More ink, master Notary; I write my name at large.

No. Here is more, sir.

Co. Ah, ass, that thou couldst not know thy happiness till thou hadst lost it! How now? my nose bleed? Shall I write in blood? What! only three drops? 'Sfoot, 'tis ominous: I will not set my hand to't now certain, master Notary, I like not this abodement; I will defer the setting to of my hand till the next court day. Keep the divorce, I pray you, and the woman in your house together.

Omn. Burn the divorce, burn the divorce!

Co. Not so, sir, it shall not serve her turn. Master Notary, keep it at your peril, and, gentlemen, you may begone; a God's name what have you to do to flock about me thus? I am neither owlet nor cuckoo. Gentlewomen, for God's sake meddle with your own cases, it is not fit you should haunt these public assemblies.

Omn. Well, farewell, Cornelio.

Va. Use the gentlewoman kindly, master Notary.

No. As mine own wife, I assure you, sir. [Exeunt.

Cl. Signor Cornelio, I cannot but in kindness tell you that Valerio, by counsel of Rinaldo, hath whispered all this jealousy into your ears; not that he knew any just cause in your wife, but only to be revenged on you for the gull you put upon him when you drew him with his glory to touch the theorbo.

Co. May I believe this?

Cl. As I am a gentleman; and if this accident of your nose had not fallen out, I

would have told you this before you set to your hand.

Co. It may well be, yet have I cause enough

To perfect my divorce; but it shall rest Till I conclude it with a counterbuff Given to these noble rascals. Claudio, thanks:

What comes of this, watch but my brain a little,

And ye shall see, if like two parts in me, I leave not both these gullers' wits imbrier'd; Now I perceive well where the wild wind sits,

Here's gull for gull, and wits at war with wits. [Exeunt.

END OF ACT IV.

ACT THE FIFTH.

SCENE I.

Rinaldo, *solus.*

Fortune, the great commandress of the world,

Hath divers ways to advance her followers: To some she gives honour without deserving,

To other some, deserving without honour; Some wit, some wealth, and some wit without wealth;

Some wealth without wit, some nor wit nor wealth,

But good smock-faces; or some qualities, By nature without judgment, with the which

They live in sensual acceptation And make show only, without touch of substance.

My fortune is to win renown by gulling Gostanzo, Dariotto, and Cornelio; All which suppose, in all their different kinds,

Their wits entire, and in themselves no piece;

All at one blow, my helmet, yet unbruised,

I have unhorsed, laid flat on earth for gulls:

Now in what taking poor Cornelio is Betwixt his large divorce and no divorce, I long to see, and what he will resolve; I lay my life he cannot chew his meat, And looks much like an ape had swallow'd pills;

And all this comes of bootless jealousy, And see, where bootless jealousy appears.

Enter Cornelio.

I'll board him straight : how now, Cornelio,
Are you resolved on the divorce, or no ?

Co. What's that to you ? Look to your
own affairs,

The time requires it : are not you engaged
In some bonds forfeit for Valerio ?

Ri. Yes, what of that ?

Co. Why, so am I myself,
And both our dangers great ; he is arrested
On a recognizance, by a usuring slave.

Ri. Arrested ? I am sorry with my heart,
It is a matter may import me much.
May not our bail suffice to free him, think
you ?

Co. I think it may, but I must not be
seen in't,

Nor would I wish you, for we both are
parties,

And liker far to bring ourselves in trouble,
Than bear him out ; I have already made
Means to the officers to sequester him
In private for a time, till some in secret
Might make his father understand his
state,

Who would perhaps take present order for
him,

Rather than suffer him t'endure the shame
Of his imprisonment. Now, would you but
go

And break the matter closely to his father,
(As you can wisely do't) and bring him to
him,

This were the only way to save his credit,
And to keep off a shrewd blow from
ourselves.

Ri. I know his father will be moved
past measure.

Co. Nay, if you stand on such nice cere-
monies,

Farewell our substance ; extreme diseases
Ask extreme remedies : better he should
storm

Some little time than we be beat for ever
Under the horrid shelter of a prison.

Ri. Where is the place ?

Co. 'Tis at the Half Moon Tavern.

Haste, for the matter will abide no stay.

Ri. Heaven send my speed be equal
with my haste. [*Exit.*]

Co. Go, shallow scholar, you that make
all gulls,

You that can out-see clear-eyed jealousy,
Yet make this slight a milestone, where
your brain

Sticks in the midst amazed ; this gull to
him

And to his fellow guller, shall become

More bitter than their baiting of my
humour ;

Here at this tavern shall Gostanzo find
Fortunio, Dariotto, Claudio,
And amongst them, the ringleader his son,
His husband, and his Saint Valerio,
That knows not of what fashion dice are
made,

Nor ever yet look'd towards a red lattice
(Thinks his blind sire), at drinking and at
dice,

With all their wenches, and at full discover
His own gross folly and his son's dis-
tempers.

And both shall know (although I be no
scholar)

Yet I have thus much Latin, as to say,
Jam sumus ergo pares. [*Exit.*]

*Enter Valerio, Fortunio, Claudio, Page,
Gratiana, Gazette, Bellanora. A
Drawer or two, setting a table.*

Va. Set me the table here, we will shift
rooms

To see if fortune will shift chances with us ;
Sit ladies, sit ; Fortunio, place thy wench,
And Claudio place you Dariotto's mistress.
I wonder where that neat spruce slave
becomes ;

I think he was some barber's son by th'
mass,

'Tis such a picked fellow, not a hair
About his whole bulk, but it stands in
print

Each pin hath his due place, not any
point

But hath his perfect tie, fashion, and
grace ;

A thing whose soul is specially employ'd
In knowing where best gloves, best stock-
ings, waistcoats

Curiously wrought, are sold ; sacks milliners'
shops

For all new tires and fashions, and can tell
ye

What new devices of all sorts there are,
And that there is not in the whole Rialto
But one new-fashion'd waistcoat, or one
night-cap,

One pair of gloves, pretty or well perfumed,
And from a pair of gloves of half-a-crown
To twenty crowns, will to a very scute
Smell out the price ; and for these womanly
parts

He is esteem'd a witty gentleman.

Enter Dariotto.

Fo. See, where he comes.

Da. God save you, lovely ladies.

Va. Ay, well said, lovely Paris; your wall eye
Must ever first be gloating on men's wives;
You think to come upon us, being half drunk,

And so to part the freshest man among us,
But you shall overtake us, I'll be sworn.

Da. Tush, man; where are your dice?
Let's fall to them.

Cl. We have been at 'em. Drawer,
call for more.

Va. First, let's have wine; dice have no perfect edge

Without the liquid whetstone of the syrup.

Fo. True; and to welcome Dariotto's lateness,

He shall (unpledged) carouse one crowned cup

To all these ladies' health.

Da. I am well pleased.

Va. Come on, let us vary our sweet time
With sundry exercises. Boy! tobacco.

And, drawer, you must get us music too;
Call's in a cleanly noise, the slaves grow lousy.

Dr. You shall have such as we can get
you, sir. [Exit.

Da. Let's have some dice; I pray thee they are cleanly.

Va. Page, let me see that leaf.

Pa. It is not leaf, sir; 'tis pudding cane tobacco.

Va. But I mean your linstock, sir; what leaf is that, I pray?

Pa. I pray you see, sir, for I cannot read.

Va. 'Sfoot, a rank, stinking Satyr; this had been

Enough to have poison'd every man of us.

Da. And now you speak of that, my boy once lighted

A pipe of cane tobacco with a piece

Of a vile ballad, and I'll swear I had

A singing in my head a whole week after.

Va. Well, th' old verse is, *A potibus incipe io-c-um.*

Enter Drawer, with wine and a cup.

Va. Drawer, fill out this gentleman's carouse,

And harden him for our society.

Da. Well, ladies, here is to your honour'd healths.

Fo. What, Dariotto, without hat or knee?

Va. Well said, Fortunio; oh, y'are a rare courtier,

Your knee, good signor, I beseech, your knee.

Da. Nay, pray you, let's take it by degrees, Valerio; on our feet first, for this will bring's too soon upon our knees.

Va. Sir, there are no degrees of order in a tavern;

Here you must, I charge ye, run all ahead, 'Slight, courtier, down,

I hope you are no elephant, you have joints.

Da. Well, sir, here's to the ladies, on my knees.

Va. I'll be their pledge.

Enter Gostanzo and Rinaldo.

Fo. Not yet, Valerio;
This he must drink unpledged.

Va. He shall not; I will give him this advantage.

Go. How now, what's here? Are these the officers?

Ri. 'Slight, I would all were well.

Enter Cornelio.

Va. Here is his pledge;
Here's to our common friend, Cornelio's health.

Cl. Health to Gazetta, poison to her husband. [He kneels.

Co. Excellent guests; these are my daily guests.

Va. Drawer, make even th' impartial scales of justice,

Give it to Claudio, and from him fill round.

Come, Dariotto, set me, let me rest,
Come in when they have done the ladies right.

Go. Set me; do you know what belongs to setting?

Ri. What a dull slave was I to be thus gull'd.

Co. Why, Rinaldo, what meant you to intrap your friend,

And bring his father to this spectacle?

You are a friend indeed.

Ri. 'Tis very good, sir;
Perhaps my friend, or I, before we part,
May make even with you.

Fo. Come, let's set him round.

Va. Do so; at all. A plague upon these dice!

Another health, 'sfoot, I shall have no luck

Till I be drunk: come on, here's to the comfort

The cavalier, my father, should take in me
If he now saw me, and would do me right.

Fo. I'll pledge it, and his health, Valerio.

Go. Here's a good husband.

Ri. I pray you have patience, sir.

Va. Now have at all, and 'twere a thousand pounds.

Go. Hold, sir; I bar the dice.

Va. What, sir, are you there?

Fill's a fresh pottle; by this light, sir knight,

You shall do right.

Enter Marc Antonio.

Go. Oh, thou ungracious villain!

Va. Come, come, we shall have you now thunder forth

Some of your thrifty sentences, as gravely:

"For as much, Valerius, as everything has time, and a pudding has two; yet ought not satisfaction to swerve so much from defalcation of well-disposed people, as that indemnity should prejudice what security doth insinuate;" a trial yet once again.

Ma. Here's a good sight; y'are well encounter'd, sir;

Did not I tell you you'd o'ershoot yourself With too much wisdom?

Va. Sir, your wisest do so;

Fill the old man some wine.

Go. Here's a good infant.

Ma. Why, sir; alas! I'll wager with your wisdom,

His consorts drew him to it, for of himself He is both virtuous, bashful, innocent; Comes not at city; knows no city art, But plies your husbandry; dares not view a wench.

Va. Father, he comes upon you.

Go. Here's a son.

Ma. Whose wife is Gratiana, now, I pray?

Go. Sing your old song no more; your brain's too short

To reach into these policies.

Ma. 'Tis true,

Mine eye's soon blinded; and yourself would say so

If you knew all. Where lodged your son last night?

Do you know that, with all your policy?

Go. You'll say he lodged with you; and did not I

Foretell you all this must for colour sake Be brought about, only to blind your eyes?

Ma. By heaven! I chanced this morn, I know not why,

To pass by Gratiana's bed-chamber; And whom saw I fast by her naked side But your Valerio?

Go. Had you not warning given?

Did not I bid you watch my courtier well, Or he would set a crest a your son's head?

Ma. That was not all, for by them on a stool,

My son sat laughing, to see you so gull'd. *Go.* 'Tis too, too plain.

Ma. Why, sir, do you suspect it the more for that?

Go. Suspect it? is there any So gross a wittoll, as if 'twere his wife, Would sit by her so tamely?

Ma. Why not, sir, to blind my eyes?

Go. Well, sir, I was deceived, But I shall make it prove a dear deceit To the deceiver.

Ri. Nay, sir, let's not have A new infliction set on an old fault: He did confess his fault upon his knees, You pardon'd it, and swore 'twas from your heart.

Go. Swore; a great piece of work, the wretch shall know

I have a daughter here to give my land too,

I'll give my daughter all: the prodigal Shall not have one poor house to hide his head in.

Fo. I humbly thank you, sir, and vow all duty

My life can yield you.

Go. Why are you so thankful?

Fo. For giving to your daughter all your lands.

Who is my wife, and so you gave them me.

Go. Better, and better.

Fo. Pray, sir, be not moved,

You drew me kindly to your house, and gave me

Access to woo your daughter, whom I loved:

And since (by honour'd marriage) made my wife.

Go. Now all my choler fly out in your wits: Good tricks of youth, i'faith, no indecorum, Knight's son, knight's daughter; Marc Antonio,

Give me your hand, there is no remedy, Marriage is ever made by destiny.

Ri. Silence, my masters, now here all are pleased,

Only Cornelio; who lacks but persuasion

To reconcile himself to his fair wife:

Good sir, will you (of all men our best speaker)

Persuade him to receive her into grace?

Go. That I will gladly; and he shall be ruled. Good Cornelio, I have heard of your wayward jealousy, and I must tell

you plain as a friend, y'are an ass; you must pardon me, I knew your father.

Ri. Then you must pardon him, indeed, sir.

Go. Understand me: put case Dariotto loved your wife, whereby you would seem to refuse her; would you desire to have such a wife as no man could love but yourself?

Ma. Answer but that, Cornelio.

Go. Understand me; say Dariotto hath kissed your wife, or performed other offices of that nature, whereby they did converse together at bed and at board, as friends may seem to do.

Ma. Mark but the "now understand me."

Go. Yet if there come no proofs but that her actions were cleanly, or indiscreet private, why, 'twas a sign of modesty; and will you blow the horn yourself, when you may keep it to yourself? Go to, you are a fool; understand me.

Va. Do understand him, Cornelio.

Go. Nay, Cornelio, I tell you again, I knew your father; he was a wise gentleman and so was your mother: methinks I see her yet, a lusty stout woman, bore great children, you were the very scoundrel of 'em all; but let that pass; as for your mother, she was wise, a most flippancy tongue she had, and could set out her tail with as good grace as any she in Florence, come cut and long-tail; and she was honest enough too. But yet by your leave she would tickle Dob now and then, as well as the best on 'em: by Jove! it's true, Cornelio, I speak it not to flatter you; your father knew it well enough, and would he do as you do, think you? Set rascals to undermine her, or look to her water (as they say)? No; when he saw 'twas but her humour (for his own quietness' sake) he made a back-door to his house for convenience, got a bell to his fore door, and had an odd fashion in ringing, by which she and her maid knew him; and would stand talking to his next neighbour to prolong time, that all things might be rid cleanly out a the way before he came, for the credit of his wife. This was wisdom now, for a man's own quiet.

Ma. Here was a man, Cornelio.

Go. What, I say! Young men think old men are fools; but old men know young men are fools.

Co. Why, hark you, you two knights; do you think I will forsake Gazettea?

Go. And will you not?

Co. Why, there's your wisdom; why did I make show of divorce, think you?

Ma. Pray you why, sir?

Co. Only to bridle her stout stomach; and how did I draw on the colour for my divorce? I did train the woodcock Dariotto into the net, drew him to my house, gave him opportunity with my wife (as you say my father dealt with his wife's friends), only to train him in; let him alone with my wife in her bedchamber, and sometimes found him abed with her, and went my way back again softly, only to draw him into the pit.

Go. This was well handled indeed, Cornelio.

Ma. Ay marry, sir, now I commend you wisdom.

Co. Why, if I had been so minded as you think, I could have flung his pantable down the stairs, or done him some other disgrace; but I winked at it, and drew on the good fool more and more, only to bring him within my compass.

Go. Why, this was policy in grain.

Co. And now shall the world see I am as wise as my father.

Va. Is't come to this? then will I make a speech in praise of this reconciliation, including therein the praise and honour of the most fashionable and autenticall
HORN: stand close, gentles, and be silent.

[*He gets into a chair.*]

Go. Come on, let's hear his wit in this potable humour.

Va. The course of the world (like the life of man) is said to be divided into several ages. As we into infancy, childhood, youth, and so forward, to old age; so the world into the golden age, the silver, the brass, the iron, the leaden, the wooden, and now into this present age, which we term the *horned age*: not that but former ages have enjoyed this benefit as well as our times, but that in ours it is more common, and nevertheless precious. It is said, that in the golden age of the world, the use of gold was not then known; an argument of the simplicity of that age, lest therefore succeeding ages should hereafter impute the same fault to us, which we lay upon the first age; that we, living in the horned age of the world, should not understand the use, the virtue, the honour, and the very royalty of the horn, I will, in brief, sound the praises thereof; that they, who are already in possession of it, may bear their heads aloft, as being proud of such lofty accoutrements, and they that are but in possibility, may be ravished with a desire to be in possession. A trophy so honourable, and

unmatchably powerful, that it is able to raise any man from a beggar to an emperor's fellow, a duke's fellow, a nobleman's fellow, alderman's fellow; so glorious, that it deserves to be worn (by most opinions) in the most conspicuous place about a man: for what worthier crest can you bear than the horn? which if it might be seen with our mortal eyes, what a wonderful spectacle would there be! and how highly they would ravish the beholders. But their substance is incorporeal, not falling under sense, nor mixed of the gross concretion of elements, but a quintessence beyond them; a spiritual essence invisible and everlasting. And this hath been the cause that many men have called their being in question, whether there be such a thing in *rerum naturâ*, or not; because they are not to be seen, as though nothing were that were not to be seen. Who ever saw the wind? yet what wonderful effects are seen of it! it drives the clouds, yet no man sees it; it rocks the house, bears down trees, castles, steeples, yet who sees it? In like sort does your horn: it swells the forehead, yet none sees it; it rocks the cradle, yet none sees it; so that you plainly perceive sense is no judge of essence. The moon to any man's sense seems to be horned; yet who knows not the moon to be ever perfectly round? so, likewise your heads seem ever to be round, when indeed they are oftentimes horned. For their original, it is unsearchable, natural they are not; for where is beast born with horns more than with teeth? created they were not, for *Ex nihilo nihil fit*; then will you ask me, how came they into the world? I know not; but I am sure women brought them into this part of the world; howsoever, some doctors are of opinion that they came in with the devil, and not unlike, for as the devil brought sin into the world, but the woman brought it to the man; so it may very well be that the devil brought horns into the world, but the woman brought them to the man. For their power, it is general over the world: no nation so barbarous, no country so proud, but doth equal homage to the horn. Europa when she was carried through the sea by the Saturnian bull, was said (for fear of falling) to have held by the horn; and what is this but a plain showing to us, that all Europa,

which took name from that Europa, should likewise hold by the horn. So that I say, it is universal over the face of the world, general over the face of Europe, and common over the face of this country. What city, what town, what village, what street, nay, what house, can quit itself of this prerogative? I have read that the lion once made a proclamation through all the forest, that all horned beasts should depart forthwith upon pain of death; if this proclamation should be made through our forest, Lord! what pressing, what running, what flying would there be even from all the parts of it! He that had but a bunch of flesh in his head would away; and some foolishly fearful, would imagine the shadow of his ears to be horns; alas! how desert would this forest be left! To conclude: for their force it is irrevitable, for were they not irrevitable, then might either properness of person secure a man, or wisdom prevent 'em; or greatness exempt, or riches redeem them; but present experience hath taught us, that in this case, all these stand in no stead; for we see the properest men take part of them, the best wits cannot avoid them (for then should poets be no cuckolds), nor can money redeem them, for then would rich men fine for their horns, as they do for offences; but this is held for a maxim, that there are more rich cuckolds than poor. Lastly, for continuance of the horn, it is undeterminable till death; neither do they determine with the wife's death (howsoever, ignorant writers hold opinion they do), for as when a knight dies, his lady still retains the title of lady; when a company is cast, yet the captain still retains the title of captain; so though the wife die by whom this title came to her husband, yet by the courtesy of the city, he shall be a cuckold during life, let all ignorant asses prate what they list.

Go. Notable wag; come, sir, shake hands with him

In whose high honour you have made this speech.

Ma. And you sir, come, join hands; y'are one amongst them.

Go. Very well done; now take your several wives,

And spread like wild-geese, though you now grow tame;

Live merrily together, and agree.

Horns cannot be kept off with jealousy.

EPILOGUE.

SINCE all our labours are as you can like,
We all submit to you ; nor dare presume
To think there's any real worth in them ;
Sometimes feasts please the cooks, and
not the guests ;
Sometimes the guests, and curious cooks
contemn them.
Our dishes we entirely dedicate

To our kind guests; but since ye differ so,
Some to like only mirth without taxations,
Some to count such works trifles, and such-
like,
We can but bring you meat, and set you
stools,
And to our best cheer say, you all are*
welcome.

* Between these last two words of the Epilogue, there is in the old edition a parenthesized hiatus, thus, (), which, taken in connexion with the title of the play, seems to imply that a very obvious rhyme to the precedent line was intended to be suggested as an alternative reading to the word actually printed. Another instance of this ingenious device (*i.e.*, of substituting a word which is no rhyme for an objectionable rhyming word) will be found in the doggerel lines in *An Humorous Day's Mirth* (p. 44).—ED.

The Gentleman Usher.*

ACT THE FIRST.

SCENE I.

Enter Strozza, Cynanche, and Pogio.

St. Haste, nephew! what, a sluggard?
Fie for shame!

Shall he that was our morning cock, turn owl,

And lock out daylight from his drowsy eyes?

Po. Pray pardon me for once, lord uncle, for I'll be sworn I had such a dream this morning: methought one came with a commission to take a sorrel curtoll that was stolen from him, wheresoever he could find him. And because I feared he would lay claim to my sorrel curtoll in my stable, I ran to the smith to have him set on his mane again and his tail presently, that the commission-man might not think him a curtoll. And when the smith would not do it, I fell a beating of him, so that I could not wake for my life till I was revenged on him.

Cy. This is your old valour, nephew, that will fight sleeping as well as waking.

Po. 'Slud, aunt; what if my dream had been true (as it might have been for anything I knew); there's never a smith in Italy shall make an ass of me in my sleep, if I can choose.

St. Well said, my furious nephew; but I see

You quite forget that we must rouse to-day

The sharp-tusk'd boar; and blaze our huntsmanship before the duke.

Po. Forget, lord uncle? I hope not; you think belike my wits are as brittle as a beetle, or as skittish as your Barbary mare; one cannot cry wehie, but straight she cries tih.

St. Well guessed, cousin Hysteron Proteron.

Po. But which way will the duke's grace hunt to-day?

St. Toward Count Lasso's house his grace will hunt,
Where he will visit his late honour'd mistress.

Po. Who, Lady Margaret, that dear young dame?

Will his antiquity never leave his iniquity?
Cy. Why, how now, nephew? turn'd Parnassus lately?

Po. Nassus? I know not; but I would I had all the duke's living for her sake; I'd make him a poor duke, i'faith.

St. No doubt of that, if thou hadst all his living.

Po. I would not stand dreaming of the matter as I do now.

Cy. Why, how do you dream, nephew?

Po. Marry, all last night methought I was tying her shoe-string.

St. What, all night tying her shoe-string?

Po. Ay, that I was, and yet I tied it not neither; for, as I was tying it, the string broke methought, and then methought, having but one point at my hose, methought I gave her that to tie her shoe withal.

Cy. A point of much kindness, I assure you.

Po. Whereupon, in the very nick methought, the Count came rushing in, and I ran rushing out, with my heels about my hose for haste.

St. So! will you leave your dreaming, and dispatch?

Po. Mum, not a word more, I'll go before, and overtake you presently. [*Exit.*]

Cy. My lord, I fancy not these hunting sports,

When the bold game you follow turns again

And stares you in the face. Let me behold
A cast of falcons on their merry wings,
Daring the stooped prey, that shifting
flies:

Or let me view the fearful hare or hind,
Toss'd like a music point with harmony
Of well-mouth'd hounds. This is a sport
for princes,

The other rude boars yield fit game for
boors.

* "The Gentleman Usher. By George Chapman. At London Printed by V. S. for Thomas Thorppe. 1606."

St. Thy timorous spirit blinds thy judgment, wife.

Those are most royal sports, that most approve

The huntsman's prowess, and his hardy mind.

Cy. My lord, I know too well your virtuous spirit ;

Take heed for God's love, if you rouse the boar,

You come not near him, but discharge aloof

Your wounding pistol, or well-aimed dart.

St. Ay, marry, wife, this counsel rightly flows

Out of thy bosom ; pray thee take less care,

Let ladies at their tables judge of boars, Lords, in the field. And so farewell, sweet love ;

Fail not to meet me at Earl Lasso's house.

Cy. Pray pardon me for that. You know I love not

These solemn meetings.

St. You must needs for once

Constrain your disposition : and indeed

I would acquaint you more with Lady Margaret

For special reason.

Cy. Very good, my lord.

Then I must needs go fit me for that presence.

St. I pray thee do, farewell. [*Exit Cyn.*]

Enter Vincentio.

Here comes my friend.

Good day, my lord ! Why does your grace confront

So clear a morning with so cloudy looks ?

Vz. Ask'st thou my griefs that know'st my desperate love

Curb'd by my father's stern rivalry ?

Must not I mourn that know not whether yet

I shall enjoy a stepdame or a wife ?

St. A wife, prince—never doubt it ; your deserts

And youthful graces have engaged so far, The beauteous Margaret, that she is your own.

Vz. Oh, but the eye of watchful jealousy Robs my desires of means t'enjoy her favour.

St. Despair not : there are means enow for you :

Suborn some servant of some good respect, That's near your choice, who, though she needs no wooing,

May yet imagine you are to begin

Your strange young love-suit, and so speak for you,

Bear your kind letters, and get safe access. All which when he shall do, you need not fear

His trusty secrecy, because he dares not Reveal escapes whereof himself is author, Whom you may best attempt, she must reveal ;

For, if she loves you, she already knows, And in an instant can resolve you that.

Vz. And so she will, I doubt not : would to heaven

I had fit time, even now to know her mind :

This counsel feeds my heart with much sweet hope.

St. Pursue it then ; 'twill not be hard t'effect.

The duke has none for him, but Medice, That fustian lord, who in his buckram face,

Bewrays, in my conceit, a map of base-ness.

Vz. Ay, there's a parcel of unconstrued stuff,

That unknown minion raised to honour's height,

Without the help of Virtue, or of Art,

Or (to say true), of any honest part.

Oh, how he shames my father ! he goes like

A prince's footman, in old-fashion'd silks, And most times, in his hose and doublet only,

So miserable, that his own few men

Do beg by virtue of his livery ;

For he gives none for any service done him,

Or any honour, any least reward.

St. 'Tis pity such should live about a prince :

I would have such a noble counterfeit, nail'd

Upon the pillory, and after, whipt,

For his adultery with nobility.

Vz. Faith, I would fain disgrace him by all means,

As enemy to his base-bred ignorance,

That being a great lord, cannot write nor read.

St. For that, we'll follow the blind side of him,

And make it sometimes subject of our mirth.

Enter Poggio *post.*

Vz. See, what news with your nephew Poggio ?

St. None good, I warrant you.

Po. Where should I find my Lord Uncle?

St. What's the huge haste with you?

Po. Oh, oh, you will hunt to-day!

St. I hope I will.

Po. But you may hap to hop without your hope: for the truth is, Kilbuck is run mad.

St. What's this?

Po. Nay, 'tis true, sir: and Kilbuck being run mad, bit Ringwood so by the left buttock, you might have turned your nose in it.

Vz. Out, ass!

Po. By heaven, you might, my lord: d'ye think I lie?

Vz. Zounds, might I? Let's blanket him, my lord: a blanket here!

Po. Nay, good my Lord Vincentio, by this rush I tell you for good will: and Venus your brache there, runs so proud, that your huntsman cannot take her down for his life.

St. Take her up, fool, thou wouldst say.

Po. Why, sir, he would soon take her down, and he could take her up, I warrant her.

Vz. Well said, hammer, hammer.

Po. Nay, good now, let's alone, and there's your horse, Gray Strozza, too has the staggers, and has strook bay-Bettrice, your Barbary mare so, that she goes halting a this fashion, most filthily.

St. What poison blisters thy unhappy tongue

Evermore braying forth unhappy news?
Our hunting sport is at the best, my lord:
How shall I satisfy the duke your father,
Defrauding him of his expected sport?
See, see, he comes.

Enter Alphonso, Medice, Sarpego, with attendants.

Al. Is this the copy of the speech you wrote, Signor Sarpego?

Sa. It is a blaze of wit poetical.

Read it, brave duke, with eyes pathological.

Al. We will peruse it straight: well met, Vincentio,

And good Lord Strozza, we commend you both

For your attendance: but you must conceive,

'Tis no true hunting we intend to-day,
But an inducement to a certain show,
Wherewith we will present our beauteous love,

And therein we bespeak your company.

Vz. We both are ready to attend your highness.

Al. See then, here is a poem that requires

Your worthy censures; offer'd if it like
To furnish our intended amorous show:
Read it, Vincentio.

Vz. Pardon me my lord:
Lord Medice's reading will express it better.

Me. My patience can digest your scoffs, my lord.

I care not to proclaim it to the world:
I can nor write nor read; and what of that?

I can both see and hear as well as you.

Al. Still are your wits at war? here, read this poem.

Vz. "The red-faced sun hath fir'd the flundering shades,
And cast bright ammel on Aurora's brow."

Al. High words and strange: read on, Vincentio.

Vz. "The busky groves that gag-tooth'd boars do shroud
With cringle-crangle horns do ring aloud."

Po. My lord, my lord, I have a speech here worth ten of this, and yet I'll mend it too.

Al. How likes Vincentio?

Vz. It is strangely good,
No inkhorn ever did bring forth the like.
Could these brave prancing words with actions spur,

Be ridden thoroughly, and managed right,
'Twould fright the audience, and perhaps delight.

Sa. Doubt you of action, sir?

Vz. Ay, for such stuff.

Sa. Then know, my lord, I can both act and teach

To any words; when I in Padua school'd it,

I play'd in one of Plautus' comedies, Namely, Curculio, where his part I acted, Projecting from the poor sum of four lines Forty fair actions.

Al. Let's see that, I pray.

Sa. Your highness shall command.
But pardon me, if in my action's heat,
Entering in post post haste, I chance to take up

Some of your honour'd heels.

Po. Y'ad best leave out that action for a thing that I know, sir.

Sa. Then shall you see what I can do without it.

Al. See, see! he hath his furniture and all.

Sa. You must imagine, lords, I bring good news,
Whereof being princely proud I scour the street,
And over-tumble every man I meet.

[*Exit Sarpego.*]

Po. Beshrew my heart if he take up my heels.

Enter Sarpego.

Sarp. Date viam mihi, Noti, atque Ignoti,

*Dum ego, hic, officium meum facio. Fugite omnes, abite, and de via secedite, ne quem in cursu capite, aut cubito, aut pectore offendam, aut genu.**

Al. Thanks, good Seigneur Sarpego. How like you, lords, this stirring action?

St. In a cold morning it were good, my lord,
But something harsh upon repletion.

Sa. Sir, I have ventured, being enjoind, to eat
Three scholars' commons, and yet drew it neat.

Po. Come, sir, you meddle in too many matters; let us, I pray, tend on our own show at my Lord Lasso's.

Sa. Doing obeisance then to every lord, I now consort you, sir, even *toto corde.*

[*Exit Sarpego and Pogio.*]

Me. My lord, away with these scholastic wits,
Lay the invention of your speech on me,
And the performance too; I'll play my part,
That you shall say, Nature yields more than Art.

Al. Be't so resolved; unartificial truth
An unfeign'd passion can decipher best.

Vi. But 'twill be hard, my lord, for one unlearn'd.

Me. Unlearn'd? I cry you mercy, sir; unlearn'd?

Vi. I mean, untaught, my lord, to make a speech,
As a pretended actor, without clothes,
More gracious than your doublet and your hose.

Al. What, think you, son, we mean t' express a speech
Of special weight without a like attire?

Vi. Excuse me then, my lord; so stands it well.

St. Has brought them rarely in, to pageant him.

Me. What think you, lord, we think not of attire?

Can we not make us ready at this age?

St. Alas, my lord, your wit must pardon his:

Vi. I hope it will; his wit is pitiful.

St. I pray stand by, my lord; y'are troublesome.

Vi. To none but you: am I to you, my lord?

Me. Not unto me.

Vi. Why, then, you wrong me, Strozza.

Me. Nay, fall not out, my lords.

St. May I not know

What your speech is, my liege?

Al. None but myself, and the Lord Medice.

Me. No, pray my lord,

Let none partake with us.

Al. No, be assured,

But for another cause: a word, Lord Strozza;

I tell you true, I fear Lord Medice

Will scarce discharge the speech effectually;

As we go, therefore, I'll explain to you

My whole intent, that you may second him

If need and his debility require.

St. Thanks for this grace, my liege.

[*Vincentio overhears.*]

Me. My lord, your son.

Al. Why, how now, son? Forbear; yet 'tis no matter,

We talk of other business, Medice,

And come, we will prepare us to our show.

[*Exeunt.*]

St. Vi. Which, as we can, we'll cast to overthrow.

Enter Lasso, Corteza, Margaret, Bassiolo, Sarpego, two Pages, Bassiolo bare before.

Ba. Stand by there, make place.

La. Say, now, Bassiolo, you on whom relies

The general disposition of my house,
In this, our preparation for the Duke,
Are all our officers at large instructed
For fit discharge of their peculiar places?

Ba. At large, my lord, instructed.

La. Are all our chambers hung? Think you our house amply capacious to lodge all the train?

Ba. Amply capacious, I am passing glad.

La. And now, then, to our mirth and musical show,

Which, after supper, we intend t'endure,
Welcome's chief dainties; for choice cates at home,

* *PLAUT. Curcul.*, act. ii. sc. 3.

Ever attend on princes ; mirth abroad.
Are all parts perfect ?

Sa. One I know there is.

La. And that is yours.

Sa. Well guess'd, in earnest, lord ;

I need not *erubescere* to take

So much upon me : that my back will bear.

Ba. Nay, he will be perfection itself,

For wording well, and dextrous action, too.

La. And will these waggish pages hit their songs ?

2nd Page. Re, mi, fa, sol, la.

La. Oh, they are practising ; good boys, well done.

But where is Poggio ? There y'are over-shot,

To lay a capital part upon his brain,

Whose absence tells me plainly he'll neglect him.

Ba. Oh, no, my lord, he dreams of nothing else,

And gives it out in wagers he'll excell ;

And see (I told your lordship) he is come.

Enter Poggio.

Po. How now, my lord, have you borrowed a suit for me ? Seigneur Bassiolo, can all say, are all things ready ? The duke is hard by, and little thinks that I'll be an actor, i'faith ; I keep all close, my lord.

La. Oh, 'tis well done, call all the ladies in ;

Sister and daughter, come, for God's sake, come,

Prepare your courtliest carriage for the duke.

Enter Corteza, Margaret, and Maids.

Co. And, niece, in any case remember this,

Praise the old man, and when you see him first,

Look me on none but him, smiling and lovingly ;

And then, when he comes near, make 'beisance low,

With both your hands thus moving, which not only

Is as 'twere courtly, and most comely too,

But speaks (as who should say) "Come hither, duke ;"

And yet says nothing, but you may deny.

La. Well taught, sister.

Ma. Ay, and to much end ;

I am exceeding fond to humour him.

La. Hark ! does he come with music ? what, and bound ?

An amorous device : daughter, observe.

Enter Enchanter, with spirits singing ; after them, Medice like Sylvanus, next the Duke bound, Vincentio, Strozza, with others.

Vi. Now let's gull Medice ; I do not doubt

But this attire put on, will put him out.

St. We'll do our best to that end, therefore mark.

En. Lady or princess, both your choice commands,

These spirits and I, all servants of your beauty,

Present this royal captive to your mercy.

Ma. Captive to me, a subject ?

Vi. Ay, fair nymph ;

And how the worthy mystery befell,

Sylvanus here, this wooden god, can tell.

Al. Now, my lord.

Vi. Now 'tis the time, man, speak.

Me. Peace.

Al. Peace, Vincentio.

Vi. 'Swounds, my lord !

Shall I stand by, and suffer him to shame you ?

My Lord Medice.

St. Will you speak, my lord ?

Me. How can I ?

Vi. But you must speak in earnest ;

Would not your highness have him speak, my lord ?

Me. Yes, and I will speak, and perhaps speak so

As you shall never mend ; I can, I know.

Vi. Do then, my good lord.

Al. Medice, forth.

Me. Goddess, fair goddess, for no less, no less.

Al. No less, no less ? no more, no more : speak you.

Me. 'Swounds ! they have put me out.

Vi. Laugh you, fair goddess,

This nobleman disdains to be your fool.

Al. Vincentio, peace.

Vi. 'Swounds, my lord ! it is as good a show ;

Pray speak, Lord Strozza.

St. Honourable dame.

Vi. Take heed you be not out, I pray, my lord.

St. I pray forbear, my Lord Vincentio.

How this distressed prince came thus enthral'd,

I must relate with words of height and wonder :

His grace this morning, visiting the woods,
And straying far, to find game for the chase,

At last, out of a myrtle grove he roused
A vast and dreadful boar, so stern and
fierce,

As if the fiend fell Cruelty herself
Had come to fright the woods in that
strange shape.

Al. Excellent good!

Vz. Too good, a plague on him.

St. The princely savage being thus on
foot,

Tearing the earth up with his thundering
hoof,

And with the enraged Ætna of his breath
Firing the air, and scorching all the
woods,

Horror held all us huntsmen from pursuit,
Only the duke, incensed with our cold fear,
Incouraged like a second Hercules.

Vz. Zounds! too good, man.

St. Pray thee let me alone;

And like the English sign of great Saint
George—

Vz. Plague of that simile.

St. Gave valorous example, and, like
fire

Hunted the monster close, and charged so
fierce,

That he enforced him (as our sense conceiv'd)

To leap for soil into a crystal spring;
Where on the sudden strangely vanish-
ing,

Nymph-like for him, out of the waves
arose

Your sacred figure like Diana arm'd,
And (as in purpose of the beast's revenge)
Discharged an arrow through his high-
ness' breast;

Whence yet no wound or any blood ap-
pear'd;

With which the angry shadow left the light;
And this enchanter, with his power of
spirits,

Brake from a cave, scattering enchanted
sounds,

That struck us senseless, while in these
strange bands

These cruel spirits thus inchain'd his arms,
And led him captive to your heavenly eyes,
Th' intent whereof on their report relies.

En. Bright nymph, that boar figured
your cruelty,

Chased by love, defended by your beauty.
This amorous huntsman here we thus in-
thrall'd

As the attendants on your grace's charms,
And brought him hither, by your boun-
teous hands

To be released, or live in endless bands.

La. Daughter, release the duke; alas!
my liege,

What meant your highness to endure this
wrong?

Co. Enlarge him, niece; come, dame, it
must be so.

Ma. What, madam, shall I arrogate so
much?

La. His highness' pleasure is to grace
you so.

Al. Perform it then, sweet love, it is a
deed

Worthy the office of your honour'd hand.

Ma. Too worthy, I confess, my lord, for
me,

If it were serious; but it is in sport,
And women are fit actors for such pa-
geants.

Al. Thanks, gracious love; why made
you strange of this?

I rest no less your captive than before;
For me untying, you have tied me more.

Thanks, Strozza, for your speech; no
thanks to you.

Me. No, thank your son, my lord.

La. 'Twas very well,

Exceeding well perform'd on every part:
How say you, Bassiolo?

Ba. Rare, I protest, my lord.

Co. Oh, my Lord Medice became it
rarely,

Methought I liked his manly being out;
It becomes noblemen to do nothing well.

La. Now then, will't please your grace
to grace our house,

And still vouchsafe our service further
honour?

Al. Lead us, my lord; we will your
daughter lead. [*Exit.*]

Vz. You do not lead, but drag her
leaden steps.

St. How did you like my speech?

Vz. Oh, fie upon't, your rhetoric was too
fine.

St. Nothing at all:

I hope Saint George's sign was gross
enough.

But (to be serious) as these warnings pass,
Watch you your father, I'll watch Medice,
That in your love-suit we may shun sus-
pect;

To which end, with your next occasion,
urge

Your love to name the person she will
choose,

By whose means you may safely write or
meet.

Vz. That's our chief business; and see,
here she comes.

Enter Margaret in haste.

Ma. My lord, I only come to say, y'are welcome,

And so must say, farewell.

Vi. One word, I pray.

Ma. What's that?

Vi. You needs must presently devise, What person trusted chiefly with your guard,

You think is aptest for me to corrupt In making him a mean for our safe meeting.

Ma. My father's usher, none so fit, If you can work him well; and so farewell, With thanks, my good Lord Strozza, for your speech. *[Exit.*

St. I thank you for your patience, mocking lady.

Vi. Oh, what a fellow has she pick'd us out!

One that I would have choosed past all the rest

For his close stockings only.

St. And why not

For the most constant fashion of his hat?

Vi. Nay, then, if nothing must be left unspoke,

For his strict form, thus still to wear his cloak.

St. Well, sir, he is your own, I make no doubt;

For to these outward figures of his mind, He hath two inward swallowing properties Of any gudgeons: servile avarice

And overweening thought of his own worth, Ready to snatch at every shade of glory; And, therefore, till you can directly board him,

Waft him aloof with hats and other favours Still as you meet him.

Vi. Well, let me alone,

He that is one man's slave is free from none. *[Excunt.*

END OF ACT I.

ACT THE SECOND.

SCENE I.

Enter Medice, Corteza, a Page, with a cup of sack, Strozza following close.

Me. Come, lady, sit you here. Page, fill some sack,

I am to work upon this aged dame, To glean from her if there be any cause (In loving others) of her niece's coyness To the most gracious love-suit of the duke.

Here, noble lady, this is healthful drink After our supper.

Co. Oh, 'tis that, my lord, That of all drinks keeps life and soul in me.

Me. Here, fill it, Page, for this my worthy love.

Oh, how I could embrace this good old widow!

Co. Now, lord, when you do thus you make me think

Of my sweet husband, for he was as like you;

E'en the same words and fashion; the same eyes;

Manly, and choleric e'en as you are just, And e'en as kind as you for all the world.

Me. Oh, my sweet widow, thou dost make me proud!

Co. Nay, I am too old for you.

Me. Too old! that's nothing; Come, pledge me, wench, for I am dry again,

And straight will charge your widowhood fresh, i'faith;

Why, that's well done.

Co. Now fie on't, here's a draught.

Me. Oh, it will warm your blood; if you should sip,

'Twould make you heartburn'd.

Co. 'Faith, and so they say; Yet I must tell you, since I plied this gear, I have been haunted with a whoreson pain here,

And every moon almost with a shrewd fever,

And yet I cannot leave it; for, thank God, I never was more sound of wind and limb.

Enter Strozza.

Look you, I warrant you I have a leg, *[A great bumbasted leg.*

Holds out as handsomely.

Me. Beshrew my life, But 'tis a leg indeed, a goodly limb.

St. This is most excellent!

Me. Oh, that your niece Were of as mild a spirit as yourself.

Co. Alas, Lord Medice, would you have a girl,

As well seen in behaviour as I? Ah, she's a fond young thing, and grown so proud,

The wind must blow at west still or she'll be angry.

Me. Mass, so methink; how coy she's to the duke,

I lay my life she has some younger love.

Co. 'Faith, like enough.

Me. Gods me, who should it be?

Co. If it be any ; Page, a little sack,
If it be any ; hark now, if it be,
I know not, by this sack ; but if it be,
Mark what I say, my lord ; I drink t'ye
first.

Me. Well said, good widow ; much good
do thy heart,

So, now what if it be ?

Co. Well, if it be ;

To come to that, I said, for so I said,
If it be any, 'tis the shrewd young prince ;
For eyes can speak, and eyes can under-
stand,

And I have mark'd her eyes ; yet by this
cup,

Which I will only kiss.

St. Oh, noble crone,

Now such a huddle and kettle never was.

Co. I never yet have seen, not yet I
say ;

But I will mark her after for your sake.

Me. And do, I pray ; for it is passing
like ;

And there is Strozza, a sly counsellor
To the young boy. Oh, I would give a
limb

To have their knavery limn'd and painted
out.

They stand upon their wits and paper-
learning ;

Give me a fellow with a natural wit

That can make wit of no wit ; and wade
through

Great things with nothing, when their wits
stick fast.

Oh, they be scurvy lords.

Co. Faith, so they be,

Your lordship still is of my mind in all,

And e'en so was my husband.

Me. Gods my life,
Strozza hath eavesdropp'd here, and over-
heard us.

St. They have descried me ; what, Lord
Medice

Courting the lusty widow ?

Me. Ay, and why not ?

Perhaps one does as much for you at
home.

St. What, choleric man ? and toward
wedlock too ?

Co. And if he be, my lord, he may do
worse.

St. If he be not, madam, he may do
better.

*Enter Bassiolo with Servants, with Rushes,
and a Carpet.*

Ba. My lords, and madam, the duke's
grace entreats you

T'attend his new-made duchess for this
night,
Into his presence.

St. We are ready, sir.

[*Exeunt.*

Ba. Come, strew this room afresh ;
spread here this carpet,

Nay, quickly man, I pray thee ; this way,
fool,

Lay me it smooth, and even ; look if he will !
This way a little more ; a little there,

Hast thou no forecast ? 'slood, methinks a
man

Should not of mere necessity be an ass.

Look, how he strows here, too : come, Sir
Giles Goosecap,

I must do all myself ; lay me 'em thus,

In fine, smooth threaves ; look you, sir, thus
in threaves.

Perhaps some tender lady will squat here,
And if some standing rush should chance

to prick her,

She'd squeak, and spoil the songs that
must be sung.

St. See, where he is ; now to him, and
prepare

Your familiarity.

Enter Vincentio and Strozza.

Vi. Save you, master Bassiolo ;

I pray a word, sir ; but I fear I let you.

Ba. No, my good lord, no let.

Vi. I thank you, sir.

Nay, pray be cover'd ; oh, I cry you mercy,
You must be bare.

Ba. Ever to you, my lord.

Vi. Nay, not to me, sir,

But to the fair right of your worshipful
place.

St. A shame of both your worships.

Ba. What means your lordship ?

Vi. Only to do you right, sir, and myself
ease,

And what, sir, will there be some show to-
night ?

Ba. A slender presentation of some
music,

And something else, my lord.

Vi. 'Tis passing good, sir ;

I'll not be overbold to ask the particulars.

Ba. Yes, if your lordship please.

Vi. Oh, no, good sir ;

But I did wonder much, for, as methought,
I saw your hands at work.

Ba. Or else, my lord,

Our business would be but badly done.

Vi. How virtuous is a worthy man's
example !

Who is this throne for, pray ?

Ba. For my lord's daughter,

Whom the duke makes to represent his duchess.

Vi. 'Twill be exceeding fit ; and all this room

Is passing well prepared ; a man would swear

That all presentments in it would be rare.

Ba. Nay, see if thou canst lay 'em thus, in threaves.

Vi. In threaves, d'ye call it ?

Ba. Ay, my lord, in threaves.

Vi. A pretty term.

Well, sir, I thank you highly for this kindness,

And pray you always make as bold with me For kindness more than this, if more may be.

Ba. Oh, my lord, this is nothing.

Vi. Sir, 'tis much ;

And now I'll leave you, sir ; I know y'are busy.

Ba. Faith, sir, a little.

Vi. I commend me t'ye, sir.

[*Exit* Vincentio.

Ba. A courteous prince, believe it ; I am sorry

I was no bolder with him ; what a phrase He used at parting ! " I commend me t'ye." I'll ha't, i'faith.

Enter Sarpego, *half dressed.*

Sa. Good master usher, will you dictate to me

Which is the part precedent of this night-cap,

And which posterior ? I do *ignore*are How I should wear it.

Ba. Why, sir, this, I take it,

Is the precedent part ; ay, so it is.

Sa. And is all well, sir, think you ?

Ba. Passing well.

Enter Poggio and Fungus.

Po. Why, sir, come on ; the usher shall be judge :

See, master usher, this same Fungus here, Your lord's retainer, whom I hope you rule,

Would wear this better jerkin for the rush-man,

When I do play the broom-man, and speak first.

Fu. Why, sir, I borrow'd it, and I will wear it.

Po. What, sir, in spite of your lord's gentleman-usher ?

Fu. No spite, sir, but you have changed twice already,

And now would ha't again.

Po. Why, that's all one, sir, Gentility must be fantastical.

Ba. I pray thee, Fungus, let master Poggio wear it.

Fu. And what shall I wear then ?

Po. Why, here is one, that was a rush-man's jerkin, and I pray, were't not absurd then, a broom-man should wear it ?

Fu. Foh, there's a reason ! I will keep it, sir.

Po. Will, sir ? then do your office, master Usher,

Make him put off his jerkin ; you may pluck

His coat over his ears, much more his jerkin.

Ba. Fungus, y'ad best be ruled.

Fu. Best, sir ! I care not.

Po. No, sir ? I hope you are my lord's retainer.

I need not care a pudding for your lord : But spare not, keep it, for perhaps I'll play

My part as well in this as you in that.

Ba. Well said, master Poggio ; my lord shall know it.

Enter Corteza, *with the Broom-wench and Rush-wench in their petticoats, cloaks over them, with hats over their head-tires.*

Co. Look, master Usher, are these wags well dress'd ?

I have been so in labour with 'em truly.

Ba. Y'ave had a very good deliverance, lady :

How I did take her at her labour there :

I use to gird these ladies so sometimes.

Enter Lasso, *with Sylvan and a Nymph, a man Bug, and a Woman.*

1. I pray, my lord, must not I wear this hair ?

La. I pray thee, ask my Usher ; come, despatch,

The duke is ready ; are you ready there ?

2. See, master Usher, must he wear this hair ?

1. *Bu.* Pray, master Usher, where must I come in ?

2. Am not I well for a Bug, master Usher ?

Ba. What stir is with these boys here ! God forgive me,

If 'twere not for the credit on't, I'd see Your apish trash afire, ere I'd endure this.

1. But pray, good master Usher—

Ba. Hence, ye brats,

You stand upon your tire; but for your
action
Which you must use in singing of your
songs
Exceeding dextrously and full of life,
I hope you'll then stand like a sort of
blocks,
Without due motion of your hands and
heads,
And wresting your whole bodies to your
words,
Look to't, y'are best; and in; go; All go
in:

Po. Come in, my masters; let's be out
anon. [Exeunt.]

La. What, are all furnish'd well?

Ba. All well, my lord.

La. More lights then here, and let loud
music sound.

Ba. Sound, Music. [Exeunt.]

Enter Vincentio, Strozza, *bare*, Margaret,
Cortezza, and Cynanche *bearing her
train.* *After her the Duke whispering
with Medice, Lasso with Bassiolo, &c.*

Al. Advance yourself, fair duchess, to
this throne,
As we have long since raised you to our
heart;

Better decorum never was beheld,
Than 'twixt this state and you: and as all
eyes

Now fix'd on your bright graces think it fit,
So frame your favour to continue it.

Ma. My lord, but to obey your earnest
will,

And not make serious scruple of a toy,
I scarce durst have presumed this minute's
height.

La. Usher, cause other music; begin
your show.

Ba. Sound Concert; warn the Pedant
to be ready.

Co. Madam, I think you'll see a pretty
show.

Cy. I can expect no less in such a pre-
sence.

Al. Lo, what attention and state beauty
breeds,

Whose moving silence no shrill herald
needs.

Enter Sarpego.

Sa. Lords of high degree,
And ladies of low courtesy,
I the pedant here,
Whom some call schoolmaster,
Because I can speak best,
Approach before the rest.

Vi. A very good reason.

Sa. But there are others coming,
Without mask or mumming;
For they are not ashamed,
If need be, to be named,
Nor will they hide their faces,
In any place or places;
For though they seem to come,
Loaded with rush and broom,
The broom-man, you must know,
Is Seigneur Pogio,
Nephew, as shall appear,
To my Lord Strozza here.

St. Oh, Lord! I thank you, sir; you
grace me much.

Sa. And to this noble dame,
Whom I with finger name.

Vi. A plague of that fool's finger.

Sa. And women will ensue,
Which I must tell you true,
No women are indeed,
But pages made for need
To fill up women's places,
By virtue of their faces.
And other hidden graces.
A hall, a hall! whist, still, be mum,
For now with silver song they come.

Enter Pogio, Fungus, *with the song,*
Broom-maid and Rush-maid. *After
which, Pogio.*

Po. Heroes and heroines of gallant
strain,

Let not these brooms motes in your eyes
remain,

For in the moon there's one bears wither'd
bushes,

But we (dear wights) do bear green brooms,
green rushes,

Whereof these verdant herbals cleeped
broom,

Do pierce and enter every lady's room,
And to prove them high-born and no base
trash,

Water, with which your physnomies you
wash,

Is but a broom. And more truth to de-
liver,

Grim Hercules swept a stable with a river.
The wind that sweeps foul clouds out of
the air,

And for you ladies makes the welkin fair,
Is but a broom: and oh, Dan Titan
bright,

Most clerly call'd the scavenger of night,
What art thou, but a very broom of gold
Fer all this world not to be cried nor sold?

Philosophy, that passion sweeps from
thought,

Is the soul's broom, and by all brave wits sought.

Now if philosophers but broom-men are,
Each broom-man then is a philosopher.
And so we come (gracing your gracious graces)

To sweep care's cobwebs from your cleanly faces.

Al. Thanks, good master broom-man.

Fu. For me rush-man then,

To make rush ruffle in a verse of ten.

A rush which now your heels do lie on here—

Vi. Cry mercy, sir.

Fu. Was whilome used for a pungent spear,

In that odd battle never fought but twice
(As Homer sings) betwixt the frogs and mice.

Rushes make true-love knots; rushes make rings,

Your rush maugre the beard of winter springs.

And when with gentle, amorous, lazy limbs,

Each lord with his fair lady sweetly swims

On these cool rushes; they may with these bables,

Cradles for children make, children for cradles,

And lest some Momus here might now cry "push!"

Saying our pageant is not worth a rush,
Bundles of rushes, lo, we hung along,
To pick his teeth that bites them with his tongue.

St. See, see, that's Lord Medice.

Vi. Gods me, my lord,

Has he pick'd you out, picking of your teeth?

Me. What pick you out of that?

St. Not such stale stuff

As you pick from your teeth.

Al. Leave this war with rushes,

Good master pedant; pray forth with your show.

Sa. Lo, thus far then (brave duke) you see,

Mere entertainment. Now our glee

Shall march forth in morality:

And this quaint duchess here shall see

The fault of virgin nicety,

First woo'd with rural courtesy:

Disburthen them, prance on this ground,

And make your *Exit* with your Round.

[*Exeunt.*

Well have they danc'd, as it is meet,
Both with their nimble heads and feet.

(Now, as our country girls held off,
And rudely did their lovers scoff;
Our nymph, likewise, shall only glance
By your fair eyes, and look askance
Upon her female friend that woos her,
Who is in plain field forced to loose her.
And after them, to conclude all,
The purlieu of our pastoral.
A female bug, and eke her friend,
Shall only come and sing, and end.)

BUG'S SONG.

This, lady and duchess, we conclude,
Fair virgins must not be too rude:
For though the rural wild and antic
Abused their loves as they were frantic;
Yet take you in your ivory clutches,
This noble duke, and be his duchess.
Thus thanking all for their *tacete*,
I void the room, and cry *valete*. [*Exit.*

Al. Generally well, and pleasingly performed.

Ma. Now I resign this borrow'd majesty,
Which sate unseemly on my worthless head,
With humble service to your highness' hands.

Al. Well you became it, lady, and I know

All here could wish it might be ever so.

St. Here's one says Nay to that.

Vi. Plague on you, peace.

La. Now let it please your highness to accept

A homely banquet, to close these rude sports.

Al. I thank your lordship much.

Ba. Bring lights, make place.

Enter Poggio in his cloak and broom man's attire.

Po. How d'ye, my lord?

Al. Oh, master broom-man, you did passing well.

Vi. Ah, you mad slave, you! You are a tickling actor.

Po. I was not out, like my Lord Medice.
How did you like me, aunt?

Cy. Oh, rarely, rarely.

St. Oh, thou hast done a work of memory,

And raised our house up higher by a story.

Vi. Friend, how conceit you my young mother here?

Cy. Fitter for you, my lord, than for your father.

Vi. No more of that, sweet friend; those are bugs' words. [*Exeunt.*

END OF ACT II.

ACT THE THIRD.

SCENE I.

Medice after the song whispers alone with his servant.

Me. Thou art my trusty servant, and thou know'st

I have been ever bountiful lord to thee, As still I will be ; be thou thankful then, And do me now a service of import.

Se. Any, my lord, in compass of my life.

Me. To-morrow, then, the duke intends to hunt

Where Strozza, my despitiful enemy, Will give attendance busy in the chase ; Wherein (as if by chance, when others shoot

At the wild boar) do thou discharge at him, And with an arrow cleave his canker'd heart.

Se. I will not fail, my lord.

Me. Be secret, then,

And thou to me shalt be the dear'st of men. [*Exeunt.*

Enter Vincentio and Bassiolo.

Vi. Now Vanity and Policy enrich me With some ridiculous fortune on this usher. Where's master Usher ?

Ba. Now I come, my lord.

Vi. Besides, good sir, your show did show so well.

Ba. Did it, indeed, my lord ?

Vi. Oh, sir, believe it,

'Twas the best-fashion'd and well-order'd thing

That ever eye beheld ; and therewithal, The fit attendance by the servants used, The gentle guise in serving every guest In other entertainments ; everything About your house so sortfully disposed, That even as in a turn-spit call'd a jack, One vice assists another ; the great wheels Turning but softly, make the less to whirr About their business ; every different part Concurring to one commendable end ; So, and in such conformance, with rare

grace,

Were all things order'd in your good lord's house.

Ba. The most fit simile that ever was.

Vi. But shall I tell you plainly my conceit,

Touching the man that I think caused this order ?

Ba. Ay, good my lord.

Vi. You note my simile.

Ba. Drawn from the turn-spit.

Vi. I see you have me.

Even as in that quaint engine you have seen A little man in shreds, stand at the winder, And seems to put all things in act about him,

Lifting and pulling with a mighty stir, Yet adds no force to it, nor nothing does : So (though your lord be a brave gentleman)

And seems to do this business, he does nothing ;

Some man about him was the festival robe That made him show so glorious and divine.

Ba. I cannot tell, my lord, yet I should know

If any such there were.

Vi. "Should know," quoth you ;

I warrant you, you know ; well, some there be

Shall have the fortune to have such rare men

(Like brave beasts to their arms) support their state,

When others of as high a worth and breed Are made the wasteful food of them they feed.

What state hath your lord made you for your service ?

Ba. He has been my good lord, for I can spend

Some fifteen hundred crowns in lands a year,

Which I have gotten since I served him first.

Vi. No more than fifteen hundred crowns a year ?

Ba. It is so much as makes me live, my lord,

Like a poor gentleman.

Vi. Nay, 'tis pretty well ;

But certainly my nature does esteem

Nothing enough for virtue ; and had I

The duke my father's means, all should be spent,

To keep brave men about me ; but, good sir,

Accept this simple jewel at my hands,

Till I can work persuasion of my friendship

With worthier arguments.

Ba. No, good my lord,

I can by no means merit the free bounties You have bestow'd besides.

Vi. Nay, be not strange,

But do yourself right, and be all one man In all your actions, do not think but some Have extraordinary spirits like yourself,

And will not stand in their society,
On birth and riches ; but on worth and
virtue,
With whom there is no niceness, nor
respect

Of others' common friendship ; be he poor
Or basely born, so he be rich in soul,
And noble in degrees of qualities,
He shall be my friend sooner than a king.

Ba. 'Tis a most kingly judgment in your
lordship.

Vi. 'Faith, sir, I know not, but 'tis my
vain humour.

Ba. Oh, 'tis an honour in a nobleman.

Vi. Y'ave some lords now so politic and
proud,

They scorn to give good looks to worthy
men.

Ba. Oh, fie upon 'em ! by that light, my
lord,

I am but servant to a nobleman,
But if I would not scorn such puppet lords,
Would I were breathless.

Vi. You sir? So you may,
For they will cog so when they wish to use
men,

With, "Pray be cover'd, sir," "I beseech
you sit,"

"Who's there? wait of master Usher to
the door."

Oh, these be godly gudgeons : where's the
deeds?

The perfect nobleman?

Ba. Oh, good my lord.

Vi. Away, away, ere I would flatter so
I would eat rushes like Lord Medice.

Ba. Well, well, my lord, would there
were more such princes.

Vi. Alas, 'twere pity, sir; they would be
gull'd

Out of their very skins.

Ba. Why, how are you, my lord?

Vi. Who, I? I care not

If I be gull'd where I profess plain love ;
'Twill be their faults, you know.

Ba. Oh, 'twere their shames.

Vi. Well, take my jewel ; you shall not
be strange,

I love not many words.

Ba. My lord, I thank you ; I am of few
words too.

Vi. 'Tis friendly said,

You prove yourself a friend, and I would
have you

Advance your thoughts, and lay about for
state

Worthy your virtues ; be the minion

Of some great king or duke ; there's
Medice,

The minion of my father : Oh, the father !
What difference is there? But I cannot
flatter :

A word to wise men.

Ba. I perceive your lordship.

Vi. Your lordship? talk you now like a
friend?

Is this plain kindness?

Ba. Is it not, my lord?

Vi. A palpable flattering figure for men
common :

A my word I should think, if 'twere
another,

He meant to gull me.

Ba. Why, 'tis but your due.

Vi. 'Tis but my due if you be still a
stranger,

But as I wish to choose you for my friend,
As I intend when God shall call my father,
To do I can tell what : but let that pass,
Thus 'tis not fit ; let my friend be familiar,
Use not me lordship, nor yet call me
lord,

Nor my whole name, Vincentio ; but Vince,
As they call Jack or Will ; 'tis now in use,
'Twixt men of no equality or kindness.

Ba. I shall be quickly bold enough, my
lord.

Vi. Nay, see how still you use that coy
term, lord.

What argues this, but that you shun my
friendship?

Ba. Nay, pray say not so.

Vi. Who should not say so?

Will you afford me now no name at all?

Ba. What should I call you?

Vi. Nay, then 'tis no matter,

But I told you, Vince.

Ba. Why then, my sweet Vince.

Vi. Why so, then ; and yet still there is
a fault

In using these kind words, without kind
deeds ;

Pray thee embrace me too.

Ba. Why then, sweet Vince.

Vi. Why, now I thank you ; 'sblood,
shall friends be strange?

Where there is plainness, there is ever
truth :

And I will still be plain, since I am true.

Come, let us lie a little ; I am weary.

Ba. And so am I, I swear, since yester-
day.

Vi. You may, sir, by my faith ; and,
sirrah, hark thee,

What lordship wouldst thou wish to have,
i'faith,

When my old father dies?

Ba. Who, I? alas!

Vi. Oh, not you! Well, sir, you shall have none,
You are as coy a piece as your lord's daughter.

Ba. Who, my mistress?

Vi. Indeed, is she your mistress?

Ba. I'faith, sweet Vince, since she was three year old.

Vi. And are not we two friends?

Ba. Who doubts of that?

Vi. And are not two friends one?

Ba. Even man and wife.

Vi. Then what to you she is, to me she should be.

Ba. Why, Vince, thou wouldst not have her?

Vi. Oh, not I. I do not fancy anything like you.

Ba. Nay, but I pray thee tell me.

Vi. You do not mean to marry her yourself?

Ba. Not I, by heaven!

Vi. Take heed now; do not gull me.

Ba. No, by that candle.

Vi. Then will I be plain.

Think you she dotes not too much on my father?

Ba. Oh yes, no doubt on't.

Vi. Nay, I pray you speak.

Ba. You silly man, you; she cannot abide him.

Vi. Why, sweet friend, pardon me; alas! I knew not.

Ba. But I do note you are in some things simple,

And wrong yourself too much.

Vi. Thank you, good friend,

For your plain dealing, I do mean, so well.

Ba. But who saw ever summer mix'd with winter?

There must be equal years where firm love is.

Could we two love so well so suddenly,
Were we not something equaller in years
Than he and she are?

Vi. I cry ye mercy, sir,

I know we could not, but yet be not too bitter,

Considering love is fearful. And, sweet friend,

I have a letter to entreat her kindness,
Which, if you would convey—

Ba. Ay, if I would, sir?

Vi. Why, 'faith, dear friend, I would not die requiteless.

Ba. Would you not so, sir?

By heaven! a little thing would make me box you,

"Which if you would convey?" why not, I pray

"Which (friend) thou shalt convey?"

Vi. Which friend, you shall then.

Ba. Well, friend, and I will then.

Vi. And use some kind persuasive words for me?

Ba. The best, I swear, that my poor tongue can forge.

Vi. Ay, well said, poor tongue; oh, 'tis rich in meekness;

You are not known to speak well? You have won

Direction of the Earl and all his house,
The favour of his daughter, and all dames
That ever I saw come within your sight,
With a poor tongue? a plague a your sweet lips.

Ba. Well, we will do our best; and 'faith, my Vince,

She shall have an unwieldy and dull soul
If she be nothing moved with my poor tongue,

Call it no better, be it what it will.

Vi. Well said, i'faith; now if I do not think

'Tis possible, besides her bare receipt
Of that my letter, with thy friendly tongue
To get an answer of it, never trust me.

Ba. An answer, man? 'Sblood, make no doubt of that.

Vi. By heaven, I think so; now a plague of nature,

That she gives all to some, and none to others.

Ba. How I endear him to me! Come, Vince, rise,

Next time I see her, I will give her this;
Which when she sees she'll think it wondrous strange

Love should go by descent, and make the son

Follow the father in his amorous steps.

Vi. She needs must think it strange, that ne'er yet saw

I durst speak to her, or had scarce her sight.

Ba. Well, Vince, I swear thou shalt both see and kiss her.

Vi. Swears my dear friend? by what?

Ba. Even by our friendship.

Vi. Oh, sacred oath! which, how long will you keep?

Ba. While there be bees in Hybla, or white swans

In bright Meander; while the banks of Po
Shall bear brave lilies; or Italian dames
Be called the Bonarobbas of the world.

Vi. 'Tis elegantly said; and when I fail

Let there be found in Hybla hives no bees ;
Let no swans swim in bright Meander
stream,

Nor lilies spring upon the banks of Po,
Nor let one fat Italian dame be found,
But lean and brawn-fall'n ; ay, and
scarcely sound.

Ba. It is enough, but let's embrace
withal.

Vi. With all my heart.

Ba. So, now farewell, sweet Vince.

[*Exit.*
Vi. Farewell, my worthy friend ; I think
I have him.

Enter Bassiolo.

Ba. I had forgot the parting phrase he
taught me :

I commend me t'ye, sir. [*Exit instant.*

Vi. At your wish'd service, sir.

Oh, fine friend, he had forgot the phrase :
How serious apish souls are in vain form !
Well, he is mine, and he being trusted
most

With my dear love, may often work our
meeting,

And being thus engaged, dare not reveal.

Enter Poggio in haste, Strozza following.

Po. Horse, horse, horse, my lord, horse !
your father is going a hunting.

Vi. My lord horse? you ass, you ; d'ye
call my lord, horse?

St. Nay, he speaks riddles still ; let's slit
his tongue.

Po. Nay, good uncle now, 'sblood, what
captious merchants you be ; so the duke
took me up even now, my lord uncle here,
and my old Lord Lasso : by heaven y'are all
too witty for me. I am the veriest fool on
you all, I'll be sworn.

Vi. Therein thou art worth us all, for
thou know'st thyself.

St. But your wisdom was in a pretty
taking last night ; was it not, I pray?

Po. Oh, for taking my drink a little?
I'faith, my lord, for that you shall have
the best sport presently, with Madam
Corteza, that ever was ; I have made her
so drunk, that she does nothing but kiss
my Lord Medice. See, she comes riding
the duke ; she's passing well mounted,
believe it.

*Enter Alphonso, Corteza, Cynanche,
Bassiolo first, two women attendants,
and huntsmen, Lasso.*

Al. Good wench, forbear.

Co. My lord, you must put forth your-

self among ladies. I warrant you have
much in you, if you would show it ; see, a
cheek a twenty ; the body of a George, a
good leg still ; still a good calf, and not
flabby, nor hanging, I warrant you ; a
brawn of a thumb here, and 'twere a pulled
partridge. Niece Meg, thou shalt have
the sweetest bedfellow on him that ever
called lady husband ; try him, you shame-
faced bable you, try him.

Ma. Good madam, be ruled.

Co. What a nice thing it is, my lord :
you must set forth this gear, and kiss her ;
i'faith you must ; get you together and be
naughts awhile, get you together.

Al. Now, what a merry harmless dame
it is !

Co. My Lord Medice, you are a right
noble man, and will do a woman right in a
wrong matter and need be ; pray do you
give the duke ensample upon me ; you
come a wooing to me now ; I accept it.

La. What mean you, sister?

Co. Pray my lord, away ; consider me
as I am, a woman.

Po. Lord, how I have wittolled her !

Co. You come a wooing to me now ;
pray thee, duke, mark my Lord Medice ;
and do you mark me, virgin. Stand you
aside, my lord, and all you, give place ;
now, my Lord Medice ; put case I be
strange a little, yet you like a man put me
to it. Come, kiss me, my lord ; be not
ashamed.

Ma. Not I, madam ; I come not a
wooing to you.

Co. 'Tis no matter, my lord, make as
though you did, and come kiss me ! I wont
be strange a whit.

La. Fie, sister, y'are to blame ; pray
will you go to your chamber?

Ca. Why, hark you brother.

La. What's the matter?

Co. D'ye think I am drunk?

La. I think so truly.

Co. But are you sure I am drunk?

La. Else I would not think so.

Co. But, I would be glad to be sure on't.

La. I assure you then.

Co. Why, then, say nothing ; and I'll
begone

God b'w'y, lord duke ; I'll come again
anon.

[*Exit.*

La. I hope your grace will pardon her,
my liege,

For 'tis most strange ; she's as discreet a
dame

As any in these countries, and as sober,
But for this only humour of the cup.

Al. 'Tis good, my lord, sometimes ;
Come, to our hunting; now 'tis time, I think.

Omn. The very best time of the day, my lord.

Al. Then, my lord, I will take my leave till night,

Reserving thanks for all my entertainment
Till I return ; in meantime, lovely dame,
Remember the high state you last presented,
And think it was not a mere festival show,
But an essential type of that you are
In full consent of all my faculties,
And hark you, good my lord.

[*Vincentio and Strozza have all this while talked together a pretty way.*]

Vi. See now, they whisper
Some private order (I dare lay my life)
For a forced marriage 'twixt my love and father,

I therefore must make sure ; and, noble friends,

I'll leave you all, when I have brought you forth

And seen you in the chase ; meanwhile observe

In all the time this solemn hunting lasts,
My father, and his minion Medice,
And note, if you can gather any sign,
That they have miss'd me, and suspect my being,

If which fall out, send home my page before.

St. I will not fail, my lord.

[*Medice whispers with 1st Huntsman all this while.*]

Me. Now, take thy time.

Hu. I warrant you, my lord, he shall not 'scape me.

Al. Now, my dear mistress, till our sports intended

End with my absence, I will take my leave.

La. Bassiolo, attend you on my daughter. [*Exit.*]

Ba. I will, my lord.

Vi. Now will the sport begin ; I think my love

Will handle him as well as I have done.

Cy. Madam, I take my leave, and humbly thank you. [*Exit.*]

Ma. Welcome, good madam ; maids, wait on my lady.

Ba. So, mistress, this is fit.

Ma. Fit, sir, why so ?

Ba. Why so ? I have most fortunate news for you.

Ma. For me, sir ? I beseech you, what are they ?

Ba. Merit and fortune, for you both agree ;

Merit what you have, and have what you merit.

Ma. Lord ! with what rhetoric you prepare your news.

Ba. I need not ; for the plain contents they bear

Utter'd in any words, deserve their welcome :

And yet I hope the words will serve the turn.

Ma. What, in a letter ?

Ba. Why not ?

Ma. Whence is it ?

Ba. From one that will not shame it with his name,

And that is Lord Vincentio.

Ma. King of heaven !

Is the man mad ?

Ba. Mad, madam, why ?

Ma. Oh, heaven ! I muse a man of your importance

Will offer to bring me a letter thus.

Ba. Why, why, good mistress ; are you hurt in that ?

Your answer may be, what you will yourself.

Ma. Ay, but you should not do it :
God's my life !

You shall answer it.

Ba. Nay, you must answer it.

Ma. I answer it ! are you the man I trusted,

And will betray me to a stranger thus ?

Ba. That's nothing, dame ; all friends were strangers first.

Ma. Now, was there ever woman over-seen so

In a wise man's discretion ?

Ba. Your brain is shallow ; come, receive this letter.

Ma. How dare you say so, when you know so well

How much I am engaged to the duke ?

Ba. The duke ? a proper match ; a grave old gentleman,

Has beard at will ; and would, in my conceit,

Make a most excellent pattern for a potter

To have his picture stamp'd on a stone jug,

To keep ale-knights in memory of sobriety.
Here, gentle madam, take it.

Ma. Take it, sir ?

Am I a common taker of love-letters ?

Ba. Common ? why, when received you one before ?

Ma. Come, 'tis no matter ; I had thought your care

Of my bestowing, would not tempt me thus
To one I know not; but it is because
You know I dote so much on your direction.

Ba. On my direction?

Ma. No, sir, not on yours.

Ba. Well, mistress, if you will take my
advice

At any time, then take this letter now.

Ma. 'Tis strange; I wonder the coy gentle-
man,

That seeing me so oft would never speak,
Is on the sudden so far wrapt to write.

Ba. It show'd his judgment that he would
not speak,

Knowing with what a strict and jealous eye
He should be noted; hold, if you love
yourself.

Now will you take this letter? Pray be
ruled.

Ma. Come, you have such another plaguy
tongue,

And yet, i'faith, I will not.

Ba. Lord of heaven!

What, did it burn your hands? Hold,
hold, I pray,

And let the words within it fire your heart.

Ma. I wonder how the devil he found
you out

To be his spokesman. Oh, the duke would
thank you

If he knew how you urged me for his son.

Ba. The duke? I have fretted her,

Even to the liver, and had much ado

To make her take it; but I knew 'twas sure,

For he that cannot turn and wind a woman
Like silk about his finger, is no man.

I'll make her answer 't too.

Ma. Oh, here's good stuff.

Hold, pray take it for your pains to bring it.

Ba. Lady, you err in my reward a little,
Which must be a kind answer to this letter.

Ma. Nay then, i'faith, 'twere best you
brought a priest,

And then your client, and then keep the
door.

Gods me, I never knew so rude a man.

Ba. Well, you shall answer; I'll fetch
pen and paper. [*Exit.*]

Ma. Poor usher! how wert thou wrought
to this brake?

Men work on one another for we women,
Nay, each man on himself; and all in one
Say, no man is content that lies alone.

Here comes our gulled squire.

Ba. Here, mistress, write.

Ma. What should I write?

Ba. An answer to this letter.

Ma. Why, sir, I see no cause of answer
in it,

But if you needs will show how much you
rule me,

Sit down and answer it as you please your-
self;

Here is your paper, lay it fair afore you.

Ba. Lady, content; I'll be your secretary.

Ma. I fit him in this task; he thinks his
pen

The shaft of Cupid in an amorous letter.

Ba. Is here no great worth of your an-
swer, say you?

Believe it, 'tis exceedingly well writ.

Ma. So much the more unfit for me to
answer,

And therefore let your style and it contend.

Ba. Well, you shall see I will not be far
short,

Although indeed I cannot write so well

When one is by as when I am alone.

Ma. Oh, a good scribe must write though
twenty talk,

And he talk to them too.

Ba. Well, you shall see.

Ma. A proper piece of scribeship, there's
no doubt;

Some words pick'd out of proclamations,
Or great men's speeches, or well-selling
pamphlets.

See how he rubs his temples; I believe
His Muse lies in the back part of his brain.
Which, thick and gross, is hard to be
brought forward.

What, is it loth to come?

Ba. No, not a whit:

Pray hold your peace a little.

Ma. He sweats with bringing on his
heavy style,

I'll ply him still till he sweat all his wit out:
What man, not yet?

Ba. 'Swoons, you'll not extort it from a
man,

How do you like the word *endear*?

Ma. O fie upon't!

Ba. Nay, then, I see your judgment:
what say you to *condole*?

Ma. Worse and worse.

Ba. Oh brave! I should make a sweet
answer, if I should use no words but of
your admittance.

Ma. Well, sir, write what you please.

Ba. Is *model* a good word with you?

Ma. Put them together, I pray.

Ba. So I will, I warrant you.

Ma. See, see, see, now it comes pouring
down.

Ba. I hope you'll take no exceptions to
believe it.

Ma. Out upon't, that phrase is so run
out of breath in trifles, that we shall have

no belief at all in earnest shortly. *Believe it 'tis a pretty feather; believe it a dainty rush; believe it an excellent cockscorb.*

Ba. So, so, so; your exceptions sort very collaterally.

Ma. *Collaterally?* there's a fine word now; wrest in that if you can by any means.

Ba. I thought she would like the very worst of them all; how think you? do not I write, and hear, and talk too now?

Ma. By my soul, if you can tell what you write now, you write very readily.

Ba. That you shall see straight.

Ma. But do you not write that you speak now?

Ba. Oh yes; do you not see how I write it? I cannot write when anybody is by me, I—

Ma. God's my life! stay, man; you'll make it too long.

Ba. Nay, if I cannot tell what belongs to the length of a lady's device, i'faith.

Ma. But I will not have it so long.

Ba. If I cannot fit you?

Ma. Oh me! how it comes upon him! prithee be short.

Ba. Well, now I have done, and now I will read it:—

Your lordship's motive accommodating my thoughts, with the very model of my heart's mature consideration: it shall not be out of my element to negotiate with you in this amorous duello; wherein I will condole with you, that our project cannot be so collaterally made as our endeared hearts may very well seem to insinuate.

Ma. No more; no more; fie upon this!

Ba. Fie upon this; he's accursed that has to do with these unsound women, of judgment: if this be not good, i'faith!

Ma. But 'tis so good, 'twill not be thought to come from a woman's brain.

Ba. That's another matter.

Ma. Come, I will write myself.

Ba. A God's name lady; and yet I will not lose this I warrant you; I know for what lady this will serve as fit. Now we shall have a sweet piece of inditement.

Ma. How spell you *foolish*?

Ba. F-oo-l-i-sh; she will presume t'indite that cannot spell.

Ma. How spell you *usher*?

Ba. 'Sblood, you put not in those words together, do you?

Ma. No, not together.

Ba. What is betwixt, I pray?

Ma. As the.

Ba. Ass the? Betwixt foolish and usher? God's my life, "foolish ass the usher?"

Ma. Nay, then, you are so jealous of your wit; now read all I have written, I pray.

Ba. *I am not so foolish as the usher would make me:* Oh, "so foolish as the usher would make me?" Wherein would I make you foolish?

Ma. Why, sir, in willing me to believe he loved me so well, being so mere a stranger.

Ba. Oh, is't so? you may say so, indeed.

Ma. Cry mercy, sir, and I will write so too, and yet my hand is so vile. Pray thee sit thee down, and write as I bid thee.

Ba. With all my heart, lady! What shall I write, now?

Ma. You shall write this, sir, *I am not so foolish to think you love me, being so mere a stranger.*

Ba. "So mere a stranger!"

Ma. And yet I know love works strangely.

Ba. "Love works strangely."

Ma. And therefore take heed, by whom you speak for love.

Ba. "Speak for love."

Ma. For he may speak for himself.

Ba. "May speak for himself."

Ma. Not that I desire it.

Ba. "Desire it."

Ma. But, if he do, you may speed, I confess.

Ba. "Speed, I confess."

Ma. But let that pass, I do not love to discourage anybody—

Ba. "Discourage anybody—"

Ma. Do you, or he, pick out what you can; and so, farewell.

Ba. "And so, farewell." Is this all?

Ma. Ay, and he may thank your syren's tongue that it is so much.

Ba. A proper letter, if you mark it.

Ma. Well, sir, though it be not so proper as the writer, yet 'tis as proper as the inditer. Every woman cannot be a gentleman usher; they that cannot go before must come behind.

Ba. Well, lady, this I will carry instantly:

I commend me t'ye, lady. [Exit.

Ma. Pitiful usher, what a pretty sleight Goes to the working up of everything!

What sweet variety serves a woman's wit,
We make men sue to us for that we wish.
Poor men; hold out awhile; and do not sue,

And, spite of custom, we will sue to you.

[Exit.

ACT THE FOURTH.

SCENE I.

Enter Pogio, running in, and knocking at Cynanche's door.

Po. Oh, God! how weary I am. Aunt, Madam Cynanche, aunt!

Cy. How now?

Po. Oh, God, aunt! oh, God, aunt! oh, God!

Cy. What bad news brings this man? Where is my lord?

Po. Oh, aunt, my uncle! he's shot!

Cy. Shot? Ay me! How is he shot?

Po. Why, with a forked shaft, As he was hunting, full in his left side.

Cy. Oh me, accursed! Where is he? bring me where.

Po. Coming with Doctor Benevemus; I'll leave you, and go tell my Lord Vincentio.

[*Exit.*]

Enter Benevemus, with others, bringing in Strozza with an arrow in his side.

Cy. See the sad sight; I dare not yield to grief,

But force feign'd patience to recomfort him.

My lord, what chance is this? How fares your lordship?

St. Wounded, and faint with anguish: let me rest.

Be. A chair.

Cy. Oh, doctor, is't a deadly hurt?

Be. I hope not, madam, though not free from danger.

Cy. Why pluck you not the arrow from his side?

Be. We cannot, lady; the fork'd head so fast

Sticks in the bottom of his solid rib.

St. No mean then, doctor, rests there to educe it?

Be. This only, my good lord, to give your wound

A greater orifice, and in sunder break

The pierced rib, which being so near the midriff,

And opening to the region of the heart,

Will be exceeding dangerous to your life.

St. I will not see my bosom mangled so,

Nor sternly be anatomized alive;

I'll rather perish with it sticking still.

Cy. Oh no; sweet doctor, think upon some help.

Be. I told you all that can be thought in art,

Which since your lordship will not yield to use,
Our last hope rests in nature's secret aid,
Whose power at length may happily expel it.

St. Must we attend at Death's abhorred door

The torturing delays of slavish nature?

My life is in mine own powers to dissolve:
And why not then the pains that plague my life?

Rise, furies, and this fury of my bane
Assail and conquer. What men madness call

(That hath no eye to sense, but frees the soul,

Exempt of hope and fear, with instant fate)

Is manliest reason: manliest reason then
Resolve and rid me of this brutish life;
Hasten the cowardly protracted cure
Of all diseases. King of physicians, Death,
I'll dig thee from this mine of misery.

Cy. Oh! hold, my lord; this is no Christian part,

Nor yet scarce manly, when your unkind foe,

Imperious Death, shall make your groans his trumpets

To summon resignation of life's fort,
To fly without resistance; you must force

A countermine of fortitude, more deep
Than this poor mine of pains, to blow him up,

And spite of him live victor, though subdued;

Patience in torment is a valour more
Than ever crown'd th' Alcmenean conqueror.

St. Rage is the vent of torment; let me rise.

Cy. Men do but cry that rage in miseries,

And scarcely beaten children become cries:

Pains are like women's clamours, which the less

They find men's patience stirr'd, the more they cease.

Of this 'tis said, afflictions bring to God,
Because they make us like him, drinking up

Jays that deform us with the lusts of sense,
And turn our general being into soul,

Whose actions simply formed and applied,
Draw all our body's frailties from respect.

St. Away with this unmed'cinable balm
Of worded breath; forbear, friends, let me rest,

I swear I will be bands unto myself.

Ba. That will become your lordship best indeed.

St. I'll break away, and leap into the sea,
Or from some turret cast me headlong down

To shiver this frail carcase into dust.

Cy. Oh, my dear lord, what unlike words are these

To the late fruits of your religious noblesse?

St. Leave me, fond woman.

Cy. I'll be hewn from hence
Before I leave you; help me, gentle doctor.

Ba. Have patience, good my lord.

St. Then lead me in,

Cut off the timber of this cursed shaft,
And let the fork'd pile canker to my heart.

Cy. Dear lord, resolve on humble sufferance.

St. I will not hear thee, woman; be content.

Cy. Oh, never shall my counsels cease to knock

At thy impatient ears, till they fly in

And salve with Christian patience Pagan sin. [*Exeunt.*

Enter Vincentio *with a letter in his hand,*
Bassio.

Ba. This is her letter, sir, you now shall see

How silly a thing 'tis in respect of mine,
And what a simple woman she has proved
To refuse mine for hers; I pray look here.

Vi. Soft, sir, I know not, I being her sworn servant,

If I may put up these disgraceful words,
Given of my mistress, without touch of honour.

Ba. Disgraceful words! I protest I speak not

To disgrace her, but to grace myself.

Vi. Nay then, sir, if it be to grace yourself,

I am content; but otherwise, you know,
I was to take exceptions to a King.

Ba. Nay, y'are i'th'right for that; but read, I pray, if there be not more choice words in that letter than in any three of Guevara's Golden Epistles, I am a very ass. How think you, Vince?

Vi. By heaven, no less, sir; it is the best thing; [*He reads it.*

Gods, what a beast am I!

Ba. It is no matter; I can set it together again.

Vi. Pardon me, sir, I protest I was ravished; but was it possible she should prefer hers before this?

Ba. Oh, sir, she cried "Fie upon this!"
VOL. I.

Vi. Well, I must say nothing; love is blind, you know, and can find no fault in his beloved.

Ba. Nay, that's most certain.

Vi. Gi'e 't me; I'll have this letter.

Ba. No, good Vince; 'tis not worth it.

Vi. I'll ha't i'faith, here's enough in it to serve for my letters as long as I live; I'll keep it to breed on as 'twere: But I much wonder you could make her write.

Ba. Indeed there were some words belong'd to that.

Vi. How strong an influence works in well-placed words:

And yet there must be a prepared love,
To give those words so mighty a command,
Or 'twere impossible they should move so much:

And will you tell me true?

Ba. In anything.

Vi. Does not this lady love you?

Ba. Love me? why, yes: I think she does not hate me.

Vi. Nay, but i'faith, does she not love you dearly?

Ba. No, I protest.

Vi. Nor have you never kissed her?

Ba. Kissed her? that's nothing.

Vi. But you know my meaning;

Have you not been, as one would say, afore me?

Ba. Not I, I swear.

Vi. Oh, y'are too true to tell.

Ba. Nay, by my troth, she has, I must confess,

Used me with good respect, and nobly still;
But for such matters—

Vi. Very little more

Would make him take her maidenhead upon him;

Well, friend, I rest yet in a little doubt,
This was not hers.

Ba. 'Twas, by that light that shines,
And I'll go fetch her to you to confirm it.

Vi. A passing friend.

Ba. But when she comes, in any case be bold,

And come upon her with some pleasing thing,

To show y'are pleased; however she behaves her,

As for example: if she turn her back,
Use you that action you would do before,
And court her thus:

"Lady, your back part is as fair to me
As is your fore-part."

Vi. 'Twill be most pleasing.

Ba. Ay, for if you love

One part above another, 'tis a sign
You like not all alike, and the worst part
About your mistress you must think as
fair,

As sweet, and dainty, as the very best,
So much, for so much, and considering too,
Each several limb, and member in his kind.

Vi. As a man should.

Ba. True, will you think of this?

Vi. I hope I shall.

Ba. But if she chance to laugh,
You must not lose your countenance, but
devise

Some speech to show you pleased, even
being laugh'd at.

Vi. Ay, but what speech?

Ba. God's precious man! do something
of yourself:

But I'll devise a speech. [*He studies.*]

Vi. Inspire him, Folly.

Ba. Or 'tis no matter, be but bold
enough,

And laugh when she laughs, and it is
enough;

I'll fetch her to you. [*Exit.*]

Vi. Now was there ever such a demilance;

To bear a man so clear through thick and
thin?

Enter Bassiolo.

Ba. Or hark you, sir, if she should steal
a laughter

Under her fan, thus you may say: "Sweet
lady,

If you will laugh and lie down, I am
pleased."

Vi. And so I were, by heaven; how
know you that?

Ba. 'Slid man, I'll hit your very thoughts
in these things.

Vi. Fetch her, sweet friend; I'll hit your
words, I warrant.

Ba. Be bold then, Vince, and press her
to it hard,

A shame-faced man is of all women barr'd.
[*Exit.*]

Vi. How easily worthless men take
worth upon them,

And being ever-credulous of their own
worths,

Do underprize as much the worth of others.
The fool is rich, and absurd riches thinks
All merit is rung out, where his purse
chinks.

Enter Bassiolo and Margaret.

Ba. My lord, with much entreaty here's
my lady.

Nay, madam, look not back; why, Vince,
I say!

Ma. Vince! Oh, monstrous jest!

Ba. To her, for shame.

Vi. Lady, your back part is as sweet to
me

As all your fore-part.

Ba. He missed a little: he said her back
part was sweet, when he should have said
fair; but see, she laughs most fitly to
bring in the t'other. Vince, to her again;
she laughs.

Vi. Laugh you, fair dame?

If you will laugh and lie down, I am pleased.

Ma. What villanous stuff is here?

Ba. Sweet mistress, of mere grace imbolden now

The kind young prince here; it is only love
Upon my protestation that thus daunts

His most heroic spirit: so awhile

I'll leave you close together; Vince, I
say— [*Exit.*]

Ma. Oh, horrible hearing! does he call
you Vince?

Vi. Oh, ay, what else? and I made him
embrace me,

Knitting a most familiar league of friend-
ship.

Ma. But wherefore did you court me so
absurdly?

Vi. God's me, he taught me; I spake
out of him.

Ma. Oh, fie upon't, could you for pity
make him

Such a poor creature? 'twas abuse enough
To make him take on him such saucy
friendship;

And yet his place is great; for he's not
only

My father's Usher, but the world's beside,
Because he goes before it all in folly.

Vi. Well, in these homely wiles must
our loves mask,

Since power denies him his apparent right.
Ma. But is there no mean to dissolve
that power,

And to prevent all further wrong to us
Which it may work, by forcing marriage
rites

Betwixt me and the duke?

Vi. No mean but one,

And that is closely to be married first,
Which I perceive not how we can per-
form;

For at my father's coming back from
hunting,

I fear your father and himself resolve
To bar my interest with his present nup-
tials.

Ma. That shall they never do ; may not we now
Our contract make, and marry before heaven ?

Are not the laws of God and Nature more Than formal laws of men ? are outward rites

More virtuous than the very substance is Of holy nuptials solemnized within ?

Or shall laws made to curb the common world,

That would not be contain'd in form without them,

Hurt them that are a law unto themselves ? My princely love, 'tis not a priest shall let us ;

But since th' eternal acts of our pure souls Knit us with God, the soul of all the world,

He shall be priest to us ; and with such rites

As we can here devise, we will express And strongly ratify our hearts' true vows, Which no external violence shall dissolve.

Vi. This is our only mean t' enjoy each other :

And, my dear life, I will devise a form To execute the substance of our minds In honour'd nuptials. First, then, hide your face

With this your spotless white and virgin veil :

Now this my scarf I'll knit about your arm, As you shall knit this other end on mine ; And as I knit it, here I vow by Heaven, By the most sweet imaginary joys Of untried nuptials ; by love's ushering fire,

Fore-melting beauty, and love's flame itself,

As this is soft and pliant to your arm In a circumferent flexure, so will I Be tender of your welfare and your will, As of mine own, as of my life and soul, In all things, and for ever ; only you Shall have this care in fulness, only you Of all dames shall be mine, and only you I'll court, commend and joy in, till I die.

Ma. With like conceit on your arm this I tie,

And here in sight of heaven, by it I swear By my love to you, which commands my life,

By the dear price of such a constant husband

As you have vow'd to be : and by the joy I shall embrace by all means to requite you :

I'll be as apt to govern as this silk,

As private as my face is to this veil, And as far from offence, as this from blackness.

I will be courted of no man but you ; In and for you, shall be my joys and woes ; If you be sick, I will be sick, though well ; If you be well, I will be well, though sick ; Yourself alone my complete world shall be, Even from this hour, to all eternity.

Vi. It is enough, and binds as much as marriage.

Enter Bassiolo.

Ba. I'll see in what plight my poor lover stands,

God's me ! a beckons me to have me gone ; It seems he's enter'd into some good vein ; I'll hence, love cureth when he vents his pain. [*Exit.*]

Vi. Now, my sweet life, we both remember well

What we have vow'd shall all be kept entire

Maugre our fathers' wraths, danger and death ;

And to confirm this shall we spend our breath ?

Be well advised, for yet your choice shall be

In all things as before, as large and free.

Ma. What I have vow'd I'll keep, even past my death.

Vi. And I : and now in token I dissolve Your virgin state, I take this snowy veil From your much fairer face, and claim the dues

Of sacred nuptials ; and now, fairest heaven,

As thou art infinitely raised from earth, Different and opposite, so bless this match, As far removed from custom's popular sects, And as unstain'd with her abhorr'd respects.

Enter Bassiolo.

Ba. Mistress, away ! Poggio runs up and down,

Calling for Lord Vincentio ; come away, For hitherward he bends his clamorous haste.

Ma. Remember, love.

[*Exit Mar. and Bassiolo.*]

Vi. Or else, forget me heaven.

Why am I sought for by this Poggio ? The ass is great with child of some ill news ; His mouth is never fill'd with other sound.

Enter Poggio.

Po. Where is my Lord Vincentio ; where is my lord ?

Vi. Here he is, ass ; what an exclaiming keep'st thou !

Po. 'Slood, my lord ! I have followed you up and down like a Tantalus pig, till I have worn out my hose hereabouts, I'll be sworn, and yet you call me ass still. But I can tell you passing ill news, my lord.

Vi. I know that well, sir, thou never bring'st other ; what's your news now, I pray ?

Po. Oh, lord, my lord uncle is shot in the side with an arrow.

Vi. Plagues take thy tongue ! is he in any danger ?

Po. Oh, danger ; ay, he has lien speechless this two hours, and talks so idly.

Vi. Accursed news ! where is he ? bring me to him.

Po. Yes, do you lead, and I'll guide you to him. [*Exeunt.*]

Enter Strozza, brought in a chair, Cynanche, Benevemus, with others.

Cy. How fares it now with my dear lord and husband ?

St. Come near me, wife ; I fare the better far

For the sweet food of thy divine advice.

Let no man value at a little price

A virtuous woman's counsel, her wing'd spirit

Is feather'd oftentimes with heavenly words ;

And, like her beauty, ravishing, and pure ;

The weaker body, still the stronger soul :

When good endeavours do her powers apply,

Her love draws nearest man's felicity.

Oh, what a treasure is a virtuous wife,

Discreet and loving ; not one gift on earth

Makes a man's life so highly bound to heaven ;

She gives him double forces to endure,

And to enjoy ; by being one with him,

Feeling his joys and griefs with equal sense ;

And like the twins Hippocrates reports,

If he fetch sighs, she draws her breath as short,

If he lament, she melts herself in tears ;

If he be glad, she triumphs ; if he stir,

She moves his way ; in all things his sweet ape :

And is in alterations passing strange,

Himself divinely varied without change.

Gold is right precious, but his price infects

With pride and avarice ; authority lifts

Hats from men's heads, and bows the strongest knees,

Yet cannot bend in rule the weakest hearts ;

Music delights but one sense, nor choice meats ;

One quickly fades, the other stir to sin ;

But a true wife both sense and soul delights,

And mixeth not her good with any ill ;

Her virtues (ruling hearts) all powers command ;

All store without her leaves a man but poor ;

And with her poverty is exceeding store ;

No time is tedious with her, her true worth

Makes a true husband think, his arms enfold ;

With her alone, a complete world of gold.

Cy. I wish, dear love, I could deserve as much

As your most kind conceit hath well express'd ;

But when my best is done, I see you wounded,

And neither can recure nor ease your pains.

St. Cynanche, thy advice hath made me well ;

My free submission to the hand of heaven

Makes it redeem me from the rage of pain.

For though I know the malice of my wound

Shoots still the same distemper through my veins,

Yet the judicial patience I embrace

(In which my mind spreads her impassive powers

Through all my suffering parts) expels their frailty ;

And rendering up their whole life to my soul,

Leaves me nought else but soul ; and so like her,

Free from the passions of my fuming blood.

Cy. Would God you were so ; and that too much pain

Were not the reason you felt sense of none.

St. Think'st thou me mad, Cynanche ? for mad men,

By pains ungovern'd, have no sense of pain.

But I, I tell you, am quite contrary,

Eased with well governing my submitted pain ;

Be cheer'd then, wife, and look not for in me

The manners of a common wounded man.

Humility hath raised me to the stars ;

In which (as in a sort of crystal globes)

I sit and see things hid from human sight.

Ay, even the very accidents to come
Are present with my knowledge; the
seventh day

The arrow-head will fall out of my side.
The seventh day, wife, the forked head
will out.

Cy. Would God it would, my lord, and
leave you well.

St. Yes, the seventh day, I am assured
it will;

And I shall live, I know it; I thank
heaven

I know it well; and I'll teach my phy-
sician

To build his cares hereafter upon heaven
More than on earthly medicines; for I
know

Many things shown me from the open'd
skies

That pass all arts. Now my physician
Is coming to me; he makes friendly haste;
And I will well requite his care of me.

Cy. How know you he is coming?

St. Passing well;

And that my dear friend, Lord Vincentio,
Will presently come see me too; I'll stay
My good physician, till my true friend
come.

Cy. Ay me, his talk is idle; and I fear
Foretells his reasonable soul now leaves
him.

St. Bring my physician in; he's at the
door.

Cy. Alas! there's no physician.

St. But I know it;

See, he is come.

Enter Benevemus.

Be. How fares my worthy lord?

St. Good doctor, I endure no pain at
all,
And the seventh day the arrow's head will
out.

Be. Why should it fall out the seventh
day, my lord?

St. I know it; the seventh day it will
not fall.

Be. I wish it may, my lord.

St. Yes, 'twill be so,

You come with purpose to take present
leave,

But you shall stay awhile; my Lord Vin-
centio

Would see you fain, and now is coming
hither.

Be. How knows your lordship? have
you sent for him?

St. No, but 'tis very true; he's now
hard by,

And will not hinder your affairs a whit.

Be. How want of rest distempers his
light brain!

Brings my lord any train?

St. None but himself.

My nephew Pogio now hath left his grace.
Good doctor go, and bring him by his
hand,

Which he will give you, to my longing
eyes.

Be. 'Tis strange, if this be true. [*Exit.*]

Cy. The prince, I think,
Yet knows not of your hurt.

*Enter Vincentio holding the Doctor's
hand.*

St. Yes, wife, too well:

See, he is come; welcome, my princely
friend;

I have been shot, my lord; but the
seventh day

The arrow's head will fall out of my side,
And I shall live.

Vi. I do not fear your life;

But, doctor, is it your opinion
That the seventh day the arrow-head will
out?

St. No, 'tis not his opinion, 'tis my
knowledge;

For I do know it well; and I do wish,
Even for your only sake, my noble lord,
This were the seventh day; and I now
were well,

That I might be some strength to your
hard state,

For you have many perils to endure;
Great is your danger, great, your unjust ill
Is passing foul and mortal; would to God
My wound were something well, I might
be with you.

Nay, do not whisper; I know what I say,
Too well for you, my lord; I wonder
heaven

Will let such violence threat an innocent
life.

Vi. Whate'er it be, dear friend, so you
be well,

I will endure it all; your wounded state
Is all the danger I fear towards me.

St. Nay, mine is nothing; for the
seventh day

This arrow-head will out, and I shall live,
And so shall you, I think; but very
hardly.

It will be hardly you will 'scape indeed.

Vi. Be as will be, pray heaven your
prophecy

Be happily accomplish'd in yourself,
And nothing then can come amiss to me.

St. What says my doctor? thinks he
I say true?

Be. If your good lordship could but rest
awhile, I would hope well.

St. Yes, I shall rest, I know,
If that will help your judgment.

Be. Yes, it will,

And good my lord, let's help you in to try.

St. You please me much; I shall sleep
instantly. [*Exeunt.*]

Enter Alphonso and Medice.

Al. Why should the humorous boy for-
sake the chase;

As if he took advantage of my absence
To some act that my presence would
offend?

Me. I warrant you, my lord, 'tis to that
end;

And I believe he wrongs you in your love.
Children presuming on their parents' kind-
ness,

Care not what unkind actions they commit
Against their quiet: And were I as you,
I would affright my son from these bold
parts,

And father him as I found his deserts.

Al. I swear I will: and can I prove he
aims

At any interruption in my love,
I'll interrupt his life.

Me. We soon shall see,

For I have made Madame Corteza search,
With pick-locks, all the ladies' cabinets
About Earl Lasso's house; and if there be
Traffic of love, 'twixt any one of them
And your suspected son, 'twill soon appear,
In some sign of their amorous merchandize;
See where she comes, loaded with gems
and papers.

Enter Cort.

Co. See here, my lord, I have robb'd all
their caskets.

Know you this ring? this carcanet? this
chain?

Will any of these letters serve your turn?

Al. I know not these things; but come,
let me read

Some of these letters.

La. Madam, in this deed

You deserve highly of my lord the duke.

Co. Nay, my Lord Medice, I think I
told you

I could do pretty well in these affairs:

Oh, these young girls engross up all the
love

From us poor beldams; but I hold my
hand,

I'll ferret all the coney-holes of their kind-
ness

Ere I have done with them.

Al. Passion of death!

See, see, Lord Medice, my traitorous son
Hath long joy'd in the favours of my love;
Woe to the womb that bore him, and my
care

To bring him up to this accursed hour,
In which all cares possess my wretched life.

Me. What father would believe he had
a son

So full of treachery to his innocent state?
And yet, my lord, this letter shows no

meeting,

But a desire to meet.

Co. Yes, yes, my lord,

I do suspect they meet; and I believe
I know well where too: I believe I do;
And therefore tell me, does no creature
know

That you have left the chase thus suddenly,
And are come hither? have you not been
seen

By any of these lovers?

Al. Not by any.

Co. Come then, come follow me: I am
persuaded

I shall go near to show you their kind
hands,

Their confidence, that you are still a-
hunting,

Will make your amorous son that stole
from thence

Bold in his love-sports; come, come, a
fresh chase;

I hold this pick-lock; you shall hunt at
view.

What, do they think to 'scape? An old
wife's eye

Is a blue crystal full of sorcery.

Al. If this be true the traitorous boy
shall die. [*Exeunt.*]

*Enter Lasso, Margaret, Bassiolo going
before.*

La. Tell me, I pray you, what strange
hopes they are

That feed your coy conceits against the
duke,

And are preferr'd before the assured great-
ness

His highness graciously would make your
fortunes?

Ma. I have small hopes, my lord; but
a desire

To make my nuptial choice of one I love;

And as I would be loth t'impair my state,
So I affect not honours that exceed it.

La. Oh, you are very temperate in your choice,
Pleading a judgment past your sex and years.

But I believe some fancy will be found
The forge of these gay glosses : if it be,
I shall decipher what close traitor 'tis
That is your agent in your secret plots.

Ba. 'Swoons !

La. And him for whom you plot ; and on you all

I will revenge thy disobedience
With such severe correction as shall fright
All such deluders from the like attempts :
But chiefly he shall smart that is your factor.

Ba. Oh me, accursed !

La. Meantime I'll cut
Your poor craft short, i'faith.

Ma. Poor craft, indeed,
That I or any others use for me.

La. Well, dame, if it be nothing but the jar

Of your unfitted fancy that procures
Your wilful coyness to my lord the duke,
No doubt but Time and Judgment will conform it

To such obedience as so great desert
Proposed to your acceptance doth require.
To which end do you counsel her, Bassiolo.
And let me see, maid, 'gainst the duke's return,

Another tincture set upon your looks
Than heretofore. For, be assured, at last
Thou shalt consent, or else incur my curse.
Advise her, you Bassiolo. [*Exit.*]

Ba. Ay, my good lord :
God's pity, what an errant ass was I
To entertain the prince's crafty friendship !
'Sblood, I half suspect the villain gull'd me.

Ma. Our squire, I think, is startled.

Ba. Nay, lady, it is true,
And you must frame your fancy to the duke ;

For I protest I will not be corrupted,
For all the friends and fortunes in the world,

To gull my lord that trusts me.

Ma. Oh, sir, now
Y'are true too late.

Ba. No, lady, not a whit ;
'Sblood, and you think to make an ass of me,
May chance to rise betimes ; I know't, I know.

Ma. Out, servile coward, shall a light suspect

That hath no slenderest proof of what we do,

Infringe the weighty faith that thou hast sworn

To thy dear friend, the prince, that dotes on thee,

And will in pieces cut thee for thy falsehood ?

Ba. I care not. I'll not hazard my estate

For any prince on earth : and I'll disclose
The complot to your father, if you yield not
To his obedience.

Ma. Do, if thou darest,
Even for thy scraped-up living, and thy life,

I'll tell my father then how thou didst woo me

To love the young prince ; and didst force me too

To take his letters : I was well inclined,
I will be sworn, before, to love the duke ;
But thy vile railing at him made me hate him.

Ba. I rail at him ?

Ma. Ay, marry, did you sir,
And said he was "a pattern for a potter,
To have his picture stamp'd on a stone jug,

To keep ale-knights in memory of sobriety."*

Ba. Sh'as a plaguy memory.

Ma. I could have loved him else ; nay,
I did love him,

Though I dissembled it, to bring him on ;
And I by this time might have been a Duchess ;

And, now I think on't better, for revenge

I'll have the duke, and he shall have thy head,

For thy false wit within it to his love :
Now go and tell my father ; pray begone.

Ba. Why, and I will go.

Ma. Go, for God's sake, go. Are you here yet ?

Ba. Well, now I am resolved.

Ma. 'Tis bravely done ; farewell. But do you hear, sir ?

Take this with you, besides : the young prince keeps

A certain letter you had writ for me
("Endearing," and "condoling," and "mature"),

And if you should deny things, that I hope

* *Vide antea*, p. 93.

Will stop your impudent mouth : but go
your ways ;

If you can answer all this, why, 'tis well.

Ba. Well, lady, if you will assure me
here

You will refrain to meet with the young
prince,

I will say nothing.

Ma. Good sir, say your worst,

For I will meet him, and that presently.

Ba. Then be content, I pray, and leave
me out,

And meet hereafter as you can yourselves.

Ma. No, no, sir, no ; 'tis you must fetch
him to me,

And you shall fetch him, or I'll do your
errand.

Ba. 'S'wounds, what a spite is this ; I will
resolve

T'endure the worst ; 'tis but my foolish
fear

The plot will be discover'd : oh, the
gods!

'Tis the best sport to play with these young
dames ;

I have dissembled, mistress, all this
while ;

Have I not made you in a pretty taking ?

Ma. Oh, 'tis most good ; thus you may
play on me ;

You cannot be content to make me love

A man I hated till you spake for him

With such enchanting speeches as no
friend

Could possibly resist ; but you must use

Your villanous wit, to drive me from my
wits :

A plague of that bewitching tongue of
yours ;

Would I had never heard your scurvy
words.

Ba. Pardon, dear dame, I'll make
amends, i'faith ;

Think you that I'll play false with my dear
Vince ?

I swore that sooner Hybla should want
bees,

And Italy bonarobbas, than—i'faith,

And so they shall.

Come, you shall meet, and double meet, in
spite

Of all your foes, and dukes that dare
maintain them.

A plague of all old doters ; I disdain
them.

Ma. Said like a friend ; oh, let me comb
the coxcomb.

[*Exeunt.*]

END OF ACT IV.

ACT THE FIFTH.

SCENE I.

Enter Alphonso, Medice, Lasso,
Corteza *above.*

Co. Here is the place will do the deed,
i'faith ;

This duke will show thee how youth puts
down age,

Ay, and perhaps how youth does put down
youth.

Al. If I shall see my love in any sort
Prevented or abused, th' abuser dies.

La. I hope there is no such intent, my
liege,

For sad as death should I be to behold it.

Me. You must not be too confident, my
lord,

Or in your daughter or in them that guard
her.

The prince is politic, and envies his father ;
And though not for himself, nor any good

Intended to your daughter, yet because
He knows 'twould kill his father, he would

seek her.

Co. Whist, whist, they come.

Enter Bassiolo, Vincentio, and Margaret.

Ba. Come, meet me boldly, come.

And let them come from hunting when
they dare.

Vi. Has the best spirit.

Ba. Spirit ? what a plague ;

Shall a man fear caprices ? you forsooth
Must have your love come t'eye, and when
he comes

Then you grow shamefaced, and he must
not touch you :

But " fie, my father comes," and " fo, my
aunt ;"

Oh, 'tis a witty hearing, is't not, think
you ?

Vi. Nay, pray thee, do not mock her,
gentle friend.

Ba. Nay, you are even as wise a wooer too ;
If she turn from you, you even let her turn,

And say you do not love to force a lady.

'Tis too much rudeness ; God save't,
what's a lady ?

Must she not be touch'd ? what, is she
fine copper, think you,

And will not bide the touchstone ? kiss
her, Vince,

And thou dost love me, kiss her.

Vi. Lady, now

I were too simple if I should not offer.

Ma. O God ! sir, pray away ; this man
talks idly.

Ba. How say ye that? Now by that candle there,
Were I as Vince is, I would handle you
In rufy-tuffy wise, in your right kind.

Ma. Oh, you have made him a sweet
beagle, ha' y'not?

Vi. 'Tis the most true believer in him-
self;
Of all that sect of folly faith's his fault.

Ba. So, to her, Vince, I give thee leave,
my lad.

"Sweet were the words my mistress spake,
When tears fell from her eyes."

[*He lies down by them.*]

Thus, as the lion lies before his den,
Guarding his whelps, and streaks his
careless limbs,

And when the panther, fox, or wolf comes
near,

He never deigns to rise, to fright them
hence,

But only puts forth one of his stern paws,
And keeps his dear whelps safe, as in a
hutch,

So I present his person, and keep mine.
Foxes, go by, I put my terror forth.

Cant.

Let all the world say what they can,
Her bargain best she makes,
That hath the wit to choose a man
To pay for that he takes.

Belle Piu. &c. iterum cant.

Dispatch, sweet whelps, the bug, the duke
comes straight:

Oh, 'tis a grave old lover, that same duke,
And chooses minions rarely, if you mark
him.

The noble Medice, that man, that Boba-
dilla,

That foolish knave, that hose and doublet
stinkard.

Me. 'Swounds, my lord! rise, let's endure
no more.

Al. A little, pray, my lord, for I believe
We shall discover very notable knavery.

La. Alas, how I am grieved and shamed
in this!

Co. Never care you, lord brother; there's
no harm done.

Ba. But that sweet creature, my good
lord's sister,

Madam Corteza, she, the noblest dame
That ever any vein of honour bled;

There were a wife now, for my lord the
duke,

Had he the grace to choose her; but
indeed,

To speak her true praise, I must use some
study.

Co. Now truly, brother, I did ever think
This man the honestest man that e'er you
kept.

La. So, sister, so; because he praises
you.

Co. Nay, sir, but you shall hear him
further yet.

Ba. Were not her head sometimes a
little light,

And so unapt for matter of much weight;
She were the fittest and the worthiest dame
To leap a window and to break her neck
That ever was.

Co. God's pity, arrant knave;
I ever thought him a dissembling varlet.

Ba. Well now, my hearts, be wary, for
by this,

I fear the duke is coming; I'll go watch
And give you warning. I commend me
t'ye. [Exit.]

Vi. Oh, fine phrase!

Ma. And very timely used.

Vi. What now, sweet life, shall we
resolve upon?

We never shall enjoy each other here.

Ma. Direct you, then, my lord, what we
shall do,

For I am at your will, and will endure
With you, the cruell'st absence from the state
We both were born to, that can be
supposed.

Vi. That would extremely grieve me.
Could myself

Only endure the ill, our hardest fates
May lay on both of us, I would not care;
But to behold thy sufferance, I should die.

Ma. How can your lordship wrong my
love so much,

To think the more woe I sustain for you
Breeds not the more my comfort? I, alas,
Have no mean else to make my merit even
In any measure, with your eminent worth.

Enter Bassiolo.

Ba. Now must I exercise my timorous
lovers,

Like fresh-arm'd soldiers, with some false
alarms,

To make them yare and wary of their foe,
The boisterous, bearded duke: I'll rush
upon them

With a most hideous cry, "The duke! the
duke! the duke!"

Ha, ha, ha, wo ho, come again, I say,
The duke's not come, i'faith.

Vi. God's precious man,
What did you mean to put us in this fear

Ba. Oh, sir, to make you look about the more :

Nay, we must teach you more of this, I tell you ;

What ! can you be too safe, sir ? What, I say,

Must you be pamper'd in your vanities ?

Ah, I do domineer, and rule the roast.

[*Exit.*

Ma. Was ever such an ingle ? Would to God

(If 'twere not for ourselves) my father saw him.

La. Minion, you have your prayer, and my curse,

For your good huswifery.

Me. What says your highness ?

Can you endure these injuries any more ?

Al. No more, no more ; advise me what is best

To be the penance of my graceless son.

Me. My lord, no mean but death or banishment

Can be fit penance for him : if you mean T' enjoy the pleasure of your love yourself.

Co. Give him plain death, my lord, and then y'are sure.

Al. Death, or his banishment, he shall endure,

For wreak of that joy's exile I sustain.

Come, call our guard, and apprehend him straight.

[*Exeunt.*

Vi. I have some jewels then, my dearest life,

Which, with whatever we can get beside, Shall be our means, and we will make escape.

Enter Bassiolo running.

Ba. 'Sblood ! the duke and all come now in earnest.

The duke, by heaven, the duke !

Vi. Nay, then, i'faith

Your jest is too too stale.

Ba. God's precious,

By these ten bones, and by this hat and heart,

The duke and all comes ! See, we are cast away.

[*Exeunt.*

Enter Alphonso, Medice, Iasso, Corteza, and Julio.

Al. Lay hands upon them all ; pursue, pursue !

La. Stay, thou ungracious girl.

Al. Lord Medice,

Lead you our guard, and see you apprehend

The treacherous boy, nor let him 'scape with life,

Unless he yield to his eternal exile.

Me. 'Tis princely said, my lord. [*Exit.*

La. And take my usher.

Ma. Let me go into exile with my lord.

I will not live, if I be left behind.

La. Impudent damsel ! wouldst thou follow him ?

Ma. He is my husband ; whom else should I follow ?

La. Wretch ! thou speakest treason to my lord the duke.

Al. Yet love me, lady, and I pardon all.

Ma. I have a husband, and must love none else.

Al. Despiteful dame, I'll disinheret him, And thy good father here shall cast off thee,

And both shall feed on air, or starve, and die.

Ma. If this be justice, let it be our dooms :

If free and spotless love in equal years, With honours unimpair'd deserve such ends,

Let us approve what justice is in friends.

La. You shall, I swear. Sister, take you her close

Into your chamber ; lock her fast alone, And let her stir nor speak with any one.

Co. She shall not, brother. Come, niece, come with me.

Ma. Heaven save my love, and I will suffer gladly.

[*Exeunt Cor. Mar.*

Al. Haste, Julio ! follow thou my son's pursuit,

And will Lord Medice not to hurt nor touch him,

But either banish him or bring him back : Charge him to use no violence to his life.

Ju. I will, my lord. [*Exit Julio.*

Al. Oh, Nature ! how, alas

Art thou and Reason, thy true guide, opposed !

More bane thou takest to guide sense led amiss,

Than being guided, Reason gives the bliss.

[*Exeunt.*

Enter Cynanche, Benevemus, Ancilla, Stroza having the arrow head.

St. Now, see, good doctor, 'twas no frantic fancy

That made my tongue presage this head should fall

Out of my wounded side the seventh day ; But an inspired rapture of my mind,

Submitted and conjoin'd in patience
To my Creator, in whom I foresaw
(Like to an angel) this divine event.

Be. So is it plain, and happily approved,
In a right Christian precedent, confirming
What a most sacred medicine patience is,
That, with the high thirst of our souls'
clear fire

Exhausts corporeal humour ; and all pain,
Casting our flesh off, while we it retain.

Cy. Make some religious vow then, my
dear lord,

And keep it in the proper memory
Of so celestial and free a grace.

St. Sweet wife, thou retest my good
angel still,

Suggesting by all means these ghostly
counsels.

Thou weariest not thy husband's patient
ears,

With motions for new fashions in attire,
For change of jewels, pastimes, and nice
cates,

Nor studiest eminence and the higher place
Amongst thy consorts, like all other dames :
But knowing more worthy objects appertain
To every woman that desires t' enjoy

A blessed life in marriage : thou contemn'st
Those common pleasures, and pursuest the
rare,

Using thy husband in those virtuous gifts :
For which thou first didst choose him, and
thereby

Cloy'st not with him, but lovest him
endlessly.

In reverence of thy motion then, and zeal
To that most sovereign power that was my
cure,

I make a vow to go on foot to Rome,
And offer humbly in S. Peter's Temple
This fatal arrow-head : which work let
none judge

A superstitious rite, but a right use,
Proper to this peculiar instrument,
Which visibly resign'd to memory
Through every eye that sees, will stir the
soul

To gratitude and progress, in the use
Of my tried patience, which in my powers
ending

Would shut th' example out of future lives.
No act is superstitious that applies
All power to God, devoting hearts through
eyes.

Be. Spoke with the true tongue of a
nobleman.

But now are all these excitations toys,
And honour fets his brain with other joys.
I know your true friend, Prince Vincentio,

Will triumph in this excellent effect
Of your late prophecy.

St. Oh, my dear friend's name
Presents my thoughts with a most mortal
danger

To his right innocent life : a monstrous fact
Is now effected on him.

Cy. Where? or how?

St. I do not well those circumstances
know,

But am assured the substance is too true,
Come, reverend doctor, let us harken out
Where the young prince remains, and
bear with you

Medicines, t' allay his danger : if by
wounds,

Bear precious balsam, or some sovereign
juice ;

If by fell poison, some choice antidote ;
If by black witchcraft, our good spirits
and prayers

Shall exorcise the devilish wrath of hell
Out of his princely bosom.

Enter Poggio running.

Po. Where? where? where? where's
my lord uncle, my lord my uncle?

St. Here's the ill-tidings bringer ; what
news now,

With thy unhappy presence ?

Po. Oh, my lord, my Lord Vincentio, is
almost killed by my Lord Medicine.

St. See, doctor, see, if my presage be
true ;

And well I know if he have hurt the
prince,

'Tis treacherously done, or with much help.

Po. Nay, sure he had no help, but all
the duke's guard ; and they set upon him
indeed ; and after he had defended himself,
d'ye see ? he drew, and having as good as
wounded the Lord Medicine almost, he
strake at him, and missed him, d'ye mark ?

St. What tale is here? where is this
mischief done?

Po. At Monks-well, my lord ; I'll guide
you to him presently.

St. I doubt it not ; fools are best guides
to ill,

And mischief's ready way lies open still.
Lead, sir, I pray. [*Exeunt.*]

Enter Corteza, and Margaret above.

Co. Quiet yourself, niece ; though your
love be slain,

You have another that's worth two of him.

Ma. It is not possible ; it cannot be
That heaven should suffer such impiety.

Co. 'Tis true, I swear, niece.

Ma. Oh, most unjust truth !
I'll cast myself down headlong from this tower,

And force an instant passage for my soul
To seek the wandering spirit of my lord.

Co. Will you do so, niece ? That I hope you will not ;

And yet there was a maid in Saint Mark's street

For such a matter did so, and her clothes
Flew up about her so, as she had no harm ;
And, grace of God, your clothes may fly up too,

And save you harmless, for your cause and hers

Are e'en as like as can be.

Ma. I would not 'scape ;
And certainly I think the death is easy.

Co. Oh, 'tis the easiest death that ever was ;

Look, niece, it is so far hence to the ground

You should be quite dead long before you felt it ;

Yet do not leap, niece.

Ma. I will kill myself
With running on some sword, or drink strong poison ;

Which death is easiest I would fain endure.

Co. Sure Cleopatra was of the same mind,

And did so, she was honour'd ever since ;
Yet do not you so, niece.

Ma. Wretch that I am, my heart is soft and faint,

And trembles at the very thought of death,
Though thoughts tenfold more grievous do torment it :

I'll feel death by degrees, and first deform
This my accursed face with ugly wounds ;
That was the first cause of my dear love's death.

Co. That were a cruel deed ; yet Adelasia,
In Pettie's Palace of Petit Pleasure,
For all the world, with such a knife as this
Cut off her cheeks and nose, and was commended

More than all dames that kept their faces whole :

Oh, do not cut it.

Ma. Fie on my faint heart,
It will not give my hand the wished strength ;

Behold the just plague of a sensual life,
That to preserve itself in reason's spite,
And shun death's horror, feels it ten times more.

Unworthy women, why do men adore

Our fading beauties, when their worthiest lives

Being lost for us, we dare not die for them ?
Hence, hapless ornaments, that adorn'd this head,

Disorder ever these enticing curls,
And leave my beauty like a wilderness
That never man's eye more may dare t'invalidate.

Co. I'll tell you, niece, and yet I will not tell you

A thing that I desire to have you do ;
But I will tell you only what you might do,
'Cause I would pleasure you in all I could.
I have an ointment here, which we dames use

To take off hair when it does grow too low
Upon our foreheads ; and that for a need,
If you should rub it hard upon your face
Would blister it, and make it look most vilely.

Ma. Oh, give me that, aunt.

Co. Give it you, virgin ? That were well indeed ;

Shall I be thought to tempt you to such matters ?

Ma. None (of my faith) shall know it ;
gentle aunt,

Bestow it on me, and I'll ever love you.

Co. God's pity ! but you shall not spoil your face.

Ma. I will not then, indeed.

Co. Why, then, niece, take it ;
But you shall swear you will not.

Ma. No, I swear.

Co. What ! do you force it from me ?
God's, my dear,

Will you misuse your face so ? What, all over ?

Nay, if you be so desperate, I'll be gone.

[Exit.]

Ma. Fade, hapless beauty ; turn the ugliest face

That ever Æthiop or affrightful fiend
Show'd in th' amazed eye of profaned light ;

See, precious love, if thou be it in air,
And canst break darkness, and the strongest towers

With thy dissolved intellectual powers,
See a worse torment suffer'd for thy death
Than if it had extended his black force
In sevenfold horror to my hated life.

Smart, precious ointment ! smart, and to my brain

Sweat thy envenom'd fury ; make my eyes
Burn with thy sulphur like the lakes of hell,

That fear of me may shiver him to dust

That eat his own child with the jaws of lust.

[*Exeunt.*]

Enter Alphonso, Lasso, and others.

Al. I wonder how far they pursued my son,

That no return of him or them appears ;
I fear some hapless accident is chanced
That makes the news so loth to pierce
mine ears.

La. High heaven vouchsafe no such
effect succeed

Those wretched causes that from my house
flow,
But that in harmless love all acts may end.

Enter Corteza.

Co. What shall I do ! Alas, I cannot
rule

My desperate niece ; all her sweet face is
spoil'd,

And I dare keep her prisoner no more.
See, see, she comes frantic and all un-
dress'd.

Enter Margaret.

Ma. Tyrant ! behold how thou hast
used thy love ;

See, thief to nature, thou hast kill'd and
robb'd,

Kill'd what myself kill'd, robb'd what
makes thee poor.

Beauty (a lover's treasure) thou hast lost,
Where none can find it ; all a poor maid's
dower

Thou hast forced from me ; all my joy and
hope.

No man will love me more ; all dames
excel me,

This ugly thing is now no more a face,
Nor any vile form in all earth resembles
But thy foul tyranny ; for which all the
pains

Two faithful lovers feel, that thus are
parted,

All joys they might have felt turn all to
pains ;

All a young virgin thinks she does endure
To lose her love and beauty ; on thy
heart

Be heap'd and press'd down, till thy soul
depart.

Enter Julio.

Ju. Haste, liege ! your son is dangerously
hurt.

Lord Medice, contemning your command,
By me deliver'd, as your highness will'd,
Set on him with your guard ; who struck
him down ;

And then the coward lord, with mortal
wounds

And slavish insolence, plow'd up his soft
breast ;

Which barbarous fact, in part, is laid on
you,

For first enjoining it, and foul exclaims
In pity of your son, your subjects breathe
'Gainst your unnatural fury ; amongst
whom

The good Lord Strozza desperately raves,
And vengeance for his friend's injustice
craves.

See where he comes, burning in zeal of
friendship.

Enter Strozza, Vincentio brought in a
chair, Benevenus, Pogio, Cynanche,
with a guard, Strozza before and
Medice.

St. Where is the tyrant ? Let me strike
his eyes

Into his brain with horror of an object.
See, Pagan Nero ; see how thou hast ripp'd

Thy better bosom ; rooted up that flower
From whence thy now spent life should
spring anew,

And in him kill'd (that would have bred
thee fresh)

Thy mother and thy father.

Vi. Good friend, cease.

St. What hag with child of monster
would have nursed

Such a prodigious longing ? But a father
Would rather eat the brawn out of his
arms

Than glut the mad worm of his wild de-
sires

With his dear issue's entrails.

Vi. Honour'd friend,

He is my father, and he is my prince,
In both whose rights he may command
my life.

St. What is a father ? turn his entrails
gulfs

To swallow children, when they have
begot them ?

And what's a prince ? Had all been vir-
tuous men,

There never had been prince upon the
earth,

And so no subject ; all men had been
princes :

A virtuous man is subject to no prince,
But to his soul and honour ; which are
laws

That carry fire and sword within them-
selves

Never corrupted, never out of rule ;

What is there in a prince? That his least
lusts

Are valued at the lives of other men,
When common faults in him should pro-
digies be,

And his gross dotage rather loathed than
soothed.

Al. How thick and heavily my plagues
descend!

Not giving my 'mazed powers a time to
speak:

Pour more rebuke upon me, worthy lord,
For I have guilt and patience for them all;
Yet know, dear son, I did forbid thy
harm;

This gentleman can witness whom I sent
With all command of haste to interdict
This forward man in mischief not to
touch thee:

Did I not, Julio? utter nought but truth.

Ju. All your guard heard, my lord; I
gave your charge,

With loud and violent iterations,

After all which, Lord Medice cowardly
hurt him.

The Guard. He did, my princely lord.

Al. Believe then, son,

And know me pierced as deeply with thy
wounds;

And pardon, virtuous lady, that have lost

The dearest treasure proper to your sex,
Ay me, it seems by my unhappy means!

Oh, would to God, I could with present
cure

Of these unnatural wounds, and moaning
right

Of this abused beauty, join you both
(As last I left you) in eternal nuptials.

Vi. My lord, I know the malice of this
man,

Not your unkind consent hath used us
thus.

And since I make no doubt I shall survive
These fatal dangers, and your grace is
pleased

To give free course to my unwounded
love;

'Tis not this outward beauty's ruthless loss
Can any thought discourage my desires:

And therefore, dear life, do not wrong me
so,

To think my love the shadow of your
beauty.

I woo your virtues, which as I am sure

No accident can alter or impair;

So, be you certain nought can change my
love.

Ma. I know your honourable mind, my
lord,

And will not do it that unworthy wrong,
To let it spend her forces in contending
(Spite of your sense) to love me thus de-
form'd:

Love must have outward objects to delight
him,

Else his content will be too grave and sour.

It is enough for me, my lord, you love,

And that my beauty's sacrifice redeem'd

My sad fear of your slaughter. You first
loved me

Closely for beauty; which being wither'd
thus,

Your love must fade: when the most
needful rights

Of Fate, and Nature, have dissolved your
life,

And that your love must needs be all in soul,
Then will we meet again; and then, dear
love,

Love me again; for then will beauty be

Of no respect with love's eternity.

Vi. Nor is it now; I woo'd your beauty
first

But as a lover; now as a dear husband,

That title and your virtues bind me ever.

Ma. Alas! that title is of little force

To stir up men's affections; when wives
want

Outward excitements, husbands' loves
grow scant.

Be. Assist me, heaven; and art, give
me your mask;

Open, thou little store-house of great
nature,

Use an elixir drawn through seven years'
fire;

That like Medea's caldron can repair

The ugliest loss of living temperature;

And for this princely pair of virtuous
turtles,

Be lavish of thy precious influence.

Lady, t' atone your honourable strife,

And take all let from your love's tender
eyes,

Let me for ever hide this stain of beauty

With this recureful mask; here be it fix'd

With painless operation; of itself,

(Your beauty having brook'd three days'
eclipse)

Like a dissolved cloud it shall fall off,

And your fair looks regain their freshest
rays;

So shall your princely friend (if heaven
consent)

In twice your suffer'd date renew recure.

Let me then have the honour to conjoin
Your hands, conformed to your constant
hearts.

Al. Grave Benevemus, honourable doctor,

On whose most sovereign Æsculapian hand,
Fame, with her richest miracles, attends ;
Be fortunate, as ever heretofore,

That we may quite thee both with gold
and honour,

And by thy happy means have power to
make

My son and his much injured love amends,
Whose well-proportion'd choice we now
applaud,

And bless all those that ever further'd it.

Where is your discreet usher, my good
lord,

The special furtherer of this equal match ?

Ju. Brought after by a couple of your
guard.

Al. Let him be fetch'd, that we may do
him grace.

Po. I'll fetch him, my lord ; away, you
must not go. Oh, here he comes. Oh,
master Usher, I am sorry for you: you must
presently be chopped in pieces.

Ba. Woe to that wicked prince that e'er
I saw him.

Po. Come, come ; I gull you, master
Usher, you are like to be the duke's minion,
man ; d'ye think I would have been seen
in your company, and you had been out
of favour ? Here's my friend master Usher,
my lord.

Al. Give me your hand, friend ; pardon
us, I pray.

We much have wrong'd your worth, as one
that knew

The fitness of this match above ourselves.

Ba. Sir, I did all things for the best, I
swear,

And you must think I would not have been
gull'd ;

I know what's fit, sir, as I hope you know
now.

Sweet Vince, how farest thou ? Be of
honour'd cheer.

La. Vince, does he call him ? Oh, fool,
dost thou call

The prince Vince, like his equal ?

Ba. Oh, my lord, alas !

You know not what has pass'd betwixt us
two.

Here in thy bosom I will lie, sweet Vince,
And die if thou die, I protest by heaven.

La. I know not what this means.

Al. Nor I, my lord ;

But sure he saw the fitness of the match
With freer and more noble eyes than we.

Po. Why, I saw that as well as he, my
lord. I knew 'twas a foolish match be-

twixt you two ; did not you think so, my
Lord Vincentio ? Lord uncle, did not I
say at first of the duke: " Will his antiquity
never leave his iniquity ? "

St. Go to, too much of this ; but ask
this lord if he did like it.

Po. Who, my Lord Medice ?

St. Lord Stinkard, man, his name is.
Ask him. Lord Stinkard, did you like the
match ? Say.

Po. My Lord Stinkard, did you like the
match betwixt the duke and my Lady
Margaret ?

Me. Presumptuous sycophant ! I will
have thy life.

Al. Unworthy lord, put up : thirst'st
thou more blood ?

Thy life is fittest to be call'd in question
For thy most murderous cowardice on my
son ;

Thy forwardness to every cruelty
Calls thy pretended noblesse in suspect.

St. Noblesse, my lord ? set by your
princely favour

That gave the lustre to his painted state,
Who ever view'd him but with deep con-
tempt,

As reading vileness in his very looks ?

And if he prove not son of some base
drudge,

Trim'm'd up by Fortune, being disposed to
jest

And dally with your state, then that good
angel

That by divine relation spake in me,
Foretelling these foul dangers to your son,
And without notice brought this reverend
man

To rescue him from death, now fails my
tongue,

And I'll confess I do him open wrong.

Me. And so thou dost ; and I return all
note

Of infamy or baseness on thy throat :
Damn me, my lord, if I be not a lord.

St. My liege, with all desert, even now
you said

His life was duly forfeit, for the death
Which in these barbarous wounds he
sought your son ;

Vouchsafe me then his life, in my friend's
right,

For many ways I know he merits death ;
Which (if you grant) will instantly appear,
And that I feel with some rare miracle.

Al. His life is thine, Lord Strozza ; give
him death.

Me. What, my lord,
Will your grace cast away an innocent life ?

St. Villain, thou liest; thou guilty art of death

A hundred ways, which now I'll execute.

Me. Recall your word, my lord.

Al. Not for the world.

St. Oh, my dear liege, but that my spirit prophetic

Hath inward feeling of such sins in him

As ask the forfeit of his life and soul,

I would, before I took his life, give leave

To his confession, and his penitence :

Oh, he would tell you most notorious wonders

Of his most impious state ; but life and soul

Must suffer for it in him, and my hand

Forbidden is from heaven to let him live

Till by confession he may have forgiveness.

Die therefore, monster.

Vi. Oh, be not so uncharitable, sweet friend,

Let him confess his sins, and ask heaven pardon.

St. He must not, princely friend; it is heaven's justice

To plague his life and soul, and here's heaven's justice.

Me. Oh, save my life, my lord.

La. Hold, good Lord Strozza.

Let him confess the sins that heaven hath told you,

And ask forgiveness.

Me. Let me, good my lord,

And I'll confess what you accuse me of ;

Wonders indeed, and full of damn'd deserts.

St. I know it, and I must not let thee live

To ask forgiveness.

Al. But you shall, my lord,

Or I will take his life out of your hand.

St. A little then I am content, my liege :

Is thy name Medice ?

Me. No, my noble lord,

My true name is Mendice.

St. Mendice ? see,

At first a mighty scandal done to honour.

Of what country art thou ?

Me. Of no country I,

But born upon the seas, my mother passing 'Twixt Zant and Venice.

St. Where wert thou christen'd ?

Me. I was never christen'd,

But being brought up with beggars, call'd Mendice.

Al. Strange and unspeakable !

St. How camest thou then

To bear the port thou didst, entering this Court ?

Me. My lord, when I was young, being able-limb'd,

A captain of the gipsies entertain'd me, And many years I lived a loose life with them.

At last I was so favour'd, that they made me The king of gipsies ; and being told my fortune

By an old sorceress that I should be great In some great Prince's love, I took the treasure

Which all our company of gipsies had In many years by several stealths collected ;

And leaving them in wars, I lived abroad With no less show than now ; and my last wrong

I did to noblesse, was in this high Court.

Al. Never was heard so strange a counterfeit.

St. Didst thou not cause me to be shot in hunting ?

Me. I did, my lord ; for which, for heaven's love, pardon.

St. Now let him live, my lord ; his blood's least drop

Would stain your Court, more than the sea could cleanse ;

His soul's too foul to expiate with death.

Al. Hence then ; be ever banish'd from my rule,

And live a monster, loathed of all the world.

Po. I'll get boys and bait him out a' th' Court, my lord.

Al. Do so, I pray thee; rid me of his sight.

Po. Come on, my Lord Stinkard, I'll play Fo, Fox, come out of thy hole with you, i'faith.

Me. I'll run and hide me from the sight of heaven.

Po. Fox, fox, go out of thy hole ; a two-legged fox, a two-legged fox !

[Exit with Pages beating Medice.

Be. Never was such an accident disclosed.

Al. Let us forget it, honourable friends, And satisfy all wrongs with my son's right, In solemn marriage of his love and him.

Vi. I humbly thank your highness : honour'd doctor,

The balsam you infused into my wounds, Hath eased me much, and given me sudden strength

Enough t'assure all danger is exempt That any way may let the general joy

My princely father speaks of in our nuptials.

Al. Which, my dear son, shall, with thy full recure,

Be celebrate in greater majesty Than ever graced our greatest ancestry.

Then take thy love, which heaven with all joys bless, And make ye both mirrors of happiness.

Monsieur D'Olive.*

ACTORS.

Monsieur D'Olive.
Philip, *the Duke*.
S. Anne, *count*.
Vaumont, *count*.
Vandome,
Rhoderique.
Mugeron.

Pacque, } *two pages*.
Dicque, }

Gueaquin, *the Duchess*.
Hieronime, *lady*.
Marcellina, *countess*.
Eurione, *her sister*.

ACT THE FIRST.

SCENE I.

Vandome, *with servants and sailors laden*.
Vaumont, *another way walking*.

Va. Convey your carriage to my brother-in-law's,
Th' Earl of Saint Anne, to whom and to my sister

Commend my humble service; tell them both

Of my arrival, and intent t'attend them:
When in my way I have perform'd fit duties

To Count Vaumont, and his most honour'd Countess.

Ser. We will, sir; this way; follow, honest sailors. [*Exeunt Servants.*]

Va. Our first observance, after any absence,

Must be presented ever to our mistress;
As at our parting she should still be last.
Hinc Amor ut circulus, from hence 'tis said

That love is like a circle, being th'efficient
And end of all our actions; which excited
By no worse object than my matchless mistress

Were worthy to employ us to that likeness;

* "*Monsieur D'Olive*. A Comedie, as it vvas sundrie times acted by her Maesties children at the Blacke-Friers. By George Chapman. London Printed by T. C. for William Holmes, and are to be sold at his Shop in Saint Dumstons Church-yard in Fleete-streete, 1606."

And be the only ring our powers should beat.

Noble she is by birth, made good by virtue,
Exceeding fair, and her behaviour to it
Is like a singular musician

To a sweet instrument, or else as doctrine
Is to the soul that puts it into act,

And prints it full of admirable forms,
Without which 'twere an empty idle flame.
Her eminent judgment to dispose these parts

Sits on her brow and holds a silver sceptre,
With which she keeps time to the several musics

Placed in the sacred consort of her beauties:

Love's complete armoury is managed in her,

To stir affection, and the discipline
To check and to affright it from attempting
Any attaint might disproportion her,
Or make her graces less than circular.

Yet her even carriage is as far from coyness

As from immodesty, in play, in dancing,
In suffering courtship, in requiting kindness,

In use of places, hours, and companies
Free as the sun, and nothing more corrupted;

As circumspect as Cynthia in her vows,
And constant as the centre to observe them,
Ruthful, and bounteous, never fierce nor dull,

In all her courses ever at the full.
These three years I have travell'd, and so long

Have been in travail with her dearest sight,
Which now shall beautify the enamour'd
light.

This is her house. What! the gates shut
and clear

Of all attendants? Why, the house was
wont

To hold the usual concourse of a Court,
And see, methinks through the encurtain'd
windows

(In this high time of day) I see light tapers.
This is exceeding strange! behold the Earl
Walking in as strange sort before the door.
I'll know this wonder, sure: my honour'd
lord!

Vau. Keep off, sir, and beware whom
you embrace.

Va. Why flies your lordship back?

Vau. You should be sure

To know a man your friend ere you em-
brace him.

Va. I hope my knowledge cannot be
more sure

Than of your lordship's friendship.

Vau. No man's knowledge

Can make him sure of anything without
him,

Or not within his power to keep or order.

Va. I comprehend not this; and wonder
much

To see my most loved lord so much
estranged.

Vau. The truth is, I have done your
known deserts

More wrong, than with your right should
let you greet me,

And in your absence, which makes worse
the wrong,

And in your honour, which still makes it
worse.

Va. If this be all, my lord, the dis-
content

You seem to entertain is merely causeless;
Your free confession, and the manner of it,
Doth liberally excuse what wrong soever
Your misconceit could make you lay on
me.

And therefore, good my lord, discover it,
That we may take the spleen and corse
from it.

Vau. Then hear a strange report and
reason why

I did you this repented injury.

You know my wife is by the rights of
courtship,

Your chosen mistress, and she not disposed
(As other ladies are) to entertain

Peculiar terms, with common acts of kind-
ness;

But (knowing in her, more than women's
judgment,

That she should nothing wrong her hus-
band's right,

To use a friend only for virtue, chosen
With all the rights of friendship) took such
care

After the solemn parting to your travel,
And spake of you with such exceeding
passion,

That I grew jealous, and with rage ex-
cepted

Against her kindness, utterly forgetting
I should have weigh'd so rare a woman's
words,

As duties of a free and friendly justice;
Not as the headstrong and incontinent
vapours,

Of other ladies' bloods, enflamed with lust,
Wherein I injured both your innocencies,
Which I approve, not out of flexible
dotage

By any cunning flatteries of my wife,
But in impartial equity, made apparent
Both by mine own well-weigh'd com-
parison

Of all her other manifest perfections
With this one only doubtful levity,
And likewise by her violent apprehension
Of her deep wrong and yours, for she hath
vow'd,

Never to let the common pandress light
(Or any doom as vulgar) censure her
In any action she leaves subject to them.
Never to fit the day with her attire,
Nor grace it with her presence, nourish in
it,

(Unless with sleep), nor stir out of her
chamber;

And so hath muffled and mew'd up her
beauties

In never-ceasing darkness, never sleeping
But in the day transform'd by her to
night,

With all sun banish'd from her smother'd
graces;

And thus my dear and most unmatched
wife,

That was a comfort and a grace to me,
In every judgment, every company,
I, by false jealousy, have no less than
lost,

Murder'd her living, and entomb'd her
quick.

Va. Conceit it not so deeply, good my
lord,

Your wrong to me or her was no fit ground
To bear so weighty and resolved a vow
From her incensed and abused virtues.

Vau. There could not be a more important cause

To fill her with a ceaseless hate of light,
To see it grace gross lightness with full beams,

And frown on continence with her oblique glances :

As nothing equals right to virtue done,
So is her wrong past all comparison.

Va. Virtue is not malicious, wrong done her

Is righted ever when men grant they err,
But doth my princely mistress so contemn
The glory of her beauties, and the applause
Given to the worth of her society,
To let a voluntary vow obscure them ?

Vau. See all her windows and her doors made fast,
And in her chamber lights for night enflamed ;
Now others rise, she takes her to her bed.

Va. This news is strange, heaven grant I be encounter'd

With better tidings of my other friends,
Let me be bold, my lord, t'inquire the state

Of my dear sister, in whose self and me
Survives the whole hope of our family,
Together with her dear and princely husband,

Th' Earl of Saint Anne.

Vau. Unhappy that I am,
I would to heaven your most welcome steps

Had brought you first upon some other friend,

To be the sad relator of the changes
Chanced in your three years' most lamented absence.

Your worthy sister, worthier far of heaven
Than this unworthy hell of passionate earth,

Is taken up amongst her fellow stars.

Va. Unhappy man that ever I return'd,
And perish'd not ere these news pierced mine ears.

Vau. Nay, be not you that teach men comfort, grieved ;

I know your judgment will set willing shoulders

To the known burthens of necessity,
And teach your wilful brother patience,
Who strives with death, and from his caves of rest

Retains his wife's dead corse amongst the living ;

For with the rich sweets of restoring balms
He keeps her looks as fresh as if she lived,
And in his chamber (as in life attired)

She in a chair sits leaning on her arm,
As if she only slept ; and at her feet
He, like a mortified hermit clad,
Sits weeping out his life, as having lost
All his life's comfort ; and that she being dead

(Who was his greatest part) he must consume,

As in an apoplexy strook with death.

Nor can the duke nor duchess comfort him,

Nor messengers with consolatory letters
From the kind King of France, who is allied

To her and you. But to lift all his thoughts

Up to another world where she expects him,

He feeds his ears with soul-exciting music,
Solemn and tragical, and so resolves
In those sad accents to exhale his soul.

Va. Oh, what a second ruthless sea of woes,

Wracks me within my haven, and on the shore.

What shall I do ? mourn, mourn, with them that mourn,

And make my greater woes their less expel.
This day I'll consecrate to sighs and tears,

And this next even, which is my mistress' morning,

I'll greet her, wondering at her wilful humours,

And with rebukes, breaking out of my love

And duty to her honour, make her see
How much her too much curious virtue wrongs her.

Vau. Said like the man the world hath ever held you,

Welcome, as new lives to us : our good, now,

Shall wholly be ascribed and trust to you.

[*Exeunt.*]

Enter Rhoderique and Mugeron.

Mu. See, see, the virtuous countess hath bidden our day good night ; her stars are now visible. When was any lady seen to be so constant in her vow, and able to forbear the society of men so sincerely ?

Rh. Never in this world, at least exceeding seldom. What shame it is for men to see women so far surpass them ; for when was any man known (out of judgment) to perform so staid an abstinence from the society of women ?

Mu. Never in this world.

Rh. What an excellent creature an

honest woman is! I warrant you the Countess and her virgin sister spend all their time in contemplation, watching to see the sacred spectacles of the night, when other ladies lie drowned in sleep or sensuality; is't not so, think'st?

Mu. No question.

Rh. Come, come, let's forget we are courtiers, and talk like honest men, tell truth, and shame all travellers and tradesmen; thou believest all's natural beauty that shows fair, though the painter enforce it, and suffer'st in soul I know for the honourable lady.

Mu. Can any heart of adamant not yield in compassion to see spotless innocence suffer such bitter penance?

Rh. A very fit stock to graff on: tush, man! think what she is, think where she lives, think on the villanous cunning of these times. Indeed, did we live now in old Saturn's time, when women had no other art than what Nature taught 'em (and yet there needs little art, I wiss, to teach a woman to dissemble), when luxury was unborn, at least untaught, the art to steal from a forbidden tree; when coaches, when periwigs, and painting, when masks, and masking; in a word, when court and courting was unknown, an easy mist might then perhaps have wrought upon my sense as it does now on the poor Countess and thine.

Mu. O world!

Rh. O flesh!

Mu. O devil!

Rh. I tell thee, Mugeron, the flesh is grown so great with the devil, as there's but a little honesty left i'th' world. That that is, is in lawyers, they engross all: 'Sfoot, what gave the first fire to the Count's jealousy?

Mu. What, but his misconstruction of her honourable affection to Vandome?

Rh. Honourable affection! first she's an ill housewife of her honour, that puts it upon construction. But the presumption was violent against her: no speech but of Vandome, no thought but of his memory, no mirth but in his company, besides the free intercourse of letters, favours, and other entertainments—too, too manifest signs that her heart went hand in hand with her tongue.

Mu. Why, was she not his mistress?

Rh. Ay, ay, a Court term, for I wot what; 'sight! Vandome the Stallion of the Court, her devoted servant, and forsooth loves her honourably! Tush, he's a fool that

believes it; for my part I love to offend in the better part still, and that is, to judge charitably. But now forsooth to redeem her honour, she must, by a laborious and violent kind of purgation, rub off the skin to wash out the spot, turn her chamber to a cell, the sun into a taper, and (as if she lived in another world among the Antipodes) make our night her day, and our day her night, that under this curtain she may lay his jealousy asleep, while she turns poor Argus to Acteon, and makes his sheets common to her servant Vandome.

Mu. Vandome? Why, he was met i'th' street but even now, newly arrived after three years' travel.

Rh. Newly arrived? He has been arrived this twelvemonth, and has ever since lien close in his mistress' cunning darkness, at her service.

Mu. Fie a the devil! who will not envy slander? Oh, the miserable condition of her sex: born to live under all construction. If she be courteous, she's thought to be wanton: if she be kind, she's too willing; if coy, too wilful: if she be modest, she's a clown; if she be honest, she's a fool; and so is he.

Enter D'Olive.

Rh. What, Monsieur D'Olive! the only admirer of wit and good words.

D'OL. Morrow, wits, morrow, good wits: my little parcel of wit, I have rods in piss for you; how doest, Jack; may I call thee Sir Jack yet?

Mu. You may, sir; Sir's as commendable an addition as Jack, for ought I know.

D'OL. I know it, Jack, and as common too.

Rh. Go to, you may cover; we have taken notice of your embroidered beaver.

D'OL. Look you: by heaven th'art one of the maddest bitter slaves in Europe; I do but wonder how I made shift to love thee all this while.

Rh. Go to, what might such a parcel-gilt cover be worth?

Mu. Perhaps more than the whole piece besides.

D'OL. Good, i'faith, but bitter. Oh, you mad slaves! I think you had Satyrs to your sires, yet I must love you, I must take pleasure in you; and i'faith tell me, how is't? Live I see you do, but how? but how, wits?

Rh. 'Faith, as you see, like poor younger brothers.

D'OL. By your wits?

Mu. Nay, not turned poets neither.

D'Ol. Good sooth: but indeed to say truth, time was when the sons of the muses had the privilege to live only by their wits; but times are altered, monopolies are now called in, and wit's become a free trade for all sorts to live by: lawyers live by wit and they live worshipfully: soldiers live by wit, and they live honourably: panders live by wit, and they live honestly. In a word, there are few trades but live by wit; only bawds and midwives live by women's labours, as fools and fiddlers do by making mirth, pages and parasites by making legs: painters and players by making mouths and faces: ha, doest well, wits?

Rh. Faith thou followest a figure in thy jests, as country gentlemen follow fashions when they be worn threadbare.

D'Ol. Well, well, let's leave these wit skirmishes, and say when shall we meet?

Mu. How think you, are we not met now?

D'Ol. Tush, man! I mean at my chamber, where we may take free use of ourselves, that is, drink sack, and talk satire, and let our wits run the wild-goose chase over Court and country. I will have my chamber the rendezvous of all good wits, the shop of good words, the mint of good jests, an ordinary of fine discourse; critics, essayists, linguists, poets, and other professors of that faculty of wit, shall at certain hours i'th' day resort thither: it shall be a second Sorbonne, where all doubts or differences of learning, honour, duellism, criticism, and poetry shall be disputed: and how, wits, do ye follow the Court still?

Rh. Close at heels, sir; and I can tell you, you have much to answer for your stas that you do not so too.

D'Ol. As why, wits? as why?

Rh. Why, sir, the Court's as 'twere the stage: and they that have a good suit of parts and qualities, ought to press thither to grace them, and receive their due merit.

D'Ol. Tush! let the Court follow me: he that soars too near the sun, melts his wings many times: as I am, I possess myself, I enjoy my liberty, my learning, my wit; as for wealth and honour let 'em go, I'll not lose my learning to be a lord, nor my wit to be an alderman.

Mu. Admirable D'Olive!

D'Ol. And what! you stand gazing at this comet here, and admire it, I dare say!

Rh. And do not you?

D'Ol. Not I—I admire nothing but wit.

Rh. But I wonder how she entertains time in that solitary cell: does she not take tobacco, think you?

D'Ol. She does, she does; others make it their physic, she makes it her food: her sister and she take it by turn, first one, then the other, and Vandome ministers to them both.

Mu. How sayest thou by that Helen of Greece, the Countess's sister? there were a paragon, Monsieur D'Olive, to admire and marry too.

D'Ol. Not for me.

Rh. No! what exceptions lies against the choice?

D'Ol. Tush! tell me not of choice: if I stood affected that way, I would choose my wife as men do Valentines, blindfold, or draw cuts for them, for so I shall be sure not to be deceived in choosing: for take this of me, there's ten times more deceit in women than in horseflesh; and I say still, that a pretty well-paced chambermaid is the only fashion; if she grow full or fulsome, give her but sixpence to buy her a handbasket, and send her the way of all flesh, there's no more but so.

Mu. Indeed, that's the saving'st way.

D'Ol. Oh me! what a hell 'tis for a man to be tied to the continual charge of a coach, with the appurtenances, horse, men, and so forth; and then to have a man's house pestered with a whole country of guests, grooms, panders, waiting-maids, &c. I careful to please my wife, she careless to displease me, shrewish if she be honest, intolerable if she be wise, imperious as an empress, all she does must be law, all she says gospel! Oh, what a penance 'tis to endure her; I glad to forbear still, all to keep her loyal, and yet perhaps when all's done, my heir shall be like my horsekeeper; fie on't; the very thought of marriage were able to cool the hottest liver in France.

Rh. Well, I durst venture twice the price of your gilt coney's-wool we shall have you change your copy ere a twelve month's day.

Mu. We must have you dubbed ath' order, there's no remedy; you that have unmarried done such honourable service in the commonwealth, must needs receive the honour due to't in marriage.

Rh. That he may do, and never marry.

D'Ol. As how, wits, i'faith, as how?

Rh. For if he can prove his father was free ath' order, and that he was his father's son, then by the laudable custom of the city, he may be a cuckold by his father's copy, and never serve for't.

D'Ol. Ever good, i'faith.

Mu. Nay, how can he plead that, when 'tis as well known his father died a bachelor?

D'Ol. Bitter, in verity, bitter. But good still in it kind.

Rh. Go to, we must have you follow the lanthorn of your forefathers.

Mu. His forefathers? 'Sbody, had he more fathers than one?

D'Ol. Why, this is right; here's wit canvassed out an's coat into's jacket; the string sounds ever well that rubs not too much ath' frets; I must love you, wits, I must take pleasure in you. Farewell, good wits: you know my lodging; make an errand thither now and then, and save your ordinary; do, wits, do.

Mu. We shall be troublesome t'ye.

D'Ol. O God, sir, you wrong me to think I can be troubled with wit. I love a good wit as I love myself; if you need a brace or two of crowns at any time, address but your sonnet, it shall be as sufficient as your bond at all times. I carry half a score birds in a cage, shall ever remain at your call. Farewell, wits; farewell, good wits. [*Exit.*]

Rh. Farewell, the true map of a gull; by heaven, he shall to th' Court; 'tis the perfect model of an impudent upstart; the compound of a poet, and a lawyer; he shall sure to th' Court.

Mu. Nay, for God's sake, let's have no fols at Court.

Rh. He shall to't, that's certain; the Duke had a purpose to despatch some one or other to the French king, to entreat him to send for the body of his niece, which the melancholy Earl of Saint Anne, her husband, hath kept so long unburied, as meaning one grave should entomb himself and her together.

Mu. A very worthy subject for an ambassage, as D'Olive is for an ambassador agent, and 'tis as suitable to his brain as his parcel-gift beaver to his fool's head.

Rh. Well, it shall go hard but he shall be employed! Oh, 'tis a most accomplished ass, the mugrill of a gull and a villain, the very essence of his soul is pure villany; the substance of his brain, foolery; one that believes nothing from the stars upward. A Pagan in belief, an epicure beyond belief; prodigious in lust, prodigal in wasteful expense, in necessary most penurious; his wit is, to admire and imitate, his grace is, to censure and detract. He shall to th' Court, i'faith, he shall thither; I will shape such employment for him as that he himself shall have no less contentment in

making mirth to the whole Court than the Duke and the whole Court shall have pleasure in enjoying his presence. A knave, if he be rich, is fit to make an officer; as a fool, if he be a knave, is fit to make an intelligencer. [*Exeunt.*]

ACT THE SECOND.

SCENE I.

Enter Dique, Lycette, with tapers.

Di. What an order is this! Eleven o'clock at night is our lady's morning, and her hour to rise at, as in the morning it is other ladies' hour. These tapers are our suns, with which we call her from her bed. But I pray thee, Lycette, what makes the virgin lady, my lady's sister, break wind so continually and sigh so tempestuously? I believe she's in love.

Ly. With whom, can you tell?

Di. Not very well, but certes that's her disease—a man may cast her water in her face. The truth is, 'tis no matter what she is, for there is little goodness in her; I could never yet finger one carducue of her bounty. And, indeed, all bounty now-a-days is dead amongst ladies. This same Bonitas is quite put down amongst 'em. But see, now we shall discover the heaviness of this virgin lady! I'll eavesdrop, and, if it be possible, hear who is her lover; for, when this same amorous spirit possesses these young people, they have no other subject to talk of.

Enter Marcellina and Eurione.

Eu. Oh, sister, would that matchless earl ever have wronged his wife with jealousy?

Ma. Never!

Eu. Good Lord! what difference is in men! But such a man as this was ever seen, to love his wife even after death, so dearly, to live with her in death! To leave the world and all his pleasures, all his friends and honours, as all were nothing, now his wife is gone: is't not strange?

Ma. Exceeding strange.

Eu. But, sister, should not the noble man be chronicled if he had right; I pray you, sister, should he not?

Mu. Yes, yes, he should.

Eu. But did you ever hear of such a noble gentleman; did you, sister?

Ma. I tell you no.

Eu. And do not you delight to hear him spoken of, and praised, and honoured? Do you not, madam?

Ma. What should I say? I do.

Eu. Why, very well; and should not every woman that loves the sovereign honour of her sex, delight to hear him praised as well as we? Good madam, answer heartily.

Ma. Yet again; who ever heard one talk so?

Eu. Talk so? Why should not every lady talk so?

You think, belike, I love the noble man, Heaven is my judge if I—indeed, his love

And honour to his wife so after death Would make a fairy love him, yet not love, But think the better of him, and sometimes

Talk of his love or so; but you know, madam,

I call'd her sister, and if I love him, It is but as my brother, I protest.

Va. Let me come in.

[*Another, within*] Sir, you must not enter. *Ma.* What rude disorder'd noise is that within?

Ly. I know not, madam.

Di. How now?

Ser. Where's my lady?

Ma. What haste with you?

Ser. Madam, there's one at door that asks to speak with you, admits no answer, but will enforce his passage to your honour.

Ma. What insolent guest is that?

Eu. Who should he be

That is so ignorant of your worth and custom?

Enter another Servant.

2nd Ser. Madam, here's one hath drawn his rapier on us, and will come in, he says.

Ma. This is strange rudeness.

What is his name? Do you not know the man?

Ser. No, madam, 'tis too dark.

Ma. Then take a light.

See if you know him; if not, raise the streets.

[*Exit Lycette, walks with a candle.*

Eu. And keep the door safe. What night-walker's this, that hath not light enough to see his rudeness?

Enter Lycette, in haste.

Ly. Oh, madam, 'tis the noble gentleman, Monsieur Vandome, your servant.

Eu. Is it he? Is he returned?

Ma. Haste, commend me to him; tell him I may not nor will not see him, for I have vowed the contrary to all.

Ly. Madam, we told him so a hundred times, yet he will enter.

[*Within.*] Hold, hold! Keep him back, there!

Ma. What rudeness, what strange insolence is this?

Enter Vandome.

Va. What hour is this? What fashion? What sad life?

What superstition of unholy vow?

What place is this? Oh, shall it e'er be said

Such perfect judgment should be drown'd in humour?

Such beauty consecrate to bats and owls?

Here lies the weapon that enforced my passage,

Sought in my love, sought in regard of you, For whom I will endure a thousand deaths

Rather than suffer you to perish thus

And be the fable of the scornful world:

If I offend you, lady, kill me now.

Ma. What shall I say? Alas! my worthy servant,

I would to God I had not lived to be A fable to the world, a shame to thee.

Va. Dear mistress, hear me, and forbear these humours.

Ma. Forbear your vain dissuasions.

Va. Shall your judgment?—

Ma. I will not hear a word.

Va. Strange will in women; [*Exit Marc.* What says my honourable virgin sister?

How is it you can brook this bat-like life,

And sit as one without life?

Eu. Would I were;

If any man would kill me, I'd forgive him.

Va. Oh, true fit of a maiden melancholy!

Whence comes it, lovely sister?

Eu. In my mind,

Yourself hath small occasion to be merry;

That are arrived on such a hapless shore, As bears the dead weight of so dear a sister;

For whose decease, being my dear sister vow'd,

I shall for ever lead this desolate life.

Va. Now heaven forbid; women in love with women!

Love's fire shines with too mutual a refraction,

And both ways weakens his cold beams too much

To pierce so deeply ; 'tis not for her I know

That you are thus impassion'd.

Eu. For her I would be sworn and for her husband.

Va. Ay, marry, sir, a quick man may do much

In these kind of impressions.

Eu. See how idly

You understand me ! these same travellers, That can live anywhere, make jests of anything,

And cast so far from home, for nothing else

But to learn how they may cast off their friends.

She had a husband does not cast her off so ;

Oh, 'tis a rare, a noble gentleman.

Va. Well, well, there is some other humour stirring,

In your young blood than a dead woman's love.

Eu. No, I'll be sworn.

Va. Why, is it possible

That you, whose frolic breast was ever fill'd

With all the spirits of a mirthful lady,

Should be with such a sorrow so transform'd ?

Your most sweet hand in touch of instruments

Turn'd to pick straws, and fumble upon rushes ;

Your heavenly voice, turn'd into heavy sighs,

And your rare wit too in a manner tainted.

This cannot be, I know some other cause Fashions this strange effect, and that myself

Am born to find it out and be your cure

In any wound it forceth whatsoever ;

But if you will not tell me, at your peril.

Eu. Brother !

Va. Did you call ?

Eu. No, 'tis no matter.

Va. So then.

Eu. Do you hear ?

Assured you are my kind and honour'd brother,

I'll tell you all.

Va. Oh, will you do so then ?

Eu. You will be secret ?

Va. Secret ? is't a secret ?

Eu. No, 'tis a trifle that torments me thus ;

Did ever man ask such a question

When he had brought a woman to this pass ?

Va. What 'tis no treason, is it ?

Eu. Treason, quoth he ?

Va. Well, if it be, I will engage my quarters

With a fair lady's ever ; tell the secret.

Eu. Attending oftentimes the duke and duchess,

To visit the most passionate earl your brother,

That noble gentleman——

Va. Well said, put in that.

Eu. Put it in ? why ? i'faith, y'are such a man,

I'll tell no further ; you are changed indeed.

A travel, quoth you ?

Va. Why, what means this ?

Come, lady, forth ; I would not lose the thanks,

The credit, and the honour I shall have

For that most happy good-I know in Fate

I am to furnish thy desires withal

For all this house in gold.

Eu. Thank you, good brother,

Attending (as I say) the duke and duchess To the sad earl——

Va. That noble gentleman ?

Eu. Why, ay, is he not ?

Va. Beshrew my heart, else ;

"The earl," quoth you, "he cast not off his wife."

Eu. Nay, look you now.

Va. Why, does he pray ?

Eu. Why, no.

Va. Forth then, I pray ; you lovers are so captious.

Eu. When I observed his constancy in love,

His honour of his dear wife's memory, His woe for her, his life with her in death,

I grew in love, even with his very mind.

Va. Oh, with his mind ?

Eu. Ay, by my soul, no more.

Va. A good mind certainly is a good thing ;

And a good thing you know——

Eu. That is the chief ;

The body without that, alas ! is nothing ; And this his mind cast such a fire into me,

That it hath half consumed me, since it loved His wife so dearly, that was dear to me.

And ever I am saying to myself, "How more than happy should that

woman be, That had her honour'd place in his true

love."

But as for me, I know I have no reason

To hope for such an honour at his hands.

Va. What? at the Earl's hands? I think so, indeed!

Heaven, I beseech thee, was your love so simple

T'inflate itself with him? Why, he's a husband

For any princess, any queen or empress;
The ladies of this land would tear him piecemeal

(As did the drunken Froes the Thracian harper)

To marry but a limb, a look of him;
Heavens my sweet comfort, set your thoughts on him?

Eu. Oh, cruel man! dissembling traveller!
Even now you took upon you to be sure
It was in you to satisfy my longings,
And whatsoever 'twere, you would procure it.

Oh, you were born to do me good, you know;

You would not lose the credit and the honour

You should have by my satisfaction
For all this house in gold: the very Fates
And you were all one in your power to help me.

And now to come and wonder at my folly,
Mock me, and make my love impossible!
Wretch that I was, I did not keep it in!

Va. Alas, poor sister! when a grief is grown

Full home, and to the deepest, then it breaks,

And joy, sun-like, out of a black cloud shineth.

But couldst thou think, i'faith, I was in earnest

To esteem any man without the reach
Of thy far-shooting beauties? Any name
Too good to subscribe to Eurione?

Here is my hand; if ever I were thought
A gentleman, or would be still esteem'd so,
I will so virtuously solicit for thee,
And with such cunning wind into his heart,
That I sustain no doubt I shall dissolve
His settled melancholy, be it ne'er so grounded

On rational love and grave philosophy;
I know my sight will cheer him at the heart,

In whom a quick form of my dear dead sister
Will fire his heavy spirits. And all this
May work that change in him that nothing else

Hath hope to joy in; and so farewell,
sister,

Some few days hence, I'll tell thee how I speed.

Eu. Thanks, honour'd brother; but you shall not go

Before you dine with your best loved mistress.

Come in, sweet brother.

Va. In to dinner now?

Midnight would blush at that; farewell, farewell!

Eu. Dear brother, do but drink or taste a banquet;

I'faith, I have most excellent conserves:
You shall come in, in earnest, stay a little.
Or will you drink some cordial still'd waters,

After your travel, pray thee, worthy brother?
Upon my love you shall stay! Sweet, now enter.

Va. Not for the world. Commend my humble service,

And use all means to bring abroad my mistress.

Eu. I will, in sadness; farewell, happy brother. [*Exeunt.*]

Enter Philip, Gueaquin, Hieronime, and Mugeron. Gueaquin and Hieronime sit down to work.

Ph. Come, Mugeron, where is this worthy statesman,

That you and Rhoderique would persuade
To be our worthy agent into France.

The colour we shall lay on it t'inter,
The body of the long deceased countess,
The French king's niece, whom her kind husband keeps

With such great cost and care from burial,

Will show as probable as can be thought.
Think you he can be gotten to perform it?

Mu. Fear not, my lord; the wizard is as forward

To usurp greatness as all greatness is
To abuse virtue, or as riches honour;
You cannot load the ass with too much honour,

He shall be yours, my lord; Rhoderique and I,

Will give him to your highness for your foot-cloth.

Ph. How happens it he lived conceal'd so long?

Mu. It is his humour, sir; for he says still,

His jocund mind loves pleasure above honour,

His swindle of liberty, above his life.

"It is not safe" (says he) "to build his nest
So near the eagle; his mind is his kingdom,

His chamber is a court, of all good wits,"
And many such rare sparks of resolution
He blesseth his most loved self withal,
As presently your excellency shall hear.
But this is one thing I had half-forgotten,
With which your highness needs must be
prepared :

I have discoursed with him about the
office

Of an ambassador, and he stands on this,
That when he once hath kiss'd your high-
ness' hand,

And taken his dispatch, he then presents
Your highness' person, hath your place
and power,

Must put his hat on, use you as you him ;
That you may see before he goes how well
He can assume your presence and your
greatness.

Ph. And will he practise his new state
before us ?

Mu. Ay, and upon you too, and kiss
your duchess,

As you use at your parting.

Ph. Out upon him ! she will not let him
kiss her.

Mu. He will kiss her, to do your person
right.

Ph. It will be excellent ;

She shall not know this till he offer it.

Mu. See, see, he comes.

*Enter Rhoderique, Monsieur D'Olive, and
Pacque.*

Rh. Here is the gentleman
Your highness doth desire to do you
honour

In the presenting of your princely person,
And going Lord Ambassador to th' French
king.

Ph. Is this the gentleman whose worth
so highly

You recommend to our election ?

Am. This is the man, my lord.

Ph. We understand, sir,

We have been wrong'd by being kept so
long

From notice of your honourable parts,
Wherein your country claims a deeper
interest

Than your mere private self ; what makes
wise Nature

Fashion in men these excellent perfections
Of haughty courage, great wit, wisdom
incredible ?

D'Ol. It pleaseth your good excellence
to say so.

Ph. But that she aims therein at public
good,

And you in duty thereto of yourself
Ought to have made us tender of your
parts,

And not entomb them, tyrant-like, alive.

Rh. We for our parts, my lord, are not
in fault,

For we have spurr'd him forward evermore,
Letting him know how fit an instrument
He was to play upon in stately music.

Mu. And if he had been ought else but
an ass,

Your grace ere this time long had made
him great :

Did not we tell you this ?

D'Ol. Oftentimes :

But sure, my honour'd lord, the times
before

Were not as now they be, thanks to our
fortune

That we enjoy so sweet and wise a prince
As is your gracious self ; for then 'twas
policy

To keep all wits of hope still under hatches,
Far from the Court, lest their exceeding
parts

Should overshine those that were then in
place ;

And 'twas our happiness that we might live
so ;

For in that freely choosed obscurity

We found our safety, which men most of
note

Many times lost ; and I, alas ! for my part,
Shrunk my despised head in my poor shell ;
For your learn'd excellence, I know, knows
well,

Qui bene latuit, bene vixit, still.

Ph. 'Twas much you could contain
yourself, that had

So great means to have lived in greater
place.

D'Ol. 'Faith, sir, I had a poor roof or a
pent-house

To shade me from the sun, and three or
four tiles

To shroud me from the rain, and thought
myself

As private as I had King Giris' ring

And could have gone invisible, yet saw all
That pass'd our State's rough sea, both
near and far.

There saw I our great galliasses tost

Upon the wallowing waves, up with one
billow

And then down with another ; our great
men

Like to a mass of clouds that now seem
like

An elephant, and straightways like an ox,

And then a mouse, or like those changeable creatures

That live in the burdello, now in satin,
To-morrow next in stammel.

When I sate all this while in my poor cell,
Secure of lightning or the sudden thunder,
Conversed with the poor muses, gave a scholar

Forty or fifty crowns a year to teach me
And prate to me about the predicables,
When, indeed, my thoughts flew to a higher pitch

Than genus and species, as by this taste
I hope your highness happily perceives,
And shall hereafter more at large approve
If any worthy opportunity

Make but her foretop subject to my hold ;
And so I leave your grace to the tuition
Of him that made you.

Rh. Soft, good sir, I pray :

What says your excellence to this gentleman ?

Have I not made my word good to your highness ?

Ph. Well, sir, however envious policy
Hath robb'd my predecessors of your service,

You must not 'scape my hands, that have design'd

Present employment for you, and 'tis this :
'Tis not unknown unto you with what grief
We take the sorrow of the Earl Saint Anne
For his deceased wife, with whose dead sight

He feeds his passion, keeping her from right

Of Christian burial, to make his eyes
Do penance by their everlasting tears

For losing the dear sight of her quick beauties.

D'Ol. Well spoke, i'faith ; your grace must give me leave

To praise your wit, for 'faith 'tis rarely spoken.

Ph. The better for your good commendation.

But, sir, your embassy to the French king
Shall be to this effect : thus you shall say—

D'Ol. Not so. Your excellence shall pardon me.

I will not have my tale put in my mouth.
If you'll deliver me your mind in gross,

Why so I shall express it as I can :

I warrant you 'twill be sufficient.

Ph. 'Tis very good ; then, sir, my will in gross,

Is that in pity of the sad Countess' case
The king would ask the body of his niece
To give it funeral fitting her high blood,

Which (as yourself requires and reason wills)

I leave to be enforced and amplified,
With all the ornaments of art and nature,
Which flows, I see, in your sharp intellect.

D'Ol. Alas, you cannot see't in this short time,

But there be some not far hence, that have seen

And heard me too, ere now : I could have wish'd

Your highness' presence in a private conventicle

At what time the high point of state was handled.

Ph. What was the point ?

D'Ol. It was my hap to make a number there

Myself (as every other gentleman)

Being interested in that grave affair,

Where I deliver'd my opinion : how well ?

Ph. What was the matter, pray ?

D'Ol. The matter, sir,

Was of an ancient subject, and yet newly
Call'd into question ; and 'twas this in brief :

We sate as I remember all in rout,

All sorts of men together :

A squire and a carpenter, a lawyer and a sawyer,

A merchant and a broker, a justice and a peasant,

And so forth, without all difference.

Ph. But what was the matter ?

D'Ol. 'Faith, a stale argument, though newly handled,

And I am fearful I shall shame myself,

The subject is so threadbare.

Ph. 'Tis no matter,

Be as it will ; go to the point, I pray.

D'Ol. Then thus it is : the question of estate

(Or the state of the question) was in brief

Whether in an aristocracy

Or in a democatrical estate

Tobacco might be brought to lawful use.

But had you heard the excellent speeches there

Touching this part—

Mu. } Pray thee to the point.
Rho. }

D'Ol. First to the point then,

Upstart a weaver, blown up by inspiration,

That had borne office in the congregation.

A little fellow, and yet great in spirit ;

I never shall forget him, for he was

A most hot-liver'd enemy to tobacco.

His face was like the ten of diamonds

Pointed each where with pushes, and his nose

Was like the ace of clubs (which I must tell you

Was it that set him and tobacco first
At such hot enmity ; for that nose of his
(According to the Puritanic cut,) Having a narrow bridge, and this tobacco
Being in drink, durst not pass by, and finding stopp'd

His narrow passage, fled back as it came
And went away in pet.

Mu. Just cause of quarrel.

Ph. But pray thee briefly say, what said the weaver ?

D'Ol. The weaver, sir, much like a virginal jack

Start nimblely up ; the colour of his beard
I scarce remember ; but purblind he was
With the Geneva print, and wore one ear

Shorter than t'other for a difference.

Ph. A man of very open note, it seems.

D'Ol. He was so, sir, and hotly he inveigh'd

Against tobacco (with a most strong breath,
For he had eaten garlic the same morning,
As 'twas his use, partly against ill airs,
Partly to make his speeches savoury),
Said 'twas a pagan plant, a profane weed
And a most sinful smoke, that had no warrant

Out of the Word ;* invented, sure, by Sathan,
In these our latter days, to cast a mist
Before men's eyes, that they might not behold

The grossness of old superstition,
Which is as 'twere derived into the Church
From the foul sink of Romish popery,
And that it was a judgment on our land
That the substantial commodities
And mighty blessings of this realm of France,

Bells, rattles, hobby-horses, and such like,
Which had brought so much wealth into the land,

Should now be changed into the smoke of vanity,

The smoke of superstition : for his own part

He held a garlic clove, being sanctified,
Did edify more the body of a man
Than a whole ton of this profane tobacco,
Being ta'en without thanksgiving ; in a word

He said it was a rag of popery,

And none that were truly regenerate would
Profane his nostrils with the smoke thereof ;
And speaking of your grace behind your back,

He charged and conjured you to see the use

Of vain tobacco banish'd from the land,
For fear, lest for the great abuse thereof ;
Our candle were put out ; and therewithal
Taking his handkerchief to wipe his mouth
As he had told a lie, he turned his nose
To the old strain, as if he were preparing .

For a new exercise, but I myself
(Angry to hear this generous tobacco,
The gentleman's saint and the soldier's idol,

So ignorantly polluted) stood me up
Took some tobacco for a compliment,
Brake phlegm some twice or thrice, then shook mine ears

And lick'd my lips, as if I begg'd attention,
And so, directing me to your sweet grace,
Thus I replied :

Rh. } Room for a speech there. Silence !
Mu. }

D'Ol. I am amused ; or, I am in a quandary, gentlemen (for in good faith I remember not well whether of them, was my words)—

Ph. 'Tis no matter ; either of them will serve the turn.

D'Ol. Whether I should (as the poet says) eloquar, an siliam ? whether by answering a fool I should myself seem no less ; or by giving way to his wind (for words are but wind) might betray the cause to the maintenance whereof, all true Trojans (from whose race we claim our descent) owe all their patrimonies ; and if need be their dearest blood and their sweetest breath. I would not be tedious to your highness.

Ph. You are not, sir ; proceed.

D'Ol. Tobacco, that excellent plant, the use whereof (as of fifth element) the world cannot want, is that little shop of nature, wherein her whole workmanship is abridged, where you may see earth kindled into fire, the fire breathe out an exhalation which, entering in at the mouth, walks through the regions of a man's brain, drives out all ill vapours but itself, draws down all bad humours by the mouth, which in time might breed a scab over the whole body, if already they have not ; a plant of singular use ; for on the one side, Nature being an enemy to vacuity and emptiness, and on the other there being so many empty brains in the world as there are, how shall

* * * For certainly there's no such word
In all the Scripture on record,
Therefore unlawful and a sin."—

Nature's course be continued? How shall these empty brains be filled but with air, Nature's immediate instrument to that purpose? If with air, what so proper as your fume?—what fume so healthful as your perfume?—what perfume so sovereign as tobacco? Besides the excellent edge it gives a man's wit (as they can best judge that have been present at a feast of tobacco, where commonly all good wits are con-sorted), what variety of discourse it begets!—what sparks of wit it yields, it is a world to hear! as likewise to the courage of a man; for if it be true that Johannes Savonarola* writes, that he that drinks verjuice pisseth vinegar, then it must needs follow to be as true, that he that eats smoke farts fire. For garlic I will not say, because it is a plant of our own country, but it may cure the diseases of the country; but for the diseases of the Court, they are out of the element of garlic to medicine. To conclude, as there is no enemy to tobacco but garlic, so there is no friend to garlic but a sheep's head; and so I conclude.

Ph. Well, sir, if this be but your natural vein,

I must confess I knew you not indeed,
When I made offer to instruct your brain

For the ambassage, and will trust you now

If 'twere to send you forth to the great Turk

With an ambassage.

D'Ol. But, sir, in conclusion,
'Twas order'd for my speech, that since tobacco

Had so long been in use, it should thenceforth

Be brought to lawful use; but limited thus:

That none should dare to take it but a gentleman,

Or he that had some gentlemanly humour,
The murr, the headache, the catarrh, the bone-ache,

Or other branches of the sharp salt rheum
Fitting a gentleman.

Rh. Your grace has made choice

Of a most simple Lord Ambassador.

Ph. Well, sir, you need not look for a commission:

My hand shall well dispatch you for this business,

Take now the place and state of an ambassador,

Present our person and perform our charge;

And so farewell, good Lord Ambassador.

D'Ol. Farewell, good duke, and, Gueaquin, to thee.

Gu. How now, you fool? out, you pre-sumptuous gull.

D'Ol. How now, you baggage? 'sfoot, are you so coy

To the duke's person, to his second self?

Are you too good, dame, to enlarge yourself

Unto your proper object? 'sight, 'twere a good deed.

Gu. What means your grace to suffer me abused thus?

Ph. Sweet love, be pleased; you do not know this lord.

Give me thy hand, my lord.

D'Ol. And give me thine.

Ph. Farewell again.

D'Ol. Farewell again, to thee.

Ph. Now go thy ways for an ambassador.

[*Exeunt Philip, Gueaquin, Hiero.*

D'Ol. Now go thy ways for a duke.

Mu. } Most excellent lord.

Rh. }

Rh. Why, this was well perform'd and like a duke,

Whose person you most naturally present.

D'Ol. I told you I would do't; now I'll begin

To make the world take notice I am noble:

The first thing I will do, I'll swear to pay

No debts, upon my honour.

Mu. A good cheap proof of your nobility.

D'Ol. But if I knew where I might pawn mine honour

For some odd thousand crowns, it shall be laid;

I'll pay't again when I have done withal.

Then 'twill be expected I shall be of some religion,

I must think of some for fashion, or for faction sake,

As it becomes great personages to do;

I'll think upon't betwixt this and the day.

Rh. Well said, my lord; this lordship of yours will work a mighty alteration in you; do you not feel it begins to work already?

D'Ol. 'Faith, only in this: it makes me think how they that were my companions before, shall now be my favourites; they that were my friends before, shall now be

* *Practica Canonica de febribus, de pulsibus, de urinis, &c.* 1498, 1563.

my followers ; they that were my servants before, shall now be my knaves ; but they that were my creditors before, shall remain my creditors still.

Mu. Excellent lord ; come, will you show your lordship in the presence now ?

D'Ol. 'Faith, I do not care if I go and make a face or two there, or a few graceful legs ; speak a little Italian, and away ; there's all a presence doth require.

END OF ACT II.

ACT THE THIRD.

SCENE I.

Enter Vandome, and St. Anne.

St. A. You have inclined me more to leave this life

Than I supposed it possible for an angel ; Nor is your judgment to suppress your passion

For so dear loved a sister (being as well Your blood and flesh, as mine) the least enforcement

Of your dissuasive arguments. And besides,

Your true resemblance of her much supplies

Her want in my affections ; with all which, I feel in these deep griefs, to which I yield

A kind of false, sluggish, and rotting sweetness

Mix'd with an humour where all things in life

Lie drown'd in sour, wretched, and horrid thoughts ;

The way to cowardly desperation open'd, And whatsoever urgeth souls accursed

To their destruction, and sometimes their plague,

So violently gripes me, that I lie Whole days and nights bound at his tyrannous feet !

So that my days are not like life or light, But bitterest death, and a continual night.

Va. The ground of all is unsufficed love,

Which would be best eased with some other object ;

The general rule of Naso being authentic, *Quod successore novo vincitur omnis amor :*

For the affections of the mind drawn forth In many currents, are not so impulsive

In any one ; and so the Persian king Made the great river Ganges run distinctly

In an innumerable sort of channels ; By which means, of a fierce and dangerous flood

He turn'd it into many pleasing rivers.

So likewise is an army disarray'd

Made penetrable for the assaulting foe ;

So huge fires being diffused, grow assuaged,

Lastly, as all force being unite, increaseth ; So being dispersed, it grows less sharp, and ceaseth.

St. A. Alas, I know I cannot love another,

My heart accustom'd to love only her,

My eyes accustom'd to view only her,

Will tell me whatsoever is not her,

Is foul and hateful.

Va. Yet forbear to keep her

Still in your sight ; force not her breathless body

Thus against Nature to survive, being dead :

Let it consume, that it may reassume

A form incorruptible ; and refrain

The places were you used to joy in her ;

Heu fuge dilectas terras, fuge littus amatum :

For how can you be ever sound or safe

Where in so many red steps of your wounds,

Gasp in your eyes ? With change of place be sure,

Like sick men mending, you shall find recure.

Enter the Duke, D'Olive, Gueaquin, Hieronime, Mugeron, Rhoderique, to see the dead Countess that is kept in her attire unburied.

D'Ol. Faith, madam, my company may well be spared at so mournful a visitation.

For, by my soul, to see Pygmalion dote upon a marble picture, a senseless statue,

I should laugh and spoil the tragedy.

Gu. Oh, 'tis an object full of pity, my lord !

D'Ol. 'Tis pity, indeed, that any man should love a woman so constantly.

Duke. Bitterly turned, my lord. We must still admire you.

D'Ol. Tush, my lord ! true manhood can neither mourn nor admire. It's fit for women—they can weep at pleasure, even to admiration.

Gu. But men use to admire rare things, my lord.

D'Ol. But this is nothing rare ! 'Tis a virtue common for men to love their wives after death. The value of a good wife (as

all good things else) are better known by their want than by their fruition. For no man loves his wife so well while she lives, but he loves her ten times better when she's dead.

Rh. This is sound philosophy, my lord.

D'Ol. Faith, my lord, I speak my thoughts. And, for mine own part, I should so ill endure the loss of a wife (always provided I loved her), that if I lost her this week, I'd have another by the beginning a'th' next. And thus resolved, I leave your highness to deal with Atropos, for cutting my lady's thread. I am for France: all my care is for followers to imp out my train. I fear I must come to your grace for a press; for I will be followed as becomes an honourable lord: and that is like an honest squire: for with our great lords, followers abroad and hospitality at home are out of date. The world's now grown thrifty. He that fills a whole page in folio with his style, thinks it veriest noble to be manned with one bare page and a pandar; and yet Pandar, in ancient time, was the name of an honest courtier; what 'tis now, *Viderit utilitas*. Come, wits, let's to my chamber.

[*Exeunt. Manent* Vandome, St. Anne.

Va. Well now, my lord, remember all the reasons

And arguments I used at first to you,
To draw you from your hurtful passions:
And therewithal admit one further cause,
Drawn from my love, and all the powers I
have;

Eurione, vow'd sister to my sister,
Whose virtues, beauties, and perfections
Adorn our country, and do nearest match
With her rich graces that your love adores,
Hath wounded my affections; and to her
I would intreat your lordship's graceful word.

St. A. But, is it true? Loves my dear
brother now?

It much delights me, for your choice is
noble.

Yet need you not urge me to come abroad,
Your own worth will suffice for your wish'd
speed.

Va. I know, my lord, no man alive can
win

Her resolved judgment from virginity
Unless you speak for him, whose word of
all dames

Is held most sweet, and worthy to persuade
them.

St. A. The world will think me too fan-
tastical,

To ope so suddenly my vow'd obscurity.

Va. My lord, my love is sudden, and
requires

A sudden remedy. If I be delay'd,
Consider love's delay breeds desperation,
By weighing how strongly love works in
yourself.

St. A. Dear brother, nothing under-
neath the stars,

Makes me so willing to partake the air
And undergo the burden of the world,
As your most worthy self, and your wish'd
good.

And glad I am that by this means I may
See your descent continued, and therein
Behold some new-born image of my wife.
Dear life, take knowledge that thy brother's
love

Makes me despair with my true zeal to
thee.

And if for his sake I admit the earth
To hide this treasure of thy precious
beauties;

And that thy part surviving be not pleased,
Let it appear to me, ye just assisters
Of all intentions bent to sovereign justice;
And I will follow it into the grave,
Or dying with it; or preserve it thus,
As long as any life is left betwixt us.

[*Exeunt.*

Enter Monsieur D'Olive, Rhoderique.

D'Ol. But didst note what a presence I
came off withal?

Rh. 'Sfoot! you drew the eyes of the
whole presence upon you:

There was one lady, a man might see her
heart

Ready to start out of her eyes to follow
you.

D'Ol. But Monsieur Mustapha there kept
state,

When I accosted him; 'sight the brazen
head look'd to be

Worshipp'd I think: No, I'll commit no
idolatry

For the proudest image of 'em all, I.

Rh. Your lordship has the right garb of
an excellent courtier: Respect's a clown,
supple-jointed Courtesy's a very peagooze;
'tis stiff-ham'd Audacity that carries it;
get once within their distance, and you are
in their bosoms instantly.

D'Ol. 'Sheart! do they look I should
stand aloof, like a scholar, and make legs
at their greatness? no, I'll none of that;
come up close to him, give him a clap a'th'
shoulder shall make him cry oh! again:
it's a tender place to deal withal, and say,
"Well encountered, noble Brutus."

Rh. That's the only way indeed to be familiar.

D'Ol. 'Sfoot! I'll make legs to none, unless it be to a justice of peace when he speaks in's chair, or to a constable when he leans on's staff, that's flat: softness and modesty savours of the cart; 'tis boldness, boldness, does the deed in the Court: and as your cameleon varies all colours a th' rainbow, both white and red, so must your true courtier be able to vary his countenance through all humours—state, strangeness, scorn, mirth, melancholy, flattery, and so forth: some colours likewise his face may change upon occasion, black or blue it may, tawny it may, but red and white at no hand—avoid that like a sergeant; keep your colour stiff, unguilty of passion or disgrace, not changing white at sight of your mercer, nor red at sight of your surgeon; above all sins, heaven shield me from the sin of blushing; it does ill in a young waiting-woman: but monstrous, monstrous, in an old courtier!

Rh. Well, all this while your lordship forgets your ambassage; you have given out you will be gone within this month, and yet nothing is ready.

D'Ol. It's no matter, let the moon keep her course; and yet, to say truth, 'twere more than time I were gone, for, by heaven, I am so haunted with followers, every day new offers of followers: but heaven shield me from any more followers. How now, what's the news?

Enter Mugeron and two others.

Mu. My lord, here's two of my special friends, whom I would gladly commend to follow you in the honourable action.

D'Ol. 'Sfoot, my ears are double locked against followers; you know my number's full, all places under me are bestowed. I'll out of town this night, that's infallible: I'll no more followers, a mine honour.

Mu. 'Slight, lord, you must entertain them; they have paid me their income, and I have undertaken your lordship shall grace them.

D'Ol. Well, my masters, you might have come at a time when your entertainment would have proved better than now it is like; but such as it is, upon the commendation of my steward here—

Mu. A pox a your lordship, steward?

D'Ol. Y'are welcome, in a word; discern and spy out.

Ambo. We humbly thank your lordship.

D'Ol. Mugeron, let 'em be entered.

Mu. In what rank, my lord; gentlemen or yeomen?

D'Ol. Gentlemen: their beawring bewrays no less, it goes not always by apparel; I do allow you to suit yourselves anew in my colours at your own charges.

Am. Thank your good lordship.

D'Ol. Thy name first, I pray thee?

Co. Cornelius, my lord.

D'Ol. What profession?

Co. A surgeon, an't please your lordship.

D'Ol. I had rather th' hadst been a barber, for I think there will be little bloodshed amongst my followers, unless it be of thy letting; I'll see their nails pared before they go. And yet now I bethink myself, our ambassage is into France, there may be employment for thee; hast thou a tub?

Co. I would be loth, my lord, to be dislocated or unfurnished of any of my properties.

D'Ol. Thou speak'st like thyself, Cornelius; book him down, gentleman.

Mu. Very well, sir.

D'Ol. Now your profession, I pray?

Fr. Frippery, my lord, or as some term it, Petty Brokery.

D'Ol. An honest man, I'll warrant thee; I never knew other of thy trade.

Fr. Truly a richer your lordship might have,

An honest I hope not.

D'Ol. I believe thee, Petty Broker; canst burn gold lace?

Fr. I can do anything, my lord, belonging to my trade.

D'Ol. Rook him down, gentleman, he'll do good upon the voyage, I warrant him; provide thee a nag, Petty Broker, thou'lt find employment for him, doubt not; keep thyself an honest man, and by our return I do not doubt but to see thee a rich knave; farewell, Petty Broker, prepare yourselves against the day; this gentleman shall acquaint you with my colours. Farewell, Fripper; farewell, Petty Broker: "Discern and spy out," is my motto. [Exeunt.]

Am. God continue your lordship.

Rh. A very seasonable prayer, For unknown to him, it lies now upon his death bed.

D'Ol. And how like you my chamber, good wits?

Rh. Excellent well, sir.

D'Ol. Nay, believe it, it shall do well, as you will say, when you see't set forth suitable to my project; here shall stand

my court cupboard, with it furniture of plate; here shall run a wind instrument; here shall hang my base viol; here my theorbo; and here will I hang myself.

Am. 'Twill do admirable well.

D'Ol. But how will I hang myself, good wits? Not in person, but in picture; I will be drawn.

Rh. What hanged and drawn too?

D'Ol. Good again; I say I will be drawn all in complete satin of some courtly colour, like a knight of Cupid's band; on this side shall be ranked chairs and stools, and other such complements of a chamber; this corner will be a convenient room for my close stool; I acquaint you with all my privities, you see.

Mu. Ay, sir, we smell your meaning.

D'Ol. Here shall be a perch for my parrot, while I remain unmarried, I shall have the less miss of my wife; here a hoop for my monkey when I am married, my wife will have the less miss of me; here will I have the statue of some excellent poet, and I will have his nose go with a vice, as I have seen the experience, and that, as if 't had taken cold i'th' head,—

Rh. For want of a gilt nightcap.

D'Ol. Bitter still!—shall like a spout run pure wit all day long; and it shall be fed with a pipe brought at my charge, from Helicon, over the Alps, and under the sea by the brain of some great engineer, and I think 'twill do excellent.

Mu. No question of that, my lord.

D'Ol. Well, now, wits, about your several charges touching my ambassage: Rhoderique, is my speech put out to making?

Rh. It's almost done.

D'Ol. 'Tis well, tell him he shall have forty crowns; promise, promise; want for no promising. And well remembered, have I e'er a gentleman usher yet? a strange thing, amongst all my followers, not one has wit enough to be a gentleman usher, I must have one, there's no remedy; farewell; have a care of my followers, all but my petty broker, he'll shift for himself.

Rh. Well, let us alone for your followers.

D'Ol. Well said, discern and spy out.

Am. We thank your lordship.

[*Exeunt: Manet D'Olive.*]

D'Ol. Heaven, I beseech thee, what an abominable sort of followers have I put upon me! These courtiers feed on 'em with my countenance; I cannot look into the

city, but one or other makes tender of his good parts to me, either his language, his travel, his intelligence, or something; gentlemen send me their younger sons, furnished in complete, to learn fashions forsooth; as if the riding of five hundred miles, and spending a thousand crowns would make 'em wiser than God meant to make 'em. Others with child with the travelling humour, as if an ass for going to Paris, could come home a courser of Naples; others are possessed with the humour of gallantry, fancy it to be the only happiness in this world, to be enabled by such a colour to carry a feather in his crest, wear gold lace, gilt spurs, and so sets his fortunes out; turns two or three tenements into trunks, and creeps home again with less than a snail, not a house to hide his head in; three hundred of these gold-finches I have entertained for my followers; I can go in no corner, but I meet with some of my whiffers in their accoutrements; you may hear 'em half a mile ere they come at you, and smell 'em half an hour after they are past you; six or seven make a perfect morrice-dance; they need no bells, their spurs serve their turn; I am ashamed to train 'em abroad, they say I carry a whole forest of feathers with me, and I should plod afore 'em in plain stuff, like a writing schoolmaster before his boys when they go a feasting; I am afraid of nothing but I shall be ballated, I and all my whiffers; but it's no matter, I'll fashion 'em, I'll show 'em fashions; by heaven I'll give three parts of 'em the slip, let 'em look for't; and yet to say truth, I shall not need, for if I can but linger my journey another month, I am sure I shall moult half my feathers; I feel 'em begin to wear thin already; there's not ten crowns in twenty a their purses; and by this light, I was told at court, that my greasy host of the Porcupine last holiday, was got up to the ears in one of my follower's satin suits; and Vandome went so far that he swore he saw two of them hanged; myself indeed passing yesterday by the Frippery, spied two of them hang out at a stall with a gambrel thrust from shoulder to shoulder, like a sheep that were new flead; 'tis not for nothing that this petty broker follows me; the vulture smells a prey; not the carcasses, but the cases of some of my deceased followers; 'sight, I think it were my wisest course to put ten pounds in stock with him, and turn petty broker; certainly there's good to be done upon't;

if we be but a day or two out of town he'll be able to load every day a fresh horse with satin suits, and send them back hither; indeed 'tis like to be hot travel, and therefore 'twill be an ease to my followers to have their clothes at home afore 'em; they'll on, get off how they can; little know they what pikes their feathers must pass; before they go the sergeants, when they come home the surgeons; but choose them, I'll wash my hands on 'em. [Exit.

END OF ACT III.

ACT THE FOURTH.

SCENE I.

Vandome. [solus.] My sister's exequies are now perform'd
With such pomp as express'd the excellence
Of her Lord's love to her; and fired the envy
Of our great Duke, who would have no man equal
The honour he does to his adored wife:
And now the Earl (as he hath promised me)
Is in this sad cell of my honour'd mistress,
Urging my love to fair Eurione,
Which I framed only to bring him abroad,
And (if it might succeed) make his affects
With change of objects, change his helpless sorrow
To helpful love. I stood where I observed
Their words and looks, and all that pass'd
betwixt them,
And she hath with such cunning borne herself,
In fitting his affection, with pretending
Her mortified desires, her only love
To virtue and her lovers; and, in brief,
Hath figured with such life my dear dead sister,
Enchasing all this, with her heighten'd beauty,
That I believe she hath entangled him,
And won success to our industrious plot.
If he be touch'd, I know it grieves his soul,
That having underta'en to speak for me
(Imagining my love was as I feign'd)
His own love to her should enforce his tongue
To court her for himself, and deceive me;
By this time, we have tried his passionate blood;

If he be caught (as heaven vouchsafe he be)
I'll play a little with his fantasy.

Enter St. Anne.

St. A. Am I alone? Is there no eye nor ear
That doth observe me? Heaven, how have I grasp'd
My spirits in my heart, that would have burst
To give wish'd issue to my violent love!
Dead wife, excuse me, since I love thee still,
That livest in her whom I must love for thee;
For he that is not moved with strongest passion
In viewing her, that man did ne'er know thee;
She's thy surviving image, but woe's me!
Why am I thus transported past myself?
Va. Oh, are your dull uxorious spirits raised?
One madness doth beget another still.
St. A. But stay, advise me, soul; why didst thou light me
Over this threshold? was't to wrong my brother?
To wrong my wife, in wronging of my brother?
I'll die a miserable man, no villain:
Yet in this case of love, who is my brother?
Who is my father? Who is any kin?
I care not, I am nearest to myself;
I will pursue my passion; I will have her.
Va. Traitor, I here arrest thee in the names
Of heaven, and earth, and deepest Acheron;
Love's traitor, brother's, traitor to thy wife.
St. A. O brother, stood you so near my dishonour?
Had you forborne awhile all had been changed;
You know the variable thoughts of love,
You know the use of honour, that will ever
Retire into itself; and my just blood
Shall rather flow with honour than with love;
Be you a happy lover, I a friend,
For I will die for love of her and thee.
Va. My lord and brother, I'll not challenge more;
In love and kindness then my love discerns
That you have found one whom your heart can like;

And that one whom we all sought to prefer,

To make you happy in a life renew'd ;
It is a heaven to me, by how much more
My heart embraced you for my sister's
love ;

'Tis true, I did dissemble love t'Eurione,
To make you happy in her dear affection,
Who more dotes on you than you can on
her ;

Enjoy Eurione, she is your own,
The same that ever my dear sister was ;
And heaven bless both your loves as I
release

All my feign'd love and interest to you.

St. A. How nobly hath your love de-
luded me,

How justly have you been unjust to me !
Let me embrace the oracle of my good,
'The author and the patron of my life.

Va. Tush, betwixt us, my lord, what
need these terms ?

As if we knew not one another yet ?

Make speed, my lord, and make your
nuptials short,

As they are sudden blest in your desires.

St. A. Oh, I wish nothing more than
lightning haste.

Va. Stay, one word first, my lord ; you
are a sweet brother

To put in trust, and woo love for another.

St. A. Pray thee no more of that.

Va. Well then, be gone, my lord ; her
brother comes. [Exit St. A.]

Enter Vaumont.

Vau. Most happy friend,

How hath our plot succeeded ?

Va. He's our own.

His blood was framed for every shade of
virtue

To ravish into true inamorate fire ;

The funeral of my sister must be held

With all solemnity, and then his nuptials,

With no less speed and pomp be celebrate.

Vau. What wonders hath your fortunate
spirit and virtues

Wrought to our comforts ! Could you
crown th'enchancements

Of your divine wit with another spell,

Of power to bring my wife out of her cell,

You should be our quick Hermes, our
Alcides.

Va. That's my next labour ; come, my
lord, yourself

Shall stand unseen, and see by next morn's
light

(Which is her bedtime) how my brain's
bold valour

Will rouse her from her vow's severity ;
No will, nor power, can withstand policy.

[Exit.]

Enter D'Olive, Pacque, Dique.

D'Ol. Welcome little wits, are you he
my page Pacque here makes choice of, to
be his fellow coach-horse ?

Di. I am, my lord.

D'Ol. What countryman ?

Di. Born i'th' City.

Pa. But begot i'th' Court ;* I can tell
your lordship, he hath had as good court
breeding as any imp in a country. If your
lordship please to examine him in any part
of the Court Accidence, from a noun to an
interjection, I'll undertake you shall find
him sufficient.

D'Ol. Say'st thou so, little wit ? Why,
then, sir, how many pronouns be there ?

Di. 'Faith, my lord, there are more, but
I have learned but three sorts ; the goad,
the fulham, and the stop-cater-tray ; which
are all demonstratives, for here they be.
There are relatives too, but they are
nothing without their antecedents.

D'Ol. Well said, little wit, i'faith : how
many antecedents are there ?

Di. 'Faith, my lord, their number is un-
certain : but they that are, are either
squires or gentlemen ushers.

D'Ol. Very well said : when all is done,
the Court is the only school of good educa-
tion, especially for pages and waiting-
women ; Paris, or Padua, or the famous
school of England, called Winchester,
famous I mean for the goose, where
scholars wear petticoats so long, till their
pen and ink-horns knock against their
knees ; all these, I say, are but belfries to
the body or school of the Court. He that
would have his son proceed doctor in three
days, let him send him thither : there's the
forge to fashion all the parts of them ;
there they shall learn the true use of their
good parts indeed.

Pa. Well, my lord, you have said well
for the Court, what says your lordship now
to us courtiers ? Shall we go the voyage ?

D'Ol. My little hermaphrodites, I enter-
tain you here into my chamber, and if need
be, nearer ; your service you know. I will
not promise mountains, nor assure you
annuities of forty or fifty crowns ; in a
word, I will promise nothing, but I will be
your good lord, do you not doubt.

Di. We do not, my lord ; but are sure

* See the last Scene of *The Widow's Tears.*

you will show yourself noble : and as you promise us nothing, so you will honourably keep promise with us, and give us nothing.

D'Ol. Pretty little wit, i'faith : can he verse ?

Pa. Ay, and set, too, my lord ; he's both a setter and a verser.

D'Ol. Pretty, i'faith : but I mean, has he a vein natural ?

Pa. Oh, my lord, it comes from him as easily—

Di. As suits from a courtier without money : or money from a citizen without security, my lord.

D'Ol. Well, I perceive nature has suited your wits, and I'll suit you in guarded coats, answerable to your wits ; for wit's as suitable to guarded coats as wisdom is to welted gowns. My other followers horse themselves, myself will horse you. And now tell me (for I will take you into my bosom) what's the opinion of the many-headed beast, touching my new addition of honour ?

Di. Some think, my lord, it hath given you addition of pride and outrecuidance.

D'Ol. They are deceived that think so : I must confess, it would make a fool proud, but for me, I am *semper idem*.

Pa. We believe your lordship.

D'Ol. I find no alteration in myself in the world, for I am sure I am no wiser than I was, when I was no lord, nor no more bountiful, nor no more honest ; only in respect of my state, I assume a kind of state ; to receive suitors now with the nod of nobility, not (as before) with the cap of courtesy, the knee of knighthood : and why knee of knighthood, little wit ? There's another question for your Court Accidence.

Di. Because gentlemen, or yeomen, or peasants, or so, receive knighthood on their knees.

Pa. The signification of the knee of knighthood in heraldry, an't please your lordship, is, that knights are tied in honour to fight up to the knees in blood for the defence of fair ladies.

D'Ol. Very good ; but if it be so, what honour do they deserve that purchase their knighthood ?

Di. Purchase their knighthood, my lord ? Marry, I think they come truly by't, for they pay well for't.

D'Ol. You cut me off by the knees, little wit ; but I say (if you will hear me), that if they deserve to be knighted that purchase their knighthood with fighting up to the

knee, what do they deserve that purchase their knighthood with fighting above the knee ?

Pa. Marry, my lord, I say the purchase is good, if the conveyance will hold water.

D'Ol. Why, this is excellent ; by heaven, twenty pounds annuity shall not purchase you from my heels. But forth, how ; what is the opinion of the world touching this new honour of mine ? Do not fools envy it ?

Di. No, my lord, but wise men wonder at it ; you having so buried your wisdom heretofore in taverns and vaulting-houses, that the world could never discover you to be capable of honour.

D'Ol. As though Achilles could hide himself under a woman's clothes ; was he not discovered at first ? this Honour is like a woman, or a crocodile (choose you whether), it flies them that follow it and follows them that fly it ; for myself, however my worth for the time kept his bed, yet did I ever prophesy to myself that it would rise, before the sunset of my days ; I did ever dream, that this head was born to bear a breadth, this shoulder to support a state, this face to look big, this body to bear a presence, these feet were born to be revellers, and these calves were born to be courtiers ; in a word, I was born noble, and I will die noble ; neither shall my nobility perish with death ; after ages shall resound the memory thereof, while the sun sets in the east, or the moon in the west.

Pa. Or the seven stars in the north.

D'Ol. The siege of Bullaine shall be no more a landmark for times ; Agincourt battle, St. James his field, the loss of Calais and the winning of Cales, shall grow out of use ; men shall reckon their years, women their marriages, from the day of our ambassage ; as " I was born, or married two, three, or four years before the great ambassage." Farmers shall count their leases from this day, gentlemen their mortgages from this day ; St. Denis shall be razed out of the calendar, and the day of our instalment entered in red letters ; and as St. Valentine's day is fortunate to choose lovers, St. Luke's to choose husbands, so shall this day be to the choosing of lords ; it shall be a critical day, a day of note ; in that day it shall be good to quarrel, but not to fight ; they that marry on that day shall not repent ; marry the morrow after perhaps they may ; it shall be wholesome to beat a sergeant on that

day; he that eats garlic on that morning shall be a rank knave till night.

Di. What a day will this be, if it hold!

D'Ol. Hold? 'Sfoot, it shall hold, and shall be held sacred to immortality; let all the chroniclers, ballet-makers, and almanac-mongers, do what they dare.

Enter Rhoderique.

Rh. 'Sfoot! my lord, all's dashed; your voyage is overthrown.

D'Ol. What ails the frantic, trow?

Rh. The lady is entombed that was the subject of your ambassage; and your ambassage is betrayed.

Pa. "Dido is dead, and wrapt in lead."

Di. "Oh heavy hearse!"

Pa. Your lordship's honour must wait upon her.

Di. Oh, scurvy verse! Your lordship's welcome home; pray let's walk your horse, my lord.

D'Ol. A pretty gullery! Why, my little wits, do you believe this to be true?

Pa. For my part, my lord, I am of opinion you are gulled.

Di. And I am of opinion that I am partly guilty of the same.

Enter Mugeron.

Mu. Where's this lord fool here? 'Slight, you have made a pretty piece of service an't; raised up all the country in gold lace and feathers; and now with your long stay, there's no employment for them.

D'Ol. Good still.

Mu. 'Slight! I ever took thee to be a hammer of the right feather: but I durst have laid my life, no man could ever have crammed such a gudgeon as this down the throat of thee. To create thee a Christmas Lord, and make thee laughter for the whole Court! I am ashamed of myself that ever I choosed such a gross block to what my wits on.

D'Ol. Good wit, i'faith. I know all this is but a gullery now: but since you have presumed to go thus far with me, come what can come to the State, sink or swim, I'll be no more a father to it, nor the Duke; nor for the world wade one half step further in the action.

Pa. But now your lordship is gone, what shall become of your followers?

D'Ol. Followers? let them follow the Court, as I have done: there let them raise their fortunes; if not, they know the way to the petty broker's, there let them shift and hang.

[*Exit cum suis.*]

Rh. Here we may strike the Plaudite to our play, my lord fool's gone; all our audience will forsake us.

Mu. Page, after, and call him again.

Rh. Let him go; I'll take up some other fool for the Duke to employ: every ordinary affords fools enow: and didst not see a pair of gallants sit not far hence like a couple of bough-pots to make the room smell?

Mu. Yes, they are gone: but what of them?

Rh. I'll press them to the Court: or if need be, our muse is not so barren, but she is able to devise one trick or other to retire D'Olive to Court again.

Mu. Indeed thou told'st me how gloriously he apprehended the favour of a great lady i'th' presence, whose heart (he said) stood a tiptoe in her eye to look at him.

Rh. 'Tis well remembered.

Mu. Oh, a love-letter from that lady would retrieve him as sure as death.

Rh. It would, of mine honour: we'll feign one from her instantly: page, fetch pen and ink here. [*Exit Page.*]

Mu. Now do you and your muse engender; my barren sponce shall prompt something.

Rh. Soft then. The Lady Hieronime, who I said viewed him so in the presence, is the Venus that must enamour him: we'll go no further for that. But in what likeness must he come to the Court to her now? As a lord he may not: in any other shape, he will not.

Mu. Then let him come in his own shape, like a gull.

Rh. Well, disguised he shall be. That shall be his mistress's direction: this shall be my Helicon: and from this quiver will I draw the shaft that shall wound him.

Mu. Come on: how wilt thou begin?

Rh. Faith thus: "Dearly beloved."

Mu. 'Ware ho, that's profane.

Rh. Go to then: "Divine D'Olive:" I am sure that's not profane.

Mu. Well, forward.

Rh. "I see in the power of thy beauties."

Mu. Break off your period, and say, "Twas with a sigh."

Rh. Content: here's a full prick stands for a tear too.

Mu. "So, now take my brain."

Rh. Pour it on.

Mu. "I talk like a fool, but, alas! thou art wise and silent."

Rh. Excellent! "And the more wise, the more silent."

Mu. That's something common.

Rh. So should his mistress be.

Mu. That's true indeed: who breaks way next?

Rh. That will I, sir: "But alas! why art thou not noble, that thou mightest match me in blood?"

Mu. I'll answer that for her.

Rh. Come on.

Mu. "But thou art noble, though not by birth, yet by creation."

Rh. That's not amiss; forth now: "Thy wit proves thee to be a lord, thy presence shows it: O that word presence has cost me dear."

Mu. Well said, because she saw him i'th' presence.

Rh. "O do but say thou lovest me!"

Mu. Soft, there's too many O's.

Rh. Not a whit; O's but the next door to P, and his mistress may use her O with modesty: or if thou wilt, I'll stop it with another brackish tear.

Mu. No, no, let it run on.

Rh. "O do but say thou lovest me, and yet do not neither, and yet do."

Mu. Well said, let that last stand, let him do in any case: now say thus, "do not appear at Court."

Rh. So.

Mu. "At least in my company."

Rh. Well.

Mu. "At least before folks."

Rh. Why so?

Mu. "For the flame will break forth."

Rh. Go on: thou doest well.

Mu. "Where there is fire i'th' hearth—"

Rh. What then?

Mu. "There will be smoke i'th' chimney."

Rh. Forth.

Mu. "Warm, but burn me not: there's reason in all things."

Rh. Well said, now do I vie it: "Come to my chamber betwixt two and three."

Mu. A very good number.

Rh. "But walk not under my window: if thou doest, come disguised: in any case wear not thy tuft taffeta cloak: if thou doest, thou killest me."

Mu. Well said, now to the *L'envoy*.

Rh. "Thine, if I were worth aught; and yet such, as it skills not whose I am if I be thine; Hieronime: Now for a fit pandar to transport it, and have at him.

[*Exeunt.*]

END OF ACT IV.

ACT THE FIFTH.

SCENE I.

Enter Vaumont and Vandome.

Va. Come, my good lord, now will I try my brain,

If it can forge another golden chain,
To draw the poor recluse, my honour'd
mistress,

From her dark cell, and superstitious vow.
I oft have heard there is a kind of cure
To fright a lingering fever from a man
By an imaginous fear, which may be
true,

For one heat, all know, doth drive out
another,

One passion doth expel another still,
And therefore I will use a feign'd device
To kindle fury in her frozen breast,
That rage may fire out grief, and so restore
her

To her most sociable self again.

Vau. *Juno Lucina fer opem,*
And ease my labouring house of such a
care.

Va. Mark but my midwifery; the day is
now
Some three hours old, and now her night
begins:

Stand close my lord, if she and her sad
meany

Be toward sleep, or sleeping, I will wake
them

With orderly alarms; page! boy! sister!
All tongue-tied? all asleep? page! sister!

Vau. Alas, Vandome, do not disturb
their rest

For pity's sake, 'tis young night yet with
them.

Va. My lord, your only way to deal
with women

And parrots, is to keep them waking still.
Page? who's above? are you all dead
here?

Di. 'Slight! is hell broke loose? who's
there? [*He looks out with a light.*]

Va. A friend.

Di. Then know this castle is the house
of woe,

Here harbour none but two distressed
ladies

Condemn'd to darkness, and this is their
jail,

And I the giant set to guard the same:
My name is Dildo.

[*Retrahit se.*]

Va. Sirrah, leave your roguery, and
hearken to me: what page, I say!

Di. Tempt not disasters ; take thy life ;
be gone. [*Redit cum lumine.*]

Vau. An excellent villany!

Va. Sirrah, I have business of weight
to impart to your lady.

Di. If your business be of weight, let it
wait till the afternoon, for by that time my
lady will be delivered of her first sleep ;
be gone, for fear of watery meteors.

Va. Go to, sir, leave your villany, and
despatch this news to your lady.

Di. Is your business from yourself, or
from somebody besides ?

Va. From nobody besides myself.

Di. Very good ; then I'll tell her here's
one besides himself has business to her
from nobody. [*Retrahit se.*]

Vau. A perfect young hempstrang.

Va. Peace, lest he overhear you.

[*Redit Di.*]

Di. You are not the constable, sir, are
you ?

Va. Will you despatch, sir ? you know
me well enough ; I am Vandome.

Eu. What's the matter ? who's there ?
Brother Vandome.

Va. Sister ?

Eu. What tempest drives you hither at
such an hour ?

Va. Why, I hope you are not going to
bed ; I see you are not yet unready ; if
ever you will deserve my love, let it be
now, by calling forth my mistress ; I have
news for her, that touch her nearly.

Eu. What is't, good brother ?

Va. The worst of ills ; would any
tongue but mine had been the messenger.

Ma. What's that, servant ?

Va. O mistress, come down with all
speed possible, and leave that mournful
cell of yours ; I'll show you another place
worthy of your mourning.

Ma. Speak, man, my heart is armed
with a mourning-habit of such proof, that
there is none greater without it to pierce it.

Va. If you please to come down, I'll
impart what I know : if not, I'll leave you.

Eu. Why stand you so at gaze, sister ?
go down to him :

Stay, brother, she comes to you.

Va. 'Twill take, I doubt not, though
herself be ice,

There's one with her all fire, and to her
spirit

I must apply my counterfeit device :

Stand close, my lord.

Vau. I warrant you ; proceed.

Va. Come silly mistress, where's your
worthy lord ?

I know you know not, but too well I
know.

Ma. Now heaven grant all be well.

Va. How can it be ?

While you, poor turtle, sit and mourn at
home,

Mew'd in your cage, your mate he flies
abroad,

O heavens, who would have thought him
such a man ?

Eu. Why, what man, brother ? I believe
my speeches will prove true of him.

Va. To wrong such a beauty, to pro-
fane such virtue, and to prove disloyal.

Eu. Disloyal ? nay, ne'er gild him o'er
with fine terms, brother ; he is a filthy lord,
and ever was, I did ever say so ; I never
knew any good ath' hair. I do but wonder
how you made shift to love him, or what
you saw in him to entertain but so much
as a piece of a good thought on him.

Ma. Good sister, forbear.

Eu. Tush, sister, bid me not forbear ; a
woman may bear and bear, and be never
the better thought on, neither ; I would
you had never seen the eyes of him, for I
know he never loved you in's life.

Ma. You wrong him, sister ; I am sure
he loved me

As I loved him, and happy I had been
Had I then died, and shunn'd this hapless
life.

Eu. Nay, let him die, and all such as he
is ; he lay a caterwauling not long since :
oh, if it had been the will of heaven, what
a dear blessing had the world had in his
riddance.

Va. But had the lecher none to single
out

For object of his light lascivious blood,
But my poor cousin that attends the
Duchess, Lady Hieronime ?

Eu. What, that blaberlipt blouse ?

Va. Nay, no blouse, sister, though I
must confess

She comes far short of your perfection.

Eu. Yes, by my troth, if she were your
cousin a thousand times, she's but a sallow,
freckled-face piece when she is at the
best.

Va. Yet spare my cousin, sister, for my
sake ;

She merits milder censure at your hands,
And ever held your worth in noblest terms.

Eu. 'Faith, the gentlewoman is a sweet
gentlewoman of herself ; I must needs give
her her due.

Va. But for my lord your husband,
honour'd mistress,

He made your beauties and your virtues too,
But foils to grace my cousin's; had you seen

His amorous letters,
But my cousin presently will tell you all,
for she rejects his suit, yet I advised her to
make a show she did not. But 'point to
meet him when you might surprise him,
and this is just the hour.

Eu. God's my life! sister, lose not this
advantage; it will be a good triumph to lay
in his way upon any quarrel. Come, you
shall go. 'Sbody! will you suffer him to
disgrace you in this sort? dispraise your
beauty? And I do not think, too, but he
has been as bold with your honour, which
above all earthly things should be dearest
to a woman.

Va. Next to her beauty.

Eu. True, next to her beauty; and I do
not think, sister, but he deviseth slanders
against you, even in that high kind.

Va. Infinite, infinite.

Eu. And I believe I take part with her
too; would I knew that, i'faith.

Va. Make your account, your share's as
deep as hers; when you see my cousin
she'll tell you all; we'll to her presently.

Eu. Has she told you she would tell us?

Va. Assured me, on her oath.

Eu. 'Slight, I would but know what he
can say; I pray you, brother, tell me.

Va. To what end? 'twill but stir your
patience.

Eu. No, I protest; when I know my
carriage to be such as no stain can ob-
scure, his slanders shall never move me,
yet would I fain know what he feigns.

Va. It fits not me to play the gossip's
part; we'll to my cousin, she'll relate all.

Eu. 'Slight! what can he say? pray let's
have a taste an't onward.

Va. What can he not say, who being
drunk with lust, and surfeiting with desire
of change, regards not what he says? and
briefly I will tell you thus much now.
"Let my melancholy lady," says he,
"hold on this course till she waste her-
self, and consume my revenue in tapers,
yet this is certain, that as long as she has
that sister of hers at her elbow——"

Eu. Me? why me? I bid defiance to his
foul throat!

Vau. Hold there, Vandome, now it
begins to take.

Eu. What can his yellow jealousy sur-
mise against me? if you love me, let me
hear it. I protest it shall not move me.

Va. Marry, forsooth, you are the shoe-
ing horn, he says, to draw on, to draw on,
sister.

Eu. The shoeing-horn with a ven-
geance! What's his meaning in that?

Va. Nay, I have done, my cousin shall
tell the rest. Come, shall we go?

Eu. Go? by heaven you bid me to a
banquet: sister, resolve yourself, for you
shall go. Lose no more time, for you
shall abroad on my life: his liquoric chaps
are walking by this time. But for heaven's
sweet hope, what means he by that shoe-
ing-horn? As I live, it shall not move me.

Va. Tell me but this, did you ever break
betwixt my mistress and your sister here,
and a certain lord i'th' Court?

Eu. How? Break?

Va. Go to, you understand me. Have
not you a Petrarch in Italian?

Eu. Petrarch? yes, what of that?

Va. Well, he says you can your good;
you may be waiting woman to any dame
in Europe. That Petrarch does good
offices.

Eu. Marry, hang him! good offices?
'Sfoot! how understands he that?

Va. As when any lady is in private
courtship with this or that gallant, your
Petrarch helps to entertain time. You
understand his meaning?

Eu. Sister, if you resolve to go, so it is.
For by heaven your stay shall be no bar
to me; I'll go, that's infallible; it had been
as good he had slandered the devil.
Shoeing-horn! Oh, that I were a man,
for's sake!

Va. But to abuse your person and your
beauty too, a grace wherein this part of
the world is happy; but I shall offend too
much.

Eu. Not me! it shall never move me.

Va. But to say ye had a dull eye, a
sharp nose (the visible marks of a shrew),
a dry hand, which is a sign of a bad liver,
as he said you were, being toward a hus-
band, too: this was intolerable.

Vau. This strikes it up to the head.

Va. Indeed, he said you dressed your
head in a pretty strange fashion: but you
would dress your husband's head in a far
stranger; meaning the Count of St. Anne,
I think.

Eu. God's precious! did he touch mine
honour, with him?

Va. Faith, nothing but that he wears
black, and says 'tis his mistress' colours.
And yet he protests that in his eye your
face shows well enough by candlelight, for

the Count never saw it otherwise, unless 'twere under a mask, which indeed he says becomes you above all things.

Eu. Come, page, go along with me; I'll stay for nobody. 'Tis at your cousin's chamber, is it not?

Va. Marry, is it; there you shall find him at it.

Eu. That's enough: let my sister go waste his revenue in tapers; 'twill be her own another day.

Ma. Good sister, servant, if ever there were any love or respect to me in you both—

Eu. Sister, there is no love, nor respect, nor any conjuration, shall stay me: and yet, by my part in heaven, I'll not be moved a whit with him. You may retire yourself to your old cell, and there waste your eyes in tears, your heart in sighs; I'll away, certain.

Va. But soft; let's agree first what course we shall take when we take him.

Eu. Marry, even raise the streets on him, and bring him forth with a flock of boys about him, to hoot at him.

Va. No, that were too great a dishonour. I'll put him out on's pain, presently. [*Stringit ensem.*]

Page. Nay, good sir, spare his life; cut off the offending part, and save the Count.

Ma. Is there no remedy? must I break my vow?

Stay, I'll abroad, though with another aim,

Not to procure, but to prevent his shame.

Va. Go, page, march on; you know my cousin's chamber,

My company may wrong you; I will cross The nearer way, and set the house afore you;

But, sister, see you be not moved, for God's sake.

Eu. Not I, by heaven! Come sister, be not moved,

But if you spare him, may heaven ne'er spare you.

[*Exeunt: man. Van. and Vau.*]

Va. So now the solemn votary is revived.

Vau. Pray heaven, you have not gone a step too far,
And raised more sprites than you can conjure down.

Va. No, my lord, no; the Herculean labour's past,
The vow is broke, which was the end we sweat for,

The reconciliation will meet of itself:

Come let's to Court, and watch the lady's chamber,

Where they are gone with hopeful spleen to see you.

Enter Rhoderique, Mugeron, D'Olive in disguise towards the lady's chamber.

Rh. See, Mugeron, our counterfeit letter hath taken; who's yonder, think'st?

Mu. 'Tis not D'Olive?

Rh. If't be not he, I'm sure he's not far off;

Those be his tressels that support the motion.

Mu. 'Tis he, by heaven, wrapt in his careless cloak!

See the Duke enters; let him enjoy the benefit of the enchanted ring, and stand awhile invisible; at our best opportunity we'll discover him to the Duke.

Enter Duke, Duchess, Saint Anne, Vau-mont, Vandome; to them Digue, whispering Vandome in the ear, and speaks as on the other side.

Dig. Monsieur Vandome, yonder's no lord to be found; my lady stands at hand and craves your speech.

Va. Tell her she mistook the place, and conduct her hither; how will she look when she finds her expectation mocked now? [*Exit Dig.*]

Vau. What's that, Vandome?

Va. Your wife and sister are coming hither, hoping to take you and my cousin together.

Vau. Alas, how shall we appease them, when they see themselves so deluded?

Va. Let me alone, and stand you off, my lord.

Enter Marcellina and Eurione.

Madam, y'are welcome to the Court; do you see your lord yonder? I have made him happy by training you forth; in a word, all I said was but a train to draw you from your vow; nay, there's no going back, come forward and keep your temper. Sister, cloud not your forehead; yonder's a sun will clear your beauties, I am sure. Now you see the shoeing-horn is expounded; all was but a shoeing-horn to draw you hither. Now show yourselves women, and say nothing.

Ph. Let him alone awhile, Vandome. Who's there? what whisper you?

Va. Y'ave done? come forward;
See here, my lord, my honourable mistress

And her fair sister, whom your highness
knows

Could never be importuned from their
vows

By prayer, or th' earnest suits of any
friends,

Now hearing false report that your fair
Duchess

Was dangerously sick, to visit her

Did that which no friend else could win
her to,

And brake her long-kept vow with her
repair.

Ph. Madam, you do me an exceeding
honour

In showing this true kindness to my
Duchess,

*Which she with all her kindness will
requite.

Va. Now, my good lord, the motion
you have made, [To St. Anne.

With such kind importunity by yourself,

And seconded with all persuasions

On my poor part, for marriage of this
lady,

Herself now comes to tell you she em-
braces,

And (with that promise made me) I present
her.

Eu. Sister, we must forgive him.

St. A. Matchless lady,

Your beauties and your virtues have
achieved

An action that I thought impossible,

For all the sweet attractions of your sex,

In your conditions, so to life resembling

The grace and fashion of my other wife :

You have revived her to my loving thoughts,

And all the honours I have done to her

Shall be continued, with increase, to
you.

Mu. Now let's discover our ambassador,
my lord.

Ph. Do so. [Exiturus D'Olive.

Mu. My lord? my lord ambassador?

D'Ol. My lord fool, am I not?

Mu. Go to, you are he: you cannot
cloak your lordship from our knowledge.

Rh. Come, come. "Could Achilles hide
himself under a woman's clothes? Great-
ness will shine through clouds of any dis-
guise."

Ph. Who's that, Rhoderique?

Rh. Monsieur D'Olive, my lord; stolen
hither disguised, with what mind we know
not.

Mu. Never strive to be gone, sir; my
lord, his habit expounds his heart; 'twere
good he were searched.

D'Ol. Well, rooks, well, I'll be no longer
a block to whet your dull wits on. My lord,
my lord, you wrong not yourself only, but
your whole state, to suffer such ulcers as
these to gather head in your Court; never
look to have any action sort to your honour
when you suffer such earwigs to creep into
your ears thus.

Ph. What's the matter, Rhoderique?

Rh. Alas, my lord, only the lightness of
his brain, because his hopes are lost.

Mu. For our parts, we have been trusty
and secret to him in the whole manage of
his ambassador.

D'Ol. Trusty? A plague on you both!
There's as much trust in a common whore
as in one of you: and as for secrecy, there's
no more in you than in a professed scrive-
ner.

Va. Why a scrivener, Monsieur D'Olive?

D'Ol. Marry, sir, a man cannot trust
him with borrowing so much as poor forty
shillings, but he will have it known to all
men by these presents.

Va. That's true indeed, but you em-
ployed those gentlemen very safely.

D'Ol. Employed? Ay, marry, sir, they
were the men that first kindled this humour
of employment in me: a pox of employ-
ment, I say: it has cost me—but what it
has cost me, it skills not: they have thrust
upon me a crew of threadbare, unbuttoned
fellows, to be my followers: tailors, frip-
pers, brokers, cashiered clerks, pettifoggers,
and I know not who, I: 'Slight, I think,
they have swept all the bowling-alleys i'th'
city for them; and a crew of these, raked
like old rags out of dunghills by candle-
light, have they presented to me in very
good fashion, to be gentlemen of my train,
and sold them hope of raising their fortunes
by me. A plague on that phrase, raising of
fortunes, it has undone more men than ten
dicing-houses; raise their fortunes with a
vengeance! And a man will play the fool
and be a lord, or be a fool and play the
lord, he shall be sure to want no followers,
so there be hope to raise their fortunes.
A burning fever light on you, and all such
followers! 'Sfoot! they say followers are
but shadows, that follow their lords no
longer than the sun shines on them; but I
find it not so: the sun is set upon my em-
ployment, and yet I cannot shake off my
shadows, my followers grow to my heels
like kibes—I cannot stir out of doors for
'em. And your grace have any employ-
ment for followers, pray entertain my
company: they'll spend their blood in your

service, for they have little else to spend ;
you may soon raise their fortunes.

Ph. Well, Monsieur D'Olive, your forwardness

In this intended service shall well know
What acceptation it hath won itself
In our kind thoughts : nor let this sudden
change

Discourage the designments you have
laid

For our State's good : reserve yourself, I
pray,

Till fitter times. Meantime will I secure you
From all your followers : follow us to
Court.

And good my lords, and you my honour'd
ladies,

Be all made happy in the worthy know-
ledge

Of this our worthy friend, Monsieur
D'Olive.

Omn. Good Monsieur D'Olive ! [*Exeunt.*]

END OF FIFTH AND LAST ACT.

Bussy D'Ambois.*

PROLOGUE.†

Not out of confidence that none but we
Are able to present this tragedy,
Nor out of envy at the grace of late
It did receive, nor yet to derogate
From their deserts, who give out boldly,
that
They move with equal feet on the same
flat ;
Neither for all, nor any of such ends,
We offer it, gracious and noble friends,
To your review; we, far from emulation
(And charitably judge from imitation),
With this work entertain you, a piece
known
And still believed in Court to be our own,
To quit our claim, doubting our right or
me, it,

Would argue in us poverty of spirit
Which we must not subscribe to : FIELD
is gone,
Whose action first did give it name, and
one
Who came the nearest to him, is denied
By his gray beard to show the height and
pride
Of D'Ambois' youth and bravery; yet to
hold
Our title still a-foot, and not grow cold
By giving it o'er, a third man with his best
Of care and pains defends our interest ;
As Richard he was liked, nor do we fear
In personating D'Ambois he'll appear
To faint, or go less, so your free consent
As heretofore give him encouragement.

ACT THE FIRST.

SCENE I.

Enter Bussy D'Ambois, poor.

Bu. Fortune, not Reason, rules the state
of things,
Reward goes backwards, Honour on his
head ;
Who is not poor, is monstrous ; only need
Gives form and worth to every human seed.
As cedars beaten with continual storms,
So great men flourish ; and do imitate
Unskilful statuaries, who suppose,
In forging a Colossus, if they make him
Straddle enough, strut, and look big, and
gape,

Their work is goodly : so men merely
great
In their affected gravity of voice,
Sourness of countenance, manners' cruelty,
Authority, wealth, and all the spawn of
fortune,
Think they bear all the kingdom's worth
before them,
Yet differ not from those colossic statues,
Which, with heroic forms without o'er-
spread,
Within are nought but mortar, flint, and
lead.
Man is a torch borne in the wind ; a dream
But of a shadow, summ'd with all his
substance :
And as great seamen, using all their wealth
And skills in Neptune's deep invisible
paths,
In tall ships richly built and ribb'd with
brass,
To put a girdle round about the world ;
When they have done it (coming near their
haven)
Are glad to give a warning-piece, and call
A poor, staid fisherman, that never past

* "*Bussy D'Ambois.* A Tragedie: As it hath been often presented at Paules. London, Printed for William Aspley, 1607."

"*Bussy D'Ambois:* A Tragedie: As it hath been often Acted with great Applause. Being much corrected and amended by the Author before his death. London: Printed by A. N. for Robert Lunne, 1641."

† Prefixed to the Posthumous Edition of 1641.

His country's sight, to waft and guide them
in :

So when we wander furthest through the
waves

Of glassy Glory, and the gulfs of State,
Topt with all titles, spreading all our
reaches,

As if each private arm would sphere the
earth,

We must to Virtue for her guide resort,
Or we shall shipwreck in our safest port.

[*Procurbit.*]

Monsieur with two Pages.

There is no second place in numerous State
That holds more than a cipher ; in a king
All places are contain'd. His word and
looks

Are like the flashes and the bolts of Jove ;
His deeds inimitable, like the sea

That shuts still as it opes, and leaves no
tracts

Nor prints of precedent for poor men's
facts :

There's but a thread betwixt me and a
crown,

I would not wish it cut, unless by na-
ture ;

Yet to prepare me for that possible fortune,
'Tis good to get resolved spirits about me.

I follow'd D'Ambois to this green retreat,
A man of spirit beyond the reach of fear,

Who (discontent with his neglected worth)
Neglects the light, and loves obscure
abodes ;

But he is young and haughty, apt to take
Fire at advancement, to bear state and
flourish ;

In his rise therefore shall my bounties
shine :

None loathes the world so much, nor loves
to scoff it,

But gold and grace will make him surfeit of
it.

What, D'Ambois ?

Bu. He, sir.

Mo. Turn'd to earth, alive ?

Up, man ; the sun shines on thee.

Bu. Let it shine :

I am no mote to play in't, as great men
are.

Mo. Think'st thou men great in state,
motes in the sun ?

They say so that would have thee freeze in
shades,

That (like the gross Sicilian Gourmandist)
Empty their noses in the cates they love,

That none may eat but they. Do thou but
bring

Light to the banquet Fortune sets before
thee,

And thou wilt loathe the lean darkness like thy
death.

Who would believe thy mettle could let
sloth

Rust and consume it ? If Themistocles
Had lived obscured thus in th'Athenian
State,

Xerxes had made both him and it his
slaves.

If brave Camillus had lurk'd so in Rome,
He had not five times been Dictator there,

Nor four times triumph'd. If Epami-
nondas

(Who lived twice twenty years obscured in
Thebes)

Had lived so still, he had been still un-
named,

And paid his country nor himself their
right :

But putting forth his strength, he rescued
both

From imminent ruin ; and like burnish'd
steel,

After long use he shined ; for as the light
Not only serves to show, but render us

Mutually profitable ; so our lives
In acts exemplary, not only win

Ourselves good names, but doth to others
give

Matter for virtuous deeds, by which we live.
Bu. What would you wish me ?

Mo. Leave the troubled streams,
And live, as thrivers do, at the well-head.

Bu. At the well-head ? Alas, what
should I do

With that enchanted glass ? See devils
there ?

Or, like a strumpet, learn to set my looks
In an eternal brake, or practise juggling,

To keep my face still fast, my heart still
loose ;

Or bear (like dame schoolmistresses their
riddles)

Two tongues, and be good only for a shift ;
Flatter great lords, to put them still in
mind

Why they were made lords ; or please
humorous ladies

With a good carriage, tell them idle tales
To make their physic work ; spend a man's
life

In sights and visitations, that will make
His eyes as hollow as his mistress' heart :

To do none good, but those that have no
need ;

To gain being forward, though you break
for haste

All the commandments ere you break your fast ?

But believe backwards, make your period
And creed's last article, "I believe in God :"
And (hearing villainies preach'd) t'unfold
their art

Learn to commit them, 'tis a great man's part.

Shall I learn this there ?

Mo. No, thou need'st not learn,
Thou hast the theory ; now go there and practise.

Bu. Ay, in a threadbare suit ; when men come there,
They must have high naps, and go from thence bare :

A man may drown the parts of ten rich men

In one poor suit ; brave barks and outward gloss

Attract Court loves, be in parts ne'er so gross.

Mo. Thou shalt have gloss enough, and all things fit

T'enchase in all show thy long-smother'd spirit :

Be ruled by me then. The rude Scythians
Painted blind Fortune's powerful hands with wings

To show her gifts come swift and suddenly,
Which, if her favourite be not swift to take,
He loses them for ever. Then be wise :

Stay but awhile here, and I'll send to thee.

[Exit Monsieur. Manet Bussy.]

Bu. What will he send? Some crowns?
It is to sow them

Upon my spirit, and make them spring a crown

Worth millions of the seed-crowns he will send :

Like to disparking noble husbandmen,
He'll put his plough into me, plough me up.

But his unsweating thrift is policy,
And learning-hating policy is ignorant
To fit his seed-land soil ; a smooth plain ground

Will never nourish any politic seed ;
I am for honest actions, not for great :

If I may bring up a new fashion,
And rise in Court for virtue, speed his plough :

The King hath known me long as well as he,

Yet could my fortune never fit the length
Of both their understandings till this hour.

There is a deep nick in time's restless wheel

For each man's good, when which nick comes, it strikes,

As rhetoric, yet works not persuasion,
But only is a mean to make it work :

So no man riseth by his real merit,
But when it cries clink in his raiser's spirit.

Many will say, that cannot rise at all,
Man's first hour's rise is first step to his fall.

I'll venture that ; men that fall low must die,

As well as men cast headlong from the sky.

Enter Maffe.

Ma. Humour of princes ! Is this wretch endued

With any merit worth a thousand crowns ?
Will my lord have me be so ill a steward

Of his revenue, to dispose a sum
So great with so small cause as shows in him ?

I must examine this. Is your name D'Ambois ?

Bu. Sir ?

Ma. Is your name D'Ambois ?

Bu. Who have we here ?
Serve you the Monsieur ?

Ma. How ?

Bu. Serve you the Monsieur ?

Ma. Sir, y'are very hot. I do serve the Monsieur,

But in such place as gives me the command

Of all his other servants. And because
His grace's pleasure is to give your good,
His pass through my command, methinks
you might

Use me with more good fashion.
Bu. Cry you mercy ;

Now you have open'd my dull eyes, I see you,

And would be glad to see the good you speak of ;

What might I call your name ?
Ma. Monsieur Maffe.

Bu. Monsieur Maffe ? Then, good Monsieur Maffe,

Pray let me know you better.
Ma. Pray do so,

That you may use me better ; for yourself,
By your no better outside, I would judge
you

To be some poet ; have you given my lord

Some pamphlet ?
Bu. Pamphlet ?

Ma. Pamphlet, sir, I say.

Bu. Did your great master's goodness leave the good

That is to pass your charge to my poor use,

To your discretion?

Ma. Though he did not, sir,
I hope 'tis no bad office to ask reason

How that his grace gives me in charge,
goes from me?

Bu. That's very perfect, sir.

Ma. Why, very good, sir;
I pray then give me leave; if for no pamphlet,

May I not know what other merit in you,
Makes his compunction willing to relieve you?

Bu. No merit in the world, sir.

Ma. That is strange.

Y'are a poor soldier, are you?

Bu. That I am, sir.

Ma. And have commanded?

Bu. Ay, and gone without, sir.

Ma. I see the man; a hundred crowns
will make him

Swagger and drink healths to his grace's bounty,

And swear he could not be more bountiful;
So there's nine hundred crowns saved.

Here, tall soldier,

His grace hath sent you a whole hundred crowns.

Bu. A hundred, sir? Nay, do his highness right;

I know his hand is larger, and perhaps
I may deserve more than my outside shows;

I am a scholar, as I am a soldier,
And I can poetise; and (being well encouraged)

May sing his fame for giving; yours for delivering

(Like a most faithful steward) what he gives.

Ma. What shall your subject be?

Bu. I care not much

If to his bounteous grace I sing the praise
Of fair great noses, and to your deserts

The reverend virtues of a faithful steward.
What qualities have you, sir, beside your chain

And velvet jacket? Can your worship dance?

Ma. A merry fellow, 'faith; it seems my lord

Will have him for his jester; and by'r lady,
Such men are now no fools, 'tis a knight's place:

If I (to save my lord some crowns) should urge him

T'abate his bounty, I should not be heard;
I would to heaven I were an errant ass,

For then I should be sure to have the ears
Of these great men, where now their jesters have them.

'Tis good to please him, yet I'll take no notice

Of his preferment, but in policy
Will still be grave and serious, lest he think

I fear his wooden dagger. Here, sir
Ambo!

Bu. How, Ambo, sir?

Ma. Ay, is not your name Ambo?

Bu. You call'd me lately D'Ambois; has your worship

So short a head?

Ma. I cry thee mercy, D'Ambois.

A thousand crowns I bring you from my lord:

If you be thrifty, and play the good husband, you may make

This a good standing living: 'tis a bounty
His highness might perhaps have bestow'd better.

Bu. Go, y'are a rascal; hence, away, you rogue!

Ma. What mean you, sir?

Bu. Hence! prate no more!

Or, by thy villain's blood, thou pratest thy last!

A barbarous groom grudge at his master's bounty!

But since I know he would as much abhor
His hind should argue what he gives his friend,

Take that, sir, for your aptness to dispute.

[*Exit.*

Ma. These crowns are sown in blood;
blood be their fruit. [*Exit.*

Henry, Guise, Montsurry, Elenor, Tamyra,
Beaupre, Pero, Charlotte, Pyra, Annable. *Table, chessboard, and tapers behind the arras.*

He. Duchess of Guise, your grace is much enrich'd

In the attendance of that English virgin,
That will initiate her prime of youth

(Disposed to Court conditions) under hand
Of your prefer'd instructions and command,

Rather than any in the English Court,
Whose ladies are not match'd in Christendom

For graceful and confirm'd behaviours;
More than the Court, where they are bred,
is equal'd.

Gu. I like not their Court form; it is too crestfall'n

In all observance, making demigods

Of their great nobles ; and of their old queen,
 An ever-young and most immortal goddess.
Mo. No question she's the rarest queen in Europe.
Gu. But what's that to her immortality?
He. Assure you, cousin Guise, so great a courtier,
 So full of majesty and royal parts,
 No queen in Christendom may vaunt herself.
 Her Court approves it, that's a Court indeed,
 Not mixt with clowneries used in common houses,
 But, as Courts should be, th' abstracts of their kingdoms,
 In all the beauty, state, and worth they hold,
 So is hers, amply, and by her inform'd.
 The world is not contracted in a man
 With more proportion and expression,
 Than in her Court, her kingdom. Our French Court
 Is a mere mirror of confusion to it :
 The king and subject, lord and every slave,
 Dance a continual hay ; our rooms of state
 Kept like our stables ; no place more observed
 Than a rude market-place : and though our custom
 Keep this assured deformity from our eyes
 'Tis ne'er the less essentially unsightly,
 Which they would soon see, would they change their form
 To this of ours, and then compare them both ;
 Which we must not affect, because in kingdoms
 Where the king's change doth breed the subject's terror,
 Pure innovation is more gross than error.
Mo. No question we shall see them imitate
 (Though afar off) the fashions of our Courts,
 As they have ever aped us in attire.
 Never were men so weary of their skins,
 And apt to leap out of themselves as they,
 Who, when they travel to bring forth rare men,
 Come home, deliver'd of a fine French suit.
 Their brains lie with their tailors, and get babies
 For their most complete issue ; he's sole heir
 To all the moral virtues that first greets
 The light with a new fashion, which becomes them

Like apes, disfigured with the attires of men.
He. No question they much wrong their real worth
 In affectation of outlandish scum ;
 But they have faults, and we more ; they foolish proud
 To jet in others plumes so haughtily ;
 We proud, that they are proud of foolery,
 Holding our worths more complete for their vaults.
Enter Monsieur, D'Ambois.
Mo. Come, mine own sweetheart, I will enter thee :
 Sir, I have brought a gentleman to Court,
 And pray you would vouchsafe to do him grace.
He. D'Ambois, I think ?
Bu. That's still my name, my lord,
 Though I be something alter'd in attire.
He. I like your alteration, and must tell you
 I have expected th'offer of your service ;
 For we (in fear to make mild virtue proud)
 Use not to seek her out in any man.
Bu. Nor doth she use to seek out any man :
 He that will win must woo her ; she's not shameless.
Mo. I urged her modesty in him, my lord,
 And gave her those rites that he says she merits.
He. If you have woo'd and won, then, brother, wear him.
Mo. Th'art mine, sweetheart. See, here's the Guise's Duchess,
 The Countess of Montsurreau, Beaupres.
 Come, I'll enseat thee ; ladies, y'are too many
 To be in council ; I have here a friend
 That I would gladly enter in your graces.
Bu. Save you, ladies.
Du. If you enter him in our graces, my lord, methinks by his blunt behaviour he should come out of himself.
Ta. Has he never been courtier, my lord ?
Mo. Never, my lady.
Be. And why did the toy take him in th' head now ?
Bu. 'Tis leap-year, lady, and therefore very good to enter a courtier.
He. Mark, Duchess of Guise, there is one is not bashful.
Du. No, my lord, he is much guilty of the bold extremity.
Ta. The man's a courtier at first sight.

Bu. I can sing pricksong, lady, at first sight; and why not be a courtier as suddenly?

Be. Here's a courtier rotten before he be ripe.

Bu. Think me not impudent, lady; I am yet no courtier: I desire to be one, and would gladly take entrance, madam, under your princely colours.

Enter Barrisor, L'Anou, Pyrrhot.

Du. Soft sir, you must rise by degrees, first being the servant of some common lady, or knight's wife, then a little higher to a lord's wife; next a little higher to a countess; yet a little higher to a duchess, and then turn the ladder.

Bu. Do you allow a man, then, four mistresses, when the greatest mistress is allowed but three servants?

Du. Where find you that statute, sir?

Bu. Why be judged by the groom-porters.

Du. The groom-porters?

Bu. Ay, madam; must not they judge of all gamings i' th' Court?

Du. You talk like a gamester.

Gu. Sir, know you me?

Bu. My lord?

Gu. I know not you. Whom do you serve?

Bu. Serve, my lord?

Gu. Go to, companion, your courtship's too saucy.

Bu. Saucy! Companion! 'Tis the Guise, but yet those terms might have been spared of the Guiserd. Companion! He's jealous, by this light. Are you blind of that side, duke? I'll to her again for that. Forth, princely mistress, for the honour of courtship. Another riddle!

Gu. Cease your courtship, or by heaven I'll cut your throat.

Bu. Cut my throat? cut a whetstone. Good *Accius Nævius*, do as much with your tongue, as he did with a razor: cut my throat!

Ba. What new-come gallant have we here, that dares mate the Guise thus?

L'A. 'Sfoot, 'tis D'Ambois. The duke mistakes him, on my life, for some knight of the new edition.

Bu. Cut my throat! I would the king feared thy cutting of his throat no more than I fear thy cutting of mine.

Gu. I'll do't, by this hand.

Bu. That hand dares not do't—y'ave cut too many throats already, Guise; and robbed the realm of many thousand souls,

more precious than thine own. Come, madam, talk on. 'Sfoot, can you not talk? Talk on, I say; more courtship, as you love it.

Py. Here's some strange distemper.

Ba. Here's a sudden transmigration with D'Ambois—out of the knight's ward into the duchess' bed.

L'A. See what a metamorphosis a brave suit can work.

Py. 'Slight, step to the Guise and discover him.

Ba. By no means; let the new suit work, we'll see the issue.

Gu. Leave your courting.

Bu. I will not. I say, mistress, and I will stand unto it, that if a woman may have three servants, a man may have three-score mistresses.

Gu. Sirrah, I'll have you whipped out of the Court for this insolence.

Bu. Whipped? Such another syllable out a th' presence, if thou darest for thy dukedom.

Gu. Remember, poltroon.

Mo. Pray thee, forbear.

Bu. Passion of death! Were not the king here, he should strow the chamber like a rush.

Mo. But leave courting his wife, then.

Bu. I will not. I'll court her in despite of him. Not court her! Come, madam, talk on, fear me nothing; well may'st thou drive thy master from the Court, but never D'Ambois.

Mo. His great heart will not down, 'tis like the sea

That partly by his own internal heat,
Partly the stars' daily and nightly motion,
Their heat and light, and partly of the place,

The divers frames; but chiefly by the moon,

Bristled with surges, never will be won,
(No, not when th' hearts of all those powers are burst)

To make retreat into his settled home,
'Till he be crown'd with his own quiet foam.

He. You have the mate. Another.

Gu. No more. [*Flourish short.*]

[*Exit Guise, after him the King, Monsieur whispering.*]

Ba. Why, here's the lion, scared with the throat of a dunghill cock; a fellow that has newly shaken off his shackles; now does he crow for that victory.

L'A. 'Tis one of the best jigs that ever was acted.

Py. Whom does the Guise suppose him to be, trow?

L'A. Out of doubt, some new denizen'd lord, and thinks that suit newly drawn out a th' mercer's books.

Ba. I have heard of a fellow, that by a fixed imagination looking upon a bull-baiting, had a visible pair of horns grew out of his forehead; and I believe this gallant, overjoyed with the conceit of Monsieur's cast suit, imagines himself to be the Monsieur.

L'A. And why not? as well as the ass, stalking in the lion's case, bear himself like a lion, braying all the huger beasts out of the forest?

Py. Peace, he looks this way.

Ba. Marry, let him look, sir; what will you say now if the Guise be gone to fetch a blanket for him?

L'A. Faith, I believe it for his honour sake.

Py. But, if D'Ambois carry it clean?

Ba. True, when he curvets in the blanket.

Py. Ay, marry, sir.

L'A. 'Sfoot, see how he stares on's.

Ba. Lord bless us, let's away.

Bu. Now, sir, take your full view; how does the object please ye?

Ba. If you ask my opinion, sir, I think your suit fits as well as if't had been made for you.

Bu. So, sir, and was that the subject of your ridiculous jollity?

L'A. What's that to you, sir?

Bu. Sir, I have observed all your fleerings; and resolve yourselves ye shall give a strict account for't.

Enter Brisac, Melynell.

Ba. Oh, miraculous jealousy! do you think yourself such a singular subject for laughter that none can fall into the matter of our merriment but you?

L'A. This jealousy of yours, sir, confesses some close defect in yourself, that we never dreamed of.

Py. We held discourse of a perfumed ass, that being disguised with a lion's case, imagined himself a lion: I hope that touched not you.

Bu. So, sir; your descants do marvelous well fit this ground; we shall meet where your buffoonly laughs will cost ye the best blood in your bodies.

Bu. For life's sake let's be gone; he'll kill's outright.

Bu. Go, at your pleasures, I'll be your ghost to haunt you; and ye sleep an't, hang me

L'A. Go, go, sir; court your mistress.

Py. And be advised; we shall have odds against you.

Bu. 'Tush! valour stands not in number; I'll maintain it, that one man may beat three boys.

Br. You shall have no odds of him in number, sir; he's a gentleman as good as the proudest of you, and ye shall not wrong him.

Ba. Not, sir?

Me. Not, sir: though he be not so rich, he's a better man than the best of you; and I will not endure it.

L'A. Not you, sir?

Br. No, sir, nor I.

Bu. I should thank you for this kindness, if I thought these perfumed musk-cats (being out of this privilege) durst but once mew at us.

Ba. Does your confident spirit doubt that, sir? Follow us and try.

L'A. Come, sir, we'll lead you a dance.

[*Exeunt.*]

END OF ACT I.

ACT THE SECOND.

SCENE I.

Enter Henry, Guise, Montsurry, and Attendants.

He. This desperate quarrel sprung out of their envies
To D'Ambois' sudden bravery, and great spirit.

Bu. Neither is worth their envy.

He. Less than either

Will make the gall of envy overflow;
She feeds on outcast entrails like a kite;
In which foul heap, if any ill lies hid,
She sticks her beak into it, shakes it up,
And hurls it all abroad, that all may view it.
Corruption is her nutriment; but touch her
With any precious ointment, and you kill her:

When she finds any filth in men, she feasts,
And with her black throat bruits it through
the world

(Being sound and healthful). But if she
but taste

The slenderest pittance of commended
virtue,

She surfeits on it, and is like a fly
That passes all the body's soundest parts,
And dwells upon the sores; or if her squint
eye

Have power to find none there, she forges
some :
She makes that crooked ever which is
straight ;
Calls valour giddiness, justice tyranny ;
A wise man may shun her, she not herself :
Whithersoever she flies from her harms,
She bears her foe still clasp'd in her own
arms ;
And therefore, cousin Guise, let us avoid
her.

Enter Nuntius.

Nu. What Atlas or Olympus lifts his
head
So far past covert, that with air enough
My words may be inform'd, and from his
height
I may be seen, and heard through all the
world ?
A tale so worthy, and so fraught with
wonder
Sticks in my jaws, and labours with event.

He. Comest thou from D'Ambois ?

Nu. From him, and the rest,
His friends and enemies ; whose stern fight
I saw,
And heard their words before and in the
fray.

He. Relate at large what thou hast seen
and heard.

Nu. I saw fierce D'Ambois and his two
brave friends
Enter the field, and at their heels their foes ;
Which were the famous soldiers, Barrisor,
L'Anou, and Pyrrhot, great in deeds of
arms :
All which arrived at the evenest piece of
earth

The field afforded, the three challengers
Turn'd head, drew all their rapiers, and
stood rank'd :

When face to face the three defendants met
them,

Alike prepared, and resolute alike.
Like bonfires of contributory wood
Every man's look shew'd, fed with either's
spirit ;

As one had been a mirror to another,
Like forms of life and death, each took
from other ;

And so were life and death mix'd at their
heights,

That you could see no fear of death, for
life,

Nor love of life, for death ; but in their
brows

Pyrrho's opinion in great letters shone ;
That life and death in all respects are one.

He. Pass'd there no sort of words at their
encounter ?

Nu. As Hector, 'twixt the hosts of
Greece and Troy,
(When Paris and the Spartan king should
end

The nine years' war) held up his brazen
lance

For signal that both hosts should cease
from arms,

And hear him speak : so Barrisor (advised)
Advanced his naked rapier 'twixt both
sides,

Ripp'd up the quarrel, and compared six
lives

Then laid in balance with six idle words ;
Offer'd remission and contrition too ;

Or else that he and D'Ambois might con-
clude

The others' dangers. D'Ambois liked the
last ;

But Barrisor's friends (being equally en-
gaged

In the main quarrel) never would expose
His life alone to that they all deserved.

And (for the other offer of remission)
D'Ambois (that like a laurel put in fire

Sparkled and spit) did much much more
than scorn,

That his wrong should incense him so like
chaff,

To go so soon out ; and like lighted
paper

Approve his spirit at once both fire and
ashes ;

So drew they lots and in them fates
appointed

That Barrisor should fight with fiery
D'Ambois ;

Pyrrhot with Melynell ; with Brisac L'Anou :
And then like flame and powder they com-
mixt,

So spritely, that I wish'd they had been
spirits,

That the ne'er-shutting wounds, they needs
must open,

Might as they open'd, shut and never kill :
But D'Ambois' sword (that lighten'd as it
flew)

Shot like a pointed comet at the face
Of manly Barrisor ; and there it stuck :

Thrice pluck'd he at it, and thrice drew on
thrusts,

From him that of himself was free as fire ;
Who thrust still as he pluck'd, yet (past
belief)

He with his subtle eye, hand, body, scaped
At last the deadly bitten point tugg'd off,

On fell his yet undaunted foe so fiercely

That (only made more horrid with his wound)

Great D'Ambois shrunk, and gave a little ground ;

But soon return'd, redoubled in his danger, And at the heart of Barrisor seal'd his anger :

Then, as in Arden I have seen an oak Long shook with tempests, and his lofty top

Bent to his root, which being at length made loose

(Even groaning with his weight) he 'gan to nod

This way and that : as loth his curled brows

(Which he had oft wrapt in the sky with storms)

Should stoop : and yet, his radical fibres burst,

Storm-like he fell, and hid the fear-cold earth ;

So fell stout Barrisor, that had stood the shocks

Of ten set battles in your highness' war, 'Gainst the sole soldier of the wor'd, Navarre.

Gu. Oh, piteous and horrid murder !

Be. Such a life

Methinks had metal in it to survive

An age of men.

He. Such often soonest end :

Thy felt report calls on, we long to know

On what events the other have arrived.

Nu. Sorrow and fury, like two opposite fumes,

Met in the upper region of a cloud,

At the report made by this worthy's fall,

Brake from the earth, and with them rose Revenge,

Entering with fresh powers his two noble friends ;

And under that odds fell surcharged Brisac, The friend of D'Ambois, before fierce L'Anou ;

Which D'Ambois seeing, as I once did see

In my young travels through Armenia,

An angry unicorn in his full career

Charge with too swift a foot a jeweller

That watch'd him for the treasure of his brow,

And ere he could get shelter of a tree,

Nail him with his rich antler to the earth :

So D'Ambois ran upon revenged L'Anou,

Who eyeing th' eager point borne in his face,

And giving back, fell back, and in his fall

His foe's uncurbed sword stopt in his heart ;

By which time all the life-strings of the tw'other

Were cut, and both fell as their spirits flew Upwards ; and still hunt honour at the

view :

And now, of all the six, sole D'Ambois stood

Untouch'd, save only with the others' blood.

He. All slain outright but he ?

Nu. All slain outright but he, Who kneeling in the warm life of his

friends,

(All freckled with the blood his rapier rain'd)

He kiss'd their pale cheeks, and bade both farewell ;

And see the bravest man the French earth bears.

Enter Monsieur, D'Ambois bare.

Bu. Now is the time, y'are princely vow'd, my friend,

Perform it princely, and obtain my pardon.

Mo. Else heaven forgive not me ; come on, brave friend.

If ever nature held herself her own, When the great trial of a king and subject

Met in one blood, both from one belly springing ;

Now prove her virtue and her greatness one,

Or make the one the greater with the other,

(As true kings should) and for your brother's love,

(Which is a special species of true virtue) Do that you could not do, not being a king.

He. Brother, I know your suit ; these wilful murders

Are ever past our pardon.

Mo. Manly slaughter

Should never bear th'account of wilful murder ;

It being a spice of justice, where with life Offending past law, equal life is laid

In equal balance, to scourge that offence By law of reputation, which to men

Exceeds all positive law, and what that leaves

To true men's valours (not prefixing rights Of satisfaction, suited to their wrongs)

A free man's eminence may supply and take.

He. This would make every man that thinks him wrong'd,

Or is offended, or in wrong or right,

Lay on this violence, and all vaunt themselves

Law-menders and suppliers, though mere butchers;

Should this fact (though of justice) be forgiven?

Mo. Oh, no, my lord; it would make cowards fear

To touch the reputations of true men
When only they are left to imp the law.

Justice will soon distinguish murtherous minds

From just revengers: had my friend been slain,

(His enemy surviving) he should die,
Since he had added to a mutther'd fame

(Which was in his intent) a murther'd man;

And this had worthily been wilful murther;
But my friend only saved his fame's dear life,

Which is above life, taking th'under value,
Which in the wrong it did, was forfeit to him;

And in this fact only preserves a man
In his uprightness; worthy to survive

Millions of such as murther men alive.

He. Well, brother, rise, and raise your friend withal

From death to life; and D'Ambois, let your life

(Refined by passing through this merited death)

Be purged from more such foul pollution;
Nor on your 'scape, nor valour more presuming

To be again so daring.

Bu. My lord,

I loathe as much a deed of unjust death
As law itself doth; and to tyrannize,

Because I have a little spirit to dare
And power to do, as to be tyrannized;

This is a grace that (on my knees redoubled),

I crave to double this, my short life's gift;
And shall your royal bounty centuple,

That I may so make good what God and nature

Have given me for my good; since I am free,

(Offending no just law), let no law make
By any wrong it does, my life her slave:

When I am wrong'd, and that law fails to right me,

Let me be king myself (as man was made),

And do a justice that exceeds the law;
If my wrong pass the power of single valour

To right and expiate; then be you my king,

And do aright, exceeding law and nature:
Who to himself is law, no law doth need,

Offends no law, and is a king indeed.

He. Enjoy what thou entreat'st; we give but ours.

Bu. What you have given, my lord, is ever yours. [*Exit Rex cum Beau.*]

Gu. Mort dieu! who would have pardon'd such a murther? [*Exit.*]

Mo. Now vanish horrors into Court attractions,

For which let this balm make thee fresh and fair.

Bu. How shall I quite your love? —

Mo. Be true to the end;
I have obtain'd a kingdom with my friend.

And now forth with thy service to the duchess,

As my long love will to Montsurry's countess. [*Exit.*]

Bu. To whom my love hath long been vow'd in heart,

Although in hand for shew I held the duchess.

And now through blood and vengeance,
deeds of height

And hard to be achieved, 'tis fit I make
Attempt of her perfection; I need fear

No check in his rivalry, since her virtues
Are so renown'd, and he of all dames hated. [*Exit.*]

Montsurry, Tamyra, Beaupre, Pero,
Charlotte, Pyrha.

Mont. He will have pardon, sure.

Ta. 'Twere pity, else:
For though his great spirit something overflow,

All faults are still borne, that from greatness grow;

But such a sudden courtier saw I never.

Be. He was too sudden, which indeed was rudeness.

Ta. True, for it argued his no due conceit

Both of the place and greatness of the persons,

Nor of our sex: all which (we all being strangers

To his encounter) should have made more manners

Deserve more welcome.

Mont. All this fault is found
Because he loved the duchess and left you.

Ta. Alas, love give her joy; I am so far

From envy of her honour, that I swear,
Had he encounter'd me with such proud
slight,

I would have put that project face of his
To a more test than did her duchesship.

Be. Why (by your leave, my lord) I'll
speak it here,
Although she be my aunt, she scarce was
modest,

When she perceived the duke her husband
take

Those late exceptions to her servant's
courtship,

To entertain him.

Ta. Ay, and stand him still,
Letting her husband give her servant place ;
Though he did manly, she should be a
woman.

Enter Guise.

Gu. D'Ambois is pardon'd ; where's a
king ? where law ?

See how it runs, much like a turbulent sea ;
Here high, and glorious as it did contend
To wash the heavens and make the stars
more pure ;

And here so low, it leaves the mud of hell
To every common view ; come, Count
Montsurry,

We must consult of this.

Ta. Stay not, sweet lord.

Mont. Be pleased, I'll straight return.

[*Exit cum Guise.*]

Ta. Would that would please me !

Be. I'll leave you, madam, to your pas-
sions ;

I see there's change of weather in your
looks.

[*Exit cum suis.*]

Ta. I cannot cloak it ; but, as when a
fume,

Hot, dry, and gross, within the womb of
earth

Or in her superficies begot,

When extreme cold hath struck it to her
heart,

The more it is compress'd, the more it
rageth ;

Exceeds his prison's strength that should
contain it,

And then it tosseth temples in the air,
All bars made engines to his insolent fury ;

So, of a sudden, my licentious fancy
Riots within me ; not my name and house

Nor my religion, to this hour observed,
Can stand above it ; I must utter that

That will in parting break more strings in
me

Than death when life parts ; and that holy
man

That, from my cradle, counsell'd for my
soul,

I now must make an agent for my blood.

Enter Monsieur.

Mo. Yet, is my mistress gracious ?

Ta. Yet unanswer'd ?

Mo. Pray thee regard thine own good,
if not mine,
And cheer my love for that ; you do not
know

What you may be by me, nor what
without me ;

I may have power t'advance and pull
down any.

Ta. That's not my study ; one way I
am sure

You shall not pull down me ; my hus-
band's height

Is crown to all my hopes ; and his retiring
To any mean state, shall be my aspiring ;

Mine honour's in mine own hands, spite
of kings.

Mo. Honour, what's that : your second
maidenhead :

And what is that ? a word : the word is
gone,

The thing remains : the rose is pluck'd,
the stalk

Abides ; an easy loss where no lack's
found :

Believe it, there's as small lack in the loss
As there is pain i'th' losing ; archers ever
Have two strings to a bow ; and shall
great Cupid

(Archer of archers both in men and women,)
Be worse provided than a common archer ?
A husband and a friend all wise wives
have.

Ta. Wise wives they are that on such
strings depend,

With a firm husband joining a loose
friend.

Mo. Still you stand on your husband, so
do all

The common sex of you, when y'are
encounter'd

With one ye cannot fancy : all men know
You live in Court, here, by your own
election,

Frequenting all our solemn sports and
triumphs,

All the most youthful company of men :
And therefore do you this ? To please
your husband ?

'Tis gross and fulsome : if your husband's
pleasure

Be all your object, and you aim at honour
In living close to him, get you from Court ;

You may have him at home ; these common
put-offs

For common women serve : my honour ?
husband ?

Dames meritorious ne'er were meritorious :
Speak plain, and say " I do not like you,
sir,

Y'are an ill-favour'd fellow in my eye ;"
And I am answer'd.

Ta. Then, I pray, be answer'd :
For in good faith, my lord, I do not like
you

In that sort you like.

Mo. Then have at you, here :
Take (with a politic hand) this rope of
pearl,
And though you be not amorous, yet be
wise :

Take me for wisdom ; he that you can
love

Is ne'er the further from you.

Ta. Now it comes
So ill prepared, that I may take a poison,
Under a medicine as good cheap as it ;
I will not have it were it worth the world.

Mo. Horror of death ; could I but please
your eye,
You would give me the like, ere you would
lose me :

Honour and husband !

Ta. By this light, my lord,
Y'are a vile fellow, and I'll tell the king
Your occupation of dishonouring ladies
And of his Court : a lady cannot live
As she was born, and with that sort of
pleasure

That fits her state, but she must be de-
famed

With an infamous lord's detraction.
Who would endure the Court if these
attempts

Of open and profess'd lust must be borne ?
Who's there ? Come on, dame, you are at
your book

When men are at your mistress ; have I
taught you

Any such waiting-woman's quality ?

Mo. Farewell, good husband.
[*Exit* Monsieur.

Mont. Farewell, wicked lord.

Enter Montsurry.

Mont. Was not the Monsieur here ?

Ta. Yes, to good purpose ;
And your cause is as good to seek him too,
And haunt his company.

Mont. Why, what's the matter ?

Ta. Matter of death, were I some
husbands' wife :

I cannot live at quiet in my chamber
For opportunities almost to rapes
Offer'd me by him.

Mont. Pray thee bear with him ;
Thou know'st he is a bachelor and a
courtier,

Ay, and a prince ; and their prerogatives
Are, to their laws, as to their pardons are
Their reservations, after Parliaments
One quits another : form gives all their
essence :

That prince doth high in virtue's reckoning
stand

That will entreat a vice, and not command.
So far bear with him ; should another man
Trust to his privilege, he should trust to
death :

Take comfort, then, my comfort, nay,
triumph

And crown thyself, thou part'st with
victory ;

My presence is so only dear to thee
That other men's appear worse than they
be.

For this night yet, bear with my forced
absence ;

Thou know'st my business ; and with how
much weight

My vow hath charged it.

Ta. True, my lord, and never
My fruitless love shall let your serious
honour ;

Yet, sweet lord, do not stay ; you know my
soul

Is so long time without me, and I dead
As you are absent.

Mont. By this kiss, receive
My soul for hostage, till I see my love.

Ta. The morn shall let me see you.

Mont. With the sun
I'll visit thy more comfortable beauties.

Ta. This is my comfort, that the sun
hath left

The whole world's beauty ere my sun
leaves me.

Mont. 'Tis late night now indeed ; fare-
well, my light. [*Exit.*

Ta. Farewell, my light and life ; but
not in him,

In mine own dark love and light bent to
another.

Alas ! that in the wane of our affections
We should supply it with a full dissem-
bling,

In which each youngest maid is grown a
mother,

Frailty is fruitful, one sin gets another :

Our loves like sparkles are that brightest
shine

When they go out ; most vice shows most
divine.

Go, maid, to bed ; lend me your book, I
pray :

Not like yourself for form ; I'll this night
trouble

None of your services : make sure the
doors,

And call your other fellows to their rest.

Pe. I will, yet I will watch to know why
you watch. [*Exit.*

Ta. Now all ye peaceful regents of the
night,

Silently-gliding exhalations,
Languishing winds, and murmuring falls of
waters,

Sadness of heart and ominous secureness,
Enchantments, dead sleeps, all the friends
of rest,

That ever wrought upon the life of man,
Extend your utmost strengths ; and this
charm'd hour

Fix like the Centre ; make the violent
wheels

Of Time and Fortune stand ; and great
Existence

(The Maker's treasure) now not seem to be,
To all but my approaching friends and me.
They come, alas ! they come ; fear, fear and
hope

Of one thing, at one instant fight in me :
I love what most I loathe, and cannot live
Unless I compass that which holds my
death :

For love is hateful without love again,
And he I love, will loathe me, when he sees
I fly my sex, my virtue, my renown,
To run so madly on a man unknown.

[*The vault opens.*

See, see a vault is opening that was never
Known to my lord and husband, nor to any
But him that brings the man I love, and
me ;

How shall I look on him ? how shall I live,
And not consume in blushes ? I will in,
And cast myself off, as I ne'er had been.

[*Exit.*

Ascendit Friar and D'Ambois.

Fr. Come, worthiest son, I am past
measure glad,

That you (whose worth I have approved so
long)

Should be the object of her fearful love ;
Since both your wit and spirit can adapt
Their full force to supply her utmost weak-
ness :

You know her worths and virtues, for
report

Of all that know, is to a man a knowledge :
You know besides, that our affections'
storm,

Raised in our blood, no reason can reform.
Though she seek then their satisfaction

(Which she must needs, or rest unsatisfied)
Your judgment will esteem her peace thus

wrought,
Nothing less dear than if yourself had

sought :

And (with another colour, which my art
Shall teach you to lay on) yourself must
seem

The only agent, and the first orb move
In this our set and cunning world of love.

Bu. Give me the colour, my most
honour'd father,

And trust my cunning then to lay it on.

Fr. 'Tis this, good son ; Lord Barrisor
(whom you slew)

Did love her dearly, and with all fit means
Hath urged his acceptance, of all which

She keeps one letter written in his blood :
You must say thus then, that you heard

from me
How much herself was touch'd in con-
science

With a report (which is in truth dispersed)
That your main quarrel grew about her

love,
Lord Barrisor imagining your courtship

Of the great Guise's Duchess in the
presence,

Was by you made to his elected mistress :
And so made me your mean now to resolve

her,
Choosing (by my direction) this night's
depth

For the more clear avoiding of all note,
Of your presumed presence, and with this

(To clear her hands of such a lover's blood)
She will so kindly thank and entertain you,

(Methinks I see how), ay, and ten to one,
Show you the confirmation in his blood,

Lest you should think report and she did
feign,

That you shall so have circumstantial
means

To come to the direct, which must be used ;
For the direct is crooked ; love comes

flying ;
The height of love is still won with
denying.

Bu. Thanks, honour'd father.
Fr. She must never know

That you know anything of any love
Sustain'd on her part : For learn this of

me ;
In anything a women does alone,

If she dissemble, she thinks 'tis not done ;
If not dissemble, nor a little chide,
Give her her wish, she is not satisfied ;
To have a man think that she never seeks,
Does her more good than to have all she
likes :

This frailty sticks in them beyond their sex,
Which to reform, reason is too perplex :
Urge reason to them, it will do no good ;
Humour (that is the chariot of our food
In everybody) must in them be fed,
To carry their affections by it bred.
Stand close.

Enter Tamyra with a book.

Ta. Alas, I fear my strangeness will
retire him.

If he go back, I die ; I must prevent it,
And cheer his onset with my sight at least,
And that's the most ; though every step he
takes

Goes to my heart, I'll rather die than seem
Not to be strange to that I most esteem.

Fr. Madam.

Ta. Ah !

Fr. You will pardon me, I hope,
That so beyond your expectation,
And at a time for visitants so unfit,
I (with my noble friend here) visit you :
You know that my access at any time
Hath ever been admitted ; and that friend
That my care will presume to bring with
me
Shall have all circumstance of worth in him
To merit as free welcome as myself.

Ta. Oh, father ! but at this suspicious
hour
You know how apt best men are to suspect
us,

In any cause, that makes suspicion's shadow
No greater than the shadow of a hair :
And y'are to blame ; what though my
lord and husband

Lie forth to-night ? and since I cannot
sleep

When he is absent, I sit up to-night,
Though all the doors are sure, and all
our servants

As sure bound with their sleeps ; yet there
is One

That wakes above, whose eye no sleep
can bind ;

He sees through doors, and darkness, and
our thoughts ;

And therefore as we should avoid with
fear,

To think amiss ourselves before his search ;
So should we be as curious to shun
All cause that other think not ill of us.

Bu. Madam, 'tis far from that ; I only
heard

By this my honour'd father, that your
conscience

Made some deep scruple with a false re-
port

That Barrisor's blood should something
touch your honour ;

Since he imagined I was courting you,
When I was bold to change words with
the duchess,

And therefore made his quarrel ; his long
love

And service, as I hear, being deeply vow'd
To your perfections, which my ready pre-
sence,

Presumed on with my father at this season
For the more care of your so curious
honour,

Can well resolve your conscience, is most
false.

Ta. And is it therefore that you come,
good sir ?

Then crave I now your pardon and my
father's,

And swear your presence does me so
much good,

That all I have it binds to your requital ;
Indeed, sir, 'tis most true that a report
Is spread, alleging that his love to me
Was reason of your quarrel, and because
You shall not think I feign it for my glory
That he importuned me for his court service,
I'll show you his own hand, set down in
blood

To that vain purpose : good sir, then come
in.

Father, I thank you now a thousand-fold.

[*Exit Tamyra and D'Ambois.*]

Fr. May it be worth it to you, honour'd
daughter. [*Descendit Friar.*]

END OF ACT II.

ACT THE THIRD.

SCENE I.

*Enter D'Ambois, Tamyra, with a Chain
of Pearl.*

Bu. Sweet mistress, cease, your con-
science is too nice,
And bites too hotly of the Puritan spice.

Ta. Oh my dear servant, in thy close
embraces,

I have set open all the doors of danger
To my encompass'd honour, and my life :

Before I was secure 'gainst death and hell ;
But now am subject to the heartless fear
Of every shadow, and of every breath,
And would change firmness with an aspen
leaf :

So confident a spotless conscience is,
So weak a guilty : oh, the dangerous siege
Sin lays about us ! and the tyranny
He exercises when he hath expugn'd :
Like to the horror of a winter's thunder,
Mix'd with a gushing storm, that suffer
nothing

To stir abroad on earth but their own
rages,

Is sin, when it hath gather'd head above us :
No roof, no shelter can secure us so,
But he will drown our cheeks in fear or woe.

Bu. Sin is a coward, madam, and in-
sults

But on our weakness, in his truest valour :
And so our ignorance tames us, that we let
His shadows fright us : and like empty
clouds,

In which our faulty apprehensions forge
The forms of dragons, lions, elephants,
When they hold no proportion, the sly
charms

Of the witch policy makes him, like a mon-
ster

Kept only to show men for servile money :
That false hag often paints him in her
cloth

Ten times more monstrous than he is in
troth :

In three of us, the secret of our meeting
Is only guarded, and three friends as one
Have ever been esteem'd : as our three
powers

That in our one soul are as one united :
Why should we fear then ? For myself I
swear

Sooner shall torture be the sire to pleasure,
And health be grievous to one long time
sick,

Than the dear jewel of your fame in me
Be made an outcast to your infamy ;
Nor shall my valour (sacred to your virtues)
Only give free course to it, from myself :
But make it fly out of the mouths of kings
In golden vapours and with awful wings.

Ta. It rests as all kings' seals were set
in thee.

Now let us call my father, whom I swear
I could extremely chide, but that I fear
To make him so suspicious of my love
Of which, sweet servant, do not let him
know

For all the world.

Bu. Alas ! he will not think it.

Ta. Come, then—ho ! Father, ope, and
take your friend. [*Ascendit* Friar.]

Fr. Now, honour'd daughter, is your
doubt resolved ?

Ta. Ay, father, but you went away too
soon.

Fr. Too soon ?

Ta. Indeed you did, you should have
stay'd ;

Had not your worthy friend been of your
bringing,

And that contains all laws to temper me,
Not all the fearful danger that besieged us,
Had awed my throat from exclamation.

Fr. I know your serious disposition well.
Come, son, the morn comes on.

Bu. Now, honour'd mistress,
Till farther service call, all bliss supply you.

Ta. And you this chain of pearl, and
my love only.

[*Descendit* Friar and D'Ambois.]

Ta. It is not I, but urgent destiny,
That (as great statesmen for their general
end

In politic justice, make poor men offend)

Enforceth my offence to make it just.

What shall weak dames do, when the whole
work of nature

Hath a strong finger in each one of us ?

Needs must that sweep away the silly cob-
web

Of our still-undone labours ; that lays still
Our powers to it : as to the line, the stone,

Not to the stone, the line should be op-
posed ;

We cannot keep our constant course in
virtue :

What is alike at all parts ? Every day
Differs from other : every hour and minute ;

Ay, every thought in our false clock of life,
Ofttimes inverts the whole circumference :

We must be sometimes one, sometimes an-
other :

Our bodies are but thick clouds to our
souls,

Through which they cannot shine when
they desire :

When all the stars, and even the sun him-
self,

Must stay the vapours' fumes that he ex-
hales

Before he can make good his beams to us ;
O, how can we, that are but motes to
him,

Wandering at random in his order'd rays,
Disperse our passions' fumes, with our
weak labours,

That are more thick and black than all
earth's vapours ?

Enter Montsurry.

Mont. Good day, my love ; what, up and ready too !

Ta. Both, my dear lord ; not all this night made I
Myself unready, or could sleep a wink.

Mont. Alas ! what troubled my true love ?
my peace,
From being at peace within her better self ?
Or how could sleep forbear to seize thine eyes

When he might challenge them as his just prize ?

Ta. I am in no power earthly, but in yours ;
To what end should I go to bed, my lord,
That wholly miss'd the comfort of my bed ?

Or how should sleep possess my faculties,
Wanting the proper closer of mine eyes ?

Mont. Then will I never more sleep night from thee ;

All mine own business, all the king's affairs,
Shall take the day to serve them ; every night
I'll ever dedicate to thy delight.

Ta. Nay, good my lord, esteem not my desires

Such doters on their humours that my judgment

Cannot subdue them to your worthier pleasure ;

A wife's pleased husband must her object be

In all her acts, not her soothed fantasy.

Mont. Then come, my love, now pay those rites to sleep

Thy fair eyes owe him ; shall we now to bed ?

Ta. Oh, no, my lord ; your holy friar says

All couplings in the day that touch the bed

Adulterous are, even in the married ;
Whose grave and worthy doctrine, well I know,

Your faith in him will liberally allow.

Mont. He's a most learned and religious man ;

Come to the presence then, and see great D'Ambois

(Fortune's proud mushroom shot up in a night)

Stand like an Atlas under our King's arm ;
Which greatness with him Monsieur now envies

As bitterly and deadly as the Guise.

Ta. What, he that was but yesterday his maker,

His raiser and preserver ?

Mont. Even the same :

Each natural agent works but to this end,
To render that it works on like itself ;

Which since the 'Monsieur in his act on D'Ambois

Cannot to his ambitious end effect,

But that, quite opposite, the King hath power,

In his love borne to D'Ambois, to convert
The point of Monsieur's aim on his own breast,

He turns his outward love to inward hate.
A prince's love is like the lightning's fume,
Which no man can embrace but must consume. [*Exeunt.*]

Henry, D'Ambois, Monsieur, Guise,
Duchess, Annabelle, Charlotte, Attendants.

He. Speak home, my Bussy ; thy impartial words

Are like brave falcons that dare truss a fowl

Much greater than themselves ; flatterers are kites

That check at sparrows ; thou shalt be my eagle,

And bear my thunder underneath thy wings ;

Truth's words, like jewels, hang in the ears of kings.

Bu. Would I might live to see no Jews hang there

Instead of jewels ; sycophants, I mean,
Who use truth like the devil, his true foe,

Cast by the angel to the pit of fears,
And bound in chains ; truth seldom decks kings' ears.

Slave flattery (like a ripper's legs roll'd up
In boots of hay-ropes) with kings' soothed guts

Swaddled and strappled, now lives only free.

O, 'tis a subtle knave ; how like the plague

Unfelt he strikes into the brain of truth,
And rageth in his entrails, when he can,

Worse than the poison of a red-hair'd man.

He. Fly at him and his brood ; I cast thee off,

And once more give thee surname of mine eagle.

Bu. I'll make you sport enough, then ; let me have

My lucerns too, or dogs inured to hunt
Beasts of most rapine, but to put them up,

And if I truss not, let me not be trusted.
Show me a great man (by the people's voice,
Which is the voice of God) that by his
greatness

Bombasts his private roofs with public
riches ;

That affects royalty, rising from a clapdish ;
That rules so much more by his suffering
king,

That he makes kings of his subordinate
slaves :

Himself and them graduate like wood-
mongers,

Piling a stack of billets, from the earth,
Raising each other into steeples' heights ;
Let him convey this on the turning props
Of Protean law, and, his own counsel
keeping,

Keep all upright ; let me but hawk at him,
I'll play the vulture, and so thump his liver,
That, like a huge unlading Argosy,
He shall confess all, and you then may
hang him.

Show me a clergyman, that is in voice
A lark of heaven, in heart a mole of earth ;
That hath good living, and a wicked life ;
A temperate look, and a luxurious gut ;
Turning the rents of his superfluous cures
Into your pheasants and your partridges ;
Venting their quintessence as men read
Hebrew ;

Let me but hawk at him, and, like the other,
He shall confess all, and you then may
hang him.

Show me a lawyer that turns sacred law
(The equal renderer of each man his own,
The scourge of rapine and extortion,
The sanctuary and impregnable defence
Of retired learning and besieged virtue)
Into a harpy, that eats all but's own,
Into the damned sins it punisheth ;
Into the synagogue of thieves and atheists,
Blood into gold, and justice into lust ;
Let me but hawk at him, as at the rest,
He shall confess all, and you then may
hang him.

Enter Montsurry, Tamyra, and Pero.

Gu. Where will you find such game as
you would hawk at ?

Bu. I'll hawk about your house for one
of them.

Gu. Come, y'are a glorious ruffian, and
run proud

Of the King's headlong graces ; hold your
breath,

Or, by that poison'd vapour, not the King
Shall back your murtherous valour against
me.

Bu. I would the King would make his
presence free
But for one bout betwixt us : by the
reverence

Due to the sacred space 'twixt kings and
subjects,

Here would I make thee cast that popular
purple,

In which thy proud soul sits and braves
thy sovereign.

Mo. Peace, peace, I pray thee peace.

Bu. Let him peace first that made the
first war.

Mo. He's the better man.

Bu. And therefore may do worst ?

Mo. He has more titles.

Bu. So Hydra had more heads.

Mo. He's greater known.

Bu. His greatness is the people's ; mine's
mine own.

Mo. He's nobly born.

Bu. He is not, I am noble.

And noblesse in his blood hath no gradation,
But in his merit.

Gu. Th'art not nobly born,
But bastard to the Cardinal of Ambois.

Bu. Thou liest, proud Guiserd ; let me
fly, my lord.

He. Not in my face, my eagle ; violence
flies

The sanctuaries of a prince's eyes.

Bu. Still shall we chide and foam upon
this bit ?

Is the Guise only great in faction ?
Stands he not by himself ? Proves he th'
opinion

That men's souls are without them ? Be a
duke,

And lead me to the field.

Gu. Come, follow me.

He. Stay them, stay, D'Ambois ; cousin
Guise, I wonder

Your equal disposition brooks so ill
A man so good, that only would uphold

Man in his native noblesse, from whose fall
All our dimensions rise ; that in himself

(Without the outward patches of our frailty,
Riches and honour) knows he comprehends

Worth with the greatest ; kings had never
borne

Such boundless empire over other men,
Had all maintain'd the spirit and state of

D'Ambois ;

Nor had the full impartial hand of nature
That all things gave in her original,

Without these definite terms of mine and
thine,

Been turn'd unjustly to the hand of For-
tune,

Had all preserved her in her prime, like
D'Ambois ;

No envy, no disjunction had dissolved,
Or pluck'd one stick out of the golden
faggot

In which the world of Saturn bound our
lives,

Had all been held together with the nerves,
The genius, and th' ingenuous soul of
D'Ambois.

Let my hand therefore be the Hermean rod
To part and reconcile, and so conserve
you,

As my combined embracers and supporters.

Bu. 'Tis our king's motion, and we shall
not seem

To worst eyes womanish, though we
change thus soon

Never so great grudge for his greater
pleasure.

Gu. I seal to that, and so the manly
freedom

That you so much profess, hereafter prove
not

A bold and glorious licence to deprave,
To me his hand shall hold the Hermean
virtue

His grace affects, in which submissive sign
On this his sacred right hand, I lay mine.

Bu. 'Tis well, my lord, and so your
worthy greatness

Decline not to the greater insolence,
Nor make you think it a prerogative,
To rack men's freedoms with the ruder
wrongs ;

My grace (stuck full of laurel, in true sign
'Tis wholly dedicate to righteous peace)

In all submission kisseth th' other side.

He. Thanks to ye both ; and kindly I in-
vite ye

Both to a banquet, where we'll sacrifice
Full cups to confirmation of your loves ;
At which, fair ladies, I entreat your pre-
sence ;

And hope you, madam, will take one ca-
rouse

For reconcilment of your lord and ser-
vant.

Du. If I should fail, my lord, some other
lady

Would be found there to do that for my
servant.

Mo. Any of these here ?

Du. Nay, I know not that.

Bu. Think your thoughts like my
mistress', honour'd lady ?

Ta. I think not on you, sir ; y'are one
I know not.

Bu. Cry you mercy, madam.

Mont. Oh, sir, has she met you ?

[*Exeunt* Henry, D'Ambois, Ladies.

Mo. What had my bounty drunk when
it raised him ?

Gu. Y'ave stuck us up a very worthy
flag,

That takes more wind than we with all our
sails.

Mo. Oh, so he spreads and flourishes.

Gu. He must down,

Upstarts should never perch too near a
crown.

Mo. 'Tis true, my lord ; and as this
doting hand,

Even out of earth, like Juno, struck this
giant,

So Jove's great ordinance shall be here
implied

To strike him under th' Etna of his pride ;
To which work lend your hands, and let us
cast

Where we may set snares for his ranging
greatness ;

I think it best, amongst our greatest
women :

For there is no such trap to catch an
upstart

As a loose downfall ; for you know their
falls

Are th'ends of all men's rising : if great
men

And wise make scapes to please ad-
vantage

'Tis with a woman : women that worst may
Still hold men's candles : they direct and
know

All things amiss in all men ; and their
women

All things amiss in them ; through whose
charm'd mouths,

We may see all the close scapes of the
Court.

When the most royal beast of chase, the
hart,

(Being old and cunning in his lairs and
haunts)

Can never be discover'd to the bow,

The piece, or hound ; yet where, behind
some quitch,

He breaks his gall, and rutteth with his
hind,

The place is mark'd, and by his venary

He still is taken. Shall we then attempt

The chiefest mean to that discovery here,
And court our greatest ladies' chiefest
women

With shows of love and liberal promises ?

'Tis but our breath. If something given
in hand

Sharpen their hopes of more, 'twill be well ventured.

Gu. No doubt of that; and 'tis the cunning'st point
Of your devised investigation.

Mo. I have broken
The ice to it already with the woman
Of our chaste lady, and conceive good hope

I shall wade thorough to some wished shore
At our next meeting.

Mont. Nay, there's small hope there.

Gu. Take say of her, my lord, she comes most fitly,

And we will to the other.

Mo. Starting back?

Enter Charlotte, Annabelle, Pero.

Gu. Y'are engaged, indeed.

An. Nay, pray, my lord, forbear.

Mont. What, skittish, servant?

An. No, my lord, I am not so fit for your service.

Ch. Pray pardon me now, my lord; my lady expects me.

Gu. I'll satisfy her expectation, as far as an uncle may.

Mo. Well said; a spirit of courtship of all hands. Now mine own Pero, hast thou remembered me for the discovery I entreated thee to make of thy mistress? speak boldly, and be sure of all things I have sworn to thee.

Pe. Building on that assurance, my lord, I may speak; and much the rather, because my lady hath not trusted me with that I can tell you; for now I cannot be said to betray her.

Mo. That's all one, so we reach our objects; forth, I beseech thee.

Pe. To tell you truth, my lord, I have made a strange discovery.

Mo. Excellent, Pero, thou revivest me; may I sink quick to perdition if my tongue discover it.

Pe. 'Tis thus, then: this last night, my lord lay forth, and I watching my lady's sitting up, stole up at midnight from my pallet; and (having before made a hole both through the wall and arras to her inmost chamber) I saw D'Ambois and herself reading a letter.

Mo. D'Ambois?

Pe. Even he, my lord.

Mo. Dost thou not dream, wench?

Pe. I swear he is the man.

Mo. The devil he is, and thy lady his dam; why, this was the happiest shot that ever flew! The just plague of hypocrisy

levelled it. Oh, the infinite regions betwixt a woman's tongue and her heart! is this our goddess of chastity? I thought I could not be so sleighted, if she had not her fraught besides, and, therefore, plotted this with her woman, never dreaming of D'Ambois. Dear, Pero, I will advance thee for ever; but tell me now; God's precious, it transforms me with admiration; sweet Pero, whom should she trust with his conveyance? Or, all the doors being made sure, how should his conveyance be made?

Pe. Nay, my lord, that amazes me; I cannot by any study so much as guess at it.

Mo. Well, let's favour our apprehensions with forbearing that a little; for if my heart were not hooped with adamant, the conceit of this would have burst it. But hark thee. [Whispers.]

Ch. I swear to your grace, all that I can conjecture touching my lady your niece, is a strong affection she bears to the English Mylor.

Gu. All, quod you? 'Tis enough, I assure you, but tell me.

Mont. I pray thee, resolve me: the duke will never imagine that I am busy about's wife: hath D'Ambois any privy access to her?

An. No, my lord; D'Ambois neglects her, as she takes it, and is therefore suspicious that either your lady, or the Lady Beaupre hath closely entertained him.

Mont. By'r lady, a likely suspicion, and very near the life, if she marks it, especially of my wife.

Mo. Come, we'll disguise all with seeming only to have courted; away, dry palm: sh'as a liver as hard as a biscuit; a man may go a whole voyage with her, and get nothing but tempests from her wind-pipe.

Gu. Here's one, I think, has swallowed a porcupine, she casts pricks from her tongue so.

Mont. And here's a peacock seems to have devoured one of the Alps, she has so swelling a spirit, and is so cold of her kindness.

Ch. We are no windfalls, my lord; ye must gather us with the ladder of matrimony, or we'll hang till we be rotten.

Mo. Indeed, that's the way to make ye right open-arses. But, alas! ye have no portions fit for such husbands as we wish you.

Pe. Portions, my lord? yes, and such portions as your principality cannot purchase.

Mo. What, woman? what are those portions?

Pe. Riddle my riddle, my lord.

Mo. Ay, marry wench, I think thy portion is a right riddle, a man shall never find it out. But let's hear it.

Pe. You shall, my lord.

What's that, that being most rare's most cheap?

That when you sow, you never reap?

That when it grows most, most you in it?

And still you lose it when you win it;

That when 'tis commonest, 'tis dearest,

And when 'tis farthest off, 'tis nearest?

Mo. Is this your great portion?

Pe. Even this, my lord.

Mo. Believe me, I cannot riddle it.

Pe. No, my lord: 'tis my chastity, which you shall neither riddle nor fiddle.

Mo. Your chastity? Let me begin with the end of it; how is a woman's chastity nearest a man when 'tis furthest off?

Pe. Why, my lord, when you cannot get it, it goes to th' heart on you; and that, I think, comes most near you: and I am sure it shall be far enough off; and so we leave you to our mercies.

[*Exeunt Women.*]

Mo. Farewell, riddle.

Gu. Farewell, medlar.

Mont. Farewell, winter plum.

Mo. Now, my lords, what fruit of our inquisition? Feel you nothing budding yet? Speak, good my Lord Montsurry.

Mont. Nothing but this: D'Ambois is negligent in observing the duchess, and therefore she is suspicious that your niece or my wife closely entertains him.

Mo. Your wife, my lord? Think you that possible?

Mont. Alas, I know she flies him like her last hour.

Mo. Her last hour? Why, that comes upon her the more she flies it. Does D'Ambois so, think you?

Mont. That's not worth the answering. 'Tis miraculous to think with what monsters women's imaginations engross them when they are once enamoured, and what wonders they will work for their satisfaction. They will make a sheep valiant, a lion fearful.

Mo. And an ass confident. Well, my lord, more will come forth shortly; get you to the banquet.

Gu. Come, my lord; I have the blind side of one of them.

[*Exit Guise, cum Montsurry.*]

Mo. O the unsounded sea of women's bloods,

That when 'tis calmest, is most dangerous; Not any wrinkle creaming in their faces

When in their hearts are Scylla and Charybdis,

Which still are hid in dark and standing fogs,

Where never day shines, nothing ever grows,

But weeds and poisons, that no statesman knows,

Nor Cerberus ever saw the damned nooks Hid with the veils of women's virtuous looks;

But what a cloud of sulphur have I drawn Up to my bosom in this dangerous secret!

Which if my haste with any spark should light,

Ere D'Ambois were engaged in some sure plot,

I were blown up; he would be sure my death.

I will conceal all yet, and give more time To D'Ambois' trial, now upon my hook,

He awes my throat; else like Sybilla's cave It should breathe oracles.

Would I had never known it, for before I shall persuade th'importance to Mont-

surry,

And make him with some studied stratagem

Train D'Ambois to his wreck, his maid may tell it,

Or I (out of my fiery thirst to play With the fell tiger, up in darkness tied,

And give it some light) make it quite break loose.

I fear it afore heaven, and will not see D'Ambois again, till I have told Montsurry,

And set a snare with him to free my fears: Who's there?

Enter Maffe.

Ma. My lord?

Mo. Go call the Count Montsurry, And make the doors fast; I will speak with none

Till he come to me.

Ma. Well, my lord. [*Exiturus.*]

Mo. Or else

Send you some other, and see all the doors Made safe yourself, I pray; haste, fly about it.

Mz. You'll speak with none but with the Count Montsurry?

Mo. With none but he, except it be the Guise.

Ma. See even by this, there's one exception more;

Your grace must be more firm in the command,

Or else shall I as weakly execute.

The Guise shall speak with you?

Mo. He shall, I say.

Ma. And Count Montsurry?

Mo. And Count Montsurry.

Ma. Your grace must pardon me, that I am bold

To urge the clear and full sense of your pleasure;

Which whensoever I have known, I hope

Your grace will say, I hit it to a hair.

Mo. You have.

Ma. I hope so, or I would be glad—

Mo. I pray thee get thee gone, thou art so tedious

In the strict form of all thy services

That I had better have one negligent.

You hit my pleasure well, when D'Ambois hit you;

Did you not, think you?

Ma. D'Ambois? why my lord?

Mo. I pray thee talk no more, but shut the doors:

Do what I charge thee.

Ma. I will, my lord, and yet

I would be glad the wrong I had of D'Ambois—

Mo. Precious! then it is a fate that plagues me

In this man's foolery, I may be murder'd While he stands on protection of his folly.

Avant about thy charge.

Ma. I go, my lord.

I had my head broke in his faithful service;

I had no suit the more, nor any thanks,

And yet my teeth must still be hit with D'Ambois:

D'Ambois, my lord, shall know.

Mo. The devil and D'Ambois!

[Exit Maffe.]

How am I tortured with this trusty fool!

Never was any curious in his place

To do things justly, but he was an ass;

We cannot find one trusty that is witty,

And therefore bear their disproportion.

Grant thou, great star and angel of my life,

A sure lease of it but for some few days,

That I may clear my bosom of the snake

I cherish'd there, and I will then defy

All check to it but Nature's, and her altars

Shall crack with vessels crown'd with every liquor

Drawn from her highest and most bloody humours.

I fear him strangely, his advanced valour Is like a spirit raised without a circle,

Endangering him that ignorantly raised him,

And for whose fury he hath learnt no limit.

Enter Maffe hastily.

Ma. I cannot help it: what should I do more?

As I was gathering a fit guard to make My passage to the doors, and the doors sure,

The man of blood is enter'd.

Mo. Rage of death!

If I had told the secret, and he knew it, Thus had I been endanger'd:—My sweet heart!

How now, what leap'st thou at?

Enter D'Ambois.

Bu. O royal object!

Mo. Thou dream'st, awake; object in th' empty air?

Bu. Worthy the brows of Titan, worth his chair.

Mo. Pray thee, what mean'st thou?

Bu. See you not a crown

Impale the forehead of the great King Monsieur?

Mo. Oh, fie upon thee!

Bu. Sir, that is the subject

Of all these your retired and sole discourses.

Mo. Wilt thou not leave that wrongful supposition?

Bu. Why wrongful, to suppose the doubtless right

To the succession worth the thinking on?

Mo. Well, leave these jests; how I am overjoy'd

With thy wish'd presence, and how fit thou comest,

For of mine honour I was sending for thee.

Bu. To what end?

Mo. Only for thy company,

Which I have still in thought, but that's no payment

On thy part made with personal appearance. Thy absence so long suffer'd, oftentimes

Put me in some little doubt thou dost not love me.

Wilt thou do one thing therefore now sincerely?

Bu. Ay, anything, but killing of the King.

Mo. Still in that discord, and ill-taken note,

How most unseasonably thou play'st the cuckoo,

In this thy fall of friendship !

Bu. Then do not doubt,
That there is any act within my nerves
But killing of the King, that is not yours.

Mo. I will not, then ; to prove which by my love

Shown to thy virtues, and by all fruits else

Already sprung from that still-flourishing tree,

With whatsoever may hereafter spring,
I charge thee utter (even with all the freedom

Both of thy noble nature and thy friendship)

The full and plain state of me in thy thoughts.

Bu. What, utter plainly what I think of you ?

Mo. Plain as truth.

Bu. Why, this swims quite against the stream of greatness ;

Great men would rather hear their flatteries,
And if they be not made fools, are not wise.

Mo. I am no such great fool, and therefore charge thee

Even from the root of thy free heart, display me.

Bu. Since you affect it in such serious terms,

If yourself first will tell me what you think
As freely and as heartily of me,

I'll be as open in my thoughts of you.

Mo. A bargain, of mine honour ; and make this,

That prove we in our full dissection
Never so foul, live still the sounder friends.

Bu. What else, sir ? Come, pay me home ; I'll bide it bravely.

Mo. I will, I swear. I think thee then a man

That dares as much as a wild horse or tiger ;

As headstrong and as bloody ; and to feed
The ravenous wolf of thy most cannibal valour,

(Rather than not employ it) thou wouldst turn

Hackster to any whore, slave to a Jew
Or English usurer, to force possessions,

And cut men's throats of mortgaged estates ;

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Or thou wouldst 'tire thee like a tinker's strumpet,

And murder market-folks, quarrel with sheep,

And run as mad as Ajax ; serve a butcher,
Do anything but killing of the King :

That in thy valour th'art like other naturals

That have strange gifts in nature, but no soul

Diffused quite through, to make them of a piece,

But stop at humours that are more absurd,
Childish and villanous than that hackster,

whore,
Slave, cut-throat, tinker's bitch, compared before ;

And in those humours wouldst envy, betray,

Slander, blaspheme, change each hour a religion ;

Do anything but killing of the King :

That in thy valour (which is still the dung-hill,

To which hath reference all filth in thy house)

Thou art more ridiculous and vain-glorious
Than any mountebank ; and impudent

Than any painted bawd ; which, not to soothe

And glorify thee like a Jupiter Hammon,
Thou eat'st thy heart in vinegar ; and thy gall

Turns all thy blood to poison, which is cause

Of that toad-pool that stands in thy complexion,

And makes thee (with a cold and earthy moisture,

Which is the dam of putrefaction,
As plague to thy damn'd pride) rot as thou livest ;

To study calumnies and treacheries ;

To thy friends' slaughters like a screech-owl sing,

And do all mischiefs but to kill the King.

Bu. So ! have you said ?

Mo. How think'st thou ? Do I flatter ?
Speak I not like a trusty friend to thee ?

Bu. That ever any man was blest withal ;

So here's for me. I think you are (at worst)

No devil, since y'are like to be no king ;
Of which, with any friend of yours, I'll lay

This poor stillado here, 'gainst all the stars,
Ay, and 'gainst all your treacheries, which are more ;

That you did never good, but to do ill ;

But ill of all sorts, free and for itself :
That (like a murdering piece, making
lanes in armies,
The first man of a rank, the whole rank
falling)

If you have wrong'd one man, you are so far
From making him amends, that all his race,
Friends, and associates, fall into your chase :
That y'are for perjuries the very prince
Of all intelligencers ; and your voice
Is like an eastern wind, that where it flies
Knits nets of caterpillars, with which you
catch

The prime of all the fruits the kingdom
yields.

That your political head is the cursed fount
Of all the violence, rapine, cruelty,
Tyranny, and atheism flowing through the
realm.

That y'ave a tongue so scandalous, 'twill cut
A perfect crystal ; and a breath that will
Kill to that wall a spider ; you will jest
With God, and your soul to the devil
tender.

For lust ; kiss horror, and with death
engender.

That your foul body is a Lernean fen
Of all the maladies breeding in all men ;
That you are utterly without a soul ;
And, for your life, the thread of that was
spun

When Clotho slept, and let her breathing
rock

Fall in the dirt ; and Lachesis still draws it,
Dipping her twisting fingers in a bowl
Defiled, and crown'd with virtue's forced
soul.

And lastly (which I must for gratitude
Ever remember) that of all my height
And dearest life, you are the only spring,
Only in royal hope to kill the king.

Mo. Why, now I see thou lovest me ;
come to the banquet. [*Exeunt.*]

END OF ACT III.

ACT THE FOURTH.

SCENE I.

*Enter Henry, Monsieur, with a letter ;
Guise, Montsurry, Bussy, Elynor,
Tamyra, Beaupre, Pero, Charlotte,
Annabelle, Pyrha, with four Pages.*

He. Ladies, ye have not done our
banquet right,
Nor look'd upon it with those cheerful rays

That lately turn'd your breaths to floods
of gold ;

Your looks, methinks, are not drawn out
with thoughts

So clear and free as heretofore, but foul,
As if the thick complexions of men
Govern'd within them.

Bu. 'Tis not like, my lord,
That men in women rule, but contrary ;
For as the moon (of all things God created)
Not only is the most appropriate image
Or glass to show them how they wax and
wane,

But in her height and motion likewise
bears

Imperial influences that command
In all their powers, and make them wax
and wane ;

So women, that (of all things made of
nothing)

Are the most perfect idols of the moon
(Or still-unwean'd sweet moon-calves with
white faces)

Not only are patterns of change to men,
But as the tender moonshine of their
beauties

Clears, or is cloudy, make men glad or sad,
So then they rule in men, not men in
them.

Mo. But here the moons are changed,
(as the King notes)

And either men rule in them, or some
power

Beyond their voluntary faculty :
For nothing can recover their lost faces.

Mont. None can be always one: our
griefs and joys

Hold several sceptres in us, and have
times.

For their predominance : which grief now,
in them

Doth prove as proper to his diadem.

Bu. And grief's a natural sickness of
the blood,

That time to part asks, as his coming had,
Only slight fools grieved suddenly are
glad ;

A man may say to a dead man, " Be re-
vived,"

As well as to one sorrowful, " Be not
grieved."

And therefore, princely mistress, in all
wars

Against these base foes that insult on
weakness,

And still fight housed behind the shield of
Nature,

Of privilege, law, treachery, or beastly
need,

Your servant cannot help ; authority here
Goes with corruption : something like some
States,

That back worst men : valour to them must
creep

That, to themselves left, would fear him
asleep.

Du. Ye all take that for granted that
doth rest

Yet to be proved ; we all are as we were,
As merry and as free in thought as ever.

Gu. And why then can ye not disclose
your thoughts ?

Ta. Methinks the man hath answer'd
for us well.

Mo. The man ? why, madam, d'ye not
know his name ?

Ta. Man is a name of honour for a
king :

Additions take away from each chief
thing :

The school of modesty, not to learn,
learns dames :

They sit in high forms there, that know
men's names.

Mo. Hark ! sweetheart, here's a bar set
to your valour :

It cannot enter here : no, not to notice
Of what your name is ; your great eagle's
beak

(Should you fly at her) had as good en-
counter

An Albion cliff, as her more craggy liver.

Bu. I'll not attempt her, sir ; her sight
and name

(By which I only know her) doth deter
me.

He. So they do all men else.

Mo. You would say so

If you knew all.

Ta. Knew all, my lord ? What mean
you ?

Mo. All that I know, madam.

Ta. That you know ? speak it.

Mo. No, 'tis enough, I feel it.

He. But, methinks

Her courtship is more pure than hereto-
fore ;

True courtiers should be modest, but not
nice,

Bold, but not impudent, pleasure love,
not vice.

Mo. Sweetheart ! come hither, what if
one should make

Horns at Montsury ? Would it not
strike him jealous

Through all the proofs of his chaste lady's
virtues ?

Bu. If he be wise, not.

Mo. What ? Not if I should name the
gardener

That I would have him think hath grafted
him ?

Bu. So the large licence that your
greatness uses

To jest at all men, may be taught indeed
To make a difference of the grounds you
play on,

Both in the men you scandal, and the
matter.

Mo. As how ? as how ?

Bu. Perhaps led with a train, where
you may have

Your nose made less and slit, your eyes
thrust out.

Mo. Peace, peace, I pray thee peace.

Who dares do that ? the brother of his king ?

Bu. Were your king brother in you ;
all your powers

(Stretch'd in the arms of great men and
their bawds),

Set close down by you ; all your stormy
laws

Spouted with lawyers' mouths ; and gush-
ing blood,

Like to so many torrents ; all your glories
(Making you terrible, like enchanted flames
Fed with bare cockscombs ; and with
crooked hams),

All your prerogatives, your shames and
tortures ;

All daring heaven, and opening hell about
you ;

Were I the man ye wrong'd so and pro-
voked,

Though ne'er so much beneath you, like a
box-tree

I would (out of the roughness of my root)
Ram hardness, in my lowness, and like
death

Mounted on earthquakes, I would trot
through all

Honours and horrors : thorough foul and
fair

And from your whole strength toss you
into the air.

Mo. Go, th'art a devil ; such another
spirit

Could not be 'still'd from all th'Armenian
dragons.

O my love's glory ; heir to all I have ;
That's all I can say, and that all I swear.

If thou outlive me, as I know thou must,
Or else hath nature no proportion'd end
To her great labours ; she hath breathed a
mind

Into thy entrails, of desert to swell
Into another great Augustus Cæsar ;

Organs and faculties fitted to her greatness ;

And should that perish like a common spirit,

Nature's a courtier and regards no merit.

He. Here's nought but whispering with us ; like a calm

Before a tempest, when the silent air
Lays her soft ear close to the earth to hearken

For that she fears steals on to ravish her ;

Some fate doth join our ears to hear it coming.

Come, my brave eagle, let's to covert fly ;
I see almighty Æther in the smoke

Of all his clouds descending ; and the sky
Hid in the dim ostents of tragedy.

[*Exit Henry with D'Ambois and Ladies.*]

Gu. Now stir the humour, and begin the brawl.

Mont. The King and D'Ambois now are grown all one.

Mo. Nay, they are two, my lord.

Mont. How's that ?

Mo. No more.

Mont. I must have more, my lord.

Mo. What, more than two ?

Mont. How monstrous is this !

Mo. Why ?

Mont. You make me horns.

Mo. Not I ; it is a work without my power,

Married men's ensigns are not made with fingers ;

Of divine fabric they are, not men's hands ;
Your wife, you know, is a mere Cynthia,

And she must fashion horns out of her nature.

Mont. But doth she, dare you charge her ?
speak, false prince.

Mo. I must not speak, my lord ; but if you'll use

The learning of a nobleman, and read,
Here's something to those points ; soft,

you must pawn

Your honour having read it to return it.

Mont. Not I, I pawn mine honour for a paper ?

Mo. You must not buy it under.

[*Exeunt Guise and Monsieur.*]

Mont. Keep it then,

And keep fire in your bosom.

Ta. What says he ?

Mont. You must make good the rest.

Ta. How fares my lord ?

Takes my love anything to heart he says ?

Mont. Come y'are a—

Ta. What, my lord ?

Mont. The plague of Herod
Feast in his rotten entrails.

Ta. Will you wreak
Your anger's just cause given by him, on me.

Mont. By him ?

Ta. By him, my lord, I have admired
You could all this time be at concord with him,

That still hath placed such discords on
your honour.

Mont. Perhaps 'tis with some proud
string of my wife's.

Ta. How's that, my lord ?

Mont. Your tongue will still admire,
Till my head be the miracle of the world.

Ta. O, woe is me !

[*She seems to swoond.*]

Pe. What does your lordship mean ?

Madam, be comforted ; my lord but tries
you.

Madam ! help, good my lord, are you not
moved ?

Do your set looks print in your words your
thoughts ?

Sweet lord, clear up those eyes, for shame
of noblesse,

Unbend that masking forehead ; whence
is it

You rush upon her with these Irish wars,
More full of sound than hurt ? But 'tis
enough,

You have shot home, your words are in her
heart ;

She has not lived to bear a trial now.

Mont. Look up, my love, and by this kiss
receive

My soul amongst thy spirits for supply

To thine, chased with my fury.

Ta. Oh, my lord,

I have too long lived to hear this from you.

Mont. 'Twas from my troubled blood, and
not from me ;

I know not how I fare ; a sudden night
Flows through my entrails, and a headlong
chaos

Murmurs within me, which I must digest ;
And not drown her in my confusions,

That was my life's joy, being best in-
form'd ;

Sweet, you must needs forgive me, that my
love

(Like to a fire disdaining his suppression)
Raged being discouraged ; my whole heart
is wounded

When any least thought in you is but
touch'd,

And shall be till I know your former
merits ;

Your name and memory altogether crave
In just oblivion their eternal grave ;
And then you must hear from me, there's
no mean

In any passion I shall feel for you ;
Love is a razor cleansing being well used,
But fetcheth blood still being the least
abused ;

To tell you briefly all : the man that left
me

When you appear'd, did turn me worse
than woman,
And stabb'd me to the heart thus, with his
fingers.

Ta. Oh, happy woman ! Comes my
stain from him,

It is my beauty, and that innocence proves ;
That slew Chymæra, rescued Peleus
From all the savage beasts in Pelion ;
And raised the chaste Athenian prince from
hell ;

All suffering with me, they for women's
lusts,

I for a man's, that the Augean stable
Of his foul sin would empty in my lap ;
How his guilt shunn'd me ! sacred inno-
cence

That where thou fear'st, art dreadful ; and
his face

Turn'd in flight from thee, that had thee in
chase ;

Come, bring me to him ; I will tell the
serpent

Even to his venom'd teeth (from whose
cursed seed

A pitch'd field starts up 'twixt my lord and
me)

That his throat lies, and he shall curse his
fingers,

For being so govern'd by his filthy soul.

Mont. I know not if himself will vaunt
t'have been,

The princely author of the slavish sin,
Or any other ; he would have resolved
me

Had you not come ; not by his word, but
writing,

Would I have sworn to give it him again,
And pawn'd mine honour to him for a
paper.

Ta. See how he flies me still ; 'tis a foul
heart

That fears his own hand ; good, my lord,
make haste

To see the dangerous paper ; papers hold
Oft-times the forms and copies of our
souls,

And, though the world despise them, are
the prizes

Of all our honours ; make your honour
then

A hostage for it, and with it confer
My nearest woman here, in all she knows ;
Who (if the sun or Cerberus could have
seen

Any stain in me) might as much as they ;
And, Pero, here I charge thee by my love,
And all proofs of it (which I might call
bounties),

By all that thou hast seen seem good in
me,

And all the ill which thou shouldst spit
from thee,

By pity of the wound this touch hath
given me,

Not as thy mistress now, but a poor
woman,

To death given over ; rid me of my pains,
Pour on thy powder ; clear thy breast of
me ;

My lord is only here ; here speak thy
worst,

Thy best will do me mischief ; if thou
sparest me,

Never shine good thought on thy memory.
Resolve, my lord, and leave me desperate.

Pe. My lord ? my lord hath play'd a
prodigal's part,

To break his stock for nothing ; and an in-
solent,

To cut a gordian when he could not loose
it ;

What violence is this, to put true fire
To a false train ? To blow up long-crown'd
peace

With sudden outrage, and believe a man
Sworn to the shame of women, 'gainst a
woman,

Born to their honours ? But I will to him.

Ta. No, I will write (for I shall never
more

Meet with the fugitive) where I will defy
him,

Were he ten times the brother of my king.
To him, my lord, and I'll to cursing him.

[*Exeunt.*]

Enter D'Ambois and Friar.

Bu. I am suspicious, my most honour'd
father,

By some of Monsieur's cunning passages,
That his still ranging and contentious nos-
trils,

To scent the haunts of mischief have so
used

The vicious virtue of his busy sense,
That he trails hotly of him, and will rouse
him,

Driving him all enraged and foaming, on us.

And therefore have entreated your deep skill

In the command of good aërial spirits,
To assume these magic rites, and call up one

To know if any have reveal'd unto him
Anything touching my dear love and me.

Fr. Good son, you have amazed me
but to make

The least doubt of it, it concerns so nearly
The faith and reverence of my name and order.

Yet will I justify, upon my soul,
All I have done, if any spirit i' th' earth or air

Can give you the resolve, do not despair.

Music. Tamyra enters with Pero and her
maid, bearing a letter.

Ta. Away, deliver it; O may my lines
[Exit Pero.]

(Fill'd with the poison of a woman's hate,
When he shall open them), shrink up his eyes

With torturous darkness, such as stands in
hell,

Stuck full of inward horrors, never
lighted;

With which are all things to be fear'd,
affrighted;

Father!

Ascendit Bussy with Comolet.

Bu. How is it with my honour'd mis-
tress?

Ta. O servant, help, and save me from
the gripes

Of shame and infamy. Our love is known:
Your Monsieur hath a paper where is writ
Some secret tokens that decipher it.

Bu. What insensate stock,
Or rude inanimate vapour without fashion,
What cold dull northern brain, what fool
but he

Durst take into his Epimethean breast
A box of such plagues as the danger
yields

Incurr'd in this discovery? He had better
Ventured his breast in the consuming
reach

Of the hot surfeits cast out of the clouds,
Or stood the bullets that (to wreak the sky)
The Cyclops ram in Jove's artillery.*

Fr. We soon will take the darkness
from his face

That did that deed of darkness; we will
know

What now the Monsieur and your husband
do;

What is contain'd within the secret paper
Offer'd by Monsieur, and your love's
events:

To which ends, honour'd daughter, at
your motion,

I have put on these exorcising rites,
And, by my power of learned holiness
Vouchsafed me from above, I will com-
mand

Our resolution of a raised spirit.

Ta. Good father, raise him in some
beauteous form,

That with least terror I may brook his
sight.

Co. Stand sure together, then, whate'er
ye see,

And stir not, as ye tender all our lives.

[He puts on his robes.]

*Occidentalium legionum spiritualium
imperator (magnus ille Behemoth) veni,
veni, comitatus cum Astaroth locotenente
invicto. Adjuro te per Stygis inscrutabilia
arcana, per ipsos irremeabiles anfractus
Averni: adesto & Behemoth, tu cui pervia
sunt Magnatum scrinia; veni, per Noctis
& tenebrarum abdita profundissima; per
labentia sidera; per ipsos motus horarum
furtivos, Hecatesq; altum silentium: Ap-
pare in forma spiritali, lucente, splendida
& amabili.* [Thunder. Ascendit.]

Be. What would the holy Friar?

Fr. I would see

What now the Monsieur and Mountsurry
do;

And see the secret paper that the Monsieur
Offer'd to Count Mountsurry, longing much
To know on what events the secret loves
Of these two honour'd persons shall arrive.

Be. Why call'dst thou me to this ac-
cursed light

To these light purposes? I am emperor
Of that inscrutable darkness where are hid
All deepest truths, and secrets never seen,
All which I know, and command legions
Of knowing spirits that can do more than
these.

Any of this my guard that circle me
In these blue fires, and out of whose dim
fumes

Vast murmurs use to break, and from their
sounds

Articulate voices, can do ten parts more
Than open such slight truths as you require.

Fr. From the last night's black depth I
call'd up one

* See *Cæsar and Pompey*, act ii.

Of the inferior ablest ministers,
And he could not resolve me ; send one then
Out of thine own command, to fetch the
paper

That Monsieur hath to show to Count
Montsurry.

Be. I will. Cartophylax, thou that properly

Hast in thy power all papers so inscribed,
Glide through all bars to it and fetch that
paper.

Ca. I will. *[A torch removes.*

Fr. Till he returns, great prince of darkness,

Tell me if Monsieur and the Count Mont-
surry

Are yet encounter'd ?

Be. Both them and the Guise
Are now together.

Co. Show us all their persons,
And represent the place, with all their ac-
tions.

Be. The spirit will straight return ; and
then I'll show thee.

See, he is come ; why brought'st thou not
the paper ?

Ca. He hath prevented me, and got a
spirit

Raised by another great in our command,
'To take the guard of it before I came.

Be. This is your slackness, not t' invoke
our powers

When first your acts set forth to their effects ;
Yet shall you see it and themselves : behold
They come here, and the Earl now holds
the paper.

*Enter Monsieur, Guise, Montsurry, with
a paper.*

Bu. May we not hear them ?

Mo. No, be still and see.

Bu. I will go fetch the paper.

Fr. Do not stir ;

There's too much distance and too many
locks

'Twixt you and them, how near soe'er they
seem,

For any man to interrupt their secrets.

Ta. O honour'd spirit, fly into the
fancy

Of my offended lord, and do not let him
Believe what there the wicked man hath
written.

Be. Persuasion hath already enter'd him
Beyond reflection ; peace till their depar-
ture.

Mo. There is a glass of ink where you
may see
How to make ready black-faced tragedy :

You now discern, I hope, through all her
paintings,
Her gasping wrinkles, and fame's sepul-
chres.

Gu. Think you he feigns, my lord ?
What hold you now ?

Do we malign your wife, or honour you ?

Mo. What, stricken dumb ! Nay fie,
lord, be not daunted ;

Your case is common ; were it ne'er so rare,
Bear it as rarely ; now to laugh were
manly ;

A worthy man should imitate the weather
That sings in tempests, and being clear is
silent.

Gu. Go home, my lord, and force your
wife to write

Such loving lines to D'Ambois as she used
When she desired his presence.

Mo. Do, my lord,
And make her name her conceal'd mes-
senger,

That close and most inenurable pander,
That passeth all our studies to exquire ;
By whom convey the letter to her love :

And so you shall be sure to have him come
Within the thirsty reach of your revenge ;
Before which, lodge an ambush in her
chamber

Behind the arras, of your stoutest men
All close and soundly arm'd ; and let them
share

A spirit amongst them that would serve a
thousand.

Enter Pero with a letter.

Gu. Yet stay a little ; see, she sends for
you.

Mo. Poor, loving lady ; she'll make all
good yet,

Think you not so, my lord ?

[Exit Montsurry and stabs Pero.

Gu. Alas, poor soul !

Mo. That was cruelly done, i'faith.

Pe. 'Twas nobly done.

And I forgive his lordship from my soul.

Mo. Then much good do't thee, Pero !
hast a letter ?

Pe. I hope it rather be a bitter volume
Of worthy curses for your perjury.

Gu. To you, my lord.

Mo. To me ? now, out upon her.

Gu. Let me see, my lord,

Mo. You shall presently : how fares my
Pero ?

Enter Servant.

Who's there ? Take in this maid, sh'as
caught a clap,

And fetch my surgeon to her ; come, my lord,
We'll now peruse our letter.

[*Exeunt Montsurry, Guise.*

Pe. Furies rise [Lead her out.
Out of the black lines, and torment his soul.

Ta. Hath my lord slain my woman ?

Be. No, she lives.

Fr. What shall become of us ?

Be. All I can say,

Being call'd thus late, is brief, and darkly this :

If D'Ambois' mistress dye not her white hand

In his forced blood, he shall remain untouched :

So, father, shall yourself, but by yourself :
To make this augury plainer : when the voice

Of D'Ambois shall invoke me, I will rise,
Shining in greater light : and show him all
That will betide ye all ; meantime be wise,
And curb his valour with your policies.

[*Descendit cum suis.*

Bu. Will he appear to me when I invoke him ?

Fr. He will, be sure.

Bu. It must be shortly then :

For his dark words have tied my thoughts on knots,

Till he dissolve, and free them.

Ta. In meantime,

Dear servant, till your powerful voice revoke him,

Be sure to use the policy he advised :
Lest fury in your too quick knowledge taken
Of our abuse, and your defence of me
Accuse me more than any enemy ;
And, father, you must on my lord impose
Your holiest charges, and the Church's power

To temper his hot spirit and disperse
The cruelty and the blood I know his hand

Will shower upon our heads, if you put not

Your finger to the storm, and hold it up,
As my dear servant here must do with Monsieur.

Bu. I'll soothe his plots ; and strow my hate with smiles

Till all at once the close mines of my heart
Rise at full date, and rush into his blood :
I'll bind his arm in silk, and rub his flesh,
To make the vein swell, that his soul may gush

Into some kennel, where it longs to lie,
And policy shall be flank'd with policy.

Yet shall the feeling centre where we meet
Groan with the weight of my approaching feet ;

I'll make th'inspired thresholds of his court
Sweat with the weather of my horrid steps,
Before I enter ; yet will I appear
Like calm security, before a ruin ;
A politician must like lightning melt
The very marrow, and not taint the skin :
His ways must not be seen ; the superficies
Of the green centre must not taste his feet ;

When hell is plow'd up with his wounding tracts ;

And all his harvest reap'd by hellish facts.
[*Exeunt.*

END OF ACT IV.

ACT THE FIFTH.

SCENE I.

Montsurry bare, unbraced, pulling Tamyra in by the hair, Friar. One bearing light, a standish and paper, which sets a table.

Ta. O help me, father.

Fr. Impious earl, forbear.

Take violent hand from her, or by mine order

The King shall force thee.

Mont. 'Tis not violent ; come you not willingly ?

Ta. Yes, good my lord.

Fr. My lord, remember that your soul must seek

Her peace, as well as your revengeful blood ;

You ever to this hour have proved yourself

A noble, zealous, and obedient son,
T'our holy mother ; be not an apostate ;
Your wife's offence serves not, were it the worst

You can imagine, without greater proofs,
To sever your eternal bonds and hearts ;
Much less to touch her with a bloody hand ;

Nor is it manly, much less husbandly,
To expiate any frailty in your wife
With churlish strokes or beastly odds of strength :

The stony birth of clouds will touch no laurel ;

Nor any sleeper ; your wife is your laurel,
And sweetest sleeper ; do not touch her then ;

Be not more rude than the wild seed of vapour,
To her that is more gentle than that rude ;
In whom kind nature suffer'd one offence
But to set off her other excellence.

Mo. Good father, leave us ; interrupt no more

The course I must run for mine honoursake.
Rely on my love to her, which her fault
Cannot extinguish ; will she but disclose
Who was the secret minister of her love,
And through what maze he served it, we
are friends.

Fr. It is a damn'd work to pursue those secrets,

That would ope more sin, and prove
springs of slaughter ;

Nor is't a path for Christian feet to tread,
But out of all way to the health of souls,
A sin impossible to be forgiven ;
Which he that dares commit—

Mont. Good father, cease ; your terrors
Tempt not a man distracted ; I am apt
To outrages that I shall ever rue ;
I will not pass the verge that bounds a
Christian,

Nor break the limits of a man nor husband.

Fr. Then God inspire you both with
thoughts and deeds

Worthy his high respect, and your own
souls.

Ta. Father !

Fr. I warrant thee, my dearest
daughter,

He will not touch thee ; think'st thou him
a pagan ?

His honour and his soul lies for thy safety.

[*Exit.*]

Mont. Who shall remove the mountain
from my breast,

Ope the seven-times-heat furnace of my
thoughts,

And set fit outcries for a soul in hell ?

[*Montsurry turns a key.*]

For now it nothing fits my woes to speak
But thunder, or to take into my throat

The trump of heaven, with whose deter-
minate blasts

The winds shall burst, and the devouring
seas

Be drunk up in his sounds ; that my hot
woes

(Vented enough) I might convert to
vapour,

Ascending from my infamy unseen ;
Shorten the world, preventing the last
breath

That kills the living, and regenerates death.

Ta. My lord, my fault (as you may
censure it

With too strong arguments) is past your
pardon :

But how the circumstances may excuse me
Heaven knows, and your more temperate
mind hereafter

May let my penitent miseries make you
know.

Mont. Hereafter ? 'Tis a supposed in-
finite,

That from this point will rise eternally :
Fame grows in going ; in the 'scapes of
virtue

Excuses damn her : they be fires in cities
Enraged with those winds that less lights
extinguish.

Come, syren, sing, and dash against my
rocks

Thy ruffian galley, rigg'd with quench for
lust ;

Sing, and put all the nets into thy voice
With which thou drew'st into thy strumpet's
lap

The spawn of Venus ; and in which ye
danced ;

That, in thy lap's stead, I may dig his
tomb,

And quit his manhood with a woman's
sleight,

Who never is deceived in her deceit.

Sing (that is, write), and then take from
mine eyes

The mists that hide the most inscrutable
pander

That ever lapp'd up an adulterous vomit ;
That I may see the devil, and survive

To be a devil, and then learn to wive :

That I may hang him, and then cut him
down,

Then cut him up, and with my soul's
beams search

The cranks and caverns of his brain, and
study

The errant wilderness of a woman's face ;
Where men cannot get out, for all the
comets

That have been lighted at it ; though they
know

That adders lie a-sunning in their smiles,
That basilisks drink their poison from
their eyes,

And no way there to coast out to their
hearts ;

Yet still they wander there, and are not
stay'd

Till they be fetter'd, nor secure before
All cares devour them ; nor in human
consort

Till they embrace within their wife's two breasts

All Pelion and Cythæron with their beasts.

Why write you not?

Ta. O, good my lord, forbear

In wreak of great faults, to engender greater,

And make my love's corruption generate murder.

Mont. It follows needfully as child and parent;

The chain-shot of thy lust is yet aloft,

And it must murder; 'tis thine own dear twin:

No man can add height to a woman's sin.

Vice never doth her just hate so provoke,

As when she rageth under virtue's cloak.

Write: for it must be; by this ruthless steel,

By this impartial torture, and the death Thy tyrannies have invented in my entrails,

To quicken life in dying, and hold up

The spirits in fainting, teaching to preserve

Torments in ashes, that will ever last.

Speak! Will you write?

Ta. Sweet lord, enjoin my sin

Some other penance than what makes it worse;

Hide in some gloomy dungeon my loathed face,

And let condemned murderers let me down

(Stopping their noses) my abhorred food.

Hang me in chains, and let me eat these arms

That have offended; bind me face to face

To some dead woman, taken from the cart Of execution, till death and time

In grains of dust dissolve me; I'll endure;

Or any torture that your wrath's invention

Can fright all pity from the world withal;

But to betray a friend with show of friendship,

That is too common, for the rare revenge

Your rage affecteth; here then are my breasts,

Last night your pillows; here my wretched arms,

As late the wished confines of your life;

Now break them as you please, and all the bounds

Of manhood, noblesse, and religion.

Mont. Where all these have been broken, they are kept,

In doing their justice there with any show

Of the like cruelty; thine arms have lost

Their privilege in lust, and in their torture

Thus they must pay it. [*Stabs her.*]

Ta. O Lord!

Mont. Till thou writest, I'll write in wounds (my wrong's fit characters)

Thy right of sufferance. Write.

Ta. Oh, kill me, kill me;

Dear husband, be not crueller than death;

You have beheld some Gorgon; feel, oh,

feel

How you are turn'd to stone; with my heart-blood

Dissolve yourself again, or you will grow

Into the image of all tyranny.

Mont. As thou art of adultery, I will still Prove thee my parallel, being most a monster;

Thus I express thee yet.

[*Stabs her again.*]

Ta. And yet I live.

Mont. Ay, for thy monstrous idol is not done yet;

This tool hath wrought enough; now, torture, use.

Enter Servants.

This other engine on th' habituate powers Of her thrice-damn'd and whorish fortitude.

Use the most madding pains in her that ever

Thy venoms soak'd through, making most of death;

That she may weigh her wrongs with them, and then

Stand vengeance on thy steepest rock, a victor.

Ta. Oh, who is turn'd into my lord and husband?

Husband! My lord! None but my lord and husband!

Heaven, I ask thee remission of my sins, Not of my pains; husband, oh, help me,

husband!

Ascendit Friar with a sword drawn.

Fr. What rape of honour and religion— Oh, wrack of nature! [*Falls and dies.*]

Ta. Poor man; oh, my father,

Father, look up; oh, let me down, my lord,

And I will write.

Mont. Author of prodigies!

What new flame breaks out of the firmament,

That turns up counsels never known before?

Now is it true, earth moves, and heaven stands still;

Even heaven itself must see and suffer ill;

The too huge bias of the world hath sway'd

Her back part upwards, and with that she
braves

This hemisphere, that long her mouth hath
mock'd ;

The gravity of her religious face,
(Now grown too weighty with her sacrilege
And here discern'd sophisticate enough)
Turns to th' antipodes ; and all the forms
That her illusions have imprest in her,
Have eaten through her back ; and now
all see,

How she is riveted with hypocrisy :
Was this the way ? was he the mean
betwixt you ?

Ta. He was, he was, kind worthy man,
he was.

Mont. Write, write a word or two.

Ta. I will, I will.

I'll write, but with my blood, that he may
see

These lines come from my wounds, and
not from me. [*Writes.*]

Mont. Well might he die for thought ;
methinks the frame

And shaken joints of the whole world
should crack

To see her parts so disproportionate ;
And that his general beauty cannot stand
Without these stains in the particular man.
Why wander I so far ? here, here was she
That was a whole world without spot to
me,

Though now a world of spots ; oh, what a
lightning

Is man's delight in women ! what a bubble,
He builds his state, fame, life on, when he
marries !

Since all earth's pleasures are so short and
small,

The way t'enjoy it, is t'abjure it all ;
Enough : I must be messenger myself,
Disguised like this strange creature : in,
I'll after,

To see what guilty light gives this cave eyes,
And to the world sing new impieties.

[*Exeunt.* He puts the Friar in the
vault and follows. She wraps
herself in the Arras.

Enter Monsieur and Guise.

Mo. Now shall we see, that nature hath
no end

In her great works, responsive to their
worths,

That she that makes so many eyes, and
souls,

To see and foresee, is stark blind herself ;
And as illiterate men say Latin prayers
By rote, of heart and daily iteration ;

In whose hot zeal, a man would think they
knew

What they ran so away with, and were
sure

To have rewards proportion'd to their
labours ;

Yet may implore their own confusions
For anything they know, which oftentimes
It falls out they incur : so Nature lays
A deal of stuff together, and by use,
Or by the mere necessity of matter,
Ends such a work, fills it, or leaves it
empty

Of strength, or virtue, error or clear truth ;
Not knowing what she does ; but usually
Gives that which she calls merit to a man,
And belief must arrive him on huge riches,
Honour, and happiness, that effects his
ruin ;

Even as in ships of war, whose lasts of
powder

Are laid, men think, to make them last,
and guards,

When a disorder'd spark that powder
taking,

Blows up with sudden violence and horror
Ships that kept empty, had sail'd long with
terror.

Gu. He that observes, but like a worldly
man,

That which doth oft succeed, and by th'
events

Values the worth of things ; will think it
true,

That nature works at random, just with
you ;

But with as much proportion she may make
A thing that from the feet up to the throat
Hath all the wondrous fabric man should
have,

And leave it headless for a perfect man,
As give a full man valour, virtue, learning,
Without an end more excellent than those,
On whom she no such worthy part be-
stows.

Mo. Yet shall you see it here, here will
be one

Young, learned, valiant, virtuous, and full
mann'd ;

One on whom Nature spent so rich a
hand,

That, with an ominous eye, she wept to
see

So much consumed her virtuous treasury.
Yet, as the winds sing through a hollow
tree,

And (since it lets them pass through) lets it
stand

But a tree solid (since it gives no way

To their wild rage) they rend up by the root ;

So this whole man, so this full creature now,

(That will not wind with every crooked way, Trod by the servile world) shall reel and fall Before the frantic puffs of blind-born chance,

That pipes through empty men, and makes them dance ;

Not so the sea raves on the Lybian sands, Tumbling her billows in each others' neck ; Not so the surges of the Euxine sea

(Near to the frosty pole, where free Boötes From those dark deep waves turns his radiant team)

Swell being enraged, even from their inmost drop,

As Fortune swings about the restless state Of virtue, now thrown into all men's hate.

Enter Montsurry disguised with the Murderers.

Away, my lord, you are perfectly disguised, Leave us to lodge your ambush.

Mont. Speed me, vengeance. [*Exit.*

Mo. Resolve, my masters, you shall meet with one

Will try what proofs your privy coats are made on ;

When he is enter'd, and you hear us stamp,

Approach, and make all sure.

Mu. We will, my lord. [*Exeunt.*

D'Ambois with two Pages with tapers.

Bu. Sit up to-night, and watch ; I'll speak with none

But the old Friar, who bring to me.

Pa. We will, sir. [*Exeunt.*

Bu. What violent heat is this? Methinks the fire

Of twenty lives doth on a sudden flash Through all my faculties ; the air goes high

In this close chamber, and the frightened earth

Trembles, and shrinks beneath me ; the whole house

Nods with his shaken burthen ; bless me, heaven !

Enter Umbra Friar.

Um. Note what I want, my son, and be forewarn'd ;

O there are bloody deeds past and to come : I cannot stay ; a fate doth ravish me ;

I'll meet thee in the chamber of thy love.

[*Exit.*

Bu. What dismal change is here ; the good old Friar

Is murder'd ; being made known to serve my love ;

And now his restless spirit would forewarn me

Of some plot dangerous and imminent.

Note what he wants? He wants his upper weed,

He wants his life and body ; which of these Should be the want he means, and may supply me

With any fit forewarning? This strange vision

(Together with the dark prediction Used by the Prince of Darkness that was raised

By this embodied shadow) stir my thoughts With reminiscion of the spirit's promise,

Who told me, that by any invocation I should have power to raise him, though

it wanted

The powerful words and decent rites of art ;

Never had my set brain such need of spirit T' instruct and cheer it ; now, then, I will

claim

Performance of his free and gentle vow

T' appear in greater light, and make more plain

His rugged oracle. I long to know How my dear mistress fares, and be inform'd

What hand she now holds on the troubled blood

Of her incensed lord. Methought the spirit

(When he had utter'd his perplex'd presage) Threw his changed countenance headlong

into clouds,

His forehead bent, as it would hide his face,

He knock'd his chin against his darken'd breast,

And struck a churlish silence through his powers.

Terror of darkness ! O, thou king of flames !

That with thy music-footed horse dost strike

The clear light out of crystal on dark earth,

And hurl'st instructive fire about the world, Wake, wake the drowsy and enchanted

night,

That sleeps with dead eyes in this heavy riddle ;

Or thou great prince of shades where never

sun

Sticks his far-darted beams, whose eyes are made

To shine in darkness, and see ever best
Where sense is blindest : open now the heart

Of thy abashed oracle, that for fear,
Of some ill it includes, would fain lie hid,

And rise thou with it in thy greater light.
[*Thunders. Surgit Spiritus cum suis.*
Sp. Thus to observe my vow of apparition,

In greater light, and explicate thy fate,
I come ; and tell thee that if thou obey
The summons that thy mistress next will send thee,

Her hand shall be thy death.

Bu. When will she send ?

Sp. Soon as I set again, where late I rose.

Bu. Is the old Friar slain ?

Sp. No, and yet lives not.

Bu. Died he a natural death ?

Sp. He did.

Bu. Who then

Will my dear mistress send ?

Sp. I must not tell thee.

Bu. Who lets thee ?

Sp. Fate.

Bu. Who are fate's ministers ?

Sp. The Guise and Monsieur.

Bu. A fit pair of shears

To cut the threads of kings, and kingly spirits,

And consorts fit to sound forth harmony,
Set to the falls of kingdoms : shall the hand

Of my kind mistress kill me ? [*Thunders.*
Sp. If thou yield

To her next summons, y'are fair-warn'd :
farewell ! [*Exit.*

Bu. I must farewell, however : though I die,

My death consenting with his augury ;
Should not my powers obey when she commands,

My motion must be rebel to my will :
My will to life : if, when I have obey'd,
Her hand should so reward me, they must arm it,

Bind me or force it : or, I lay my life,
She rather would convert it many times
On her own bosom, even to many deaths ;
But were there danger of such violence,
I know 'tis far from her intent to send :
And who she should send is as far from thought,

Since he is dead, whose only mean she used.

[*Knocks.*

Who's there ? Look to the door, and let him in,
Though politic Monsieur or the violent Guise.

Enter Montsurry, like the Friar, with a letter written in blood.

Mont. Hail to my worthy son.

Bu. Oh, lying spirit !

To say the Friar was dead ; I'll now believe

Nothing of all his forged predictions.
My kind and honour'd father, well revived,
I have been frightened with your death, and mine,

And told my mistress' hand should be my death

If I obey'd this summons.

Mont. I believed

Your love had been much clearer than to give

Any such doubt a thought, for she is clear,
And having freed her husband's jealousy
(Of which her much abused hand here is witness)

She prays, for urgent cause, your instant presence.

Bu. Why, then your prince of spirits may be call'd

The prince of liars.

Mont. Holy Writ so calls him.

Bu. What, writ in blood ?

Mont. Ay, 'tis the ink of lovers.

Bu. O, 'tis a sacred witness of her love.

So much elixir of her blood as this
Dropt in the lightest dame, would make her firm

As heat to fire : and like to all the signs,
Commands the life confined in all my veins ;
O, how it multiplies my blood with spirit,
And makes me apt t'encounter death and hell.

But come, kind father, you fetch me to heaven,

And to that end your holy weed was given.
[*Exeunt.*

Thunder. Intrat Umbra Friar, and discovers Tamyra.

Um. Up with these stupid thoughts, still loved daughter,
And strike away this heartless trance of anguish.

Be like the sun, and labour in eclipses ;
Look to the end of woes : oh, can you sit
Mustering the horrors of your servant's slaughter

(So urged by your hand, and so imminent)

Before your contemplation, and not study
How to prevent it? watch when he shall
rise,

And with a sudden outcry of his murder,
Blow his retreat before he be revenged.

Ta. O father! have my dumb woes
waked your death?

When will our human griefs be at their
height?

Man is a tree that hath no top in cares,
No root in comforts; all his power to live
Is given to no end, but t'have power to
grieve.

Um. 'Tis the just curse of our abused
creation,
Which we must suffer here, and 'scape
hereafter:

He hath the great mind that submits to all
He sees inevitable; he the small
That carps at earth, and her foundation
shaker,

And rather than himself, will mend his
maker.

Your true friend,
Led by your husband, shadow'd in my
weed,

Now enters the dark vault.

Ta. But, my dearest father,
Why will not you appear to him yourself,
And see that none of these deceits annoy
him?

Um. My power is limited; alas! I cannot.
All that I can do—See, the cave opens.

[*Exit. D'Ambois at the Gulf.*]

Ta. Away (my love), away; thou wilt be
murder'd!

Enter Monsieur and Guise above.

Bu. Murder'd? I know not what that
Hebrew means:

That word had ne'er been named had all
been D'Ambois.

Murder'd? By heaven he is my murderer
That shows me not a murderer; what such
bug

Abhorreth not the very sleep of D'Ambois?
Murder'd? who dares give all the room I
see

To D'Ambois' reach? or look with any
odds

His fight i'th' face, upon whose hand sits
death;

Whose sword hath wings, and every feather
pierceth?

If I 'scape Monsieur's 'pothecary shops,
Foutre for Guise's shambles! 'twas ill
plotted

They should have maul'd me here,
When I was rising. I am up and ready.

Let in my politic visitants, let them in,
Though entering like so many moving
armours,

Fate is more strong than arms, and sly than
treason,

And I at all parts buckled in my fate.

Mo. } Why enter not the coward villains?
Gu. }

Bu. Dare they not come?

*Enter Murderers with Friar at the other
door.*

Ta. They come.

1st Mu. Come all at once.

Um. Back, coward murderers, back.

Omn. Defend us, heaven.

[*Exeunt all but the first.*]

1st. Come ye not on?

Bu. No, slave, nor goest thou off.

Stand you so firm? Will it not enter here?

You have a face yet; so in thy life's flame
I burn the first rites to my mistress' fame.

Um. Breathe thee, brave son, against the
other charge.

Bu. Oh, is it true then that my sense
first told me?

Is my kind father dead?

Ta. He is, my love.

'Twas the Earl, my husband, in his weed
that brought thee.

Bu. That was a speeding sleight, and
well resembled.

Where's that angry Earl, my lord? Come
forth

And show your own face in your own affair;
Take not into your noble veins the blood
Of these base villains, nor the light reports
Of blister'd tongues, for clear and weighty
truth:

But me against the world, in pure defence
Of your rare lady, to whose spotless name
I stand here as a bulwark, and project

A life to her renown, that ever yet
Hath been untainted, even in envy's eye,
And where it would protect a sanctuary.

Brave Earl, come forth, and keep your
scandal in:

'Tis not our fault if you enforce the spot
Nor the wreak yours if you perform it not.

Enter Montsurry, with all the Murderers.

Mont. Cowards, a fiend or spirit beat ye
off?

They are your own faint spirits that have
forged

The fearful shadows that your eyes de-
luded:

The fiend was in you; cast him out then,
thus. [D'Ambois hath Mont. down.]

Ta. Favour my lord, my love, O, favour him!
[*Pistols shot within.*]

Bu. I will not touch him: take your life, my lord,

And be appeas'd: O, then the coward Fates

Have maim'd themselves, and ever lost their honour.

Um. What have ye done, slaves? irreligious lord!

Bu. Forbear them, father; 'tis enough for me

That Guise and Monsieur, death and destiny,

Come behind D'Ambois. Is my body, then, But penetrable flesh? And must my mind

Follow my blood? Can my divine part add

No aid to th'earthly in extremity?

Then these divines are but for form, not fact:

Man is of two sweet courtly friends compact,

A mistress and a servant; let my death Define life nothing but a courtier's breath.

Nothing is made of nought, of all things made,

Their abstract being a dream but of a shade.

I'll not complain to earth yet, but to heaven,

And, like a man, look upwards even in death.

And if Vespasian thought in majesty An emperor might die standing, why not I?

Nay, without help, in which I will exceed him;

For he died splinted with his chamber grooms. [She offers to help him.]

Prop me, true sword, as thou hast ever done:

The equal thought I bear of life and death

Shall make me faint on no side; I am up; Here like a Roman statue I will stand

Till death hath made me marble: oh, my fame,

Live in despite of murder; take thy wings And haste thee where the grey-eyed morn

perfumes Her rosy chariot with Sabæan spices,

Fly, where the evening from th'Iberian vales,

Takes on her swarthy shoulders Hecate, Crown'd with a grove of oaks: fly where

men feel The cunning axletree: and those that suffer

Beneath the chariot of the snowy Bear:

And tell them all that D'Ambois now is hasting

To the eternal dwellers; that a thunder Of all their sighs together (for their frailties

Beheld in me) may quit my worthless fall With a fit volley for my funeral.

Um. Forgive thy murderers.

Bu. I forgive them all; And you, my lord, their fautor; for true

sign Of which unfeign'd remission, take my sword;

Take it, and only give it motion, And it shall find the way to victory

By his own brightness, and th'inherent valour

My fight hath still'd into't, with charms of spirit.

Now let me pray you that my weighty blood

Laid in one scale of your impartial spleen, May sway the forfeit of my worthy love

Weigh'd in the other; and be reconciled With all forgiveness to your matchless

wife.

Ta. Forgive thou me, dear servant, and this hand

That led thy life to this unworthy end; Forgive it, for the blood with which 'tis

stain'd, In which I writ the summons of thy death;

The forced summons, by this bleeding wound,

By this here in my bosom; and by this That makes me hold up both my hands

imbued For thy dear pardon.

Bu. O, my heart is broken; Fate, nor these murderers, Monsieur, nor

the Guise, Have any glory in my death, but this,

This killing spectacle, this prodigy; My sun is turn'd to blood, in whose red

beams Pindus and Ossa hid in drifts of snow,

Laid on my heart and liver; from their veins

Melt like two hungry torrents; eating rocks

Into the ocean of all human life, And make it bitter, only with my blood.

O frail condition of strength, valour, virtue,

In me, like warning fire upon the top Of some steep beacon, on a steeper hill,

Made to express it: like a falling star Silently glanced, that like a thunderbolt

Look'd to have stuck and shook the firmament.

[*Moritur.*]

Um. My terrors are struck inward, and no more
My penance will allow they shall enforce
Earthly afflictions but upon myself.
Farewell, brave relics of a complete man ;
Look up and see thy spirit made a star,
Join flames with Hercules ; and when thou sett'st
Thy radiant forehead in the firmament,
Make the vast crystal crack with thy receipt ;
Spread to a world of fire ; and th'aged sky
Cheer with new sparks of old humanity.

Son of the earth, whom my unrested soul,
Rues t'have begotten in the faith of heaven ;
(Since thy revengeful spirit hath rejected
The charity it commands, and the remission
To serve and worship the blind rage of blood)
Assay to gratulate and pacify
The soul fled from this worthy by performing
The Christian reconcilment he besought
Betwixt thee and thy lady, let her wounds
Manlessly digg'd in her, be eased and cured
With blame of thine own tears ; or be assured
Never to rest free from my haunt and horror.

Mont. See how she merits this ; still sitting by,
And mourning his fall more than her own fault.

Um. Remove, dear daughter, and content thy husband ;
So piety wills thee, and thy servant's peace.

Ta. O wretched piety, that art so distract
In thine own constancy ; and in thy right
Must be unrighteous ; if I right my friend
I wrong my husband ; if his wrong I shun,
The duty of my friend I leave undone ;
Ill plays on both sides ; here and there, it riseth ;
No place, no good, so good, but ill compriseth ;
My soul more scruple breeds, than my blood, sin.
Virtue imposeth more than any stepdame ;
O had I never married but for form,
Never vow'd faith but purpos'd to deceive,
Never made conscience of any sin,

But cloak'd it privately and made it common ;
Nor never honour'd been, in blood, or mind,
Happy had I been then, as others are
Of the like licence ; I had then been honour'd ;
Lived without envy ; custom had benumb'd
All sense of scruple, and all note of frailty :
My fame had been untouch'd, my heart unbroken ;
But (shunning all) I strike on all offence,
O husband ! dear friend ! O my conscience !

Mo. Come, let's away ; my senses are not proof
Against those plaints.

[*Exeunt* Guise, Monsieur : D'Ambois is borne off.]

Mont. I must not yield to pity, nor to love
So servile and so traitorous : cease, my blood
To wrestle with my honour, fame, and judgment :

Away, forsake my house, forbear complaints
Where thou hast bred them : here all things are full
Of their own shame and sorrow ; leave my house.

Ta. Sweet lord, forgive me, and I will be gone,
And till these wounds, that never balm shall close

Till death hath enter'd at them, so I love them,
Being open'd by your hands, by death be cured,

I never more will grieve you with my sight,
Never endure that any roof shall part
Mine eyes and heaven ; but to the open deserts

(Like to hunted tigers) I will fly :
Eating my heart, shunning the steps of men,
And look on no side till I be arrived.

Mont. I do forgive thee, and upon my knees,
With hands held up to heaven, wish that mine honour
Would suffer reconcilment to my love ;
But since it will not, honour, never serve
My love with flourishing object till it sterve :
And as this taper, though it upwards look,

Downwards must needs consume, so let
our love ;
As having lost his honey, the sweet taste
Runs into savour, and will needs retain
A spice of his first parents, till, like
life,
It sees and dies ; so let our love ; and
lastly,
As when the flame is suffer'd to look up,
It keeps his lustre : but, being thus turn'd
down,

(His natural course of useful light in-
verted),
His own stuff puts it out ; so let our love :
Now turn from me, as here I turn from
thee,
And may both points of heaven's straight
axle-tree
Conjoin in one, before thyself and me.

[*Exeunt severally.*]

END OF FIFTH AND LAST ACT.

EPILOGUE.*

WITH many hands you have seen D'Ambois
slain,
Yet by your grace he may revive again,
And every day grow stronger in his skill
To please, as we presume he is in will.
The best deserving actors of the time
Had their ascents ; and by degrees did
climb

To their full height, a place to study
due
To make him tread in their path lies in
you ;
He'll not forget his makers ; but still
prove
His thankfulness as you increase your
love.

* First printed in the posthumous edition of 1641.

The Revenge of Bussy D'Ambois.*

TO

THE RIGHT VIRTUOUS AND TRULY NOBLE KNIGHT,

SIR THOMAS HOWARD, &c.

SIR,—Since works of this kind have been lately esteemed worthy the patronage of some of our worthiest nobles, I have made no doubt to prefer this of mine to your undoubted virtue, and exceeding true noblesse; as containing matter no less deserving your reading, and excitation to heroical life, than any such late dedication. Nor have the greatest Princes of Italy and other countries, conceived it any least diminution to their greatness to have their names winged with these tragic plumes, and dispersed by way of patronage through the most noble notices of Europe.

Howsoever therefore in the scenical presentation it might meet with some maligners, yet considering, even therein, it passed with approbation of more worthy judgments; the balance of their side (especially being held by your impartial hand) I hope will to no grain abide the out-weighing. And for the authentional truth of either person or action, who (worth the respecting) will expect it in a poem, whose subject is not truth, but things like truth? Poor envious souls they are that cavil at truth's want in these natural fictions; material instruction, elegant and sententious excitation to virtue, and deflection from her contrary, being the soul, limbs, and limits of an authentional tragedy. But whatsoever merit of your full countenance and favour suffers defect in this, I shall soon supply with some other of more general account: wherein your right-virtuous name made famous and preserved to posterity, your future comfort and honour in your present acceptation, and love of all virtuous and divine expression; may be so much past others of your rank increased, as they are short of your judicial ingenuity in their due estimation.

For, howsoever those ignoble and sour-browed worldlings are careless of whatsoever future or present opinion spreads of them; yet (with the most divine philosopher, if Scripture did not confirm it) I make it matter of my faith, that we truly retain an intellectual feeling of good or bad after this life, proportionably answerable to the love or neglect we bear here to all virtue, and truly humane instruction. In whose favour and honour I wish you most eminent; and rest ever,

Your true Virtue's

Most true observer,

GEO. CHAPMAN.

* "*The Revenge of Bussy D'Ambois*. A Tragedie. As it hath beene often presented at the private Play-house in the White-Fryers. Written by George Chapman, Gentleman. London: Printed by T. S. and to be solde by Iohn Helme, at his Shop in S. Dunstones Church-yard, in Fleetstreet, 1613."

THE ACTORS' NAMES.

Henry, *the king.*
 Monsieur, *his brother.*
 Guise, Duke.
 Renel, *a marquess.*
 Montsurry, *an earl.*
 Baligny, *Lord-lieutenant.*
 Clermont, D'Ambois.
 Maillard,)
 Chalon,) *captains.*
 Aumale,)
 Espernon.
 Soisson.
 Perricot.

The Guard.
 Soldiers.
 Servants.

The ghost of {
 Bussy.
 Monsieur.
 Guise.
 Cardinal Guise.
 Chatillon.

Countess of Cambray.
 Tamyra, *wife to Montsurry.*
 Charlotte, *wife to Baligny.*
 Riova, *a servant.*

ACT THE FIRST.

SCENE I.

Enter Baligny, Renel.

Ba. To what will this declining kingdom
 turn,
 Swindging in every licence, as in this
 Stupid permission of brave D'Ambois'
 murder?

Murder made parallel with law! Murder
 used

To serve the kingdom, given by suit to men
 For their advancement! suffer'd scarecrow-
 like

To fright adultery! What will policy
 At length bring under his capacity?

Re. All things: for as when the high
 births of kings,

Deliverances, and coronations,
 We celebrate with all the cities' bells
 (Jangling together in untuned confusion);
 All order'd clocks are tied up: so when
 glory,

Flattery, and smooth applauses of things
 ill,

Uphold th' inordinate swindge of downright
 power,

Justice, and truth, that tell the bounded
 use,

Virtuous, and well-distinguish'd forms of
 Time

Are gagg'd and tongue-tied, but we have
 observed

Rule in more regular motion: things most
 lawful

Were once most royal, kings sought com-
 mon good,

Men's manly liberties, though ne'er so
 mean,
 And had their own swindge so: more free,
 and more.

But when pride enter'd them, and rule by
 power,

All brows that smiled beneath them,
 frown'd: hearts grieved

By imitation; virtue quite was vanish'd,
 And all men studied self-love, fraud, and
 vice;

Then no man could be good but he was
 punish'd:

Tyrants being still more fearful of the
 good

Than of the bad; their subjects' virtues ever
 Managed with curbs and dangers, and
 esteem'd

As shadows and detractions to their own.

Ba. Now all is peace, no danger: now
 what follows?

Idleness rusts us; since no virtuous labour
 Ends ought rewarded: ease, security,
 Now all the palm wears, we made war be-
 fore

So to prevent war, men with giving gifts
 More than receiving, made our country
 strong;

Our matchless race of soldiers then would
 spend

In public wars, not private brawls, their
 spirits,

In daring enemies, arm'd with meanest
 arms;

Not courting strumpets, and consuming
 birthrights

In apishness and envy of attire.

No labour then was harsh, no way so
 deep,

No rock so steep, but if a bird could scale it,

Up would our youth fly too. A foe in arms

Stirr'd up a much more, lust of his encounter,

Than of a mistress never so be-painted ;
Ambition then, was only scaling walls ;
And over-topping turrets ; fame was wealth ;

Best parts, best deeds, were best nobility ;
Honour with worth ; and wealth well got or none :

Countries we won with as few men as countries :

Virtue subdued all.

Re. Just : and then our nobles
Loved virtue so, they praised and used it too :

Had rather do, than say ; their own deeds hearing

By others glorified, than be so barren,
That their parts only stood in praising others.

Ba. Who could not do, yet praised, and envied not ;

Civil behaviour flourish'd ; bounty flow'd,
Avarice to upland boors, slaves, hangmen,
banish'd.

Re. 'Tis now quite otherwise ; but to note the cause

Of all these foul digressions and revolts
From our first natures, this 'tis in a word :

Since good arts fail, crafts and deceits are used ;

Men ignorant are idle ; idle men
Most practise what they most may do with ease,

Fashion, and favour ; all their studies aiming

At getting money, which no wise man ever

Fed his desires with.

Ba. Yet now none are wise
That think not heaven's true foolish,
weigh'd with that.

Well, thou most worthy to be greatest
Guise,
Make with thy greatness a new world arise.

Such depress'd nobles, followers of his,
As you, myself, my lord, will find a time
When to revenge your wrongs.

Re. I make no doubt ;
In mean time, I could wish the wrong
were righted

Of your slain brother-in-law, brave Bussy
D'Ambois.

Ba. That one accident was made my charge.

My brother Bussy's sister, now my wife,
By no suit would consent to satisfy
My love of her with marriage, till I vow'd,
To use my utmost to revenge my brother ;
But Clermont D'Ambois, Bussy's second
brother,

Had since his apparition, and excitement
To suffer none but his hand in his wreak,
Which he hath vow'd, and so will needs
acquit

Me of my vow, made to my wife, his sister,
And undertake himself Bussy's revenge ;
Yet loathing any way to give it act,
But in the noblest and most manly course ;
If th' earl dares take it, he resolves to send
A challenge to him, and myself must bear
it,

To which delivery I can use no means ;
He is so barricado'd in his house,
And arm'd with guard still.

Re. That means lay on me,
Which I can strangely make. My last
lands' sale,

By his great suit, stands now on price with
him,

And he, as you know, passing covetous,
With that blind greediness that follows
gain,

Will cast no danger, where her sweet
feet tread.

Besides, you know, his lady by his suit,
(Wooing as freshly, as when first love shot
His faultless arrows from her rosy eyes)
Now lives with him again, and she, I know,
Will join with all helps in her friend's
revenge.

Ba. No doubt, my lord, and therefore
let me pray you

To use all speed ; for so on needles' points
My wife's heart stands with haste of the
revenge ;

Being, as you know, full of her brother's
fire,

That she imagines I neglect my vow ;
Keeps off her kind embraces, and still
asks ;

"When, when, will this revenge come?
when perform'd

Will this dull vow be?" and I vow to
Heaven

So sternly, and so past her sex she urges
My vow's performance ; that I almost fear
To see her, when I have awhile been ab-
sent,

Not showing her before I speak, the blood
She so much thirsts for, freckling hands
and face.

Re. Get you the challenge writ, and look from me,
To hear your passage clear'd no long time after. [*Exit Re.*]

Ba. All restitution to your worthiest lordship,
Whose errand I must carry to the king,
As having sworn my service in the search
Of all such malcontents and their designs,
By seeming one affected with their faction,
And discontented humours 'gainst the state :
Nor doth my brother Clermont 'scape my counsel
Given to the King, about his Guisean greatness,
Which as I spice it, hath possess'd the King
(Knowing his daring spirit) of much danger
Charged in it to his person ; though my conscience
Dare swear him clear of any power to be infected with the least dishonesty :
Yet that sincerity, we politicians
Must say, grows out of envy, since it cannot
Aspire to policy's greatness : and the more
We work on all respects of kind and virtue,
The more our service to the King seems great,
In sparing no good that seems bad to him :
And the more bad we make the most of good,
The more our policy searcheth ; and our service
Is wonder'd at for wisdom and sincerity.
'Tis easy to make good suspected still,
Where good and God are made but cloaks for ill.
See Monsieur taking now his leave for Brabant ;

Enter Henry, Monsieur, Guise, Clermont, Esperton, Soisson. Monsieur taking leave of the King.

The Guise, and his dear minion, Clermont D'Ambois,
Whispering together, not of state affairs
I durst lay wagers (though the Guise be now
In chief heat of his faction) but of something
Savouring of that which all men else despise,
How to be truly noble, truly wise.

Mo. See how he hangs upon the ear of Guise,
Like to his jewel.
Es. He's now whispering in
Some doctrine of stability, and freedom,
Contempt of outward greatness, and the guises
That vulgar great ones make their pride and zeal,
Being only servile trains, and sumptuous houses,
High places, offices.
Mo. Contempt of these
Does he read to the Guise? 'Tis passing needful.
And he, I think, makes show t'affect his doctrine.
Es. Commends, admires it.
Mo. And pursues another.
'Tis fine hypocrisy, and cheap, and vulgar,
Known for a covert practice, yet believed,
By those abused souls, that they teach and govern,
No more than wives' adulteries, by their husbands,
They bearing it with so unmoved aspects,
Hot coming from it, as 'twere not at all,
Or made by custom nothing. This same D'Ambois
Hath gotten such opinion of his virtues,
Holding all learning but an art to live well,
And showing he hath learn'd it, in his life,
Being thereby strong in his persuading others ;
That this ambitious Guise, embracing him,
Is thought t'embrace his virtues.
Es. Yet in some
His virtues are held false for th'other's vices :
For 'tis more cunning held, and much more common,
'To suspect truth than falsehood : and of both
Truth still fares worse ; as hardly being believed,
As 'tis unusual, and rarely known.
Mo. I'll part engendering virtue. Men affirm
Though this same Clermont hath a D'Ambois' spirit,
And breathes his brother's valour ; yet his temper
Is so much past his, that you cannot move him :
I'll try that temper in him. Come, you two
Devour each other with your virtue's zeal,

And leave, for other friends, no fragment
of ye :

I wonder, Guise, you will thus ravish him
Out of my bosom that first gave the life
His manhood breathes, spirit, and means,
and lustre.

What do men think of me, I pray thee,
Clermont ?

Once give me leave (for trial of that love
That from thy brother Bussy thou in-
herit'st)

T'unclasp thy bosom.

Cl. As how, sir ?

Mo. Be a true glass to me, in which I
may

Behold what thoughts the many-headed
beast,

And thou thyself breathes out concerning
me,

My ends, and new-upstarted state in
Brabant,

For which I now am bound, my higher
aims,

Imagined here in France : speak, man, and
let

Thy words be born as naked as thy
thoughts :

Oh, were brave Bussy living !

Cl. Living, my lord ?

Mo. 'Tis true thou art his brother, but
durst thou

Have braved the Guise, maugre his pre-
sence, courted

His wedded lady, emptied even the dregs
Of his worst thoughts of me, even to my
teeth ;

Discern'd not me, his rising sovereign,
From any common groom, but let me
hear

My grossest faults, as gross-full as they
were.

Durst thou do this ?

Cl. I cannot tell : a man

Does never know the goodness of his
stomach

Till he sees meat before him. Were I
dared,

Perhaps, as he was, I durst do like him.

Mo. Dare then to pour out here thy
freest soul

Of what I am.

Cl. 'Tis stale ; he told you it.

Mo. He only jested, spake of spleen and
envy ;

Thy soul, more learn'd, is more ingenuous,
Searching, judicial ; let me then from thee
Hear what I am.

Cl. What but the sole support,
And most expectant hope of all our France,

The toward victor of the whole Low
Countries ?

Mo. Tush, thou wilt sing encomions of
my praise.

Is this like D'Ambois ? I must vex the
Guise,

Or never look to hear free truth ; tell me,
For Bussy lives not ; he durst anger me,
Yet for my love, would not have fear'd to
anger

The King himself. Thou understand'st
me, dost not ?

Cl. I shall, my lord, with study.

Mo. Dost understand thyself ? I pray
thee tell me,

Dost never search thy thoughts, what my
design

Might be to entertain thee and thy brother ?
What turn I meant to serve with you ?

Cl. Even what you please to think.

Mo. But what think'st thou ?

Had I no end in't, think'st ?

Cl. I think you had.

Mo. When I took in such two as you
two were,

A ragged couple of decay'd commanders,
When a French crown would plentifully
serve

To buy you both to anything i'th' earth.

Cl. So it would you.

Mo. Nay, bought you both outright ;
You, and your trunks : I fear me, I offend
thee.

Cl. No, not a jot.

Mo. The most renowned soldier,
Epaminondas, as good authors say,
Had no more suits than backs, but you
two shared

But one suit 'twixt you both, when both
your studies

Were not what meat to dine with ; if your
partridge,

Your snipe, your wood-cock, lark, or your
red-herring,

But where to beg it ; whether at my house
Or at the Guise's (for you know you were
Ambitious beggars), or at some cook's-

shop,

T'eternize the cook's trust, and score it up.
Dost not offend thee ?

Cl. No, sir ; pray proceed.

Mo. As for thy gentry, I dare boldly take
Thy honourable oath ; and yet some say

Thou and thy most renowned noble brother,
Came to the Court first in a keel of sea-coal ;
Dost not offend thee ?

Cl. Never doubt it, sir.

Mo. Why do I love thee, then ? why have
I raked thee

Out of the dung-hill? cast my cast wardrobe on thee?

Brought thee to Court too, as I did thy brother?

Made ye my saucy boon companions?

Taught ye to call our greatest noblemen

By the corruption of their names; Jack, Tom?

Have I blown both for nothing to this bubble?

Though thou art learn'd, th'ast no enchanting wit,

Or were thy wit good, am I therefore bound To keep thee for my table? Well, sir, 'twere

A good knight's place. Many a proud dubb'd gallant

Seeks out a poor knight's living from such emrods.

Or what use else should I design thee to?

Perhaps you'll answer me, to be my pander.

Cl. Perhaps I shall.

Mo. Or did the sly Guise put thee into my bosom, t'undermine my projects?

I fear thee not; for though I be not sure I have thy heart, I know thy brain-pan yet

To be as empty a dull piece of wainscot

As ever arm'd the scalp of any courtier;

A fellow only that consists of sinews:

Mere Swisser, apt for any execution.

Cl. But killing of the King.

Mo. Right; now I see

Thou understand'st thyself.

Cl. Ay, and you better:

You are a king's son born.

Mo. Right.

Cl. And a king's brother.

Mo. True.

Cl. And might not any fool have been so too,

As well as you?

Mo. A pox upon you!

Cl. You did no princely deeds

Ere you were born, I take it, to deserve it;

Nor did you any since that I have heard;

Nor will do ever any, as all think.

Mo. The devil take him! I'll no more of him.

Gu. Nay: stay, my lord, and hear him answer you.

Mo. No more, I swear. Farewell.

[*Exeunt* Monsieur, Espernon, Soisson.

Gu. No more! Ill fortune.

I would have given a million to have heard His scoffs retorted, and the insolence

Of his high birth and greatness (which were never

Effects of his deserts, but of his fortune)

Made show to his dull eyes, beneath the worth

That men aspire to by their knowing virtues,

Without which greatness is a shade, a bubble.

Cl. But what one great man dreams of that, but you?

All take their birth and birth-rights left to them

(Acquired by others) for their own worth's purchase,

When many a fool in both, is great as they: And who would think they could win with

their worths

Wealthy possessions, when won to their hands,

They neither can judge justly of their value Nor know their use; and therefore they are

puff'd With such proud tumours as this Monsieur is:

Enabled only by the goods they have, To scorn all goodness: none great, fill their

fortunes,

But as those men that make their houses greater,

Their households being less, so fortune raises

Huge heaps of outside in these mighty men,

And gives them nothing in them.

Gu. True as truth:

And therefore they had rather drown their substance

In superfluities of bricks and stones (Like Sysiphus, advancing of them ever,

And ever pulling down); than lay the cost Of any sluttish corner, on a man,

Built with God's finger, and enstyle'd his Temple.

Ba. 'Tis nobly said, my lord.

Gu. I would have these things Brought upon stages, to let mighty misers

See all their grave and serious miseries play'd,

As once they were in Athens and old Rome.

Cl. Nay, we must now have nothing brought on stages,

But puppetry, and pied ridiculous antics; Men thither come to laugh, and feed fool-fat,

Check at all goodness there, as being profaned:

When wheresoever goodness comes she makes

The place still sacred, though with other feet

Never so much 'tis scandal'd and polluted.
Let me learn anything that fits a man,
In any stables shown, as well as stages.

Ba. Why? is not all the world esteem'd
a stage?

Cl. Yes, and right worthily; and stages
too

Have a respect due to them, if but only,
For what the good Greek moralist says of
them:

"Is a man proud of greatness, or of riches?
Give me an expert actor, I'll show all
That can within his greatest glory fall.
Is a man fray'd with poverty and lowness?
Give me an actor, I'll show every eye
What he laments so, and so much doth fly,
The best and worst of both." If but for this
then,

To make the proudest outside that most
swells

With things without him, and above his
worth,

See how small cause he has to be so blown
up;

And the most poor man to be grieved with
poorness,

Both being so easily borne by expert actors.
The stage and actors are not so contemptful
As every innovating puritan,
And ignorant sweater out of zealous envy
Would have the world imagine. And
besides,

That all things have been liken'd to the
mirth

Used upon stages, and for stages fitted.

The splenative philosopher that ever
Laugh'd at them all, were worthy the
enstaging;

All objects, were they ne'er so full of tears,
He so conceited, that he could distil thence
Matter that still fed his ridiculous humour.
Heard he a lawyer, ne'er so vehement
pleading

He stood and laugh'd. Heard he a trades-
man swearing

Never so thriftily, selling of his wares,
He stood and laugh'd. Heard he an holy
brother,

For hollow ostentation at his prayers
Ne'er so impetuously, he stood and
laugh'd.

Saw he a great man never so insulting,
Severely inflicting, gravely giving laws,
Not for their good, but his, he stood and
laugh'd.

Saw he a youthful widow

Never so weeping, wringing of her hands,
For her lost lord, still the philosopher
laugh'd.

Now whether he supposed all these
presentments

Were only maskeries, and wore false faces,
Or else were simply vain, I take no care;
But still he laugh'd, how grave soe'er they
were.

Gu. And might right well, my Clermont;
and for this

Virtuous digression, we will thank the
scoffs

Of vicieus Monsieur. But now for the
main point

Of your late resolution for revenge

Of your slain brother.

Cl. I have here my challenge,
Which I will pray my brother Baligny
To bear the murtherous earl.

Ba. I have prepared
Means for access to him, through all his
guard.

Gu. About it then, my worthy Baligny,
And bring us the success.

Ba. I will, my lord. [Exeunt.]

Tamyra sola.

Ta. Revenge, that ever red sitt'st in the
eyes

Of injured ladies, till we crown thy brows
With bloody laurel, and receive from thee
Justice for all our honour's injury;
Whose wings none fly, that wrath or
tyranny

Hath ruthless made, and bloody; enter
here,

Enter, O enter; and, though length of
time

Never lets any 'scape thy constant justice,
Yet now prevent that length. Fly, fly,
and here

Fix thy steel footsteps: Here, O here,
where still

Earth, moved with pity, yielded and em-
braced

My love's fair figure, drawn in his dear
blood,

And mark'd the place, to show thee where
was done

The cruell'st murder that e'er fled the sun.
O earth! why keep'st thou not as well his
spirit,

To give his form life? No, that was not
earthly;

That (rarefying the thin and yielding air)
Flew sparkling up into the sphere of fire,
Whence endless flames it sheds in my de-
sire;

Here be my daily pallet; here all nights
That can be wrested from thy rival's arms,
O my dear Bussy, I will lie and kiss

Spirit into thy blood, or breathe out mine
In sighs and kisses, and sad tunes to
thine. [*She sings.*]

Enter Montsurry.

Mont. Still on this haunt? Still shall
adulterous blood
Affect thy spirits? Think, for shame, but
this,
This blood that cockatrice-like thus thou
brood'st
Too dry is to breed any quench to thine.
And therefore now (if only for thy lust
A little cover'd with a veil of shame)
Look out for fresh life, rather than witch-
like,
Learn to kiss horror, and with death en-
gender.
Strange cross in nature, purest virgin
shame
Lies in the blood, as lust lies; and to-
gether
Many times mix too; and in none more
shameful
Than in the shamefaced. Who can then
distinguish
'Twixt their affections; or tell when he
meets
With one not common? Yet, as worthiest
poets
Shun common and plebeian forms of
speech;
Every illiberal and affected phrase
To clothe their matter; and together tie
Matter and form, with art and decency;
So worthiest women should shun vulgar
guises,
And though they cannot but fly out for
change,
Yet modesty, the matter of their lives,
Be it adulterate, should be painted true
With modest out-parts; what they should
do still,
Graced with good show, though deeds be
ne'er so ill.
Ta. That is so far from all ye seek of us,
That, though yourselves be common as
the air,
We must not take the air, we must not fit
Our actions to our own affections;
But as geometricians, you still say,
Teach that no lines nor superficies
Do move themselves, but still accompany
The motions of their bodies; so poor
wives
Must not pursue, nor have their own affec-
tions;
But to their husbands' earnest, and their
jests,

To their austerities of looks, and laughters,
Though ne'er so foolish and injurious,
Like parasites and slaves, fit their dis-
posures.

Mont. I used thee as my soul, to move
and rule me.

Ta. So said you, when you woo'd. So
soldiers tortured
With tedious sieges of some well-wall'd
town

Propound conditions of most large con-
tents,

Freedom of laws, all former government;
But having once set foot within the walls,
And got the reins of power into their
hands;

Then do they tyrannize at their own rude
swindges,

Seize all their goods, their liberties, and
lives,

And make advantage and their lusts their
laws.

Mont. But love me, and perform a wife's
part yet,
(With all my love before) I swear forgive-
ness.

Ta. Forgiveness! that grace you should
seek of me;

These tortured fingers and these stabb'd-
through arms

Keep that law in their wounds, yet, unob-
served,

And ever shall.

Mont. Remember their deserts.

Ta. Those with fair warnings might
have been reform'd,

Not these unmanly rages. You have
heard

The fiction of the north-wind and the sun,
Both working on a traveller, and con-
tending

Which had most power to take his cloak
from him;

Which when the wind attempted, he
roar'd out

Outrageous blasts at him to force it off,
That wrapt it closer on. When the calm
sun

(The wind once leaving) charged him with
still beams

Quiet and fervent, and therein was con-
stant,

Which made him cast off both his cloak
and coat;

Like whom should men do. If ye wish
your wives

Should leave disliked things, seek it not
with rage,

For that enrages; what ye give, ye have;

But use calm warnings, and kind manly means,
And that in wives most prostitute will win
Not only sure amends, but make us wives
Better than those that ne'er led faulty lives.

Enter a Soldier.

Sol. My lord.

Mont. How now? would any speak with me?

Sol. Ay, sir.

Mont. Perverse and traitorous miscreant,

Where are your other fellows of my guard?
Have I not told you, I will speak with none

But Lord Renel?

Sol. And 'tis he that stays you.

Mont. O, is it he? 'Tis well; attend him in:

I must be vigilant; the furies haunt me.
Do you hear, dame?

Enter Renel with the Soldier.

Re. Be true now, for your lady's injured sake,
Whose bounty you have so much cause to honour;

For her respect is chief in this design,
And therefore serve it; call out of the way
All your confederate fellows of his guard,
Till Monsieur Baligny be enter'd here.

Sol. Upon your honour, my lord shall be free

From any hurt, you say?

Re. Free as myself. Watch then, and clear his entry.

Sol. I will not fail, my lord.

[*Exit Soldier.*]

Re. God save your lordship.

Mont. My noblest Lord Renel! past all men welcome:

Wife, welcome his lordship. [*Osculatur.*]

Re. I much joy in your return here.

Ta. You do more than I.

Mont. She's passionate still, to think we ever parted,

By my too stern injurious jealousy.

Re. 'Tis well your lordship will confess your error

In so good time yet.

Enter Baligny with a challenge.

Mont. Death! Who have we here?

Ho! guard! villains!

Ba. Why exclaim you so?

Mont. Negligent traitors! Murder, murder, murder!

Ba. Y'are mad. Had mine intent been so like yours,

It had been done ere this.

Re. Sir, your intent,

And action too, was rude to enter thus.

Ba. Y'are a decay'd lord to tell me of rudeness,

As much decay'd in manners as in means.

Re. You talk of manners, that thus rudely thrust

Upon a man that's busy with his wife.

Ba. And kept your lordship then the door?

Re. The door?

Mont. Sweet lord, forbear. Show, show your purpose, sir,

To move such bold feet into others' roofs.

Ba. This is my purpose, sir; from Clermont D'Ambois

I bring this challenge.

Mont. Challenge! I'll touch none.

Ba. I'll leave it here then.

Re. Thou shalt leave thy life first.

Mont. Murder, murder!

Re. Retire, my lord; get off.

Hold, or thy death shall hold thee. Hence, my lord.

Ba. There lie the challenge.

[*They all fight, and Ba. drives in Mont. Exit Mont.*]

Re. Was not this well handled?

Ba. Nobly, my lord. All thanks.

[*Exit Ba.*]

Ta. I'll make him read it. [*Exit Ta.*]

Re. This was a sleight well mask'd. O, what is man,

Unless he be a politician?

[*Exit.*]

END OF ACT I.

ACT THE SECOND.

SCENE I.

Henry, Baligny.

He. Come, Baligny, we now are private: say,

What service bring'st thou? make it short; the Guise,

Whose friend thou seem'st, is now in Court, and near,

And may observe us.

Ba. This, sir, then, in short:

The faction of the Guise (with which my policy,

For service to your highness seems to join)

Grows ripe, and must be gather'd into hold ;

Of which my brother Clermont being a part

Exceeding capital, deserves to have A capital eye on him. And as you may With best advantage, and your speediest charge,

Command his apprehension ; which (because

The Court, you know, is strong in his defence)

We must ask country swindge and open fields.

And, therefore, I have wrought him to go down

To Cambray with me (of which government

Your highness' bounty made me your Lieutenant)

Where, when I have him, I will leave my house,

And feign some service out about the confines,

When in the meantime, if you please to give

Command to my Lieutenant, by your letters,

To train him to some muster, where he may,

Much to his honour, see for him, your forces

Put into battail ; when he comes, he may With some close stratagem be apprehended.

For otherwise your whole powers there will fail

To work his apprension : and with that My hand needs never be discern'd therein.

He. Thanks, honest Baligny.

Ba. Your highness knows

I will be honest ; and betray for you Brother and father : for, I know, my lord,

Treachery for kings is truest loyalty ; Nor is to bear the name of treachery,

But grave, deep policy. All acts that seem Ill in particular respects, are good

As they respect your universal rule. As in the main sway of the universe

The supreme Rector's general decrees, To guard the mighty globes of earth and heaven,

Since they make good that guard to preservation

Of both those in their order and first end, No man's particular (as he thinks) wrong

Must hold him wrong'd ; no, not though all men's reasons,

All law, all conscience, concludes it wrong.

Nor is comparison a flatterer To liken you here to the King of kings ; Nor any man's particular offence Against the world's sway, to offence at yours

In any subject ; who as little may Grudge their particular wrong, if so it seem

For th'universal right of your estate. As (being a subject of the world's whole sway

As well as yours ; and being a righteous man

To whom Heaven promises defence, and blessing,

Brought to decay, disgrace, and quite defenceless)

He may complain of Heaven for wrong to him.

He. 'Tis true : the simile at all parts holds,

As all good subjects hold, that love our favour.

Ba. Which is our heaven here ; and a misery

Incomparable, and most truly hellish, To live deprived of our king's grace and countenance,

Without which best conditions are most cursed :

Life of that nature, howsoever short, Is a most lingering and tedious life ;

Or rather no life, but a languishing, And an abuse of life.

He. 'Tis well conceited.

Ba. I thought it not amiss to yield your highness

A reason of my speeches ; lest perhaps You might conceive I flatter'd ; which, I know,

Of all ills under heaven you most abhor.

He. Still thou art right, my virtuous Baligny,

For which I thank and love thee. Thy advice

I'll not forget ; haste to thy government, And carry D'Ambois with thee. So farewell.

Ba. Your majesty fare ever like itself. *[Exit.*

Enter Guise.

Gu. My sure friend, Baligny !

Ba. Noblest of princes !

Gu. How stands the State of Cambray ?

Ba. Strong, my lord,

And fit for service : for whose readiness

Your creature Clermont D'Ambois, and myself

Ride shortly down.

Gu. That Clermont is my love ;
France never bred a nobler gentleman
For all parts ; he exceeds his brother Bussy.

Ba. Ay, my lord ?

Gu. Far ; because, besides his valour,
He hath the crown of man, and all his
parts,
Which learning is : and that so true and
virtuous,

That it gives power to do as well as say
Whatever fits a most accomplish'd man ;
Which Bussy, for his valour's season,
lack'd ;

And so was rapt with outrage oftentimes
Beyond decorum ; where this absolute
Clermont,

Though, only for his natural zeal to right,
He will be fiery, when he sees it cross'd,
And in defence of it ; yet when he lists
He can contain that fire, as hid in embers.

Ba. No question, he's a true, learn'd
gentleman.

Gu. He is as true as tides, or any star
Is in his motion ; and for his rare learning,
He is not, as all else are that seek know-
ledge,

Of taste so much depraved, that they had
rather

Delight, and satisfy themselves to drink
Of the stream troubled, wandering ne'er
so far

From the clear fount, than of the fount
itself.

In all, Rome's Brutus is revived in him,
Whom he of industry doth imitate :
Or rather, as great Troy's Euphorbus was
After Pythagoras ; so is Brutus, Clermont.
And, were not Brutus a conspirator—

Ba. Conspirator, my lord ? Doth that
impair him ?

Cæsar began to tyrannize ; and when
virtue

Nor the religion of the gods could serve
To curb the insolence of his proud laws,
Brutus would be the gods' just instrument.
What said the princess, sweet Antigone,
In the grave Greek tragedian, when the
question

'Twixt her and Creon is, for laws of kings ?
Which, when he urges, she replies on him ;
Though his laws were a king's, they were
not God's ;

Nor would she value Creon's written laws
With God's unwrit edicts ; since they last
not

This day, and next, but every day and
ever ;

Where kings' laws alter every day and
hour,

And in that change imply a bounded
power.

Gu. Well, let us leave these vain dis-
putings what

Is to be done, and fall to doing something.
When are you for your government in
Cambray ?

Ba. When you command, my lord.

Gu. Nay, that's not fit.

Continue your designments with the King,
With all your service ; only if I send
Respect me as your friend, and love my
Clermont.

Ba. Your highness knows my vows.

Gu. Ay, 'tis enough.

[Exit Guise. *Manet* Baligny.]

Ba. Thus, must we play on both sides,
and thus hearten

In any ill those men whose good we hate.
Kings may do what they list ; and for
kings, subjects,

Either exempt from censure or exception ;
For, as no man's worth can be justly judged
But when he shines in some authority ;
So no authority should suffer censure
But by a man of more authority.*

Great vessels into less are emptied never,
There's a redundancy past their continent
ever.

These *virtuosi* are the poorest creatures ;
For look how spinners weave out of them-
selves

Webs, whose strange matter none before
can see ;

So these, out of an unseen good in virtue,
Make arguments of right, and comfort in
her,

That clothe them like the poor web of a
spinner.

Enter Clermont.

Cl. Now, to my challenge. What's the
place, the weapon ?

Ba. Soft, sir ; let first your challenge be
received ;

He would not touch, nor see it.

Cl. Possible !

How did you then ?

Ba. Left it in his despite,
But when he saw me enter so expectless,
To hear his base exclams of murder,
murther,

Made me think noblesse lost, in him quick
buried.

* Ἀμήχανον δὲ παντὸς, &c. *Impossible est viri cognoscere mentem ac voluntatem, priusquam in Magistratibus appareat.*

Cl. They are the breathing sepulchres
 of noblesse ;
 No trulier noble men, than lion's pictures
 Hung up for signs, are lions. Who knows
 not,
 That lions the more soft kept, are more
 servile ?*
 And look how lions close kept, fed by hand,
 Lose quite th'innative fire of spirit and
 greatness
 That lions free breathe, foraging for prey,
 And grow so gross, that mastiffs, curs, and
 mongrels
 Have spirit to cow them. So our soft
 French nobles
 Chain'd up in ease and numb'd security,
 Their spirits shrunk up like their covetous
 fists,
 And never open'd but Domitian-like,
 And all his base obsequious minions
 When they were catching, though it were
 but flies.
 Besotted with their peasants' love of gain,
 Rusting at home and on each other preying,
 Are for their greatness but the greater
 slaves,
 And none is noble but who scrapes and
 saves.
Ba. 'Tis base, 'tis base ! and yet they
 think them high.
Cl. So children mounted on their hobby-
 horse
 Think they are riding, when with wanton
 toil
 They bear what should bear them. A man
 may well
 Compare them to those foolish great-
 spleen'd camels,
 That to their high heads, begg'd of Jove
 horns higher ;
 Whose most uncomely and ridiculous pride
 When he had satisfied, they could not use,
 But where they went upright before, they
 stoop'd,
 And bore their heads much lower for their
 horns.
 As these high men do, low in all true grace,
 Their height being privilege to all things
 base.
 And as the foolish poet that still writ
 All his most self-loved verse in paper royal,
 Of parchment ruled with lead, smoothed
 with the pumice,
 Bound richly up, and strung with crimson
 strings ;
 Never so blest as when he writ and read

The ape-loved issue of his brain, and never
 But joying in himself, admiring ever :
 Yet in his works behold him, and he show'd
 Like to a ditcher. So these painted men,
 All set on out-side, look upon within,
 And not a peasant's entrails you shall find
 More foul and measled, nor more sterv'd
 of mind.

Ba. That makes their bodies fat. I fain
 would know

How many millions of our other nobles
 Would make one Guise. There is a true
 tenth worthy,

Who (did not one act only blemish him)—

Cl. One act ? what one ?

Ba. One, that, though years past done,
 Sticks by him still and will distain him
 ever.

Cl. Good heaven ! wherein ? what one
 act can you name

Supposed his stain, that I'll not prove his
 lustre ?

Ba. To satisfy you, 'twas the massacre.

Cl. The massacre ? I thought 'twas some
 such blemish.

Ba. Oh, it was heinous !

Cl. To a brutish sense,
 But not a manly reason. We so tender
 The vile part in us, that the part divine
 We see in hell, and shrink not. Who was
 first

Head of that massacre ?

Ba. The Guise.

Cl. 'Tis nothing so.

Who was in fault for all the slaughters
 made

In Ilion, and about it ? were the Greeks ?

Was it not Paris ravishing the Queen

Of Lacædemon ? Breach of shame and
 faith ?

And all the laws of hospitality ?

This is the beastly slaughter made of
 men,

When truth is overthrown, his laws cor-
 rupted ;

When souls are smother'd in the flatter'd
 flesh,

Slain bodies are no more than oxen slain.

Ba. Differ not men from oxen ?

Cl. Who says so ?

But see wherein ; in the understanding
 rules

Of their opinions, lives, and actions ;

In their communities of faith and reason.

Was not the wolf that nourish'd Romulus
 More humane than the men that did expose
 him ?

Ba. That makes against you.

Cl. Not, sir, if you note

* *Quo mollius degunt, eo servilius.* Epict.

That by that deed, the actions difference
make*

'Twixt men and beasts, and not their names
nor forms.

Had faith, nor shame, all hospitable rights
Been broke by Troy, Greece had not made
that slaughter.

Had that been saved (says a philosopher)
The Iliads and Odysseys had been lost ;
Had Faith and true Religion been preferr'd,
Religious Guise had never massacred.

Ba. Well, sir, I cannot when I meet
with you

But thus digress a little, for my learning,
From any other business I intend.

But now the voyage we resolved for Cam-
bray

I told the Guise begins, and we must
haste.

And till the Lord Renel hath found some
mean

Conspiring with the countess, to make sure
Your sworn wreak on her husband, though
this fail'd,

In my so brave command, we'll spend the
time,

Sometimes in training out in skirmishes
And battles, all our troops and companies ;
And sometimes breathe your brave Scotch
running horse,

That great Guise gave you, that all th'
horse in France

Far overruns at every race and hunting
Both of the hare and deer. You shall be
honour'd

Like the great Guise himself, above the
King.

And (can you but appease your great-
spleen'd sister

For our delay'd wreak of your brother's
slaughter)

At all parts you'll be welcomed to your
wonder.

Cl. I'll see my lord the Guise again
before

We take our journey.

Ba. O, sir, by all means ;
You cannot be too careful of his love,
That ever takes occasion to be raising
Your virtues past the reaches of this age,
And ranks you with the best of th'ancient
Romans.

Cl. That praise at no part moves me,
but the worth

Of all he can give others spher'd in him.

* This line appears to be corrupt ; though a
very slight alteration would suffice to make the
sense clear.—Ed.

Ba. He yet is thought to entertain strange
aims.

Cl. He may be well, yet not as you think
strange.

His strange aims are to cross the common
custom

Of servile nobles, in which he's so ravish'd,
That quite the earth he leaves, and up he
leaps

On Atlas' shoulders, and from thence looks
down,

Viewing how far off other high ones creep :
Rich, poor of reason, wander ; all pale
looking,

And trembling but to think of their sure
deaths,

Their lives so base are, and so rank their
breaths.

Which I teach Guise to heighten, and make
sweet

With life's dear odours, a good mind and
name ;

For which he only loves me, and deserves
My love and life, which through all deaths
I vow :

Resolving this, whatever change can be,
Thou hast created, thou hast ruin'd me.

[Exit.]

END OF ACT II.

ACT THE THIRD.

SCENE I.

*A march of Captains over the stage. Mail-
lard, Chalon, Aumale following with
Soldiers.*

Ma. These troops and companies come
in with wings :

So many men, so arm'd, so gallant horse,
I think no other government in France
So soon could bring together. With such
men

Methinks a man might pass th'insulting
pillars

Of Bacchus and Alcides.

Chal. I much wonder

Our lord-lieutenant brought his brother
down

To feast and honour him, and yet now
leaves him

At such an instance.

Ma. 'Twas the King's command :
For whom he must leave brother, wife,
friend, all things.

Au. The confines of his government,
whose view

Is the pretext of his command, hath need
Of no such sudden expedition.

Ma. We must not argue that. The
King's command

Is need and right enough: and that he
serves,
(As all true subjects should) without dis-
puting.

Chal. But knows not he of your com-
mand to take

His brother Clermont?

Ma. No: the King's will is

Expressly to conceal his apprehension
From my lord governor. Observed ye not?
Again peruse the letters. Both you are
Made my assistants, and have right and
trust

In all the weighty secrets like myself.

Au. 'Tis strange a man that had, through
his life past,

So sure a foot in virtue and true know-
ledge,

As Clermont D'Ambois, should be now
found tripping,

And taken up thus, so to make his fall
More steep and headlong.

Ma. It is Virtue's fortune,

To keep her low, and in her proper place;
Height hath no room for her. But as a
man

That hath a fruitful wife, and every year
A child by her, hath every year a month
To breathe himself: where he that gets no
child

Hath not a night's rest, if he will do well:
So, let one marry this same barren Virtue,
She never lets him rest: where fruitful Vice
Spares her rich drudge, gives him in labour
breath;

Feeds him with bane, and makes him fat
with death.

Chal. I see that good lives never can
secure

Men from bad livers. Worst men will have
best

As ill as they, or heaven to hell they'll
wrest.

Au. There was a merit for this, in the
fault

That Bussy made, for which he, doing
penance,

Proves that these foul adulterous guilts will
run

Through the whole blood, which not the
clear can shun.

Ma. I'll therefore take heed of the bas-
tarding

Whole innocent races; 'tis a fearful thing.
And as I am true bachelor, I swear,

To touch no woman, to the coupling ends,
Unless it be mine own wife, or my friend's.
I may make bold with him.

Au. 'Tis safe and common.

The more your friend dares trust, the more
deceive him.

And as, through dewy vapours, the sun's
form

Makes the gay rainbow girdle to a storm,
So in hearts hollow, friendship (even the
sun

To all good growing in society)

Makes his so glorious and divine name
hold

Colours for all the ill that can be told.

Ma. Hark, our last troops are come.

[*Trumpets within.*

Chal. Hark, our last foot. [*Drums beat.*

Ma. Come, let us put all quickly into
battail,

And send for Clermont, in whose honour
all

This martial preparation we pretend.

Chal. We must bethink us, ere we
apprehend him,

(Besides our main strength), of some
stratagem

To make good our severe command on
him,

As well to save blood, as to make him sure:
For if he come on his Scotch horse, all
France

Put at the heels of him, will fail to take
him.

Ma. What think you, if we should
disguise a brace

Of our best soldiers in fair lackeys' coats,
And send them for him, running by his
side,

Till they have brought him in some ambus-
cado

We close may lodge for him, and suddenly
Lay sure hand on him, plucking him from
horse.

Au. It must be sure and strong hand;
for if once

He feels the touch of such a stratagem,
'Tis not the choicest brace of all our bands
Can manacle or quench his fiery hands.

Ma. When they have seized him, the
ambush shall make in.

Au. Do as you please; his blameless
spirit deserves,

I dare engage my life, of all this, nothing.

Ch. Why should all this stir be, then?

Au. Who knows not

The bombast polity thrust into his giant,
To make his wisdom seem of size as huge,
And all for slight encounter of a shade,

So he be touch'd, he would have heinous made?

Ma. It may be once so, but so ever, never:

Ambition is abroad, on foot, on horse;
Faction chokes every corner, street, the Court;

Whose faction 'tis you know, and who is held

The fautor's right hand; how high his aims reach

Nought but a crown can measure. This must fall

Past shadows' weights, and is most capital.

Ch. No question; for since he is come to Cambray,

The malcontent, decay'd Marquis Renel
Is come, and new arrived, and made partaker

Of all the entertaining shows and feasts
That welcomed Clermont to the brave virago,

His manly sister. Such we are esteem'd
As are our consorts. Marquess Malcontent
Comes where he knows his vein hath safest vent.

Ma. Let him come at his will, and go as free;

Let us ply Clermont, our whole charge is he.

[*Exit.*]

Enter a Gentleman Usher, before Clermont, Renel, Charlotte, with two women attendants, with others: shows having passed within.

Ch. This for your lordship's welcome into Cambray.

Re. Noblest of ladies, 'tis beyond all power,

Were my estate at first full, in my means
To quit or merit.

Cl. You come something later

From Court, my lord, than I; and since news there

Is every day increasing with th' affairs,
Must I not ask now, what the news is there?

Where the Court lies? what stir? change? what advise

From England? Italy?

Re. You must do so,

If you'll be call'd a gentleman well qualified,

And wear your time and wits in those discourses.

Cl. The Locrian Princes therefore were brave rulers;

For whosoever there came new from country

And in the city ask'd, what news? was punish'd;

Since commonly such brains are most delighted

With innovations, gossips' tales, and mischiefs;

But as of lions it is said and eagles,
That when they go, they draw their seres and talons

Close up, to shun rebating of their sharpness;

So our wit's sharpness, which we should employ

In noblest knowledge, we should never waste

In vile and vulgar admirations.

Re. 'Tis right; but who, save only you, performs it,

And your great brother? Madam, where is he?

Ch. Gone a day since, into the country's confines,

To see their strength, and readiness for service.

Re. 'Tis well; his favour with the King hath made him

Most worthily great, and live right royally.

Cl. Ay, would he would not do so! Honour never

Should be esteem'd with wise men, as the price

And value of their virtuous services,
But as their sign or badge; for that bewrays

More glory in the outward grace of goodness,

Than in the good itself; and then 'tis said:

Who more joy takes, that men his good advance,

Than in the good itself, does it by chance.

Ch. My brother speaks all principle; what man

Is moved with your soul, or hath such a thought

In any rate of goodness?

Cl. 'Tis their fault:

We have examples of it, clear and many,
Demetrius Phalerius, an orator,
And (which not oft meet) a philosopher,
So great in Athens grew, that he erected
Three hundred statues of him; of all which,

No rust nor length of time corrupted one;

But in his life time, all were overthrow'n.
And Demades (that pass'd Demosthenes
For all extemporal orations)
Erected many statues, which, he living,

Were broke, and melted into chamber-pots.

Many such ends have fall'n on such proud honours,

No more because the men on whom they fell

Grew insolent and left their virtues' state ;
Than for their hugeness, that procured their hate ;

And therefore little pomp in men most great,

Makes mightily and strongly to the guard
Of what they win by chance, or just reward.

Great and immodest braveries again,
Like statues, much too high made for their bases,

Are overturn'd as soon as given their places.

Enter a Messenger with a Letter.

Me. Here is a letter, sir, deliver'd me,
Now at the fore-gate by a gentleman.

Cl. What gentleman ?

Me. He would not tell his name ;
He said, he had not time enough to tell it,

And say the little rest he had to say.

Cl. That was a merry saying ; he took measure

Of his dear time like a most thrifty husband.

Ch. What news ?

Cl. Strange ones, and fit for a novation ;

Weighty, unheard of, mischievous enough.

Re. Heaven shield ! what are they ?

Cl. Read them, good my lord.

Re. "You are betrayed into this country."
Monstrous !

Ch. How's that ?

Cl. Read on.

Re. "Maillard, your brother's lieutenant, that yesterday invited you to see his musters, hath letters and strict charge from the King to apprehend you."

Ch. To apprehend him ?

Re. "Your brother absents himself of purpose."

Cl. That's a sound one.

Ch. That's a lie.

Re. "Get on your Scotch horse, and retire to your strength ; you know where it is, and there it expects you ; believe this as your best friend had sworn it. Fare well, if you will. ANONYMOS." What's that ?

Cl. Without a name.

Ch. And all his notice too without all truth.

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Cl. So I conceive it, sister ; I'll not wrong

My well-known brother for Anonymos.

Ch. Some fool hath put this trick on you, yet more

T'uncover your defect of spirit and valour,
First shown in lingering my dear brother's weak.

See what it is to give the envious world
Advantage to diminish eminent virtue.

Send him a challenge ? Take a noble course

To wreak a murther, done so like a villain ?

Cl. Shall we revenge a villany with villany ?

Ch. Is it not equal ?

Cl. Shall we equal be with villains ?

Is that your reason ?

Ch. Cowardice evermore

Flies to the shield of reason.

Cl. Nought that is

Approved by reason can be cowardice.

Ch. Dispute when you should fight.

Wrong, wreakless sleeping,

Makes men die honourless ; one borne,
another

Leaps on our shoulders.

Cl. We must wreak our wrongs

So as we take not more.

Ch. One wreak'd in time

Prevents all other. Then shines virtue most
When time is found for facts ; and found,
not lost.

Cl. No time occurs to kings, much less to virtue ;

Nor can we call it virtue that proceeds
From vicious fury. I repent that ever

(By any instigation in th'appearance
My brother's spirit made, as I imagined)
That e'er I yielded to revenge his murther.

All worthy men should ever bring their blood

To bear all ill, not to be wreak'd with good :

Do ill for no ill ; never private cause

Should take on it the part of public laws.

Ch. A D'Ambois bear in wrong so tame a spirit !

Re. Madam, be sure there will be time enough

For all the vengeance your great spirit can wish.

The course yet taken is allow'd by all,
Which being noble, and refused by th' earl,

Now makes him worthy of your worst advantage ;

And I have cast a project with the countess

To watch a time when all his wariest guards

Shall not exempt him. Therefore give him breath ;
Sure death delay'd is a redoubled death.

Cl. Good sister, trouble not yourself with this ;

Take other ladies' care ; practise your face. There's the chaste matron, Madam Perigot, Dwells not far hence ; I'll ride and send her to you.

She did live by retailing maiden-heads In her minority ; but now she deals In wholesale altogether for the Court. I tell you, she's the only fashion-monger, For your complexion, powdering of your hair,

Shadows, rebatoes, wires, tires, and such tricks,

That Cambray, or I think, the Court affords ;

She shall attend you, sister, and with these

Womanly practices employ your spirit ; This other suits you not, nor fits the fashion.

Though she be dear, lay't on, spare for no cost,

Ladies in these have all their bounties lost.

Re. Madam, you see his spirit will not check

At any single danger ; when it stands Thus merrily firm against a host of men, Threaten'd to be in arms for his surprise.

Ch. That's a mere bugbear, an impossible mock.

If he, and him I bound by nuptial faith Had not been dull and drossy in performing

Wreak of the dear blood of my matchless brother,

What prince, what king, which of the desperate ruffians,

Outlaws in Arden, durst have tempted thus One of our blood and name, be't true or false ?

Cl. This is not caused by that ; 'twill be as sure

As yet it is not, though this should be true.

Ch. True ? 'tis past thought false.

Cl. I suppose the worst,

Which far I am from thinking ; and despise

The army now in battail that should act it.

Ch. I would not let my blood up to that thought,
But it should cost the dearest blood in France,

Cl. Sweet sister, [*osculatur*] far be both off as the fact

Of my feign'd apprehension.

Ch. I would once

Strip off my shame with my attire, and try If a poor woman, votist of revenge,

Would not perform it with a precedent To all you bungling, foggy-spirited men ; But for our birthright's honour, do not mention

One syllable of any word may go To the begetting of an act so tender And full of sulphur as this letter's truth ; It comprehends so black a circumstance Not to be named, that but to form one thought,

It is or can be so, would make me mad ; Come, my lord, you and I will fight this dream

Out at the chess.

Re. Most gladly, worthiest lady.

[*Exit* Charlotte and Renel.]

Enter a Messenger.

Me. Sir, my Lord Governor's Lieutenant prays

Access to you.

Cl. Himself alone ?

Me. Alone, sir.

Cl. Attend him in. [*Exit* Mess.] Now comes this plot to trial.

I shall discern, if it be true as rare, Some sparks will fly from his dissembling eyes.

I'll sound his depth.

Enter Maillard *with the* Messenger.

Ma. Honour, and all things noble !

Cl. As much to you, good Captain. What's th' affair ?

Ma. Sir, the poor honour we can add to all

Your studied welcome to this martial place,

In presentation of what strength consists Mylord, your brother's government is ready.

I have made all his troops and companies Advance, and put themselves ranged in battalia,

That you may see, both how well-arm'd they are ;

How strong is every troop and company ; How ready, and how well prepared for service.

Cl. And must they take me ?

Ma. Take you, sir ? O, heaven !

Me. Believe it, sir ; his countenance changed in turning.

Ma. What do you mean, sir ?

Cl. If you have charged them,
You being charged yourself, to apprehend
me,
Turn not your face; throw not your looks
about so.

Ma. Pardon me, sir. You amaze me
to conceive
From whence our wills to honour you
should turn
To such dishonour of my lord your brother.
Dare I, without him, undertake your
taking?

Cl. Why not? by your direct charge
from the King?
Ma. By my charge from the King?
would he so much
Disgrace my lord, his own lieutenant here,
To give me his command without his forfeit?

Cl. Acts that are done by kings are not
ask'd why:
I'll not dispute the case, but I will search
you.

Ma. Search me? for what?
Cl. For letters.
Ma. I beseech you
Do not admit one thought of such a shame
To a commander.

Cl. Go to; I must do't.
Stand and be search'd; you know me.

Ma. You forget
What 'tis to be a captain, and yourself.
Cl. Stand! or I vow to heaven, I'll
make you lie,
Never to rise more.

Ma. If a man be mad
Reason must bear him.

Cl. So coy to be search'd?
Ma. 'Sdeath, sir! use a captain like a
carrier?

Cl. Come, be not furious; when I have
done
You shall make such a carrier of me,
If't be your pleasure; you're my friend, I
know,

And so am bold with you.
Ma. You'll nothing find
Where nothing is.

Cl. Swear you have nothing.
Ma. Nothing you seek, I swear, I be-
seech you;

Know I desired this out of great affection,
To th'end my lord may know out of your
witness

His forces are not in so bad estate
As he esteem'd them lately in your hearing:
For which he would not trust me with the
confines;

But went himself to witness their estate.

Cl. I heard him make that reason, and
am sorry
I had no thought of it before I made
Thus bold with you; since 'tis such rhubarb
to you,

I'll therefore search no more. If you are
charged
By letters from the King, or otherwise,
To apprehend me; never spice it more
With forced terms of your love, but stay; I
yield;
Hold; take my sword; here; I forgive
thee freely;
Take; do thine office.

Ma. 'Sfoot, you make me a hangman;
By all my faith to you, there's no such
thing.

Cl. Your faith to me?
Ma. My faith to God; all's one,
Who hath no faith to men, to God hath
none.

Cl. In that sense I accept your oath,
and thank you:
I gave my word to go, and I will go.

Ma. I'll watch you whither. *[Exit Cler.]*
Me. If he goes, he proves

How vain are men's foreknowledges of
things,

When heaven strikes blind their powers of
note and use;
And makes their way to ruin seem more
right

Than that which safety opens to their sight.
Cassandra's prophecy had no more profit
With Troy's blind citizens, when she fore-
told

Troy's ruin; which, succeeding, made her
use

This sacred inclamation: "God" (said she)
"Would have me utter things uncredited:
"For which now they approve what I
presaged;

"They count me wise, that said before I
raged."

Enter Chalons with two Soldiers.

Chal. Come soldiers, you are downwards
fit for lackeys;
Give me your pieces, and take you these
coats,

To make you complete footmen, in whose
forms,
You must be complete soldiers; you two only
Stand for our army.

1st. That were much.
Chal. 'Tis true,
You two must do, or enter, what our army
Is now in field for.

2nd. I see then our guerdon
Must be the deed itself, 'twill be such
honour.

Chal. What fight soldiers most for?

1st. Honour only.

Chal. Yet here are crowns beside.

Am. We thank you, captain.

2nd. Now, sir, how show we?

Chal. As you should at all parts.

Go now to Clermont D'Ambois, and inform
him—

Two battails are set ready in his honour,
And stay his presence only for their signal,
When they shall join : and that t'attend
him hither,

Like one we so much honour, we have sent
him—

1st. Us two in person.

Chal. Well, sir, say it so.

And having brought him to the field,
when I

Fall in with him, saluting, get you both
Of one side of his horse, and pluck him
down,

And I with th'ambush laid, will second
you.

1st. Nay, we shall lay on hands of too
much strength

To need your secondings.

2nd. I hope we shall.

Two are enough to encounter Hercules.

Chal. 'Tis well said, worthy soldiers :
haste, and haste him.

Enter Clermont, Maillard *close following*
him.

Cl. My Scotch horse to their army.

Ma. Please you, sir?

Cl. 'Sdeath, you're passing diligent.

Ma. Of my soul

'Tis only in my love to honour you
With what would grace the King : but since
I see

You still sustain a jealous eye on me,
I'll go before.

Cl. 'Tis well ; I'll come ; my hand.

Ma. Your hand, sir? Come, your word,
your choice be used. [*Exit.*]

Clermont solus.

Cl. I had an aversation to this voyage,
When first my brother moved it ; and have
found

That native power in me was never vain ;
Yet now neglected it : I wonder much
At my inconstancy in these decrees,
I every hour set down to guide my life.
When Homer made Achilles passionate,
Wrathful, revengeful, and insatiate

In his affections ; what man will deny,
He did compose it all of industry,
To let men see, that men of most renown,
Strong'st, noblest, fairest, if they set not
down

Decrees within them, for disposing these,
Of judgment, resolution, uprightness,
And certain knowledge of their use and
ends

Mishap and misery no less extends
To their destruction, with all that they
prized,

Than to the poorest, and the most despised.

Enter Renel.

Re. Why, how now, friend? retired?

Take heed you prove not

Dismay'd with this strange fortune ; all
observe you :

Your government's as much mark'd as the
King's.

What said a friend to Pompey?

Cl. What?

Re. The people

Will never know, unless in death thou try,
That thou know'st how to bear adversity.

Cl. I shall approve how vile I value fear
Of death at all times ; but to be too rash,
Without both will and care to shun the
worst

(It being in power to do, well and with
cheer),

Is stupid negligence, and worse than fear.

Re. Suppose this true now.

Cl. No, I cannot do't.

My sister truly said, there hung a tail
Of circumstance so black on that suppo-
sure,

That to sustain it thus, abhor'd our
metal.

And I can shun it, too, in spite of all :
Not going to field, and there, too, being so
mounted

As I will, since I go.

Re. You will then go?

Cl. I am engaged, both in my word and
hand ;

But this is it that makes me thus retired,
To call myself t'account how this affair
Is to be managed if the worst should
chance ;

With which I note, how dangerous it is
For any man to prease beyond the place
To which his birth, or means, or know-
ledge ties him ;

For my part, though of noble birth, my
birthright

Had little left it, and I know 'tis better
To live with little, and to keep within

A man's own strength still, and in man's true end,

Than run a mix'd course. Good and bad hold never

Anything common; you can never find Things outward care, but you neglect your mind.

God hath the whole world perfect made, and free,

His parts to th' use of th' all; men then that are

Parts of that all, must, as the general sway Of that importeth, willingly obey

In everything without their power to change.

He that, unpleas'd to hold his place, will range,

Can in no other be contain'd that's fit, And so resisting th' All, is crush'd with it.

But he, that knowing how divine a frame The whole world is; and of it all, can name,

Without self-flattery, no part so divine As he himself, and therefore will confine Freely, his whole powers, in his proper part, Goes on most God-like. He that strives t' invert

The Universal's course with his poor way, Not only dust-like shivers with the sway, But, crossing God in his great work, all earth

Bears not so curs'd and so damn'd a birth.

Re. Go on; I'll take no care what comes of you;

Heaven will not see it ill, howe'er it show:

But the pretext to see these battails ranged Is much your honour.

Cl. As the world esteems it.

But to decide that, you make me remember An accident of high and noble note, And fits the subject of my late discourse Of holding on our free and proper way. I overtook, coming from Italy,

In Germany, a great and famous earl Of England, the most goodly-fashion'd man

I ever saw; from head to foot in form Rare and most absolute; he had a face Like one of the most ancient honour'd Romans,

From whence his noblest family was derived;

He was beside of spirit passing great, Valiant, and learn'd, and liberal as the sun,

Spoke and writ sweetly, or of learned subjects,

Or of the discipline of public weals;

And 'twas the Earl of Oxford; and being offer'd

At that time, by Duke Cassimere, the view

Of his right royal army then in field; Refused it, and no foot was moved, to stir

Out of his own free fore-determined course: I, wondering at it, ask'd for it his reason, It being an offer so much for his honour. He, all acknowledging, said, 'twas not fit To take those honours that one cannot quit.

Re. 'Twas answer'd like the man you have described.

Cl. And yet he cast it only in the way, To stay and serve the world. Nor did it fit His own true estimate how much it weigh'd,

For he despis'd it; and esteem'd it freer To keep his own way straight; and swore that he

Had rather make away his whole estate In things that cross'd the vulgar, than he would

Be frozen up, stiff, like a Sir John Smith, His countryman, in common nobles' fashions;

Affecting, as the end of noblesse were Those servile observations.

Re. It was strange.

Cl. O, 'tis a vexing sight to see a man Out of his way, stalk proud as he were in; Out of his way to be officious,

Observant, wary, serious, and grave, Fearful, and passionate, insulting, raging, Labour with iron flails, to thresh down feathers

Flitting in air.

Re. What one considers this, Of all that are thus out? or once endeavours,

Erring to enter, on man's right-hand path? *Cl.* These are too grave for brave wits; give them toys;

Labour bestow'd on these is harsh and thriftless.

If you would consul be, says one, of Rome,

You must be watching, starting out of sleeps;

Every way whisking; glorifying plebeians Kissing patricians' hands, rot at their doors;

Speak and do basely; every day bestow Gifts and observance upon one or other; And what's th' event of all? Twelve rods before thee;

Three or four times sit for the whole tribunal;

Exhibit Circean games; make public feasts;

And for these idle outward things (says he)
Would'st thou lay on such cost, toil, spend thy spirits,

And to be void of perturbation

For constancy, sleep when thou would'st have sleep,

Wake when thou would'st wake, fear nought, vex for nought,

No pains wilt thou bestow? no cost? no thought?

Re. What should I say? As good consort with you

As with an angel; I could hear you ever.

Cl. Well; in, my lord, and spend time with my sister,

And keep her from the field with all endeavour;

The soldiers love her so, and she so madly

Would take my apprehension, if it chance, That blood would flow in rivers.

Re. Heaven forbid;

And all with honour your arrival speed.

[*Exit.*]

Enter Messenger with two Soldiers like lackeys.

Me. Here are two lackeys, sir, have message to you.

Cl. What is your message; and from whom, my friend?

1st. From the lieutenant-colonel, and the captains;

Who sent us to inform you that the battails

Stand ready ranged; expecting but your presence,

To be their honour'd signal when to join,

And we are charged to run by, and attend you.

Cl. I come. I pray you see my running horse

Brought to the back-gate to me.

Me. Instantly. [*Exit Mess.*]

Cl. Chance what can chance me, well or ill is equal

In my acceptance, since I joy in neither; But go with sway of all the world together.

In all successes, fortune and the day

To me alike are; I am fix'd, be she

Never so fickle; and will there repose,

Far past the reach of any die she throws.

[*Ex. cum Pediss.*]

END OF ACT III.

ACT THE FOURTH.

SCENE I.

Alarum within; Excursions over the Stage.

The Lackeys running, Maillard following them.

Ma. Villains! not hold him when ye had him down?

1st. Who can hold lightning? 'Sdeath, a man as well

Might catch a cannon-bullet in his mouth, And spit it in your hands, as take and hold him.

Ma. Pursue, enclose him; stand, or fall on him,

And ye may take him. 'Sdeath! they make him guards. [*Exit.*]

Alarum still, and enter Chalon.

Chal. Stand, cowards, stand; strike, send your bullets at him.

1st. We came to entertain him, sir, for honour.

2nd. Did ye not say so?

Chal. Slaves, he is a traitor!

Command the horse-troops to over-run the traitor. [*Exit.*]

Shouts within. Alarum still, and chambers shot off. Then enter Aumale.

Au. What spirit breathes thus, in this more than man,

Turns flesh to air possess'd, and in a storm, Tears men about the field like autumn leaves?

He turn'd wild lightning in the lackeys' hands,

Who, though their sudden violent twitch unhorsed him,

Yet when he bore himself, their saucy fingers

Flew as too hot off, as he had been fire.

The ambush then made in, through all whose force,

He drave as if a fierce and fire-given cannon

Had spit his iron vomit out amongst them. The battails then in two half-moons enclosed him,

In which he show'd as if he were the light,

And they but earth, who wondering what he was,

Shrunk their steel horns, and gave him glorious pass;

And as a great shot from a town besieged,

At foes before it, flies forth black and roaring,

But they too far, and that with weight oppress'd,

(As if disdain'd earth) doth only graze, Strike earth, and up again into the air; Again sinks to it, and again doth rise, And keeps such strength that when it softliest moves,

It piecemeal shivers any let it proves; So flew brave Clermont forth, till breath forsook him,

His spirit's convulsions made him bound again,

Past all their reaches; till all motion spent,

His fix'd eyes cast a blaze of such disdain,

All stood and stared, and untouch'd let him lie,

As something sacred fall'n out of the sky.

[A cry within.]

O now some rude hand hath laid hold on him!

Enter Maillard, Chalons leading Clermont, Captains and Soldiers following.

See, prisoner led, with his bands honour'd more

Than all the freedom he enjoy'd before.

Ma. At length we have you, sir.

Cl. You have much joy too;

Cl. Made you sport yet, but I pray you tell me,

Are not you perjured?

Ma. No; I swore for the King.

Cl. Yet perjury I hope is perjury.

Ma. But thus forswearing is not perjury;

You are no politician; not a fault, How foul soever, done for private ends, Is fault in us sworn to the public good; We never can be of the damned crew, We may impolitic ourselves (as 'twere) Into the kingdom's body politic, Whereof indeed we're members; you miss terms.

Cl. The things are yet the same.

Ma. 'Tis nothing so; the property is alter'd;

You are no lawyer. Or say that oath and oath

Are still the same in number, yet their species

Differ extremely, as for flat example, When politic widows try men for their turn,

Before they wed them, they are harlots then,

But when they wed them, they are honest women;

So private men, when they forswear, betray,

Are perjured treachers, but being public once,

That is, sworn, married to the public good—

Cl. Are married women public?

Ma. Public good;

For marriage makes them, being the public good,

And could not be without them. So I say Men public, that is, being sworn or married

To the good public, being one body made With the realm's body politic, are no more

Private, nor can be perjured, though forsworn,

More than a widow married, for the act Of generation is for that an harlot,

Because for that she was so, being unmarried;

An argument *a paribus*.

Chal. 'Tis a shrewd one.

"*Cl.* Who hath no faith to men, to God hath none;"

Retain you that, sir? Who said so?

Mail. 'Twas I.

Cl. Thy own tongue damn thine infidelity.

But captains all, you know me nobly born, Use ye t'assault such men as I with lackeys?

Chal. They are no lackeys, sir, but soldiers

Disguised in lackeys' coats.

1st. Sir, we have seen the enemy.

Cl. Avaunt, ye rascals, hence!

Ma. Now leave your coats.

Cl. Let me not see them more.

Au. I grieve that virtue lives so undistinguish'd

From vice in any ill, and though the crown

Of sovereign law, she should be yet her footstool,

Subject to censure, all the shame and pain Of all her rigour.

Cl. Yet false policy

Would cover all, being like offenders hid, That (after notice taken where they hide)

The more they crouch and stir, the more are spied.

Au. I wonder how this chanced you.

Cl. Some informer, Bloodhound to mischief, usher to the hangman,

Thirsty of honour for some huge state act,

Perceiving me great with the worthy
Guise ;

And he (I know not why) held dangerous,
Made me the desperate organ of his
danger,

Only with that poor colour ; 'tis the
common

And more than whore-like trick of treachery,
And vermin bred to rapine and to ruin ;
For which this fault is still to be accused,
Since good acts fail, crafts and deceits are
used.

If it be other, never pity me.

Au. Sir, we are glad, believe it, and
have hope,

The King will so conceit it.

Cl. At his pleasure.

In meantime, what's your will, lord-
lieutenant ?

Ma. To leave your own horse, and to
mount the trumpets.

Cl. It shall be done ; this heavily pre-
vents

My purposed recreation in these parts ;
Which now I think on, let me beg you,
sir,

To lend me some one captain of your
troops

To bear the message of my hapless ser-
vice

And misery, to my most noble mistress,
Countess of Cambray ; to whose house this
night

I promised my repair, and know most
truly,

With all the ceremonies of her favour,
She sure expects me.

Ma. Think you now on that ?

Cl. On that, sir ? ay, and that so
worthily,

That if the King, in spite of your great
service,

Would send me instant promise of enlarge-
ment,

Condition I would set this message by,
I would not take it, but had rather die.

Au. Your message shall be done, sir ; I
myself

Will be for you a messenger of ill.

Cl. I thank you, sir, and doubt not yet
to live

To quite your kindness.

Au. Mean space, use your spirit

And knowledge for the cheerful patience
Of this so strange and sudden consequence.

Cl. Good sir, believe that no particular
torture

Can force me from my glad obedience

To any thing the high and general Cause,

To match with his whole fabric, hath or-
dain'd :

And know ye all (though far from all your
aims,

Yet worth them all, and all men's endless
studies)

That in this one thing, all the discipline
Of manners and of manhood is contain'd ;
A man to join himself with th' Universe
In his main sway, and make (in all things
fit)

One with that All, and go on, round as it ;
Not plucking from the whole his wretched
part,

And into straits, or into nought revert,
Wishing the complete Universe might be
Subject to such a rag of it as he ;

But to consider great Necessity,
All things as well refract as voluntary
Reduceth to the prime celestial cause,
Which he that yields to with a man's ap-
plause,

And cheek by cheek goes, crossing it no
breath,

But, like God's image, follows to the
death,

That man is truly wise, and everything,
(Each cause, and every part distinguishing.)
In nature, with enough art understands,
And that full glory merits at all hands,
That doth the whole world at all parts
adorn,

And appertains to one celestial born.

[*Exeunt omnes.*]

Enter Baligny, Renel.

Ba. So foul a scandal never man sus-
tain'd,

Which caused by th' King, is rude and
tyrannous :

Give me a place, and my lieutenant make
The filler of it !

Re. I should never look

For better of him ; never trust a man
For any justice, that is rapt with pleasure ;
To order arms well, that makes smocks
his ensigns,

And his whole government's sails : you
heard of late,

He had the four and twenty ways of venery
Done all before him.

Ba. 'Twas abhorr'd and beastly.

Re. 'Tis more than nature's mighty
hand can do

To make one humane and a lecher too.

Look how a wolf doth like a dog appear,
So like a friend is an adulterer :

Voluptuaries, and these belly-gods,

No more true men are than so many toads.

A good man happy, is a common good ;
Vile men advanced live of the common
blood.

Ba. Give and then take like children.

Re. Bounties are

As soon repented as they happen rare.

Ba. What should kings do, and men of
eminent places,

But as they gather, sow gifts to the graces ?
And where they have given, rather give again,
(Being given for virtue) than like babes and
fools,

Take and repent gifts ; why are wealth and
power ?

Re. Power and wealth move to tyranny,
not bounty ;

The merchant for his wealth is swoln in
mind,

When yet the chief lord of it is the wind.

Ba. That may so chance to our state-
merchants too ;

Something perform'd, that hath not farto go.

Re. That's the main point, my lord ;
insist on that.

Ba. But doth this fire rage further ? hath
it taken

The tender tinder of my wife's sere blood ?
Is she so passionate ?

Re. So wild, so mad,

She cannot live, and this unwreak'd sustain.

The woes are bloody that in women reign ;

The Sicile gulf keeps fear in less degree ;

There is no tiger not more tame than she.

Ba. There is no looking home then ?

Re. Home ! Medea

With all her herbs, charms, thunders,
lightnings,

Made not her presence and black haunts
more dreadful.

Ba. Come to the King ; if he reform not
all,

Mark the event, none stand where that
must fall. [*Exeunt.*

Enter Countess, Riova, and an Usher.

Us. Madam, a captain come from Cler-
mont D'Ambois
Desires access to you.

Co. And not himself ?

Us. No, madam.

Co. That's not well. Attend him in.

[*Exit* Usher.

The last hour of his promise now run out
And he break ? some brack's in the frame
of nature

That forceth his breach.

Enter Usher and Aumale.

Au. Save your ladyship.

Co. All welcome ! Come you from my
worthy servant ?

Au. Ay, madam ; and confer such news
from him.

Co. Such news ? What news ?

Au. News that I wish some other had
the charge of.

Co. Oh ! what charge ? what news ?

Au. Your ladyship must use some
patience

Or else I cannot do him that desire

He urged with such affection to your graces.

Co. Do it ; for heaven's love do it, if you
serve

His kind desires, I will have patience.

Is he in health ?

Au. He is.

Co. Why, that's the ground

Of all the good estate we hold in earth ;

All our ill built upon that, is no more

Than we may bear, and should ; express
it all.

Au. Madam, 'tis only this ; his liberty.

Co. His liberty ! Without that health
is nothing.

Why live I, but to ask in doubt of that,

Is that bereft him ?

Au. You'll again prevent me.

Co. No more, I swear ; I must hear, and
together

Come all my misery. I'll hold though I
burst.

Au. Then madam, thus it fares. He
was invited,

By way of honour to him, to take view

Of all the powers his brother Baligny

Hath in his government ; which ranged in
battails,

Maillard, lieutenant to the governor,

Having received strict letters from the
King

To train him to the musters, and betray
him,

To their surprise, which, with Chalon in
chief,

And other captains (all the field put hard

By his incredible valour for his 'scape)

They haplessly and guiltlessly perform'd,

And to Bastille he's now led prisoner.

Co. What change is here ! how are my
hopes prevented !

○ my most faithful servant ; thou be-
tray'd !

Will kings make treason lawful ? Is
society

(To keep which only kings were first or-
dain'd)

Less broke in breaking faith 'twixt friend
and friend,

Than 'twixt the king and subject? Let
 them fear,
 Kings' precedents in licence lack no danger.
 Kings are compared to gods, and should
 be like them,
 Full in all right, in nought superfluous;
 Nor nothing straining past right, for their
 right;
 Reign justly, and reign safely. Policy
 Is but a guard corrupted, and a way
 Ventured in deserts, without guide or
 path.
 Kings punish subjects' errors with their
 own.
 Kings are like archers, and their sub-
 jects, shafts;
 For as when archers let their arrows fly,
 They call to them, and bid them fly or fall,
 As if 'twere in the free power of the shaft
 To fly or fall, when only 'tis the strength,
 Straight shooting, compass given it by the
 archer,
 That makes it hit or miss; and doing
 either,
 He's to be praised or blamed, and not the
 shaft:
 So kings to subjects crying, "Do, do not
 this;"
 Must to them by their own examples'
 strength,
 The straightness of their acts, and equal
 compass,
 Give subjects power t' obey them in the
 like;
 Not shoot them forth with faulty aim and
 strength,
 And lay the fault in them for flying amiss.
Au. But for your servant, I dare swear
 him guiltless.
Co. He would not for his kingdom
 traitor be;
 His laws are not so true to him as he.
 O knew I how to free him, by way forced
 Through all their army, I would fly, and
 do it;
 And had I, of my courage and resolve,
 But ten such more, they should not all re-
 tain him;
 But I will never die before I give
 Maillard an hundred slashes with a sword,
 Chalon an hundred breaches with a pistol.
 They could not all have taken Clermont
 D'Ambois
 Without their treachery; he had bought
 his hands out
 With their slave bloods; but he was credu-
 lous;
 He would believe, since he would be be-
 lieved;

Your noblest natures are most credulous.
 Who gives no trust, all trust is apt to
 break;
 Hate like hell-mouth who think not what
 they speak.
Au. Well, madam, I must tender my
 attendance
 On him again. Will't please you to re-
 turn
 No service to him by me?
Co. Fetch me straight
 My little cabinet. [*Exit Ancil.*] 'Tis little,
 tell him,
 And much too little for his matchless love
 But as in him the worths of many men
 Are close contracted [*Intr. Ancil.*], so in
 this are jewels
 Worth many cabinets. Here, with this,
 good sir,
 Commend my kindest service to myservant,
 Thank him, with all my comforts; and, in
 them
 With all my life for them: all sent from him
 In his remembrance of me, and true love;
 And look you tell him, tell him how I lie
 [*She kneels down at his feet.*]
 Prostrate at feet of his accursed misfortune,
 Pouring my tears out, which shall ever
 fall
 Till I have pour'd for him out eyes and all.
Au. O, madam, this will kill him:
 comfort you
 With full assurance of his quick acquittal:
 Be not so passionate: rise, cease your
 tears.
Co. Then must my life cease. Tears are
 all the vent
 My life hath to 'scape deat'. Tears please
 me better
 Than all life's comforts, being the natural
 seed
 Of hearty sorrow. As a tree fruit bears,
 So doth an undissembled sorrow, tears.
 [*He raises her, and leads her out. Exeunt.*]
Us. This might have been before, and
 saved much charge. [*Exit.*]
*Enter Henry, Guise, Baligny, Espernon,
 Soisson, Pericot with pen, ink, and
 paper.*
Gu. Now, sir, I hope your much abused
 eyes see
 In my word for my Clermont, what a
 villain
 He was that whisper'd in your jealous ear
 His own black treason in suggesting Cler-
 mont's;
 Colour'd with nothing but being great with
 me:

Sign then this writ for his delivery ;
Your hand was never urged with worthier
boldness :

Come pray, sir, sign it : why should kings
be pray'd

To acts of justice? 'Tis a reverence
Makes them despised, and shows they stick
and tire

In what their free powers should be hot as
fire.

He. Well, take your will, sir, I'll have
mine ere long. [*Aversus.*

But wherein is this Clermont such a rare
one?

Gu. In his most gentle and unwearied
mind,

Rightly to virtue framed ; in very nature ;
In his most firm inexorable spirit,
To be removed from anything he chooseth
For worthiness ; or bear the best persua-
sion

To what is base, or fitteth not his object ;
In his contempt of riches and of greatness ;
In estimation of th'idolatrous vulgar ;
His scorn of all things servile and ignoble,
Though they could gain him never such
advancement ;

His liberal kind of speaking what is truth
In spite of temporizing ; the great rising
And learning of his soul, so much the
more

Against ill fortune, as she set herself
Sharp against him, or would present most
hard,

To shun the malice of her deadliest charge ;
His detestation of his special friends
When he perceived their tyrannous will
to do,

Or their abjection basely to sustain
Any injustice that they could revenge ;
The flexibility of his most anger,
Even in the main career and fury of it,
When any object of desertful pity
Offers itself to him ; his sweet disposure
As much abhorring to behold, as do
Any unnatural and bloody action ;
His just contempt of jesters, parasites,
Servile observers, and polluted tongues :
In short, this Senecal man is found in him,
He may with heaven's immortal powers
compare,

To whom the day and fortune equal are ;
Come fair or foul, whatever chance can
fall,

Fix'd in himself, he still is one to all.

He. Shows he to others thus?

Om. To all that know him.

He. And apprehend I this man for a
traitor?

Gu. These are your Machiavellian vil-
lains,

Your bastard Teucers that, their mischiefs
done,

Run to your shield for shelter : Caucasus
That cut their too large murderous thieveries
To their dens' length still : woe be to that
state

Where treachery guards, and ruin makes
men great.

He. Go, take my letters for him, and re-
lease him.

Om. Thanks to your highness ; ever live
your highness ! [*Exeunt.*

Ba. Better a man were buried quick,
than live

A property for state and spoil to thrive.
[*Exit.*

Enter Clermont, Maillard, Chalon, *with*
Soldiers.

Ma. We joy you take a chance so ill, so
well.

Cl. Who ever saw me differ in acceptance
Of either fortune ?

Ch. What, love bad like good?
How should one learn that?

Cl. To love nothing outward,
Or not within our own powers to com-
mand ;

And so being sure of everything we love,
Who cares to lose the rest ? If any man
Would neither live nor die in his free
choice,

But as he sees necessity will have it
(Which if he would resist, he strives in vain).
What can come near him, that he doth not
well,

And if in worst events his will be done,
How can the best be better ? All is one.

Ma. Methinks 'tis pretty.

Cl. Put no difference

If you have this, or not this ; but as chil-
dren

Playing at quoits, ever regard their game,
And care not for their quoits ; so let a man
The things themselves that touch him not
esteem,

But his free power in well disposing them.

Chal. Pretty from toys !

Cl. Methinks this double distich
Seems prettily too to stay superfluous long-
ings :

" Not to have want, what riches doth ex-
ceed ?

Not to be subject, what superior thing ?
He that to nought aspires, doth nothing
need ;

Who breaks no law is subject to no king."

Ma. This goes to mine ear well, I promise you.

Ch. O, but 'tis passing hard to stay one thus.

Cl. 'Tis so ; rank custom wraps men so beyond it ;

And as 'tis hard so well men's doors to bar
To keep the cat out, and th' adulterer ;
So 'tis as hard to curb affections so,
We let in nought to make them overflow.
And as of Homer's verses many critics
On those stand, of which Time's old moth
hath eaten

The first or last feet, and the perfect parts
Of his unmatched poem sink beneath,
With upright gasping and sloth dull as
death :

So the unprofitable things of life,
And those we cannot compass, we affect,
All that doth profit and we have, neglect ;
Like covetous and basely-getting men,
That gathering much, use never what they
keep,

But for the least they lose, extremely weep.

Ma. This pretty talking and our horses
walking

Down this steep hill, spends time with
equal profit.

Cl. 'Tis well bestow'd on ye, meat and
men sick

Agree like this, and you ; and yet even
this

Is th' end of all skill, power, wealth, all
that is.

Chal. I long to hear, sir, how your mis-
tress takes this.

Enter Aumale with a cabinet.

Ma. We soon shall know it ; see Aumale
return'd.

Au. Ease to your bands, sir.

Cl. Welcome, worthy friend.

Chal. How took his noblest mistress your
sad message ?

Au. As great rich men take sudden
poverty :

I never witness'd a more noble love,
Nor a more ruthless sorrow : I well wish'd
Some other had been master of my message.

Ma. You're happy, sir, in all things, but
this one

Of your unhappy apprehension.

Cl. This is to me, compared with her
much moan,

As one tear is to her whole passion.

Au. Sir, she commends her kindest
service to you,

And this rich cabinet.

Chal. O happy man !

This may enough hold to redeem your
bands.

Cl. These clouds, I doubt not, will be
soon blown over.

*Enter Baligny with his discharge, Renel,
and others.*

Au. Your hope is just and happy ; see,
sir, both

In both the looks of these.

Ba. Here's a discharge

For this your prisoner, my good lord
lieutenant.

Ma. Alas ! sir, I usurp'd that style en-
forced,

And hope you know it was not my aspiring.

Ba. Well, sir, my wrong aspired past all
men's hopes.

Ma. I sorrow for it, sir.

Re. You see, sir, there

Your prisoner's discharge authenticall.

Ma. It is, sir, and I yield it him with
gladness.

Ba. Brother, I brought you down to
much good purpose.

Cl. Repeat not that, sir ; the amends
makes all.

Re. I joy in it, my best and worthiest
friend ;

O y'have a princely fautor of the Guise.

Ba. I think I did my part too.

Re. Well, sir, all

Is in the issue well : and, worthiest friend,
Here's from your friend the Guise ; here
from the Countess,

Your brother's mistress, the contents whereof
I know, and must prepare you now to please
Th' unrested spirit of your slaughter'd
brother,

If it be true, as you imagined once,
His apparition show'd it ; the complot
Is now laid sure betwixt us ; therefore haste
Both to your great friend (who hath some
use weighty

For your repair to him) and to the Countess,
Whose satisfaction is no less important.

Cl. I see all, and will haste as it importeth ;
And, good friend, since I must delay a little
My wish'd attendance on my noblest mis-
tress,

Excuse me to her, with return of this,
And endless protestation of my service ;
And now become as glad a messenger
As you were late a woful.

Au. Happy change !

I ever will salute thee with my service.

[*Exit.*

Ba. Yet more news, brother ; the late
jesting Monsieur

Makes now your brother's dying prophecy equal

At all parts, being dead as he presaged.

Re. Heaven shield the Guise from seconding that truth,

With what he likewise prophesied on him.

Cl. It hath enough, 'twas graced with truth in one,

To th' other falsehood and confusion.

Lead to the Court, sir.

Ba. You I'll lead no more,

It was too ominous and foul before.

[*Exeunt.*]

END OF ACT IV.

ACT THE FIFTH.

SCENE I.

Ascendit Umbra Bussy.

Um. Up from the chaos of eternal night,
(To which the whole digestion of the world

Is now returning) once more I ascend,
And bide the cold damp of this piercing air,

To urge the justice whose almighty word
Measures the bloody acts of impious men
With equal penance, who in th' act itself
Includes th' infliction, which like chained shot

Batter together still; though (as the thunder

Seems by men's duller hearing than their sight,

To break a great time after lightning forth,
Yet both at one time tear the labouring cloud),

So men think penance of their ills is slow,
Though th' ill and penance still together go.
Reform, ye ignorant men, your manless lives,

Whose laws ye think are nothing but your lusts,

When leaving but for supposition' sake

The body of felicity, religion,

Set in the 'midst of Christendom, and her head

Cleft to her bosom; one half one way swaying,

Another th' other; all the Christian world
And all her laws, whose observation

Stands upon faith, above the power of reason;

Leaving, I say, all these, this might suffice
'To fray ye from your vicious swindle in ill,

And set you more on fire to do more good;

That since the world (as which of you denies?)

Stands by proportion, all may thence conclude,

That all the joints and nerves sustaining nature,

As well may break, and yet the world abide,

As any one good unrewarded die,

Or any one ill 'scape his penalty.

[*The Ghost stands close.*]

Enter Guise, Clermont.

Gu. Thus, friend, thou seest how all good men would thrive,

Did not the good thou prompt'st me with prevent

The jealous ill pursuing them in others.

But now thy dangers are dispatch'd, note mine;

Hast thou not heard of that admired voice

That at the barricadoes spake to me,

No person seen, "let's lead, my lord, to Rheims?"

Cl. Nor could you learn the person?

Gu. By no means.

Cl. 'Twas but your fancy then, a waking dream;

For as in sleep, which binds both th' outward senses,

And the sense common too; th' imagining power

(Stirr'd up by forms hid in the memory's store,

Or by the vapours of o'erflowing humours
In bodies full and foul, and mix'd with spirits)

Feigns many strange, miraculous images,
In which act it so painfully applies

Itself to those forms, that the common sense

It actuates with his motion; and thereby
Those fictions true seem, and have real

act;

So, in the strength of our conceits awake
The cause alike, doth of like fictions make.

Gu. Be what it will, 'twas a presage of something

Weighty and secret, which th' advertisements

I have received from all parts, both without
And in this kingdom, as from Rome and

Spain,

Soccaine and Savoy, gives me cause to think;

All writing that our plot's catastrophe,

For propagation of the Catholic cause,

Will bloody prove, dissolving all our counsels.

Cl. Retire, then, from them all.

Gu. I must not do so.

The Archbishop of Lyons tells me plain
I shall be said then to abandon France
In so important an occasion ;
And that mine enemies (their profit making
Of my faint absence) soon would let that fall,

That all my pains did to this height exhale.

Cl. Let all fall that would rise unlawfully :

Make not your forward spirit in virtue's right,

A property for vice, by thrusting on
Further than all your powers can fetch you off.

It is enough, your will is infinite
To all things virtuous and religious,
Which, within limits kept, may, without danger,

Let virtue some good from your graces gather :

Avarice of all is ever nothing's father.

Um. Danger, the spur of all great minds, is ever

The curb to your tame spirits ; you respect not,

With all your holiness of life and learning,
More than the present, like illiterate vulgars.

Your mind, you say, kept in your flesh's bounds,

Shows that man's will must ruled be by his power,

When, by true doctrine, you are taught to live

Rather without the body, than within,
And rather to your God still than yourself ;

To live to Him, is to do all things fitting
His image, in which, like Himself, we live ;

To be His image, is to do those things
That make us deathless, which by death

is only ;
Doing those deeds that fit eternity ;

And those deeds are the perfecting that justice

That makes the world last, which proportion is

Of punishment and wreak for every wrong,
As well as for right a reward as strong.

Away, then ; use the means thou hast to right

The wrong I suffer'd. What corrupted law

Leaves unperform'd in kings, do thou supply,

And be above them all in dignity. [*Exit.*]

Gu. Why stand'st thou still thus, and apply'st thine ears

And eyes to nothing ?

Cl. Saw you nothing here ?

Gu. Thou dream'st awake now ; what was heré to see ?

Cl. My brother's spirit, urging his revenge.

Gu. Thy brother's spirit ! Pray thee, mock me not.

Cl. No, by my love and service.

Gu. Would he rise,
And not be thundering threats against the Guise ?

Cl. You make amends for enmity to him

With ten parts more love, and desert of me ; -

And as you make your hate to him no let
Of any love to me, no more bears he

(Since you to me supply it) hate to you ;
Which reason and which justice is perform'd

In spirits ten parts more than fleshy men ;
To whose fore-sights our acts and thoughts

lie open ;
And therefore, since he saw the treachery

Late practised by my brother Baligny,
He would not honour his hand with the justice

(As he esteems it) of his blood's revenge,
To which my sister needs would have him

sworn,
Before she would consent to marry him.

Gu. O, Baligny, who would believe there were

A man, that (only since his looks are raised

Upwards, and have but sacred heaven in sight)

Could bear a mind so more than devilish ?
As for the painted glory of the countenance,

Flitting in kings, doth good for nought esteem,

And the more ill he does, the better seem.

Cl. We easily may believe it, since we see

In this world's practice few men better be,
Justice to live doth nought but justice need,

But policy must still on mischief feed.
Untruth for all his ends, truth's name doth

sue in ;
None safely live but those that study ruin.

A good man happy is a common good ;
Ill men advanced live of the common

blood.

Gu. But this thy brother's spirit startles me :

These spirits seld' or never haunting men,
But some mishap ensues.

Cl. Ensure what can ;
Tyrants may kill, but never hurt a man ;
All to his good makes, spite of death and
hell.

Enter Aumale.

Au. All the desert of good, renown your
highness !

Gu. Welcome, Aumale.

Cl. My good friend, friendly welcome.
How took my noblest mistress the changed
news ?

Au. It came too late, sir, for those love-
liest eyes
(Through which a soul look'd so divinely
loving,

Tears nothing uttering her distress enough)
She wept quite out, and like two falling
stars

Their dearest sights quite vanish'd with her
tears.

Cl. All good forbid it !

Gu. What events are these ?

Cl. All must be borne, my lord : and yet
this chance

Would willingly enforce a man to cast off
All power to bear with comfort, since he
sees

In this, our comforts made our miseries.

Gu. How strangely thou art loved of
both the sexes ;

Yet thou lovest neither, but the good of
both.

Cl. In love of women, my affection first
Takes fire out of the frail parts of my
blood :

Which till I have enjoy'd, is passionate,
Like other lovers' ; but, fruition past,
I then love out of judgment ; the desert
Of her I love still sticking in my heart,
Though the desire and the delight be
gone,

Which must chance still, since the com-
parison

Made upon trial 'twixt what reason loves,
And what affection, makes in me the best
Ever prefer'd ; what most love, valuing lest.

Gu. Thy love being judgment then, and
of the mind,

Marry thy worthiest mistress now being
blind.

Cl. If there were love in marriage, so I
would :

But I deny that any man doth love,
Affecting wives, maid, widows, anywomen :
For neither flies love milk, although they
drown

In greedy search thereof ; nor doth the
bee

Love honey, though the labour of her life
Is spent in gathering it ; nor those that fat
On beasts, or fowls, do anything therein
For any love : for as when only nature
Moves men to meat, as far as her power
rules,

She doth it with a temperate appetite,
The too much men devour, abhorring
nature ;

And in our most health, is our most disease ;
So, when humanity rules men and women,
'Tis for society confined in reason.

But what excites the bed's desire in blood,
By no means justly can be construed love ;
For when love kindles any knowing spirit,
It ends in virtue and effects divine,
And is in friendship chaste and masculine.

Gu. Thou shalt my mistress be ; me-
thinks my blood

Is taken up to all love with thy virtues.
And howsoever other men despise
These paradoxes strange, and too precise ;
Since they hold on the right way of our
reason,

I could attend them ever. Come, away ;
Perform thy brother's thus importuned
wreak ;

And I will see what great affairs the King
Hath to employ my counsel, which he
seems

Much to desire, and more and more es-
teems. *[Exit.*

*Enter Henry, Baligny, with six of the
Guard.*

He. Saw you his saucy forcing of my
hand

To D'Ambois' freedom ?

Ba. Saw, and through mine eyes
Let fire into my heart, that burn'd to bear
An insolence so giantly austere.

He. The more kings bear at subjects'
hands, the more
Their lingering justice gathers ; that re-
sembles

The weighty and the goodly-bodied eagle,
Who, being on earth, before her shady
wings

Can raise her into air, a mighty way
Close by the ground she runs ; but being
aloft,

All she commands, she flies at ; and the
more

Death in her serres bears, the more time
she stays

Her thundery stoop from that on which
she preys.

Ba. You must be then more secret in the weight

Of these your shady counsels; who will else
Bear where such sparks fly as the Guise
and D'Ambois

Powder about them. Counsels, as your
entrails,

Should be unpierced and sound kept; for
not those,

Whom you discover, you neglect: but ope
A ruinous passage to your own best hope.

He. We have spies set on us, as we on
others;

And therefore they that serve us must
excuse us,

If what we most hold in our hearts, take
wind;

Deceit hath eyes that see into the mind.

But this plot shall be quicker than their
twinkling,

On whose lids Fate, with her dead weight
shall lie,

And Confidence that lightens ere she die.

Friends of my guard, as ye gave oath to be
True to your sovereign, keep it manfully;

Your eyes have witness'd oft th' ambition

That never made access to me in Guise

But treason ever sparkled in his eyes;

Which if you free us of, our safety shall

Not our subjects, but our patrons call.

Om. Our duties bind us, he is now but
dead.

He. We trust in it, and thank ye.

Baligny,

Go lodge their ambush, and thou God
that art

Fautor of princes, thunder from the skies,

Beneath his hill of pride this giant Guise.

[*Exeunt.*]

*Enter Tamyra with a letter, Charlotte
in man's attire.*

Ta. I see y'are servant, sir, to my dear
sister,

The lady of her loved Baligny.

Ch. Madam, I am bound to her virtuous
bounties,

For that life which I offer in her service,

To the revenge of her renowned brother.

Ta. She writes to me as much, and
much desires,

That you may be the man, whose spirit
she knows

Will cut short off these long and dull
delays,

Hitherto bribing the eternal Justice;

Which I believe, since her unmatched
spirit

Can judge of spirits, that have her sulphur
in them;

But I must tell you, that I make no doubt,
Her living brother will revenge her dead,

On whom the dead imposed the task, and
he,

I know, will come t'effect it instantly.

Ch. They are but words in him; believe
them not.

Ta. See; this is the vault, where he
must enter;

Where now I think he is.

*Enter Renel at the vault, with the Countess
being blind.*

Re. God save you, lady.

What gentleman is this, with whom you
trust

The deadly weighty secret of this hour?

Ta. One that yourself will say, I well
may trust.

Re. Then come up, madam.

[*He helps the Countess up.*]

See here, honour'd lady,

A Countess, that in love's mishap doth
equal

At all parts your wrong'd self; and is the
mistress

Of your slain servant's brother; in whose
love

For his late treacherous apprehension,

She wept her fair eyes from her ivory
brows,

And would have wept her soul out, had
not I

Promised to bring her to this mortal
quarry,

That by her lost eyes for her servant's
love,

She might conjure him from this stern
attempt,

In which (by a most ominous dream she
had)

She knows his death fix'd, and that never
more

Out of this place the sun shall see him live.

Ch. I am provided then to take his
place

And undertaking on me.

Re. You, sir! why?

Ch. Since I am charged so by my mis-
tress,

His mournful sister.

Ta. See her letter, sir. [*He reads.*]

Good madam, I rue your fate, more than
mine,

And know not how to order these affairs;
They stand on such occurrents.

Re. This, indeed,
I know to be your lady mistress' hand,
And know besides, his brother will and
must
Endure no hand in this revenge but his.

Enter Umbra Bussy.

Um. Away, dispute no more; get up
and see,
Clermont must author this just tragedy.

Co. Who's that?

Re. The spirit of Bussy.

Ta. O, my servant! let us embrace.

Um. Forbear! The air in which
My figure's likeness is impress'd, will blast;
Let my revenge for all loves satisfy,
In which, dame, fear not, Clermont shall
not die:

No word dispute more, up, and see
th'event. [*Exeunt Ladies.*]

Make the guard sure, Renel, and then the
doors

Command to make fast when the Earl is
in. [*Exit Renel.*]

The black soft-footed hour is now on wing,
Which, for my just wreak, ghosts shall
celebrate

With dances dire and of infernal state.

[*Exit.*]

Enter Guise.

Gu. Who says that death is natural,
when nature

Is with the only thought of it dismay'd?
I have had lotteries set up for my death,
And I have drawn beneath my trencher
one,

Knit in my handkerchief another lot,
The word being, "Y'are a dead man if you
enter;"

And these words, this imperfect blood and
flesh,

Shrink at in spite of me, their solidest part
Melting like snow within me, with cold
fire:

I hate myself, that seeking to rule kings,
I cannot curb my slave. Would any spirit,
Free, manly, princely, wish to live to be
Commanded by this mass of slavery,
Since reason, judgment, resolution,
And scorn of what we fear, will yield to
fear?

While this same sink of sensuality swells,
Who would live sinking in it, and not
spring

Up to the stars, and leave this carrion
here

For wolves, and vultures, and for dogs to
tear?

O, Clermont D'Ambois, wert thou here to
chide

This softness from my flesh, far as my reason,
Far as my resolution, not to stir
One foot out of the way, for death and hell.
Let my false man by falsehood perish here,
There's no way else to set my true man clear.

Enter Messenger.

Me. The King desires your grace to
come to council.

Gu. I come. It cannot be: he will not
dare

To touch me with a treachery so profane.
Would Clermont now were here, to try how
he

Would lay about him, if this plot should be:
Here would be tossing souls into the sky.

Who ever knew blood saved by treachery?
Well, I must on, and will; what should I
fear?

Not against two Alcides: against two,
And Hercules to friend, the Guise will go.

*He takes up the arras, and the Guard
enters upon him: he draws.*

Gu. Hold, murderers! So then, this is
confidence [*They strike him down.*]

In greatness, not in goodness: where is the
King?

*The King comes in sight with Epernon,
Soissons, and others.*

Let him appear to justify his deed.

In spite of my betray'd wounds; ere my
soul

Take her flight through them, and my
tongue hath strength

To urge his tyranny.

He. See, sir, I am come

To justify it before men, and God,
Who knows with what wounds in my heart
for woe

Of your so wounded faith, I made these
wounds,

Forced to it by an insolence of force
To stir a stone, nor as a rock opposed

To all the billows of the churlish sea,
More beat, and eaten with them, than was I
With your ambitious mad idolatry;
And this blood I shed, is to save the blood
Of many thousands.

Gu. That's your white pretext,
But you will find one drop of blood shed
lawless

Will be the fountain to a purple sea:
The present lust and shift made for kings'
lives

Against the pure form and just power of law,

Will thrive like shifters' purchases ; there hangs

A black star in the skies, to which the sun Gives yet no light, will rain a poison'd shower

Into your entrails, that will make you feel How little safety lies in treacherous steel.

He. Well, sir, I'll bear it ; ye have a brother too,

Bursts with like threats, the scarlet Cardinal : Seek, and lay hands on him ; and take this hence,

Their bloods, for all you, on my conscience.

[*Exit.*]

Gu. So, sir, your full swindge take ; mine, death hath curb'd.

Clermont, farewell : O didst thou see but this !

But it is better, see by this the ice Broke to thine own blood, which thou wilt despise,

When thou hear'st mine shed. Is there no friend here

Will bear my love to him ?

Au. I will, my lord.

Gu. Thanks with my last breath : recommend me then

To the most worthy of the race of men.

[*Dies. Exeunt.*]

Enter Montsurry and Tamyra.

Mont. Who have you let into my house ?

Ta. I, none.

Mont. 'Tis false ; I savour the rank blood of foes

In every corner.

Ta. That you may do well,

It is the blood you lately shed, you smell.

Mont. 'Sdeath, the vault opes.

[*The gulf opens.*]

Ta. What vault ? Hold your sword.

[*Clermont ascends.*]

Cl. No, let him use it.

Mont. Treason, murder, murder !

Cl. Exclaim not ; 'tis in vain, and base in you,

Being one to only one.

Mont. O bloody strumpet !

Cl. With what blood charge you her ? It may be mine

As well as yours ; there shall not any else Enter or touch you ; I confer no guards, Nor imitate the murderous course you took ;

But, single here, will have my former challenge

Now answer'd single ; not a minute more My brother's blood shall stay for his revenge, If I can act it ; if not, mine shall add

A double conquest to you, that alone Put it to fortune now, and use no odds, Storm not, nor beat yourself thus 'gainst the doors

Like to a savage vermin in a trap ; All doors are sure made, and you cannot 'scape

But by your valour.

Mont. No, no ; come and kill me.

Cl. If you will die so like a beast, you shall ;

But when the spirit of a man may save you, Do not so shame man, and a noble man.

Mont. I do not show this baseness that I fear thee,

But to prevent and shame thy victory, Which of one base is base, and so I'll die.

Cl. Here, then.

Mont. Stay, hold ; one thought hath harden'd me ; [He starts up.]

And since I must afford thee victory, It shall be great and brave, if one request Thou wilt admit me.

Cl. What's that ?

Mont. Give me leave

To fetch and use the sword thy brother gave me

When he was bravely giving up his life.

Cl. No, I'll not fight against my brother's sword ;

Not that I fear it, but since 'tis a trick For you to show your back.

Mont. By all truth, no :

Take but my honourable oath, I will not.

Cl. Your honourable oath ? Plain truth no place has

Where oaths are honourable.

Ta. Trust not his oath.

He will lie like a lapwing, when she flies Far from her sought nest, still " here 'tis," she cries.

Mont. Out on thee, dam of devils ; I will quite

Disgrace thy brave's conquest, die, not fight. [Lies down.]

Ta. Out on my fortune, to wed such an abject.

Now is the people's voice the voice of God ; Hethat to wound a woman vaunts so much (As he did me), a man dares never touch.

Cl. Revenge your wounds now, madam ; I resign him

Up to your full will, since he will not fight. First you shall torture him (as he did you, And Justice wills), and then pay I my vow. Here, take this poniard.

Mont. Sink earth, open heaven, And let fall vengeance.

Ta. Come, sir, good sir, hold him.

Mont. O, shame of women, whither art thou fled?

Cl. Why, good my lord, is it a greater shame

For her than you? Come, I will be the bands
You used to her, profaning her fair hands.

Mont. No, sir; I'll fight now, and the terror be

Of all you champions to such as she.
I did but thus far dally: now observe,
O all you aching foreheads, that have robb'd
Your hands of weapons, and your hearts of
valour,

Join in me all your rages and rebutters,
And into dust ram this same race of furies,
In this one relic of the Ambois gall,
In his one purple soul shed, drown it all.

[*Fight.*]

Mont. Now give me breath a while.

Cl. Receive it freely.

Mont. What think y'a this now?

Cl. It is very noble;

Had it been free, at least, and of yourself,
And thus we see (where valour most doth
vaunt)

What 'tis to make a coward valiant.

Mont. Now I shall grace your conquest.

Cl. That you shall.

Mont. If you obtain it.

Cl. True, sir, 'tis in fortune.

Mont. If you were not a D'Ambois, I
would scarce

Change lives with you, I feel so great a
change

In my tall spirits; breathed, I think, with
the breath

A D'Ambois breathes here, and necessity
(With whose point now prick'd on, and so,
whose help

My hands may challenge, that doth all
men conquer,

If she except not you, of all men only)
May change the case here.

Cl. True, as you are changed,

Her power in me urged, makes y'another
man

Than yet you ever were.

Mont. Well, I must on.

Cl. Your lordship must, by all means.

Mont. Then at all.

[*Fights, and D'Ambois hurts him.*]

Charlotte above.

Ch. Death of my father! what a shame
is this,

Stick in his hands thus?

Re. Gentle sir, forbear.

Co. Is he not slain yet? [*She gets down.*]

Re. No, madam, but hurt in divers parts
of him.

Mont. Y'have given it me,
And yet I feel life for another veney.

Enter Charlotte.

Cl. What would you, sir?

Ch. I would perform this combat.

Cl. Against which of us?

Ch. I care not much if 'twere

Against thyself: thy sister would have
shamed

To have thy brother's wreak with any
man,

In single combat, stick so in her fingers.

Cl. My sister? know you her?

Ta. Ay, sir, she sent him

With this kind letter, to perform the wreak
O, my dear servant.

Cl. Now, alas! good, sir,

Think you you could do more?

Ch. Alas! I do,

And were't not, I, fresh, sound, should
charge a man

Weary and wounded, I would long ere
this

Have proved what I presume on.

Cl. Y'have a mind

Like to my sister, but have patience now,

If next charge speed not, I'll resign to
you.

Mont. Pray thee let him decide it.

Cl. No, my lord,

I am the man in fate, and since so bravely
Your lordship stands me, 'scape but one
more charge,

And on my life, I'll set your life at large.

Mont. Said like a D'Ambois, and if now
I die.

Sit joy and all good on thy victory.

[*Fights, and falls down.*]

Farewell, I heartily forgive thee, wife,
And thee, let penitence spend thy rest of
life. [*He gives his hand to Clermont
and his wife.*]

Cl. Noble and Christian!

Ta. O, it breaks my heart!

Cl. And should; for all faults found in
him before,

These words, this end, makes full amends
and more.

Rest, worthy soul, and with it the dear
spirit

Of my loved brother, rest in endless
peace;

Soft lie thy bones, Heaven be your soul's
abode,

And to your ashes be the earth no load.

Music, and the Ghost of Bussy enters, leading the Ghost of the Guise; Monsieur, Cardinal Guise, and Chatillon; they dance about the dead body, and Exeunt.

Cl. How strange is this! the Guise amongst these spirits,
And his great brother Cardinal, both yet living,
And that the rest with them, with joy thus celebrate

This our revenge! This certainly presages
Some instant death both to the Guise and Cardinal.

That the Chatillon's ghost too should thus join

In celebration of this just revenge,
With Guise, that bore a chief stroke in his death,

It seems that now he doth approve the act,
And these true shadows of the Guise and Cardinal,

Fore-running thus their bodies, may approve
That all things to be done, as here we live,
Are done before all times in th' other life.

That spirits should rise in these times yet
are fables;

Though learned'st men hold that our sense
spirits

A little time abide about the graves
Of their deceased bodies; and can take
In cold condensed air the same forms they
had,

When they were shut up in this body's shade.

Enter Aumale.

Au. O sir, the Guise is slain!

Cl. Avert it, heaven!

Au. Sent for to council, by the King,
an ambush

(Lodged for the purpose) rush'd on him,
and took

His princely life; who sent, in dying then,
His love to you, as to the best of men.

Cl. The worst, and most accursed of
things creeping

On earth's sad bosom. Let me pray ye all
A little to forbear, and let me use

Freely mine own mind in lamenting him.
I'll call ye straight again.

Au. We will forbear, and leave you free,
sir.

[*Exeunt.*]

Cl. Shall I live, and he
Dead, that alone gave means of life to me?
There's no disputing with the acts of kings,
Revenge is impious on their sacred persons:
And could I play the worldling (no man
loving

Longer than gain is reapt, or grace from
him)

I should survive, and shall be wonder'd at
Though in mine own hands being, I end
with him:

But friendship is the cement of two
minds,

As of one man the soul and body is,
Of which one cannot sever, but the other
Suffers a needful separation.

[*Descend Ren. and Coun.*]

Re. I fear your servant, madam; let's
descend.

Cl. Since I could skill of man, I never
lived

To please men worldly, and shall I in death,
Respect their pleasures, making such a jar
Betwixt my death and life, when death
should make

The consort sweetest; th' end being proof
and crown

To all the skill and worth we truly own?
Guise, O my lord, how shall I cast from me
The bands and coverts hindering me from
thee?

The garment or the cover of the mind,
The humane soul is; of the soul, the spirit
The proper robe is; of the spirit, the blood;
And of the blood, the body is the shroud.

With that must I begin then to unclothe,
And come at th' other. Now then as a ship,
Touching at strange and far-removed
shores;

Her men ashore go, for their several ends,
Fresh water, victuals, precious stones, and
pearl,

All yet intentive (when the master calls,
The ship to put off ready) to leave all
Their greediest labours, lest they there be
left

To thieves, or beasts, or be the country's
slaves:

So, now my master calls, my ship, my
venture,

All in one bottom put, all quite put off,
Gone under sail, and I left negligent,
To all the horrors of the vicious time,
The far-removed shores to all virtuous
aims,

None favouring goodness; none but he
respecting

Piety or manhood; shall I here survive,
Not cast me after him into the sea,
Rather than here live, ready every hour
To feed thieves, beasts, and be the slave
of power?

I come, my lord, Clermont thy creature
comes.

[*He kills himself.*]

Enter Aumale, Tamyra, Charlotte.

Au. What ! lie and languish, Clermont ?
Cursed man,

To leave him here thus : he hath slain himself.

Ta. Misery on misery ! O me, wretched dame

Of all that breathe, all heaven turn all his eyes,
In hearty envy thus on one poor dame.

Ch. Well done, my brother ; I did love thee ever,

But now adore thee : loss of such a friend
None should survive, of such a brother ;
With my false husband live, and both these slain ?

Ere I return to him, I'll turn to earth.

Enter Renel, leading the Countess.

Re. Horror of human eyes ! O Clermont D'Ambois !

Madam, we stay'd too long ; your servant's slain.

Co. It must be so ; he lived but in the Guise,

As I in him. O follow, life, mine eyes.

Ta. Hide, hide thy snaky head ; to cloisters fly,

In penance pine, too easy 'tis to die.

Ch. It is. In cloisters then let's all survive :

Madam, since wrath nor grief can help these fortunes,

Let us forsake the world in which they reign,

And for their wish'd amends to God complain.

Co. 'Tis fit and only needful : lead me on,

In heaven's course comfort seek, in earth is none. [*Exeunt.*]

Enter Henry, Epernon, Soissons, and others.

He. We came indeed too late, which much I rue,

And would have kept this Clermont as my crown :

Take in the dead, and make this fatal room,

The house shut up, the famous D'Ambois tomb. [*Exeunt.*]

Byron's Conspiracy.*

TO

MY HONOURABLE AND CONSTANT FRIEND,

SIR THOMAS WALSINGHAM, KNIGHT;

AND TO

MY MUCH LOVED FROM HIS BIRTH, THE RIGHT TOWARD AND
WORTHY GENTLEMAN HIS SON,

THOMAS WALSINGHAM, ESQUIRE.

SIR,—Though I know you ever stood little affected to these unprofitable rites of Dedication (which disposition in you hath made me hitherto dispense with your right in my other impressions),† yet, lest the world may repute it a neglect in me of so ancient and worthy a friend, having heard your approbation of these in their presentment, I could not but prescribe them with your name; and that my affection may extend to your posterity, I have entitled to it, herein, your hope and comfort in your generous son; whom I doubt not that most revered mother of manly sciences, to whose instruction your virtuous care commits him, will so profitably initiate in her learned ignorant gentlemen, and enable him to supply the honourable places of your name; extending your years and his right noble mother's, in the true comforts of his virtues, to the sight of much and most happy progeny; which most affectionately wishing, and dividing these poor dismembered poems betwixt you, I desire to live still in your graceful loves, and ever

The most assured at your commandments,

GEORGE CHAPMAN.

* “*The Conspiracie and Tragedie of Charles Duke of Byron, Marshall of France*. Acted lately in two plays, at the Black-Friers. Written by George Chapman. Printed by G. Eld for Thomas Thorpe, and are to be sold at the Tygers head in Paules Church-yard. 1608.”

“*The Conspiracie, and Tragedy of Charles Duke of Byron, Marshall of France*, Acted lately in two Plays, at the Blacke-Friers, and other publique Stages. Written by George Chapman. London: Printed by N.O. for Thomas Thorpe, 1625.”

† See, however, the cancelled Dedication to *All Foolles* published three years earlier (1605).

PROLOGUS.

WHEN the uncivil civil wars of France,
 Had pour'd upon the country's beaten
 breast
 Her batter'd cities; press'd her under hills
 Of slaughter'd carcasses; set her in the
 mouths
 Of murtherous breaches, and made pale
 Despair,
 Leave her to Ruin; through them all,
 Byron
 Stept to her rescue, took her by the hand;
 Pluck'd her from under her unnatural press,
 And set her shining in the height of peace.
 And now new cleansed from dust, from
 sweat, and blood,
 And dignified with title of a Duke;
 As when in wealthy Autumn, his bright star,

Wash'd in the lofty ocean, thence ariseth,
 Illustrates heaven, and all his other fires
 Out-shines and darkens; so admired Byron
 All France exempted from comparison.
 He touch'd heaven with his lance; nor yet
 was touch'd
 With hellish treachery; his country's love
 He yet thirsts, not the fair shades of him-
 self;
 Of which empoison'd spring, when policy
 drinks,
 He bursts in growing great; and rising,
 sinks:
 Which now behold in our Conspirator,
 And see in his revolt how honour's flood
 Ebbs into air, when men are great, not
 good.

ACT THE FIRST.

SCENE I.

Enter Savoy, Roncas, Rochette, Breton.

Sa. I would not for half Savoy, but
 have bound
 France to some favour, by my personal
 presence
 More than your self, my lord ambassador,
 Could have obtain'd; for all ambassadors,
 You know, have chiefly these instructions:
 To note the state and chief sway of the
 Court
 To which they are employ'd; to penetrate
 The heart and marrow of the king's de-
 signs,
 And to observe the countenances and spirits
 Of such as are impatient of rest,
 And wring beneath some private discon-
 tent.
 But, past all these, there are a number more
 Of these state criticisms that our personal
 view
 May profitably make, which cannot fall
 Within the powers of our instruction
 To make you comprehend; I will do more
 With my mere shadow than you with your
 persons.
 All you can say against my coming here
 Is that which I confess may for the time
 Breed strange affections in my brother
 Spain;

But when I shall have time to make my
 cannons
 The loud-tongued heralds of my hidden
 drifts,
 Our reconcilement will be made with
 triumphs.
Ron. If not, your highness hath small
 cause to care,
 Having such worthy reason to complain
 Of Spain's cold friendship, and his linger-
 ing succours,
 Who only entertains your griefs with hope,
 To make your medicine desperate.
Roc. My lord knows
 The Spanish gloss too well; his form, stuff,
 lasting,
 And the most dangerous conditions
 He lays on them with whom he is in league.
 Th' injustice in the most unequal dower
 Given with th' Infanta, whom my lord
 espoused,
 Compared with that her elder sister had,
 May tell him how much Spain's love weighs
 to him;
 When of so many globes and sceptres held
 By the great king, he only would bestow
 A portion but of six-score thousand crowns
 In yearly pension, with his highness' wife,
 When the Infanta, wedded by the Arch-
 duke,
 Had the Franch County, and Low Pro-
 vinces.
Br. We should not set these passages
 of spleen

'Twixt Spain and Savoy, to the weaker part ;

More good by sufferance grows than deeds of heart ;

The nearer princes are, the further off In rites of friendship ; my advice had never

Consented to this voyage of my lord, In which he doth endanger Spain's whole loss,

For hope of some poor fragment here in France.

Sa. My hope in France you know not, though my counsel,

And for my loss of Spain, it is agreed That I should slight it ; oft-times princes' rules

Are like the chymical philosophers' ; Leave me then to mine own projection,

In this our thrifty alchemy of state ; Yet help me thus far, you that have been here

Our lord ambassador ; and, in short, inform me,

What spirits here are fit for our designs.

Ron. The new-created Duke Byron is fit, Were there no other reason for your presence,

To make it worthy ; for he is a man Of matchless valour, and was ever happy In all encounters, which were still made good

With an unwearied sense of any toil, Having continued fourteen days together Upon his horse ; his blood is not voluptuous,

Nor much inclined to women ; his desires Are higher than his state, and his deserts Not much short of the most he can desire, If they be weigh'd with what France feels by them.

He is past measure glorious ; and that humour

Is fit to feed his spirits, whom it possesseth With faith in any error, chiefly where Men blow it up with praise of his perfections,

The taste whereof in him so soothes his palate,

And takes up all his appetite, that oft-times He will refuse his meat and company

To feast alone with their most strong conceit ;

Ambition also cheek by cheek doth march With that excess of glory, both sustain'd With an unlimited fancy, that the King Nor France itself, without him can subsist.

Sa. He is the man, my lord, I come to win ;

And that supreme intention of my presence Saw never light till now, which yet I fear The politic King, suspecting, is the cause, That he hath sent him so far from my reach,

And made him chief in the commission Of his ambassage to my brother Arch-duke,

With whom he is now ; and, as I am told, So entertain'd and fitted in his humour, That ere I part, I hope he will return Prepared, and made the more fit for the physic

That I intend to minister.

Ron. My lord, There is another discontented spirit Now here in Court, that for his brain and aptness

To any course that may recover him In his declined and litigious state Will serve Byron, as he were made for him In giving vent to his ambitious vein, And that is, de La Fin.

Sa. You tell me true, And him I think you have prepared for me.

Ron. I have, my lord, and doubt not he will prove,

Of the yet taintless fortress of Byron A quick expugner, and a strong abider.

Sa. Perhaps the battery will be brought before him

In this ambassage, for I am assured They set high price of him, and are in-form'd

Of all the passages, and means for mines That may be thought on, to his taking in.

Enter Henry and La Fin.

The King comes, and La Fin ; the King's aspect Folded in clouds.

He. I will not have my train, Made a retreat for bankrupts, nor my Court

A hive for drones ; proud beggars, and true thieves,

That with a forced truth they swear to me, Rob my poor subjects, shall give up their arts,

And henceforth learn to live by their desarts ;

Though I am grown, by right of birth and arms

Into a greater kingdom, I will spread With no more shade than may admit that kingdom

Her proper, natural, and wonted fruits ; Navarre shall be Navarre, and France still France :

If one may be the better for the other
By mutual rites, so neither shall be worse.
Thou art in law, in quarrels, and in debt,
Which thou wouldst quit with countenance ;
 borrowing
With thee is purchase, and thou seek'st by
me,
In my supportance, now our old wars
cease
To wage worse battles, with the arms of
peace.

La. Peace must not make men cowards,
nor keep calm

Her pury regiment with men's smother'd
breaths ;

I must confess my fortunes are declined,
But neither my deservings, nor my mind :
I seek but to sustain the right I found,
When I was rich, in keeping what is left,
And making good my honour as at best,
Though it be hard ; man's right to every-
thing

Wanes with his wealth, wealth is his surest
king ;

Yet Justice should be still indifferent.
The overplus of kings, in all their might,
Is but to piece out the defects of right :
And this I sue for, nor shall frowns and
taunts,

The common scarecrows of all poor men's
suits,

Nor misconstruction that doth colour still
Licentiary justice, punishing good for ill,
Keep my free throat from knocking at the
sky,

If thunder chid me for my equity.

He. Thy equity is to be ever banish'd
From Court, and all society of noblesse,
Amongst whom thou throw'st balls of all
dissension ;

Thou art at peace with nothing but with
war,

Hast no heart but to hurt, and eat'st thy
heart,

If it but think of doing any good :
Thou witchest with thy smiles, suck'st blood
with praises,

Mock'st all humanity ; society poison'st,
Cozen'st with virtue ; with religion
Betray'st, and massacre ; so vile thyself,
That thou suspect'st perfection in others :
A man must think of all the villanies
He knows in all men, to decipher thee,
That art the centre to impiety :
Away, and tempt me not.

La. But you tempt me,
To what, thou Sun to judge, and make him
see. [Exit.

Sa. Now by my dearest Marquisate of
Salusses,

Your Majesty hath with the greatest life
Described a wicked man ; or rather thrust
Your arm down through him to his very
feet,

And pluck'd his inside out, that ever yet
My ears did witness ; or turn'd ears to eyes ;
And those strange characters, writ in his
face,

Which at first sight were hard for me to
read,

The doctrine of your speech hath made so
plain,

That I run through them like my natural
language :

Nor do I like that man's aspect, methinks,
Of all looks where the beams of stars have
carved

Their powerful influences ; and (O rare)
What an heroic, more than royal spirit
Bewray'd you in your first speech, that defies
Protection of vile drones, that eat the honey
Sweat from laborious virtue, and denies
To give those of Navarre, though bred
with you,

The benefits and dignities of France.
When little rivers by their greedy currents,
Far far extended from their mother springs,
Drink up the foreign brooks still as they run,
And fore their greatness, when they come
to sea,

And juttle with the ocean for a room,
O how he roars, and takes them in his
mouth,

Digesting them so to his proper streams
That they are no more seen, he nothing
raised

Above his usual bounds, yet they devour'd,
That of themselves were pleasant, goodly
floods.

He. I would do best for both, yet shall
not be secure,
Till in some absolute heirs my crown be
settled,

There is so little now betwixt aspirers
And their great object in my only self,
That all the strength they gather under me
Tempts combat with mine own : I there-
fore make

Means for some issue by my marriage,
Which with the great duke's niece is now
concluded,

And she is coming ; I have trust in heaven
I am not yet so old, but I may spring.
And then I hope all traitors' hopes will fade.

Sa. Else may their whole estates fly,
rooted up,

To ignominy and oblivion :
And (being your neighbour, servant, and
poor kinsman)

I wish your mighty race might multiply,
Even to the period of all empery.

He. Thanks to my princely cousin : this
your love

And honour shown me in your personal
presence,

I wish to welcome to your full content :

The peace I now make with your brother
Archduke,

By Duke Byron, our lord ambassador,

I wish may happily extend to you,

And that at his return we may conclude it.

Sa. It shall be to my heart the happiest
day

Of all my life, and that life all employ'd,

To celebrate the honour of that day.

[*Exeunt.*]

Enter Roiseau.

Ro. The wondrous honour done our
Duke Byron

In his ambassage here, in th' Archduke's
court,

I fear will taint his loyalty to our King.

I will observe how they observe his humour,

And glorify his valour : and how he

Accepts and stands attractive to their ends,

That so I may not seem an idle spot

In train of this ambassage, but return

Able to give our King some note of all,

Worth my attendance ; and see, here's the
man,

Who (though a Frenchman, and in Orleans
born

Serving the Archduke) I do most suspect,

Is set to be the tempter of our Duke ;

I'll go where I may see, although not hear.

*Enter Picoté, with two others, spreading
a carpet.*

Pi. Spread here this history of Catiline,
That earth may seem to bring forth Roman
spirits,

Even to his genial feet ; and her dark breast
Be made the clear glass of his shining
graces.

We'll make his feet so tender, they shall
gall

In all paths but to empire ; and therein

I'll make the sweet steps of his state begin.

[*Exit.*]

Loud music, and enter Byron.

By. What place is this ? what air ?
what region ?

In which a man may hear the harmony

Of all things moving ? Hymen marries here

Their ends and uses, and makes me his
temple.

Hath any man been blessed, and yet
lived ?

The blood turns in my veins, I stand on
change,

And shall dissolve in changing ; 'tis so full
Of pleasure not to be contain'd in flesh.

To fear a violent good, abuseth goodness,
'Tis immortality to die aspiring,

As if a man were taken quick to heaven ;
What will not hold perfection, let it burst ;

What force hath any cannon, not being
charged,

Or being not discharged ? To have stuff
and form,

And to lie idle, fearful, and unused,

Nor form nor stuff shows ; happy Semele,
That died compress'd with glory ! Hap-
piness

Denies comparison of less or more,

And not at most, is nothing ; like the shaft

Shot at the sun by angry Hercules,

And into shivers by the thunder broken,

Will I be if I burst ; and in my heart

This shall be written : " Yet 'twas high
and right." [*Music again.*]

Here too ! they follow all my steps with
music,

As if my feet were numerous, and trod
sounds

Out of the centre, with Apollo's virtue,
That out of every thing his ech-part

touch'd,

Struck musical accents ; wheresoe'er I go,
They hide the earth from me with coverings

rich,
To make me think that I am here in
heaven.

Enter Picoté in haste.

Pi. This way, your highness.

By. Come they ?

Pi. Ay, my lord. [*Exeunt.*]

Enter the other Commissioners of France,
Belieure, Brulart, Aumale, Orange.

Be. My Lord D'Aumale, I am exceeding
sorry

That your own obstinancy to hold out,

Your mortal enmity against the King,

When Duke Du Maine, and all the faction
yielded,

Should force his wrath to use the rites of
treason

Upon the members of your senseless statue,
Your name and house, when he had lost

your person,

Your love and duty.

Br. That which men enforce
By their own wilfulness, they must endure
With willing patience and without complaint.

D'A. I use not much impatience nor
complaint,
Though it offend me much to have my
name
So blotted with addition of a traitor,
And my whole memory with such de-
spite
Mark'd and begun to be so rooted out.

Br. It was despite that held you out so
long,
Whose penance in the King was needful
justice.

Be. Come, let us seek our Duke, and
take our leaves
Of th' Archduke's grace. [*Exeunt.*

Enter Byron and Picoté.

By. Here may we safely breathe.

Pi. No doubt, my lord, no stranger
knows this way ;
Only the Archduke, and your friend Count
Mansfield,

Perhaps may make their general scapes to
you,
To utter some part of their private loves,
Ere your departure.

By. Then I well perceive
To what th' intention of his highness
tends ;

For whose, and others here, most worthy
lords,
I will become, with all my worth, their
servant,

In any office but disloyalty ;
But that hath ever show'd so foul a monster
To all my ancestors, and my former life,
That now to entertain it I must wholly
Give up my habit, in his contrary,
And strive to grow out of privation.

Pi. My lord, to wear your loyal habit
still,

When it is out of fashion, and hath done
Service enough, were rustic misery ;
The habit of a servile loyalty
Is reckon'd now amongst privations,
With blindness, dumbness, deafness,
silence, death,
All which are neither natures by them-
selves

Nor substances, but mere decays of form,
And absolute decessions of nature,
And so 'tis nothing, what shall you then
lose ?

•Your highness hath a habit in perfection,

And in desert of highest dignities,
Which carve yourself, and be your own
rewarder.

No true power doth admit privation
Adverse to him ; or suffers any fellow
Join'd in his subject ; you, superiors ;
It is the nature of things absolute
One to destroy another ; be your highness
Like those steep hills that will admit no
clouds,

No dews, nor least fumes bound about
their brows ;

Because their tops pierce into purest air,
Expert of humour ; or like air itself
That quickly changeth, and receives the
sun

Soon as he riseth, everywhere dispersing
His royal splendour, girds it in his beams,
And makes itself the body of the light ;
Hot, shining, swift, light, and aspiring
things,

Are of immortal and celestial nature ;
Cold, dark, dull, heavy, of infernal fortunes,
And never aim at any happiness ;
Your excellency knows that simple loyalty,
Faith, love, sincerity, are but words, no
things ;

Merely devised for form ; and as the
legate,

Sent from his Holiness, to frame a peace
'Twixt Spain and Savoy, labour'd fer-
vently,

For common ends, not for the Duke's
particular,

To have him sign it ; he again endeavours,
Not for the legate's pains, but his own
pleasure,

To gratify him ; and being at last en-
counter'd,

Where the flood Ticin enters into Po,
They made a kind contention, which of
them

Should enter th' other's boat ; one thrust
the other ;

One leg was over, and another in ;
And with a fiery courtesy, at last
Savoy leaps out, into the legate's arms,
And here ends all his love, and th' other's
labour.

So shall these terms and impositions
Express'd before, hold nothing in themselves
Really good, but flourishes of form ;
And further than they make to private
ends

None wise, or free, their proper use in-
tends.

By. O, 'tis a dangerous and a dreadful
thing

To steal prey from a lion ; or to hide
 A head distrustful, in his open'd jaws ;
 To trust our blood in others' veins ; and
 hang
 'Twixt heaven and earth, in vapours of
 their breaths ;
 To leave a sure pace on continue earth,
 And force a gate in jumps, from tower to
 tower,
 As they do that aspire from height to
 height.
 The bounds of loyalty are made of glass,
 Soon broke, but can in no date be re-
 pair'd ;
 And as the Duke D'Aumale, now here in
 Court,
 Flying his country, had his statue torn
 Piece-meal with horses, all his goods con-
 fiscate,
 His arms of honour kick'd about the
 streets,
 His goodly house at Annet razed to th'
 earth,
 And, for a strange reproach of his foul
 treason,
 His trees about it, cut off by their waists ;
 So, when men fly the natural clime of
 truth,
 And turn themselves loose, out of all the
 bounds
 Of justice, and the straight way to their
 ends ;
 Forsaking all the sure force in themselves
 To seek without them that which is not
 theirs,
 The forms of all their comforts are dis-
 tracted,
 The riches of their freedoms forfeited,
 Their human noblesse shamed ; the man-
 sions
 Of their cold spirits eaten down with
 cares ;
 And all their ornaments of wit and valour,
 Learning, and judgment, cut from all
 their fruits.

Al. O, here were now the richest prize
 in Europe,

Were he but taken in affection.

Would we might grow together, and be
 twins

Of either's fortune ; or that still embraced
 I were but ring to such a precious stone.

By. Your highness' honours, and high
 bounty shown me,

Have won from me my voluntary power ;
 And I must now move by your eminent
 will

To what particular objects, if I know
 By this man's intercession, he shall bring

My utmost answer, and perform betwixt us
 Reciprocal and full intelligence.

Al. Even for your own deserved royal
 good,

'Tis joyfully accepted : use the loves
 And worthy admirations of your friends,
 That beget vows of all things you can
 wish,

And be what I wish : danger says, no
 more. [*Exit.*

Enter Mansfield, at another door.

Exit Picoté.

Ma. Your highness makes the light of
 this Court stoop

With your so near departure ; I was forced
 To tender to your excellence, in brief,
 This private wish, in taking of my leave,
 That in some army royal, old Count Mans-
 field

Might be commanded by your matchless
 valour

To the supremest point of victory ;
 Who vows for that renown all prayer and
 service :

No more, lest I may wrong you.

[*Exit Mansfield.*

By. Thank your lordship.

Enter D'Aumale and Orange.

D'A. All majesty be added to your
 highness,

Of which I would not wish your breast to
 bear

More modest apprehension than may tread
 The high gait of your spirit ; and be
 known

To be a fit bound for your boundless
 valour.

Or. So Orange wisheth, and to the
 deserts

Of your great actions their most royal
 crown.

Enter Picoté.

Pi. Away, my lord, the lords inquire for
 you. [*Exit Byron.*

[*Manet Orange, D'Aumale, Roiseau.*
Or. Would we might win his valour to
 our part.

D'A. 'Tis well prepared in his entreaty
 here,

With all state's highest observations ;
 And to their form and words are added gifts.
 He was presented with two goodly horses,
 One of which two was the brave beast
 Pastrana,

With plate of gold, and a much prized
 jewel,

Girdle and hangers, set with wealthy stones,
All which were valued at ten thousand
crowns.

The other lords had suits of tapestry,
And chains of gold ; and every gentleman
A pair of Spanish gloves, and rapier blades :
And here ends their entreaty, which I hope
Is the beginning of more good to us
Than twenty thousand times their gifts to
them.

*Enter Albert, Byron, Belieure, Mansfield,
Roiseau, with others.*

Al. My lord, I grieve that all the setting
forth
Of our best welcome made you more
retired ;
Your chamber hath been more loved than
our honours,
And therefore we are glad your time of
parting

Is come, to set you in the air you love.
Commend my service to his Majesty,
And tell him that this day of peace with him
Is held as holy. All your pains, my lords,
I shall be always glad to gratify
With any love and honour your own
hearts

Shall do me grace to wish express'd to you.

Ro. Here hath been strange demeanour,
which shall fly
To the great author of this embassy.

END OF ACT I.

ACT THE SECOND.

SCENE I.

*Enter Savoy, La Fin, Roncas, Rochette,
Breton.*

Sa. Admit no entry, I will speak with
none.

Good signior de La Fin, your worth shall
find

That I will make a jewel for my cabinet
Of that the King, in surfeit of his store,
Hath cast out, as the sweepings of his hall.
I told him, having threaten'd you away,
That I did wonder this small time of peace
Could make him cast his armour so securely
In such as you, and, as 'twere, set the
head

Of one so great in counsels, on his foot,
And pitch him from him with such guard-
like strength.

-La. He may, perhaps, find he hath
pitch'd away

The axletree that kept him on his wheels.

Sa. I told him so, I swear, in other
terms,

And not with too much note of our close
loves,

Lest so he might have smoked our
practices.

La. To choose his time, and spit his
poison on me,

Through th' ears and eyes of strangers.

Sa. So I told him,
And more than that, which now I will not
tell you :

It rests now then, noble and worthy friend,
That to our friendship we draw Duke

Byron,
To whose attraction there is no such chain
As you can forge, and shake out of your
brain.

La. I have devised the fashion and the
weight ;

To valours hard to draw, we use retreats ;
And, to pull shafts home, with a good bow-
arm,

We thrust hard from us ; since he came
from Flanders

He heard how I was threaten'd with the
King,

And hath been much inquisitive to know
The truth of all, and seeks to speak with
me ;

The means he used, I answer'd doubtfully,
And with an intimation that I shunn'd
him,

Which will, I know, put more spur to his
charge ;

And if his haughty stomach be prepared
With will to any act, for the aspiring
Of his ambitious aims, I make no doubt
But I shall work him to your highness'
wish.

Sa. But undertake it, and I rest assured:
You are reported to have skill in magic,
And the events of things, at which they
reach

That are in nature apt to overreach,
Whom the whole circle of the present time,
In present pleasures, fortunes, knowledges,
Cannot contain ; those men, as broken
loose

From human limits, in all violent ends
Would fain aspire the faculties of fiends,
And in such air breathe his unbounded
spirits,

Which therefore well will fit such conjura-
tions.

Attempt him then by flying ; close with him,

And bring him home to us, and take my dukedom.

La. My best in that, and all things, vows your service.

Sa. Thanks to my dear friend, and the French Ulysses. [*Exit Savoy.*]

Enter Byron.

By. Here is the man: my honour'd friend, La Fin, Alone, and heavy countenanced! On what terms

Stood th' insultation of the King upon you?

La. Why do you ask?

By. Since I would know the truth.

La. And when you know it, what?

By. I'll judge betwixt you.

And, as I may, make even th'excess of either.

La. Alas! my lord, not all your loyalty, Which is in you more than hereditary, Nor all your valour (which is more than human)

Can do the service you may hope on me In sounding my displeas'd integrity.

Stand for the King, as much in policy

As you have stirr'd for him in deeds of arms,

And make yourself his glory, and your country's,

Till you be suck'd as dry and wrought as lean,

As my flea'd carcass; you shall never close

With me, as you imagine.

By. You much wrong me

To think me an intelligencing instrument.

La. I know not how your so affected zeal,

To be reputed a true-hearted subject,

May stretch or turn you; I am desperate;

If I offend you, I am in your power;

I care not how I tempt your conquering fury,

I am predestined to too base an end

To have the honour of your wrath destroy me,

And be a worthy object for your sword.

I lay my hand and head too at your feet,

As I have ever, here I hold it still;

End me directly, do not go about.

By. How strange is this! the shame of his disgrace

Hath made him lunatic.

La. Since the King hath wrong'd me

He thinks I'll hurt myself; no, no, my lord;

I know that all the kings in Christendom,

If they should join in my revenge, would prove

Weak foes to him, still having you to friend;

If you were gone (I care not if you tell him)

I might be tempted then to right myself.

[*Exit.*]

By. He has a will to me, and dares not shew it;

His state decay'd, and he disgraced, distracts him.

Redit La Fin.

La. Change not my words, my lord; I only said,

"I might be tempted then to right myself;" Temptation to treason, is no treason;

And that word tempted was conditional too;

"If you were gone;" I pray inform the truth. [*Exiturus.*]

By. Stay, injured man, and know I am your friend,

Far from these base and mercenary reaches; I am, I swear to you.

La. You may be so;

And yet you'll give me leave to be La Fin, A poor and expuante humour of the Court;

But what good blood came out with me, what veins

And sinews of the triumphs, now it makes, I list not vaunt; yet will I now confess,

And dare assume it; I have power to add

To all his greatness; and make yet more fix'd

His bold security; tell him this, my lord,

And this, if all the spirits of earth and air

Be able to enforce, I can make good;

If knowledge of the sure events of things,

Even from the rise of subjects into kings;

And falls of kings to subjects, hold a power

Of strength to work it, I can make it good;

And tell him this too: if in midst of winter

To make black groves grow green, to still the thunder,

And cast out able flashes from mine eyes,

To beat the lightning back into the skies,

Prove power to do it, I can make it good;

And tell him this too: if to lift the sea

Up to the stars, when all the winds are still,

And keep it calm, when they are most enraged;

To make earth's driest palms sweat humorous springs,

To make fix'd rocks walk, and loose shadows stand,

To make the dead speak, midnight see the sun,

Mid-day turn mid-night, to dissolve all laws

Of nature and of order, argue power
Able to work all, I can make all good :
And all this tell the King.

By. 'Tis more than strange,

To see you stand thus at the rapier's point
With one so kind and sure a friend as I.

La. Who cannot friend himself is foe to any,

And to be fear'd of all, and that is it
Makes me so scorn'd ; but make me what you can,

Never so wicked, and so full of fiends,
I never yet was traitor to my friends :

The laws of friendship I have ever held,
As my religion ; and for other laws

He is a fool that keeps them with more care

Than they keep him safe, rich, and popular.

For riches, and for popular respects

Take them amongst ye, minions ; but for safety,

You shall not find the least flaw in my arms

To pierce or taint me ; what will great men be

To please the King, and bear authority !

[Exit.

By. How fit a sort were this to hanel fortune !

And I will win it though I lose my self ;
Though he prove harder than Egyptian marble,

I'll make him malleable as th' Ophir gold ;
I am put off from this dull shore of East,
Into industrious and high-going seas ;

Where, like Pelides in Scamander's flood,
Up to the ears in surges I will fight,

And pluck French Ilion underneath the waves.

If to be highest still, be to be best,
All works to that end are the worthiest :

Truth is a golden ball, cast in our way,
To make us stript by falsehood : and as

Spain

When the hot scuffles of barbarian arms

Smother'd the life of Don Sebastian,
To gild the leaden rumour of his death

Gave for a slaughter'd body, held for his,
A hundred thousand crowns ; caused all

the state

Of superstitious Portugal to mourn

And celebrate his solemn funerals ;

The Moors to conquest thankful feasts prefer,

And all made with the carcass of a Switzer :
So in the giantlike and politic wars

Of barbarous greatness, raging still in peace,

Shows to aspire just objects are laid on
With cost, with labour, and with form enough,

Which only makes our best acts brook the light,

And their ends had, we think we have their right,

So worst works are made good, with good success,

And so for kings, pay subjects carcasses.

[Exit.

Enter Henry, Roiseau.

He. Was he so courted ?

Ro. As a city dame,

Brought by her jealous husband to the Court,

Some elder courtiers entertaining him,
While others snatch a favour from his

wife :

One starts from this door ; from that nook another,

With gifts and junkets, and with printed phrase,

Steal her employment, shifting place by place

Still as her husband comes : so Duke Byron

Was woo'd and worshipp'd in the Archduke's Court ;

And as th' assistants that your Majesty,
Join'd in commission with him, or myself,

Or any other doubted eye appear'd,
He ever vanish'd ; and as such a dame,

As we compared with him before, being won

To break faith to her husband, lose her fame,

Stain both their progenies, and coming fresh

From underneath the burthen of her shame,
Visits her husband with as chaste a brow

As temperate and confirm'd behaviour,
As she came quitted from confession :

So from his scapes would he present a presence ;

The practice of his state adultery,
And guilt that should a graceful bosom

strike

Drown'd in the set lake of a hopeless cheek.

He. It may be he dissembled, or suppose

He be a little tainted: men whom
 virtue
 Forms with the stuff of fortune, great and
 gracious,
 Must needs partake with fortune in her
 humour
 Of instability; and are like to shafts
 Grown crook'd with standing, which to
 rectify
 Must twice as much be bow'd another
 way.
 He that hath borne wounds for his worthy
 parts,
 Must for his worst be borne with: we
 must fit
 Our government to men, as men to it:
 In old time they that hunted savage
 beasts
 Are said to clothe themselves in savage
 skins;
 They that were fowlers when they went
 on fowling,
 Wore garments made with wings resem-
 bling fowls;
 To bulls we must not show ourselves in
 red,
 Nor to the warlike elephant in white.
 In all things govern'd their infirmities
 Must not be stirr'd, nor wrought on;
 Duke Byron
 Flows with adust and melancholy choler,
 And melancholy spirits are venomous,
 Not to be touch'd, but as they may be
 cured.
 I therefore mean to make him change the
 air,
 And send him further from those Spanish
 vapours,
 That still bear fighting sulphur in their
 breasts,
 To breathe a while in temperate English
 air,
 Where lips are spiced with free and loyal
 counsels,
 Where policies are not ruinous, but saving;
 Wisdom is simple, valour righteous,
 Humane, and hating facts of brutish forces;
 And whose grave natures, scorn the scoffs
 of France,
 The empty compliments of Italy,
 The any-way encroaching pride of Spain,
 And love men modest, hearty, just, and
 plain.

Savoy, *whispering with La Fin.*

Sa. I'll sound him for Byron; and what
 I find
 In the King's depth, I'll draw up, and
 inform

In excitations to the Duke's revolt,
 When next I meet with him.

La. It must be done
 With praising of the Duke; from whom
 the King
 Will take to give himself; which told the
 Duke,
 Will take his heart up into all ambition.
 Sa. I know it, politic friend, and 'tis
 my purpose. [Exit La Fin.
 Your Majesty hath miss'd a royal sight:
 The Duke Byron, on his brave beast Pas-
 trana,

Who sits him like a full-sail'd argosy,
 Danced with a lofty billow, and as snug
 Plies to his bearer, both their motions
 mix'd;
 And being consider'd in their site together,
 They do the best present the state of man
 In his first royalty ruling, and of beasts
 In their first loyalty serving; one com-
 manding,
 And no way being moved; the other
 serving,
 And no way being compell'd; of all the
 sights

That ever my eyes witness'd; and they
 make
 A doctrinal and witty hieroglyphic
 Of a blest kingdom: to express and teach,
 Kings to command as they could serve,
 and subjects

To serve as if they had power to com-
 mand.

He. You are a good old horseman, I
 perceive,
 And still out all the use of that good part;
 Your wit is of the true Pierean spring,
 That can make anything of anything.

Sa. So brave a subject as the Duke, no
 king
 Seated on earth can vaunt of but your
 highness,
 So valiant, loyal, and so great in service.

He. No question he sets valour in his
 height,
 And hath done service to an equal pitch,
 Fortune attending him with fit events,
 To all his venturous and well-laid attempts.

Sa. Fortune to him was Juno to Alcides;
 For when or where did she but open way,
 To any act of his? what stone took he
 With her help, or without his own lost
 blood?

What fort won he by her? or was not
 forced?

What victory but 'gainst odds? on what
 commander

Sleepy or negligent, did he ever charge?

What summer ever made she fair to him?

What winter, not of one continued storm?
Fortune is so far from his creditress
That she owes him much; for in him, her looks

Are lovely, modest, and magnanimous,
Constant, victorious; and in his achievements

Her cheeks are drawn out with a virtuous redness,

Out of his eager spirit to victory,
And chaste contention to convince with honour;

And, I have heard, his spirits have flow'd so high

In all his conflicts against any odds,
That, in his charge, his lips have bled with fervour.

How served he at your famous siege of Dreux?

Where the enemy, assured of victory,
Drew out a body of four thousand horse,
And twice six thousand foot, and like a crescent,
Stood for the signal, you, that show'd yourself

A sound old soldier, thinking it not fit
To give your enemy the odds, and honour
Of the first stroke, commanded de la Guiche,

To let fly all his cannons, that did pierce
The adverse thickest squadrons, and had shot

Nine volleys ere the foe had once given fire;

Your troop was charged, and when your duke's old father

Met with th' assailants, and their grove of ritters

Repulsed so fiercely, made them turn their beards

And rally up themselves behind their troops;

Fresh forces, seeing your troops a little sever'd,

From that part first assaulted, gave it charge,
Which then, this duke made good, seconds his father,

Beats through and through the enemy's greatest strength,

And breaks the rest like billows 'gainst a rock,

And there the heart of that huge battle broke.

He. The heart but now came on, in that strong body
Of twice two thousand horse, led by du Maine

Which, if I would be glorious, I could say I first encounter'd.

Sa. How did he take in,
Beaune in view of that invincible army
Led by the Lord Great Constable of Castile,

Autun and Nuis, in Burgundy, chased away
Viscount T'avannes' troops before Dijon,
And puts himself in, and there that was won.

He. If you would only give me leave, my lord,
I would do right to him, yet must not give.

Sa. A league from Fontaine François,
when you sent him

To make discovery of the Castile army,
When he discern'd 'twas it, with wondrous wisdom

Join'd to his spirit, he seem'd to make retreat,

But when they press'd him, and the Baron of Lux,

Set on their charge so hotly, that his horse

Was slain, and he most dangerously engaged,

Then turn'd your brave duke head, and, with such ease

As doth an echo beat back violent sounds,
With their own forces, he, as if a wall
Start suddenly before them, pash'd them all

Flat as the earth, and there was that field won.

He. Y'are all the field wide.

Sa. O, I ask you pardon,
The strength of that field yet lay in his back,

Upon the foe's part; and what is to come
Of this your Marshal, now your worthy duke,

Is much beyond the rest; for now he sees
A sort of horse troops issue from the woods,

In number near twelve hundred; and re-tiring

To tell you that the entire army follow'd,
Before he could relate it, he was forced

To turn head, and receive the main assault
Of five horse troops; only with twenty horse;

The first he met, he tumbled to the earth,
And brake through all, not daunted with two wounds,

One on his head, another on his breast,
The blood of which drown'd all the field in doubt;

Your Majesty himself was then engaged,

Your power not yet arrived, and up you brought

The little strength you had ; a cloud of foes,

Ready to burst in storms about your ears ;
Three squadrons rush'd against you, and the first

You took so fiercely, that you beat their thoughts

Out of their bosoms, from the urged fight ;
The second all amazed you overthrew,
The third dispersed, with five and twenty horse

Left of the fourscore that pursued the chase ;

And this brave conquest, now your marshal seconds

Against two squadrons, but with fifty horse
One after other he defeats them both,
And made them run, like men whose heels were tripp'd,

And pitch their heads in their great general's lap ;

And him he sets on, as he had been shot

Out of a cannon ; beats him into rout,

And as a little brook being overrun
With a black torrent, that bears all things down,

His fury overtakes, his foamy back,
Loaded with cattle and with stacks of corn,
And makes the miserable plowman mourn ;
So was du Maine surcharged, and so Byron
Flow'd over all his forces ; every drop
Of his lost blood, bought with a worthy man ;

And only with a hundred gentlemen

He won the place from fifteen hundred horse.

He. He won the place ?

Sa. On my word, so 'tis said.

He. Fie, you have been extremely misinform'd.

Sa. I only tell your highness what I heard ;

I was not there ; and though I have been rude

With wonder of his valour, and presumed
To keep his merit in his full career,
Not hearing you, when yours made such a thunder ;

Pardon my fault, since 'twas t'extol your servant.

But is it not most true, that twixt ye both,

So few achiev'd the conquest of so many ?

He. It is a truth must make me ever thankful,

But not perform'd by him ; was not I there ?

Commanded him, and in the main assault
Made him but second ?

Sa. He's the capital soldier,
That lives this day in holy Christendom,
Except your highness, always except Plato.

He. We must not give to one to take from many :

For (not to praise our countrymen) here served

The general, Mylor Norris, sent from England ;

As great a captain as the world affords,
One fit to lead, and fight for Christendom ;
Of more experience, and of stronger brain ;

As valiant for abiding in command,

On any sudden ; upon any ground,

And in the form of all occasions

As ready, and as profitably dauntless ;

And here was then another, Colonel Williams,

A worthy captain ; and more like the duke,
Because he was less temperate than the general ;

And being familiar with the man you praise,

(Because he knew him haughty and incapable

Of all comparison) would compare with him,

And hold his swelling valour to the mark

Justice had set in him, and not his will ;

And as in open vessels fill'd with water,

And on men's shoulders borne, they put treene cups

To keep the wild and slippery element

From washing over ; follow all his sways

And tickle aptness to exceed his bounds,

And at the brim contain him ; so this knight

Swam in Byron, and held him, but to right.

But leave these hot comparisons ; he's mine own,

And than what I possess, I'll more be known.

Sa. All this shall to the duke ; I fish'd for this. [*Exeunt.*]

END OF ACT II.

ACT THE THIRD.

SCENE I.

Enter La Fin, Byron following, unseen.

La. A feigned passion in his hearing now
(Which he thinks I perceive not), making conscience,

Of the revolt that he hath urged to me,
(Which now he means to prosecute) would
sound,

How deep he stands affected with that
scruple.

As when the moon hath comforted the
night,

And set the world in silver of her light,
The planets, asterisms, and whole state of
heaven,

In beams of gold descending ; all the winds,
Bound up in caves, charged not to drive
abroad

Their cloudy heads ; an universal peace,
Proclaim'd in silence, of the quiet earth :
Soon as her hot and dry fumes are let loose,
Storms and clouds mixing suddenly put
out

The eyes of all those glories ; the creation
Turn'd into chaos, and we then desire,
For all our joy of life, the death of sleep :
So when the glories of our lives, men's
loves,

Clear consciences, our fames, and loyalties,
That did us worthy comfort, are eclipsed,
Grief and disgrace invade us ; and for all
Our night of life besides, our misery craves
Dark earth would ope and hide us in our
graves.

By. How strange is this !

La. What ! did your highness hear ?

By. Both heard and wonder'd that your
wit and spirit,

And profit in experience of the slaveries
Imposed on us in those mere politic
terms

Of love, fame, loyalty, can be carried up,
To such a height of ignorant conscience,
Of cowardice, and dissolution,

In all the free-born powers of royal man.
You that have made way through all the
guards

Of jealous state ; and seen on both your
sides

The pikes' points charging heaven to let
you pass,

Will you, in flying with a scrupulous wing,
Above those pikes to heavenward, fall on
them ?

This is like men, that, spirited with wine,
Pass dangerous places safe ; and die for
fear

With only thought of them, being simply
sober ;

We must, in passing to our wished ends,
Through things call'd good and bad, be
like the air

That evenly interposed betwixt the seas
And the opposed element of fire,

At either toucheth, but partakes with
neither ;

Is neither hot nor cold, but with a slight
And harmless temper mix'd of both th' ex-
tremes.

La. 'Tis shrewd.

By. There is no truth of any good
To be discern'd on earth : and by conver-
sion,
Nought therefore simply bad : but as the
stuff

Prepared for Arras pictures, is no picture
Till it be form'd, and man hath cast the
beams

Of his imaginous fancy thorough it,
In forming ancient kings and conquerors,
As he conceives they look'd and were at-
tired,

Though they were nothing so : so all
things here

Have all their price set down, from men's
conceits,

Which make all terms and actions good or
bad,

And are but pliant and well-colour'd
threads

Put into feigned images of truth :
To which, to yield and kneel as truth pure
kings,

That pull'd us down with clear truth of
their Gospel,

Were superstition to be hiss'd to hell.

La. Believe it, this is reason.

By. 'Tis the faith

Of reason and of wisdom.

La. You persuade,

As if you could create : what man can
shun

The searches and compressions of your
graces ?

By. We must have these lures when we
hawk for friends,

And wind about them like a subtle river,
That, seeming only to run on his course,
Doth search yet as he runs, and still finds
out

The easiest parts of entry on the shore ;
Gliding so slyly by, as scarce it touch'd,
Yet still eats something in it : so must those
That have large fields and currents to
dispose.

Come, let us join our streams, we must run
far,

And have but little time : the Duke of
Savoy

Is shortly to be gone, and I must needs
Make you well known to him.

La. But hath your highness

Some enterprise of value join'd with him ?

By. With him and greater persons.

La. I will creep

Upon my bosom in your princely service,
Vouchsafe to make me known. I hear
there lives not,

So kind, so bountiful, and wise a prince
But in your own excepted excellence.

By. He shall both know and love you :
are you mine ?

La. I take the honour of it, on my knee,
And hope to quite it with your Majesty.

[*Exit.*]

Enter Savoy, Roncas, Rochette, Breton.

Sa. La Fin is in the right, and will
obtain ;
He draweth with his weight, and like a
plummet

That sways a door, with falling off, pulls
after.

Ron. Thus will La Fin be brought a
stranger to you

By him he leads ; he conquers that is
conquer'd,

That's fought, as hard to win, that sues to
be won.

Sa. But is my painter warn'd to take his
picture,

When he shall see me, and present La Fin ?

Roc. He is, my lord, and, as your
highness will'd,

All we will press about him, and admire

The royal promise of his rare aspect,

As if he heard not.

Sa. 'Twill inflame him :

Such tricks the Archduke used t'extol his
greatness,

Which compliments though plain men
hold absurd,

And a mere remedy for desire of greatness,
Yet great men use them as their state

potatoes,

High coolisses, and potions to excite

The lust of their ambition : and this duke

You know is noted in his natural garb

Extremely glorious ; who will therefore
bring

An appetite expecting such a bait :

He comes ; go instantly, and fetch the
painter.

Enter Byron, La Fin.

By. All honour to your highness.

Sa. 'Tis most true.

All honours flow to me, in you their ocean ;
As welcome, worthiest duke, as if my
marquise

Were circled with you in these amorous
arms.

By. I sorrow, sir, I could not bring it
with me,

That I might so supply the fruitless com-
pliment

Of only visiting your excellence,
With which the King now sends me
t'entertain you ;

Which, notwithstanding, doth confer this
good

That it hath given me some small time to
show

My gratitude for the many secret bounties
I have, by this your lord ambassador,
Felt from your highness ; and in short,
t'assure you,

That all my most deserts are, at your
service.

Sa. Had the King sent me by you half
his kingdom,

It were not half so welcome.

By. For defect

Of whatsoever in myself, my lord,

I here commend to your most princely
service

This honour'd friend of mine.

Sa. Your name, I pray you, sir ?

La. La Fin, my lord.

Sa. La Fin ? Is this the man,

That you so recommended to my love ?

Ron. The same, my lord.

Sa. Y'are, next my lord the duke,

The most desired of all men. O my lord,
The King and I have had a mighty con-
flict

About your conflicts, and your matchless
worth

In military virtues ; which I put

In balance with the continent of France,

In all the peace and safety it enjoys,

And made even weight with all he could
put in

Of all men's else, and of his own deserts.

By. Of all men's else ? would he weigh
other men's

With my deservings ?

Sa. Ay, upon my life,

The English General, the Mylor Norris,
That served amongst you here, he paral-
lel'd

With you, at all parts, and in some pre-
fer'd him,

And Colonel Williams, a Welsh Colonel,
He made a man, that at your most con-
tain'd you :

Which the Welsh herald of their praise,
the cuckoo,

Would scarce have put, in his monology,
In jest, and said with reverence to his
merits.

By. With reverence? Reverence scorns
him : by the spoil
Of all her merits in me, he shall rue it.
Did ever Curtian Gulf play such a part?
Had Curtius been so used, if he had brook'd
That ravenous whirlpool, pour'd his solid
spirits,
Through earth-dissolved sinews, stopp'd
her veins,
And rose with saved Rome, upon his back.
As I swum pools of fire, and gulfs of brass,
To save my country, thrust this venturous
arm
Beneath her ruins ; took her on my neck,
And set her safe on her appeased shore :
And opes the King a fouler bog than this,
In his so rotten bosom, to devour
Him that devour'd what else had swallow'd
him
In a detraction, so with spite embued
And drown such good in such ingratitude ?
My spirit as yet, but stooping to his rest,
Shines hotly in him, as the sun in clouds
Purpled and made proud with a peaceful
even :
But when I throughly set to him, his
cheeks,
Will, like those clouds, forego their colour
quite,
And his whole blaze smoke into endless
night.
Sa. Nay, nay, we must have no such gall,
my lord,
O'erflow our friendly livers ; my relation
Only delivers my inflamed zeal
To your religious merits ; which methinks
Should make your highness canonized a
saint.
By. What had his armies been, without
my arm,
That with his motion made the whole field
move ?
And this held up, we still had victory.
When overcharged with number, his few
friends,
Retired amazed, I set them on assured,
And what rude ruin seized on I confirm'd ;
When I left leading, all his army reel'd,
One fell on other foul, and as the Cyclop
That having lost his eye, struck every
way,
His blows directed to no certain scope :
Or as the soul departed from the body,
The body wants coherence in his parts,
Cannot consist, but sever, and dissolve :
So I removed once, all his armies shook,
Panted, and fainted, and were ever flying,
Like wandering pulses spersed through
bodies dying.

Sa. It cannot be denied, 'tis all so true
That what seems arrogance, is desert in
you.

By. What monstrous humours feed a
prince's blood,
Being bad to good men, and to bad men
good ?

Sa. Well, let these contradictions pass,
my lord,
Till they be reconciled, or put in form,
By power given to your will, and you present

The fashion of a perfect government :
In mean space but a word ; we have small
time,

To spend in private, which I wish may be
With all advantage taken : Lord La Fin—
Ron. Is't not a face of excellent presentment ?

Though not so amorous with pure white
and red,

Yet is the whole proportion singular.

Roc. That ever I beheld.

Br. It hath good lines,
And tracts drawn through it ; the purple,
rare.

Ron. I heard the famous and right
learned earl,

And archbishop of Lyons, Pierce Pinac,
Who was reported to have wondrous
judgment

In men's events and natures, by their
looks,

Upon his death bed, visited by this duke,
He told his sister, when his grace was
gone,

That he had never yet observed a face
Of worse presage than this ; and I will
swear

That, something seen in physiognomy,
I do not find in all the rules it gives
One slenderest blemish tending to mishap,
But, on the opposite part, as we may see,
On trees late-blossom'd, when all frosts are
past,

How they are taken, and what will be
fruit :

So on this tree of sceptres, I discern
How it is loaden with apparances,
Rules answering rules ; and glances
crown'd with glances.

[*He snatches away the picture.*]

By. What ! does he take my picture ?

Sa. Ay, my lord.

By. Your highness will excuse me ; I
will give you

My likeness put in statue, not in picture ;
And by a statuary of mine own,
That can in brass express the wit of man,

And in his form make all men see his virtues ;

Others that with much strictness imitate
The something-stooping carriage of my neck,

The voluble and mild radiance of mine eyes,

Never observe my masculine aspect
And lion-like instinct, it shadoweth ;
Which envy cannot say, is flattery ;
And I will have my image promised you,
Cut in such matter as shall ever last ;
Where it shall stand, fix'd with eternal roots,

And with a most unmoved gravity ;
For I will have the famous mountain Oros,
That looks out of the duchy where I govern

Into your highness' dukedom, first made yours,

And then with such inimitable art
Express'd and handled ; chiefly from the place

Where most conspicuously he shows his face,

That though it keep the true form of that hill

In all his longitudes and latitudes,
His height, his distances, and full proportion,

Yet shall it clearly bear my counterfeit,
Both in my face and all my lineaments ;
And every man shall say, This is Byron.

Within my left hand, I will hold a city,
Which is the city Amiens ; at whose siege
I served so memorably ; from my right,

I'll pour an endless flood into a sea
Raging beneath me ; which shall intimate

My ceaseless service, drunk up by the King

As th' ocean drinks up rivers, and makes all
Bear his proud title ; ivory, brass, and gold,

That thieves may purchase, and be bought
and sold,

Shall not be used about me ; lasting worth
Shall only set the Duke of Byron forth.

Sa. O that your statuary could express
you

With any nearness to your own instructions ;

That statue would I prize past all the jewels
Within my cabinet of Beatrice,

The memory of my grandame Portugal.
Most royal duke, we cannot long endure

To be thus private ; let us then conclude,
With this great resolution, that your wisdom

Will not forget to cast a pleasing veil

Over your anger, that may hide each
glance

Of any notice taken of your wrong,
And show yourself the more obsequious.

'Tis but the virtue of a little patience,
There are so oft attempts made 'gainst his person,

That sometimes they may speed, for they
are plants

That spring the more for cutting, and at
last

Will cast their wished shadow : mark ere
long.

Enter Nemours, Soissons.

See who comes here, my lord, as now no
more,

Now must we turn our stream another way :
My lord, I humbly thank his Majesty

That he would grace my idle time spent
here

With entertainment of your princely person ;
Which, worthily, he keeps for his own bosom.

My lord the Duke Nemours, and Count
Soissons,

Your honours have been bountifully done
me

In often visitation : let me pray you
To see some jewels now, and help my choice

In making up a present for the King.
Ne. Your highness shall much grace us.

Sa. I am doubtful
That I have much incensed the Duke Byron

With praising the King's worthiness in
arms

So much past all men.
So. He deserves it highly.

[*Exit: manet* Byron, La Fin.]

By. What wrongs are these, laid on me
by the King,

To equal others' worths in war with
mine ;

Endure this, and be turn'd into his moil
To bear his sumptures ; honour'd friend, be true,

And we will turn these torrents hence.

[*Enter the King. Exit* La Fin.]

Enter Henry, Epernon, Vitry, Janin.

He. Why suffer you that ill-aboding
vermin

To breed so near your bosom ? be assured
His haunts are ominous ; not the throats of ravens,

Spent on infected houses, howls of dogs,
When no sound stirs, at midnight ; apparitions,

And strokes of spirits, clad in black men's shapes,

Of ugly women's; the adverse decrees
Of constellations, nor security
In vicious peace, are surer fatal ushers
Of femal mischiefs and mortalities
Than this prodigious fiend is, where he
fawns:

Lafend, and not La Fin, he should be call'd.

By. Be what he will, men in themselves
entire,

March safe with naked feet on coals of fire:
I build not outward, nor depend on props,
Nor choose my consort by the common
ear,

Nor by the moonshine, in the grace of
kings;

So rare are true deservers loved or known,
That men loved vulgarly are ever none:
Nor men graced servilely, for being spots
In princes' trains, though borne even with
their crowns;

The stallion power hath such a besom
tail

That it sweeps all from justice, and such
filth

He bears out in it that men mere exempt
Are merely clearest; men will shortly buy
Friends from the prison or the pillory
Rather than honour's markets. I fear
none

But foul ingratitude and detraction
In all the brood of villany.

He. No? not treason?

Be circumspect, for to a credulous eye,
He comes invisible, veil'd with flattery,
And flatterers look like friends, as wolves
like dogs.

And as a glorious poem fronted well
With many a goodly herald of his praise,
So far from hate of praises to his face,
That he prays men to praise him, and they
ride

Before, with trumpets in their mouths,
proclaiming

Life to the holy fury of his lines;
All drawn, as if with one eye he had
leer'd

On his loved hand, and led it by a rule;
That his plumes only imp the muses'
wings,

He sleeps with them, his head is napt with
bays,

His lips break out with nectar, his tuned
feet

Are of the great last, the perpetual motion,
And he puff'd with their empty breath be-
lieves

Full merit eased those passions of wind,

Which yet serve but to praise, and cannot
merit,

And so his fury in their air expires:
So de La Fin, and such corrupted heralds,
Hired to encourage and to glorify,
May force what breath they will into their
cheeks

Fitter to blow up bladders than full men;
Yet may puff men too, with persuasions
That they are gods in worth, and may rise
kings

With treading on their noises; yet the
worthiest,

From only his own worth receives his
spirit,

And right is worthy bound to any merit;
Which right shall you have ever; leave
him then,

He follows none but mark'd and wretched
men.

And now for England you shall go, my
lord,

Our Lord Ambassador to that matchless
Queen.

You never had a voyage of such pleasure,
Honour, and worthy objects; there's a
Queen

Where nature keeps her state, and state
her Court,

Wisdom her study, continence her fort,
Where magnanimity, humanity,
Firmness in counsel and integrity;
Grace to her poorest subjects; majesty
To awe the greatest, have respects divine,
And in her each part, all the virtues shine.

[*Exit Hen. and Sav. : manet Byron.*]

By. Enjoy your will awhile, I may have
mine.

Wherefore, before I part to this ambassage,
I'll be resolved by a magician

That dwells hereby, to whom I'll go dis-
guised,

And show him my birth's figure, set before
By one of his profession, of the which
I'll crave his judgment, feigning I am sent
From some great personage, whose
nativity

He wisheth should be censured by his
skill:

But on go my plots, be it good or ill.

[*Exit.*]

Enter La Brosse.

La. This hour by all rules of astrology
Is dangerous to my person, if not deadely.
How hapless is our knowledge to foretell,
And not be able to prevent a mischief.
O the strange difference 'twixt us and the
stars;

They work with inclinations strong and fatal
 And nothing know ; and we know all their working
 And nought can do, or nothing can prevent.

Rude ignorance is beastly, knowledge wretched,
 The heavenly powers envy what they enjoin ;

We are commanded t'imitate their natures,
 In making all our ends eternity,
 And in that imitation we are plagued,
 And worse than they esteem'd that have no souls

But in their nostrils, and like beasts expire ;
 As they do that are ignorant of arts,
 By drowning their eternal parts in sense
 And sensual affections : while we live
 Our good parts take away, the more they give.

Byron solus, disguised like a Carrier of letters.

By. The forts that favourites hold in princes' hearts,
 In common subjects' loves, and their own strengths

Are not so sure and unexpugnable
 But that the more they are presumed upon,
 The more they fail ; daily and hourly proof
 Tells us prosperity is at highest degree
 The fount and handle of calamity :
 Like dust before a whirlwind those men fly

That prostrate on the grounds of fortune lie ;

And being great, like trees that broadest sprout,

Their own top-heavy state grubs up their root.

These apprehensions startle all my powers,
 And arm them with suspicion 'gainst themselves

In my late projects, I have cast myself
 Into the arms of others, and will see
 If they will let me fall, or toss me up
 Into th' affected compass of a throne.
 God save you, sir.

La. Y'are welcome, friend : what would you ?

By. I would entreat you, for some crowns I bring,

To give your judgment of this figure cast,
 To know, by his nativity there seen,
 What sort of end the person shall endure,
 Who sent me to you, and whose birth it is.

La. I'll herein do my best in your desire ;

The man is raised out of a good descent,
 And nothing older than yourself, I think ;
 Is it not you ?

By. I will not tell you that :

But tell me on what end he shall arrive.

La. My son, I see that he whose end is cast

In this set figure, is of noble parts,
 And by his military valour raised
 To princely honours, and may be a king ;
 But that I see a *caput algol* here,
 That hinders it, I fear.

By. A *caput algol* ?

What's that, I pray ?

La. Forbear to ask me, son ;

You bid me speak what fear bids me conceal.

By. You have no cause to fear, and therefore speak.

La. You'll rather wish you had been ignorant,

Than be instructed in a thing so ill.

By. Ignorance is an idle salve for ill ;
 And therefore do not urge me to enforce
 What I would freely know ; for by the skill

Shown in thy aged hairs, I'll lay thy brain
 Here scatter'd at my feet, and seek in that
 What safely thou may'st utter with thy tongue,

If thou deny it.

La. Will you not allow me

To hold my peace ? What less can I desire ?

If not, be pleased with my constrained speech.

By. Was ever man yet punish'd for expressing

What he was charged ? Be free, and speak the worst.

La. Then briefly this : the man hath lately done

An action that will make him lose his head.

By. Cursed be thy throat and soul, raven, screech-owl, hag !

La. O, hold ! for heaven's sake, hold !

By. Hold on, I will.

Vault, and contractor of all horrid sounds,
 Trumpet of all the miseries in hell,

Of my confusions ; of the shameful end
 Of all my services ; witch, fiend, accursed
 For ever be the poison of thy tongue,

And let the black fume of thy venom'd breath,

Infect the air, shrink heaven, put out the stars,

And rain so fell and blue a plague on earth,
 That all the world may falter with my fall.

La. Pity my age, my lord.

By. Out, prodigy,
Remedy of pity, mine of flint,
Whence with my nails and feet I'll dig
enough

Horror and savage cruelty to build
Temples to massacre : dam of devils take
thee !

Hadst thou no better end to crown my
parts.

The bulls of Colchos, nor his triple neck,
That howls out earthquakes : the most
mortal vapours

That ever stifled and struck dead the fowls,
That flew at never such a sightly pitch,
Could not have burnt my blood so.

La. I told truth,

And could have flatter'd you.

By. O that thou hadst !

Would I had given thee twenty thousand
crowns

That thou hadst flatter'd me ; there's no joy
on earth,

Never so rational, so pure, and holy,
But is a jester, parasite, a whore,
In the most worthy parts, with which they
please,

A drunkenness of soul and a disease.

La. I knew you not.

By. Peace, dog of Pluto, peace,
Thou knew'st my end to come, not me here
present :

Pox of your halting humane knowledges ;
O death ! how far off hast thou kill'd ! how
soon

A man may know too much, though never
nothing.

Spite of the stars, and all astrology,
I will not lose my head ; or if I do
A hundred thousand heads shall off before.

I am a nobler substance than the stars,
And shall the baser overrule the better ?
Or are they better, since they are the
bigger ?

I have a will, and faculties of choice,
To do, or not to do : and reason why,
I do, or not do this ; the stars have none.
They know not why they shine more than
this taper,
Nor how they work, nor what ; I'll change
my course.

I'll piece-meal pull the frame of all my
thoughts,

And cast my will into another mould :
And where are all your *Caput Algols* then ?
Your planets all, being underneath the
earth,

At my nativity : what can they do ?
Malignant in aspects ? in bloody houses ?

Wild fire consume them ! one poor cup of
wine,

More than I use, that my weak brain will
bear,

Shall make them drunk and reel out of their
spheres

For any certain act they can enforce.

O that mine arms were wings, that I
might fly,

And pluck out of their hearts my destiny !
I'll wear those golden spurs upon my heels,
And kick at fate ; be free, all worthy spirits,
And stretch yourselves, for greatness and
for height :

Untruss your slaveries ; you have height
enough

Beneath this steep heaven to use all your
reaches ;

'Tis too far off to let you or respect you.
Give me a spirit that on this life's rough
sea

Loves t'have his sails fill'd with a lusty
wind,

Even till his sail-yards tremble, his masts
crack,

And his rapt ship run on her side so low
That she drinks water, and her keel plows
air.

There is no danger to a man that knows
What life and death is ; there's not any law
Exceeds his knowledge ; neither is it lawful
That he should stoop to any other law.

He goes before them, and commands them
all,

That to himself is a law rational. [*Exit.*

ACT THE FOURTH.

SCENE I.

Enter D'Aumont, with Crequie.

D'Au. The Duke of Byron is return'd
from England,

And, as they say, was princely entertain'd,
School'd by the matchless queen there,
who, I hear,

Spake most divinely ; and would gladly
hear

Her speech reported.

Cr. I can serve your turn,
As one that speaks from others, not from
her,

And thus it is reported at his parting.

" Thus, Monsieur Du Byron, you have be-
held

Our Court proportion'd to our little kingdom

In every entertainment ; yet our mind,
To do you all the rites of your repair,
Is as unbounded as the ample air.

What idle pains have you bestow'd to see
A poor old woman ; who in nothing lives
More than in true affections, borne your
king,

And in the perfect knowledge she hath
learn'd

Of his good knights, and servants of your
sort.

We thank him that he keeps the memory
Of us and all our kindness ; but must say
That it is only kept, and not laid out
To such affectionate profit as we wish ;
Being so much set on fire with his deserts
That they consume us ; not to be restored
By your presentment of him, but his
person :

And we had thought that he whose
virtues fly

So beyond wonder and the reach of
thought,

Should check at eight hours' sail, and his
high spirit

That stoops to fear, less than the poles of
heaven,

Should doubt an under-billow of the sea,
And, being a sea, be sparing of his
streams :

And I must blame all you that may advise
him ;

That, having help'd him through all
martial dangers,

You let him stick at the kind rites of peace,
Considering all the forces I have sent,
To set his martial seas up in firm walls,
On both his sides for him to pass at
pleasure ;

Did plainly open him a guarded way
And led in Nature to this friendly shore.

But here is nothing worth his personal
sight,

Here are no walled cities ; for that crystal
Sheds with his light, his hardness, and his
height,

About our thankful person and our realm ;
Whose only aid we ever yet desired ;
And now I see the help we sent to him,
Which should have swum to him in our
own blood,

Had it been needful (our affections
Being more given to his blood than he
himself),

Ends in the actual right it did his state,
And ours is slighted ; all our worth is
made

The common stock and bank ; from
whence are served

All men's occasions ; yet, thanks to heaven,
Their gratitudes are drawn dry, not our
bounties.

And you shall tell your King that he
neglects

Old friends for new, and sets his soothed
ease

Above his honour ; marshals' policy
In rank before his justice ; and his profit
Before his royalty ; his humanity gone,
To make me no repayment of mine own."

D'A. What answered the duke ?

Cr. In this sort.

"Your highness' sweet speech hath no
sharper end

Than he would wish his life, if he
neglected

The least grace you have named ; but to
his wish

Much power is wanting : the green roots of
war

Not yet so close cut up, but he may dash
Against their relics to his utter ruin,
Without more near eyes, fix'd upon his
feet,

Than those that look out of his country's
soil.

And this may well excuse his personal pre-
sence,

Which yet he oft hath long'd to set by
yours ;

That he might imitate the majesty
Which so long peace hath practised, and
made full,

In your admired appearance ; to illustrate
And rectify his habit in rude war.

And his will to be here must needs be great,
Since heaven hath throned so true a royalty
here,

That he thinks no king absolutely crown'd
Whose temples have not stood beneath
this sky,

And whose height is not harden'd with
these stars,

Whose influences for this altitude,
Distill'd, and wrought in with this tem-
perate air

And this division of the element,
Have with your reign brought forth more
worthy spirits

For counsel, valour, height of wit, and art,
Than any other region of the earth,

Or were brought forth to all your ancestors.
And as a cunning orator reserves

His fairest similes, best-adorning figures,
Chief matter, and most moving arguments

For his conclusion ; and doth then supply

His ground-streams laid before, glides over
them,
Makes his full depth seen through ; and so
takes up

His audience in applauses past the clouds.
So in your government, conclusive nature
(Willing to end her excellence in earth
When your foot shall be set upon the stars)
Shows all her sovereign beauties, orna-
ments,

Virtues, and raptures ; overtakes her works
In former empires, makes them but your
foils,

Swells to her full sea, and again doth drown
The world in admiration of your crown."

D'A. He did her, at all parts, confessed
right.

Cr. She took it yet but as a part of
courtship,

And said "he was the subtle orator
To whom he did too gloriously resemble
Nature in her, and in her government."

He said "he was no orator, but a soldier,
More than this air in which you breathe
hath made me,

My studious love of your rare government
And simple truth, which is most eloquent.
Your empire is so amply absolute

That even your theatres show more comely
rule,

True noblesse, royalty, and happiness
Than others' courts : you make all state
before

Utterly obsolete ; all to come, twice sod.
And therefore doth my royal sovereign wish
Your years may prove as vital as your
virtues,

That (standing on his turrets this way
turn'd,

Ordering and fixing his affairs by yours)
He may at last, on firm grounds, pass your
seas,

And see that maiden-sea of majesty,
In whose chaste arms so many kingdoms
lie."

D'A. When came she to her touch of his
ambition ?

Cr. In this speech following, which I
thus remember :

"If I hold any merit worth his presence,
Or any part of that your courtship gives
me,

My subjects have bestow'd it ; some in
counsel,

In action some, and in obedience all ;
For none knows with such proof as you,
my lord,

How much a subject may renown his
prince,

And how much princes of their subjects
hold.

In all the services that ever subject
Did for his sovereign, he that best de-
served

Must, in comparison, except Byron ;
And to win this prize clear, without the
maims

Commonly given men by ambition,
When all their parts lie open to his view,
Shows continence, past their other excel-
lence ;

But for a subject to affect a kingdom,
Is like the camel that of Jove begg'd horns.
And such mad-hungry men as well may
eat

Hot coals of fire to feed their natural heat,
For, to aspire to competence with your
King,

What subject is so gross and giantly ?
He having now a dauphin born to him,
Whose birth, ten days before, was dread-
fully

Usher'd with earthquakes in most parts of
Europe ;

And that gives all men cause enough to
fear

All thought of competition with him.
Commend us, good my lord, and tell our
brother

How much we joy in that his royal issue,
And in what prayers we raise our hearts to
heaven,

That in more terror to his foes, and
wonder

He may drink earthquakes, and devour the
thunder.

So we admire your valour and your virtues,
And ever will contend to win their honour."

Then spake she to Crequie, and Prince
D'Auvergne,

And gave all gracious farewells ; when
Byron

Was thus encounter'd by a councillor
Of great and eminent name and matchless
merit :

"I think, my lord, your princely Dauphin
bears

Arion on his cradle through your kingdom,
In the sweet music joy strikes from his
birth."

He answer'd : "And good right ; the cause
commands it."

"But," said the other, "had we a fifth
Henry

To claim his old right, and one man to
friend,

Whom you well know, my lord, that for
his friendship

Were promised the vice-royalty of France,
We would not doubt of conquest, in
despite

Of all those windy earthquakes." He
replied :

" Treason was never guide to English
conquests,

And therefore that doubt shall not fright
our Dauphin ;

Nor would I be the friend to such a foe
For all the royalties in Christendom."

" Fix there your foot," said he, " I only
give

False fire, and would be loth to shoot you
off :

He that wins empire with the loss of faith
Out-buys it, and will bank-rout ; you have
laid

A brave foundation, by the hand of virtue,
Put not the roof to fortune : foolish
statuaries,

That under little saints suppose great
bases

Make less to sense the saints ; and so,
where Fortune

Advanceth vile minds to states great and
noble,

She much the more exposeth them to
shame,

Not able to make good and fill their bases
With a conformed structure : I have found
(Thanks to the Blessor of my search), that
counsels

Held to the line of justice still produce
The surest states and greatest, being sure ;
Without which fit assurance, in the greatest,
As you may see a mighty promontory
More digg'd and under-eaten than may
warrant

A safe supportance to his hanging brows ;
All passengers avoid him, shun all ground
That lies within his shadow, and bear still
A flying eye upon him : so great men,
Corrupted in their grounds, and building
out

Too swelling fronts for their foundations ;
When most they should be propt are
most forsaken ;

And men will rather thrust into the storms
Of better-grounded states than take a
shelter

Beneath their ruinous and fearful weight ;
Yet they so oversee their faulty bases,
That they remain securer in conceit :
And that security doth worse presage
Their near destructions than their eaten
grounds ;

And therefore heaven itself is made to us
A perfect hieroglyphic to express

The idleness of such security,
And the grave labour of a wise distrust,
In both sorts of the all-inclining stars,
Where all men note this difference in their
shining,

As plain as they distinguish either hand ;
The fix'd stars waver, and the erring stand."

D'A. How took he this so worthy ad-
monition ?

Cr. " Gravely applied," said he, " and
like the man,

Whom all the world says overrules the
stars ;

Which are divine books to us ; and are
read

By understanders only, the true objects
And chief companions of the truest men ;
And, though I need it not, I thank your
counsel,

'That never yet was idle, but, spherelike,
Still moves about, and is the continent
To this blest isle."

ACT THE FIFTH.

SCENE I.

Enter Byron, D'Auvergne, La Fin.

By. The circle of this embassy is
closed,

For which I long have long'd, for mine own
ends ;

To see my faithful, and leave courtly
friends,

To whom I came, methought, with such a
spirit,

As you have seen a lusty courser show,
That hath been long time at his manger
tied ;

High fed, alone, and when, his headstall
broken,

He runs his prison like a trumpet neighs,
Cuts air in high curvets, and shakes his
head,

With wanton stoppings 'twixt his forelegs,
mocking

The heavy centre ; spreads his flying crest,
Like to an ensign hedge and ditches
leaping,

Till in the fresh meat, at his natural food,
He sees free fellows, and hath met them
free.

And now, good friend, I would be fain in-
form'd,

What our right princely lord, the Duke of
Savoy

Hath thought on, to employ my coming home.

La. To try the king's trust in you, and withal

How hot he trails on our conspiracy,
He first would have you beg the govern-
ment,

Of the important citadel of Bourg ;
Or to place in it any you shall name ;
Which will be wondrous fit to march
before

His other purposes ; and is a fort
He rates in love above his patrimony ;
To make which fortress worthy of your
suit ;

He vows, if you obtain it, to bestow
His third fair daughter on your excellence,
And hopes the king will not deny it
you.

By. Deny it me? deny me such a suit?
Who will he grant, it he deny it me?

La. He'll find some politic shift to do't,
I fear.

By. What shift, or what evasion can he
find?

What one patch is there in all policy's
shop,

That botcher-up of kingdoms, that can
mend

The brack betwixt us, any way denying?
D'A. That's at your peril.

By. Come, he dares not do't.
D'A. Dares not? presume not so ; you
know, good duke,

That all things he thinks fit to do, he
dares.

By. By heaven, I wonder at you ; I will
ask it,

As sternly, and secure of all repulse,
As th' ancient Persians did when they im-
plored

Their idol fire to grant them any boon ;
With which they would descend into a
flood,

And threaten there to quench it, if they
fail'd

Of that they ask'd it.

La. Said like your king's king ;
Cold hath no act in depth, nor are suits
wrought,

Of any high price, that are coldly sought ;
I'll haste, and with your courage comfort
Savoy. *[Exit La Fin.]*

D'A. I am your friend, my lord, and
will deserve

That name, with following any course you
take ;

Yet, for your own sake, I could wish your
spirit

Would let you spare all broad terms of the
King ;

Or, on my life, you will at last repent it.
By. What can he do?

D'A. All that you cannot fear.
By. You fear too much ; be by, when
next I see him,

And see how I will urge him in this suit ;
He comes : mark you, that think he will
not grant it.

Enter Henry, Epernon, Soissons, Janin.

I am become a suitor to your highness.
He. For what, my lord, 'tis like you
shall obtain.

By. I do not much doubt that ; my
services,

I hope, have more strength in your good
conceit

Than to receive repulse in such requests.
He. What is it?

By. That you would bestow on one
whom I shall name

The keeping of the Citadel of Bourg.
He. Excuse me, sir, I must not grant
you that.

By. Not grant me that?
He. It is not fit I should :

You are my governor in Burgundy,
And province governors, that command in
chief,

Ought not to have the charge of fortresses ;
Besides, it is the chief key of my kingdom,
That opens towards Italy, and must there-
fore

Be given to one that hath immediately
Dependence on us.

By. These are wondrous reasons :
Is not a man depending on his merits
As fit to have the charge of such a key
As one that merely hangs upon your
humours?

He. Do not enforce your merits so your-
self ;

It takes away their lustre and reward.
By. But you will grant my suit?

He. I swear I cannot,
Keeping the credit of my brain and place.

By. Will you deny me, then?
He. I am enforced :

I have no power, more than yourself, in
things

That are beyond my reason.
By. Than myself?

That's a strange slight in your compari-
son ;

Am I become th' example of such men
As have least power? Such a diminutive?
I was comparative in the better sort ;

And such a King as you would say, I cannot

Do such or such a thing, were I as great
In power as he ; even that indefinite "he"
Express'd me full : this moon is strangely
changed.

He. How can I help it? Would you
have a king
That hath a white beard have so green a
brain?

By. A plague of brain ! what doth this
touch your brain?

You must give me more reason, or I swear—
He. Swear? what do you swear?

By. I swear you wrong me,
And deal not like a king, to jest and
sight

A man that you should curiously reward ;
Tell me of your grey beard? It is not
grey

With care to recompense me, who eased
your care.

He. You have been recompensed, from
head to foot.

By. With a distrust'd dukedom? Take
your dukedom

Bestow'd on me again ; it was not given
For any love ; but fear and force of
shame.

He. Yet 'twas your honour ; which, if
you respect not,

Why seek you this addition?

By. Since this honour
Would show you loved me too, in trusting
me,

Without which love and trust honour is
shame ;

A very pageant and a property :
Honour, with all his adjuncts, I deserve,
And you quit my deserts with your grey
beard.

He. Since you expostulate the matter so,
I tell you plain, another reason is
Why I am moved to make you this denial,
That I suspect you to have had intelligence
With my vow'd enemies.

By. Misery of virtue,
Ill is made good with worse ! This reason
pours

Poison for balm into the wound you made ;
You make me mad, and rob me of my soul,
To take away my tried love and my truth.
Which of my labours, which of all my
wounds,

Which overthrow, which battle won for you,
Breeds this suspicion? Can the blood of
faith,

Lost in all these to find it proof and
strength,

Beget disloyalty? All my rain is fall'n
Into the horse-fair, springing pools and
mire,

And not in thankful grounds or fields of
fruit ;

Fall then before us, O thou flaming crystal,
That art the uncorrupted register
Of all men's merits, and remonstrate here
The fights, the dangers, the affrights and
horrors,

Whence I have rescued this unthankful
King :

And show, commix'd with them, the joys,
the glories

Of his state then ; then his kind thoughts
of me,

Then my deservings, now my infamy ;
But I will be mine own king ; I will see

That all your chronicles be fill'd with me,
That none but I, and my renowned sire,

Be said to win the memorable fields
Of Arques and Dieppe ; and none but we
of all

Kept you from dying there in an hospital ;
None but myself, that won the day at
Dreux ;

A day of holy name, and needs no night ;
Nor none but I at Fontaine Françoise burst
The heart-strings of the leaguers ; I alone
Took Amiens in these arms, and held her
fast

In spite of all the pitchy fires she cast,
And clouds of bullets pour'd upon my
breast,

Till she show'd yours, and took her natural
form ;

Only myself (married to victory)
Did people Artois, Douay, Picardy,
Bethune and Saint Paul, Bapaume and
Courcelles,

With her triumphant issue.

He. Ha, ha, ha ! [Exit.
[Byron drawing, and is held by
D'Aumale.

D'A. O hold, my lord ; for my sake,
mighty spirit ! [Exit.

Enter Byron, *D'Auvergne following,*
unseen.

By. Respect, revenge, slaughter, repay
for laughter.

What's grave in earth, what awful, what
abhor'd,

If my rage be ridiculous? I will make it
The law and rule of all things serious.

So long as idle and ridiculous Kings
Are suffer'd, soothed, and wrest all right
to safety,

So long is mischief gathering massacres

For their cursed kingdoms, which I will prevent.

Laughter? I'll fright it from him, far as he Hath cast irrevocable shame; which ever Being found is lost, and lost returneth never;

Should kings cast off their bounties with their dangers?

He that can warm at fires where virtue burns,

Hunt pleasure through her torments, nothing feel

Of all his subjects suffer; but, long hid In wants and miseries, and having past Through all the gravest shapes of worth and honour,

For all heroic fashions to be learn'd By those hard lessons, show an antique vizard,

Who would not wish him rather hew'd to nothing

Than left so monstrous? Slight my services? Drown the dead noises of my sword in laughter;

My blows as but the passages of shadows, Over the highest and most barren hills, And use me like no man; but as he took me

Into a desert, gash'd with all my wounds, Sustain'd for him, and buried me in flies;

Forth, vengeance, then, and open wounds in him

Shall let in Spain and Savoy.

[Offers to draw and D'Au. again holds him.]

D'A. O my lord,

This is too large a licence given your fury; Give time to it, what reason suddenly Cannot extend respite doth oft supply.

By. While respite holds revenge the wrong redoubles, And so the shame of sufferance; it torments me

To think what I endure at his shrunk hands,

That scorns the gift of one poor fort to me, That have subdued for him (O injury!) Forts, cities, countries, ay, and yet my fury.

He. Byron?

D'A. My lord, the King calls.

He. Turn, I pray,

How now? from whence flow these distracted faces?

From what attempt return they, as disclaiming

Their late heroic bearer? what, a pistol?

Why, good my lord, can mirth make you so wrathful?

By. Mirth? 'twas a mockery, a contempt, a scandal.

To my renown for ever; a repulse As miserably cold as Stygian water, That from sincere earth issues, and doth break

The strongest vessels, not to be contain'd But in the tough hoof of a patient ass.

He. My lord, your judgment is not competent;

In this dissension I may say of you As fame says of the ancient Eleans, That in th' Olympian contentions, That ever were the justest arbitrators, If none of them contended, nor were parties.

Those that will moderate disputations well, Must not themselves affect the coronet; For as the air contain'd within our ears, If it be not in quiet, nor refrains, Troubling our hearing with offensive sounds;

But our affected instrument of hearing, Replete with noise, and singings in itself, It faithfully receives no other voices; So, of all judgments, if within themselves They suffer spleen, and are tumultuous; They cannot equal differences without them;

And this wind, that doth sing so in your ears,

I know is no disease bred in yourself, But whisper'd in by others; who in swelling Your veins with empty hope of much, yet able

To perform nothing; are like shallow streams

That make themselves so many heavens to sight;

Since you may see in them, the moon and stars,

The blue space of the air; as far from us, To our weak senses, in those shallow streams,

As if they were as deep as heaven is high; Yet with your middle finger only sound them,

And you shall pierce them to the very earth;

And therefore leave them, and be true to me,

Or you'll be left by all; or be like one That in cold nights will needs have all the fire,

And there is held by others, and embraced Only to burn him; your fire will be inward, Which not another deluge can put out.

[Byron kneels while the King goes on.]
O innocence, the sacred amulet

'Gainst all the poisons of infirmity ;
Of all misfortune, injury, and death,
'That makes a man in tune still in himself ;
Free from the hell to be his own accuser,
Ever in quiet, endless joy enjoying ;
No strife nor no sedition in his powers ;
No motion in his will against his reason,
No thought 'gainst thought, nor (as 'twere
in the confines

Of wishing and repenting) doth possess
Only a wayward and tumultuous peace,
But (all parts in him, friendly and secure,
Fruitful of all best things in all worst
seasons)

He can with every wish be in their plenty ;
When the infectious guilt of one foul
crime

Destroys the free content of all our time.

By. 'Tis all acknowledged, and, though
all too late,

Here the short madness of my anger ends :
If ever I did good I lock'd it safe
In you, th' impregnable defence of good-
ness ;

If ill, I press it with my penitent knees
To that unsounded depth whence nought
returneth.

He. 'Tis music to mine ears ; rise then
for ever

Quit of what guilt soever till this hour,
And nothing touch'd in honour or in
spirit,
Rise without flattery, rise by absolute
merit.

*Enter Epernon, to the King,
Byron, &c.*

Enter Savoy with three Ladies.

Ep. Sir, if it please you to be taught any
courtship take you to your stand ; Savoy
is at it with three mistresses at once, he
loves each of them best, yet all differently.

He. For the time he hath been here,
he hath talked a volume greater than the
Turk's Alcaron ; stand up close ; his lips
go still.

Sa. Excuse me, excuse me ; the King
has ye all.

1st. True sir, in honourable subjection.

2nd. To the which we are bound by
our loyalty.

Sa. Nay your excuse, your excuse, in-
tend me for affection ; you are all bearers
of his favours, and deny him not your
opposition by night.

3rd. You say rightly in that ; for therein
we oppose us to his command.

1st. In the which he never yet pressed
us.

2nd. Such is the benediction of our
peace.

Sa. You take me still in flat miscon-
struction, and conceive not by me.

1st. Therein we are strong in our own
purposes ; for it were something scandalous
for us to conceive by you.

2nd. Though there might be question
made of your fruitfulness, yet dry weather
in harvest does no harm.

He. They will talk him into Savoy ; he
begins to hunt down.

Sa. As the King is, and hath been, a
most admired, and most unmatched
soldier, so hath he been, and is, a sole
excellent, and unparalleled courtier.

He. *Pauvre amy mercy.*

1st. Your highness does the King but
right, sir.

2nd. And heaven shall bless you for
that justice, with plentiful store of want in
ladies' affections.

Sa. You are cruel, and will not vouch-
safe me audience to any conclusion.

1st. Beseech your grace conclude, that
we may present our curtsies to you, and
give you the adieu.

Sa. It is said the King will bring an
army into Savoy.

2nd. Truly we are not of his council of
war.

Sa. Nay, but vouchsafe me.

3rd. Vouchsafe him, vouchsafe him,
else there is no play in't.

1st. Well, I vouchsafe your grace.

Sa. Let the King bring an army into
Savoy, and I'll find him sport for forty
years.

He. Would I were sure of that, I should
then have a long age, and a merry.

1st. I think your grace would play with
his army at balloon.

2nd. My faith, and that's a martial re-
creation.

3rd. It is next to impious courting.

Sa. I am not he that can set my
squadrons overnight, by midnight leap my
horse, curry seven miles, and by three leap
my mistress, return to mine army again,
and direct as I were infatigable ; I am no
such tough soldier.

1st. Your disparity is believed, sir.

2nd. And 'tis a piece of virtue to tell
true.

3rd. God's me, the King !

Sa. Well, I have said nothing that may
offend.

1st. 'Tis hoped so.

2nd. If there be any mercy in laughter.

Sz. I'll take my leave.
 After the tedious stay my love hath made,
 Most worthy to command our earthly
 zeal,
 I come for pardon, and to take my leave ;
 Affirming, though I reap no other good
 By this my voyage, but t'have seen a
 prince
 Of greatness in all grace so past report,
 I nothing should repent me ; and to
 show
 Some token of my gratitude, I have
 sent
 Into your treasury the greatest jewels
 In all my cabinet of Beatrice,
 And of my late deceased wife, th' Infanta,
 Which are two basins and their ewers of
 crystal,
 Never yet valued for their workmanship,
 Nor the exceeding riches of their
 matter.
 And to your stable, worthy Duke of
 Byron,
 I have sent in two of my fairest horses.

By. Sent me your horses ! upon what
 desert ?

I entertain no presents but for merits
 Which I am far from at your highness'
 hands,
 As being of all men to you the most
 stranger ;

There is as ample bounty in refusing
 As in bestowing, and with this I quit
 you.

Sa. Then have I lost nought but my poor
 goodwill.

He. Well, cousin, I with all thanks wel-
 come that,

And the rich arguments with which you
 prove it,

Wishing I could to your wish welcome
 you.

Draw, for your Marquise, the articles
 Agreed on in our composition,
 And it is yours ; but where you have pro-
 posed

(In your advices) my design for Milan,
 I will have no war with the King of
 Spain

Unless his hopes prove weary of our
 peace ;

And, princely cousin, it is far from me
 To think your wisdom needful of my coun-
 sel,

Yet love oft-times must offer things unneed-
 ful ;

And therefore I would counsel you to
 hold

All good terms with his Majesty of Spain :

If any troubles should be stirr'd betwixt
 you,

I would not stir therein, but to appease
 them ;

I have too much care of my royal word
 To break a peace so just and consequent,
 Without force of precedent injury ;
 Endless desires are worthless of just princes,
 And only proper to the swinge of tyrants.

Sz. At all parts spoke like the Most
 Christian King.

I take my humblest leave, and pray your
 highness

To hold me as your servant and poor kins-
 man,

Who wisheth no supreamer happiness
 Than to be yours. To you, right worthy
 princes,

I wish for all your favours pour'd on me
 The love of all these ladies mutually,
 And, so they please their lords, that they
 may please

Themselves by all means. And be you
 assured,

Most lovely princesses, as of your lives,
 You cannot be true women if true wives.

[*Exit.*
He. Is this he, Epernon, that you would
 needs persuade us courted so absurdly ?

Ep. This is even he, sir, howsoever he
 hath studied his parting courtship.

He. In what one point seemed he so
 ridiculous as you would present him ?

Ep. Behold me, sir, I beseech you behold
 me ; I appear to you as the great Duke of
 Savoy with these three ladies.

He. Well, sir, we grant your resem-
 blance.

Ep. He stole a carriage, sir, from Count
 d'Auvergne here.

D'A. From me, sir ?

Ep. Excuse me, sir, from you, I assure
 you : here, sir, he lies at the Lady An-
 toinette, just thus, for the world, in the
 true posture of Count d'Auvergne.

D'A. Y'are exceeding delightsome.

He. Why is not that well ? it came in
 with the organ hose.

Ep. Organ hose ? a pox on't ! let it pipe
 itself into contempt ; he hath stolen it
 most feloniously, and it graces him like a
 disease.

He. I think he stole it from D'Auvergne
 indeed.

Ep. Well, would he had robbed him of
 all his other diseases, he were then the
 soundest lord in France.

D'A. As I am, sir, I shall stand all
 weathers with you.

Ep. But, sir, he hath praised you above
th'invention of rhymers.

He. Wherein? or how?

Ep. He took upon him to describe your
victories in war, and where he should have
said, you were the most absolute soldier in
Christendom (no ass could have missed it),
he delivered you for as pretty a fellow of
your hands as any was in France.

He. Marry, God dild him!

Ep. A pox on him!

He. Well, to be serious, you know him
well

To be a gallant courtier : his great wit
Can turn him into any form he lists,
More fit to be avoided than deluded.
For my Lord Duke of Byron here well
knows
That it infecteth, where it doth affect ;
And where it seems to counsel, it con-
spires.
With him go all our faults, and from us
fly,
With all his counsel, all conspiracy.

END OF FIFTH AND LAST ACT.

The Tragedy of Charles Duke of Byron.

ACT THE FIRST.

SCENE I.

Enter Henry, Vidame, D'Escures, Epennon, Janin.

He. Byron fall'n in so traitorous a relapse,

Alleged for our ingratitude ; what offices,
Titles of honour, and what admiration
Could France afford him that it pour'd not
on ?

When he was scarce arrived at forty years,
He ran through all chief dignities of
France.

At fourteen years of age he was made
Colonel

To all the Suisses serving then in Flanders ;
Soon after he was Marshal of the camp,
And shortly after, Marshal General :
He was received High Admiral of France
In that our Parliament we held at Tours ;
Marshal of France in that we held at
Paris.

And at the siege of Amiens he acknow-
ledged

None his superior but ourself, the King :
Though I had there the Princes of the
blood,

I made him my Lieutenant-General,
Declared him jointly the prime Peer of
France,

And raised his barony into a duchy.

Fa. And yet, my lord, all this could not
allay

The fatal thirst of his ambition ;
For some have heard him say he would not
die

Till on the wings of valour he had reach'd
One degree higher ; and had seen his head
Set on the royal quarter of a crown :

Yea, at so unbeliev'd a pitch he aim'd
That he hath said his heart would still com-
plain

Till he aspir'd the style of Sovereign.

And from what ground, my lord, rise all the
levies

Now made in Italy ? from whence should
spring

The warlike humour of the Count Fuentes ?
The restless stirrings of the Duke of Savoy ?
The discontent the Spaniard entertain'd,
With such a threatening fury, when he
heard

The prejudicial conditions
Proposed him, in the treaty held at
Vervins ?

And many other braveries this way aiming,
But from some hope of inward aid from
hence ?

And that, all this directly aims at you,
Your highness hath by one intelligence
Good cause to think ; which is your late
advice,

That the sea army, now prepared at Naples,
Hath an intended enterprise on Provence ;
Although the cunning Spaniard gives it
out

That all is for Algiers.

He. I must believe,
That without treason bred in our own
breasts

Spain's affairs are not in so good estate,
To aim at any action against France ;
And if Byron should be their instrument,
His alter'd disposition could not grow
So far wide in an instant ; nor resign
His valour to these lawless resolutions
Upon the sudden ; nor without some
charms

Of foreign hopes and flatteries sung to
him :

But far it flies my thoughts that such a
spirit,

So active, valiant, and vigilant,
Can see itself transform'd with such wild
furies.

And like a dream it shews to my conceits,
That he who by himself hath won such
honour,

And he to whom his father left so much,

He that still daily reaps so much from me,
And knows he may increase it to more
proof

From me than any other foreign king ;
Should quite against the stream of all
religion,

Honour, and reason, take a course so foul,
And neither keep his oath, nor save his
soul.

Can the poor keeping of a citadel
Which I denied to be at his disposal,
Make him forego the whole strength of
his honours ?

It is impossible ; though the violence
Of his hot spirit made him make attempt
Upon our person for denying him,
Yet well I found his loyal judgment served
To keep it from effect : besides being
offer'd,

Two hundred thousand crowns in yearly
pension,

And to be general of all the forces
The Spaniards had in France ; they found
him still

As an unmatch'd Achilles in the wars,
So a most wise Ulysses to their words,
Stopping his ears at their enchanted
sounds ;

And plain he told them that although his
blood

Being moved by Nature, were a very fire
And boil'd in apprehension of a wrong ;
Yet should his mind hold such a sceptre
there

As would contain it from all act and
thought

Of treachery or ingratitude to his prince.
Yet do I long, me thinks, to see I.a Fin,
Who hath his heart in keeping ; since his
state

Grown to decay and he to discontent,
Comes near the ambitious plight of Duke
Byron.

My Lord Vidame, when does your lord-
ship think

Your uncle of La Fin will be arriv'd ?

Vz. I think, my lord, he now is near
arriving ;

For his particular journey and devotion
Vow'd to the holy Lady of Loretto,
Was long since past and he upon return.

He. In him, as in a crystal that is
charm'd,

I shall discern by whom and what de-
signs,

My rule is threaten'd ; and that sacred
power

That hath enabled this defensive arm,
When I enjoy'd but an unequal nook

Of that I now possess, to front a king
Far my superior ; and from twelve set
battles

March home a victor, ten of them ob-
tain'd,

Without my personal service ; will not see
A traitorous subject foil me, and so end
What his hand hath with such success
begun.

*Enter a Lady, and a Nurse bringing
the Dauphin.*

Ep. See the young dauphin brought to
cheer your highness.

He. My royal blessing, and the King of
heaven,

Make thee an aged and a happy king.
Help, nurse, to put my sword into his hand.

Hold, boy, by this ; and with it may thy
arm

Cut from thy tree of rule all traitorous
branches

That strive to shadow and eclipse thy
glories.

Have thy old father's angel for thy guide,
Redoubled be his spirit in thy breast ;
Who when this state ran like a turbulent
sea

In civil hates and bloody enmity,
Their wraths and envies like so many
winds,

Settled and burst ; and like the halcyon's
birth,

Be thine to bring a calm upon the shore,
In which the eyes of war may ever sleep,
As overwatch'd with former massacres,
When guilty mad noblesse, feed on
noblesse ;

All the sweet plenty of the realm ex-
hausted ;

When the naked merchant was pursued for
spoil,

When the poor peasants frighted neediest
thieves

With their pale leanness, nothing left on
them

But meagre carcasses sustain'd with air,
Wandering like ghosts affrighted from their
graves ;

When with the often and incessant sounds
The very beasts knew the alarm bell,

And, hearing it, ran bellowing to their
home :

From which unchristian broils and homi-
cides

Let the religious sword of justice free
Thee and thy kingdoms govern'd after me.

O heaven ! or if th' unsettled blood of
France,

With ease and wealth, renew her civil furies,
 Let all my powers be emptied in my son
 To curb and end them all, as I have done.
 Let him by virtue quite cut off from fortune
 Her feather'd shoulders and her winged
 shoes,
 And thrust from her light feet her turning-
 stone,
 That she may ever tarry by his throne.
 And of his worth, let after ages say,
 (He fighting for the land, and bringing
 home
 Just conquests, laden with his enemies'
 spoils),
 His father pass'd all France in martial deeds,
 But he his father twenty times exceeds.

*Enter the Duke of Byron, D'Auvergne,
 and La Fin.*

By. My dear friends, D'Auvergne and
 La Fin,
 We need no conjurations to conceal
 Our close intendments, to advance our
 states
 Even with our merits, which are now
 neglected ;
 Since Bretagne is reduced, and breathless
 war
 Hath sheathed his sword and wrapt his
 ensigns up ;
 The King hath now no more use of my
 valour,
 And therefore I shall now no more enjoy
 The credit that my service held with him ;
 My service that hath driven through all ex-
 tremes,
 Through tempests, droughts, and through
 the deepest floods,
 Winters of shot, and over rocks so high
 That birds could scarce aspire their ridgy
 tops.
 The world is quite inverted : virtue thrown
 At vice's feet, and sensual peace confounds
 Valour and cowardice, fame and infamy ;
 The rude and terrible age is turn'd again,
 When the thick air hid heaven, and all the
 stars
 Were drown'd in humour, tough and hard
 to pierce ;
 When the red sun held not his fixed place,
 Kept not his certain course, his rise and set,
 Nor yet distinguish'd with his definite
 bounds,
 Nor in his firm conversions were discern'd
 The fruitful distances of time and place,
 In the well-varied seasons of the year ;
 When th' incomposed incursions of floods
 Wasted and eat the earth, and all things
 show'd

Wild and disorder'd, nought was worse
 than now.

We must reform and have a new creation
 Of state and government, and on our chaos
 Will I sit brooding up another world.

I who, through all the dangers that can
 siege

The life of man, have forced my glorious
 way

To the repairing of my country's ruins,
 Will ruin it again, to re-advance it.

Roman Camillus saved the state of Rome
 With far less merit than Byron hath
 France,

And how short of this is my recompence.

The King shall know I will have better
 price

Set on my services, in spite of whom
 I will proclaim and ring my discontents
 Into the farthest ear of all the world.

La. How great a spirit he breathes !
 how learn'd ! how wise !

But, worthy prince, you must give tempe-
 rate air

To your unmatch'd and more than human
 wind,

Else will our plots be frost-bit in the flower.

D.A. Betwixt ourselves we may give
 liberal vent

To all our fiery and displeas'd impressions ;
 Which nature could not entertain with life
 Without some exhalation ; a wrong'd
 thought

Will break a rib of steel.

By. My princely friend,
 Enough of these eruptions ; our grave
 counsellor

Well knows that great affairs will not be
 forged

But upon anvils that are lined with wool ;
 We must ascend to our intentions' top

Like clouds, that be not seen till they be up.

La. O, you do too much ravish, and my
 soul

Offer to music in your numerous breath,
 Sententious, and so high, it wakens death :

It is for these parts that the Spanish King
 Hath sworn to win them to his side

At any price or peril, that great Savoy
 Offers his princely daughter, and a dowry

Amounting to five hundred thousand
 crowns,

With full transport of all the sovereign
 rights

Belonging to the State of Burgundy ;
 Which marriage will be made the only
 cement

T'effect and strengthen all our secret
 treaties.

Instruct me therefore, my assured prince,
Now I am going to resolve the King
Of his suspicions, how I shall behave me.

By. Go, my most trusted friend, with
happy feet ;

Make me a sound man with him ; go to
Court

But with a little train, and be prepared
To hear, at first, terms of contempt and
choler,

Which you may easily calm, and turn to
grace,

If you beseech his highness to believe
That your whole drift and course for Italy
(Where he hath heard you were) was only
made

Out of your long well-known devotion
To our right holy Lady of Loretto,
As you have told some of your friends in
Court ;

And that in passing Milan and Turin,
They charged you to propound my marriage
With the third daughter of the Duke of
Savoy ;

Which you have done, and I rejected it,
Resolved to build upon his royal care
For my bestowing, which he lately vow'd.

La. O, you direct, as if the god of light
Sat in each nook of you, and pointed out
The path of empire, charming all the
dangers

On both sides, arm'd with his harmonious
finger.

By. Besides, let me entreat you to
dismiss

All that have made the voyage with your
lordship,

But specially the curate ; and to lock
Your papers in some place of doubtless
safety,

Or sacrifice them to the god of fire ;
Considering worthily that in your hands
I put my fortunes, honour, and my life.

La. Therein the bounty that your grace
hath shown me,
I prize past life, and all things that are
mine,

And will undoubtedly preserve and tender
The merit of it, as my hope of heaven.

By. I make no question ; farewell,
worthy friend. [Exit.

Henry, Chancellor, La Fin, D'Escures,
Janin, Henry *having many papers in
his hand.*

He. Are these proofs of that purely
Catholic zeal
That made him wish no other glorious
title,

Than to be call'd the scourge of Hugue-
nots?

Ch. No question, sir, he was of no
religion ;

But, upon false grounds, by some courtiers
laid,

Hath oft been heard to mock and jest at
all.

He. Are not his treasons heinous ?

All. Most abhorr'd.

Ch. All is confirm'd that you have
heard before,

And amplified with many horrors more.

He. Good de La Fin, you were our
golden plummet,

To sound this gulf of all ingratitude ;
In which you have with excellent desert
Of loyalty and policy express'd

Your name in action ; and with such ap-
pearance

Have proved the parts of his ingrateful
treasons,

That I must credit more than I desired.

La. I must confess, my lord, my voyages
Made to the Duke of Savoy and to Milan
Were with endeavour that the wars re-
turn'd,

Might breed some trouble to your Majesty,
And profit those by whom they were
procured ;

But since, in their designs, your sacred
person

Was not excepted, which I since have
seen,

It so abhorr'd me, that I was resolved
To give you full intelligence thereof ;
And rather choosed to fail in promises
Made to the servant, than infringe my
fealty

Sworn to my royal sovereign and master.

He. I am extremely discontent to see
This most unnatural conspiracy ;
And would not have the marshal of
Byron

The first example of my forced justice ;
Nor that his death should be the worthy
cause

That my calm reign (which hitherto hath
held

A clear and cheerful sky above the heads
Of my dear subjects) should so suddenly
Be overcast with clouds of fire and
thunder ;

Yet on submission, I vow still his pardon.

Ja. And still our humble counsels, for
his service,

Would so resolve you, if he will employ
His honour'd valour as effectually
To fortify the state against your foes

As he hath practised bad intendments with them.

He. That vow shall stand, and we will now address

Some messengers to call him home to Court;

Without the slenderest intimation
Of any ill we know; we will restrain
(With all forgiveness, if he will confess)
His headlong course to ruin; and his taste

From the sweet poison of his friendlike foes;

Treason hath blister'd heels, dishonest things

Have bitter rivers, though delicious springs.
D'Escures, haste you unto him and inform,

That having heard by sure intelligence
Of the great levies made in Italy

Of arms and soldiers, I am resolute,
Upon my frontiers to maintain an army,

The charge whereof I will impose on him;
And to that end expressly have commanded

De Vic, our Lord Ambassador in Suisse,
To demand levy of six thousand men;

Appointing them to march where Duke
Byron

Shall have directions; wherein I have follow'd

The counsel of my Constable his gossip;
Whose liked advice, I made him know by

letters,
Wishing to hear his own from his own

mouth,
And by all means conjure his speediest

presence;
Do this with utmost haste.

De. I will, my lord. *[Exit D'Escures.*

He. My good Lord Chancellor, of many pieces,

More than is here, of his conspiracies
Presented to us by our friend La Fin,

You only shall reserve these seven-and-twenty,

Which are not those that most conclude
against him,

But mention only him, since I am loth
To have the rest of the conspirators known.

Ch. My lord, my purpose is to guard all these

So safely from the sight of any other
That in my doublet I will have them

sew'd;
Without discovering them to mine own eyes,

Till need or opportunity requires.

He. You shall do well, my lord; they are of weight;

But I am doubtful that his conscience
Will make him so suspicious of the worst
That he will hardly be induced to come.

Ja. I much should doubt that too, but that I hope

The strength of his conspiracy as yet
Is not so ready, that he dare presume,
By his refusal to make known so much
Of his disloyalty.

He. I yet conceive
His practices are turn'd to no bad end;

And, good La Fin, I pray you write to him,
To hasten his repair; and make him sure

That you have satisfied me to the full
For all his actions, and have utter'd nought

But what might serve to banish bad impressions.

La. I will not fail, my lord.
He. Convey your letters

By some choice friend of his, or by his brother;

And for a third excitement to his presence,
Janin, yourself shall go, and with the

power
That both the rest employ to make him

come,
Use you the strength of your persuasions.

Ja. I will, my lord, and hope I shall present him. *[Exit Janin.*

Enter Epernon, Soissons, Vitry, Prâlin, &c.

Ep. Will't please your Majesty to take your place?

The Mask is coming.
He. Room, my lords; stand close.

Music and a song above, and Cupid enters with a table written hung about his neck; after him two torch bearers; after them Marie, D'Entragues, and four ladies more with their torch-bearers, &c. Cupid speaks.

Cu. My lord, these nymphs, part of the scatter'd train

Of friendless Virtue (living in the woods
Of shady Arden, and of late not hearing

The dreadful sounds of war, but that sweet peace,

Was by your valour lifted from her grave,
Set on your royal right-hand; and all virtues

Summon'd with honour, and with rich rewards,

To be her handmaids): these I say, the Virtues,

Have put their heads out of their caves and coverts,

To be your true attendants in your Court;
In which desire I must relate a tale

Of kind and worthy emulation
Twixt these two Virtues, leaders of the train,
This on the right hand is Sophrosyne,
Or Chastity ; this other Dapsyle,
Or Liberality ; their emulation
Begot a jar, which thus was reconciled.
I (having left my goddess mother's lap,
To hawk and shoot at birds in Arden
groves,)

Beheld this princely nymph with much
affection,
Lift killing birds, and turn'd into a bird
Like which I flew betwixt her ivory
breasts,

As if I had been driven by some hawk,
To sue to her for safety of my life ;
She smiled at first, and quickly shadow'd
me

With soft protection of her silver hand ;
Sometimes she tied my legs in her rich
hair,

And made me (past my nature, liberty)
Proud of my fetters. As I perty sat,
On the white pillows of her naked breasts,
I sung for joy ; she answer'd note for note,
Relish for relish, with such ease and art
In her divine division, that my tunes
Show'd like the god of shepherds' to the
sun's,

Compared with hers ; ashamed of which
disgrace,

I took my true shape, bow, and all my
shafts,

And lighted all my torches at her eyes,
Which (set about her in a golden ring)
I follow'd birds again, from tree to tree,
Kill'd and presented, and she kindly took.
But when she handled my triumphant bow,
And saw the beauty of my golden shafts,
She begg'd them of me. I, poor boy, re-
plied

I had no other riches ; yet was pleased
To hazard all and stake them gainst a kiss,
At an old game I used, call'd penny-prick.
She privy to her own skill in the play,
Answer'd my challenge, so I lost my arms :
And now my shafts are headed with her
looks,

One of which shafts she put into my bow,
And shot at this fair nymph, with whom
before,

I told your Majesty she had some jar.
The nymph did instantly repent all parts
She play'd in urging that effeminate war,
Loved and submitted ; which submission
This took so well, that now they both are
one ;

And as for your dear love their discords
grew,

So for your love they did their loves renew.
And now to prove them capable of your
Court,

In skill of such conceits and qualities
As here are practised, they will first submit
Their grace in dancing to your highness'
doom,
And play the prease to give their measures
room.

*Music, dance, &c., which done Cupid
speaks.*

If this suffice, for one Court compliment,
To make them gracious and entertain'd,
Behold another parcel of their courtship,
Which is a rare dexterity in riddles,
Shown in one instance, which is here in-
scribed.

Here is a riddle, which if any knight
At first sight can resolve, he shall enjoy
This jewel here annex'd ; which though it
show

To vulgar eyes no richer than a pebble,
And that no lapidary nor great man
Will give a sou for it, 'tis worth a kingdom ;
For 'tis an artificial stone composed
By their great mistress, Virtue, and will
make

Him that shall wear it live with any little
Sufficed, and more content than any king.
If he that undertakes cannot resolve it,
And that these nymphs can have no
harbour here

(It being consider'd that so many virtues
Can never live in Court), he shall resolve
To leave the Court, and live with them in
Arden.

Ep. Pronounce the riddle ; I will under-
take it.

Cu. 'Tis this, sir.

*What's that a fair lady most of all likes,
Yet ever makes show she least of all seeks ?
That's ever embraced and affected by her,
Yet never is seen to please or come nigh her :
Most served in her night-weeds ; does her
good in a corner,*

*But a poor man's thing, yet doth richly
adorn her ;*

*Most cheap and most dear, above all worldly
pelf,*

*That is hard to get in, but comes out of
itself ?*

Ep. Let me peruse it, Cupid.

Cu. Here it is.

Ep. Your riddle is good fame.

Cu. Good fame? how make you that
good ?

Ep. Good fame is that a good lady most
likes, I am sure.

Cu. That's granted.

Ep. "Yet ever makes show she least of all seeks:" for she likes it only for virtue, which is not glorious.

He. That holds well.

Ep. 'Tis "ever embraced and affected by lier," for she must persevere in virtue or fame vanishes; "yet never seen to please or come nigh her," for fame is invisible.

Cu. Exceeding right.

Ep. "Most served in her night-weeds," for ladies that most wear their night-weeds come least abroad, and they that come least abroad serve fame most, according to this: *Non forma sed fama in publicum exire debet.*

He. 'Tis very substantial.

Ep. "Does her good in a corner"—that is, in her most retreat from the world, comforts her; "but a poor man's thing:" for every poor man may purchase it, "yet doth richly adorn" a lady.

Cu. That all must grant.

Ep. "Most cheap," for it costs nothing, "and most dear," for gold cannot buy it; "above all worldly pelf," for that's transitory, and fame eternal. "It is hard to get in;" that is hard to get; "but comes out of itself," for when it is virtuously deserved with the most inward retreat from the world, it comes out in spite of it. And so, Cupid, your jewel is mine.

Cu. It is: and be the virtue of it yours. We'll now turn to our dance, and then attend Your highness' will, as touching our resort, If virtue may be entertain'd in Court.

He. This show hath pleased me well, for that it figures
The reconciliation of my Queen and mistress:

Come, let us in and thank them, and prepare

To entertain our trusty friend Byron.

[*Exeunt.*]

END OF ACT II.*

ACT THE THIRD.

SCENE I.

Enter the Duke of Byron, D'Auvergne.

By. Dear friend, we must not be more true to kings,

Than kings are to their subjects; there are schools

Now broken ope in all parts of the world,
First founded in ingenious Italy,
Where some conclusions of estate are held
That for a day preserve a prince, and ever
Destroy him after; from thence men are taught

To glide into degrees of height by craft,
And then lock in themselves by villany.
But God, who knows kings are not made by art,

But right of nature, nor by treachery propt,
But simple virtue, once let fall from heaven
A branch of that green tree, whose root is yet

Fast fix'd above the stars, which sacred branch

We well may liken to that laurel spray
That from the heavenly eagle's golden seres

Fell in the lap of great Augustus' wife;
Which spray once set grew up into a tree
Whereof were garlands made, and emperors
Had their estates and foreheads crown'd with them;

And as the arms of that tree did decay
The race of great Augustus wore away;
Nero being last of that imperial line,
The tree and emperor together died.

Religion is a branch, first set and blest
By heaven's high finger in the hearts of kings,

Which whilom grew into a goodly tree;
Bright angels sat and sung upon the twigs,
And royal branches, for the heads of kings,
Were twisted of them; but since squint-eyed envy

And pale suspicion dash'd the heads of kingdoms

One 'gainst another, two abhorred twins,
With two foul tails, stern War and Liberty,
Enter'd the world. The tree that grew from heaven

Is overrun with moss; the cheerful music
That heretofore hath sounded out of it
Begins to cease, and as she casts her leaves,
By small degrees the kingdoms of the earth

Decline and wither; and look, whensoever
That the pure sap in her is dried-up quite,
The lamp of all authority goes out,
And all the blaze of princes is extinct.

Thus, as the poet sends a messenger
Out to the stage, to show the sum of all
That follows after; so are kings' revolts,
And playing both ways with religion,
Fore-runners of afflictions imminent,
Which (like a chorus) subjects must lament.

* The suppressed passage probably opened this Second Act: no clue is now left in the original as to where the first Act closed. With the omitted Scene the division between Acts I. and II. slipped out also.—Ed.

D'A. My lord, I stand not on these deep discourses

To settle my course to your fortunes ; mine Are freely and inseparably link'd, And to your love, my life.

By. Thanks, princely friend ; And whatsoever good shall come of me, Pursued by all the Catholic Princes' aids With whom I join, and whose whole states proposed

To win my valour, promise me a throne, All shall be, equal with myself, thine own.

La Br. My lord, here is D'Escures, sent from the King, Desires access to you.

Enter D'Escures.

By. Attend him in.

D'E. Health to my lord the duke.

By. Welcome, D'Escures :

In what health rests our royal sovereign ?

D'E. In good health of his body, but his mind

Is something troubled with the gathering storms

Of foreign powers, that, as he is inform'd, Address themselves into his frontier towns ; And therefore his intent is to maintain

The body of an army on those parts, And yield their worthy conduct to your valour.

By. From whence hears he that any storms are rising ?

D'E. From Italy ; and his intelligence No doubt is certain, that in all those parts Levies are hotly made ; for which respect, He sent to his ambassador, De Vic, To make demand in Switzerland for the raising

With utmost diligence of six thousand men, All which shall be commanded to attend On your direction, as the Constable, Your honour'd gossip, gave him in advice, And he sent you by writing ; of which letters

He would have answer and advice from you

By your most speedy presence.

By. This is strange,

That when the enemy is t'attempt his frontiers

He calls me from the frontiers ; does he think It is an action worthy of my valour To turn my back to an approaching foe ?

D'E. The foe is not so near but you may come

And take more strict directions from his highness,

Than he thinks fit his letters should contain,

Without the least attainment of your valour. And therefore, good my lord, forbear excuse,

And bear yourself on his direction, Who, well you know, hath never made design

For your most worthy service, where he saw

That anything but honour could succeed.

By. I will not come, I swear.

D'E. I know your grace

Will send no such unsavoury reply.

By. Tell him, that I beseech his Majesty To pardon my repair till th' end be known Of all these levies now in Italy.

D'E. My lord, I know that tale will never please him,

And wish you, as you love his love and pleasure,

To satisfy his summons speedily,

And speedily I know he will return you.

By. By heaven, it is not fit, if all my service

Makes me know anything : beseech him, therefore,

To trust my judgment in these doubtful charges,

Since in assured assaults it hath not fail'd him.

D'E. I would your lordship now would trust his judgment.

By. God's precious, y'are importunate past measure,

And, I know, further, than your charge extends.

I'll satisfy his highness, let that serve ; For by this flesh and blood, you shall not bear

Any reply to him but this from me.

D'E. 'Tis nought to me, my lord, I wish your good,

And for that cause have been importunate.

[*Exit D'Escures.*]

Br. By no means go, my lord ; but with distrust

Of all that hath been said or can be sent,

Collect your friends, and stand upon your guard ;

The King's fair letters, and his messages Are only golden pills, and comprehend Horrible purgatives.

By. I will not go,

For now I see the instructions lately sent me,

That something is discover'd, are too true,

And my head rules none of those neighbour nobles

That every pursuivant brings beneath the
axe :

If they bring me out, they shall see I'll
hatch

Like to the blackthorn, that puts forth his
leaf,

Not with the golden fawnings of the sun,
But sharpest showers of hail, and blackest
frosts.

Blows, batteries, breaches, showers of steel
and blood,

Must be his downright messengers for me,
And not the mizzling breath of policy.

He, he himself, made passage to his crown
Through no more armies, battles, massacres,

Than I will ask him to arrive at me ;
He takes on him my executions,

And on the demolitions that this arm
Hath shaken out of forts and citadels,

Hath he advanced the trophies of his valour ;
Where I, in those assumptions may scorn
And speak contemptuously of all the world,

For any equal yet I ever found ;
And in my rising, not the Syrian star

That in the lion's mouth undaunted shines,
And makes his brave ascension with the sun,

Was of th' Egyptians with more zeal beheld,
And made a rule to know the circuit

And compass of the year, than I was held
When I appear'd from battle ; the whole
sphere,

And full sustainer of the state we bear ;
I have Alcides-like gone under th' earth,

And on these shoulders borne the weight of
France :

And for the fortunes of the thankless King,
My father, all know, set him in his throne,

And if he urge me, I may pluck him out.

Enter Messenger.

Me. Here is the president, Janin, my
lord ;

Sent from the King, and urgeth quick
access.

By. Another pursuivant ? and one so
quick ?

He takes next course with me, to make him
stay :

But let him in, let's hear what he impor-
tunes.

Enter Janin.

Ja. Honour, and loyal hopes to Duke
Byron !

By. No other touch me : say how fares
the King ?

Ja. Fairly, my lord ; the cloud is yet far
off

That aims at his obscuring, and his will

Would gladly give the motion to your
powers

That should disperse it ; but the means
himself

Would personally relate in your direction.

By. Still on that haunt ?

Ja. Upon my life, my lord,

He much desires to see you, and your sight
Is now grown necessary to suppress

(As with the glorious splendour of the sun)
The rude winds that report breathes in his
ears,

Endeavouring to blast your loyalty.

By. Sir, if my loyalty stick in him no
faster

But that the light breath of report may
loose it,

So I rest still unmoved, let him be shaken.

Ja. But these aloof abodes, my lord, be-
wray,

That there is rather firmness in your breath
Than in your heart. Truth is not made of
glass,

That with a small touch, it should fear to
break,

And therefore should not shun it ; believe
me

His arm is long, and strong ; and it can
fetch

Any within his will, that will not come :
Not he that surfeits in his mines of gold,

And for the pride thereof compares with
God,

Calling (with almost nothing different)
His powers invincible, for omnipotent,

Can back your boldest fort 'gainst his
assaults.

It is his pride, and vain ambition,
That hath but two stairs in his high de-
signs ;

The lowest envy, and the highest blood,
That doth abuse you ; and gives minds
too high,

Rather a will by giddiness to fall
Than to descend by judgment.

By. I rely

On no man's back nor belly ; but the King
Must think that merit, by ingratitude
crack'd,

Requires a firmer cementing than words.
And he shall find it a much harder work,

To sodder broken hearts than shiver'd
glass.

Ja. My lord, 'tis better hold a Sove-
reign's love

By bearing injuries, than by laying out
Stir his displeasure ; princes' discontents,

Being once incensed, are like the flames of
Etna,

Not to be quench'd, nor lessen'd; and be sure,
A subject's confidence in any merit,
Against his Sovereign, that makes him presume

To fly too high, approves him like a cloud
That makes a shew as it did hawk at kingdoms,
And could command all raised beneath his vapour:

When suddenly, the fowl that hawk'd so fair,
Stoops in a puddle, or consumes in air.

By. I fly with no such aim, nor am opposed
Against my Sovereign; but the worthy height

I have wrought by my service I will hold,
Which if I come away, I cannot do;
For if the enemy should invade the frontier,

Whose charge to guard, is mine, with any spoil,

Although the King in placing of another
Might well excuse me, yet all foreign kings,
That can take note of no such secret quittance,

Will lay the weakness here, upon my wants;

And therefore my abode is resolute.

Ja. I sorrow for your resolution,
And fear your dissolution will succeed.

By. I must endure it.

Ja. Fare you well, my lord. [*Exit Jan.*]

Enter Brun.

By. Farewell to you;
Captain what other news?

Br. La Fin salutes you.

By. Welcome, good friend; I hope your wish'd arrival

Will give some certain end to our designs.

Br. I know not that, my lord; reports are raised

So doubtful and so different, that the truth
Of any one can hardly be assured.

By. Good news, D'Auvergne; our trusty friend La Fin

Hath clear'd all scruple with his Majesty,
And utter'd nothing but what served to clear

All bad suggestions.

Br. So he says, my lord;

But others say, La Fin's assurances
Are mere deceits; and wish you to believe

That when the Vidame, nephew to La Fin,
Met you at Autun, to assure your doubts,
His uncle had said nothing to the King

That might offend you; all the journey's charge,

The King defray'd; besides, your truest friends

Will'd me to make you certain that your place

Of government is otherwise disposed;
And all advise you, for your latest hope,
To make retreat into the Franche Comté.

By. I thank them all, but they touch not the depth

Of the affairs betwixt La Fin and me;
Who is return'd contented to his house,
Quite freed of all displeasure or distrust;
And therefore, worthy friends, we'll now to Court.

D'A. My lord, I like your other friend's advices

Much better than La Fin's; and on my life
You cannot come to Court with any safety.

By. Who shall infringe it? I know all the Court

Have better apprehension of my valour;
Than that they dare lay violent hands on me;

If I have only means to draw this sword,
I shall have power enough to set me free
From seizure by my proudest enemy.

[*Exit.*]

Enter Epernon, Vitry, Prâlin.

Ep. He will not come, I dare engage my hand.

Vi. He will be fetch'd then, I'll engage my head.

Pr. Come, or be fetch'd, he quite hath lost his honour,

In giving these suspicions of revolt
From his allegiance; that which he hath won

With sundry wounds, and peril of his life,
With wonder of his wisdom, and his valour,

He loseth with a most enchanted glory;
And admiration of his pride and folly.

Vi. Why, did you never see a fortunate man

Suddenly raised to heaps of wealth and honour?

Nor any rarely great in gifts of nature,
As valour, wit, and smooth use of the tongue,
Set strangely to the pitch of popular likings?

But with as sudden falls the rich and honour'd

Were overwhelm'd by poverty and shame,
Or had no use of both above the wretched.

Ep. Men ne'er are satisfied with that they have;

But as a man, match'd with a lovely wife,
 When his most heavenly theory of her
 beauties
 Is dull'd and quite exhausted with his
 practice ;
 He brings her forth to feasts, where he
 alas !
 Falls to his viands with no thought like
 others
 That think him blest in her, and they,
 poor men,
 Court, and make faces, offer service,
 sweat
 With their desires' contention, break their
 brains
 For jests and tales ; sit mute, and lose
 their looks
 (Far out of wit, and out of countenance),
 So all men else do what they have trans-
 plant,
 And place their wealth in thirst of what
 they want.

*Enter Henry, Chancellor, Vidame,
 D'Escures, Janin.*

He. He will not come : I must both
 grieve and wonder,
 That all my care to win my subjects' love
 And in one cup of friendship to commix
 Our lives and fortunes, should leave out
 so many
 As give a man contemptuous of my love,
 And of his own good, in the kingdom's
 peace,
 Hope, in a continuance so ungrateful,
 To bear out his designs in spite of me.
 How should I better please all, than I do ?
 When they supposed I would have given
 some
 Insolent garrisons, others citadels,
 And to all sorts, increase of miseries ;
 Province by province, I did visit all
 Whom those injurious rumours had dis-
 sway'd,
 And shew'd them how I never sought to
 build
 More forts for me than were within their
 hearts ;
 Nor use more stern constraints than their
 good wills
 To succour the necessities of my crown ;
 That I desired to add to their contents
 By all occasions, rather than subtract ;
 Nor wish'd I that my treasury should
 flow
 With gold that swum-in in my subjects'
 tears ;
 And then I found no man that did not
 bless

My few years' reign, and their triumphant
 peace ;
 And do they now so soon complain of
 ease ?
 He will not come.

*Enter Byron, D'Auvergne, brother, with
 others.*

Ep. O madness, he is come !

Ch. The Duke is come, my lord.

He. Oh sir, y'are welcome,
 And fitly, to conduct me to my house.

By. I must beseech your Majesty's ex-
 cuse,
 That, jealous of mine honour, I have used
 Some of mine own commandment in my
 stay,
 And came not with your highness' soonest
 summons.

He. The faithful servant right in Holy
 Writ,

That said he would not come and yet he
 came ;*

But come you hither, I must tell you now
 Not the contempt you stood to in your
 stay,

But the bad ground that bore up your
 contempt,

Makes you arrive at no port but re-
 pentance,
 Despair, and ruin.

By. Be what port it will,
 At which your will will make me be
 arrived,

I am not come to justify myself,
 To ask you pardon, nor accuse my friends.

He. If you conceal my enemies you are
 one,

And then my pardon shall be worth your
 asking,

Or else your head be worth my cutting off.

By. Being friend and worthy fautor of
 myself,

I am no foe of yours, nor no impairer,
 Since he can no way worthily maintain
 His prince's honour that neglects his own ;
 And if your will have been to my true
 reason,

(Maintaining still the truth of loyalty)

A check to my free nature and mine
 honour,

And that on your free justice I presumed
 To cross your will a little, I conceive
 You will not think this forfeit worth my
 head.

He. Have you maintain'd your truth of
 loyalty ?

* Matt. xxi. 29.

When since I pardon'd foul intentions,
Resolving to forget eternally,
What they appear'd in, and had welcomed
you

As the kind father doth his riotous son,*
I can approve facts fouler than th' intents
Of deep disloyalty and highest treason.

By. May this right hand be thunder to
my breast,

If I stand guilty of the slenderest fact,
Wherein the least of those two can be
proved,

For could my tender conscience but have
touch'd

At any such unnatural relapse ;
I would not with this confidence have run
Thus headlong in the furnace of a wrath,
Blown, and thrice kindled ; having way
enough,

In my election both to shun and slight it.

He. Y'are grossly and vaingloriously
abused :

There is no way in Savoy nor in Spain,
To give a fool that hope of your escape,
And had you not, even when you did,
arrived,

With horror to the proudest hope you
had,

I would have fetch'd you.

By. You must then have used
A power beyond my knowledge, and a will
Beyond your justice. For a little stay
More than I used would hardly have been
worthy

Of such an open expedition ;
In which to all the censures of the world
My faith and innocence had been foully
soil'd ;

Which I protest by heaven's bright wit-
nesses

That shine far, far, from mixture with our
fears,

Retain as perfect roundness as their
spheres.

He. 'Tis well, my lord ; I thought I
could have frightened

Your firmest confidence : some other time,
We will, as now in private, sift your
actions,

And pour more than you think into the
sieve ;

Always reserving clemency and pardon
Upon confession, be you ne'er so foul.

Come let's clear up our brows : shall we
to tennis ?

By. Ay, my lord, if I may make the
match.

The Duke Epernon and myself will play
With you and Count Soissons.

Ep. I know, my lord,
You play well, but you make your matches
ill.

He. Come, 'tis a match. [Exit.]

By. How like you my arrival ?

Ep. I'll tell you as a friend in your ear.
You have given more preferment to your
courage

Than to the provident counsels of your
friends.

D'A. I told him so, my lord, and much
was grieved

To see his bold approach, so full of will.

By. Well, I must bear it now, though
but with th' head,

The shoulders bearing nothing.

Ep. By Saint John,
'Tis a good headless resolution. [Exeunt.]

ACT THE FOURTH.

SCENE I.

Enter the Duke of Byron, D'Auvergne.

By. O the most base fruits of a settled
peace !

In men I mean ; worse than their dirty
fields,

Which they manure much better than
themselves :

For them they plant and sow, and ere they
grow

Weedy and choked with thorns, they grub
and proin,

And make them better than when cruel war
Frighted from thence the sweaty labourer ;

But men themselves, instead of bearing
fruits,

Grow rude and foggy, overgrown with
weeds,

Their spirits and freedoms smother'd in
their ease ;

And as their tyrants and their ministers
Grow wild in prosecution of their lusts,

So they grow prostitute, and lie, like whores,
Down, and take up, to their abhor'd dis-
honours ;

The friendless may be injured and oppress'd,
The guiltless led to slaughter, the deserver

Given to the beggar ; right be wholly
wrong'd,

And wrong be only honour'd, till the
strings

Of every man's heart crack, and who will
stir

* Luke xv. 11—32.

To tell authority that it doth err?
All men cling to it, though they see their
bloods

In their most dear associates and allies,
Pour'd into kennels by it, and who dares
But look well in the breast whom that im-
pairs?

How all the Court now looks askew on me!
Go by without saluting, shun my sight,
Which, like a March sun, agues breeds in
them,

From whence of late 'twas health to have
a beam.

D'A. Now none will speak to us, we
thrust ourselves

Into men's companies, and offer speech
As if not made for their diverted ears,
Their backs turn'd to us, and their words
to others.

And we must, like obsequious parasites,
Follow their faces, wind about their persons
For looks and answers, or be cast behind,
No more view'd than the wallet of their
faults.

Enter Soissons.

By. Yet here's one views me, and I think
will speak.

So. My lord, if you respect your name
and race,

The preservation of your former honours,
Merits, and virtues, humbly cast them all
At the King's mercy; for beyond all doubt
Your acts have thither driven them; he
hath proofs

So pregnant and so horrid, that to hear them
Would make your valour in your very looks
Give up your forces, miserably guilty;
But he is most loth (for his ancient love
To your rare virtues); and in their impair,
The full discouragement of all that live
To trust or favour any gifts in nature,
T' expose them to the light, when darkness
may

Cover her own brood, and keep still in day
Nothing of you but that may brook her
brightness.

You know what horrors these high strokes
do bring
Raised in the arm of an incensed king.

By. My lord, be sure the King cannot
complain

Of anything in me but my true service,
Which in so many dangers of my death
May so approve my spotless loyalty,
That those quite opposite horrors you
assure

Must look out of his own ingratitude,
the malignant envies of my foes,

Who pour me out in such a Stygian flood,
To drown me in myself, since their deserts
Are far from such a deluge, and in me
Hid like so many rivers in the sea.

So. You think I come to sound you:
fare you well. [*Exit.*]

*Enter Chancellor, Epernon, Janin, Vi-
dame, Vitry, Prâlin, whispering by
couples, &c.*

D'A. See, see, not one of them will cast
a glance
At our eclipsed faces.

By. They keep all
To cast in admiration on the King;
For from his face are all their faces
moulded.

D'A. But when a change comes we shall
see them all

Changed into water, that will instantly
Give look for look, as if it watch'd to greet
us;

Or else for one they'll give us twenty faces,
Like to the little specks on sides of glasses.

By. Is't not an easy loss to lose their
looks

Whose hearts so soon are melted?

D'A. But methinks,
Being courtiers, they should cast best looks
on men

When they thought worst of them.

By. O no, my lord,
They ne'er dissemble but for some advan-
tage;

They sell their looks and shadows, which
they rate

After their markets, kept beneath the State;
Lord, what foul weather their aspects do
threaten!

See in how grave a brake he sets his vizard:
Passion of nothing, see, an excellent ges-
ture!

Now courtship goes a ditching in their
foreheads,

And we are fall'n into those dismal ditches.
Why even thus dreadfully would they be
rapt,

If the King's butter'd eggs were only spilt.

Enter Henry.

He. Lord Chancellor.

Ch. Ay, my lord.

He. And Lord Vidame.

[*Exit.*]

By. And not Byron? here's a prodigious
change!

D'A. He cast no beam on you.

By. Why, now you see
From whence their countenances were
copied.

Enter the Captain of Byron's Guard, with a letter.

D'A. See, here comes some news, I believe, my lord.

By. What says the honest captain of my guard?

Ca. I bring a letter from a friend of yours.

By. 'Tis welcome, then.

D'A. Have we yet any friends?

Ca. More than ye would, I think : I never saw

Men in their right minds so unrighteous
In their own causes.

By. See what thou hast brought.

He will us to retire ourselves my lord,
And makes as if it were almost too late.
What says my captain ? shall we go or no ?

Ca. I would your dagger's point had
kiss'd my heart,

When you resolved to come.

By. I pray thee, why ?

Ca. Yet doth that senseless apoplexy
dull you ?

The devil or your wicked angel blinds you,
Bereaving all your reason of a man,
And leaves you but the spirit of a horse
In your brute nostrils, only power to dare.

By. Why, dost thou think my coming
here hath brought me

To such an unrecoverable danger ?

Ca. Judge by the strange ostents that
have succeeded

Since your arrival ; the kind fowl, the wild
duck

That came into your cabinet, so beyond
The sight of all your servants, or yourself ;
That flew about, and on your shoulder sat,
And which you had so fed and so attended
For that dumb love she show'd you ; just
as soon

As you were parted, on the sudden died.
And to make this no less than an ostent,
Another that hath fortun'd since confirms
it :

Your goodly horse, Pastrana, which the
Archduke

Gave you at Brussels, in the very hour
You left your strength, fell mad, and kill'd
himself ;

The like chanced to the horse the great
Duke sent you ;

And, with both these, the horse the Duke
of Lorraine

Sent you at Vimie, made a third presage
Of some inevitable fate that touch'd you,
Who, like the other, pined away and
died.

By. All these together are indeed ostentful,
Which, by another like, I can confirm :
The matchless Earl of Essex, whom some
make

(In their most sure divinings of my death)
A parallel with me in life and fortune,
Had one horse likewise that the very hour
He suffer'd death (being well the night
before),

Died in his pasture. Noble, happy beasts,
That die, not having to their wills to
live ;

They use no deprecations nor complaints,
Nor suit for mercy ; amongst them, the
lion

Serves not the lion, nor the horse the
horse,

As man serves man : when men show most
their spirits

In valour, and their utmost dares to do
They are compared to lions, wolves, and
boars ;

But by conversion, none will say a lion

Fights as he had the spirit of a man.

Let me then in my danger now give cause
For all men to begin that simile.

For all my huge engagement I provide me
This short sword only, which, if I have
time

To show my apprehender, he shall use
Power of ten lions if I get not loose.

*Enter Henry, Chancellor, Vidame, Janin,
Vitry, Prâlin.*

He. What shall we do with this un-
thankful man ?

Would he of one thing but reveal the
truth

Which I have proof of underneath his
hand,

He should not taste my justice. I would
give

Two hundred thousand crowns that he
would yield

But such means for my pardon as he
should ;

I never loved man like him ; would have
trusted

My son in his protection, and my realm ;
He hath deserved my love with worthy
service,

Yet can he not deny but I have thrice
Saved him from death ; I drew him off the
foe

At Fontaine Françoise, where he was
engaged,

So wounded, and so much amazed with
blows,

That, as I play'd the soldier in his rescue,

I was enforced to play the Marechal,
To order the retreat, because he said
He was not fit to do it, nor to serve me.

Ch. Your Majesty hath used your utmost
means

Both by your own persuasions, and his
friends,

To bring him to submission, and confess
(With some sign of repentance) his foul
fault :

Yet still he stands prefract and insolent.
You have in love and care of his recovery
Been half in labour to produce a course
And resolution, what were fit for him.
And since so amply it concerns your crown,
You must by law cut off, what by your
grace

You cannot bring into the state of safety.

Ja. Begin at th' end, my lord, and
execute,

Like Alexander with Parmenio.

Princes, you know, are masters of their
laws,

And may resolve them to what forms they
please,

So all conclude in justice ; in whose stroke
There is one sort of manage for the great ;

Another for inferior : the great mother
Of all productions, grave Necessity,

Commands the variation ; and the profit,
So certainly foreseen, commends the ex-
ample.

He. I like not executions so informal,
For which my predecessors have been
blamed :

My subjects and the world shall know my
power,

And my authority by law's usual course
Dares punish ; not the devilish heads of
treason,

But their confederates, be they ne'er so
dreadful.

The decent ceremonies of my laws
And their solemnities shall be observed
With all their sternness and severity.

Vi. Where will your highness have him
apprehended ?

He. Not in the Castle, as some have
advised,

But in his chamber.

Pr. Rather in your own,
Or coming out of it ; for 'tis assured
That any other place of apprehension,
Will make the hard performance end in
blood.

Vi. To shun this likelihood, my lord, 'tis
best

To make the apprehension near your
chamber ;

VOL. I.

For all respect and reverence given the
place,

More than is needful, to chastise the per-
son,

And save the opening of too many veins,
Is vain and dangerous.

He. Gather you your guard,
And I will find fit time to give the word
When you shall seize on him and on
D'Auvergne.

Vi. We will be ready to the death, my
lord. [*Exeunt.*]

He. O Thou that govern'st the keen
swords of kings,

Direct my arm in this important stroke,
Or hold it being advanced ; the weight of
blood,

Even in the basest subject, doth exact
Deep consultation, in the highest king ;

For in one subject, death's unjust affrights,
Passions, and pains, though he be ne'er so
poor,

Ask more remorse than the voluptuous
spleens

Of all kings in the world deserve respect ;
He should be born grey-headed that will
bear

The sword of empire ; judgment of the
life,

Free state, and reputation of a man,
If it be just and worthy, dwells so dark
That it denies access to sun and moon ;
The soul's eye sharpen'd with that sacred
light

Of whom the sun itself is but a beam,
Must only give that judgment ; O how
much

Err those kings then, that play with life and
death,

And nothing put into their serious states
But humour and their lusts ; for which
alone

Men long for kingdoms ; whose huge
counterpoise

In cares and dangers, could a fool com-
prise,

He would not be a king, but would be wise.

*Enter Byron talking with the Queen,
Epernon, D'Entragues, D'Auvergne ;
with another lady, others attending.*

He. Here comes the man, with whose
ambitious head

(Cast in the way of treason) we must stay
His full chase of our ruin and our realm ;
This hour shall take upon her shady wing
His latest liberty and life to hell.

D'A. We are undone.

Qu. What's that ?

By. I heard him not.

He. Madam, y'are honour'd much that
Duke Byron

Is so observant : some, to cards with him ;
You four, as now you come, sit to Prinero ;
And I will fight a battle at the chess.

By. A good safe fight, believe me ;
other war

Thirsts blood and wounds, and his thirst
quench'd, is thankless.

Ep. Lift, and then cut.

By. 'Tis right the end of lifting ;

When men are lifted to their highest pitch,
They cut off those that lifted them so
high.

Qu. Apply you all these sports so
seriously ?

By. They first were from our serious
acts devised,

The best of which are to the best but
sports

(I mean by best the greatest) for their
ends

In men that serve them best, are their own
pleasures.

Qu. So in those best men's services, their
ends

Are their own pleasures ; pass.

By. I vie't.

He. I see't,

And wonder at his frontless impudence.

[*Exit Henry.*]

Ch. How speeds your Majesty ?

Qu. Well ; the Duke instructs me
With such grave lessons of morality
Forced out of our light sport, that if I
lose,

I cannot but speed well.

By. Some idle talk,

For courtship sake, you know, does not
amiss.

Ch. Would we might hear some of it.

By. That you shall ;

I cast away a card now, makes me think
Of the deceased worthy King of Spain.

Ch. What card was that ?

By. The king of hearts, my lord ;

Whose name yields well the memory of
that king,

Who was indeed the worthy king of hearts,
And had, both of his subjects' hearts and
strangers',

Much more than all the kings of Chris-
tendom.

Ch. He won them with his gold.

By. He won them chiefly

With his so general piety and justice ;
And as the little, yet great Macedon,
Was said, with his humane philosophy

To teach the rafeul Hyrcans marriage,
And bring the barbarous Sogdians to
nourish,

Not kill, their aged parents as before ;
Th' incestuous Persians to reverence
Their mothers, not to use them as their
wives ;

The Indians to adore the Grecian gods ;
The Scythians to inter, not eat their
parents ;

So he, with his divine philosophy
(Which I may call it, since he chiefly used
it),

In Turkey, India, and through all the
world,

Expell'd profane idolatry, and from earth
Raised temples to the highest : whom with
the word

He could not win, he justly put to sword.

Ch. He sought for gold and empire.

By. 'Twas religion,

And her full propagation that he sought ;
If gold had been his end, it had been
hoarded,

When he had fetch'd it in so many fleets,
Which he spent not on Median luxury,
Banquets, and women, Calidonian wine,

Nor dear Hyrcanian fishes, but employ'd it
To propagate his empire ; and his empire
Desired t' extend so, that he might withal

Extend religion through it, and all nations
Reduce to one firm constitution

Of piety, justice, and one public weal ;
To which end he made all his matchless-
subjects

Make tents their castles and their garrisons ;
True Catholics countrymen ; and their
allies,

Heretics, strangers, and their enemies.

There was in him the magnanimity.

Mo. To temper your extreme applause,
my lord,

Shorten and answer all things in a word,
The greatest commendation we can give
To the remembrance of that king deceased

Is that he spared not his own eldest son,
But put him justly to a violent death,
Because he sought to trouble his estates.

By. Is't so ?

Ch. That bit, my lord, upon my life,
'Twas bitterly replied, and doth amaze
him.

*The King suddenly enters, having deter-
mined what to do.*

He. It is resolved ; a work shall now be
done,
Which, while learn'd Atlas shall with stars
be crown'd,

While th' ocean walks in storms his way
 round,
 While moons at full repair their broken
 rings ;
 While Lucifer foreshows Aurora's springs,
 And Arcos sticks above the earth unmoved,
 Shall make my realm be blest, and me be-
 loved.
 Call in the Count D'Auvergne.

Enter D'Auvergne.

A word, my lord.
 Will you become as wilful as your friend,
 And draw a mortal justice on your heads,
 That hangs so black and is so loth to
 strike ?

If you would utter what I know you know
 Of his inhumane treason, one strong bar
 Betwixt his will and duty were dissolved,
 For then I know he would submit himself.
 Think you it not as strong a point of faith
 To rectify your loyalties to me,
 As to be trusty in each other's wrong ?
 Trust that deceives ourselves is treachery,
 And truth that truth conceals an open lie.

D'A. My lord, if I could utter any
 thought

Instructed with disloyalty to you,
 And might light any safety to my friend,
 Though mine own heart came after, it
 should out.

He. I know you may, and that your
 faiths affected

To one another are so vain and false
 That your own strengths will ruin you : ye
 contend

To cast up rampires to you in the sea,
 And strive to stop the waves that run before
 you.

D'A. All this, my lord, to me is mystery.
He. It is ? I'll make it plain enough,
 believe me :

Come, my Lord Chancellor, let us end our
 mate.

Enter Varennes, whispering to Byron.

Va. You are undone, my lord.

By. Is it possible ?

Qu. Play, good my lord : whom look you
 for ?

Ep. Your mind

Is not upon your game.

By. Play, pray you play.

He. Enough, 'tis late, and time to leave
 our play,

On all hands ; all forbear the room. My
 lord,

Stay you with me ; yet is your will resolved
 To duty and the main bond of your life ?

I swear, of all th' intrusions I have made
 Upon your own good and continued for-
 tunes,

This is the last ; inform me yet the truth,
 And here I vow to you (by all my love,
 By all means shown you, even to this ex-
 treme,

When all men else forsake you), you are
 safe.

What passages have slipt 'twixt Count
 Fuentes,

You, and the Duke of Savoy ?

By. Good my lord,
 This nail is driven already past the head,
 You much have overcharged an honest
 man ;

And I beseech you yield my innocence
 justice,

(But with my single valour) 'gainst them
 all

That thus have poison'd your opinion of
 me,

And let me take my vengeance by my
 sword :

For I protest I never thought an action
 More than my tongue hath utter'd.

He. Would 'twere true ;

And that your thoughts and deeds had
 fell no fouler.

But you disdain submission, not remem-
 bering,

That (in intents urged for the common
 good)

He that shall hold his peace being charged
 to speak

Doth all the peace and nerves of empire
 break,

Which on your conscience lie ; adieu,
 good night. [*Exit.*

By. Kings hate to hear what they com-
 mand men speak,

Ask life, and to desert of death ye yield.

Where medicines loathe, it irks men to be
 heal'd.

*Enter Vitry, with two or three of the Guard,
 Epernon, Vidame, following. Vitry
 lays hand on Byron's sword.*

Vi. Resign your sword, my lord ; the
 King commands it.

By. Me to resign my sword ? what King
 is he

Hath used it better for the realm than I ?

My sword ! that all the wars within the
 length,

Breadth, and the whole dimensions of great
 France,

Hath sheathed betwixt his hilt and horrid
 point,

And fix'd ye all in such a flourishing peace?
My sword, that never enemy could enforce,
Bereft me by my friends! Now, good my
lord,
Beseech the King, I may resign my sword
To his hand only.

Enter Janin.

Ja. You must do your office,
The King commands you.

Vi. 'Tis in vain to strive,
For I must force it.

By. Have I ne'er a friend,
That bears another for me? All the guard?
What, will you kill me? will you smother
here
His life that can command and save in
field,
A hundred thousand lives? For manhood
sake;
Lend something to this poor forsaken hand;
For all my service, let me have the honour
To die defending of my innocent self,
And have some little space to pray to God.

Enter Henry.

He. Come, you are an atheist, Byron,
and a traitor
Both foul and damnable. Thy innocent
self?

No leper is so buried quick in ulcers
As thy corrupted soul. 'Thou end the war,
And settle peace in France? What war hath
raged

Into whose fury I have not exposed
My person, with as free a spirit as
thine?

Thy worthy father and thyself combined
And arm'd in all the merits of your valours,
Your bodies thrust amidst the thickest
fights,

Never were bristled with so many battles,
Nor on the foe have broke such woods of
lances

As grew upon my thigh, and I have mar-
shall'd.

I am ashamed to brag thus; where envy
And arrogance their opposite bulwark
raise,

Men are allow'd to use their proper praise:
Away with him. [*Exit Henry.*]

By. Away with him! live I,
And hear my life thus slighted? Cursed
man,

That ever the intelligencing lights
Betray'd me to men's whorish fellow-
ships,

To princes' Moorish slaveries; to be made

The anvil on which only blows and
wounds

Were made the seed and wombs of other
honours;

A property for a tyrant to set up,
And puff down with the vapour of his
breath.

Will you not kill me?

Vi. No, we will not hurt you;
We are commanded only to conduct you
Into your lodging.

By. To my lodging? where?

Vi. Within the Cabinet of Arms, my
lord.

By. What! to a prison? Death! I will
not go.

Vi. We'll force you then.

By. And take away my sword;
A proper point to force; ye had as good,
Have robb'd me of my soul; slaves of my
stars,

Partial and bloody; O that in mine eyes
Were all the sorcerous poison of my woes,
That I might witch ye headlong from your
height,

So trample out your execrable light.

Vi. Come, will you go, my lord? This
rage is vain.

By. And so is all your grave authority;
And that all France shall feel before I die.
Ye see all how they use good Catholics.

Ep. Farewell for ever! so have I dis-
cern'd

An exhalation that would be a star
Fall when the sun forsook it, in a sink.
Shoes ever overthrow that are too large,
And hugest cannons burst with overcharge.

*Enter D'Auvergne, Prâlin, following with
a Guard.*

Pr. My lord, I have commandment
from the King
To charge you go with me, and ask your
sword.

D'Au. My sword! who fears it? it was
ne'er the death

Of any but wild boars; I prithee take it;
Hadst thou advertised this when last we
met,

I had been in my bed, and fast asleep
Two hours ago. Lead; I'll go where thou
wilt. [*Exit.*]

Vi. See how he bears his cross, with his
small strength

On easier shoulders than the other Atlas.

Ep. Strength to aspire is still accom-
panied

With weakness to endure; all popular gifts
Are colours, it will bear no vinegar;

And rather to adverse affairs betray
Thine arm against them; his state still is
best
That hath most inward worth; and that's
best tried
That neither glories, nor is glorified.

[*Exeunt.*]

END OF ACT IV.

ACT THE FIFTH.

SCENE I.

Henry, Soissons, Janin, D'Escures, *cum
aliis.*

He. What shall we think, my lords, of
these new forces

That, from the King of Spain, hath past
the Alps?

For which, I think, his Lord Ambassador
Is come to Court, to get their pass for
Flanders?

Ja. I think, my lord, they have no end
for Flanders;

Count Maurice being already enter'd
Brabant

To pass to Flanders, to relieve Ostend,
And th' Archduke full prepared to hinder
him;

For sure it is that they must measure forces,
Which (ere this new force could have
past the Alps)

Of force must be encounter'd.

So. 'Tis unlikely

That their march hath so large an aim as
Flanders.

D'E. As these times sort, they may have
have shorter reaches,

That would pierce further.

He. I have been advertised

How Count Fuentes (by whose means this
army

Was lately levied; and whose hand was
strong

In thrusting on Byron's conspiracy)

Hath caused these cunning forces to ad-
vance,

With colour only to set down in Flanders;
But hath intentional respect to favour

And countenance his false partisans in
Bresse,

And friends in Burgundy; to give them
heart

For the full taking of their hearts from me.
Be as it will; we shall prevent their
worst:

And therefore call in Spain's Ambassador.

Enter Ambassador with others.

What would the Lord Ambassador of
Spain?

Am. First, in my master's name, I would
beseech

Your highness' hearty thought; that his
true hand,

Held in your vowed amities, hath not
touch'd

At any least point in Byron's offences,
Nor once had notice of a crime so foul;

Whereof, since he doubts not you stand
resolved,

He prays your league's continuance in
this favour.

That the army he hath raised to march for
Flanders

May have safe passage by your frontier
towns,

And find the river free that runs by
Rhône.

He. My lord, my frontiers shall not be
disarm'd,

Till, by arraignment of the Duke of Byron,
My scruples are resolved, and I may know

In what account to hold your master's
faith,

For his observance of the league betwixt us.
You wish me to believe that he is clear

From all the projects caused by Count
Fuentes,

His special agent; but where deeds pull
down,

Words may repair no faith. I scarce can
think

That his gold was so bounteously employ'd
Without his special counsel and command:

These faint proceedings in our royal
faiths,

Make subjects prove so faithless; if be-
cause,

We sit above the danger of the laws,
We likewise lift our arms above their

justice,
And that our heavenly Sovereign bounds

not us
In those religious confines out of which

Our justice and our true laws are inform'd;
In vain have we expectance that our sub-
jects

Should not as well presume to offend their
earthly,

As we our heavenly Sovereign; and this
breach

Made in the forts of all society,
Of all celestial, and humane respects,

Makes no strengths of our bounties, coun-
sels, arms,

Hold out against their treasons ; and the
rapes

Made of humanity and religion,
In all men's more than Pagan liberties,
Atheisms, and slaveries, will derive their
springs

From their base precedents, copied out of
kings.

But all this shall not make me break the
commerce

Authorised by our treaties. Let your army
Take the directest pass ; it shall go safe.

Am. So rest your highness ever, and
assured

That my true Sovereign loathes all opposite
thoughts.

He. Are our despatches made to all the
kings,

Princes, and potentates of Christendom,
Ambassadors and province governors,
T'inform the truth of this conspiracy?

Ju. They all are made, my lord, and
some give out

That 'tis a blow given to religion,
To weaken it, in ruining of him
That said he never wish'd more glorious
title

Than to be call'd the scourge of Huguenots.

So. Others that are like favourers of the
fault,

Said 'tis a politic advice from England
To break the sacred javelins both to-
gether.

He. Such shut their eyes to truth ; we
can but set

His lights before them, and his trumpet
sound

Close to their ears ; their partial wilfulness,
In resting blind and deaf, or in perverting,
What their most certain senses apprehend,
Shall nought discomfort our impartial jus-
tice,

Nor clear the desperate fault that doth en-
force it.

[*Enter Vitry.*]

Vz. The peers of France, my lord,
refuse t'appear

At the arraignment of the Duke of Byron.

He. The Court may yet proceed ; and
so command it.

'Tis not their slackness to appear shall
serve

To let my will t'appear in any fact
Wherein the boldest of them tempts my
justice.

I am resolved, and will no more endure
To have my subjects make what I com-
mand

The subject of their oppositions,
Who evermore make slack their allegiance,

As kings forbear their penance. How sus-
tain

Your prisoners their strange durance ?

Vz. One of them,

Which is the Count d'Auvergne, hath
merry spirits,

Fats well and sleeps : and never can
imagine

That any place where he is, is a prison ;
Where on the other part, the Duke Byron,

Enter'd his prison as into his grave,
Rejects all food, sleeps not, nor once lies
down ;

Fury hath arm'd his thoughts so thick with
thorns

That rest can have no entry : he disdains
To grace the prison with the slenderest
show

Of any patience, lest men should conceive
He thought his sufferance in the best sort
fit ;

And holds his bands so worthless of his
worth,

That he impairs it, to vouchsafe to them
The best part of the peace that freedom
owes it :

That patience therein is a willing slavery,
And like the camel stoops to take the
load,

So still he walks ; or rather as a bird,
Enter'd a closet, which unawares is made
His desperate prison, being pursued,
amazed

And wrathful beats his breast from wall to
wall,

Assaults the light, strikes down himself,
not out,

And being taken, struggles, gasps, and
bites,

Takes all his taker's strokings to be strokes,
Abhorreth food, and with a savage will
Frets, pines, and dies for former liberty :

So fares the wrathful Duke ; and when the
strength

Of these dumb rages break out into sounds
He breathes defiance to the world, and
bids us

Make ourselves drunk with the remaining
blood

Of five and thirty wounds received in fight
For us and ours, for we shall never brag
That we have made his spirits check at
death.

This rage in walks and words ; but in his
looks

He comments all, and prints a world of
books.

He. Let others learn by him to curb
their spleens,

Before they be curb'd ; and to cease their grudges.

Now I am settled in my sun of height,
The circular splendour and full sphere of state,

Take all place up from envy : as the sun,
At height, and passive o'er the crowns of men,

His beams diffused, and down-right pour'd on them,

Cast but a little or no shade at all :
So he that is advanced above the heads
Of all his emulators, with high light,
Prevents their envies, and deprives them quite. *[Exeunt.]*

Enter the Chancellor, Harley, Potier, Fleury, in scarlet gowns, La Fin, D'Es-cures, with other officers of state.

Ch. I wonder at the prisoner's so long stay.

Ha. I think it may be made a question
If his impatience will let him come.

Po. Yes, he is now well staid : time and his judgment,

Have cast his passion and his fever off.

Fl. His fever may be past, but for his passions,

I fear we shall find it spiced too hotly,
With his old powder.

D'E. He is sure come forth ;
The carosse of the Marquis of Rosny
Conducted him along to th' arsenal,
Close to the river-side : and there I saw him
Enter a barge cover'd with tapestry,
In which the King's guards waited and received him.

Stand by there, clear the place.

Ch. The prisoner comes :
My Lord La Fin, forbear your sight awhile ;
It may incense the prisoner : who will know,

By your attendance near us, that your hand
Was chief in his discovery ; which as yet,
I think he doth not doubt.

La. I will forbear
Till your good pleasures call me.

[Exit La Fin.]

Ha. When he knows
And sees La Fin accuse him to his face,
The Court I think will shake with his dis-temper.

Enter Vitry, Byron, with others and a guard.

Vi. You see, my lord, 'tis in the golden chamber.

By. The golden chamber? where the greatest kings

Have thought them honour'd to receive a place,

And I have had it ; am I come to stand
In rank and habit here of men arraign'd,
Where I have sat assistant, and been honour'd

With glorious title of the chiefest virtuous,
Where the King's chief solicitor hath said
There was in France no man that ever lived

Whose parts were worth my imitation ;
That but mine own worth I could imitate none :

And that I made myself inimitable
To all that could come after ; whom this Court

Hath seen to sit upon the flower-de-luce
In recompence of my renowned service.
Must I be sat on now by petty judges ?

These scarlet robes, that come to sit and fight

Against my life dismay my valour more,
Than all the bloody cassocks Spain hath brought

To field against it.

Vi. To the bar, my lord.

[He salutes and stands to the bar.]

Ha. Read the indictment.

Ch. Stay, I will invert,
For shortness' sake, the form of our proceedings

And out of all the points the process holds,

Collect five principal, with which we charge you.

1. First you conferr'd with one, called Picoté,

At Orleans born, and into Flanders fled,
To hold intelligence by him with the Arch-duke,

And for two voyages to that effect,
Bestow'd on him five hundred fifty crowns.

2. Next you held treaty with the Duke of Savoy,

Without the King's permission ; offering him

All service and assistance 'gainst all men,
In hope to have in marriage his third daughter.

3. Thirdly, you held intelligence with the Duke,

At taking in of Bourg, and other forts ;
Advising him, with all your prejudice,
'Gainst the King's army and his royal person.

4. The fourth is, that you would have brought the King,
Before Saint Katherine's fort, to be there slain ;

And to that end writ to the governor,
In which you gave him notes to know his
highness.

5. Fifthly, You sent La Fin to treat with
Savoy,
And with the Count Fuentes, of more
plots,

Touching the ruin of the King and realm.
By. All this, my lord, I answer, and
deny.

And first for Picoté : he was my prisoner,
And therefore I might well confer with
him ;

But that our conference tended to the
Archduke

Is nothing so : I only did employ him
To Captain La Fortune, for the reduction
Of Severre to the service of the King,
Who used such speedy diligence therein,
That shortly 'twas assured his Majesty.

2. Next, For my treaty with the Duke
of Savoy,

Roncas, his secretary, having made
A motion to me for the Duke's third
daughter,

I told it to the King, who having since
Given me the understanding by La Force
Of his dislike, I never dream'd of it.

3. Thirdly, For my intelligence with the
Duke,

Advising him against his highness' army :
Had this been true I had not undertaken
Th' assault of Bourg, against the King's
opinion,

Having assistance but by them about me ;
And, having won it for him, had not been
Put out of such a government so easily.

4. Fourthly, For my advice to kill the
King ;

I would beseech his highness' memory
Not to let slip that I alone dissuaded
His viewing of that fort, informing him
It had good mark-men, and he could not
go

But in exceeding danger, which advice
Diverted him, the rather since I said
That if he had desire to see the place
He should receive from me a plot of it ;
Offering to take it with five hundred men,
And I myself wou'd go to the assault.

5. And lastly, For intelligences held
With Savoy and Fuentes, I confess
That being denied to keep the citadel,
Which with incredible peril I had got,
And seeing another honour'd with my
spoils,

I grew so desperate that I found my spirit
Enraged to any act, and wish'd myself
Cover'd with blood.

Ch. With whose blood?

By. With mine own ;

Wishing to live no longer, being denied,
With such suspicion of me, and set will
To rack my furious humour into blood.

And for two months' space I did speak and
write

More than I ought, but have done ever
well,

And therefore your informers have been
false.

And, with intent to tyrannize, suborn'd.

Fl. What if our witnesses come face to
face,

And justify much more than we allege?

By. They must be hirelings, then, and
men corrupted.

Po. What think you of La Fin?

By. I hold La Fin

An honour'd gentleman, my friend and
kinsman.

Ha. If he then aggravate what we
affirm

With greater accusations to your face,
What will you say?

By. I know it cannot be.

Ch. Call in my Lord La Fin.

By. Is he so near,

And kept so close from me? Can all the
world

Make him a traitor?

Enter La Fin.

Ch. I suppose, my lord,
You have not stood within, without the ear
Of what hath here been urged against the
Duke ;

If you have heard it, and upon your know-
ledge

Can witness all is true, upon your soul,
Utter your knowledge.

La. I have heard, my lord,

All that hath pass'd here, and upon my
soul,

(Being charged so urgently in such a Court)
Upon my knowledge I affirm all true ;

And so much more as, had the prisoner
lives

As many as his years, would make all for-
feit.

By. O all ye virtuous powers, in earth
and heaven,

That have not put on hellish flesh and
blood,

From whence these monstrous issues are
produced,

That cannot bear in execrable concord,
And one prodigious subject, contraries ;
Nor (as the isle that of the world admired,

Is sever'd from the world) can cut your-
selves

From the consent and sacred harmony
Of life, yet live; of honour, yet be hon-
our'd;

As this extravagant and errant rogue,
From all your fair decorums and just laws
Finds power to do, and like a loathsome
wen

Sticks to the face of nature and this Court;
Thicken this air, and turn your plaguy
rage

Into a shape as dismal as his sin;
And with some equal horror tear him off
From sight and memory. Let not such a
Court,

To whose fame all the kings of Christen-
dom

Now laid their ears, so crack her royal
trump,

As to sound through it, that her vaunted
justice

Was got in such an incest. Is it justice
To tempt and witch a man to break the
law,

And by that witch condemn him? Let me
draw

Poison into me with this cursed air
If he bewitch'd me and transform'd me
not;

He bit me by the ear, and made me drink
Enchanted waters; let me see an image
That utter'd these distinct words: *Thou
shalt die,*

O wicked king; and if the devil gave him
Such power upon an image, upon me
How might he tyrannize? that by his vows
And oaths so Stygian had my nerves and
will

In more awe than his own. What man is
he

That is so high but he would higher be?
So roundly sighted, but he may be found
To have a blind side, which by craft pur-
sued,

Confederacy, and simply trusted treason,
May wrest him past his angel and his rea-
son?

Ch. Witchcraft can never taint an honest
mind.

Ha. True gold will any trial stand un-
touch'd.

Po. For colours that will stain when they
are tried,

The cloth itself is ever cast aside.

By. Sometimes the very gloss in any-
thing

Will seem a stain; the fault not in the
light,

Nor in the guilty object, but our sight.
My gloss, raised from the richness of my
stuff,

Had too much splendour for the owly eye
Of politic and thankless royalty;
I did deserve too much; a pleurisy
Of that blood in me is the cause I die.

Virtue in great men must be small and
slight,

For poor stars rule where she is exquisite.

'Tis tyrannous and impious policy
To put to death by fraud and treachery;
Slight is then royal when it makes men
live

And if it urge faults, urgeth to forgive.
He must be guiltless that condemns the
guilty.

Like things do nourish like and not de-
stroy them;

Minds must be found that judge affairs of
weight,

And seeing hands, cut corrosives from
your sight.

A lord intelligencer? hangman-like,
Thrust him from human fellowship to the
desert,

Blow him with curses; shall your justice
call

Treachery her father? would you wish her
weigh

My valour with the hiss of such a viper?
What have I done to shun the mortal
shame

Of so unjust an opposition?

My envious stars cannot deny me this,
That I may make my judges witnesses;
And that my wretched fortunes have re-
served

For my last comfort; ye all know, my
lords,

This body, gash'd with five and thirty
wounds,

Whose life and death you have in your
award,

Holds not a vein that hath not open'd
been,

And which I would not open yet again
For you and yours; this hand that writ
the lines

Alleged against me hath enacted still
More good than there it only talk'd of ill.
I must confess my choler hath transferr'd
My tender spleen to all intemperate speech,
But reason ever did my deeds attend.

In worth of praise, and imitation,
Had I borne any will to let them loose,
I could have flesh'd them with bad ser-
vices

In England lately, and in Switzerland;

There are a hundred gentleman by name
Can witness my demeanour in the first,
And in the last ambassador I adjure
No other testimonies than the Seigneurs
De Vic and Sillery, who amply know
In what sort and with what fidelity
I bore myself, to reconcile and knit
In one desire so many wills disjoin'd,
And from the King's allegiance quite with-
drawn.

My acts ask'd many men, though done by
one ;

And [though] I were but one I stood for
thousands,

And still I hold my worth, though not my
place :

Nor slight me, judges, though I be but one.
One man, in one sole expedition,
Reduced into th' imperial power of Rome
Armenia, Pontus, and Arabia,
Syria, Albania, and Iberia,
Conquer'd th' Hyrcanians, and to Cau-
casus

His arm extended ; the Numidians
And Afric to the shores meridional
His power subjected ; and that part of
Spain

Which stood from those parts that Ser-
torius ruled,

Even to the Atlantic sea he conquered.
Th' Albanian kings he from the kingdoms
chased,

And at the Caspian sea their dwellings
placed ;

Of all the earth's globe, by power and his
advice,

The round-eyed ocean saw him victor
thrice.

And what shall let me, but your cruel
doom,

To add as much to France as he to Rome,
And to leave justice neither sword nor word
To use against my life ; this senate knows
That what with one victorious hand I took
I gave to all your uses with another ;

With this I took and propt the falling king-
dom,

And gave it to the King ; I have kept
Your laws of state from fire, and you your-
selves

Fix'd in this high tribunal, from whose
height

The vengeful Saturnals of the League
Had hurl'd ye headlong ; do ye then re-
turn

This retribution ? can the cruel King
The kingdom, laws, and you, all saved by
me,

Destroy their saver ? what, ay me ! I did

Adverse to this, this damn'd enchanter
did,

That took into his will my motion ;
And being bank-rout both of wealth and
worth,

Pursued with quarrels and with suits in
law,

Fear'd by the kingdom, threaten'd by the
King,

Would raise the loathed dunghill of his
ruins

Upon the monumental heap of mine ;
Torn with possessed whirlwinds may he
die,

And dogs bark at his murderous memory.

Ch. My lord, our liberal sufferance of
your speech

Hath made it late, and for this session
We will dismiss you ; take him back, my
lord.

[*Exit Vit. and Byron.*
Ha. You likewise may depart.

[*Exit La Fin.*

Ch. What resteth now
To be decreed 'gainst this great prisoner ?

A mighty merit and a monstrous crime
Are here concurrent ; what by witnesses
His letters and instructions we have proved
Himself confesseth, and excuseth all
With witchcraft and the only act of
thought.

For witchcraft, I esteem it a mere strength
Of rage in him, conceived 'gainst his ac-
cuser,

Who being examined hath denied it all.
Suppose it true, it made him false ; but
wills

And worthy minds witchcraft can never
force.

And for his thoughts that brake not into
deeds,

Time was the cause, not will ; the mind's
free act

In treason still is judged as th' outward
fact.

If his deserts have had a wealthy share
In saving of our land from civil furies,
Manlius had so that saved the Capitol,
Yet for his after traitorous factions
They threw him headlong from the place
he saved.

My definite sentence, then, doth this im-
port :

That we must quench the wild-fire with his
blood

In which it was so traitorously inflamed ;
Unless with it we seek to incense the
land.

The King can have no refuge for his life,
If his be quitted ; this was it that made

Louis th' Eleventh renounce his country-
men,
And call the valiant Scots out of their
kingdom

To use their greater virtues and their faiths
Than his own subjects, in his royal guard.
What then conclude your censures?

Omnes. He must die.

Ch. Draw then his sentence formally,
and send him ;

And so all treasons in his death attend
him. [Exeunt.

Enter Byron, Epernon, Soissons, Janin,
Vidame, D'Escures.

Vid. I joy you had so good a day, my
lord.

By. I won it from them all ; the Chan-
cellor

I answer'd to his uttermost improvements ;
I mov'd my other judges to lament
My insolent misfortunes, and to loathe
The pocky soul and state-bawd, my ac-
cuser.

I made reply to all that could be said
So eloquently, and with such a charm
Of grave enforcements, that methought I
sat,

Like Orpheus, casting reins on savage
beasts ;

At the arm's end, as 'twere, I took my
bar

And set it far above the high tribunal,
Where, like a cedar on Mount Lebanon,
I grew, and made my judges show like
box-trees ;

And box-trees right their wishes would have
made them,

Whence boxes should have grown, till they
had strook

My head into the budget ; but, alas !
I held their bloody arms with such strong
reasons,

And, by your leave, with such a jerk of
wit,

That I fetch'd blood upon the Chancellor's
cheeks.

Methinks I see his countenance as he sat,
And the most lawyerly delivery
Of his set speeches ; shall I play his
part ?

Ep. For heaven's sake, good my lord.

By. I will, i'faith.

"Behold a wicked man, a man debauch'd ;
A man contesting with his King ; a man
On whom, my lord, we are not to con-
nive,

Though we may condole ; a man
That *Læsa Majestate* sought a lease

Of *plus quam satis*. A man that *vi et*
armis

Assail'd the King, and would *per fas et*
nefas

Aspire the kingdom ;" here was lawyer's
learning.

Ep. He said not this, my lord, that I
have heard.

By. 'This, or the like, I swear. I pen no
speeches.

So. Then there is good hope of your
wish'd acquittal.

By. Acquittal ? they have reason ; were I
dead

I know they cannot all supply my place.
Is't possible the King should be so vain
To think he can shake me with fear of
death ?

Or make me apprehend that he intends it ?
Thinks he to make his firmest men his
clouds ?

The clouds, observing their aërial natures,
Are borne aloft, and then to moisture
changed,

Fall to the earth ; where being made thick,
and cold,

They lose both all their heat and levity ;
Yet then again recovering heat and light-
ness,

Again they are advanced : and by the
sun

Made fresh and glorious : and since clouds
are rapt

With these uncertainties, now up, now
down,

Am I to flit so with his smile or frown ?

Ep. I wish your comforts and encour-
agements

May spring out of your safety ; but I hear
The King hath reason'd so against your
life,

And made your most friends yield so to his
reasons

That your estate is fearful.

By. Yield t' his reasons ?

O how friends' reasons and their freedoms
stretch

When power sets his wide tenters to their
sides !

How like a cure, by mere opinion,
It works upon our blood ! like th' ancient
gods

Are modern kings, that lived past bounds
themselves,

Yet set a measure down to wretched men ;
By many sophisms they made good
deceit ;

And, since they pass'd in power, surpass'd
in right :

When kings' wills pass, the stars wink,
and the sun

Suffers eclipse : rude thunder yields to them
His horrid wings : sits smooth as glass
engaz'd ;

And lightning sticks 'twixt heaven and
earth amazed :

Men's faiths are shaken, and the pit of
truth

O'erflows with darkness, in which Justice
sits,

And keeps her vengeance tied to make it
fierce ;

And when it comes, th' increased horrors
show,

Heaven's plague is sure, though full of
state, and slow. *[Within.]*

Sist. O my dear lord and brother, O the
Duke.

By. What sounds are these, my lord?
hark, hark, methinks

I hear the cries of people.

Ep. 'Tis for one,

Wounded in fight here at Saint Anthony's
gate :

By. 'S'oot, one cried the Duke : I pray
harken

Again, or burst yourselves with silence, no :
What countryman's the common headsman
here ?

So. He's a Burgonian.

By. The great devil he is !

The bitter wizard told me, a Burgonian
Should be my headsman ; strange concu-
rences :

'Sdeath ! who's here ?

*Enter four Ushers, bare Chanc., Harley,
Potier, Fleury, Vitry, Prâlin, with
others.*

O then I am but dead,

Now, now ye come all to pronounce my
sentence.

I am condemn'd unjustly : tell my kinsfolks
I die an innocent : if any friend

Pity the ruin of the State's sustainer,

Proclaim my innocence ; ah, Lord Chan-
cellor,

Is there no pardon ? will there come no
mercy ?

Ay, put your hat on, and let me stand bare.
Show yourself a right lawyer.

Ch. I am bare :

What would you have me do ?

By. You have not done

Like a good Justice, and one that knew
He sat upon the precious blood of virtue ;
Y'ave pleased the cruel King, and have
not borne

As great regard to save as to condemn ;
You have condemn'd me, my Lord Chan-
cellor,

But God acquits me. He will open lay
All your close treasons against him, to
colour

Treasons laid to his truest images ;

And you, my lord, shall answer this
injustice,

Before his judgment-seat : to which I
summon

In one year and a day your hot appear-
ance.

I go before, by men's corrupted dooms,
But they that caused my death shall after
come

By the immaculate justice of the Highest.

Ch. Well, good my lord, commend
your soul to him

And to his mercy ; think of that, I pray.

By. Sir, I have thought of it, and every
hour

Since my affliction, ask'd on naked knees
Patience to bear your unbeliev'd injustice :

But you, nor none of you, have thought of
him

In my eviction : y'are come to your benches
With plotted judgments ; your link'd ears

so loud

Sing with prejudicate winds, that nought
is heard

Of all poor prisoners urge 'gainst your
award.

Ha. Passion, my lord, transports your
bitterness

Beyond all colour ; and your proper judg-
ment :

No man hath known your merits more
than I,

And would to God your great misdeeds
had been

As much undone as they have been con-
ceal'd ;

The cries of them for justice, in desert,
Have been so loud and piercing that they

deafen'd

The ears of mercy ; and have labour'd
more

Your judges to compress than to enforce
them.

Po. We bring you here your sentence ;
will you read it ?

By. For heaven's sake, shame to use me
with such rigour ;

I know what it imports, and will not have
Mine ear blown into flames with hearing
it.

Have you been one of them that have con-
demn'd me ?

Fl. My lord, I am your orator : God comfort you!

By. Good sir, my father loved you so entirely

That if you have been one, my soul forgives you.

It is the King (most childish that he is, That takes what he hath given) that injures me :

He gave grace in the first draught of my fault,

And now restrains it : grace again I ask ; Let him again vouchsafe it. Send to him, A post will soon return : the Queen of England

Told me that if the wilful Earl of Essex Had used submission, and but ask'd her mercy,

She would have given it, past resumption. She, like a gracious princess, did desire To pardon him : even as she pray'd to God,

He would let down a pardon unto her ; He yet was guilty, I am innocent :

He still refused grace, I importune it.

Ch. This ask'd in time, my lord, while he besought it,

And ere he had made his severity known, Had, with much joy to him, I know been granted.

By. No, no, his bounty then was misery, To offer when he knew 'twould be refused ; He treads the vulgar path of all advantage, And loves men for their vices, not their virtues.

My service would have quicken'd gratitude In his own death, had he been truly royal ; It would have stirr'd the image of a king Into perpetual motion ; to have stood Near the conspiracy restrain'd at Mantes ; And in a danger, that had then the wolf To fly upon his bosom, had I only held Intelligence with the conspirators, Who stuck at no check but my loyalty, Nor kept life in their hopes but in my death.

The siege of Amiens would have soften'd rocks,

Where cover'd all in showers of shot and fire,

I seem'd to all men's eyes a fighting flame With bullets cut, in fashion of a man ;

A sacrifice to valour, impious king ! Which he will needs extinguish with my blood.

Let him beware : justice will fall from heaven

In the same form I served in that siege, And by the light of that, he shall discern

What good my ill hath brought him ; it will nothing

Assure his state : the same quench he hath cast

Upon my life, shall quite put out his fame. This day he loseth what he shall not find

By all days he survives ; so good a servant, Nor Spain so great a foe ; with whom, alas !

Because I treated am I put to death ?

'Tis but a politic glose ; my courage raised me,

For the dear price of five and thirty scars, And that hath ruin'd me, I thank my stars : Come, I'll go where ye will, ye shall not lead me.

Ch. I fear his frenzy ; never saw I man

Of such a spirit so amazed at death.

Ha. He alters every minute : what a vapour

The strongest mind is to a storm of crosses. [*Exeunt.*]

Manet Epernon, Soissons, Janin, Vidame, D'Escures.

Ep. Oh of what contraries consists a man !

Of what impossible mixtures ! vice and virtue,

Corruption, and eternesse, at one time, And in one subject, let together, loose !

We have not any strength but weakens us, No greatness but doth crush us into air.

Our knowledges do light us but to err, Our ornaments are burthens : our delights

Are our tormenters ; fiends that, raised in fears,

At parting shake our roofs about our ears.

So. O Virtue, thou art now far worse than Fortune :

Her gifts stuck by the Duke when thine are vanish'd,

Thou bravest thy friend in need : necessity,

That used to keep thy wealth, contempt, thy love,

Have both abandon'd thee in his extremes, Thy powers are shadows, and thy comfort,

dreams.

Vid. O real goodness, if thou be a power,

And not a word alone, in humane uses, Appear out of this angry conflagration,

Where this great captain, thy late temple, burns,

And turn his vicious fury to thy flame : From all earth's hopes mere gilded with thy fame :

Let piety enter with her willing cross,
And take him on it; ope his breast and
arms,
To all the storms, necessity can breathe,
And burst them all with his embraced
death.

Ja. Yet are the civil tumults of his
spirits

Hot and outrageous: not resolved, alas!
(Being but one man) render the kingdom's
doom;

He doubts, storms, threatens, rues, com-
plains, implores;

Grief hath brought all his forces to his
looks,

And nought is left to strengthen him
within,

Nor lasts one habit of those grieved as-
pects;

Blood expels paleness, paleness blood doth
chase,

And sorrow errs through all forms in his
face.

D.E. So furious is he, that the politic law
Is much to seek, how to enact her sentence:
Authority back'd with arms, though he
unarm'd,

Abhors his fury, and with doubtful eyes
Views on what ground it should sustain his
ruins,

And as a savage boar that (hunted long,
Assail'd and set up) with his only eyes
Swimming in fire, keeps off the baying
hounds,

Though sunk himself, yet holds his anger
up,

And snows it forth in foam; holds firm his
stand,

Of battalous bristles; feeds his hate to die,
And whets his tusks with wrathful majesty:
So fares the furious Duke, and with his
looks

Doth teach death horrors; makes the
hangman learn

New habits for his bloody impudence,
Which now habitual horror from him drives,
Who for his life shuns death, by which he
lives.

Enter Chancellor, Harley, Potier,
Fleury, Vitry.

Vi. Will not your lordship have the
Duke distinguish'd

From other prisoners? where the order is
To give up men condemn'd into the hands
Of th' executioner; he would be the death,
Of him that he should die by, ere he suf-
fer'd

Such an abjection.

Ch. But to bind his hands,
I hold it passing needful.

Ha. 'Tis my lord,

And very dangerous to bring him loose.

Pr. You will in all despair and fury
plunge him,
If you but offer it.

Po. My lord, by this

The prisoner's spirit is something pacified,
And 'tis a fear that th' offer of those bands
Would breed fresh furies in him, and dis-
turb

The entry of his soul into her peace.

Ch. I would not that for any possible
danger,

That can be wrought by his unarmed
hands,

And therefore in his own form bring him
in.

Enter Byron, a bishop or two, with all the
guards, soldiers with muskets.

By. Where shall this weight fall? on
what region,

Must this declining prominent pour his
load?

I'll break my blood's high billows 'gainst
my stars.

Before this hill be shook into a flat,
All France shall feel an earthquake; with
what murmur,

This world shrinks into chaos!

Arch. Good, my lord,

Forego it willingly; and now resign
Your sensual powers entirely to your soul.

By. Horror of death, let me alone in
peace,

And leave my soul to me, whom it con-
cerns;

You have no charge of it; I feel her free:
How she doth rouse, and like a falcon
stretch

Her silver wings; as threatening death
with death;

At whom I joyfully will cast her off.

I know this body but a sink of folly,
The ground-work and raised frame of woe
and frailty;

The bond and bundle of corruption;
A quick corse, only sensible of grief,
A walking sepulchre, or household thief:
A glass of air, broken with less than breath,
A slave bound face to face to death, till
death.

And what said all you more? I know, be-
sides,

That life is but a dark and stormy night,
Of senseless dreams, terrors, and broken
sleeps;

A tyranny, devising pains to plague
And make man long in dying, racks his
death ;
And death is nothing ; what can you say
more ?

I bring a long globe, and a little earth,
Am seated like earth, betwixt both the
heavens,

That if I rise, to heaven I rise ; if fall,
I likewise fall to heaven ; what stronger
faith

Hath any of your souls ? what say you
more ?

Why lose I time in these things ? Talk of
knowledge,
It serves for inward use. I will not
die

Like to a clergyman ; but like the cap-
tain

That pray'd on horseback, and with sword
in hand,

Threaten'd the sun, commanding it to
stand ;

These are but ropes of sand.

Ch. Desire you then

To speak with any man ?

By. I would speak with La Force and
Saint Blancart.

Do they fly me ?

Where is Prevost, controller of my house ?

Pr. Gone to his house ith' country three
days since.

By. He should have stay'd here, he
keeps all my blanks.

Oh all the world forsakes me ! wretched
world,

Consisting most of parts that fly each
other ;

A firmness, breeding all inconstancy,
A bond of all disjunction ; like a man

Long buried, is a man that long hath
lived ;

Touch him, he falls to ashes ; for one
fault,

I forfeit all the fashion of a man ;

Why should I keep my soul in this dark
light,

Whose black beams lighted me to lose my
self ?

When I have lost my arms, my fame, my
wind,

Friends, brother, hopes, fortunes, and even
my fury ?

O happy were the man could live alone,
To know no man, nor be of any known !

Ha. My lord, it is the manner once
again

To read the sentence.

By. Yet more sentences ?

How often will you make me suffer death,
As ye were proud to hear your powerful
dooms ?

I know and feel you were the men that gave
it,

And die most cruelly to hear so often
My crimes and bitter condemnation urged.

Suffice it I am brought here, and obey,
And that all here are privy to the crimes.

Ch. It must be read, my lord, no re-
medy.

By. Read, if it must be, then, and I must
talk.

Ha. The process being extraordinarily
made and examined by the Court, and
chambers assembled—

By. Condemn'd for depositions of a
witch ?

The common deposition, and her whore
To all whorish perjuries and treacheries.

Sure he call'd up the devil in my spi-
rits,

And made him to usurp my faculties :

Shall I be cast away now he's cast
out ?

What justice is in this ? dear country-
men,

Take this true evidence, betwixt heaven
and you,

And quit me in your hearts.

Ch. Go on.

Ha. Against Charles Gontaut of Byron,
Knight of both the Orders, Duke of Byron,

Peer and Marshal of France, Governor of
Burgundy, accused of treason, in a sentence

was given the twenty-second of this month,
condemning the said Duke of Byron of

high treason, for his direct conspiracies
against the King's person, enterprises

against his state—

By. That is most false ; let me for ever
be

Deprived of heaven, as I shall be of
earth,

If it be true ; know, worthy countrymen,
These two and twenty months I have been
clear

Of all attempts against the king and
state.

Ha. Treaties and treacheries with his
enemies, being Marshal of the King's army,

for reparation of which crimes they de-
prived him of all his estates, honours, and

dignities, and condemned him to lose his
head upon a scaffold at the Greave.

By. The Greave ? had that place stood
for my dispatch

I had not yielded ; all your forces should
not

Stir me one foot, wild horses should have drawn
My body piecemeal ere you all had brought me.

Ha. Declaring all his goods, moveable and immovable, whatsoever, to be confiscate to the King, the Seignury of Byron to lose the title of Duchy and Peer for ever.

By. Now is your form contented?

Ch. Ay, my lord,
And I must now entreat you to deliver Your order up; the King demands it of you.

By. And I restore it, with my vow of safety
In that world where both he and I are one,
I never brake the oath I took to take it.

Ch. Well, now, my lord, we'll take our latest leaves,
Beseeching heaven to take as clear from you

All sense of torment in your willing death,
All love and thought of what you must leave here

As when you shall aspire heaven's highest sphere.

By. Thanks to your lordship, and let me pray too
That you will hold good censure of my life

By the clear witness of my soul in death
That I have never pass'd act 'gainst the King,

Which, if my faith had let me undertake,
They had been three years since amongst the dead.

Ha. Your soul shall find his safety in her own.

Call the executioner.

By. Good sir, I pray
Go after and beseech the Chancellor
That he will let my body be interr'd
Amongst my predecessors at Byron.

D'E. I go, my lord. [*Exit.*]

By. Go, go! can all go thus,
And no man come with comfort? Farewell,
world!

He is at no end of his actions blest
Whose ends will make him greatest, and
not best;

They tread no ground, but ride in air on
storms

That follow state, and hunt their empty
forms;

Who see not that the valleys of the
world

Make even right with mountains, that they
grow

Green and lie warmer, and ever peaceful
are,

When clouds spit fire at hills and burn
them bare;

Not valleys' part, but we should imitate
streams,

That run below the valleys and do yield
To every molehill, every bank embrace

That checks their currents, and when tor-
rents come,

That swell and raise them past their natural
height,

How mad they are, and troubled, like low
streams

With torrents crown'd, are men with dia-
dems.

Vi. My lord, 'tis late; will't please you
to go up?

By. Up? 'tis a fair preferment—ha, ha,
ha!

There should go shouts to upshots; not a
breath

Of any mercy, yet? Come, since we
must;

Who's this?

Pr. The executioner, my lord.

By. Death! slave, down! or by the blood
that moves me

I'll pluck thy throat out; go, I'll call you
straight,

Hold, boy; and this—

Hang. Soft, boy, I'll bar you that.

By. Take this then, yet, I pray thee, that
again

I do not joy in sight of such a pageant
As presents death; though this life have a
curse,

'Tis better than another that is worse.

Arch. My lord, now you are blind to this
world's sight,

Look upward to a world of endless
light.

By. Ay, ay, you talk of upward still to
others,

And downwards look, with headlong eyes,
yourselves.

Now come you up, sir; but not touch me yet;
Where shall I be now?

Hang. Here, my lord.

By. Where's that?

Hang. There, there, my lord.

By. And where, slave, is that there?
Thou seest I see not? yet I speak as I

saw;

Well, now, is't fit?

Hang. Kneel, I beseech your grace,
That I may do mine office with most
order.

By. Do it, and if at one blow thou art
short,
Give one and thirty, I'll endure them
all.

Hold; stay a little. Comes there yet no
mercy?

High heaven curse these exemplary pro-
ceedings,
When justice fails, they sacrifice our
example.

Hang. Let me beseech you I may cut
your hair.

By. Out, ugly image of my cruel jus-
tice!
Yet wilt thou be before me? stay my
will,

Or by the will of heaven I'll strangle
thee.

Vi. My lord, you make too much of
this your body,

Which is no more your own.

By. Nor is it yours;
I'll take my death with all the horrid
rites

And representations of the dread it merits;
Let tame nobility and numbed fools

That apprehend not what they undergo,
Be such exemplary and formal sheep;

I will not have him touch me till I
will;

If you will needs rack me beyond my
reason,

Hell take me but I'll strangle half that's
here,

And force the rest to kill me. I'll leap
down

If but once more they tempt me to de-
spair.

You wish my quiet, yet give cause of
fury:

Think you to set rude winds upon the
sea,

Yet keep it calm? or cast me in a sleep
With shaking of my chains about mine
ears?

O honest soldiers, you have seen me
free

From any care of many thousand deaths;
Yet of this one the manner doth amaze
me.

View, view this wounded bosom, how much
bound

Should that man make me that would
shoot it through.

Is it not pity I should lose my life
By such a bloody and infamous stroke?

VOL. I.

Soldier. Now by thy spirit, and thy
better angel,

If thou wert clear, the continent of
France

Would shrink beneath the burthen of thy
death

Ere it would bear it.

Vi. Who's that?

Sol. I say well,

And clear your justice, here is no ground
shrinks;

If he were clear it would; and I say
more,

Clear, or not clear, if he with all his foul-
ness,

Stood here in one scale, and the King's
chief minion

Stood in another, here, put here a par-
don,

Here lay a royal gift, this, this in merit,
Should hoise the other minion into air.

Vi. Hence with that frantic.

By. This is some poor witness

That my desert might have outweigh'd my
forfeit:

But danger haunts desert when he is
greatest;

His hearty ills are proved out of his
glances,

And kings' suspicions needs no balances;
So here's a most decretal end of me:

Which I desire, in me, may end my
wrongs.

Commend my love, I charge you, to my
brothers,

And by my love and misery command
them

To keep their faiths that bind them to the
King,

And prove no stomachers of my misfor-
tunes;

Nor come to Court till time hath eaten
out

The blots and scars of my opprobrious
death.

And tell the Earl, my dear friend of D'Au-
vergne,

That my death utterly were free from
grief

But for the sad loss of his worthy friend-
ship;

And if I had been made for longer life
I would have more deserved him in my
service;

Beseeching him to know I have not used
One word in my arraignment that might
touch him,

Had I no other want than so ill mean-
ing.

And so farewell for ever. Never more
 Shall any hope of my revival see me.
 Such is the endless exile of dead men.
 Summer succeeds the spring ; autumn the
 summer ;
 The frosts of winter, the fall'n leaves of
 autumn :
 All these, and all fruits in them yearly
 fade,
 And every year return : but cursed man
 Shall never more renew his vanish'd
 face.
 Fall on your knees then, statists, ere ye
 fall,

That you may rise again : knees bent too
 late,
 Stick you in earth like statues : see in me
 How you are pour'd down from your
 clearest heavens ;
 Fall lower yet, mix'd with th' unmoved
 centre,
 That your own shadows may no longer
 mock ye.
 Strike, strike, O strike ; fly, fly, command-
 ing soul,
 And on thy wings for this thy body's
 breath,
 Bear the eternal victory of death.

May-Day.*

ACT THE FIRST.

SCENE I.

Chorus juvenum cantantes and saltantes.
[*Exeunt saltan.*]

Interim, Intrat Lorenzo, papers in his hand.

Lo. Well done, my lusty bloods, well done. Fit, fit observance for this May morning; not the May-month alone, they take when it comes; nor the first week of that month, nor the first day; but the first minute of the first hour of the first day. Lose no time, bloods, lose no time; though the sun go to bed never so much before you, yet be you up before him; call the golden sluggard from the silver arms of his lady to light you into yours: when your old father January here in one of his last days, thrusts his forehead into the depth of May's fragrant bosom, what may you Aprils perform then! O, what what may you do! Well, yet will I say thus much for myself, wheresoever the affections of youth are, there must needs be the instruments, and where the instruments are, there must of necessity be the faculties. What, am I short of them then? A sound old man, ably constituted, wholesomely dieted, that took his May temperately at their ages, and continued his own, why should he not continue their ages in his own? By the mass, I feel nothing that stands against it, and, therefore, sweet May, I salute thee with the youngest; I have love to employ thee in, as well as the proudest young princeton; and so have at you, mistress Franceschina; have at you, mistress Frank; I'll spread my nets for you, i'faith, though they be my very purse-nets, wherein what heart will not willingly lie panting?

* "*May-Day.* A witty Comedie, divers times acted at the Blacke Fryers. Written by George Chapman. London. Printed for Iohn Browne, dwelling in Fleetstreete in Saint Dunstones Church-yard. 1611."

Enter Angelo.

An. How now? God's my life, I wondered what made this May morning so cold, and now I see 'tis this January that intrudes into it; what paper is that he holds in hand, throw we?

Lo. Here have I put her face in rhyme, but I fear my old vein will not stretch to her contentment.

"O hair, no hair but beams stol'n from the sun."

An. Out upon her; if it be she that I think, she has a fox-red cranion.

Lo. "A forehead that disdain the name of fair."

An. And reason, for 'tis a foul one.

Lo. "A matchless eye."

An. True, her eyes be not matches.

Lo. "A cheek vermilion red."

An. Painted, I warrant you.

Lo. "A far-commanding mouth."

An. It stretches to her ears, indeed.

Lo. "A nose made out of wax."

An. A red nose, in sincerity.

Lo. This could I send; but person, person does it. A good presence, to bear out a good wit; a good face, a pretty Court leg, and a deft dapper personage; no superfluous dimensions, but fluent in competence; for it is not Hector but Paris, not the full armful, but the sweet handful that ladies delight in.

An. O notable old winyard!

Lo. Such a size of humanity now, and brain enough in it, it is not in the strength of a woman to withstand: well, she may hold out a parley or two, for 'tis a weak fort that obeys at the first or second summons; if she resist the third, she is discharged, though she yield in future; for then it appears it was no fault of hers, but the man that would take no denial. What rests now? means for access. True. O an honest bawd were worth gold now.

An. A plague upon him, I had thought to have appeared to him, but now if I do he will take me for the man he talks on. I will therefore post by his dull eyesight, as in haste of business.

Lo. What, Signor Angelo? soft, I command you.

An. God's precious! what mean you, sir?

Lo. I would be loth to be outrun, I assure you, sir; was I able to stay you?

An. Your ability stood too stiff, sir; be-shrew me else.

Lo. O most offenceless fault; I would thou would'st blaze my imperfection to one thou know'st, i'faith.

An. Well, sir, another time tell me where she is, and I'll do so much for you gratis. Good morrow, sir.

Lo. Nay, stay, good Angelo.

An. My business says nay, sir; you have made me stay to my pain, sir, I thank you.

Lo. Not a whit, man, I warrant thee.

An. Go to, then; briefly, to whom shall I commend your imperfections? Will you tell me if I name her?

Lo. That I will, i'faith, boy.

An. Is not her hair "no hair, but beams stol'n from the sun?"

Lo. Black, black as an ouzel.

An. "A forehead that disdains the name of fair?"

Lo. Away, witch, away!

An. "A matchless eye?"

Lo. Nay, fie, fie, fie! I see th'art a very devil, Angelo. And in earnest, I jested when I said my desire of thy friendship touched myself, for it concerns a friend of mine just of my standing.

An. To whom, then, would he be remembered that I can solicit?

Lo. To sweet Mistress Franceschina, with whom I hear thou art ready to lie down, thou art so great with her.

An. I am as great as a near kinsman may be with her, sir, not otherwise.

Lo. A good consanguinity; and good Angelo, to her wilt thou deliver from my friend, in all secrecy, these poor brace of bracelets?

An. Perhaps I will, sir, when I know what the gentleman and his intent is.

Lo. Never examine that, man; I would not trouble you with carrying too much at once to her; only tell her such a man will resolve her, naming me; and I do not greatly care if I take the pains to come to her, so I stay not long and be let in privily; and so, without making many words, here they be. Put them up closely, I beseech thee, and deliver them as closely.

An. Well, sir, I love no contention with friends, and therefore pocket many things that otherwise I would not; but I pray, sir,

license me a question. Do not I know this gentleman that offers my cousin this kindness?

Lo. Never saw'st him in thy life, at least never knew'st him; but for his bounty sake to all his well-willers, if this message be friendly discharged, I may chance put a dear friend of him into your bosom, sir, and make you profitably acquainted.

An. But I pray you, sir, is he not a well elderly gentleman?

Lo. Wide, wide; as young as day, I protest to thee.

An. I know he is young too, but that is in ability of body; but is he not a pretty little squat gentleman as you shall see amongst a thousand?

Lo. Still from the cushion, still; tall and high, like a cedar.

An. I know he is tall also, but it is in his mind, sir; and "it is not Hector but Paris, not the full armful but the sweet handful," that a lady delights to dandle.

Lo. Now the good devil take thee, if there be any such in hell! I beseech thee—

An. Well, well, Signor Lorenzo, i'faith, the little squire is thought to be as peerless a piece of flesh, for a piece of flesh, as any hunts the whole pale of Venus, I protest t'ye.

Lo. I cannot contain myself, i'faith, boy; if the wenches come in my walk, I give 'em that they come for; I dally not with 'hem.

An. I know you do not, sir; his dallying days be done.

Lo. It is my infirmity, and I cannot do without, to die for't.

An. I believe you, sir.

Lo. There are certain envious old fellows, my neighbours, that say I am one unwieldy and stiff: Angelo, didst ever hear any wench complain of my stiffness?

An. Never in my life; your old neighbours measure you by themselves.

Lo. Why, there's the matter then.

An. But, i'faith, sir, do you ever hope to win your purpose at my losing hands, knowing her, as all the world does, a woman of that approved lowliness of life, and so generally tried?

Lo. As for that, take thou no care; she's a woman, is she not?

An. Sure I do take her to have the flesh and blood of a woman.

Lo. Then good enough, or then bad enough, this token shall be my gentleman usher to prepare my access, and then let me alone with her.

An. Ay, marry sir, I think you would

be alone with her : well, sir, I will do my best, but if your gentleman usher should not get entrance for you now, it would be a grief to me.

Enter Gasparo, an old clown.

Lo. Fear it not, man ; gifts and gold take the strong'st hold. Away, here comes a snudge that must be my son-in-law ; I would be loth he should suspect these tricks of youth in me, for fear he fear my daughter will trot after me.

An. Fare you well, sir. [*Exit.*]

Ga. Godge you God morrow, sir ; godge you God morrow.*

Lo. God morrow, neighbour Gasparo ; I have talked with my daughter, whom I do yet find a green young plant, and therefore unapt to bear such ripe fruit, I think I might have said rotten, as yourself. But she is at my disposition, and shall be at yours in the end ; here's my hand, and with my hand take hers.

Ga. Nay, by my faith, sir, you must give me leave to shake her portion by the hand first.

Lo. It is ready told for you, sir ; come home when you will, and receive it [*Enter Emilia*] ; and see, yonder she comes ; away, she cannot yet abide you, because she fears she can abide you too well.

Ga. Well, I will come for her portion, sir, and till then, God take you to his mercy. [*Exit.*]

Lo. Adieu, my good son-in-law, I'll not interrupt her ; let her meditate a my late motion. [*Exit.*]

Em. 'Tis strange to see the impiety of parents,

Both privileged by custom, and profess'd
The holy institution of heaven,
Ordaining marriage for proportion'd
minds,

For our chief humane comforts, and t'increase

The loved images of God in men,
Is now perverted to th' increase of
wealth ;

We must bring riches forth, and like the
cuckoo

Hatch others' eggs ; join house to house, in
choices

Fit timber-logs and stones, not men and
women ;

Enter Aurelio.

Ay me, here's one I must shun, would
embrace. [*Exit.*]

Au. O stay and hear me speak or see
me die.

Enter Lodovico and Giacomo.

Lod. How now ! what have we here ?
what a loathsome creature man is being
drunk ; is it not pity to see a man of good
hope, a toward scholar, writes a theme
well, scans a verse very well, and likely in
time to make a proper man, a good leg,
specially in a boot, valiant, well-spoken,
and in a word, what not ? and yet all this
overthrown as you see—drowned, quite
drowned, in a quart pot.

Gia. O these same wicked healths breed
monstrous diseases.

Lod. Aurelio, speak, man—Aurelio !

Gia. Pray heaven all be well.

Lod. O speak if any spark of speech
remain,

It is thy dear Emilia that calls.

Au. Well, well, it becomes not a friend
to touch the deadly wounds of his friend
with a smiling countenance.

Lod. Touch thee ? 'Sblood, I could find
in my heart to beat thee—up, in a fool's
name, up ; what a scene of foppery have
we here !

Au. Prithee have done.

Lod. Up, cuckoo, Cupid's bird, or by this
light I'll fetch thy father to thee.

Au. Good Lodovico, if thou lovest me,
leave me ; thou comest to counsel me from
that which is joined with my soul in eter-
nity ; I must and will do what I do.

Lod. Do so then, and I protest thou shalt
never lick thy lips after my kinswoman
while thou livest : I had thought to have
spoken for thee, if thou hadst taken a
manly course with her, but to fold up
thysel' like an urchin, and lie a-calving to
bring forth a husband, I am ashamed to
think on't. 'Sblood, I have heard of
wenches that have been won with singing
and dancing, and some with riding, but
never heard of any that was won with
tumbling in my life.

Au. If thou knew'st how vain thou
seem'st.

Lod. I do it of purpose, to show how
vain I hold thy disease. 'Sheart, art thou
the first that has shot at a wench's heart
and missed it ? must that shot that missed
her wound thee ? Let her shake her heels, in
a shrew's name : were she my cousin a

* *i.e.*, God gi'e you good morrow. This cur-
tailed form of the expression is frequent in the
Elizabethan dramatists.—ED.

thousand times, and if I were as thee, I would make her shake her heels too, afore I would shake mine thus.

Au. O vanity, vanity!

Lod. 'Sdeath, if any wench should offer to keep possession of my heart against my will, I'd fire her out with sack and sugar, or smoke her out with tobacco like a hornet, or purge for her, for love is but a humour; one way or other I would vent her, that's infallible.

Au. For shame hold thy tongue; methinks thy wit should feel how stale are these love-storms, and with what general privilege love pierces the worthiest. Seek to help thy friend, not mock him.

Lod. Marry, seek to help thyself then, in a halter's name; do not lie in a ditch, and say God help me; use the lawful tools he hath lent thee. Up, I say, I will bring thee to her.

Au. She'll not endure me.

Lod. She shall endure thee, do the worst thou canst to her, ay, and endure thee till thou canst not endure her; but then thou must use thyself like a man, and a wise man; how deep soever she is in thy thoughts, carry not the prints of it in thy looks: be bold and careless, and stand not sauntering afar off, as I have seen you, like a dog in a furmety-pot, that licks his chops and wags his tail, and fain would lay his lips to it, but he fears 'tis too hot for him; that's the only way to make her too hot for thee. He that holds religious and sacred thought of a woman, he that bears so reverend a respect to her that he will not touch her but with a kissed hand and a timorous heart, he that adores her like his goddess, let him be sure she will shun him like her slave. Alas! good souls, women of themselves are tractable and tactable enough, and would return *quid* for *quod* still, but we are they that spoil 'em, and we shall answer for't another day. We are they that put a kind of wanton melancholy into 'em, that makes 'em think their noses bigger than their faces, greater than the sun in brightness; and whereas nature made 'em but half fools, we make 'em all fool. And this is our palpable flattery of them, where they had rather have plain dealing. Well, in conclusion, I'll to her instantly, and if I do not bring her to thee, or at least some special favour from her, as a feather from her fan, or a string from her shoe, to wear in thy hat, and so forth, then never trust my skill in poultry whilst thou livest again.

[*Exit.*

Enter Quintiliano, Innocentio, Francesca, Angelo, and Fannio.

Fr. Thou shalt not to the wars, or if thou do'st, I'll bear thee company, dear Quint; do not offer to forsake me.

Qu. Hands off, wife; hang not upon me thus; how can I maintain thee but by using my valour? and how can I use that but in action and employment? Go in; play at cards with your cousin Angelo here, and let it suffice I love thee.

An. Come, sweet cousin, do not cloy your husband with your love so, especially to hinder his preferment; who shall the Duke have to employ in these martial necessities if not Captain Quintiliano? He bears an honourable mind, and 'tis pity but he should have employment. Let him get a company now, and he will be able to maintain you like a duchess hereafter.

In. Well said, Signor Angelo; gossave me, you speak like a true cousin indeed; does he not, Quint?

Qu. He does so, and I thank him; yet see how the fool puts finger i'th'eye still.

An. I'll cheer her up, I warrant you, Captain; come, coz, let's in to tables.

In. Farewell, sweet mistress.

Fr. Farewell, my good servant.

An. Now take away thy hand, and show thou didst laugh all this while; good Lord, who would not marry to have so kind a wife make much on him? [*Exit.*

Qu. After, boy, give your attendance.

Fa. Could you not spare me money for mine hostess where you put me to board? Y'are a whole fortnight in arrerages.

Qu. Attend, I say; the hostess of the Lion has a leg like a giant; want for nothing, boy, so she score truly.

Fa. Faith sir, she has chalked up twenty shillings already, and swears she will chalk no more.

Qu. Then let her choke, and choke thou with her: 'sblood hobby-horse, and she had chalked up twenty pounds, I hope the world knows I am able to pay it with a wet finger.

Fa. Alas! sir, I think y'are able, but the world does not know it.

Qu. Then the world's an ignorant, sir, and you are an innocent; vanish, boy, away.

Fa. I hope he will foist some money for my score out of this gull here. [*Exit.*

In. 'Tis a plaguy good wag, Quint, is't not?

Qu. I'll make him a good one ere I ha' done with him ; but this same loving fool my wife now will never leave weeping till I make her believe I will not have a company. Who would be cumbered with these soft-hearted creatures, that are ever in extremes, either too kind or too unkind ?

In. Save me, 'tis true ; 'tis a hard thing must please 'em, in sadness.

Qu. Damn me if I do not pity her with my heart ; plague on her kindness ! she has half persuaded me to take no company.

In. Nay, sweet Quint ; then how shall I be a lieutenant ?

Qu. Well, and my promise were not past to thee, I am a villain if all the world should part Frank and me ; think I love thee therefore, and will do thee credit. It will cost me a great deal a this same foolish money to buy me drum and ensign, and furnish me thoroughly, but the best is I know my credit.

In. 'Sfoot, Quint, we'll want no money, man ; I'll make my row of houses fly first.

Qu. Let 'em walk, let 'em walk ; candle-rents : if the wars hold, or a plague come to the town, they'll be worth nothing.

In. True, or while I am beyond sea, some sleepy wench may set fire i' th' bed-straw.

Qu. Right, or there may come an earthquake and overturn 'em.

In. Just, or there may be conjuring, and the wind may down with 'em.

Qu. Or some crafty pettifogger may find a hole in the title ; a thousand casualties belongs to 'em.

In. Nay, they shall walk, that's certain. I'll turn 'em into money.

Qu. That's thy most husbandly course, i'faith, boy ; thou may'st have twenty i' th' hundred for thy life ; I'll be thy man for two hundred.

In. Wilt, i'faith, Quint ? gossave me, 'tis done.

Qu. For your life, not otherwise.

In. Well, I desire no more, so you'll remember me for my lieutenantship.

Qu. Remember thee ! 'tis thine own already, boy, a hundred pounds shall not buy it from thee ; give me thy hand, I do here create thee Lieutenant Innocentio.

In. If you have a company, captain.

Qu. If I have : damn me if such another word do not make me put thee out ath' place again ; if I have a company, 'sfoot ! let the Duke deny me one ; I would 'twere come to that once, that employment should go with the undeserver, while men of ser-

vice sit at home, and feed their hunger with the blood of red lattices. Let the Duke deny me to-day, I'll renounce him to-morrow. I'll to the enemy point blank ; I'm a villain else.

In. And I, by heaven, I swear.

Qu. Well, if that day come, it will prove a hot day with somebody.

In. But, Captain, did you not say that you would enter me at an ordinary, that I might learn to converse ?

Qu. When thou wilt, Lieutenant ; no better time than now, for now th'art in good clothes, which is the most material point for thy entrance there.

In. Ay, but how should I behave myself ?

Qu. Marry, sir, when you come first in you shall see a crew of gallants of all sorts.

In. Nay, Captain, if I come first in I shall see nobody.

Qu. Tush, man, you must not do so, if you have good clothes and will be noted, let 'em all come in afore you, and then as I said shall you see a lusty crew of gallants, some gentlemen, some none ; but that's all one ; he that bears himself like a gentleman, is worthy to have been born a gentleman : some aged have beards, and some have none, some have money, and some have none, yet all must have meat : now will all these, I say, at your first entrance wonder at you, as at some strange owl, examine your person, and observe your bearing for a time. Do you then ath' tother side seem to neglect their observance as fast, let your countenance be proof against all eyes, not yielding or confessing in it any inward defect. In a word be impudent enough, for that's your chief virtue of society.

In. Is that ? 'faith and I need not learn that : I have that by nature, I thank God.

Qu. So much the better ; for nature is far above art or judgment. Now for your behaviour ; let it be free and negligent, not clogged with ceremony or observance ; give no man honour, but upon equal terms ; for look how much thou givest any man above that, so much thou takest from thyself ; he that will once give the wall, shall quickly be thrust into the kennel ; measure not thy carriage by any man's eye, thy speech by no man's ear, but be resolute and confident in doing and saying, and this is the grace of a right gentleman, as thou art.

In. 'Sfoot, that I am, I hope ; I am sure

my father has been twice Warden on's Company.

Qu. That's not a pear matter, man; there's no prescription for gentility but good clothes and impudence: for your place, take it as it falls, but so as you think no place too good for you; fall to with ceremony whatsoever the company be; and as near as you can, when they are in their mutton, be thou in thy woodcock—it shows resolution. Talk anything, thou carest not what, so it be without offence, and as near as thou canst without sense.

In. Let me alone for that, captain, I warrant you.

Qu. If you chance to tell a lie, you must bind it with some oath, as "by this bread;" for bread's a binder, you know.

In. True.

Qu. And yet take heed you swear by no man's bread but your own, for that may breed a quarrel; above all things you must carry no coals.

In. By heaven not I; I'll freeze to death first.

Qu. Well, sir, one point more I must remember you of. After dinner there will be play, and if you would be counted complete, you must venture amongst them; for otherwise, they'll take you for a scholar or a poet, and so fall into contempt of you; for there is no virtue can scape the account of baseness if it get money, but gaming and law; yet must you not lose much money at once, for that argues little wit at all times.

In. As gossave me, and that's my fault; for if I be in once, I shall lose all I have about me.

Qu. Is true, Lieutenant? by'r lady, sir, I'll be your moderator; therefore let me see, how much money have you about you?

In. Not much; some twenty mark or twenty pound in gold.

[*A purse of twenty pound in gold.*]

Qu. 'Tis too much to lose, by my faith, Lieutenant; give me your purse, sir; hold ye, here's two brace of angels: you shall venture that, for fashion sake. I'll keep the rest for you, till you have done play.

In. That will be all one, for when that's lost I shall never leave till I get the rest from you; for I know thou wilt let me have it if I ask it.

Qu. Not a penny, by this gold.

In. Prithee do not then: as gossave me and you do—

Qu. And I do, hang me: come let's to the Duke. [Exit.]

END OF ACT I.

ACT THE SECOND.

SCENE I.

Enter Lucretia and Temperance, several ways.

Te. Nay, mistress, pray e'en go in again, for I have some inward news for you.

Lu. What are those, pray?

Te. 'Tis no matter, mistress, till you come in; but make much a time in the meantime. Good fortune thrusts herself upon you in the likeness of a fine young gentleman; hold up your apron and receive him while you may, a God's name.

Lu. How say by that? y'are a very wise counsellor.

Te. Well, mistress, when I was a maid—and that's a good while ago, I can tell you—

Lu. I think very well.

Te. You were but a little one then, I wis.

Lu. Nor you neither, I believe.

Te. 'Faith, it's one of the furthest things I can remember.

Lu. But what when you were a maid?

Te. Marry, mistress, I took my time, I warrant you. And there's Signor Leonoro now, the very flower of Venice, and one that loves you dearly, I insure you.

Lu. God forgive him if he do, for I'll be sworn I never deserved his love, nor never will, while I live.

Te. Why, then, what say to Signor Collatine? there's a dainty piece of venison for you, and a fervent lover indeed.

Lu. He? I dare say, he knows not what wood love's shafts are made of; his Signiory would think it the deepest disparagement could be done to him, to say that ever he spent sigh for any dame in Italy.

Te. Well, you have a whole brown dozen a suitors at least, I am sure; take your choice amongst 'em all; if you love not all, yet you may love three or four on 'em, to be doing withal.

Lu. To be doing withal? love three or four?

Te. Why not? so you love 'em moderately. What, must that strange-made piece Theagines that you cry out upon so often, have all from other, and yet know not where he is?

Lu. Oh my Theagine, not Theagines, Thy love hath turn'd me woman like thyself; Shall thy sight never turn me man again? Come, let's to the minster; God hear my prayers as I intend to stop mine ears against all my suitors.

Te. Well, mistress, yet peradventure, they may make you open afore the priest, have a penny for you. [*Exeunt.*]

Enter Lodovico and Æmilia.

Lod. Here's a coil to make wit and women friends. Come hither, wench, let me have thee single; now sit thee down, and hear good counsel next thy heart, and God give thee grace to lay it to thy heart.

Æm. Fie, cousin; will this wild tongue of yours never receive the bridle?

Lod. Yes, thou shalt now see me stroke my beard, and speak sententiously: thou tell'st me thy little father is in hand with a great rich marriage for thee, and would have thee commit matrimony with old Gasparo; art thou willing with it?

Æm. I rather wish myself married to a thousand deaths.

Lod. Then I perceive thou know'st him not; did he never woo thee?

Æm. I protest, I never changed three words with him in my life; he hath once or twice wooed my father for me, but never me.

Lod. Why, that's the reason thou lovest him not, because thou takest in none of his valiant breath to enflame thee, nor vouchsafest his knowledge. I'll tell thee what he is—an old sapless trunk, fit to make touch-wood of, hollow and bald like a blasted oak, on whose top ravens sit and croak the portents of funerals; one that 'noints his nose with clouted cream and pomatum. His breath smells like the butt end of a shoemaker's horn. A leperous scaly hide like an elephant. The son of a sow-gelder, that came to town (as I have heard thy father himself say) in a tattered russet coat, high shoes, and yet his hose torn above 'em; a long pike-staff in his neck, and a turd in his teeth, and a wallet on his right shoulder; and now the cullion hath with *noverint universi* eaten up some hundred gentlemen, he must needs rise a gentleman as 'twere out of their ashes, or disparage a gentlewoman to make himself a gentleman, at least by the wife's side.

Æm. The worse my fortune to be entangled with such a winding bramble.

Lod. Entangled? Nay, if I thought 'twould ever come to that, I'd hire some shag-rag or other for half a zequine to cut's throat, only to save thy hands from doing it; for I know thou wouldst poison him within one month; love thee he will never, and that must be thy happiness; for if he do, look to be cooped up like a prisoner

condemned to execution, scarce suffered to take the air so much as at a window, or waited on continually by an old beldame; not to keep thee company, but to keep thee from company; thy pocket searched, thy cabinets ransacked for letters; ever in opposition, unless, like the moon, once a month in conjunction; wealth thou mayst have indeed, but enjoy it as in a dream, for when thou wakest thou shalt find nothing in thy hand; [*Enter Gasparo*] and, to keep my tale in goodness, see how all the ill that can be spoken of him is expressed in his presence.

Æm. O ugly and monstrous spectacle.

Lod. Now tell me whether thou wouldst make choice of him or a young gallant in prime of his choiceness; one that for birth, person, and good parts might meritoriously marry a countess; and one to whom his soul is not so dear as thyself. [*Enter Aurelio.*] For all the world such another as he that comes here now; mark him well: see whether Gasparo and he be not a little different. [*Exit Æmilia.*] How now? Zounds, Aurelio? stay, beast, wilt thou make such a blest opportunity curse thee? I'll fetch her out to thee. [*Exit Lodovico.*]

Au. Wretch that I am, how she loathes me! if I abide her, I shall consume in the lightning's of her anger. [*Exit Aurelio.*]

Enter Lodovico with Æmilia.

Lod. Here's a life indeed; what's he gone? passion of death, what a babe 'tis! I could find in my heart to jerk him, but temper me friendship, no remedy now; now wit turn his defects to perfection. Why, coz, he's quite out of sight. By my life I commend him; why, this is done like thyself, Aurelia: were she the Queen of Love and would run from thee, fly thou from her. Why, now I love thee, for I see th'art worthy of my love: thou carriest a respect to thine own worth, and wilt express it with spirit; I daresay thou lookedst to have had him fall on his knees and adored thee, or beg his life at thy hands; or else turned Queen Dido, "and pierce his tender heart with sword full sharp;" no 'faith, wench: the case is altered; love made Hercules spin, but it made him rage after; there must go time to the bridling of every passion. I hope my friend will not love a wench against her will; if she would have met his kindness half way, so; if she skit and recoil, he shoots her off warily, and away he goes. Ay, marry sir, this was a gentlemanly part indeed. Farewell, coz,

be thou free in thy choice too, and take a better and thou canst, a God's name.

[*Exiturus.*]

Æm. Nay, dear coz, a word.

Lod. A word? what's the matter? I must needs after him, and clap him ath' back: this spirit must be cherished.

Æm. Alas! what would you wish me to do?

Lod. Why, nothing.

Æm. Would you counsel me to marry him against my father's will?

Lod. Not for the world; leave him, leave him, leave him; you see he's resolved, he'll take no harm on you, never fear to imbrue your hands with his liver, I warrant you.

Æm. Come, you are such another.

Lod. This same riches with a husband is the only thing in the world, I protest; good Gasparo, I am sorry I have abused thee, i'faith, for my cousin's sake; how prettily the wretch came crawling by with his crooked knees even now. I have seen a young gentlewoman live as merry a life with an old man as with the proudest young upstart on 'em all. Farewell, coz; I am glad th'art so wise, i'faith.

Æm. If you go I die; fie on this affection, it rageth with suppression. Good coz, I am no longer able to contain it: I love Aurelio better than it is possible for him to love me.

Lod. Away, away; and could not this have been done at first without all these superfluous disgracings? O this same unhearty niceness of women is good for nothing but to keep their huswife hands still occupied in this warp of dissembling. Well, wench, redeem thy fault, and write a kind letter to him presently, before this resolution of his take too deep root in him.

Æm. Nay, sweet coz, make me not so immodest to write so suddenly; let me have a little time to think upon't.

Lod. Think me on nothing till you write; think as you write, and then you shall be sure to write as you think. Women do best when they least think on't.

Æm. But rather than write I will meet him at your pleasure.

Lod. Meet him? dost thou think that I shall ever draw him again to meet thee, that rushed from thee even now with so just a displeasure?

Æm. Nay, good coz, urge not my offence so bitterly; our next meeting shall pay the forfeit of all faults.

Lod. Well, th'art my pretty coz, and I'll do my best to bring him to thee again; if

I cannot I shall be sorry i'faith, thou wert so injuriously strange to him. But where shall this interview be now?

Æm. There is the mischief, and we shall hardly avoid it; my father plies my haunts so closely, and uses means by our maid to entrap us, so that this terrace at our back gate is the only place we may safely meet at, from whence I can stand and talk to you. But, sweet coz, you shall swear to keep this my kindness from Aurelio, and not intimate by any means that I am anything acquainted with his coming.

Lod. 'Slife, dost think I am an ass? to what end should I tell him? he and I'll come wandering that way to take the air, or so, and I'll discover thee.

Æm. By mere chance as 'twere.

Lod. By chance, by chance; and you shall at no hand see him at first, when I bring him, for all this kindness you bear him.

Æm. By no means, coz.

Lod. Very good; and if you endure any conference with him, let it be very little; and as near as you can, turn to your former strangeness in any case.

Æm. If I do not, coz, trust me not.

Lod. Or if you think good, you may flit away again as soon as you see him, and never let your late fault be any warning t'ye.

Æm. I will do all this, I warrant thee, coz.

Lod. Will you so, cousin fool? canst thou be brought to that silly humour again by any persuasions? by God's Lord, and you be strange again more than needs must, for a temperate modesty, I'll break's neck down from thee, but he shall do as he did to thee.

Æm. Now, fie upon you, coz; what a fool do you make me!

Lod. Well, dame, leave your superfluous nicety in earnest, and within this hour I will bring him to this terrace.

Æm. But, good coz, if you chance to see my chamber window open that is upon the terrace, do not let him come in at it in any case.

Lod. 'Sblood, how can he? can he come over the wall, think'st?

Æm. O sir, you men have not devices with ladders of ropes to scale such walls at your pleasure, and abuse us poor wenches.

Lod. Now a plague of your simplicity, would you discourage him with prompting him? Well, dame, I'll provide for you.

Æm. As you love me, coz, no words of my kindness from me to him.

Lod. Go to, no more ado.

[*Exit Lodovico and Æmilia.*]

Enter Leonoro, Lionel, and Temperance.

Te. God ye God morrow, sir; truly I have not heard a sweeter breath than your page *H.J.*

Le. I am glad you like him, Mistress Temperance.

Te. And how d'ye, sir?

Le. That I must know of you, lady; my welfare depends wholly upon your good speed.

Te. How say, sir? and by my soul I was coming to you in the morning when your young man came to me; I pray let him put on, unless it be for your pleasure.

Le. He is young, and can endure the cold well enough bareheaded.

Te. A pretty sweet child 'tis, I promise you.

Le. But what good news, Mistress Temperance; will your mistress be won to our kind meeting?

Te. 'Faith, I'll tell you, sir, I took her in a good mood this morning, and broke with her again about you, and she was very pleasant, as she will be many times.

Le. Very well, and is there any hope of speed?

Te. No, by my troth, gentleman, none in the world; an obstacle young thing it is, as ever I broke withal in my life; I have broke with a hundred in my days, though I say it, yet never met her comparison.

Le. Are all my hopes come to this, Mistress Temperance?

Te. Nay, 'tis no matter, sir; this is the first time that ever I spake to any in these matters, and it shall be the last, God willing.

Le. And even now she had broke with a hundred and a hundred.

Te. But do you love her, sir, indeed?

Le. Dost thou make a question of that?

Te. Pardon me, I pray, sir; I mean d'ye love her as a gentleman ought to do—that is, to consummate matrimony with her, as they say?

Le. That's no matter to you, mistress Temperance; do you procure our meeting, and let my favour be at her hands as I can enforce it.

Te. You say like an honest gentleman; a woman can have no more: and 'faith, sir, I wish you well, and every day after dinner my mistress uses to go to her chair, or else

lie down upon her bed, to take a nap or so, to avoid idleness as many good huswives do, you know, and then do I sit by her and sew or so: and when I see her fast asleep, Lord, do I think to myself (as you know we waiting-women have many light thoughts in our heads), now if I were a man, and should bear my mistress an ill will, what might I do to her now?

Le. Indeed then, you have very good opportunity.

Te. The best that may be, for she sleeps like a sucking-pig; you may jog her a hundred times, and she'll stir no more than one of your stones, here.

Le. And could you put a friend in your place, think you?

Te. Nay, by'r lady, sir, back with that leg, for if anything come on't but well, all the burden will lie upon me.

Le. Why, what can come of it? only that by this means I may solicit her love myself.

Te. Ay, but who knows if the devil, God bless us, should be great wi'ye, how you would use her?

Le. What dost thou take me for a beast, to force her that I would make my wife?

Te. Beast, sir! nay, there's no beastliness in it neither, for a man will shew like a man in those cases: and besides, you may mar the bed, which everybody will see that comes in; and that I would not for the best gown I shall wear this twelve-month.

Le. Well, to put thee out of that fear, it shall be worth such a gown to thee.

Te. I thank you for that, sir, but that's all one: and thus sir, my old master Honorio, at two a-clock will be at tilting, and then will his son Signor Aurelio and his man Angelo, be abroad; at which hour if you will be at the back gate, and muffle yourself handsomely, you may linger there till I call you.

Le. Ay, marry, sir, so I may be there long enough.

Te. Nay, but two a-clock, now, is my hour, sir.

Le. Very well, and till then farewell.

Te. Boy, to you heartily.

Le. Boy to him indeed, if he knew all.

[*Exeunt.*]

Enter Lodovico and Aurelio.

Lod. I have provided thee a ladder of ropes; therefore resolve to meet her; go wash thy face, and prepare thyself to die. I'll go make ready the ladder.

Au. But when is the happy hour of our meeting?

Lod. Marry, sir, that's something uncertain, for it depends wholly upon her father's absence, and when that will be God knows; but I doubt not it will happen once within this twelvemonth.

Au. Zounds! a twelvemonth.

Lod. Nay, hark you, you are all upon the spur now, but how many lovers have served seven twelvemonths prenticeships for the freedom of their mistress' favours? Notwithstanding, to shorten your torments, your man Angelo must be the mean to draw the lapwing her father from his nest, by this device, that I tell you.

Enter Angelo.

Au. I did ever dream that once in my life good fortune would warm her cold hand in my naked bosom. And that once is now come, I'll lay hold upon't, if faith; I have you, my little squire, I have you upon mine anvil, upon which I will mallet you and work you; coining crowns, zequins, bracelets, and what-not out of you, for procuring you the dear gullage of my sweetheart, Mistress Franceschina.

Au. I am glad it rests in my kind servant Angelo. Angelo, well met, it lies in thee now, make me no more thy master, but thy friend, and for ever happy in thy friendship.

An. In what part of me does that lie, sir, that I may pull it out for you presently?

Au. My friend Lodovico here hath told me what thou revealed'st to him to-day, touching his uncle Lorenzo, and his love-suit to Franceschina.

An. 'Slight, I told it him in secret, sir.

Lod. And so did I tell it him, Angelo; I am a Jew, else.

An. It may well be, sir; but what of that?

Lod. This, Angelo; he would have thee procure my old uncle's absence from home this afternoon, by making him meet or pretending his meeting with his mistress and thy sweetheart, Franceschina.

Au. Which if thou dost, Angelo, be sure of reward to thy wishes.

An. What talk you of reward, sir? to the loving and dutiful servant, 'tis a greater encouragement to his service to hear his master say, "God-a-mercy, Angelo, spy out, Angelo, I'll think of thy pains one day, Angelo," than all your base rewards and preferments; yet not to hinder your hand,

sir, I will extend mine to his service presently, and get your old uncle, Signor Lorenzo, out of the way long enough, I warrant you.

Lod. 'Tis honestly said, which, when thou hast performed, enforce us. [*Exeunt.*]

An. I will not fail, sir. I was resolved to make him away afore they spake to me, in procuring his access to Franceschina, for what is his presence at her house but his absence at his own? and thus shall I with one trowel daub two walls. [*Enter Franceschina.*] See how fitly she meets me. I will stand close here as if it were in my shop of good fortune, and in respect of all ornaments I can help her to, I will out of the fulness of my joy, put her out of her study and encounter her thus: D'ye lack, gentlewoman, d'ye lack? very fair new gowns, kirtles, petticoats, wrought smocks, bracelets; d'ye lack, gentlewoman, d'ye lack? [*Holds up the bracelets.*]

Fr. What means my love by these strange salutations?

An. Prithce, ask me no questions; hold, take these bracelets, put up this purse of gold quickly, and if thou wilt have any of these things I have cried to thee, speak, and 'tis performed.

Fr. From whose treasury comes all this, I prithce?

An. Lorenzo, Lorenzo, a gentleman of much antiquity, and one that for his love hath burned hundreds of hearts to powder; yet now it falls out that his tree of life is scorched and blasted with the flames of thy beauty, ready to wither eternally, unless it be speedily comforted with the sweet drops of thy nose.

Fr. God's my life, is that old squire so amorous?

An. You wrong him to term him old; he can draw his bow, ride his horse, use his sword, and trail his pike under love's colours, as well as ever he did.

Fr. I believe that easily.

An. Well, go thy ways in and prepare to entertain him now thy husband is from home, only with good words and best kindnesses, making him put all into deeds till his treasury be deedless.

Fr. You speak as if I had nothing to respect but his entertainment, when you know how close and timely it must be put in execution, considering with what envious eyes my neighbours survey me.

An. Think'st thou I consider not all this? He shall come in disguised, wench, and do thou devise for our mirth, what

ridiculous disguise he shall come in, and he shall assume it.

Fr. What, a magnifico of the city, and one of the senate; thinkest thou he will not see into that inconvenience?

An. No more than no senator; for, in this case, my assurance is that Cupid will take the scarf from his own eyes, and hoodwink the old buzzard, while two other true turtles enjoy their happiness: get thee in, I beseech thee, love, tell thy gold, and say thy prayers. [*Enter Lorenzo.*] Now for a far-fetched device to fetch over my love-squire. [*Exit Franceschina.*] I see him within ear-shot; well, may beauty inflame others, riches may tempt others, but for me, mine ears and mine eyes are proof against all the syrens and Venuses in all the seas of the world: beauty is a whore, riches a bawd, and I'll trust none on you.

Lo. What ails poor Angelo?

An. Nay, Mistress Frank, if you prove disloyal once, farewell all constancy in women.

Lo. How now, man? what's the matter?

An. O sir, are you so near? I shall trust your experience in women the better while I live.

Lo. I prithee, why so?

An. Say true, sir, did you never solicit your love suit to fair Mistress Franceschina?

Lo. Never, I protest, Angelo.

An. Upon my life, 'tis a strange thing; I would have sworn all Italy could not so suddenly have fastened a favour upon her; I looked for a siege of Troy at least, to surprise the turrets of her continence, but to yield at the first sight of her assailant's colours, and before any cannon was mounted afore her, 'tis one of the loosest parts of a modest woman that ever I heard of.

Lo. How say'st thou? Did not I tell thee as much? Beware of an old colt while you live; he can tell when to strike, I warrant you.

An. Women and feathers? Now fie on that affinity.

Lo. Alas, Angelo! a feeble generation, soon overcome, God knows; the honest mind, the sooner overcome.

An. God's my life! what light huswife would yield at first to a stranger? And yet does this whirligig stand upon terms of honour, forsooth; tenders her reputation as the apple of her eye! She has a jealous and a cutting husband, envious neighbours, and will die many deaths, rather

than by any friend's open access to her be whipped naked with the tongues of scandal and slander, and a whole sanctuary of such ceremonies.

Lo. O, she does worthily in that, Angelo, and like a woman of honour: thou hast painted her perfection in her faults thou find'st, and ticklest me with her appetite.

An. And to avoid all sight of your entrance, you must needs come in some disguise, she says; so much she tenders your high credit in the city, and her own reputation, forsooth.

Lo. How! Come in some disguise?

An. A toy, a very toy, which runs in her head with such curious feet, sir, because if there be any resemblances of your person seen to enter her house, your whole substantial self will be called in question; any other man, she says, might better adventure with the least thing changed about 'em, than you with all, as if you were the only noted mutton-monger in all the city.

Lo. Well, Angelo, heaven forgive us the sins of our youth.

An. That's true, sir; but for a paltry disguise, being a magnifico, she shall go snick up.

Lo. Soft, good Angelo, soft, let's think on't a little; what disguise would serve the turn, says she?

An. 'Faith, I know 'not what disguise she would have for you; she would have you come like a calf with a white face, I think; she talks of tinkers, pedlars, porters, chimney-sweepers, fools, and physicians, such as have free egress and regress into men's houses without suspicion.

Lo. Out upon 'em, would she have me undergo the shame and hazard of one of those objects?

An. 'Faith I told her so, a squire of that worship, one of the senate, a grave justicer, a man of wealth, a magnifico!

Lo. And yet by my troth, for the safeguard of her honour, I would do much; methinks a friar's weed were nothing.

An. Out upon't, that disguise is worn threadbare upon every stage, and so much villany committed under that habit that 'tis grown as suspicious as the vilest. If you will hearken to any, take such a transference as you may be sure will keep you from discovery: for though it be the stale refuge of miserable poets, by change of a hat or a cloak, to alter the whole state of a comedy, so as the father must not know his own child forsooth, nor the wife her

husband, yet you must not think they do it earnest to carry it away so : for say you were stuffed into a motley coat, crowded in the case of a base viol, or buttoned up in a cloak-bag, even to your chin, yet if I see your face, I am able to say, this is Signor Lorenzo, and therefore unless your disguise be such that your face may bear as great a part in it as the rest, the rest is nothing.

Lo. Good reason, in faith, Angelo ; and what, shall I then smurgh my face like a chimney-sweeper, and wear the rest of his smokiness ?

An. I'll tell you, sir, if you be so mad to condescend to the humour of a foolish woman, by consideration that Jove for his love took on him the shape of a bull, which is far worse than a chimney-sweeper, I can fit you rarely.

Lo. As how, I prithee ?

An. There is one little Snail, you know, an old chimney-sweeper.

Lo. What, he that sings, "Maids in your smocks, hold open your locks?"

An. The very same, sir, whose person (I borrowing his words) you will so lively resemble, that himself in person cannot detect you.

Lo. But is that a fit resemblance to please a lover, Angelo ?

An. For that, sir, she is provided : for you shall no sooner enter but off goes your rusty scabbard, sweet water is ready to scour your filthy face, milk, and a bath of fernbrakes for your fusty body, a chamber perfumed, a wrought shirt, night-cap, and her husband's gown, a banquet of oyster-pies, potatoes, skirret-roots, eringoes, and divers other whetstones of venery.

Lo. O let me hug thee, Angelo.

An. A bed as soft as her hair, sheets as delicate as her skir, and as sweet as her breath, pillows imitating her breasts, and her breasts to boot, hippocras in her cups, and nectar in her lips ; ah, the gods have been beasts for less felicity.

Lo. No more, good Angelo, no more ; how shall I requite the happiness thou wilt bring me to ? hast any mind of marriage ?

An. Not much, sir, but an extraordinary wife might tempt me.

Lo. By my troth and she were not promised, thou shouldest have my daughter : but come let's to our disguise, in which I long to be singing. [*Exit.*]

An. I'll follow you presently. Signor Lodovico.

Enter Lodovico and Giovenelle.

Lod. How now, Angelo ?

An. Why, sir, I am providing means to lead your old uncle out a th' way, as you willed me, by drawing him into the way of Quintiliano's wife, my sweetheart, and so make room for him by Quintiliano's room : you that lead him any way, must needs seek him out and employ him to some tavern.

Lod. He will be with me presently, Angelo, and here's a freshman come from Padua, whom I will powder with his acquaintance, and so make him an excellent morsel to relish his carouses.

An. Go to, sir, by this light you'll be complained on ; there cannot be a fool within twenty mile of your head but you engross him for your own mirth : noblemen's tables cannot be served for you.

Lod. 'Sfoot, I'll complain of them, man ; they hunt me out and hang upon me, so that I cannot be rid on'em ; but they shall get somebody else to laugh at, or I'll turn 'em over to our poets, and make all the world laugh at 'em.

An. Well, sir, here comes your man ; make him sure from his wife, and I'll make the t'other sure with her. [*Exit.*]

Enter Quintiliano, Innocentio, Fannio, Tailor, Tailor's son, he reads a bill.

Lod. See, Signor Giovenelle, here comes the famous captain you would so fain be acquainted withal ; be acquainted with him at your peril : I'll defend you from his swaggering humour, but take heed of his cheating.

Gi. I warrant you, sir, I have not been matriculated at the university, to be merritriculated by him ; salted there to be colted here.

Lod. Very well, sir, let's hear him.

Qu. I have examined the particulars of your bill, master tailor, and if find them true orthography, thy payment shall be correspondent : marry, I will set no day, because I am loth to break.

Ta. Alas, sir, pray let this be the day : consider my charge, I have many children, and this my poor child here whom I have brought up at school, must lose all I have bestowed on him hitherto, if I pay not his master presently the quartridge I owe him.

Qu. Fool, dost thou delight to hear thy son beg in Latin ? Pose him, lieutenant.

In. How make you this in Latin, boy ? " My father is an honest tailor."

Boy. That will hardly be done in true Latin, sir.

In. No? why so, sir?

Boy. Because it is false English, sir.

Qu. An excellent boy.

In. Why is it false English?

Boy. Marry, sir, as *bona mulier* is said to be false Latin, because though *bona* be good, *mulier* is naught; so to say my father is an honest tailor, is false English; for though my father be honest, yet the tailor is a thief.

Qu. Believe it, a rare shred, not of home-spun cloth upon my life: tailor, go, send the schoolmaster to me at night and I'll pay him.

Ta. Thank you, good captain, and if you do not pay him at night, my wife will come to you herself, that's certain, and you know what a tongue she has.

Qu. Like the sting of a scorpion, she nails mine ears to the pillory with it, in the shame and torment she does me. Go, I will void this bill and avoid her.

Ta. I thank you, sir. [*Exit cum filio.*]

Qu. Lieutenant, is not this a brave gullery? The slave has a pretty wife, and she will never have me pay him, because she may ever come to my chamber, as she says, to rail at me, and then she goes home and tells her husband she has tickled me i'faith.

In. By my life, a rare jest.

Qu. Thou mayst see this boy is no shred of a tailor; is he not right of my look and spirit?

In. Right as a line, i'faith.

Lod. And will agree in the halter.— Save you, Captain Quutiliano.

Qu. And dost thou live, my noble Lodovico? Boy, take my cloak. When shall's have a rouse, ha? My lieutenant and I were drunk last night, with drinking health on our knees to thee.

Gi. Why, would not your legs bear you, sir?

Qu. How many miles to midsummer? S'blood, whose fool are you? are not you the tassel of a gander?

Gi. No indeed, not I, sir: I am your poor friend, sir, glad to see you in health.

Qu. Health? 'Sfoot, how mean you that? d'ye think I came lately out ath' powdering tub?

Gi. Gossave me, sir, 'twas the furthest part of my thought.

Qu. Why, y'are not angry, are you?

Lod. No, nor you shall not be.

Qu. 'Sblood, I hope I may, and I will.

Lod. Be and you dare, sir.

Qu. Dare?

Lod. Ay, dare.

Qu. Play on thee, th'art the maddest Lodovico in the world; 'sfoot, do thou stab me, and th'ast a mind to't, or bid me stab myself. Is this thy friend? dost thou love Lodovico?

Gi. With my heart, I protest, sir.

Qu. 'Sheart, a lie's in's throat that does not; and whence comest thou, wag, ha?

Gi. Even now arrived from Padua, sir, to see fashions.

Qu. Give me thy hand, th'art welcome; and for thy fashions, thou shalt first drink and wench it; to which end we will carouse a little, some six or seven miles hence, and every man carry his wench.

In. But where shall we have them, Captain?

Qu. Have 'em, Lieutenant? if we have 'em not, my Valentine shall be one, and she shall take a neighbour or two with her to see their nursed child or so; we'll warrant for no wenches, I warrant thee.

Enter Cuthbert Barber.

Lod. But who comes here?

Qu. O 'tis my barber.

Lo. 'Sblood, how thy tradesmen haunt thee.

Qu. Alas! they that live by men, must haunt 'em.

Cut. God save you, sir!

Qu. How now, Cutbeard; what news out of Barbary?

Cut. Sir, I would borrow a word with you in private.

Qu. Be brief then, Cutbeard; thou look'st lean, methinks; I think th'art newly married.

Cut. I am indeed, sir.

Qu. I thought so; keep on thy hat, man, 'twill be the less perceived. What, is not my tailor and you friends yet? I will have you friends, that's certain; I'll maintain you both else.

Cut. I know no enmity betwixt us, sir; you know, captain, I come about another matter.

Qu. Why, but, Cutbeard, are not you neighbours? your trades cousin-german, the tailor and the barber? does not the tailor sew? doest not thou, barber, reap? and do they not both band themselves against the common enemy of mankind, the louse? are you not both honest men alike? is not he an arrant knave? you next door to a knave, because next door to him?

Cut. Alas! sir, all this is to no purpose:

there are certain odd crowns betwixt us, you know.

Qu. True, Cutbeard; wilt thou lend me as many more to make 'em even, boy?

Cut. Faith, sir, they have hung long enough a conscience.

Qu. Cut 'em down then, Cutbeard; it belongs to thy profession if they hang too long.

Cut. Well, sir, if this be all, I'll come by 'em as I can, and you had any honesty.

Gi. 'Sblood, honesty, you knave? do you tax any gentleman in this company for his honesty?

Cut. Blame me not, sir; I am undone by him, and yet I am still of as good credit in my parish as he too.

Qu. 'Sblood, rascal, as good credit as I?

Lod. Nay, prithee, captain, forbear.

In. Good captain! Begone.

Qu. Let me alone; I'll not strike him, by this hand. Why, heark ye, rogue: put your credit in balance with mine! Dost thou keep this company? Here's Signor Lodovico, one of the *clarissimi*, a man of worship; here's a gentleman of Padua, a man of rare parts, an excellent scholar, a fine Ciceronian.

Cut. Well, sir.

Qu. And here's my lieutenant—I hope thou know'st the worshipful man his father with the blue beard—and all these are my companions; and dare you, a barbarous slave, a squirting companion, compare with me? But here's the point; now behold and see: Signor Giovenelle, lend me four or five pounds—let it be five pounds, if you have so much about you.

Gi. Here's my purse, sir; I think there be just so much in't.

Qu. Very good; now, Cutbeard, are you a slanderous cut-throat or no? will thy credit do this now? without scrip or scroll. But thou wilt think this is done for a colour now! Do you not lend it me simply?

Gi. What a question's that!

Qu. For how long?

Gi. At your pleasure, Captain.

Qu. Why, so; here, you poling rascal, here's two crowns out of this money: now I hope thou wilt believe 'tis mine, now the property is altered.

Cut. Why, you might a done this before then.

Qu. No, Cutbeard; I have been burned ith' hand for that, I'll pay ne'er a knave an ye all money, but in the presence of such honest gentlemen that can witness it;

of my conscience I have paid it thee half a dozen times; go to, sir, begone.

Cut. Fare ye well, sir.

Qu. Thank you, Signor Giovenelle; though y'are sure of this money again at my hands, yet take heed how this same Lodovico get it from you, he's a great sharker; but th'ast no more money about thee, hast thou?

Gi. Not a doit, by this candle.

Qu. All the better, for he'd cheat thee on't, if thou had'st ever so much; therefore when thou comest to Padua, ply thy book and take good courses, and 'tis thy business again shall serve thy turn at my hands, I swear to thee.

Gi. Thank you, good captain.

Qu. Signor Lodovico, adieu.

Lod. Not so, sir, we will not part yet; a carouse or two methinks is very necessary betwixt us.

Qu. With all my heart, boy; into the Emperor's Head here.

Lod. Content.

[*Exeunt.*]

END OF ACT II.

ACT THE THIRD.

SCENE I.

Lodovico, Angelo.

An. Say, sir, have you played the man and housed the Captain?

Lod. I have housed and lodged him in the Emperor's Head tavern, and there I have left him glorified with his two gulls, so that presume of what thou wilt at his house, for he is out of the way by this time both ways.

An. 'Tis very well handled, sir, and presume you and your friend my master Aurelio of what may satisfy you at your uncle's, for he is now going out of the way, and out of himself also. I have so besmeared him with a chimney-sweeper's resemblance as never was poor Snail, whose counterfeit he triumphs in; never thinking I have daubed his face sufficient, but is at his glass as curiously busied to beautify his face (for as of Moors so of chimney-sweepers the blackest is most beautiful) as as any lady to paint her lips.

Lod. Thou art a notable villain.

An. I am the fitter for your employment, sir; stand close, I beseech you, and when I bring him into the streets, encounter

and bait him instead of Snail, but in any case let none else know it.

Lod. Not for the world.

An. If you should tell it to one, so you charge him to say nothing, 'twere nothing, and so if one by one to it play holy water frog with twenty, you know any secret is kept sufficiently; and in this we shall have the better sport at a bear-baiting: fare ye well, sir.

Enter Honorio and Gasparo.

Ho. Signor Lodovico, good even to you.

Lod. The like to Signor Honorio, and hark you, sir, I must be bound with my uncle Lorenzo, and tell you a pleasant secret of him, so in no sort you will utter it.

Ho. In no sort, as I am a gentleman.

Lod. Why, sir, he is to walk the streets presently in the likeness of Snail the chimney-sweeper, and with his cry.

Ho. What is he, sir? to what end I beseech you, sir, will he disfigure himself so?

Lod. I'faith, sir, I take it for some matter of policy that concerns town government.

Ho. Town-bull government; do you not mean so, sir?

Lod. Oh no, sir, but for the general business of the city, I take it.

Ho. Well, sir, well, we will not examine it too far, but guess at it.

Lod. So, sir, when he comes forth, do you take one corner to encounter him as I will do another, and, taking him for Snail, imagine he went about stealing of city venison (though he do not) and make what sport you think good with him, always provided it be cleanly, and that he may still think he goes invisible.

Ho. I warrant ye, Signor Lodovico, and thank you heartily for this good cause of our honest recreation.

Lod. Scarce honest neither, sir, but much good do it you, as it is.

Ho. Oh that my son, your friend Aurelio, were here to help to candy this jest a little.

Lod. Alas! sir, his sick stomach can abide no sweetmeats, he's all for "ay me;" we'll make the jest relish well enough, I warrant you. Lorenzo, my uncle, an old senator, one that has read *Marcus Aurelius, Gesta Romanorum, The Mirror of Magistrates, &c.*, to be led by the nose like a blind bear that has read nothing. Let my man read how he deserves to be baited.

Ho. 'Tis a pretty wonder, i'faith, Signor Lodovico.

Lod. 'Slife, 'twere a good deed to get boys to pin cards at his back, hang squibs

at his tail, ring him through the town with basons, besnowball him with rotten eggs, and make him ashamed of the commission before he seal it.

Ga. What says Signor Lodovico, I beseech you, sir? methinks his pleasant disposition should intend some waggery.

Ho. I will tell you, Signor Gasparo, but in any case you must say nothing.

Ga. In no case will I say anything, sir.

Ho. Then this is the case: Signor Lorenzo (your probable father-in-law) in the case of Snail the chimney-sweeper, will straight tread the streets for his pleasure.

Ga. For his pleasure?

Lod. For his pleasure, sir, say it be so, wonder not, but jest at it, consider what pleasure the world says he is most given to, and help bait him hereafter, but in any case cleanly, and say nothing.

Ga. Oh monstrous! I conceive you, my father-in-law, will his daughter have his tricks, think you?

Ho. 'Faith, for that you must even take fortune *de la pax*, kiss the Pax, and be patient like your other neighbours. So, here stand I, choose you another place.

Ga. Oh me, what if a man should call him to sweep a chimney in right earnest, what would he do? I'll put him to't, a my credit, and here will I stand.

Enter Lorenzo with his glass in his hand, and Angelo with a pot of painting.

An. How now, sir, are you well yet, think you?

Lo. A little more here, good Angelo.

An. Very well, sir, you shall have enough.

Lo. It will be the most perfect disguise that ever was imitated.

An. I'll warrant you that, i'faith, sir; y'are fitted beyond the forehead for a right counterfeit; it is well now, sir?

Lo. Yet a little more here, Angelo, and then, master painter, let Michael Angelo himself amend thee.

An. For a perfect natural face I care not if all the world explain it.

Lo. So now take this glass and give me my furniture, and have at your smoky chimney.

An. Have at your smoky chimney, mistress Frank; here, sir, take up your occupation, and down with Snail for a chimney-sweeper.

Lo. Away, see if the coast be clear.

An. I will, sir.

Lo. Take good view, look about to the doors and windows.

An. Not a dog at a door, not a cat at a window. Appear in your likeness, and not with your quality.

Lo. Chimney-sweep! work for chimney-sweep! Will't do, sirrah?

An. Admirably.

Lo. Does my suit become me?

An. Become you, sir? would to heaven mistress Frank could bring you to the wearing of it always.

Lo. I'll forth, i'faith, then—

“Maids in your smocks,

Set open your locks,

Down, down, down,

Let chimney-sweeper in

And he will sweep your chimneys clean,

Hey, derry, derry, down.”

How dost like my cry, ha?

An. Out of all cry; I forbid Snail himself to creep beyond you.

Lo. As God help, I begin to be proud on't. Chimney-sweep!

An. God's pity, who comes yonder?

Lo. My nephew Lodovic; God's me, I'll start back again.

An. Nay, there's no starting now, he'll see you go into your house, then; fall into your note, stand to Snail's person and I warrant you. [Exit.

Enter Lodovico.

Lo. Chimney-sweep!

Lod. How now, Snail, how dost thou?

Lo. Thank your good worship.

Lod. Methinks thy song is more hearty than 'twas wont to be, and thou look'st much better.

Lo. Thank God and good friends, sir, and a merry heart that prolongs life. Chimney-sweep!

Lod. Nay, good Snail, let's talk a little. You know Rose, mine uncle Lorenzo's maid, Snail.

Lo. That I do well, sir.

Lod. She complains of you, Snail, and says y'are the bawdiest old knave in venery.

Lo. Alas, sir, she wrongs me; I am not fed thereafter, let her look for that commendation in her richer customers.

Lod. Who are they, Snail? I hope you do not mean mine uncle, her master; he's mine uncle and I love him well, and I know the old lick-spiggot will be nibbling a little when he can come to't, but I must needs say he will do no hurt. He's as gentle as an adder that has his teeth taken out.

Lo. Y'are a merry gentleman, sir, and I have hasty labour in hand. I must crave pardon. [Enter Honorio.] Chimney-sweep!

Ho. What, old Snail? how dost thou and thy chimneys?

Lod. Marry, sir, I was asking him questions about one of them.

Ho. What, Signor Lodovico? what one is that, I pray?

Lod. Mine uncle Lorenzo's maid, Rose, sir, and he will needs persuade me her old master keeps her for his own saddle.

Ho. Her old master? I dare swear they wrong him that say so, his very age would make him ashamed to be overtaken with those goatish licences.

Lod. True, sir, and his great authority in the city, that should whip such unseasonable lechers about the walls of it.

Ho. Why, y'are ith' right, sir, and now you talk of your uncle, I heard say Captain Quintiliano cheated him yesterday of five pounds, as he did a young gentleman of Padua this morning of as much more.

Lod. 'Faith, sir, he drew such a kind of tooth from him indeed.

Ho. Is it possible he should be so wrought upon by him? Now certain I have ever held him a most wise gentleman.

Lod. An arrant rook, by this light, a capable cheating stock; a man may carry him up and down by the ears like a pipkin.

Ho. But do you think he will let the Captain pass so?

Lod. Why, alas, what should he do to him, sir? the pasture is so bare with him that a goose cannot graze upon't.

Ho. Marry, sir, then would I watch him a time when he were abroad, and take out my pennyworths of his wife. If he drew a tooth from me, I would draw another from her.

Lo. Well, God be with your worships. Chimney-sweeper! I thought I should never have been rid of them. [Enter Gasparo.] Chimney-sweep!

Ga. What, old Snail, dost thou cry chimney sweep still? why, they say thou art turned mighty rich of late.

Lo. I would they said true, sir.

Ga. Yes, by the mass, by the same token that those riches make thy old name for venery increase upon thee.

Lo. Foolish tales, sir, foolish tales.

Ga. Yes, by the mass, Snail, but they be told for such certain tales, that, if thou hadst a daughter to marry with ten thousand

crowns, I would see her pit-hole afore I would deal with her, for fear she should trot through her father's trumperies.

Lo. Alas, sir, your worship knows I have neither daughter nor riches ; idle talk, sir, idle talk. Chimney-sweep !

Ga. Nay, stay, Snail, and come into my house, thou shalt earn some money of me ; I have a chimney to sweep for thee.

Lo. I thank your worship, I will wait upon you next morning early, sir ; but now I have promised to sweep another man's chimney in truth.

Go. But, good Snail, take mine in the way.

Lod. What, does he cry chimney-sweep, and refuse to sweep 'em ?

Lo. No, master, alas you know I live by it, and now I cry as I go to work that I have promised, that I may get more against other times : what would you have me do, trow ?

Ho. Alas, poor Snail ! farewell, good Snail, farewell.

Lo. Lord keep your good worship. And a very vengeance, I beseech the black father of vengeance.

Lod. Poor uncle, he begins to be melancholy, has lost his song among's.

Ga. Was never such man touched with such oversight ?

Ho. Bear with age, Signor Gasparo, bear with age, and let us all tender his credit as we have vowed, and be silent ; he little thought to have been thus betrayed as he is ; and where secrecy is assured, it bears with many bad actions in the very best I can tell you, and so, good Signor Lodovico, adieu, and I heartily thank you.

Lod. Adieu, good Signor Honorio.

Ga. Adieu to you likewise, sir.

[*Exeunt Gasparo and Honorio.*]

Lod. Likewise to you, sir. Alas, poor uncle, I have monstrously abused him ; and yet marvellous worthy, for he disparageth the whole blood of us ; and I wish all such old sheepbiters might always dip their fingers in such sauce to their mutton ; but thus will he presently be safe ; for by this he is near his sweetheart's house, where he is like to be entertained with worse cheer than we made him. Quintiliano is now carousing in the Emperor's Head, while his own head buds horns to carouse in ; and in the meantime will my amorous friend and I make both their absences shoeing-horns to draw on the presence of Æmilia. [*Exit.*]

Enter Lorenzo and Angelo (Franceschina above).

An. What says your worship now ? Do you not walk invisible, all your ancient acquaintance, your own nephew to talk with you and never discover you ?

Lo. But Angelo, a villainous fear shook me the whiles I swear, for still I was afraid my tongue would have licked away the soot off my face, and bewrayed me ; but, Snail, hitherto thy rusty shell has protected me : persevere till I have yonder house a my head, hold in thy horns till they look out of Quintiliano's forehead : for an old man to make a young man cuckold, is one of Hercules' labours.

An. That was the cleansing of other men's stables.

Lo. To make youth rampant in age, and age passant in youth, to take a man down at his own weapon ; to call back time in one, and thrust him headlong upon another.

An. Now your worship is oracle to your own miracles ; how you shine in this smoky cloud ! which you make the golden net to embrace Venus, y'ave past the pikes i'faith, and all the jails of the love-god swarm in yonder house, to salute your recovery.

Lo. Well, Angelo, I tell thee, now we are past the danger, I would not for forty crowns but have heard what I have heard.

An. True, sir, now you know what the world thinks on you, 'tis not possible for a great man, that shines always in his greatness, to know himself ; but, O twice young Leander, see where your Hero stands with torch of her beauty to direct you to her tower ; advance your sweet note, and upon her.

Lo. Chimney-sweep, work for chimney-sweep !

Fr. Come in, chimney-sweeper.

Lo. Oh, Angelo.

An. Why now, sir, thine Angelo is your good angel ; enter and prosper, and when you are in the midst of your happiness, think of him that preferred you.

[*Exit Lorenzo.*]

Fr. Angelo, give him not too much time with me, for fear of the worst, but go presently to the back gate, and use my husband's knock, then will I presently thrust him into my coal-house : and there shall the old flesh-monger fast for his iniquity.

[*Exit.*]

An. Well said, mine own Frank ; i'faith we shall trim him betwixt us, I for the

most slovenly case in the town; she for the most sluttish place in the house. Never was old horseman so notoriously ridden; well, I will presently knock him into the coal-house, and then haste to Lodovico, to know when he shall be released. [*Exit.*]

Enter Lodovico with a ladder of ropes, Aurelio, (*Æmilia above.*)

Lod. Here's thy ladder, and there's thy gallows, thy mistress is thy hangman, and must take thee down. This is the tarrasse where thy sweetheart tarries; what wouldst thou call it in rhyme?

Au. Celestial sphere, wherein more beauty shines—

Lod. Room for a passion.

Au. Than on Dardanian Ida, where the pride
Of heaven's selected beauties strived for prize.

Lod. Nay, you shall know, we have watered our horses in Helicon. I cannot abide this talking and undoing poetry; leave your mellifluous numbers: yonder's a sight will steal all reason from your rhyme, I can tell you; down of your knees you slave, adore. Now let's hear you invoke. Oh, the supple hams of a lover; go to, do not stand up close, for she must not see you yet, though she know you are here.

Æm. Cousin Lodovic,

Lod. Who calls Lodovic?

Æm. What tempest hath cast you on this solitary shore? Is the party come?

Lod. The party? now a plague of your modesty, are your lips too nice to name Aurelio?

Æm. Well, is he come then?

Lo. He, which he? 'sfoot name your man with a mischief to you; I understand you not.

Æm. Was there ever such a wild-brain? Aurelio.

Lod. Aurelio? Lord, how loth you are to let any sound of him come out an you, you hold him so dear within; I'll present her with a sight will startle her nicety a little better; hold you, fasten the end of this ladder, I pray.

Æm. Now Jesus bless us—why, cousin, are you mad?

Lod. Go to, you spirit of a feather, be not so soft-hearted, leave your nicety, or by this hemp I'll so hamper thy affections in the halter of thy lover's absence, making it up in a Gordian knot of forgetfulness, that no Alexander of thy allurements, with all the swords of thy sweet words, shall ever cut it in pieces.

Æm. Lord, how you roll in your rope-ripe terms.

Lod. Go to, tell me, will you fasten the ladder or no?

Æm. I know not what I should say t'ye: I will fasten it, so only yourself will come up.

Lod. Only myself will come up then.

Æm. Nay, sweet coz, swear it.

Lod. If I should swear thou wouldst curse me: take my word in a halter's name, and make the ladder as fast to the tarrasse, as thou wouldst be to Aurelio.

Æm. Nay, see if he do not make me give over again.

Lod. Was there ever such a blue kitling? fasten it now, or by heaven, thou dost loose me for ever.

Æm. Well, sir, remember your word; I will fasten it, but i'faith, coz, is not the gentleman and his parting choler parted yet?

Lod. I'faith, with much ado.

Æm. Nay, nay, choose him: I shall live, if they be not: and if I live till his choler kill me, I shall live till he leave loving me, and that will be a good while first.

Lod. Lord, Lord, who has informed you of such amorous fervency in him? are you so confident in his kindness?

Æm. Nay, by my troth, 'tis but a careless confidency neither, which always lasts longer than that which is timorous: well, coz, here I have fastened it for your pleasure; but, alas, the fear of my father's coming so distracts me, that I scarce know what I do or say.

Lod. Your father? dost think we would venture all this preparation, and not make him safe?

Æm. But are you sure he is safe?

Lod. Am I sure this is Aurelio? look upon him, wench, is it not thy love? thy life? come, sir, mount.

Æm. O cousin Lodovic, do you thus cozen and betray me?

Lod. Coz, coz, thou has acted thy dissembling part long enough, in the most modest judgment, and passing naturally, give over with thy credit then, unmask thy love, let her appear in her native simplicity, strive to conceal her no longer from thy love, for I must needs tell thee he knows all.

Æm. What does he know?

Lod. Why, all that thou told'st me, that thou lovest him more than he can love thee, that thou hast set up thy resolution, in despite of friends or foes, weals or woes, to let him possess thee wholly, and that thou didst woo me to bring him hither to thee:

all this he knows ; that it was thy device to prepare this ladder, and in a word, all the speech that passed betwixt thee and me, he knows. I told him every word truly and faithfully, God's my judge.

Æm. Now, was there ever such an immodest creature?

Lod. Via, with all vain modesty, leave this colouring, and strip thy love stark naked. This time is too precious to spend vainly ; mount, I say.

Au. Model of heavenly beauty.

Lod. Sounds, wilt thou melt into rhyme a the t'other side? shall we have lines? Change thy style for a ladder, this will bring thee to Parnassus ; up, I say.

Au. Unworthy I t'approach the furthest step

To that felicity that shines in her.

Lod. O purblind affection! I have seen a fellow, to a worse end ascend a ladder with a better will, and yet this is in the way of marriage, and they say marriage and hanging have both one constellation. To approve the which old saying, see if a new ladder make 'em not agree.

Æm. Peace, somebody comes.

Lod. That you heard was but a mouse, so boy, I warrant thee.

Au. Osacred goddess, whatsoe'er thou art That in mere pity to preserve a soul From undeserv'd destruction, hast vouchsafed

To take *Æmilia's* shape.

Lod. What a poetical sheep is this! 'Slife, will you stand rhyming there upon a stage, to be an eyemark to all that pass? is there not a chamber by? withdraw, I say for shame, have you no shame in you? here will come somebody presently, I lay my life on't.

Au. Dear mistress, to avoid that likely danger,

Vouchsafe me only private conference, And 'tis the fulness of my present hopes.

[*Exeunt.*]

Lod. Aurelio, occasion is bald, take her by the forelock ; so, so. In Hymen's name get you together, here will I stand sentinel. This is the back gate to Honorio's house, which shall be Aurelio's, if God give him grace to weep for his father's death in time. And in this garden, if I could see the chaste Lucrece, or the affable mistress Temperance, I might, thus wrapt in my cloak, steal a little courtship through the chink of a pale. But, indeed, I think it safer to sit closer, and so to cloud the sun of my visnomy, that no eye

discern it. [*He sits down and muffles himself in his cloak.*] So be it, that's my resolution. Now to my contemplation, this is no pandarism, is it? No, for there is neither money nor credit proposed or expected, and besides there is no unlawful act intended, no, not this same *lasciva actio animi*, I think for his part, much less hers ; go to, let me do my kinswoman and her sex right. Sit at rest with me, then; reputation, and conscience, fall asleep with the world ; but this same idle attendance is the spite of it. Idleness is accounted with other men a sin, to me 'tis a penance. I was begot in a stirring season, for now hath my soul a thousand fancies in an instant, as what wench dreams not on when she lies on her back, when one hen lays an egg and another sits it, whether that hen shall mother that chicken? If my bull leap your cow, is not the calf yours? yes, no doubt, for *Ædificium cedit solo*, says the lawyer : and then to close all comes in a sentence, *Non omnia possumus omnes* : for some are born to riches, others to verses, some to be bachelors, others to be cuckolds, some to get crowns, and others to spend 'em, some to get children, and others to keep 'em : and all this is but idleness. Would to God I had some scurvy poem about me to laugh at [*Enter Temperance*] ; but mark, yonder's a motion to be seen.

Te. Yonder he sits i'faith. Well done, true love, good Signor Leonoro, he keeps promise the best, he does not see me yet.

Lod. 'Tis the staid Madam Temperance. A pretty pinnace she has been in her days, and in her nights too, for her burthen, and reasonable good under sail, and see she hath discovered a sail, see, see, she hales him in, ha? 'tis this way to the rewards, 'sight, 'tis this way ; I hope the bawd knows not me, and yet I know not, she may be a witch, for a whore she was before I knew her, a bawd I have known her any time this dozen years, the next step to honour then is a witch, because of Nature, for where the whore ends, the bawd begins, and the corruption of a bawd is the generation of a witch. And Pythagoras holds opinion, that a witch turns to a wild cat, as an old ostler turns to an ambling nag.

Enter Leonoro muffled in his cloak with Lionel.

Le. This is the back gate, where Temperance should meet me at this hour.

Li. I wonder she fails, for I see her not.

Le. Why sits that fellow there, trow? come, let's hover hereabouts, 'twill not be long ere we encounter. *[Exit.]*

Lod. So, now this riddle is expounded; this bawd took me for this adventurer whom, twenty to one, she attended, to waft him into Lucretia's chamber. What a beast was I not to apprehend this advantage. Thus muffled as I am, she could not have perceived me till I had been in, and I might safely have stayed awhile without endangering my lovers. *[Enter Temperance stealing along the stage.]* 'Slight, she takes me still for her first man.

Te. Come, come, gingerly; for God's sake, gingerly. *[Exeunt.]*

Enter Leonoro and Lionel.

Le. See, Lionel, yet she is not come, and the privy attendant is gone.

Li. I wonder what it was.

Le. I fear me some other client of hers, whom she prefers before me. Come, we must not linger here too long together; we'll enter on this backside, to the Emperor's Head, where we will stay a little, and then make the last trial of this bawd's honesty.

Enter Quintiliano, Giovenelli, and Fannio in their doublet and hose.

Qu. Come, ancient, let's leave our company a little, and air ourselves in this backside. Who goes there?

Le. A friend.

Qu. The word?

Le. God save you, Captain Quintiliano.

Qu. Shoot him, ancient, a spy; the word's the Emperor's Head, and thither you shall go, sir.

Le. Pardon me, good captain.

Gi. Come, be not retrograde to our desires.

Le. I attend a friend of mine.

Qu. Th'ast attended him already, I am witness to't; deny't and he dare, whatsoever he be, and he shall attend thee another while, and he will. Th'art as good a man as he, and he be the duke himself, for a clarissimo; entertain him, ancient, bid the clarissimo welcome. I'll call a drawer, and we'll have some wine in this arbour. *[Exit.]*

Gi. You are very welcome, Signor Clarissimo; desire you more acquaintance, sir.

Le. My name is Leonoro, sir, and indeed I scarce know you.

Gi. No, sir, and you know me you must

know as much as I know, for *scientia* and *scientificus* is all one; but that's all one, in truth, sir, you shall not spend a penny here. I had money, I thank God, even now, and peradventure shall have again ere we part. I have sent to a friend of mine.

Enter Quintiliano and a Drawer, with a cup of wine and a towel.

Qu. Here, honourable clarissimo, I drink to thee.

Le. Thank you, good captain.

Qu. 'Sfoot, winesucker, what have you filled us here, balderdash? Taste, Leonoro.

Le. Methinks 'tis sack.

Gi. Let us taste, sir; 'tis claret, but it has been fetched again with aqua-vitæ.

Qu. 'Slight, methinks 't has taken salt water. Who drew this wine, you rogue?

Dr. My fellow Sam drew it, sir; the wine's a good neat wine, but you love a pleasanter grape. I'll fit your palate, sir. *[He stands close.]*

Qu. Is this thy boy, Leonoro?

Le. For fault of a better, sir.

Qu. Afore heaven 'tis a sweet-faced child, methinks he should show well in woman's attire. "And he took her by the lily-white hand, and he laid her upon a bed." I'll help thee to three crowns a week for him and she can act well. Hast ever practised, my pretty Ganymede?

Ly. No, nor never mean, sir.

Gi. Mean, sir? No, marry, captain, there will never be mean in his practice, I warrant him.

Qu. Oh, finely taken. Sirrah Clarissimo, this fellow was an arrant ass this forenoon, afore he came to be an ancient.

Le. But where's your lieutenant, captain?

Qu. Zounds, man, he's turned swaggerer.

Le. Is't possible?

Qu. Swaggerer by this light he, and is in the next room writing a challenge to this tall gentleman, my ancient here.

Le. What, mutinous in your own company?

Qu. 'Sfoot, man, who can bridle the ass's valour?

Gi. 'Sblood, and any man think to bridle me.

Le. But what was the quarrel?

Qu. Why, sir, because I entertained this gentleman for my ancient, being my dear friend and an excellent scholar, he takes pepper i' th' nose and sneezes it out upon my ancient; now, sir, he being of an uncoal-carrying spirit, falls foul on him, calls him gull openly; and ever since I am fain to

drink with 'em in two rooms, dare not let 'em come together for my life, but with pen and ink-horns, and so my lieutenant is in the next chamber casting cold ink upon the [*Enter Innocentio*] flame of his courage to keep him from the blot of cowardice; see where he comes with his challenge. Good Clarissimo, hold my ancient.

Le. Good ancient, forbear in a tavern.

Qu. Revenge, noble lieutenant, hast thou done it?

In. 'Slight, I think I have peppered him; but 'twas his own seeking, you know.

Qu. That's certain.

Gi. Zounds, my seeking, sir?

Qu. Hold him, Leonoro; and if it be possible, persuade him to hear the challenge from the enemy's own mouth.

Le. I'll undertake he shall, Captain. Good ancient, let me entreat you.

Gi. Well, sir, because y'are a stranger to me, you shall do more with me.

Le. Thank you, good ancient.

Qu. Read, fiery lieutenant; read, boy, legibly.

In. Here it is, sir. Signor Giovenelli, it is not ignorant unto you, that even now you crossed me over the cockscomb.

Gi. I did so, sir; I will not deny it, I warrant you.

Le. Good ancient, peace.

In. And that openly, or else it would never have grieved me.

Qu. That openly was all, indeed.

In. And, moreover, very unreverently to call me gull and ass to my face. And therefore, though I held it good discretion in me to wink at the blow, not seeming to take notice of it—

Le. Good discretion indeed!

In. Yet know that I will have satisfaction from you.

Gi. Well, sir, and you shall.

Qu. Nay, good ancient, hear him.

In. And desire you to send me word, whether you will maintain it or no, hoping that you will not offer that discourtesy to do me wrong, and stand to it when you have done.

Le. That were foul indeed!

In. And as for the words, in that you called me gull and ass to my face, resolve me by letter, for I do not think fit we should meet, first, whether you spake any such words or no; and, secondly, by whom you meant 'em. And if by me, as I think you durst not, confess you are sorry for 'hem; and if I have offended you, I

heartily ask you forgiveness. And so farewell.

Qu. Afore heaven, ancient, this would have tickled you. But good Leonoro, and thou be'st a right clarissimo, let's make 'em friends, and drink to one another; 'Sfoot, we have no wine here, methinks. Where's this aperner?

Dr. Here, sir.

Qu. Have you mended your hand, sir?

Dr. Ay, captain, and if this please not your taste, either you or I cannot taste a cup of wine.

Qu. Zounds, y'are very saucy, sir. Here, lieutenant, drink to thy ancient, and void mutinies with your officer; martial law is dangerous.

In. Is he content I should drink to him?

Le. He is, I warrant thee.

In. Why, then, ancient, good luck t'ye.

Gi. Let come, lieutenant, I pledge you.

Qu. Why so, now my company is cured again afore 'twas wounded. Come honourable clarissimo, let's retire to our strength, taste a fresh carouse or two, and then march home with music. Tapster, call us in some music.

Dr. I will, sir.

END OF ACT III.

ACT THE FOURTH.

SCENE I.

Enter Quintiliano, Leonoro, Innocentio, Lionello, Fannio, *with music.*

Qu. Strike up, scrapers. Honourable Clarissimo, and thy sweet Adonis, adieu. Remember our device at the show soon.

Le. I will not fail, captain, farewell t'ye both; come, Lionel, now let us try the truth of Madam Temperance, and see if she attend us.

In. I hope by this time she remembers her promise, sir. [*Exeunt Leo. and Lio.*]

Qu. How now, lieutenant, where's my ancient?

In. Marry, captain, y'ave left him casting the reckoning ith' chimney.

Qu. Why, then, his purse and his stomach will be empty together, and so I cashier him; let the scholar report at Padua, that Venice has other manner of learning belongs to it; what does his *Continuum* & *Contiguum* here? let 'em go to the ink-pot and beware of the wine-pot.

"Fill red-cheek'd Bacchus, let the Bourdeaux grâpe

Skip like *la voltos* in their swelling veins."
Te dan, dan tiddle, te dan de dan tiddle didle, &c.

In. O God, Captain, that I could dance so.

Qu. "He took her by" (strike up fiddlers), "the lily white hand, and he laid her upon the bed." Oh, what a spirit have I now! I long to meet a serjeant in this humour. I would but have one whiff at one of these same pewter-buttoned shoulder-clappers, to try whether this chopping-knife or their pestles were the better weapons. Here's a blade, boy; it was the old Duke's first predecessor's; I'll tell thee what, lieutenant, this sword has dubbed more knights than thy knife has opened oysters.

In. Is't possible, Captain, and methinks it stands a little.

Qu. No matter for that, your best mettled blades will stand soonest; so, now we have attained our mansion house. At which I'll sing a verse shall break the doors. "O noble Hercules, let no Stygian lake."

Te dan, dan tiddle, te dan de dan tiddle didle, &c.

Farewell, scrapers, your reward now shall be that I will not cut your strings nor break your fiddles: *via*, away.

In. Come, captain, let's enter. I long to see my mistress. I warrant she's a heavy gentlewoman for your absence.

Qu. 'Sfoot, she's an ass, honour wooses me, preferment calls me, and I must lie pampered in a wench's lap, because she dotes on me. Honour says no, lieutenant. *Pugna pro patriâ*, we must to't, i'faith, and seek our portion amongst the scratched faces.

Lo. [*within*] Mistress, mistress, is he gone?

Qu. Who's that calls there?

In. I heard nobody.

Qu. No? there was one called mistress; I say who called mistress? 'Sblood, I hope I am not drunk.

Fa. In truth, sir, I heard nobody.

Qu. I tell thee I smelt a voice here in my entry. 'Sfoot, I'll make it smell worse, and I hear it again.

In. Oh me, he'll draw upon his own shadow in this humour, if it take the wall of him. Follow him, Fannio, look he do no harm, for God's sake.

Lo. Help, help, help!

In. Name of God, what's there to do?

Enter Quintiliano and Lorenzo.

Lo. Good Captain, do not hurt me.

Qu. Zounds, is hell broke loose? Why, Snail, though you can sing songs and do things, Snail, I must not allow ye to creep into my wife's coal-house. What, Snail, into my withdrawing chamber?

Lo. I beseech your worship hear me speak.

Qu. Oh, Snail, this is a hard case; no room serve your turn but my wife's coal-house, and her other house of office annexed to it, a privy place for herself, and me sometimes, and will you use it, being a stranger? 'Slight, how comes this about? Up, sirrah, and call your mistress.

Lo. A plague of all disguises!

[*Exit Fannio.*]

In. Alas, poor Snail, what didst thou make here?

Lo. I protest, sir, for no harm. My mistress called me in to sweep her chimney, and because I did it not to her mind, she made me do penance in her coal-house.

In. Search him, Captain, and see if he have stolen nothing.

Lo. Kill me, hang me, if I have!

Qu. Yes, Snail; and besides, I hear complaints of you; y'are an old luxurious hummerer about wenches, Snail; does this become your gravity, sir? Lieutenant, fetch me a coal-sack; I'll put him in it, and hang him up for a sign.

Lo. I beseech your worship be good to me.

In. Good Captain, pardon him, since he has done nothing but swept your chimney worse than my mistress would have it swept: he will do it better another time.

Qu. Well, Snail, at this gentleman's request (to whom I can deny nothing), I release you for this once, but let me take you no more thus, I advise you.

Lo. Not while I live, good Captain.

Qu. Hence, trudge, you drudge, go away!

Lo. A plague of all disguises!

[*Exit Lorenzo.*]

Enter Fannio.

Fa. I have looked about all the house for my mistress, sir, but I cannot find her.

Qu. Go, then, look all about the town for her, too. Come in, Lieutenant, let's repose a little after our liquor. [*Exeunt.*]

Enter Aurelio and Æmilia, above.

Au. Dear life, be resolute, that no respect,

Heighted above the compass of your
love,

Depress the equal comforts it retains ;
For since it finds a firm consent in both,
And both our births and years agree so
well,

If both our aged parents should refuse,
For any common object of the world,
To give their hands to ours, let us resolve
To live together like our lives and souls.

Æm. I am resolved, my love ; and yet,
alas !

So much affection to my father's will
Consorts the true desires I bear to you,
That I would have no spark of our love
seen

Till his consent be ask'd, and so your
father's.

Au. So runs the mutual current of my
wish,

And with such staid and circumspect
respects,

We may so serve and govern our desires,
That till fit observation of our fathers
Prefer the motion to them, we may love
Without their knowledge and the skill of
any,

Save only of my true friend Lodovic.

Æm. I wonder where he is ?

Au. Not far, I know,

For in some place he watcheth to prevent
The feared danger of your father's presence.

Enter Lorenzo and Angelo, running.

Az. Zounds, stay, for the love of your
honour, sir.

Lo. A plague of all disguises, Angelo !

An. What reason have you to curse
them ? Has not one of them kept you safe
from the shame of the world, as much as a
poor disguise might do ; but when your
ridiculous fears will cast it off, even while
it is on, so running through the streets that
they rise all in an uproar after you ; alas !
what is the poor disguise to blame, sir ?

Lo. Well, then, fortune is to blame, or
something. Come, as thou didst help to
daub me, help to cleanse me, I prithee.

An. Let alone awhile, sir, for God's
sake. I'll go see whether the Captain be
gone from home or no.

Lo. Out upon that course, Angelo ; I am
frighted out of it. Come, enter my house,
enter.

An. What, will you enter your house,
sir, afore you know who is in it ? Keep
yourself close, and let me first enter and
discover.

Lo. I know there is nobody.

An. You cannot know it, sir. I heard
even now that divers of the Senate were
determined to come and sit in council there.

Lo. A tale, a very tale, Angelo ; enter,
for the love of heaven, enter and unsmother
me.

An. What shall I do ? My poor master
is bewrayed. Oh, that same faithless Lodo-
vic, that could drown the swaggering
Captain no better in his drunkenness ! alas,
how should I salve this ?

Enter Lorenzo, and after him Angelo.

Lo. How now ? whom do I see ? my
daughter and a younker together ? passion
of death, hell and damnation, what lecher-
ous Capricorn reigns this unhappy day ?
old and young in a predicament ? Oh, fie of
filthy sin and concupiscence, I will conceal
my rage awhile, that it may break forth in
fury. I'll shift me presently, Angelo, and
go fetch the provost.

An. Oh, unspeakable madness ! will you
for ever dishonour your daughter, and in
her yourself, sir ?

Lo. Talk not to me ; out upon this
abominable concupiscence, this pride of the
flesh, this witchcraft of the devil : talk not
to me, justice cries out on't in the streets,
and I will see it punished. Come, good
Angelo, to help to shift me.

An. I'll follow you, sir, instantly : mas-
ter, master !

Au. Angelo ! what news ?

An. Miserable master, cast down your
ladder, and come down instantly.

Æm. Alas, why, Angelo, is my father
coming ?

An. Let us not talk, but come down, I
say.

Au. Dear life, farewell ! we'll shortly
meet again.

So parts the dying body from the soul,
As I depart from my *Æmilia*.

Æm. So enter frightened souls to the low
world,

As my poor spirit upon this sudden doubt,
What may succeed this danger.

An. Come away, you'll be whipped anon
for your amorosity ; haste, for shame, haste,
&c.

Æm. Once more and ever, fare my dear
life well.

An. Leave your amorous congés and
get you in, dame. Sir, you and I will talk
as 'twere betwixt the pales. Now, get you
and shift you of this suit presently.

Au. Shift me, Angelo ? why, man ?

An. Ask me no questions, but go home

and shift you presently, and when I have done a little business here within, I'll come and tell you my device : there hath more chanced than you are aware of, and than I can stand to tell you ; away therefore presently. Go home and shift you.

Au. Very good, sir; I will be ruled by you, and after learn the mysteries.

[*Exit* *Aurel.*]

An. Now will I let the little squire shift and cleanse himself without me, that he may be longer about fetching the provost, and in the meantime will I take my master's suit (of which the little squire took note) and put it on my sweetheart, Franceschina, who shall presently come and supply my master's place, with his mistress; for the little squire, amazed with his late affrights and this sudden offenceful spectacle of his daughter, took no certain note who it was that accosted her; for if he had, he would have blamed me for my master, only the colour of his garment sticks in his fancy, which, when he shall still see where he left it, he will still imagine the same person wears it, and thus shall his daughter's honour and my master's be preserved with the finest sugar of invention. And when the little squire discovers my sweetheart, she shall swear she so disguised herself to follow him, for her love to him; ha, ha, ha! Oh, the wit of man when it has the wind of a woman!

[*Exit.*]

Enter *Lodovico* and *Lucretia*, with rapiers, fighting.

Lod. Hold, hold, I prithee hold; I yield my rapier,

Let my submission, my presumption salve:

Lu. Ignoble *Lodovic*, should I take thy life,

It were amends too little for the wrong.

Lo. Oh, the precious heavens!

How was I gull'd! hand, hide thyself for shame,
And henceforth have an eye before thy fingers.

Lu. Well, do not jest it out, for I protest

If this disguise, which my inhuman fate
Puts on my proper sex, be by thy means
Seen through by any other than thyself,

The quarrel 'twixt us shall be more than mortal,

And thy dishonour to a friendless stranger
(Exiled his native country, to remain
Thral to the mercy of such unknown
minds

As fortunes make the rulers of my life)
Shall spread itself beyond my misery.

Lod. Nay, mix not cause of mirth with passion.

Do me the grace t'unfold thy name and state,

And tell me what my whole estate may do,
To salve this wrong unwittingly I did thee,

And set the plaintive thoughts of thy hard fate

In such peace as my friendship may procure?

And if I fail thee, let Jove fail my soul,
When most this earth makes it need help of heaven.

Lu. In this you more than temper my late rage

And show your virtues perfectly derived
From the Venetian noblesse; for my name
It is *Lucretia*, which to fit this habit
I turn'd *Lucretia*: the rests that rests
To be related of my true estate,

I'll tell some other time: lest now your presence

Might dumbly tell it (if it should be seen)
To all the world, or else make it suspect
My femall life of lightness; then with thanks

And vow of all true friendship, for th'amends

Your kindness makes me, take your sword again,

And with it while I live the power of mine,

In any honour'd use you shall command.
Then till we meet, and may laugh at this error,

I'll once more try the free peace of my chamber.

[*Exit.*]

Lod. Do so, sweet friend; a plague of *Gingerly*!

Where is that stale and fulsome *Gingerly*?
She brought me to a fury, I'll be sworn,
Rather than man or woman; a flat beating:

I found her supposed mistress fast asleep,
Put her to the touchstone, and she proved a man,

He waked, and with a more than manly spirit

Flew in my face, and gave me such a dash
Instead of kissing, of these liquorish lips
That still my teeth within them bleed I swear.

[*He spits.*]

Gingerly, *Gingerly*, a plague a you!

[*He spits again.*]

But now how does my lovers on the tarrasse?

Enter Aurelio with Angelo, shifting his apparel.

Au. Hold, take my doublet, too, my hat and all, and quickly hie thee to thy sweet.

An. Zounds, see, sir, see, your proper sentinel, that when you needed him gave you a slip.

Au. Friend Lodovico, by my life, well welcome to this my father's backside.

Lod. Well, sir, well, I would I had kissed almost your father's backside, so I had never known it.

An. A my life, he faints extremely, he left you even now to purchase him the amorous interview of your fair coz Lucretia that lies here.

Au. God's me, sweet friend, would'st thou use such a slight to any one that lay within my walk? who was thy mean to her?

An. I lay my life, tame Madam Temperance, the notorious pandar.

Au. 'Sfoot, friend, what a notorious oversight was that, and what a violent injury unto thy friend.

Lod. A plague upon you both! you scurvy hind, have you no gull bot me to whet your wit upon?

Au. My friend a privy lover? I'd have sworn

Love might spend all his shafts at butterflies

As well as at his bosom.

An. 'Twas your fault then, For I have noted a most faithful league Betwixt him and his barber now of late, And all the world may see he does not leave

One hair on his smooth chin, as who should say,

His hapless love was gone against the hair.

Lod. 'Sblood, and these rogues knew how I was deceived,

They'd flout me into motley by this light.

An. Well, sir, I ever thought y'ad the best wit

Of any man in Venice next mine own, But now I'll lay the bucklers at your feet.

Lod. A pox upon thee, tame your bald hew'd tongue,

Or by the Lord of heaven I'll pull it out.

Au. Oh my sweet friend, come I'll no more of this,

And tell thee all our fortune, hence good Angelo.

An. Oh, if this man had patience to his brain,
A man might load him till he smart again.

Lod. Patience, worthy friend, he knows you love him for his knavish wit. [*Exit Ang.*]

Enter Leonoro, Temperance, and Lionel.

Le. Thou shalt not stay, sweet Temperance; tell us the manner of our war, and we'll leave thee presently.

Te. Why, that pearl's man, Lodovico, according to your appointment was jump at three with me, just, e'en full at your hour; muffled as I willed you, e'en your fashion and your very leg for all the earth, and followed me in so gingerly, that by my troth I must needs say he was worthy the pleasuring; but in what a taking was I when I perceived his voice, and when I saw my mistress and he together by the ears!

Le. What, did thy mistress fight him?

Te. O king a heaven, she ran upon his naked weapon, the most finely that ever lived, and I ran away in a swoon for fear.

Le. Has she a good courage?

Li. It seems she is too honest for our companies; a little more, good Temperance.

Te. And when he saw me, he called me punk, and pandar, and doxy, and the vilest nicknames, as if I had been an arrand naughty-pack.

Le. 'Tis no matter, Temperance; he's known and thou art known.

Te. I thank heaven for it, and there's all indeed; I can stay no longer. [*Exit.*]

Le. Farewell, honest Temperance; how was it possible Lodovico should fit all these circumstances without the confederacy and treachery of this beldam? Well, Lodovico must satisfy this doubt when I see him.

Li. That will be at the May-night show at Signor Honorio's.

Le. I would not meet him there, I shall offend him; but there I must needs be, and have thee disguised like a woman.

Li. Me, sir?

Le. No remedy; the Captain Quintiliano and I have devised it to gull his lieutenant; for thou shalt dance with him, we will thrust him upon thee, and then for his courting and gifts, which we will tell him he must win thee withal, I hope thou wilt have wit enough to receive the one and pay him again with the t'other. Come, Lionel, let me see how naturally thou canst play the woman. [*Exit.*]

Li. Better than you think for.

Enter Quintiliano and Innocentio.

Qu. Come, Lieutenant, this nap has set a nap of sobriety upon our brains; now let's sit here and consult what course were best for us to take in this dangerous mansion of man's life.

In. I am for you, i'faith, Captain, and you go to consult once.

Qu. I know it, lieutenant. Say then, what think'st thou? We talked of employment, of action, of honour, of a company, and so forth.

In. Did we so, Captain?

Qu. Did we so, ass? 'Sfoot, wert thou drunk afore thou went'st to the tavern, that thou hast now forgotten it?

In. Cry you mercy, good Captain; I remember I am your lieutenant.

Qu. Well, sir, and so thou shalt be called still, and I Captain, though we never lead other company than a sort of quart pots.

In. Shall we, Captain, by th' mass? then let's never have other company indeed.

Qu. Why, now th'art wise, and hast a mind transformed with main right; and to confirm thee I will compare the noble service of a feast with the honourable service of the field, and then put on thy hand to which thou wilt.

In. Thank you, good Captain, but do you think that war is naught, sir?

Qu. Exceeding naught.

In. Why then, sir, take heed what you say, for 'tis dangerous speaking against anything that is naught, I can tell you.

Qu. Thou say'st wisely, lieutenant, I will not then use the word naught, nor speak ill of either, but compare them both, and choose the better.

In. Take heed then, good Captain, there be some prick-eared intelligencers conveyed into some wall or other about us.

Qu. If there were I care not; for to say true, the first model of a battle was taken from a banquet. And first touching the offices of both: for the general of the field, there is the master of the feast; for the lieutenant-general, the mistress; for the sergeant-major, the steward; for the gentleman-usher, the marshal; for master oth' ordinance, the sewer, and all other officers.

In. Yet y'are reasonable well, Captain.

Qu. Then for the preparation, as in a field is all kind of artillery, your cannon, your demi-cannon, culverings, falcons, sacres, minions, and such goodly orna-

ments of a field, I speak no hurt of 'em thou seest, I'll have nothing to do with 'em.

In. Hold you still there, Captain.

Qu. Besides other munition of powder and shot, and so for the feast, you have your court-cupboards planted with flagons, cans, cups, beakers, bowls, goblets, basins, and ewers; and more glorious show I wis than the t'other, and yet I speak no hurt of the other.

In. No, I'll be sworn, Captain.

Qu. Besides your munition of manchet, nappery, plates, spoons, glasses, and so forth; then for your kitchen artillery, there shall you see all your brass pieces mounted in order, as your beef-pots, your chaldrons, your kettles, chafing-dishes, ladles, spits, a more edifying spectacle than your cannon and culvering, and yet I speak no hurt of them neither.

In. No, Captain, thus far I go wi'ye.

Qu. Then, sir, as in the field the drum, so to the feast the dresser gives the alarm, ran tan tara, tan tan tantara tan.

In. Oh, how it stirs my stomach!

Qu. First then set's forward a wing of light horse, as salads, broths, sauces, stewed meats, and other kickshaws, and they give a charge, then do the battle join Captain Capon in white-broth, Lieutenant Calves'-head.

In. That's my place.

Qu. Ancient Sirloin, a man of a goodly presence, and full of expectation, as you, ancient, ought to be. Then have you Sergeant Piemeat, Corporal Coney, Lanceprezado Lark, Gentleman Pancake, and all the species of a company.

In. Would we might fall to the fight once.

Qu. Why, now grows the fight hot, man; now shall you see many a tall piece of beef, many a tough capon go down, and here's the trial of a man's stomach, all the while the artillery plays on both hands, the cannons lay about them, the flagons go off thick and threefold, and many a tall man goes halting off, some quite overthrown both horse and foot.

In. Oh, my heart bleeds!

Qu. That is, thy teeth water. In conclusion, as the remnant of the feast (I mean such dishes as 'scaped the fury of the fight), if they be serviceable, are reserved to furnish out another day; if they be maimed or spoiled, they are sent abroad to relieve prisons and hospitals; so the remainder of the fight, if they be serviceable, they are reserved to supply a second field, for the

fragments of the fight—viz., the maimed soldiers, they are sent likewise to furnish prisons and hospitals. How sayest thou now, lieutenant, shall we to the feast, or to the fight?

In. No fighting, good Captain, to the feast, for God's sake.

Qu. Th'art a my mind right, and so will we presently march on to the sack of the Emperor's Head, then to the May-night feast, and show at Signor Honorio's, and there will be a wench there, boy, a delicate young morsel, a kinswoman of Signor Honorio's, and her father's only child, he a mighty rich clarissimo, and her shalt thou court, win her and wear her, thou hast wit at will.

In. But shall that wench be her father's son and heir, Captain?

Qu. She shall be his heir, a mine honesty.

In. But shall not my mistress your wife be at that show?

Qu. She shall, and we could find her; Fannio has been abroad this hour to seek her: the ass is stepped into some corner or other, mourning for my absence.

Enter Angelo and Franceschina in disguise.

See! who comes here?

An. Come, coz, march fair, methinks thou becomest a page excellent naturally, cheer up thy heart, wench. [*Kisses her.*]

Fr. Fie, for shame: kiss in the streets!

An. Why not? truth seeks no corners, and 'twas a true love's kiss, and so is this.

Qu. Ware riot, dost thou mark, Lieutenant?

Fr. God's pity, my husband!
[*Exeunt Franc., Ang.*]

In. What were these, Captain?

Qu. Upon my life, the hindermost of them is a wench in man's attire. Didst thou not mark besides his slabbering about her, her big thighs and her splay feet?

In. By the meskin, methought they were so, indeed.

Qu. 'Slife, the hungry knave her squire, could not hold in the open streets.

In. What should she be?

Qu. The doxy was muffed in her cloak. I had but a glimpse of her; but 'sight, I will know her, she passes not so, come, we'll follow. I'll beat the rogue, and take away's whore from him. [*Exeunt.*]

Enter Angelo and Franceschina.

An. Come, courage, coz, we have sailed

the man-of-war out of sight, and here we must put into harbour. Hist, ha, *Æmilia*?

Æm. O, welcome, good Angelo.

An. Here take in, go, get up lightly, away, take heed you slip not, coz, remember y'are short-heeled.

Fr. Hold fast, for God's sake.

An. Nay, hold you fast, you'll shame us all else; so Jove receive thy soul; I take away the ladder. Now, till you have deceived the provost, farewell, remember your lesson, coz. [*Exit.*]

Fr. I warrant you.

Enter Quintiliano and Innocentio.

Qu. How unhappily did we miss 'em! they slipped into some vaulting-house, I hold my life.

In. Faith, it's good we missed 'em. She was some stale punk, I warrant her.

Qu. Twenty to one she is some honest man's wife of the parish, that steals abroad for a trimming, while he sits secure at home, little knowing, God knows, what hangs over his head; the poor cuckold esteeming her the most virtuous wife in the world. And should one tell him he had seen her dressed like a page, following a knave thus, I'll lay my life he would not believe it.

In. Why no, Captain, wives take all the faith from their husbands. And that makes 'em do so many good works as they do.

Qu. Mercy for that i'faith, lieutenant. Stand close.

Enter Fannio and Giacomo.

Fa. My mistress in man's apparel, say'st thou?

Gi. Thy mistress in man's apparel, I assure thee, and attended by Angelo.

Fa. Would to heaven I had seen her! canst tell whither she went?

Gi. Full-butt into Lorenzo's house, and if thou knew'st him, thou know'st wherefore; an ill-favoured trimming is her errand.

Fa. 'Tis very well, she trims my Captain prettily; in the meantime his head pays for all, and yet, alas, poor hornstock, he thinks her to have no fault, but her too much dotage upon him. Well, my conscience will not let me keep her counsel, he shall know on't.

Gi. Why, man, if both of us should tell him her fault he will not believe us.

Fa. No, nor if he had seen it with his own eyes, I think. I shall never forget how the profound cockatrice hung on his sleeve

to-day, and he should not from her sight; she'd follow him into the wars; one day should make an end of both their loves and lives. And then to see him, the wittol, my Captain began to strut, and battle the pride of his merits that so heightened her affection.

Gi. True, and how the foppasty, his liuenant, stept in to persuade with her, to take it patiently, for friends must part; we came not all together, and we must not go all together.

Fa. Well, 'twill not be for any man to follow him, if this were known once.

Gi. Lord, how all the boys in the town would flock about him as he walks the streets, as 'twere about a bagpipe, and hoot the poor cuckold out of his horncase.

Fa. Well, and I were worthy to give him counsel, he should e'en fair-and-well hang himself.

Gi. No, no, keep it from him, and say thou found'st her at a woman's labour.

Fa. A plague of her labour! the Captain's brows sweat while she labours.

Gi. If I were in thy case, I should laugh outright when I saw him.

Fa. That dare not I do, but as often as he turns his back to me, I shall be here V* with him, that's certain: or when I follow him and his cheating stock, Innocentio, in the streets, I shall imagine still I am driving an ox and an ass before me, and cry phtroh ho, pthrough.

In. 'Slight, captain! take this and take all.

Qu. Not a word for the world, for if we should take notice of his words the slave would deny all; leave it to me to sift it in private. Now, sir, what news with you? where's your mistress, that you can range thus at your pleasure?

Fa. In health, sir, I trust.

Qu. Come forward, you rogue you: come forward, whither creep you behind so? where's your mistress, sir?

Fa. At a poor woman's labour, sir.

Qu. Very well, sir. Come, Lieutenant, go you afore, and do you follow him, sir.

Fa. What, afore my Captain, sir? you shall pardon me.

Qu. Afore, you rogue, afore. [*Exeunt.*]

END OF ACT IV.

ACT THE FIFTH.

SCENE I.

Enter Honorio, Lorenzo, Gasparo, and Angelo.

Ho. Signor Lorenzo, and Gasparo, y'are very welcome; we shall have good company and sport to entertain you, ere long, I hope; shall we not, Angelo?

An. Yes, sir, I have invited all you commanded me.

Lo. This is the honest man, indeed, that took the pains to come for me.

Ga. And for me also.

An. No pains, but pleasure, sir; I was glad I had such good means to be known to your worship.

Lo. Nay, I have known you before, to be the servant of Signor Honorio here, I take it.

Ho. Not my servant, Signor Lorenzo, but my son's.

Lo. Oh, your son Aurelio's servant? Believe me, you or your son, in mine opinion, though I say it before him, made good choice of him; for he hath a good honest face, and to a man of judgment, I tell you, that's as good as a good surety for him. I will be better acquainted with you, sir; pray you give me your hand.

An. Both my hand and heart, sir, shall be ever at your service.

Lo. Thanks, my good friend; I'll make thee laugh anon, Angelo.

An. I thank your worship, you have done so often.

Ho. A notable wag, Signor Gasparo!

Ga. How curiously Lorenzo thinks he carries the matter.

Lo. How now, gentlemen, is't a merry secret, that you smile so?

Ho. No secret, Signor Lorenzo, but a merry conceit we were thinking on, to furnish our show anon, if it had been thought on in time.

Lo. What was that, I pray?

Ho. Marry, sir, we had good sport to-day with Snail, the chimney-sweeper.

Lo. Had you so, sir?

Ga. That ever was.

Lo. Lord that I had been amongst you; but what more of him, sir?

Ho. Marry, sir, we were thinking how we might merrily deceive our company that is to come, if we could have gotten him some Magnifico's suit of the city, whom for his little stature and lean face he might resemble, that in that habit he

"The 'V,' which no commentator has understood, represents the actor's fingers in making horns."—STAUNTON.

might have stolen some kind favours from the ladies, to make him amends and please him for the anger we put him in.

Lo. It would have made excellent merriment.

An. You are his best master, sir, and if it please you to send me for him by some token, I'll go for him; otherwise he will not come to these gentlemen.

Lo. Shall he come, gentlemen?

An. If you please, sir.

Lo. Why then, hark thee, Angelo; not for the world.

An. Think you me such an ass, sir?

Lo. Shall he have one of my little brother's suits, and come in amongst the dames for him?

Ho. If you could, it would fit him exceedingly.

Lo. Much; now laugh, Angelo. What gentleman was that I spied aloft with my daughter, think'st thou?

An. I know not, sir; I beseech your worship who was it?

Lo. Frank, in man's apparel, Angelo.

An. O wonderful!

Lo. We cannot invent a token for my love, Angelo.

An. O excellent.

Lo. We will hit it anon, gentlemen.

An. At your leisure, sir.

Lo. The swaggerer, her husband, had note of it by his page, and yet the same page hath persuaded him since that 'twas but a gullery.

An. 'Tis a notable crack; and his master hath such a pure belief in his wife, that he's apt to believe any good of her.

Lo. True, Angelo, enough for this time; thou shalt make as if thou went'st for Snail, and return without him, saying thou canst not find him.

An. Agreed, sir.

Lo. Now, gentlemen, we have devised a wife to bring Snail amongst us, and I have given Angelo order for a suit for him that is my little brother's, and him he shall counterfeit; go, Angelo, seek him out.

An. I will, sir. [*Exit* Angelo.]

Ho. Thank you for this, good Signor Lorenzo.

Ga. It will quicken the company well.

Enter Æmilia, Lionel, Franceschina, and another woman.

Lo. For their sakes and yours I have done it, gentlemen; and see, the fair flock come upon us.

Ho. Welcome, fair ladies, but especially

you, lady, that are so mere a stranger. Signor Lorenzo, you know young Leonoro?

Lo. Very well, sir; a gallant spark.

Ga. And I think you know his father.

Lo. Know him? I'faith, sir, there was a reveller, I shall never see man do his lofty tricks like him while I live.

Ho. This gentlewoman is his niece, sir.

Lo. His niece? She shall do herself wrong not to be acquainted with her dear uncle's companion. [*Kisses her.*]

Ga. You know not this gentlewoman, sir?

Lo. Not very well, sir, indeed, but entertainment must be given; mercy, Frank, for thy man's apparel, a plague of all swaggering husbands! Nay, I must forth, i'faith, Signor Hoñorio; this is for your sake. Am I not a kind help to your entertainment?

Ho. An exceeding kind one, sir, and I exceedingly thank you.

Enter Messenger.

Me. The maskers are come, sir.

Ho. Do you and your fellows attend them in.

Me. We will, sir. [*Exit* Messenger.]

Ho. Sit, gentle ladies, till the maskers raise you to dance.

Enter Aurelio, Leonoro, Quintiliano, and Innocentio, in a mask, dancing.

Ho. Welcome, gallants; Oh, the room's too scant, a hall, gentlemen!

Le. See how womanly my boy looks, Quintiliano.

Qu. 'Twill be rare sport; Lieutenant, that sweet wench in the branched gown is the heir I told thee of.

In. God's me, I'll to her and kiss her.

Qu. Oh no, you must not unmask.

In. No, no, I'll kiss her with my mask and all.

Le. No, lieutenant, take her and court her first, and then kiss her.

Omnes. To her, slave.

Au. There's thy wife too, Quintiliano.

Qu. True; little knows she I am so near her. I'll single her out, and try what entertainment a stranger may find with her.

Au. Do so, and we'll take up the t'other. [*They dance.*]

Enter Angelo.

An. I can by no means find Snail, sir.

Ho. The worse luck, but what remedy?

Le. Gramercy, Angelo; but Signor Lo-

renzo, methinks I miss one flower in this female garland.

Ho. Whose that?

Le. Your niece, Lucretia.

Ho. By my soul 'tis true; what's the reason, Angelo, Lucretia is not here?

An. I know no reason but her own will, sir.

Ga. There's somewhat in it certain.

[*They dance again.*]

In. Did you see the play to-day, I pray?

Li. No, but I see the fool in it here.

In. Do you so, forsooth? where is he, pray?

Li. Not far from you, sir, but we must not point at anybody here.

In. That's true indeed: cry mercy forsooth, do you know me through my mask?

Li. Not I, sir, she must have better skill in baked meats than I, that can discern a woodcock through the crust.

In. That's true indeed, but yet I thought I'd try you.

Enter Lodovico. They dance.

Lo. What, nephew Lodovic, I thought you had been one of the maskers.

Lod. I use no masking, sir, with my friends.

Ho. No, Signor Lodovic, but y'are a very truant in your school of friendship, that come so late to your friends.

Ga. Somewhat has crossed him sure.

Le. Somewhat shall cross him; Lodovico, let me speak with you.

Lod. With me, sir?

Le. You are the man, sir, I can scarce say the gentleman, for you have done a wrong the credit of a gentleman cannot answer.

Lod. Would I might see his face, that durst say so much.

Le. Observe him well, he shows his face that will prove it when thou darest.

Au. How now, Leonoro, you forget yourself too much, to grow outrageous in this company.

Le. Aurelio, do not wrong me and yourself. I undertake your quarrel. This man hath dishonour'd your kinswoman, Lucretia, whom, if I might, I intended to marry.

Au. Some error makes you mistake, Leonoro, I assure myself.

Ho. What interruption of our sport is this, gentlemen?

Lo. Are not my nephew and Leonoro friends?

Lod. He charges me with dishonouring his mistress, Lucretia.

Ho. By'r lady, Lodovico, the charge touches you deeply, you must answer it.

Lod. I only desire I may, sir, and then will refer me to your censures.

Lo. Well, nephew, well; will you never leave this your haunt of fornication? I school him, and do all I can, but all is lost.

Lod. Good uncle, give me leave to answer my other accuser, and then I'll descend, and speak of your fornication, as the last branch of my division.

Lo. Very well, be brief.

Lod. I will, sir: the ground upon which this man builds his false imagination, is his sight of me at Honorio's back gate, since dinner, where, muffled in my cloak, kind Madam Temperance, the attendant of Lucretia, from the Tarrasse, waffed me to her with her hand; taking me, as now I understand, for this honest gentleman. I not knowing what use she had to put me to, obeyed the attraction of her signal, as gingerly as she bade me, (a plague upon her gingerly), till she locked me into Lucretia's chamber, where Lucretia lying asleep on her bed, I thought it rudeness to wake her; and imagining when she waked she had something to say to me, attended her leisure at my ease, and lay down softly by her; when (having chaster and simpler thoughts than Leonoro imagines) because he measures my waist by his own, in the very coldness and dulness of my spirit, I fell suddenly asleep. In which my fancy presented me with the strangest dream that ever yet possessed me.

Lo. Pray God you did but dream, nephew.

Lod. You shall know that by knowing the event of it.

Ho. Go to, pray let us hear it.

Lod. Methought Lucretia and I were at maw; a game, uncle, that you can well skill of.

Lo. Well, sir, I can so.

Lod. You will the more muse at my fortune, or my oversights; for my game stood, methought, upon my last two tricks, when I made sure of the set, and yet lost it, having the varlet and the five finger to make two tricks.

Lo. How had that been possible?

Ho. That had been no misfortune sure, but plain oversight.

Ga. But what was the reason you thought you lost it, sir?

Lod. You shall hear; she had in her

hand the ace of hearts, methought, and a coat-card; she led the board with her coat, I played the varlet and took up her coat, and meaning to lay my five finger upon her ace of hearts, up start quite a contrary card; up she rises withal, takes me a dash a the mouth, drew a rapier he had lay by him, and out of doors we went together by the ears.

Ho. A rapier he had lay by him?

Lo. What, a she turned to a he? Dost thou not dream all this while, nephew?

Lod. No, nor that time neither, though I pretended it. Let him be fetched; I warrant you he will show as good cards as the best on you to prove him an heir male, if he be the eldest child of his father.

Ho. This is exceeding strange. Go, Angelo, fetch her and her handmaid.

An. I will, sir, if her valour be not too hot for my fingers. *[Exit.]*

Ho. Could such a disguise be made good all this while without my knowledge? To say truth, she was a stranger to me, her father being a Sicilian: fled thence for a disastrous act, and coming hither, grew kindly acquainted with me, and called me brother, at his death committing his supposed daughter to my care and protection till she were restored to her estate in her native country.

Lo. Was he in hope of it?

Ho. He was, and in near possibility of it himself, had he lived but little longer.

Enter Angelo and Lucretia.

An. Here's the gentlewoman you talked of, sir; nay, you must come forward too, grave Mistress Temperance.

Lod. How now, sir! who wants gentility now, I beseech you?

Le. Who have we here?

Lu. Stand not amazed, nor disparage him. You see, sir, this habit truly doth suit my sex, howsoever my hard fortunes have made me awhile reject it.

Ho. What hard fortunes?

Lu. Those you know of my father, sir, who feared my following of him in my native likeness to the haven where he by stealth embarked us, and would have discovered him, his offence being the slaughter of a gentleman that would have slain him.

Ho. But did you not tell me you were betrothed, before this misfortune happened, to a young gentleman of Sicily, called Theagine?

Lu. I told you I was betrothed to one

Theagine, not Theagines, who indeed was a woman.

Le. And yet whosoever had seen that Theagine since might have taken him for a man.

Lu. Do you know her, gentlewoman?

Li. It seems you will not know her.

Le. Hark how my boy plays the knave with her.

Qu. A noble rogue. 'Sfoot, lieutenant, wilt thou suffer thy nose to be wiped of this great heir?

In. 'Slight, sir, you are no handkercher, are you?

Lu. Prithee forbear; more happy than unlooked for is this dear accident. Adopted and noble father, this is the gentlewoman to whom I told you I was betrothed: the happy news she had to relate to me made her a traveller, the more search of her passage made her a page, and her good fortune obtained her — this honest gentleman to her master, who, I thank him, being as he supposed me, loved me: accept us both for your children.

Ho. Most gladly, and with no less care than mine own protect you.

Qu. 'Sfoot! how now, Leonoro? New fireworks?

Lod. New, sir? Who wants gentility? This is a gentlemanly part of you to keep a wench in a page's furniture.

Le. It was more than I knew, sir; but this shall be a warning to me while I live, how I judge of the instrument by the case again.

Lu. Nay, it is you, friend Lodovico, that are most to blame, that, holding the whole feminine sex in such contempt, would yet play the pickpurse, and steal a poor maid's maidenhead out of her pocket sleeping.

Le. 'Twas but to cozen me.

Au. And to be before me in love.

Lo. And to laugh at me.

Lod. Nay, jest not at me, sweet gentles. I used plain and mannerly dealing; I neither used the brokage of any, as you know who did, Leonoro, nor the help of a ladder to creep in at a wench's chamber-window (as you know who did, Aurelio), nor did I case myself in buckram and cry chimney-sweep (where are you, uncle?); but I was trained to it by this honest matron here.

Te. Meddle not with me, sir.

Lu. I am beholding to her; she was loth to have me lead apes in hell.

Qu. Look that you keep promise with

me, lady. When will thy husband be from home?

Fr. Not so soon as I would wish him; but whensoever you shall be welcome.

Qu. I very kindly thank you, lady.

Fr. God's me, I took you for Signor Placentio.

Qu. 'Sfoot! thou liest in thy throat; thou knew'st me as well as myself.

Ho. What, Signor Quintilian and friend Innocentio? I looked not for you here, and y'are much the better welcome.

Qu. Thanks, dad Honorio, and lives my little squire? When shall I see thee at my house, lad?

Lo. A plague a your house, I was there too lately.

Lod. See, lordings, here's two will not let go till they have your consents to be made surer.

Lo. By my soul, and because old Gasparo here has been so cold in his love-suit, if she be better pleased with Aurelio, and his father with her, heaven give abundance of good with him.

Ho. So you stand not too much upon goods, I say Amen.

Lo. Faith, use him as your son and heir, and I desire no more.

Ho. So will I, of mine honour. Are you agreed, youths?

Ambo. And most humbly gratulate your high favours.

Ga. 'Faith, and Jove give 'em joy together for my part.

Lod. Yet is here another nail to be driven. Here's a virtuous matron, Madam Temperance, that is able to do much good

in a commonwealth; a woman of good parts, sells complexion, helps maids to services, restores maidenheads, brings women to bed, and men to their bedsides.

Te. By my faith, but save votre grace, sir.

Lod. Hath drinks for love, and gives the diet.

Te. By'r lady, and that's not amiss for you, sir.

Lod. For me, with a plague t'ye?

Te. No, nor for any man that's not sound, I mean, sir.

Lod. 'Sfoot! masters, these be good parts in the old wench. Wilt thou have her, lieutenant? She'll be a good stay to the rest of thy living; the gallants will all honour thee at thy house, I warrant thee.

In. 'Fore God, Captain, I care not if I have.

Te. Well, young gentleman, perhaps it should not be the worst for you.

Qu. Why, law, thy virtues have won her at first sight; she shall not come to thee empty, for I'll promise thee that I'll make her able to bid any gentleman welcome to a piece of mutton and rabbit at all times.

Lo. By'r lady, a good ordinary.

Qu. Thou't visit sometimes, dad?

Lo. That I will i'faith, boy, in authority wise.

Qu. Why then strike hands, and if the rest be pleased,

Let all hands strike as these have struck afore,

And with round echoes make the welkin roar.

[*Exeunt.*]

END OF ACT V. AND LAST,

The Widow's Tears.*

TO

THE RIGHT VIRTUOUS AND TRULY NOBLE GENTLEMAN,

MR JO. REED,

OF MITTON, IN THE COUNTY OF GLOCESTER,

ESQUIRE.

SIR,—If any work of this nature be worth the presenting to friends worthy and noble, I presume this will not want much of that value. Other countrymen have thought the like worthy of dukes' and princes' acceptations; *Injusti Sdegrij; Il Pentimento Amoroſe; Calithe, Pastor Fido, &c.* (all being but plays) were all dedicate to Princes of Italy. And, therefore, only discourse to shew my love to your right virtuous and noble disposition, this poor Comedy (of many desired to see printed) I thought not utterly unworthy that affectionate design in me; well knowing that your free judgment weighs nothing by the name, or form, or any vain estimation of the vulgar; but will accept acceptable matter as well in plays as in many less materials, masking in more serious titles. And so, till some work more worthy I can select and perfect out of my other studies, that may better express me, and more fit the gravity of your ripe inclination, I rest,

Yours at all parts most truly affected,

GEO. CHAPMAN.

THE ACTORS.

Tharsalio, *the wooer.*
Lysander, *his brother.*
Thir. *Governor of Cyprus.*
Lycas, *servant to the widow Countess.*
Argus, *Gentleman Usher.*
Three Lords, *suitors to Eudora, the widow Countess.*
Hylus, *nephew to Tharsalio, and son to Lysander.*

Captain of the watch.
Two Soldiers.

Eudora, *the widow Countess.*
Cynthia, *wife to Lysander.*
Sthenio.
Ianthe, *gentlewoman attending on Eudora.*
Ero, *waiting-woman to Cynthia.*

* "*The Widdowes Tears.* A Comedie. As it was often presented in the blacke and white Friers. Written by Geor. Chap. London, Printed for Iohn Browne, and are to be sold a his shop in Fleet-street in Saint Dunstanes Church-yard. 1612."

ACT THE FIRST.

SCENE I.

Tharsalio *solus, with a glass in his hand, making ready.*

Tha. Thou blind imperfect goddess, that delight'st,
Like a deep-reaching statesman, to converse
Only with fools; jealous of knowing spirits,
For fear their piercing judgments might discover
Thy inward weakness, and despise thy power;
Contemn thee for a goddess; thou that ladest
Th'unworthy ass with gold, while worth and merit
Serve thee for nought, weak Fortune, I renounce
Thy vain dependance, and convert my duty
And sacrifices of my sweetest thoughts,
To a more noble deity. Sole friend to worth,
And patroness of all good spirits, Confidence,
She be my guide, and hers the praise of these
My worthy undertakings.

Enter Lysander with a glass in his hand, Cynthia, Hylus, Ero.

Lys. Morrow, brother; not ready yet?

Tha. No; I have somewhat of the brother in me. I dare say your wife is many times ready; and you not up. Save you, sister; how are you enamoured of my presence? how like you my aspect?

Cy. Faith, no worse than I did last week; the weather has nothing changed the grain of your complexion.

Tha. A firm proof 'tis in grain, and so are not all complexions:

A good soldier's face, sister.

Cy. Made to be worn under a beaver.

Tha. Ay, and 'twould show well enough under a mask, too.

Lys. So much for the face.

Tha. But is there no object in this suit to whet your tongue upon?

Lys. None, but Fortune send you well to wear it; for she best knows how you got it.

Tha. 'Faith, 'tis the portion she bestows upon younger brothers; valour, and good clothes. Marry, if you ask how we come

by this new suit, I must take time to answer it; for as the ballad says, *In written books I find it.* Brother, these are the blossoms of spirit; and I will have it said for my father's honour, that some of his children were truly begotten.

Lys. Not all?

Tha. Shall I tell you, brother, that I know will rejoice you? My former suits have been all spenders, this shall be a speeder.

Lys. A thing to be heartily wished; but, brother, take heed you be not gulled; be not too forward.

Tha. 'T had been well for me if you had followed that counsel. You were too forward when you stepped into the world before me and gulled me of the land, that my spirits and parts were indeed born to.

Cy. May we not have the blessing to know the aim of your fortunes? what coast, for heaven's love?

Tha. Nay, 'tis a project of state; you may see the preparation, but the design lies hidden in the breasts of the wise.

Lys. May we not know't?

Tha. Not unless you'll promise me to laugh at it, for without your applause I'll none.

Lys. The quality of it may be such as a laugh will not be ill bestowed upon't; pray heaven I call not Arsace sister.

Cy. What, the panderess?

Tha. Know you (as who knows not) the exquisite lady of the palace, the late governor's admired widow, the rich and haughty Countess Eudora? Were not she a jewel worth the wearing, if a man knew how to win her?

Lys. How's that? how's that?

Tha. Brother, there is a certain goddess called Confidence, that carries a main stroke in honourable preferments. Fortune waits upon her, Cupid is at her beck; she sends them both of errands. This deity doth promise me much assistance in this business.

Lys. But if this deity should draw you up in a basket to your countess's window, and there let you hang for all the wits in the town to shoot at; how then?

Tha. If she do, let them shoot their bolts and spare not; I have a little bird in a cage here that sings me better comfort. What should be the bar? You'll say, I was page to the Count her husband. What of that? I have thereby one foot in her favour already. She has taken note of my spirit and surveyed my good parts, and the picture of them lives in her eye: which

sleep I know cannot close till she have embraced the substance.

Lys. All this savours of the blind goddess you speak of.

Tha. Why should I despair, but that Cupid hath one dart in store for her great ladyship, as well as for any other huge lady whom she hath made stoop gallant to kiss their worthy followers? In a word, I am assured of my speed. Such fair attempts led by a brave resolve are evermore seconded by Fortune.

Cy. But, brother, have I not heard you say your own ears have been witness to her vows, made solemnly to your late lord, in memory of him to preserve till death the unstained honour of a widow's bed? If nothing else, yet that might cool your confidence.

Tha. Tush, sister, suppose you should protest with solemn oath (as perhaps you have done, if ever heaven hears your prayers, that you may live to see my brother nobly interred), to feed only upon fish and not endure the touch of flesh, during the wretched Lent of your miserable life; would you believe it, brother?

Lys. I am therein most confident.

Tha. Indeed you had better believe it than try it. But pray, sister, tell me—you are a woman—do not you wives nod your heads and smile one upon another when ye meet abroad?

Cy. Smile? why so?

Tha. As who should say, Are not we mad wenches, that can lead our blind husbands thus by the noses? Do you not brag among yourselves how grossly you abuse their honest credulities? how they adore you for saints; and you believe it? while you adorn their temples, and they believe it not? how you vow widowhood in their lifetime, and they believe you, when even in the sight of their breathless corse, ere they be fully cold, you join embraces with his groom, or his physician, and perhaps his poisoner; or at least, by the next moon (if you can expect so long) solemnly plight new hymeneal bonds, with a wild, confident, untamed ruffian.

Lys. As for example.

Tha. And make him the top of his house, and sovereign lord of the palace, as for example. Look you, brother, this glass is mine.

Lys. What of that?

Tha. While I am with it, it takes impression from my face; but can I make it so mine, that it shall be of no use to any

other? Will it not do his office to you or you; and as well to my groom as to myself? Brother, monopolies are cried down. Is it not madness for me to believe, when I have conquered that fort of chastity the great Countess; that if another man of my making and mettle shall assault her, her eyes and ears shall lose their function, her other parts their use, as if nature had made her all in vain, unless I only had stumbled into her quarters?

Cy. Brother, I fear me in your travels, you have drunk too much of that Italian air, that hath infected the whole mass of your ingenuous nature, dried up in you all sap of generous disposition, poisoned the very essence of your soul, and so polluted your senses, that whatsoever enters there takes from them contagion, and is to your fancy represented as foul and tainted, which in itself perhaps is spotless.

Tha. No, sister, it hath refined my senses, and made me see with clear eyes, and to judge of objects, as they truly are, not as they seem, and through their mask to discern the true face of things. It tells me how short-lived widows' tears are, that their weeping is in truth but laughing under a mask, that they mourn in their gowns and laugh in their sleeves; all which I believe as a Delphian oracle, and am resolved to burn in that faith; and in that resolution do I march to the great lady.

Lys. You lose time, brother, in discourse; by this had you bore up with the lady, and clapped her aboard, for I know your confidence will not dwell long in the service.

Tha. No, I will perform it in the conqueror's style. Your way is, not to win Penelope by suit, but by surprise. The castle's carried by a sudden assault, that would perhaps sit out a twelvemonth's siege. It would be a good breeding to my young nephew here, if he could procure a stand at the palace to see with what alacrity I'll accost her countesship, in what garb I will woo her, with what facility I will win her.

Lys. It shall go hard but we'll hear your entertainment for your confidence sake.

Tha. And having won her, nephew, this sweet face

Which all the city says is so like me,
Like me shall be preferr'd, for I will wed thee

To my great widow's daughter and sole heir,

The lovely spark, the bright Laodice.

Lys. A good pleasant dream.

Tha. In this eye I see

That fire that shall in me inflame the
mother,

And that in this shall set on fire the
daughter.

It goes, sir, in a blood; believe me, brother,
These destinies go ever in a blood.

Lys. These diseases do, brother, take
heed of them; fare you well; take heed
you be not baffled.

[*Exeunt Lysander, Cynthia, Hylus,
Ero; manet Tharsalio.*]

Tha. Now, thou that art the third blind
deity

That governs earth in all her happiness,
The life of all endowments, Confidence,
Direct and prosper my intention.

Command thy servant deities, Love, and
Fortune,

To second my attempts for this great
lady,

Whose page I lately was; that she, whose
board

I might not sit at, I may board abed,
And under bring, who bore so high her
head. [Exit.

Lysander, Lycus.

Lyc. 'Tis miraculous that you tell me,
sir; he come to woo our lady mistress for
his wife?

Lys. 'Tis a frenzy he is possessed with,
and will not be cured but by some violent
remedy. And you shall favour me so much
to make me a spectator of the scene. But
is she, say you, already accessible for
suitors? I thought she would have stood so
stiffly on her widow vow, that she would not
endure the sight of a suitor.

Lyc. Faith, sir, Penelope could not bar
her gates against her wooers, but she will
still be mistress of herself. It is, you
know, a certain itch in female blood: they
love to be sued to; but she'll hearken to
no suitors.

Lys. But by your leave, Lycus, Penelope
is not so wise as her husband Ulysses, for
he, fearing the jaws of the Syren, stopped his
ears with wax against her voice. They
that fear the adder's sting, will not come
near her hissing. Is any suitor with her
now?

Lyc. A Spartan lord, dating himself our
great viceroy's kinsman, and two or three
other of his country lords, as spots in his
train. He comes armed with his Altitude's
letters in grace of his person, with promise
to make her a duchess if she embrace the

match. This is no mean attraction to her
high thoughts; but yet she disdains him.

Lys. And how then shall my brother
presume of acceptance? yet I hold it much
more under her contentment, to marry
such a nasty braggart, than under her
honour to wed my brother—a gentleman,
(though I say't) more honourably descended
than that lord; who, perhaps, for all his
ancestry, would be much troubled to name
you the place where his father was born.

Lyc. Nay, I hold no comparison betwixt
your brother and him. And the venereal
disease, to which they say he has been long
wedded, shall I hope first rot him, ere she
endure the savour of his sulphurous breath.
Well, her ladyship is at hand; y'are best
take you to your stand.

Lys. Thanks, good friend Lycus. [Exit.

*Enter Argus, barehead, with whom another
usher, Lycus joins, going over the
stage. Hiarbas and Psorabeus next,
Rebus single, before Eudora, Laodice,
Sthenia bearing her train, Ianthé fol-
lowing.*

Re. I admire, madam, you cannot love
whom the Viceroy loves.

Hi. And one whose veins swell so with his
blood, madam, as they do in his lordship.

Ps. A near and dear kinsman his lord-
ship is to his Altitude the Viceroy; in care
of whose good speed here, I know his Al-
titude hath not slept a sound sleep since
his departure.

Eu. I thank Venus I have, ever since he
came.

Re. You sleep away your honour, madam,
if you neglect me.

Hi. Neglect your lordship? that were a
negligence no less than disloyalty.

Eu. I much doubt that, sir; it were
rather a presumption to take him, being of
the blood viceroyal.

Re. Not at all, being offered, madam.

Eu. But offered ware is not so sweet,
you know. They are the graces of the
Viceroy that woo me, not your lordship's,
and I conceive it should be neither honour
nor pleasure to you to be taken in for
another man's favours.

Re. Taken in, madam? you speak as I
had no house to hide my head in.

Eu. I have heard so indeed, my lord,
unless it be another man's.

Re. You have heard untruth then: these
lords can well witness I can want no
houses.

Hi. Nor palaces neither, my lord.

Ps. Nor courts neither.

Eu. Nor temples, I think, neither; I believe we shall have a god of him.

Enter Tharsalio.

Ar. See the bold fellow! whither will you, sir?

Tha. Away! all honour to you, madam!

Eu. How now, base companion?

Tha. Base, madam? he's not base that fights as high as your lips.

Eu. And does that besem my servant?

Tha. Your court servant, madam.

Eu. One that waited on my board?

Tha. That was only a preparation to my weight on your bed, madam.

Eu. How darest thou come to me with such a thought?

Tha. Come to you, madam? I dare come to you at midnight, and bid defiance to the proudest spirit that haunts these your loved shadows; and would any way make terrible the access of my love to you.

Eu. Love me? love my dog.

Tha. I am bound to that by the proverb, madam.

Eu. Kennel without with him, intrude not here. What is it thou presumest on?

Tha. On your judgment, madam, to choose a man, and not a giant; as these are that come with titles and authority, as they would conquer or ravish you. But I come to you with the liberal and ingenuous graces, love, youth, and gentry; which, in no more deformed a person than myself, deserve any princess.

Eu. In your saucy opinion, sir, and sirrah too; get gone; and let this malapert humour return thee no more, for afore heaven I'll have thee tossed in blankets.

Tha. In blankets, madam? you must add your sheets, and you must be the tosser.

Re. Nay then, sir, y'are as gross as you are saucy.

Tha. And all one, sir, for I am neither.

Re. Thou art both.

Tha. Thou liest; keep up your smiter, Lord Rebus.

Hi. Usest thou thus his Altitude's cousin?

Re. The place thou knowest protects thee.

Tha. Tie up your valour then till another place turn me loose to you. You are the lord, I take it, that wooed my great mistress here with letters from his Altitude; which while she was reading, your lordship (to entertain time) stroddled and scaled

your fingers; as you would show what an itching desire you had to get betwixt her sheets.

Hi. 'Slight! why does your lordship endure him?

Re. The place, the place, my lord.

Tha. Be you his attorney, sir?

Hi. What would you do, sir?

Tha. Make thee leap out at window at which thou camest in: whoreson bag-pipe lords.

Eu. What rudeness is this?

Tha. What tameness is it in you, madam, to stick at the discarding of such a suitor? A lean lord, dubbed with the lard of others! A diseased lord too, that opening certain magic characters in an unlawful book, up start as many aches in's bones, as there are ouches in's skin. Send him, mistress, to the widow your tenant, the virtuous pandress Arsace. I perceive he has crowns in's purse, that make him proud of a string; let her pluck the goose therefore, and her maids dress him.

Ps. Still, my lord, suffer him?

Re. The place, sir, believe it, the place.

Tha. O, good Lord Rebus, the place is never like to be yours that you need respect it so much.

Eu. Thou wrong'st the noble gentleman.

Tha. Noble gentleman? A tumour, an impostume, he is, madam; a very haut-boy, a bag-pipe, in whom there is nothing but wind, and that none of the sweetest neither.

Eu. Quit the house of him by the head and shoulders.

Tha. Thanks to your honour, madam, and my lord cousin, the Viceroy shall thank you.

Re. So shall he indeed, sir.

Lyc. } Will you begone, sir?

Ar. } Will you begone, sir?

Tha. Away, poor fellows.

Eu. What is he made of, or what devil sees your childish and effeminate spirits in him, that thus ye shun him? Free us of thy sight.

Begone, or I protest thy life shall go!

Tha. Yet shall my ghost stay still, and haunt those beauties

And glories that have render'd it immortal.

But since I see your blood runs, for the time,

High in that contradiction that fore-runs Truest agreements (like the elements, Fighting before they generate), and that time

Must be attended most, in things most worth,

I leave your honour freely, and commend
That life you threaten, when you please,
to be

Adventured in your service, so your
honour

Require it likewise.

Eu. Do not come again.

Tha. I'll come again, believe it, and
again. [*Exit.*

Eu. If he shall dare to come again, I
charge you shut doors upon him.

Ar. You must shut them, madam,
To all men else then, if it please your
honour ;

For if that any enter, he'll be one.

Eu. I hope, wise sir, a guard will keep
him out.

Ar. Afore heaven, not a guard, an't
please your honour.

Eu. Thou liest, base ass ; one man
enforce a guard ?

I'll turn ye all away, by our isle's goddess,
If he but set a foot within my gates.

Lu. Your honour shall do well to have
him poisoned.

Hi. Or begged of your cousin the Vice-
roy. [*Exit.*

Lysander, from his stand.

Lys. This braving wooer hath the success
expected ; the favour I obtained made me
witness to the sport, and let his confidence
be sure, I'll give it him home. The news
by this is blown through the four quarters
of the city. Alas ! good confidence ; but
the happiness is, he has a forehead of
proof ; the stain shall never stick there,
whatsoever his reproach be.

Enter Tharsalio.

Lys. What ? In discourse ?

Tha. Hell and the furies take this vile
encounter ;

Who would imagine this Saturnian pea-
cock

Could be so barbarous to use a spirit
Of my erection, with such low respect ?
'Fore heaven, it cuts my gall ; but I'll
dissemble it.

Lys. What ? My noble lord ?

Tha. Well, sir, that may be yet, and
means to be.

Lys. What means your lordship then, to
hang that head that hath been so erected ;
it knocks, sir, at your bosom to come in
and hide itself.

Tha. Not a jot.

Lys. I hope by this time it needs fear
no horns.

Tha. Well, sir, but yet that blessing
runs not always in a blood.

Lys. What, blanketed ? O the gods !
Spurned out by grooms, like a base
bisogno ! Thrust out by th'head and
shoulders !

Tha. You do well, sir, to take your
pleasure of me ; I may turn tables with
you ere long.

Lys. What, has thy wit's fine engine
taken cold ? art stuffed in th' head ? canst
answer nothing ?

Tha. Truth is, I like my entertainment
the better that 'twas no better.

Lys. Now the gods forbid that this
opinion should run in a blood !

Tha. Have not you heard this principle,
All things by strife engender ?

Lys. Dogs and cats do.

Tha. And men and women too.

Lys. Well, brother, in earnest ; you
have now set your confidence to school,
from whence I hope't has brought home
such a lesson as will instruct his master
never after to begin such attempts as end
in laughter.

Tha. Well, sir, you lessen my confi-
dence, still ; I pray heavens your confidence
have not more shallow ground for that I
know, than mine you reprehend so.

Lys. My confidence ? in what ?

Tha. May-be you trust too much.

Lys. Wherein ?

Tha. In human frailty.

Lys. Why, brother, know you ought
that may impeach my confidence, as this
success may yours ? Hath your observa-
tion discovered any such frailty in my wife
(for that is your aim I know) ? then let me
know it.

Tha. Good, good. Nay, brother, I
write no books of observations ; let your
confidence bear out itself, as mine shall
me.

Lys. That's scarce a brother's speech.
If there be ought wherein your brother's
good might any way be questioned, can
you conceal it from his bosom ?

Tha. So, so. Nay, my saying was but
general. I glanced at no particular.

Lys. Then must I press you further.
You spake (as to yourself, but yet I over-
heard), as if you knew some disposition of
weakness where I most had fixed my trust.
I challenge you to let me know what
'twas.

Tha. Brother, are you wise ?

Lys. Why?

Tha. Be ignorant. Did you never hear of Actæon?

Lys. What then?

Tha. Curiosity was his death. He could not be content to adore Diana in her temple, but he must needs dog her to her retired pleasures, and see her in her nakedness. Do you enjoy the sole privilege of your wife's bed? have you no pretty Paris for your page? no young Adonis to front you there?

Lys. I think none; I know not.

Tha. Know not still, brother. Ignorance and credulity are your sole means to obtain that blessing. You see your greatest clerks, your wisest politicians are not that way fortunate; your learned lawyers would lose a dozen poor men's causes to gain a leaf an't, but for a term. Your physician is jealous of his. Your sages in general, by seeing too much, oversee that happiness. Only your blockheadly tradesman, your honest-meaning citizen, your nott-headed country gentleman, your unapprehending stinkard, is blessed with the sole prerogative of his wife's chamber, for which he is yet beholding, not to his stars, but to his ignorance. For, if he be wise, brother, I must tell you the case alters.

How do you relish these things, brother?

Lys. Passing ill.

Tha. So do sick men solid meats. Hark you, brother, are you not jealous?

Lys. No; do you know cause to make me?

Tha. Hold you there. Did your wife never spice your broth with a dram of sublimate? hath she not yielded up the fort of her honour to a staring soldado? and, taking courage from her guilt, played open bankrout of all shame, and run the country with him? Then bless your stars, bow your knees to Juno. Look where she appears.

Enter Cynthia, Hylus.

Cy. We have sought you long, sir; there's a messenger within hath brought you letters from the Court, and desires your speech.

Lys. I can discover nothing in her looks. Go, I'll not be long.

Cy. Sir, it is of weight, the bearer says; and besides, much hastens his departure. Honourable brother! cry mercy! what, in a conqueror's style? but come and overcome?

Tha. A fresh course.

Cy. Alas! you see of how slight metal widow's vows are made.

Tha. And that shall you prove too ere long.

Cy. Yet for the honour of our sex, boast not abroad this your easy conquest; another might perhaps have stayed longer below stairs, it was but your confidence that surprised her love.

Hy. My uncle hath instructed me how to accost an honourable lady; to win her, not by suit, but by surprise.

Tha. The whelp and all.

Hy. Good uncle, let not your near honours change your manners; be not forgetful of your promise to me touching your lady's daughter, Laodice. My fancy runs so upon't that I dream every night of her.

Tha. A good chicken! go thy ways, thou hast done well; eat bread with thy meat.

Cy. Come, sir, will you in?

Lys. I'll follow you.

Cy. I'll not stir a foot without you. I cannot satisfy the messenger's impatience.

Lys. [*He takes Tha. aside.*] Will you not resolve me, brother?

Tha. Of what?

[*Lysander stamps and goes out vexed with Cynthia, Hylus, Ero.*

So, there's veney for veney, I have given't him ith' speeding place for all his confidence. Well, out of this perhaps there may be moulded matter of more mirth than my baffling. It shall go hard but I'll make my constant sister act as famous a scene as Virgil did his mistress, who caused all the fire in Rome to fail, so that none could light a torch but at her nose. Now forth. At this house dwells a virtuous dame, sometimes of worthy fame, now like a decayed merchant turned broker, and retails refuse commodities for unthrifty gallants. Her wit I must employ upon this business to prepare my next encounter, but in such a fashion as shall make all split. Ho! Madam Arsace, pray heaven the oyster-wives have not brought the news of my wooing hither amongst their stale pilchards,

Enter Arsace, Tomasin.

Ars. What, my lord of the palace?

Tha. Look you.

Ars. Why, this was done like a beaten soldier.

Tha. Hark, I must speak with you. I have a share for you in this rich adventure. You must be the ass charged with crowns to make way to the fort, and I the con-

queror to follow, and seize it. Seest thou this jewel?

Ars. Is't come to that? Why, Tomasin.

To. Madam.

Ars. Did not one of the countess's serving-men tell us that this gentleman was sped?

To. That he did; and how her honour graced and entertained him in very familiar manner.

Ars. And brought him downstairs herself.

To. Ay, forsooth, and commanded her men to bear him out of doors.

Tha. 'Slight, pelted with rotten eggs?

Ars. Nay, more; that he had already possessed her sheets.

To. No, indeed, mistress, 'twas her blankets.

Tha. Out, you young hedge-sparrow, learn to tread afore you be fledge!

[*He kicks her out.*]

Well, have you done now, lady?

Ars. O, my sweet kilbuck.

Tha. You now, in your shallow pate, think this a disgrace to me; such a disgrace as is a battered helmet on a soldier's head, it doubles his resolution. Say, shall I use thee?

Ars. Use me?

Tha. O, holy reformation! how art thou fallen down from the upper bodies of the church to the skirts of the city! Honesty is stripped out of his true substance into verbal nicety. Common sinners startle at common terms, and they that by whole mountains swallow down the deeds of darkness, a poor mote of a familiar word makes them turn up the white o'th' eye. Thou art the lady's tenant?

Ars. For term, sir.

Tha. A good induction: be successful for me, make me lord of the palace, and thou shalt hold thy tenement to thee and thine heirs for ever, in free smockage, as of the manner of panderage, provided always—

Ars. Nay, if you take me unprovided.

Tha. Provided, I say, that thou makest thy repair to her, presently, with a plot I will instruct thee in; and for thy surer access to her greatness, thou shalt present her, as from thyself, with this jewel.

Ars. So her old grudge stand not betwixt her and me.

Tha. Fear not that.

Presents are present cures for female grudges,
Make bad seem good, alter the case with judges.

[*Exit.*]

END OF ACT I.

ACT THE SECOND.

SCENE I.

Lysander, Tharsalio.

Lys. So now we are [by] ourselves. Brother, that ill-relished speech you let slip from your tongue hath taken so deep hold of my thoughts, that they will never give me rest till I be resolved what 'twas you said, you know, touching my wife.

Tha. Tush, I am weary of this subject; I said not so.

Lys. By truth itself, you did; I overheard you. Come, it shall nothing move me, whatsoever it be; pray thee unfold briefly what you know.

Tha. Why, briefly, brother, I know my sister to be the wonder of the earth, and the envy of the heavens; virtuous, loyal, and what-not. Briefly, I know she hath vowed that till death and after death she'll hold inviolate her bonds to you, and that her black shall take no other hue, all which I firmly believe. In brief, brother, I know her to be a woman. But you know, brother, I have other irons on the anvil.

[*Exiturus.*]

Lys. You shall not leave me so unsatisfied; tell me what 'tis you know.

Tha. Why, brother, if you be sure of your wife's loyalty for term of life, why should you be curious to search the almacks for after-times, whether some wandering Æneas should enjoy your reversion; or whether your true turtle would sit mourning on a withered branch, till Atropos cut her throat. Beware of curiosity, for who can resolve you? you'll say perhaps her vow.

Lys. Perhaps I shall.

Tha. Tush, herself knows not what she shall do, when she is transformed into a widow. You are now a sober and staid gentleman. But if Diana for your curiosity should translate you into a monkey, do you know what gambols you should play? your only way to be resolved is to die and make trial of her.

Lys. A dear experiment; then I must rise again to be resolved.

Tha. You shall not need. I can send you speedier advertisement of her constancy by the next ripier that rides that way with mackerel. And so I leave you.

[*Exit Tharsalio.*]

Lys. All the furies in hell attend thee!

has given me a bone to tire on with a pestilence; 'sight know?

What can he know? what can his eye observe

More than mine own, or the most piercing sight

That ever view'd her? by this light I think

Her privatest thought may dare the eye of heaven,

And challenge th' envious world to witness it.

I know him for a wild, corrupted youth, Whom profane ruffians, squires to bawds, and strumpets;

Drunkards, spew'd out of taverns into th' sinks

Of tap-houses and stews, revolts from manhood.

Debauch'd perdus, have by their companies

Turn'd devil like themselves, and stuff'd his soul

With damn'd opinions and unhallow'd thoughts

Of womanhood, of all humanity, Nay, deity itself.

Enter Lycus.

Lys. Welcome, friend Lycus.

Lyc. Have you met with your capricious brother?

Lys. He parted hence but now.

Lyc. And has he yet resolved you of that point you brake with me about?

Lys. Yes, he bids me die for further trial of her constancy.

Lyc. That were a strange physic for a jealous patient; to cure his thirst with a draught of poison. Faith, sir, discharge your thoughts an't; think 'twas but a buzz devised by him to set your brains a-work, and divert your eye from his disgrace. The world hath written your wife in highest lines of honoured fame; her virtues so admired in this isle, as the report thereof sounds in foreign ears; and strangers oft arriving here, as some rare sight, desire to view her presence, thereby to compare the picture with the original.

Nor think he can turn so far rebel to his blood,

Or to the truth itself to misconceive Her spotless love and loyalty; perhaps Oft having heard you hold her faith so sacred,

As you being dead, no man might stir a spark

Of virtuous love, in way of second bonds;

As if you at your death should carry with you

Both branch and root of all affection.

'T may be, in that point he's an infidel, And thinks your confidence may overween.

Lys. So think not I.

Lyc. Nor I, if ever any made it good.

I am resolved of all, she'll prove no changeling.

Lys. Well, I must yet be further satisfied;

And vent this humour by some strain of wit;

Somewhat I'll do, but what I know not yet. [*Exeunt.*]

Enter Sthenio, Ianthe.

St. Passion of virginity, Ianthe, how shall we quit ourselves of this pandress that is so importunate to speak with us? Is she known to be a pandress?

Ia. Ay, as well as we are known to be waiting-women.

St. A shrew take your comparison!

Ia. Let's call out Argus, that bold ass, that never weighs what he does or says, but walks and talks like one in a sleep, to relate her attendance to my lady, and present her.

St. Who, an't please your honour? None so fit to set on any dangerous exploit. Ho! Argus!

Enter Argus, bare.

Arg. What's the matter, wenches?

St. You must tell my lady here's a gentlewoman called Arsace, her honour's tenant, attends her, to impart important business to her.

Arg. I will, presently. [*Exit Argus.*]

Ia. Well, she has a welcome present to bear out her unwelcome presence; and I never knew but a good gift would welcome a bad person to the purest. Arsace!

Enter Arsace.

Ars. Ay, mistress.

St. Give me your present; I'll do all I can to make way both for it and yourself.

Ars. You shall bind me to your service, lady.

St. Stand unseen.

Enter Lycus, Eudora, Laodice, Rebus, Hiarbas, Psorabeus, coming after; Argus coming to Eudora.

Arg. Here's a gentlewoman (an't please

your honour) one of your tenants, desires access to you.

Eu. What tenant? What's her name?

Arg. Arsace, she says, madam.

Eu. Arsace? What, the bawd?

Arg. The bawd, madam? [*she strikes*] that's without my privity.

Eu. Out, ass! know'st not thou the pandress, Arsace?

St. She presents your honour with this jewel.

Eu. This jewel? How came she by such a jewel? She has had great customers.

Arg. She had need, madam; she sits at a great rent.

Eu. Alas, for your great rent; I'll keep her jewel, and keep you her out, ye were best: speak to me for a pandress?

Arg. What shall we do?

St. Go to; let us alone. Arsace!

Ars. Ay, lady.

St. You must pardon us, we cannot obtain your access.

Ars. Mistress Sthenio, tell her honour, if I get not access to her, and that instantly, she's undone.

St. This is something of importance. Madam, she swears your honour is undone, if she speak not with you instantly.

Eu. Undone?

Ars. Pray her, for her honour's sake, to give me instant access to her.

St. She makes her business your honour, madam; and entreats, for the good of that, her instant speech with you.

Eu. How comes my honour in question? Bring her to me.

Enter Arsace.

Ars. Our Cyprian goddess save your good honour!

Eu. Stand you off, I pray. How dare you, mistress, importune access to me thus, considering the last warning I gave for your absence?

Ars. Because, madam, I have been moved by your honour's last most chaste admonition to leave the offensive life I led before.

Eu. Ay? have you left it then?

Ars. Ay, I assure your honour, unless it be for the pleasure of two or three poor ladies, that have prodigal knights to their husbands.

Eu. Out on thee, impudent!

Ars. Alas, madam, we would all be glad to live in our callings.

Eu. Is this the reformed life thou talkest on?

Ars. I beseech your good honour mistake me not; I boast of nothing but my charity, that's the worst.

Eu. You get these jewels with charity, no doubt. But what's the point in which my honour stands endangered, I pray?

Ars. In care of that, madam, I have presumed to offend your chaste eyes with my presence. Hearing it reported for truth and generally, that your honour will take to husband a young gentleman of this city called Tharsalio.

Eu. I take him to husband?

Ars. If your honour does, you are utterly undone, for he's the most incontinent; and insatiate man of women that ever Venus blessed with ability to please them.

Eu. Let him be the devil; I abhor his thought, and could I be informed particularly of any of these slanderers of mine honour, he should as dearly dare it as anything wherein his life were endangered.

Ars. Madam, the report of it is so strongly confident, that I fear the strong destiny of marriage is at work in it. But if it be, madam, let your honour's known virtues resist and defy it for him: for not a hundred will serve his one turn. I protest to your honour, when (Venus pardon me) I winked at my unmaidenly exercise, I have known nine in a night made mad with his love.

Eu. What, tell'st thou me of his love? I tell thee I abhor him; and destiny must have another mould for my thoughts than Nature or mine honour, and a witchcraft above both, to transform me to another shape, as soon as to another conceit of him.

Ars. Then is your good honour just as I pray for you; and good madam, even for your virtue's sake, and comfort of all your dignities and possessions, fix your whole womanhood against him. He will so enchant you, as never man did woman: nay, a goddess (say his light huswives) is not worthy of his sweetness.

Eu. Go to, begone.

Ars. Dear madam, your honour's most perfect admonitions have brought me to such a hate of these imperfections, that I could not but attend you with my duty, and urge his unreasonable manhood to the fill.

Eu. Manhood, quoth you?

Ars. Nay, beastlihood, I might say, indeed, madam, but for saving your honour; nine in a night, said I?

Eu. Go to, no more.

Ars. No more, madam? that's enough, one would think.

Eu. Well, begone, I bid thee.

Ars. Alas, madam, your honour is the chief of our city, and to whom shall I complain of these in chastities (being your ladyship's reformed tenant) but to you that are chastest?

Eu. I pray thee go thy ways, and let me see this reformation you pretend continued.

Ars. I humbly thank your good honour, that was first cause of it.

Eu. Here's a complaint as strange as my suitor.

Ars. I beseech your good honour think upon him, make him an example.

Eu. Yet again?

Ars. All my duty to your excellence.

[*Exit* Arsace.]

Eu. These sorts of licentious persons, when they are once reclaimed, are most vehement against licence. But it is the course of the world to dispraise faults and use them, that so we may use them the safer. What might a wise widow resolve upon this point, now? Contentment is the end of all worldly beings. Beshrew her! would she had spared her news.

[*Exit*.

Re. See if she take not a contrary way to free herself of us.

Hi. You must complain to his Altitude.

Ps. All this for trial is; you must endure

That will have wives, nought else with them is sure.

[*Exit*.

Tharsalio, Arsace.

Tha. Hast thou been admitted, then?

Ars. Admitted? ay, into her heart, I'll able it; never was man so praised with a dispraise; nor so spoken for in being railed on. I'll give you my word, I have set her heart upon as tickle a pin as the needle of a dial, that will never let it rest till it be in the right position.

Tha. Why dost thou imagine this?

Ars. Because I saw Cupid shoot in my words, and open his wounds in her looks. Her blood went and came of errands betwixt her face and her heart, and these changes I can tell you are shrewd tell-tales.

Tha. Thou speak'st like a doctress in thy faculty; but, howsoever, for all this foil I'll retrieve the game once again. He's a shallow gamester that for one displeasing cast gives up so fair a game for lost.

Ars. Well, 'twas a villanous invention of thine, and had a swift operation; it took like sulphur. And yet this virtuous countess hath to my ear spun out many a tedious lecture of pure sister's thread against concupiscence; but ever with such an affected zeal as my mind gave me she had a kind of secret titillation to grace my poor house sometimes, but that she feared a spice of the sciatica, which, as you know, ever runs in the blood.

Tha. And, as you know, soaks into the bones. But to say truth, these angry heats that break out at the lips of these strait-laced ladies, are but as symptoms of a lustful fever that boils within them. For wherefore rage wives at their husbands so when they fly out? for zeal against the sin?

Ars. No, but because they did not purge that sin.

Tha. Th'art a notable siren, and I swear to thee, if I prosper, not only to give thee thy manor-house gratis, but to marry thee to some one knight or other, and bury thy trade in thy ladyship. Go, begone.

[*Exit* Arsace.]

Enter Lycus.

Tha. What news, Lycus? where's the lady?

Lyc. Retired into her orchard.

Tha. A pregnant badge of love, she's melancholy.

Lyc. 'Tis with the sight of her Spartan wooer. But howsoever 'tis with her, you have practised strangely upon your brother.

Tha. Why so?

Lyc. You had almost lifted his wit off the hinges. That spark jealousy, falling into his dry, melancholy brain, had well near set the whole house on fire.

Tha. No matter, let it work; I did but pay him in's own coin. 'Sfoot, he plied me with such a volley of unseasoned scoffs, as would have made patience itself turn ruffian, attiring itself in wounds and blood. But is his humour better qualified, then?

Lyc. Yes, but with a medicine ten parts more dangerous than the sickness: you know how strange his dotage ever was on his wife; taking special glory to have her love and loyalty to him so renowned abroad. To whom she oftentimes hath vowed constancy after life, till her own death hath brought, forsooth, her widow-troth to bed. This he joyed in strangely, and was therein of infallible belief, till

your surmise began to shake it; which hath loosed it so, as now there's nought can settle it but a trial, which he's resolved upon.

Tha. As how, man? as how?

Lyc. He is resolved to follow your advice, to die, and make trial of her stibleness; and you must lend your hand to it.

Tha. What, to cut's throat?

Lyc. To forge a rumour of his death, to uphold it by circumstance, maintain a public face of mourning, and all things appertaining.

Tha. Ay, but the means, man. What time? what probability?

Lyc. Nay, I think he has not licked his whelp into full shape yet, but you shall shortly hear on't.

Tha. And when shall this strange conception see light?

Lyc. Forthwith; there's nothing stays him but some odd business of import, which he must wind up; lest perhaps his absence by occasion of his intended trial be prolonged above his aims.

Tha. Thanks for this news, i'faith. This may perhaps prove happy to my nephew. Truth is, I love my sister well and must acknowledge her more than ordinary virtues. But she hath so possessed my brother's heart with vows and disavowings, sealed with oaths of second nuptials; as in that confidence, he hath invested her in all his state, the ancient inheritance of our family; and left my nephew and the rest to hang upon her pure devotion; so as he dead, and she matching (as I am resolved she will) with some young prodigal; what must ensue, but her post-issue beggared, and our house, already sinking, buried quick in ruin. But this trial may remove it; and since 'tis come to this, mark but the issue, Lycus, for all these solemn vows, if I do not make her prove in the handling as weak as a wafer, say I lost my time in travail. This resolution, then, has set his wits in joint again; he's quiet.

Lyc. Yes, and talks of you again in the fairest manner; listens after your speed—

Tha. Nay, he's passing kind; but I am glad of this trial, for all that.

Lyc. Which he thinks to be a flight beyond your wing.

Tha. But he will change that thought ere long. My bird you saw even now sings me good news, and makes hopeful signs to me.

Lyc. Somewhat can I say too. Since

your messenger's departure her ladyship hath been something altered—more pensive than before—and took occasion to question of you, what your addictions were? of what taste your humour was? of what cut you wore your wit?—and all this in a kind of disdainful scorn.

Tha. Good callenders, Lycus. Well, I'll pawn this jewel with thee, my next encounter shall quite alter my brother's judgment. Come, let's in; he shall commend it for a discreet and honourable attempt.

Men's judgments sway on that side fortune leans,

Thy wishes shall assist me.

Lyc. And my means.

[*Exeunt.*]

Argus, Clinias, Sthenio, Ianthé.

Arg. I must confess I was ignorant what 'twas to court a lady till now.

St. And I pray you, what is it now?

Arg. To court her, I perceive, is to woo her with letters from Court; for so this Spartan lord's Court discipline teacheth.

St. His lordship hath procured a new packet from his Altitude.

Cl. If he bring no better ware than letters in's packet, I shall greatly doubt of his good speed.

Ia. If his lordship did but know how gracious his aspect is to my lady in this solitary humour.

Cl. Well, these retired walks of hers are not usual, and bode some alteration in her thoughts. What may be the cause, Sthenio?

St. Nay, 'twould trouble Argus with his his hundred eyes to descry the cause.

Ia. Venus keep her upright, that she fall not from the state of her honour; my fear is that some of these serpentine suitors will tempt her from her constant vow of widowhood. If they do, good night to our good days.

St. 'Twere a sin to suspect her; I have been witness to so many of her fearful protestations to our late lord against that course; to her infinite oath imprinted on his lips, and sealed in his heart with such imprecations to her bed, if ever it should receive a second impression; to her open and often detestations of that incestuous life (as she termed it) of widows' marriages; as being but a kind of lawful adultery; like usury, permitted by the law, not approved. That to wed a second, was no better than to cuckold the first: that women should entertain wedlock as one body,

as one life, beyond which there were no desire, no thought, no repentance from it, no restitution to it. So as if the conscience of her vows should not restrain her, yet the world's shame to break such a constant resolution, should repress any such motion in her.

Arg. Well, for vows, they are gone to heaven with her husband, they bind not upon earth: and as for women's resolutions, I must tell you, the planets, and (as Ptolemy says) the winds have a great stroke in them. Trust not my learning if her late strangeness and exorbitant solitude be not hatching some new monster.

Ia. Well applied, Argus; make you husbands monsters?

Arg. I spoke of no husbands: but you wenches have the pregnant wits to turn monsters into husbands, as you turn husbands into monsters.

St. Well, Ianthe, 'twere high time we made in, to part our lady and her Spartan wooer.

Ia. We shall appear to her like the two fortunate stars in a tempest, to save the shipwreck of her patience.

St. Ay, and to him too, I believe; for by this time he hath spent the last dram of his news.

Arg. That is, of his wit.

St. Just, good wittols.

Ia. If not, and that my lady be not too deep in her new dumps, we shall hear from his lordship, what such a lord said of his wife the first night he embraced her; to what gentleman such a count was beholding for his fine children; what young lady, such an old count should marry; what revels, what presentments, are towards; and who penned the Pegmas; and so forth: and yet for all this, I know her harsh suitor hath tired her to the uttermost scruple of her forbearance, and will do more, unless we two, like a pair of shears, cut asunder the thread of his discourse.

St. Well then, let's in; but, my masters, wait you on your charge at your perils, see that you guard her approach from any more intruders.

Ia. Excepting young Tharsalio.

St. True, excepting him indeed, for a guard of men is not able to keep him out, an't please your honour.

Arg. Oh, wenches, that's the property of true valour, to promise like a pigmy, and perform like a giant. If he come, I'll be sworn I'll do my lady's commandment upon him.

Ia. What! beat him out?

St. If he should, Tharsalio would not take it ill at his hands, for he does but his lady's commandment.

Enter Tharsalio.

Arg. Well, by Hercules, he comes not here.

St. By Venus, but he does: or else she hath heard my lady's prayers, and sent some gracious spirit in his likeness to fright away that Spartan wooer that haunts her.

Tha. There stand her sentinels.

Arg. 'Slight, the ghost appears again.

Tha. Save ye, my quondam fellows in arms; save ye, my women!

St. Your women, sir?

Tha. 'Twill be so. What, no curtsies? No preparation of grace? observe me, I advise you for your own sakes.

Ia. For your own sake, I advise you to pack hence, lest your impudent valour cost you dearer than you think.

Cl. What senseless boldness is this, Tharsalio?

Arg. Well said, Clinias, talk to him.

Cl. I wonder that notwithstanding the shame of your last entertainment, and threatenings of worse, you would yet presume to trouble this place again.

Tha. Come, y'are a widgeon; off with your hat, sir; acknowledge forecast is better than labour. Are you squint-eyed? can you not see afore you? A little foresight I can tell you might stead you, much as the stars shine now.

Cl. 'Tis well, sir, 'tis not for nothing your brother is ashamed on you. But, sir, you must know, we are charged to bar your entrance.

Tha. But, whiffer, know you, that whoso shall dare to execute that charge, I'll be his executioner.

Arg. By Jove, Clinias, methinks the gentleman speaks very honourably.

Tha. Well, I see the house needs reformation; here's a fellow stands behind now of a forwarder insight than ye all. What place hast thou?

Arg. What place you please, sir.

Tha. Law you, sir. Here's a fellow to make a gentleman usher, sir. I discharge you of the place, and do here invest thee into his room. Make much of thy hair, thy wit will suit it rarely. And for the full possession of thine office, come, usher me to thy lady; and to keep thy hand supple, take this from me.

Arg. Nobribes, sir, an't please your worship.

Tha. Go to, thou dost well; but pocket it for all that; it's no impair to thee; the greatest do't.

Arg. Sir, 'tis your love only that I respect, but since out of your love you please to bestow it upon me, it were want of courtship in me to refuse it; I'll acquaint my lady with your coming. [Exit *Arg.*]

Tha. How say by this? have not I made a fit choice, that hath so soon attained the deepest mystery of his profession? good sooth, wenches, a few curtsies had not been cast away upon your new lord.

St. We'll believe that, when our lady has a new son of your getting.

Enter Argus, Eudora, Rebus, Hiarbás, Psorabeus.

Eu. What's the matter; who's that, you say, is come?

Arg. The bold gentleman, and please your honour.

Eu. Why, thou fleering ass, thou!

Arg. An't please your honour.

Eu. Did not I forbid his approach by all the charge and duty of thy service?

Tha. Madam, this fellow only is intelligent; for he truly understood his command according to the style of the Court of Venus; that is, by contraries: when you forbid you bid.

Eu. By heaven, I'll discharge my house of ye all.

Tha. You shall not need, madam, for I have already cashiered your officious usher here, and choosed this for his successor.

Eu. O incredible boldness!

Tha. Madam, I come not to command your love with enforced letters, nor to woo you with tedious stories of my pedigree, as he who draws the thread of his descent from Leda's distaff, when 'tis well known his grandsire cried coneyskins in Sparta.

Re. Whom mean you, sir?

Tha. Sir, I name none, but him who first shall name himself.

Re. The place, sir, I tell you still, and this goddess's fair presence, or else my reply should take a far other form upon't.

Tha. If it should, sir, I would make your lordship an answer.

Arg. Anser's Latin for a goose, an't please your honour.

Eu. Well noted, gander; and what of that?

Arg. Nothing, an't please your honour, but that he said he would make his lordship an answer.

Eu. Thus every fool mocks my poor suitor. Tell me, thou most frontless of all men, didst thou (when thou hadst means to note me best) ever observe so base a temper in me as to give any glance at stooping to my vassal?

Tha. Your drudge, madam, to do your drudgery.

Eu. Or am I now so scant of worthy suitors that may advance mine honour, advance my estate, strengthen my alliance (if I list to wed) that I must stoop to make my foot my head?

Tha. No, but your side, to keep you warm a-bed. But, madam, vouchsafe me your patience to that point's serious answer. Though I confess to get higher place in your graces, I could wish my fortunes more honourable, my person more gracious, my mind more adorned with noble and heroic virtues, yet, madam (that you think not your blood disparaged by mixture with mine), deign to know this; howsoever, I once, only for your love, disguised myself in the service of your late lord and mine, yet my descent is as honourable as the proudest of your Spartan attempters, who, by unknown quills or conduits underground, draws his pedigree from Lycurgus his great toe to the Viceroy's little finger, and from thence to his own elbow, where it will never leave itching.

Re. 'Tis well, sir; presume still of the place.

Tha. 'Sfoot, madam, am I the first great personage that hath stooped to disguises for love? What think you of our countryman Hercules, that for love put on Omphale's apron and sat spinning amongst her wenches, while his mistress wore his lion's skin, and lamb-skinned him if he did not his business?

Eu. Most fitly thou resemblest thyself to that violent outlaw that claimed all other men's possessions as his own by his mere valour. For what less hast thou done? Come into my house, beat away these honourable persons—

Tha. That I will, madam. Hence, ye Sparta-velvets!

Ps. Hold, she did not mean so.

Tha. Away, I say, or leave your lives, I protest, here.

Hi. Well, sir, his Altitude shall know you.

Re. I'll do your errand, sir. [Exit.]

Tha. Do, good cousin Altitude, and beg the reversion of the next lady, for Dido has betrothed her love to me. By this fair hand, madam, a fair riddance of this Calidonian boar.

Eu. O most prodigious audaciousness!

Tha. True, madam; O fie upon 'em, they are intolerable. And I cannot but admire your singular virtue of patience, not common in your sex, and must therefore carry with it some rare endowment of other masculine and heroic virtues. To hear a rude Spartan court so ingenuous a lady, with dull news from Athens or the Viceroy's Court; how many dogs were spoiled at the last bull-baiting; what ladies dubbed their husbands knights, and so forth.

Eu. But hast thou no shame? no sense of what disdain I showed thee in my last entertainment? chasing thee from my presence, and charging thy duty not to attempt the like intrusion for thy life; and darest thou yet approach me in this unmannerly manner? No question this desperate boldness cannot choose but go accompanied with other infinite rudenesses.

Tha. Good madam, give not the child an unfit name, term it not boldness which the sages call true confidence, founded on the most infallible rock of a woman's constancy.

Eu. If shame cannot restrain thee, tell me yet if any brainless fool would have tempted the danger attending thy approach.

Tha. No, madam, that proves I am no fool: then had I been here a fool, and a base, low-spirited Spartan, if for a lady's, or a lord's threats, or for a guard of grooms, I should have shrunk in the wetting, and suffered such a delicious flower to perish in the stalk, or to be savagely plucked by a profane finger. No, madam: first, let me be made a subject for disgrace; let your remorseless guard seize on my despised body, bind me hand and foot, and hurl me into your ladyship's bed.

Eu. O gods! I protest thou dost more and more make me admire thee.

Tha. Madam, ignorance is the mother of admiration: know me better, and you'll admire me less.

Eu. What would'st thou have me know? what seeks thy coming? why dost thou haunt me thus?

Tha. Only, madam, that the Ætna of my sighs, and Nilus of my tears, poured forth in your presence, might witness to your honour the hot and moist affection of my heart, and work me some measure of favour from your sweet tongue, or your sweeter lips, or what else your good ladyship shall esteem more conducive to your divine contentment.

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Eu. Pen and ink-horn, I thank thee. This you learned when you were a serving-man.

Tha. Madam, I am still the same creature; and I will so tie my whole fortunes to that style, as were it my happiness (as I know it will be) to mount into my lord's succession, yet vow I never to assume other title, or state, than your servants: not approaching your board, but bidden: not pressing to your bed, but your pleasure shall be first known if you will command me any service.

Eu. Thy vows are as vain as a ruffian's oaths; as common as the air; and as cheap as the dust. How many of the light huswives, thy muses, hath thy love promised this service besides, I pray thee?

Tha. Compare shadows to bodies, madam; pictures to the life; and such are they to you, in my valuation.

Eu. I see words will never free me of thy boldness, and will therefore now use blows; and those of the mortallest enforcement. Let it suffice, sir, that all this time, and to this place, you enjoy your safety; keep back; no one foot follow me further; for I protest to thee, the next threshold past, lets pass a prepared ambush to thy latest breath.

[Exit Eu.
Tha. This for your ambush, [he draws]. Dare my love with death?

Cl. 'Slight; follow, an't please your honour.

Arg. Not I, by this light.

Cl. I hope, gentlewomen, you will.

St. Not we, sir, we are no parters of frays.

Cl. 'Faith, nor I'll be any breaker of customs.

[Exit.

END OF ACT II.

ACT THE THIRD.

SCENE I.

Enter Lysander and Lycus, booted.

Lyc. Would any heart of adamant, for satisfaction of an ungrounded humour, rack a poor lady's innocence as you intend to do? It was a strange curiosity in that Emperor, that ripped his mother's womb to see the place he lay in.

Lys. Come, do not load me with volumes of persuasion; I am resolved: if she be

Y

gold she may abide the test ; let's away. I wonder where this wild brother is.

Enter Cynthia, Hylus, and Ero.

Cy. Sir.

Lys. I pray thee, wife, show but thyself a woman, and be silent ; question no more the reason of my journey, which our great Viceroy's charge, urged in this letter, doth enforce me to.

Cy. Let me but see that letter. There is something in this presaging blood of mine, tells me this sudden journey can portend no good ; resolve me, sweet ; have not I given you cause of discontent, by some misprision, or want of fit observance ? Let me know, that I may wreak myself upon myself.

Lys. Come, wife, our love is now grown old and staid,

And must not wanton it in tricks of court,
Nor interchanged delights of melting lovers ;

Hanging on sleeves, sighing, loth to depart ;
These toys are past with us ; our true love's substance

Hath worn out all the show ; let it suffice,
I hold thee dear : and think some cause of weight,

With no excuse to be dispensed withal,
Compels me from thy most desired embraces.

I stay but for my brother ; came he not in last night ?

Hy. For certain no, sir, which gave us cause of wonder what accident kept him abroad.

Cy. Pray heaven it prove not some wild resolution, bred in him by his second repulse from the Countess.

Lys. Trust me I something fear it, this insatiate spirit of aspiring being so dangerous and fatal ; desire mounted on the wings of it, descends not but headlong.

Enter Tharsalio.

Hy. Sir, sir, here's my uncle.

Lys. What, wrapt in careless cloak, face hid in hat unbanded ! these are the ditches, brother, in which outraging colts plunge both themselves and their riders.

Tha. Well, we must get out as well as we may ; if not, there's the making of a grave saved.

Cy. That's desperately spoken, brother ; had it not been happier the colt had been better broken, and his rider not fallen in.

Tha. True, sister, but we must ride colts before we can break them, you know.

Lys. This is your blind goddess, Confidence.

Tha. Alas, brother, our house is decayed, and my honest ambition to restore it, I hope be pardonable. My comfort is : the poet that pens the story will write o'er my head *magnis tamen excidit ausis* ; Which in our native idiom, lets you know His mind was high, though Fortune was his foe.

Lys. A good resolve, brother, to out-jest disgrace : come, I had been on my journey but for some private speech with you : let's in.

Tha. Good brother, stay a little, help out this ragged colt out of the ditch.

Lys. How now ?

Tha. Now I confess my oversight, this have I purchased by my confidence.

Lys. I like you, brother, 'tis the true garb, you know,

What wants in real worth supply in show.

Tha. In show ? alas, 'twas even the thing itself ;

I oped my counting house, and took away These simple fragments of my treasury.

"Husband," my Countess cried, "take more, more yet,"

Yet I, in haste, to pay in part my debt,
And prove myself a husband of her store,
Kiss'd and came off, and this time took no more.

Cy. But good brother.

Tha. Then were our honour'd spousal rites perform'd,
We made all short, and sweet, and close, and sure.

Lys. He's wrapt.

Tha. Then did my ushers and chief servants stoop,

Then made my women curtsies, and envied Their lady's fortune : I was magnified.

Lys. Let him alone, this spirit will soon vanish.

Tha. Brother and sister, as I love you, and am true servant to Venus, all the premises are serious and true, and the conclusion is : the great Countess is mine, the palace is at your service, to which I invite you all to solemnize my honoured nuptials.

Lys. Can this be credited ?

Tha. Good brother, do not you envy my fortunate achievement ?

Lys. Nay, I ever said the attempt was commendable.

Tha. Good !

Lys. If the issue were successful.

Tha. A good state-conclusion ; happy events make good the worst attempts.

Here are your widow-vows, sister; thus are ye all in your pure naturals; certain moral disguises of coyness, which the ignorant call modesty, ye borrow of art to cover your busk points; which a blunt and resolute encounter, taken under a fortunate aspect, easily disarms you of; and then, alas, what are you? poor naked sinners, God wot! weak paper walls thrust down with a finger; this is the way on't, boil their appetites to a full height of lust; and then take them down in the nick.

Cy. Is there probability in this, that a lady so great, so virtuous, standing on so high terms of honour, should so soon stoop?

Tha. You would not wonder, sister, if you knew the lure she stooped at: greatness? think you that can curb affection; no, it whets it more; they have the full stream of blood to bear them, the sweet gale of their sublimed spirits to drive them, the calm of ease to prepare them, the sunshine of fortune to allure them, greatness to waft them safe through all rocks of infamy. When youth, wit, and person come aboard once, tell me, sister, can you choose but hoise sail, and put forward to the main?

Lys. But let me wonder at this frailty yet; would she in so short time wear out his memory, so soon wipe from her eyes, nay, from her heart, whom I myself, and this whole isle besides, still remember with grief, the impression of his loss taking worthily such root in us; how think you, wife?

Cy. I am ashamed an't, and abhor to think

So great and vow'd a pattern of our sex
Should take into her thoughts, nay, to her bed

(O stain to womanhood!) a second love.

Lyc. In so short time.

Cy. In any time.

Lys. No, wife.

Cy. By Juno, no; sooner a loathsome toad.

Tha. High words, believe me, and I think she'll keep them; next turn is yours, nephew; you shall now marry my noblest lady-daughter; the first marriage in Paphos; next my nuptials shall be yours. These are strange occurrences, brother, but pretty and pathetic; if you see me in my chair of honour, and my Countess in mine arms, you will then believe, I hope, I am the lord of the palace, then shall you try my great lady's entertainment; see your hands freed

of me, and mine taking you to advancement.

Lys. Well, all this rids not my business; wife, you shall be there to partake the unexpected honour of our house. Lycus and I will make it our recreation by the way, to think of your revels and nuptial sports. Brother, my stay hath been for you. Wife, pray thee be gone, and soon prepare for the solemnity; a month returns me.

Cy. Heavens guide your journey!

Lys. Farewell.

Tha. Farewell, nephew; prosper in virility; but do you hear, keep your hand from your voice, I have a part for you in our hymeneal show.

Hy. You speak too late for my voice; but I'll discharge the part.

[Exit Cynthia, Hylus.]

Lys. Occurrents call ye them? foul shame confound them all! that impregnable fort of chastity and loyalty, that amazement of the world, O ye deities, could nothing restrain her? I took her spirit to be too haughty for such a depression.

Tha. But who commonly more short-heeled than they that are high i'th' instep.

Lys. Methinks yet shame should have controlled so sudden an appetite.

Tha. Tush, shame doth extinguish lust
as oil doth fire;

The blood once hot, shame doth inflame
the more,

What they before by art dissembled
most,

They act more freely; shame once found
is lost;

And to say truth, brother, what shame is due to't? or what congruence doth it carry, that a young lady, gallant, vigorous, full of spirit and complexion; her appetite new-whetted with nuptial delights, to be confined to the speculation of a death's-head; or for the loss of a husband, the world affording flesh enough, make the noontide of her years the sunset of her pleasures?

Lyc. And yet there have been such women.

Tha. Of the first stamp, perhaps, when the metal was purer than in these degenerate days. Of later years, much of that coin hath been counterfeit, and besides, so cracked and worn with use, that they are grown light, and indeed fit for nothing but to be turned over in play.

Lys. Not all, brother.

Tha. My matchless sister only excepted.

For she, you know, is made of another metal than that she borrowed of her mother. But do you, brother, sadly intend the pursuit of this trial?

Lys. Irrevocably.

Tha. It's a high project; if it be once raised, the earth is too weak to bear so weighty an accident; it cannot be conjured down again without an earthquake: therefore believe she will be constant.

Lyc. No, I will not.

Tha. Then believe she will not be constant.

Lys. Neither; I will believe nothing but what trial enforces. Will you hold your promise for the governing of this project with skill and secrecy?

Tha. If it must needs be so. But hark you, brother; have you no other capricions in your head to intrap my sister in her frailty, but to prove the firmness of her widow vows after your supposed death?

Lys. None in the world.

Tha. Then here's my hand; I'll be as close as my lady's shoe to her foot that pinches and pleases her, and will bear on with the plot till the vessel split again.

Lys. Forge any death, so you can force belief.

Say I was poison'd, drown'd.

Tha. Hanged.

Lys. Anything; so you assist it with likely circumstance, I need not instruct you; that must be your employment, Lycus.

Lyc. Well, sir.

Tha. But, brother, you must set in too; to countenance truth out, a hearse there must be too. It's strange to think how much the eye prevails in such impressions; I have marked a widow, that just before was seen pleasant enough, follow an empty hearse, and weep devoutly.

Lyc. All those things leave to me.

Lys. But, brother, for the bestowing of this hearse in the monument of our family, and the marshalling of a funeral.

Tha. Leave that to my care, and if I do not do the mourner, as lively as your heir, and weep as lustily as your widow, say there's no virtue in onions: that being done, I'll come to visit the distressed widow; apply old ends of comfort to her grief, but the burden of my song shall be to tell her words are but dead comforts; and therefore counsel her to take a living comfort; that might ferret out the thought of her dead husband, and will come prepared with choice of suitors; either my Spartan lord for grace at the Viceroy's Court, or

some great lawyer that may solder up her cracked estate, and so forth. But what would you say, brother, if you should find her married at your arrival?

Lys. By this hand, split her weasand.

Tha. Well, forget not your wager, a stately chariot with four brave horses of the Thracian breed, with all appurtenances. I'll prepare the like for you, if you prove victor. But well remembered, where will you lurk the whiles?

Lys. Mewed up close, some short day's journey hence. Lycus shall know the place. Write still how all things pass. Brother, adieu; all joy attend you!

Tha. Will you not stay our nuptial now so near?

Lys. I should be like a man that hears a tale

And heeds it not; one absent from himself: my wife shall attend the countess, and my son.

Tha. Whom you shall hear at your return call me father.

Adieu; Jove be your speed.

My nuptials done, your funerals succeed.

[*Exeunt.*]

Enter Argus barehead.

Arg. A hall, a hall! who's without there? [*Enter two or three with cushions.*] Come on, y'are proper grooms, are ye not? 'Slight, I think y'are all bridegrooms, ye take your pleasures so. A company of dormice! Their honours are upon coming, and the room not ready. Rushes and seats instantly.

Tha. Now, alas, fellow Argus, how thou art cumbered with an office!

Arg. Perfume, sirrah, the room's dampish.

Tha. Nay, you may leave that office to the ladies, they'll perfume it sufficiently.

Arg. Cry mercy, sir: here's a whole chorus of Sylvans at hand, curvetting and tripping ath' toe, as the ground they trod on were too hot for their feet. The device is rare; and there's your young nephew too, he hangs in the clouds deified with Hymen's shape.

Tha. Is he perfect in's part? has not his tongue learned of the Sylvans to trip ath' toe?

Arg. Sir, believe it, he does it precious for accent and action, as if he felt the part he played; he ravishes all the young wenches in the palace; pray Venus my young lady Laodice have not some little prick of Cupid in her, she's so diligent at's rehearsals.

Tha. No force, for my next vows be heard, that if Cupid have pricked her, Hymen may cure her.

Arg. You mean your nephew, sir, that presents Hymen.

Tha. Why so, I can speak nothing but thou art within me; fie of this wit of thine, 'twill be thy destruction! But howsoever you please to understand, Hymen send the boy no worse fortune; and where's my lady's honour?

Arg. At hand, sir, with your unparagoned sister; please you take your chair of honour, sir?

Tha. Most serviceable Argus, the gods reward thy service; for I will not.

Enter Eudora, leading Cynthia, Laodice, Sthenio, Ianthe, Ero, with others following.

Eu. Come, sister, now we must exchange that name

For stranger titles, let's dispose ourselves To entertain these sylvan revellers, That come to grace our loved nuptials. I fear me we must all turn nymphs to-night, To side those sprightly wood-gods in their dances;

Can you do't nimbly, sister? 'sight, what ail you,

Are you not well?

Cy. Yes, madam.

Eu. But your looks, Methinks, are cloudy; suiting ill the sunshine

Of this clear honour to your husband's house.

Is there aught here that sorts not with your liking?

Tha. Blame her not, mistress, if her looks show care.

Excuse the merchant's sadness that hath made

A doubtful venture of his whole estate, His livelihood, his hopes, in one poor bottom,

To all encounters of the sea and storms.

Had you a husband that you loved as well, Would you not take his absent plight as ill?

Cavil at every fancy? not an object That could present itself, but it would forge

Some vain objection, that did doubt his safety:

True love is ever full of jealousy.

Eu. Jealous? of what? of every little journey?

Mere fancy, then, is wanton; and doth cast

At those slight dangers there, too doting glances;

Misgiving minds ever provoke mischances. Shines not the sun in his way bright as here?

Is not the air as good? what hazard doubt you?

Arg. His horse may stumble, if it please your honour;

The rain may wet, the wind may blow on him;

Many shrewd hazards watch poor travellers.

Eu. True, and the shrewdest thou hast reckon'd us,

Good sister, these cares fit young married wives.

Cy. Wives should be still young in their husbands' loves;

Time bears no scythe should bear down them before him:

Our lives he may cut short, but not our loves.

Tha. Sister, be wise, and ship not in one bark

All your ability; if he miscarry, Your well-tried wisdom should look out for new.

Cy. I wish them happy winds that run that course,

From me 'tis far; one temple seal'd our troth;

One tomb, one hour shall end, and shroud us both.

Tha. Well, y'are a phoenix, there, be that your cheer:

Love with your husband be, your wisdom here:

Hark! our sports challenge it; sit, dearest mistress.

Eu. Take your place, worthiest servant.

Tha. Serve me, heaven, [Music.] As I my heavenly mistress: sit, rare sister.

Music: Hymen descends, and six Sylvans enter beneath, with torches.

Arg. A hall, a hall! let no more citizens in there.

La. O, not my cousin see; but Hymen's self.

St. He does become it most enflamingly.

Hy. Hail, honour'd bridegroom, and his princely bride,

With the most famed for virtue, Cynthia; And this young lady, bright Laodice, One rich hope of this noblest family.

St. Hark how he courts; he is enamour'd too.

La. Oh, grant it, Venus, and be ever honour'd!

Hy. In grace and love of you, I, Hymen,
search'd
The groves and thickets that embrace this
palace
With this clear-flamed and good-aboding
torch
For summons of these fresh and flowery
Sylvans
To this fair presence ; with their winding
hays,
Active and antic dances, to delight
Your frolic eyes, and help to celebrate
These noblest nuptials ; which great
destiny

Ordain'd past custom and all vulgar object,
To be the readvancement of a house
Noble and princely, and restore this palace
To that name that six hundred summers
since

Was in possession of this bridegroom's
ancestors,

The ancient and most virtue-famed *Ly-*
sandri.

Sylvans ! the courtships you make to your
Dryads

Use to this great bride, and these other
dames,

And heighten with your sports, my nuptial
flames.

La. O, would himself descend, and me
command.

St. Dance ; and his heart catch in
another's hand.

[*Sylvans take out the Bride and the
rest, they dance : after which, and
all set in their places,*

Hymen.

Hy. Now, what the power and my
torch's influence

Hath in the blessings of your nuptial joys
(Great bride and bridegroom) you shall
amply part

Betwixt your free loves, and forego it
never.

Omnes. Thanks to great Hymen and
fair Sylvans, ever. [*Exeunt.*

END OF ACT III.

ACT THE FOURTH.

SCENE I.

Tharsalio, Lycus, *with his arm in a scarf,
a night-cap on's head.*

Lyc. I hope, sir, by this time—

Tha. Put on, man, by ourselves.

Lyc. The edge of your confidence is well
taken off ; would you not be content to
withdraw your wager ?

Tha. 'Faith, fellow Lycus, if my wager
were weakly built, this unexpected accident
might stagger it. For the truth is, this
strain is extraordinary, to follow her
husband's body into the tomb, and there,
for his company, to bury herself quick ;
it's new and stirring ; but for all this, I'll
not despair of my wager.

Lyc. Why, sir, can you think such a
passion dissembled ?

Tha. All's one for that ; what I think I
think. In the meantime, forget not to
write to my brother, how the plot hath
succeeded, that the news of his death hath
taken, a funeral solemnity performed, his
supposed corse bestowed in the monument
of our family, thou and I horrible mourners.
But above all, that his intolerable virtuous
widow, for his love ; and (for her love) *Ero*,
her handmaid, are descended with his
corse into the vault, there wipe their eyes
time out of mind, drink nothing but their
own tears, and by this time are almost
dead with famine. There's a point will
sting it (for you say 'tis true) : where left
you him ?

Lyc. At *Dipolis*, sir, some twenty miles
hence.

Tha. He keeps close.

Lyc. Ay, sir, by all means ; skulks un-
known under the name of a strange knight.

Tha. That may carry him without des-
crying, for there's a number of strange
knights abroad. You left him well ?

Lyc. Well, sir, but for this jealous
humour that haunts him.

Tha. Well, this news will absolutely
purge that humour. Write all ; forget not
to describe her passion at thy discovery of
his slaughter : did she perform it well for
her husband's wager ?

Lyc. Perform it, call you it ? You may
jest ; men hunt hares to death for their
sports, but the poor beasts die in earnest :
you wager of her passions for your pleasure,
but she takes little pleasure in those earnest
passions. I never saw such an ecstasy or
sorrow, since I knew the name of sorrow.
Her hands flew up to her head like *Furies*,
hid all her beauties in her dishevelled hair,
and wept as she would turn fountain. I would
you and her husband had been behind the
 arras but to have heard her. I assure you, sir,
I was so transported with the spectacle, that
in despite of my discretion, I was forced
to turn woman, and bear a part with her.

Humanity broke loose from my heart, and streamed through mine eyes.

Tha. In prose, thou wept'st. So have I seen many a moist auditor do at a play; when the story was but a mere fiction. And didst act the Nuntius well? would I had heard it: could'st thou dress thy looks in a mournful habit?

Lyc. Not without preparation, sir; no more than my speech, 'twas a plain acting of an interlude to me, to pronounce the part.

Tha. As how, for heaven's sake?

Lyc. "Phœbus address'd his chariot towards the West, To change his wearied coursers," and so forth.

Tha. Nay on, and thou lovest me.

Lyc. "Lysander and myself beguiled the way With interchanged discourse, but our chief theme

Was of your dearest self, his honour'd wife; Your love, your virtue, wondrous constancy."

Tha. Then was her cue to whimper; on.

Lyc. "When suddenly appear'd as far as sight A troop of horse, arm'd, as we might discern, With javelins, spears, and such accoutrements.

He doubted nought (as innocency ever Is free from doubting ill.)"

Tha. There dropt a tear.

Lyc. "My mind misgave me They might be mountaineers. At their approach They used no other language but their weapons,

To tell us what they were; Lysander drew, And bore himself Achilles-like in fight, And as a mower sweeps off t'heads of bents,

So did Lysander's sword shave off the points Of their assaulting lances.

His horse at last, sore hurt, fell under him; I seeing I could not rescue, used my spurs To fly away."

Tha. What, from thy friend?

Lyc. Ay, in a good quarrel, why not?

Tha. Good; I am answer'd.

Lyc. "A lance pursued me, brought me back again; And with these wounds left me t'accompany Dying Lysander: then they rifled us, And left us.

They gone, my breath not yet gone, 'gan to strive

And revive sense; I with my feeble joints

Crawl'd to Lysander, stirr'd him, and withal

He gasp'd; cried 'Cynthia!' and breathed no more."

Tha. O then she howled outright!

Lyc. "Passengers came, and in a chariot brought us

Straight to a neighbour-town; where I forthwith

Coffin'd my friend in lead: and so convey'd him

To this sad place."

Tha. 'Twas well; and could not show but strangely.

Lyc. Well, sir, this tale pronounced with terror, suited with action clothed with such likely circumstance; my wounds in show, her husband's hearse in sight, think what effect it wrought; and if you doubt, let the sad consequence of her retreat to his tomb, be your woful instructor.

Tha. For all this, I'll not despair of my wager:

These griefs that sound so loud, prove always light,

True sorrow evermore keeps out of sight.

This strain of mourning within a sepulchre, like an overdoing actor, affects grossly, and is indeed so far forced from the life, that it bewrays itself to be altogether artificial.

To set open a shop of mourning! 'Tis palpable. Truth the substance, hunts not after the shadow of popular fame. Her officious ostentation of sorrow condemns her sincerity. When did ever woman mourn so unmeasurably, but she did dissemble?

Lyc. O gods! a passion thus borne; thus apparelled with tears, sighs, swoonings, and all the badges of true sorrow, to be dissembled!—by Venus, I am sorry I ever set foot in't. Could she, if she dissembled, thus dally with hunger, be deaf to the barking of her appetite, not having these four days relieved nature with one dram of sustenance?

Tha. For this does she look to be deified, to have hymns made of her, nay to her: the tomb where she is to be no more reputed the ancient monument of our family, the Lysandri, but the new-erected altar of Cynthia; to which all the Paphian widows shall after their husbands' funerals offer their wet muckinders, for monuments of the danger they have passed, as seamen

do their wet garments at Neptune's temple after a shipwrack.

Lyc. Well, I'll apprehend you, at your pleasure ; I for my part will say, that if her faith be as constant as her love is hearty and unaffected, her virtues may justly challenge a deity to enshrine them.

Tha. Ay, there's another point, too. But one of those virtues is enough at once. All natures are not capable of all gifts. If the brain of the West were in the heads of the learned, then might parish clerks be common-councilmen, and poets aldermen's deputies. My sister may turn Niobe for love ; but till Niobe be turned to a marble, I'll not despair but she may prove a woman. Let the trial run on : if she do not outrun it, I'll say poets are no prophets, prognosticators are but mountebanks, and none tell true but wood-mongers. *[Exit.]*

Lyc. A sweet gentleman you are ! I marvel what man, what woman, what name, what action, doth his tongue glide over, but it leaves a slime upon't ? Well, I'll presently to Dipolis, where Lysander stays, and will not say but she may prove frail :

But this I'll say, if she should chance to break,

Her tears are true, though women's truths are weak. *[Exit.]*

Enter Lysander, like a Soldier disguised at all parts ; a half-pike, gorget, &c. He discovers the tomb, looks in, and wonders, &c.

O miracle of nature ! women's glory,
Men's shame, and envy of the deities !
Yet must these matchless creatures be suspected,

Accused, condemn'd ! Now by the immortal gods,

They rather merit altars, sacrifice,
Than love and courtship.

Yet see, the Queen of these lies here interred,

Fearing her hair, and drowned in her tears.
Which Jove should turn to crystal, and a mirror

Make of them, wherein men may see and wonder

At women's virtues. Shall she famish, then ?

Will men, without dissuasions, suffer thus
So bright an ornament to earth, tomb'd quick

In earth's dark bosom ? Ho ! who's in the tomb there ?

Er. Who calls ? whence are you ?

Lys. I am a soldier of the watch and must enter.

Er. Amongst the dead ?

Lys. Do the dead speak ? Ope, or I'll force it open.

Er. What violence is this ? what seek you here,
Where nought but death and her attendants dwell ?

Lys. What wretched souls are you, that thus by night lurk here amongst the dead ?

Er. Good soldier, do not stir her. She's weak, and quickly seized with swooning and passions, and with much trouble shall we both recall her fainting spirits. Five days thus hath she wasted, and not once seasoned her palate with the taste of meat ; her powers of life are spent ; and what remains of her famished spirit, serves not to breathe but sigh.

She hath exiled her eyes from sleep or sight,
And given them wholly up to ceaseless tears,

Over that ruthless hearse of her dear spouse,
Slain by bandittoes, nobly-born Lysander.

Lys. And hopes she with these heavy notes and cries to call him from the dead ? in these five days hath she but made him stir a finger or fetch one gasp of that forsaken life she mourns ?

Come, honour'd mistress, I admire your virtues,

But must reprove this vain excess of moan.
Rouse yourself, lady, and look up from death.

Well said, 'tis well ; stay by my hand and rise.

This face hath been maintain'd with better huswifery.

Cy. What are you ?

Lys. Lady, I am sentinel,
Set in this hallow'd place, to watch and guard

On forfeit of my life, these monuments
From rape and spoil of sacrilegious hands ;

And save the bodies, that without you see
Of crucified offenders, that no friends
May bear them hence to honour'd burial.

Cy. Thou seem'st an honest soldier ; pray thee then

Be as thou seem'st ; betake thee to thy charge,

And leave this place ; add not affliction
To the afflicted.

Lys. You misname the children.
For what you term affliction now, in you
Is but self-humour ; voluntary penance

Imposed upon yourself ; and you lament,
As did the Satyr once, that ran affrighted
From that horn's sound that he himself
had winded.

Which humour to abate, my counsel tend-
ing your term'd affliction ;

What I for physic give, you take for poison.
I tell you, honour'd mistress, these in-
gredients

Are wholesome, though perhaps they seem
untoothsome.

Er. This soldier, sure, is some decayed
pothecary.

Lys. Dear ghost, be wise, and pity your
fair self,

Thus by yourself unnaturally afflicted ;
Chide back heart-breaking groans, clear
up those lamps,

Restore them to their first creation ;
Windows for light, not sluices made for
tears,

Beat not the senseless air with needless cries,
Baneful to life and bootless to the dead.

This is the inn where all Deucalion's race,
Sooner or later, must take up their lodging.

No privilege can free us from this prison ;
No tears nor prayers can redeem from hence

A captiv'd soul ; make use of what you see :
Let this affrighting spectacle of death

Teach you to nourish life.

Er. Good hear him ; this is a rare
soldier.

Lys. Say that with abstinence you should
unloose

The knot of life ; suppose that in this tomb
For your dear spouse, you should entomb
yourself

A living corse ; say that before your hour,
Without due summons from the Fates, you
send

Your hasty soul to hell ; can your dear
spouse

Take notice of your faith and constancy ?
Shall your dear spouse revive to give you
thanks ?

Cy. Idle discourser !

Lys. No, your moans are idle.

Go to, I say, be counsell'd ; raise yourself ;
Enjoy the fruits of life, there's viands for
you.

Now, live for a better husband.

No ? will you none ?

Er. For love of courtesy, good mistress,
eat,

Do not reject so kind and sweet an offer ;
Who knows but this may be some Mercury
Disguised, and sent from Juno to relieve us ?

Did ever any lend unwilling ears
To those that came with messages of life ?

Cy. I pray thee leave thy rhetoric.

Er. By my soul, to speak plain truth, I
could rather wish t'employ my teeth than
my tongue, so your example would be my
warrant.

Cy. Thou hast my warrant.

Lys. Well then, eat, my wench, let
obstinacy starve, fall to.

Er. Persuade my mistress first.

Lys. 'Slight, tell me, lady,
Are you resolved to die ? If that be so,
Choose not, for shame, a base and
beggar's death ;

Die not for hunger ; like a Spartan lady,
Fall valiantly upon a sword, or drink
A noble death, expel your grief with poison.

There 'tis, seize it—tush ! you dare not die.
Come, wench,

Thou hast not lost a husband ; thou shalt
eat ;

Th'art now within the place where I
command.

Er. I protest, sir.

Lys. Well said ; eat, and protest, or I'll
protest

And do thou eat ; thou eat'st against thy
will,

That's it thou would'st say ?

Er. It is.

Lys. And under such a protestation
Thou lost thy maidenhead.

For your own sake, good lady, forget this
husband.

Come, you are now become a happy widow,
A blessedness that many would be glad of.

That and your husband's inventory to-
gether,

Will raise you up husbands enow.

What think you of me ?

Cy. Trifler, pursue this wanton theme
no further ;

Lest, which I would be loth, your speech
provoke

Uncivil language from me ; I must tell you,
One joint of him I lost, was much more
worth

Than the rack'd value of thy entire body.

Er. I know what joint she means.

Lys. Well, I have done ;
And well done, frailty ; profane, * how likest
thou it ?

Er. Very toothsome ingredients surely,
sir ; want but some liquor to incorporate them.

Lys. There 'tis, carouse.

Er. I humbly thank you, sir.

Lys. Hold, please me now.

* *i.e.* "much good may it do you!" *profi-*
ciat.—ED.

Er. 'Tis the poison, sir,
That preserves life, I take it. [*Bibit Ancill.*]

Lys. Do so, take it.

Er. Sighing has made me something
short-winded.

I'll pledge y'at twice.

Lys. 'Tis well done; do me right.

Er. I pray, sir, have you been a pothe-
cary?

Lys. Marry have I, wench; a woman's
pothecary.

Er. Have you good ingredients?

I like your bottle well, Good mistress,
taste it.

Try but the operation, 'twill fetch up

The roses in your cheeks again.

Doctor Verolles' bottles are not like it;

There's no guaiacum here, I can assure you.

Lys. This will do well anon.

Er. Now fie upon't.

O, I have lost my tongue in this same limbo
The spring ants spoil'd methinks; it goes
not off

With the old twang.

Lys. Well said, wench, oil it well; 'twill
make it slide well.

Er. Aristotle says, sir, in his *Poste-
riods*—

Lys. This wench is learned;—and what
says he?

Er. That when a man dies, the last
thing that moves is his heart, in a woman
her tongue.

Lys. Right; and adds further, that you
women are a kind of spinners; if their legs
be plucked off, yet still they'll wag them;
so will you your tongues.

With what an easy change does this same
weakness

Of women slip from one extreme t'
another?

All these attractions take no hold of her;

No, not to take refection; 't must not be
thus.

Well said, wench; tickle that Helicon.

But shall we quit the field with this disgrace

Given to our oratory? Both not gain

So much ground of her as to make her eat?

Er. Faith, the truth is, sir, you are no
fit organ

For this business;

'Tis quite out of your element.

Let us alone, she'll eat, I have no fear:

A woman's tongue best fits a woman's ear.

Jove never did employ Mercury,

But Iris for his messenger to Juno.

Lys. Come, let me kiss thee, wench;
wilt undertake

To make thy mistress eat?

Er. It shall go hard, sir,
But I will make her turn to flesh and blood,
And learn to live as other mortals do.

Lys. Well said; the morning hastes;
next night expect me.

Er. With more provision, good sir.

Lys. Very good. [*Exiturus.*]

Er. And bring more wine.

[*She shuts up the tomb.*]

Lys. What else: shalt have enough:

O Cynthia, heir of her bright purity,
Whose name thou dost inherit; thou
disdain'st

(Sever'd from all concretion) to feed
Upon the base food of gross elements.

Thou all art soul; all immortality.

Thou fast'st for nectar and ambrosia;

Which till thou find'st, and eat'st above
the stars,

To all food here thou bidd'st celestial wars.

[*Exit.*]

Cynthia, Ero, *the tomb opening.*

Er. So; let's air our dampish spirits,
almost stifed in this gross muddy element.

Cy. How sweet a breath the calmness of
the night inspires the air withal?

Er. Well said, now y'are yourself; did
not I tell you how sweet an operation the
soldier's bottle had? and if there be such
virtue in the bottle, what is there in the
soldier? know, and acknowledge his worth
when he comes in any case, mistress.

Cy. So, maid.

Er. God's my patience! did you look
torsooth that Juno should have sent you
meat from her own trencher, in reward of
your widow's tears? you might sit and sigh
first till your heart-strings broke, I'll able't.

Cy. I fear me thy lips have gone so oft
to the bottle, that thy tongue-strings are
come broken home.

Er. 'Faith the truth is my tongue hath
been so long tied up, that 'tis covered with
rust, and I rub it against my palate, as we
do suspected coins, to try whether it be
current or no. But now, mistress, for an
upshot of this bottle; let's have one carouse
to the good speed of my old master, and
the good speed of my new.

Cy. So, damsel.

Er. You must pledge it, here's to it.
Do me right, I pray.

Cy. You say I must.

Er. Must? what else?

Cy. How excellent ill this humour suits
our habit.

Er. Go to, mistress, do not think but
you and I shall have good sport with this

jest, when we are in private at home. I would to Venus we had some honest shift or other to get off withal; for I'll no more an't; I'll not turn saltpetre in this vault for never a man's company living; much less for a woman's. Sure I am the wonder's over, and 'twas only for that, that I endured this; and so a my conscience did you. Never deny it.

Cy. Nay, pray thee take it to thee.

Enter Lysander.

Cy. Hark, I hear some footing near us.

Er. God's me, 'tis the soldier, mistress. By Venus, if you fall to your late black Santus again, I'll discover you.

Lys. What's here? The maid hath certainly prevailed with her; methinks those clouds that last night covered her looks are now dispersed. I'll try this further. Save you, lady!

Er. Honourable soldier, y'are welcome; please you step in, sir?

Lys. With all my heart, sweetheart; by your patience, lady. Why, this bears some shape of life yet. Damsel, th'ast performed a service of high reckoning, which cannot perish unrewarded.

Er. 'Faith, sir, you are in the way to do it once, if you have the heart to hold on.

Cy. Your bottle has poisoned this wench, sir.

Lys. A wholesome poison it is, lady, if I may be judge; of which sort here is one better bottle more. Wine is ordain'd to raise such hearts as sink;

Whom woful stars distemper, let him drink. I am most glad I have been some mean to this part of your recovery, and will drink to the rest of it.

Er. Go to, mistress; pray simper no more; pledge the man of war here.

Cy. Come, y'are too rude.

Er. Good.

Lys. Good sooth, lady, y'are honoured in her service. I would have you live, and she would have you live freely, without which life is but death. To live freely is to feast our appetites freely, without which humanes are stones; to the satisfaction whereof I drink, lady.

Cy. I'll pledge you, sir.

Er. Said like a mistress, and the mistress of yourself. Pledge him in love too; I see he loves you; she's silent, she consents, sir.

Lys. O happy stars! And now pardon, lady; methinks these are all of a piece.

Er. Nay, if you kiss all of a piece we shall ne'er have done. Well, 'twas well offered, and as well taken.

Cy. If the world should see this.

Lys. The world! should one so rare as yourself respect the vulgar world?

Cy. The praise I have had I would continue.

Lys. What of the vulgar? Who hates not the vulgar deserves not love of the virtuous. And to affect praise of that we despise, how ridiculous it is.

Er. Comfortable doctrine, mistress; edify, edify. Methinks even thus it was when Dido and Æneas met in the cave; and hark, methinks I hear some of the hunters. [*She shuts the tomb.*]

END OF ACT IV.

ACT THE FIFTH.

SCENE I.

Enter Tharsalio, Lycus.

Lyc. 'Tis such an obstinacy in you, sir, As never was conceited, to run on With an opinion against all the world, And what your eyes may witness; to adventure

The famishment for grief of such a woman. As all men's merits met in any one, Could not deserve.

Tha. I must confess it, Lycus, We'll therefore now prevent it if we may, And that our curious trial hath not dwelt Too long on this unnecessary haunt; Grief and all want of food, not having wrought

Too mortally on her divine disposure,

Lyc. I fear they have, and she is past our cure.

Tha. I must confess with fear and shame as much.

Lyc. And that she will not trust in anything

What you persuade her to.

Tha. Then thou shalt haste

And call my brother from his secret shroud, Where he appointed thee to come and tell him

How all things have succeeded.

Lyc. This is well;

If, as I say, the ill be not so grown, That all help is denied her. But I fear The matchless dame is famish'd.

[*Tharsalio looks into the tomb.*]

Tha. 'Slight, who's here?

A soldier with my sister ! wipe, wipe, see,
Kissing, by Jove ! she, as I lay, 'tis she.

Lyc. What ! is she well, sir ?

Tha. O no, she is famish'd ;

She's past our comfort, she lies drawing
on.

Lyc. The gods forbid !

Tha. Look thou, she's drawing on.

How say'st thou ?

Lyc. Drawing on ? Illustrious witch-
crafts !

Tha. Lies she not drawing on ?

Lyc. She draws on fairly.

Our sister, sir ? this she ? can this be she ?

Tha. She, she, she, and none but she !

[*He dances and sings.*]

She only queen of love and chastity.

O chastity ! this women be.

Lyc. 'Slight, 'tis prodigious.

Tha. Horse, horse, horse,

Four chariot-horses of the Thracian breed,
Come, bring me, brother. O the happiest
evening,

That ever drew her veil before the sun,

Who is't, canst tell ?

Lyc. The soldier, sir, that watches

The bodies crucified in this hallow'd place,
Of which to lose one, it is death to him,
And yet the lustful knave is at his ventry,
While one might steal one.

Tha. What a slave was I,

That held not out my wind's strength con-
stantly,

That she would prove thus ! O, incredi-
ble !

A poor eightpenny soldier ! She that
lately

Was at such height of interjection,

Stoop now to such a base conjunction !

By heaven, I wonder now I see't in act,
My brain could ever dream of such a
thought.

And yet 'tis true. Rare, peerless, is't not,
Lycus ?

Lyc. I know not what it is, nor what to
say.

Tha. O had I held out (villain that I
was)

My blessed confidence but one minute
longer,

I should have been eternized. God's my
fortune,

What an unspeakable sweet sight it is !

O eyes, I'll sacrifice to your dear sense,
And consecrate a fane to confidence.

Lyc. But this you must at no hand tell
your brother ;

'Twill make him mad : for he that was
before

So scourged but only with bare jealousy,
What would he be if he should come to
know it ?

Tha. He would be less mad ; for your
only way

To clear his jealousy, is to let him know
it.

When knowledge comes, suspicion
vanishes.

The sunbeams breaking forth, swallow the
mists.

But as for you, sir gallant, howsoever
Your banquet seems sweet in your liquorous
palate,

It shall be sure to turn gall in your maw.

Thy hand a little, Lycus, here without.

Lyc. To what ?

Tha. No booty serve you, sir soldado,
But my poor sister ? Come, lend me thy
shoulder,

I'll climb the cross ; it will be such a
cooler

To my venerean gentleman's hot liver,
When he shall find one of his crucified
bodies

Stol'n down, and he to be forthwith made
fast

In place thereof, for the sign

Of the lost sentinel. Come, glorify

Firm confidence in great inconstancy.

And this believe (for all proved knowledge
swears)

He that believes in error, never errs.

[*Exeunt.*]

The tomb opens, Lysander, Cynthia, Ero.

Lys. 'Tis late ; I must away.

Cy. Not yet, sweet love.

Lys. Tempt not my stay, 'tis dangerous.

The law is strict, and not to be dispensed
with. If any sentinel be too late in's
watch, or that by his neglect one of the
crucified bodies should be stolen from the
cross, his life buys it.

Cy. A little stay will not endanger them.
The day's proclaimer has not yet given
warning,

The cock yet has not beat his third alarm.

Lys. What ? Shall we ever dwell here
amongst th' antipodes ? Shall I not enjoy
the honour of my fortune in public ? sit in
Lysander's chair ? reign in his wealth ?

Cy. Thou shalt, thou shalt ; though my
love to thee

Hath proved thus sudden, and for haste
leapt over

The complement of wooing,
Yet only for the world's opinion--

Lys. Mark that again.

Cy. I must maintain a form in parting hence.

Lys. Out upon't! Opinion, the blind goddess of fools, foe to the virtuous, and only friend to undeserving persons, condemn it. Thou know'st thou hast done virtuously, thou hast strangely sorrowed for thy husband, followed him to death, further thou could'st not, thou hast buried thyself quick (O that 'twere true!), spent more tears over his carcase than would serve a whole city of saddest widows in a plague-time, besides sighings and swoonings not to be credited.

Cy. True; but those compliments might have their time, for fashion sake.

Lys. Right, opinion, and fashion. 'Sfoot, what call you time? 't' hast wept these four whole days.

Er. Nay, by'r lady, almost five.

Lys. Look you there; near upon five whole days.

Cy. Well, go and see; return, we'll go home.

Lys. Hell be thy home! Huge monsters damn ye, and your whole creation! O ye gods, in the height of her mourning in a tomb, within sight of so many deaths, her husband's believed body in her eye! He dead, a few days before! this mirror of nuptial chastity; this votaress of widow-constancy, to change her faith, exchange kisses, embraces, with a stranger, and, but my shame withstood, to give the utmost earnest of her love to an eightpenny sentinel! In effect, to prostitute herself on her husband's coffin! Lust, impiety, hell, womanhood itself, add, if you can, one step to this!

Enter Captain, with two or three Soldiers.

Ca. One of the crucified bodies taken down!

Lys. Enough. [*Slinks away.*]

Ca. And the sentinel not to be heard of?

1st Sol. No, sir.

Ca. Make out! Haste, search about for him! Does none of you know him, nor his name?

2nd Sol. He's but a stranger here, of some four days' standing; and we never set eye on him, but at setting the watch.

Ca. For whom serves he? You look well to your watch, masters.

1st Sol. For Seigneur Stratio; and whence he is, 'tis ignorant to us; we are not correspondent for any but our own places.

Ca. Yare eloquent. Abroad, I say, let me have him. [*Exeunt.*] This negligence will, by the Governor, be wholly cast on me; he hereby will suggest to the Viceroy that the city-guards are very carelessly attended.

He loves me not, I know, because of late

I knew him but of mean condition;
But now, by Fortune's injudicious hand,
Guided by bribing courtiers, he is raised
To this high seat of honour.

Nor blushes he to see himself advanced
Over the heads of ten times higher worths,
But takes it all, forsooth, to his merits,
and looks (as all upstarts do) for most
huge observance. Well, my mind must
stoop to his high place, and learn within
itself to sever him from that, and to adore
Authority the goddess, however borne by
an unworthy beast; and let the beast's
dull apprehension take the honour done to
Isis, done to himself. I must sit fast, and
be sure to give no hold to these fault-
hunting enemies. [*Exit.*]

*Tomb opens, and Lysander within lies
along, Cynthia and Ero.*

Lys. Pray thee disturb me not; put out the lights.

Er. Faith I'll take a nap again.

Cy. Thou shalt not rest before I be resolved

What happy wind hath driven thee back to
harbour?

Was it my love?

Lys. No.

Cy. Yet say so, sweet, that with the
thought thereof

I may enjoy all that I wish in earth.

Lys. I am sought for. A crucified body
is stolen while I loitered here; and I must
die for't.

Cy. Die? All the gods forbid! O this
affright torments me ten parts more than
the sad loss of my dear husband.

Lys. Damnation! I believe thee.

Cy. Yet hear a woman's wit:

Take counsel of necessity and it.

I have a body here which once I loved

And honour'd above all; but that time's
past.

Lys. It is; revenge it, heaven!

Cy. That shall supply at so extreme a
need the vacant gibbet.

Lys. Canero. What! thy husband's
body?

Cy. What hurt is't, being dead, it save
the living?

Lys. O heart, hold in, check thy rebellious motion.

Cy. Vex not thyself, dear love, nor use delay ;

Tempt not this danger, set thy hands to work.

Lys. I cannot do't ; my heart will not permit

My hands to execute a second murder :

The truth is I am he that slew thy husband.

Cy. The gods forbid !

Lys. It was this hand that bathed my reeking sword

In his life blood, while he cried out for mercy, But I, remorseless, panch'd him, cut his throat,

He with his last breath crying, Cynthia.

Cy. O thou hast told me news that cleaves my heart.

Would I had never seen thee, or heard sooner

This bloody story ; yet see, note my truth, Yet I must love thee.

Lys. Out upon the monster !

Go, tell the Governor ; let me be brought To die for that most famous villany ;

Not for this miching, base transgression Of tenant negligence.

Cy. I cannot do't.

Love must salve any murder : I'll be judge Of thee, dear love, and these shall be thy pains,

Instead of iron, to suffer these soft chains.

Lys. O, I am infinitely obliged.

Cy. Arise, I say, thou savor of my life, Do not with vain-affrighting conscience Betray a life, that is not thine but mine : Rise and preserve it.

Lys. Ha ! thy husband's body ?

Hang't up, you say, instead of that that's stolen,

Yet I his murderer, is that your meaning ?

Cy. It is, my love.

Lys. Thy love amazes me :

The point is yet how we shall get it thither, Ha ! Tie a halter about's neck, and drag him to the gallows : shall I, my love ?

Cy. So you may do indeed,

Or if your own strength will not serve, we'll aid

Our hands to yours, and bear him to the place.

For heaven's love come, the night goes off apace.

Lys. All the infernal plagues dwell in thy soul !

I'll fetch a crow of iron to break the coffin.

Cy. Do, love ; be speedy.

Lys. As I wish thy damnation.

[*Shut the tomb.*]

O I could tear myself into atoms ; off with this antic, the shirt that Hercules wore for his wife was not more baneful. Is't possible there should be such a latitude in the sphere of this sex, to entertain such an extension of mischief, and not turn devil ? What is a woman ? what are the worst when the best are so past naming ? As men like this let them try their wives again. Put women to the test ; discover them ; paint them ten parts more than they do themselves, rather than look on them as they are ; their wits are but painted that dislike their painting.

Thou foolish thirster after idle secrets And ill abroad, look home, and store and choke thee ;

There sticks an Acheloius' horn of all, copie enough,*

As much as Alizon of streams receives, Or lofty Ida shows of shady leaves.

Enter Tharsalio.

Who's that ?

Tha. I wonder Lycus fails me. Nor can I hear what's become of him. He would not certain ride to Dipolis to call my brother back, without my knowledge.

Lys. My brother's voice ; what makes he hereabouts so untimely ? I'll slip him.

[*Exiturus.*]

Tha. Who goes there ?

Lys. A friend.

Tha. Dear friend, let's know you. A friend least looked for but most welcome, and with many a long look expected here. What, sir, unbooted ! have you been long arrived ?

Lys. Not long, some two hours before night.

Tha. Well, brother, y'have the most rare, admirable, unmatchable wife, that ever suffered for the sin of a husband. I cannot blame your confidence indeed now, 'tis built on such infallible ground. Lycus, I think, be gone to call you to the rescue of her life. Why she ! O incomprehensible !

Lys. I have heard all related since my arrival. We'll meet to-morrow.

Tha. What haste, brother ! But was it related with what intolerable pains I and my mistress, her other friends, matrons

* This line is undoubtedly corrupt. It is difficult to decide whether the "Copie enough" bears reference to the *Cornucopia*, or is a technical memorandum of the printer, inadvertently transferred from the MS. into the text.—ED.

and magistrates, laboured her diversion from that course?

Lys. Yes, yes.

Tha. What streams of tears she poured out; what tresses of her hair she tore; and offered on your supposed hearse!

Lys. I have heard all.

Tha. But above all, how since that time her eyes never harboured wink of slumber these six days; no, nor tasted the least dram of any sustenance.

Lys. How is that assured?

Tha. Not a scruple.

Lys. Are you sure there came no soldier to her nor brought her victuals?

Tha. Soldier? what soldier?

Lys. Why, some soldier of the watch, that attends the executed bodies; well, brother, I am in haste; to-morrow shall supply this night's defect of conference: adieu. [*Exit Lysander.*]

Tha. A soldier? of the watch? bring her victuals? Go to, brother, I have you in the wind; he's unharnessed of all his travelling accoutrements. I came directly from's house, no word of him there; he knows the whole relation; he's passionate. All collections speak he was the soldier. What should be the riddle of this? that he is stolen hither into a soldier's disguise? he should have stayed at Dipolis to receive news from us. Whether he suspected our relation, or had not patience to expect it, or whether that furious, frantic, capricious devil, jealousy, hath tossed him hither on his horns, I cannot conjecture. But the case is clear, he's the soldier. Sister, look to your fame, your chastity's uncovered. Are they here still? here, believe it, both, most wofully weeping over the bottle.

[*He knocks.*]

Er. Who's there?

Tha. Tharsalio to open.

Er. Alas, sir, 'tis no boot to vex your sister and yourself; she is desperate, and will not hear persuasion, she's very weak.

Tha. Here's a true-bred chamber-maid. Alas, I am sorry for't; I have brought her meat and Candian wine to strengthen her.

Er. Oh, the very naming an't will drive her into a swoon: good sir, forbear.

Tha. Yet open, sweet, that I may bless mine eyes with sight of her fair shrine; and of thy sweetest self (her famous pandress); open I say. Sister, you hear me well, paint not your tomb without; we

know too well what rotten carcasses are lodged within: open I say. [*Ero opens, and he sees her head laid on the coffin, &c.*] Sister, I have brought you tidings to wake you out of this sleeping mummery.

Er. Alas! she's faint, and speech is painful to her.

Tha. Well said, frubber. Was there no soldier here lately?

Er. A soldier? When?

Tha. This night, last night, t'other night; and I know not how many nights and days.

Cy. Who's there?

Er. Your brother, mistress, that asks if there were not a soldier here.

Cy. Here was no soldier.

Er. Yes, mistress; I think here was such a one, though you took no heed of him.

Tha. Go to, sister; did not you join kisses, embraces, and plight indeed the utmost pledge of nuptial love with him? Deny't, deny't; but first hear me a short story. The soldier was your disguised husband! Dispute it not. That you see yonder is but a shadow; an empty chest, containing nothing but air. Stand not to gaze at it, 'tis true. This was a project of his own contriving, to put your loyalty and constant vows to the test: y'are warned, be armed. [*Exit.*]

Er. O fie, a these perils!

Cy. O Ero! we are undone.

Er. Nay, you'd ne'er be warned; I ever wished you to withstand the push of that soldier's pike, and not enter him too deep into your bosom, but to keep sacred your widow's vows made to Lysander.

Cy. Thou didst, thou didst.

Er. Now you may see th'event. Well, our safety lies in our speed; he'll do us mischief if we prevent not his coming. Let's to your mother's, and there call out your mightiest friends to guard you from his fury. Let them begin the quarrel with him for practising this villany on your sex to entrap your frailties.

Cy. Nay, I resolve to sit out one brunt more, to try to what aim he'll enforce his project; were he some other man, unknown to me, his violence might awe me, but knowing him as I do, I fear him not. Do thou but second me, thy strength and mine shall master his best force, if he should prove outrageous. Despair, they say, makes cowards turn courageous. Shut up the tomb. [*Shut the tomb.*]

Enter one of the Soldiers sent out before to seek the Sentinel.

1st Sol. All pains are lost in hunting out this soldier; his fear (adding wings to his heels) out-goes us as far as the fresh hare the tired hounds. Who goes there?

Enter 2nd Soldier, another way.

2nd Sol. A friend!

1st Sol. O, your success and mine, touching this sentinel, tells, I suppose, one tale; he's far enough, I undertake, by this time.

2nd Sol. I blame him not; the law's severe (though just, and cannot be dispensed).

1st Sol. Why should the laws of Paphos, with more rigour than other city laws, pursue offenders? That not appeased with their lives' forfeit, exact a justice of them after death? And if a soldier in his watch, forsooth, lose one of the dead bodies, he must die for't. It seems the State needed no soldiers when that was made a law.

2nd Sol. So we may chide the fire for burning us, or say the bee's not good because she stings. 'Tis not the body the law respects, but the soldier's neglect; when the watch (the guard and safety of the city) is left abandoned to all hazards. But let him go; and tell me if your news sort with mine, for Lycus, apprehended, they say, about Lysander's murder.

1st Sol. 'Tis true; he's at the captain's lodge under guard, and 'tis my charge, in the morning, to uncloset the leaden coffin and discover the body. The captain will assay an old conclusion, often approved, that at the murderer's sight the blood revives again, and boils afresh; and every wound has a condemning voice to cry out guilty 'gainst the murderer.

2nd Sol. O world, if this be true; his dearest friend, his bed companion, whom of all his friends he culled out for his bosom!

1st Sol. Tush, man, in this topsy-turvy world friendship and bosom-kindness are but made covers for mischief, means to compass ill. Near-allied trust is but a bridge for treason. The presumptions cry loud against him, his answers sound disjointed, cross-legged, tripping up one another. He names a town whither he brought Lysander, murdered by mountaineers; that's false, some of the dwellers have been here, and all disclaim it. Be-

sides, the wounds he bears in show, are such as shrews closely give their husbands, that never bleed, and find to be counterfeit.

2nd Sol. O that jade falsehood, is never sound of all, But halts of one leg still.

Truth pace is all upright, sound every-where,

And like a die, sets ever on a square. And how is Lycus his bearing in this condition?

1st Sol. 'Faith (as the manner of such desperate offenders is till it come to the point), careless and confident, laughing at all that seem to pity him. But leave it to th'event. Night, fellow-soldier, you'll not meet me in the morning at the tomb, and lend me your hand to the unrigging of Lysander's hearse?

2nd Sol. I care not if I do, to view heaven's power in this unbottomed cellar.

Blood, though it sleep a time, yet never dies.

The gods on murderers fix revengeful eyes. [*Exeunt.*]

Lysander solus with a crow of iron, and a halter which he lays down, and puts on his disguise again.

Come, my borrow'd disguise, let me once more

Be reconciled to thee, my trustiest friend; Thou that in truest shape hast let me see That which my truer self hath hid from me: Help me to take revenge on a disguise, Ten times more false and counterfeit than thou.

Thou, false in show, hast been most true to me;

The seeming true hath proved more false than her.

Assist me to behold this act of lust, Note with a scene of strange impiety. Her husband's murder'd corse! O more than horror!

I'll not believe untried; if she but lift A hand to act it, by the fates her brains fly

out, Since she has maddened me, let her beware my horns.

For though by goring her, no hope be shewn To cure myself, yet I'll not bleed alone.

[*He knocks.*]

Er. Who knocks?

Lys. The soldier; open.

[*She opens, and he enters.*]
See, sweet, here are the engines that must do't,

Which, with much fear of my discovery,
I have at last procured.

Shall we about this work? I fear the morn
Will overtake's; my stay hath been pro-
long'd

With hunting obscure nooks for these em-
ployments,

The night prepares away. Come, art re-
solved?

Cy. Ay, you shall find me constant.

Lys. Ay, so I have, most prodigiously
constant.

Here's a rare halter to hug him with.

Er. Better you and I join our hands
and bear him thither, you take his head.

Cy. Ay, for that was always heavier
than's whole body besides.

Lys. You can tell best that loaded it.

Er. I'll be at the feet, I am able to bear
against you, I warrant you.

Lys. Hast thou prepared weak nature to
digest

A sight so much distasteful; hast sear'd
thy heart,

It bleed not at the bloody spectacle?
Hast arm'd thy fearful eyes against th'af-
front

Of such a direful object?

Thy murdered husband ghastly staring on
thee; his wounds gaping to affright thee;
his body soiled with gore? 'fore heaven my
heart shrugs at it.

Cy. So does not mine:

Love's resolute; and stands not to consult
With petty terror; but in full career
Runs blindfold through an army of mis-
doubts

And interposing fears; perhaps I'll weep,
Or so make a forced face and laugh
again.

Lys. O most valiant love!

I was thinking with myself as I came, how
if this

Brake to light; his body known;
(As many notes might make it) would it
not fix

Upon thy fame an unremoved brand
Of shame and hate; they that in former
times

Adored thy virtue, would they not abhor
Thy loathest memory?

Cy. All this I know, but yet my love to
thee

Swallows all this, or whatsoever doubts
Can come against it.

Shame's but a feather balanced with thy
love.

Lys. Neither fear nor shame? you are
steel toth' proof,

VOL. I.

But I shall iron you; come-then, let's to
work.

Alas, poor corpse, how many martyrdoms
Must thou endure! mangled by me a
villain,

And now exposed to foul shame of the
gibbet?

'Fore piety there is somewhat in me strives
Against the deed, my very arm relents

To strike a stroke so inhuman,
To wound a hallow'd hearse? suppose
'twere mine,

Would not my ghost start up and fly upon
thee?

Cy. No, I'd mall it down again with
this. [*She snatches up the crow.*]

Lys. How now?

[*He catches at her throat.*]

Cy. Nay, then I'll assay my strength;
a soldier, and afraid of a dead man! A
soft-roed milk-sop! Come, I'll do't myself.

Lys. And I look on? give me the iron.

Cy. No, I'll not lose the glory an't.
This hand—

Lys. Pray thee, sweet, let it not be said
the savage act was thine; deliver me the
engine.

Cy. Content yourself, 'tis in a fitter
hand.

Lys. Wilt thou first? art not thou the
most—

Cy. Ill-destined wife of a transformed
monster,

Who to assure himself of what he knew,
Hath lost the shape of man.

Lys. Ha! cross-capers?

Cy. Poor soldier's case; do not we know
you, sir?

But I have given thee what thou camest to
seek.

Go, satyr, run affrighted with the noise
Of that harsh-sounding horn thyself hast
blown;

Farewell; I leave thee there my husband's
corpse,

Make much of that. [*Exit cum Ero.*]

Lys. What have I done? Oh, let me lie
and grieve, and speak no more.

Captain, Lycus with a guard of three or
four soldiers.

Cy. Bring him away; you must have
patience, sir: if you can say aught to quit
you of those presumptions that lie heavy
on you, you shall be heard. If not, 'tis not
your braves, nor your affecting looks can
carry it. We must acquit our duties.

Lyc. Y'are Captain ath' watch, sir.

Ca. You take me right.

Lyc. So were you best do me; see your presumptions be strong; or be assured that shall prove a dear presumption, to brand me with the murder of my friend. But you have been suborned by some close villain to defame me.

Ca. 'Twill not be so put off, friend Lycus, I could wish your soul as free from taint of this foul fact as mine from any such unworthy practice.

Lyc. Conduct me to the Governor himself; to confront before him your shallow accusations.

Ca. First, sir, I'll bear you to Lysander's tomb, to confront the murdered body, and see what evidence the wounds will yield against you.

Lyc. Y'are wise, Captain. But if the body should chance not to speak—if the wounds should be tongue-tied, Captain—where's then your evidence, Captain? will you not be laughed at for an officious Captain?

Ca. Y'are gallant, sir.

Lyc. Your captainship commands my service no further.

Ca. Well, sir, perhaps I may, if this conclusion take not; we'll try what operation lies in torture, to pull confession from you.

Lyc. Say you so, Captain? but hark you, Captain, might it not concur with the quality of your office, ere this matter grow to the height of a more threatening danger, to wink a little at a by-slip or so?

Ca. How's that?

Lyc. To send a man abroad under guard of one of your silliest shack-rags; that he may beat the knave, and run's way? I mean this on good terms, Captain; I'll be thankful.

Ca. I'll think on't hereafter. Meantime I have other employment for you.

Lyc. Your place is worthily replenished, Captain. My duty, sir; hark, Captain, there's a mutiny in your army; I'll go raise the Governor. *[Exiturus.]*

Ca. No haste, sir; he'll soon be here without your summons.

Soldiers thrust up Lysander from the tomb.

1st Sol. Bring forth the knight ath' tomb; have we met with you, sir?

Lys. Pray thee, soldier, use thine office with better temper.

2nd Sol. Come, convey him to the Lord Governor.

Lys. First afore the Captain, sir. Have

the heavens nought else to do but to stand still, and turn all their malignant aspects upon one man?

2nd Sol. Captain, here's the sentinel we sought for; he's some new-pressed soldier, for none of us know him.

Ca. Where found you him?

1st Sol. My truant was miched, sir, into a blind corner of the tomb.

Ca. Well said, guard him safe. But for the corpse.

1st. For the corpse, sir? bare misprision; there's no body, nothing. A mere blandation, a *deceptio visus*. Unless this soldier for hunger have eat up Lysander's body.

Lyc. Why, I could have told you this before, Captain; the body was borne away piecemeal by devout ladies of Venus' order, for the man died one of Venus' martyrs. And yet I heard since 'twas seen whole ath' other side the downs upon a colestaff betwixt two huntsmen, to feed their dogs withal. Which was a miracle, Captain.

Ca. Mischief in this act hath a deep bottom, and requires more time to sound it. But you, sir, it seems, are a soldier of the newest stamp. Know you what 'tis to forsake your stand? There's one of the bodies in your charge stolen away; how answer you that? See, here comes the Governor.

Enter a Guard, bare, after the Governor; Tharsalio, Argus, Clinias, before Eudora, Cynthia, Laodice, Sthenio, Ianthe, Ero, &c.

Gu. Stand aside there.

Ca. Room for a strange Governor! The perfect draught of a most brainless, imperious upstart. O desert! where wert thou when this wooden dagger was gilded over with the title of Governor?

Gu. Peace, masters; hear my lord.

Tha. All wisdom be silent; now speaks authority.

Go. I am come in person to discharge justice.

Tha. Of his office.

Go. The cause you shall know hereafter; and it is this. A villain, whose very sight I abhor; where is he? Let me see him.

Ca. Is't Lycus you mean, my lord?

Go. Go too, sirrah, y'are too malapert; I have heard of your sentinel's escape, look to't.

Ca. My lord, this is the sentinel you speak of.

Go. How now, sir? What time a day is't?

Arg. I cannot show you precisely, an't please your honour.

Go. What? shall we have replications, rejoinders?

Tha. Such a creature fool is, when he bestrides the back of authority.

Go. Sirrah, stand you forth! It is supposed thou hast committed a most inconvenient murder upon the body of Lysander.

Lyc. My good lord, I have not.

Go. Peace, varlet, dost chop with me? I say it is imagined thou hast murdered Lysander. How it will be proved, I know not. Thou shalt therefore presently be had to execution; as justice, in such cases, requireth. Soldiers, take him away. Bring forth the sentinel.

Lyc. Your lordship will first let my defence be heard.

Go. Sirrah! I'll no fending nor proving. For my part, I am satisfied it is so; that's enough for thee. I had ever a sympathy in my mind against him. Let him be had away.

Tha. A most excellent apprehension! He's able, ye see, to judge of a cause at first sight, and hear but two parties. Here's a second Solon.

Eu. Hear him, my lord; presumptions oftentimes

(Though likely grounded) reach not to the truth,

And truth is oft abused by likelihood.

Let him be heard, my lord.

Go. Madam, content yourself. I will do justice; I will not hear him. Your late lord was my honourable predecessor, but your ladyship must pardon me: in matters of justice I am blind.

Tha. That's true.

Go. I know no persons. If a Court favourite write to me in a case of justice, I will pocket his letter, and proceed. If a suitor in a case of justice thrusts a bribe into my hand, I will pocket his bribe, and proceed. Therefore, madam, set your heart at rest; I am seated in the throne of justice, and I will do justice; I will not hear him.

Eu. Not hear him, my lord?

Go. No, my lady: and moreover, put you in mind in whose presence you stand; if you parrot to me long—go to.

Tha. Nay, the Vice must snap his authority at all he meets, how shall't else be known what part he plays?

Go. Your husband was a noble gentleman, but, alas! he came short: he was no statesman. He has left a foul city behind him.

Tha. Ay, and I can tell you 'twill trouble his lordship and all his honourable assistants of scavengers to sweep it clean.

Go. It's full of vices, and great ones, too.

Tha. And thou none of the meanest.

Go. But I'll turn all topsy-turvy, and set up a new discipline amongst you. I'll cut off all perished members.

Tha. That's the surgeon's office.

Go. Cast out these rotten, stinking carcasses, for infecting the whole city.

Arg. Rotten they may be, but their wenches use to pepper them, and their surgeons to parboil them; and that preserves them from stinking, an't please your honour.

Go. Peace, sirrah, peace; and yet 'tis well said, too. A good pregnant fellow, i'faith! But to proceed. I will spue drunkenness out ath' city.

Tha. Into th' country.

Go. Shifters shall cheat and starve, and no man shall do good but where there is no need. Braggarts shall live at the head, and the tumult that haunt taverns. Asses shall bear good qualities, and wise men shall use them. I will whip lechery out ath' the city; there shall be no more cuckolds. They that heretofore were arrant cornutos, shall now be honest shopkeepers, and justice shall take place. I will hunt jealousy out of my dominion.

Tha. Do'ye hear, brother?

Go. It shall be the only note of love to the husband, to love the wife; and none shall be more kindly welcome to him than he that cuckolds him.

Tha. Believe it a wholesome reformation.

Go. I'll have no more beggars. Fools shall have wealth, and the learned shall live by their wits. I'll have no more bankrupts. They that owe money shall pay it at their best leisure, and the rest shall make a virtue of imprisonment, and their wives shall help to pay their debts. I'll have all young widows spaded for marrying again. For the old and withered, they shall be confiscate to unthrifty gallants and decayed knights; if they be poor they shall be burnt to make soap-ashes, or given to Surgeon's Hall to be stamped to salve for the French measles. To conclude, I will cart pride out ath' town.

Arg. An't please your honour, Pride, an't be ne'er so beggarly, will look for a coach.

Go. Well said, a mine honour. A good significant fellow, i'faith! What is he? he talks much; does he follow your ladyship?

Arg. No, an't please your honour, I go before her.

Go. A good undertaking presence; a well-promising forehead. Your gentleman usher, madam?

Eu. Yours, if you please, my lord.

Go. Born i'th' city?

Arg. Ay, an't please your honour, but begot i'th' Court.

Go. Tressel-legged?

Arg. Ay, an't please your honour.

Go. The better; it bears a breadth, makes room a both sides. Might I not see his pace?

Arg. Yes, an't please your honour.

[*Argus stalks.*]

Go. 'Tis well, 'tis very well. Give me thy hand. Madam, I will accept this property at your hand, and will wear it threadbare for your sake. Fall in there, sirrah. And for the matter of Lycus, madam, I must tell you you are shallow. There's a state point in't, hark you: the Viceroy has given him, and we must uphold correspondence. He must walk. Say one man goes wrongfully out ath' world, there are hundreds to one come wrongfully into th' world.

Eu. Your lordship will give me but a word in private.

Tha. Come, brother, we know you well. What means this habit? Why stayed you not at Dipolis, as you resolved, to take advertisement for us of your wife's bearing?

Lyc. O brother, this jealous frenzy has borne me headlong to ruin.

Tha. Go to, be comforted; uncase yourself and discharge your friend.

Go. Is that Lysander, say you? And is all his story true?

By'r lady, madam, this jealousy will cost him dear. He undertook the person of a soldier; and, as a soldier, must have justice. Madam, his Altitude in this case cannot dispense. Lycus, this soldier hath acquitted you.

Tha. And that acquittal I'll for him requite; the body lost, is by this time restored to his place.

Sol. It is, my lord.

Tha. These are State points, in which your lordship's time

Has not yet train'd your lordship; please your lordship

To grace a nuptial we have now in hand.

[*Hylus and Laodice stand together.*]

'Twixt this young lady and this gentleman.

Your lordship there shall hear the ample story;

And how the ass wrapt in a lion's skin
Fearfully roar'd; but his large ears appear'd

And made him laugh'd at, that before was fear'd.

Go. I'll go with you. For my part, I am at a nonplus.

[*Eudora whispers with Cynthia.*]

Tha. Come, brother, thank the countess; she hath sweat to make your peace. Sister, give me your hand.

So, brother, let your lips compound the strife,

And think you have the only constant wife.

[*Exeunt.*]

The Mask of the Middle Temple and Lincoln's Inn.*

TO

THE MOST NOBLE AND CONSTANT COMBINER OF HONOUR
AND VIRTUE,

SIR EDWARD PHILIPS, KNIGHT,

MASTER OF THE ROLLS.

THIS noble and magnificent performance, renewing the ancient spirit and honour of the Inns of Court, being especially furthered and followed by your most laborious and honoured endeavours (for his Majesty's service, and honour of the all-grace-deserving nuptials of the thrice gracious Princess Elizabeth, his Highness' daughter), deserves especially to be in this sort consecrate to your worthy memory and honour. Honour having never her fair hand more freely and nobly given to riches (being a fit particle of this invention) than by yours at this nuptial solemnity. To which assisted and memorable ceremony the joined hand and industry of the worthily honoured Knight, Sir H. Hubberd, his Majesty's Attorney-General, deserving in good part a joint memory with yours, I have submitted it freely to his noble acceptance. The poor pains I added to this Royal service being wholly chosen and commanded by your most constant and free favour, I hope will now appear nothing neglective of their expected duties. Hearty will and care enough, I am assured, was employed in me, and the only ingenuous will, being first and principal step to virtue, I beseech you let it stand for the performing virtue itself. In which addition of your ever-honoured favours you shall ever bind all my future service to your most wished commandment.

God send you long health, and your virtues will indue you with honour enough,

By your free merits' ever-vowed honourer,

and most unfeignedly affectionate observant,

GEO. CHAPMAN.

* "*The Memorable Maske of the two Honorable Houses or Inns of Court; the Middle Temple, and Lyncolns Inne.* As it was performed before the King, at White-Hall on Shroue Munday at night; being the 15. of February, 1613. At the Princely celebration of the most Royall Nuptials of the Palsgraue, and his thrice gracious Princesse Elizabeth. &c. With a description of their whole show; in the manner of their march on horse-backe to the Court from the Maister of the Rolls his house: with all their right Noble consorts, and most showfull attendants. Inuented, and fashioned, with the ground, and speciall structure of the whole worke, By our Kingdomes most Artfull and Ingenious Architect Innigo Iones. Supplied; Aplied, Digested, and written, By Geo: Chapman. At London, Printed by G. Eld, for George Norton, and are to be sould at his shoppe neere Temple-bar."

AT the house of the most worthily honoured preferer and gracer of all honourable actions and virtues, Sir Edward Philips, Knight, Master of the Rolls, all the performers and their assistants made their rendez-vous, prepared to their performance, and thus set forth.

Fifty gentlemen, richly attired, and as gallantly mounted, with footmen particularly attending, made the noble vanguard of these nuptial forces. Next (a fit distance observed between them) marched a mock-mask of baboons, attired like fantastical travellers, in Neapolitan suits and great ruffs, all horsed with asses; and dwarf palfreys, with yellow foot-clothes, and casting cockle-demois about, in courtesy, by way of largess; torches borne on either hand of them; lighting their state as ridiculously as the rest nobly. After them were sorted two cars triumphal, adorned with great mask-heads, festoons, scrolls, and antic leaves, every part enriched with silver and gold. These were through-varied with different invention, and in them advanced the choice musicians of our kingdom, six in each; attired like Virginian priests, by whom the sun is there adored; and therefore called the Phœbades. Their robes were tucked up before; strange hoods of feathers, and scallops about their necks, and on their heads turbans, stuck with several coloured feathers, spotted with wings of flies, of extraordinary bigness, like those of their country; and about them marched two ranks of torches. Then rode the chief maskers, in Indian habits, all of a resemblance: the ground-cloth of silver, richly embroidered, with golden suns, and about every sun ran a trail of gold, imitating Indian work: their bases of the same stuff and work, but betwixt every pane of embroidery went a row of white estridge feathers, mingled with sprigs of gold plate; under their breasts they wore bawdricks of gold, embroidered high with pearl, and about their necks, ruffs of feathers, spangled with pearl and silver. On their heads high sprigged-feathers, compassed in coronets; like the Virginian princes they presented. Betwixt every set of feathers, and about their brows, in the under-part of their coronets, shined suns of gold plate, sprinkled with pearl; from whence sprung rays of the like plate, that mixing with the motion of the feathers, showed exceedingly delightful and gracious. Their legs were adorned with close long

white silk stockings, curiously embroidered with gold to the mid-leg.

And over these (being on horseback) they drew greaves or buskins, embroidered with gold and interlaced with rows of feathers; altogether estrangeful and Indian-like.

In their hands (set in several postures as they rode) they brandished cane darts of the finest gold. Their vizards of olive colour, but pleasingly visaged; their hair, black and large, waving down to their shoulders.

Their horse, for rich show, equalled the maskers themselves, all their caparisons being enchased with suns of gold and ornamental jewels; to every one of which was tacked a scarfing of silver, that ran sinuously in works over the whole caparison, even to the dazzling of the admiring spectators.

Their heads, no less gracefully and properly decked with the like light scarfing that hung about their ears, wantonly dangling.

Every one of these horse had two Moors, attired like Indian slaves, that for state sided them, with swelling wreaths of gold and watchet on their heads, which arose in all to the number of a hundred.

The torch-bearers' habits were likewise of the Indian garb, but more stragavant than those of the maskers, all showfully garnished with several-hued feathers. The humble variety whereof stuck off the more amply the maskers' high beauties, shining in the habits of themselves; and reflected in their kind a new and delightfully-varied radiance on the beholders.

All these sustained torches of virgin wax, whose staves were great canes all over gilded; and these, as the rest, had every man his Moor attending his horse.

The maskers, riding single, had every masker his torch-bearer mounted before him.

The last chariot, which was most of all adorned, had his whole frame filled with moulded work, mixed all with paintings and glittering scarfings of silver, over which was cast a canopy of gold borne up with antic figures, and all composed *a la grotesca*. Before this, in the seat of it, as the charioteer, was advanced a strange person, and as strangely habited, half French, half Swiss; his name Capriccio; wearing on his head a pair of golden bellows, a gilt spur in one hand, and with the other managing the reins of the four horses that drew it.

On a seat of the same chariot, a little more elevate, sate Eunomia, the Virgin Priest of the goddess Honour, together with Phemis, her herald : the habit of her priest was a robe of white silk gathered about the neck ; a pentacle of silvered stuff about her shoulders, hanging foldedly down, both before and behind.

A vestal veil on her head of tiffany, striped with silver, hanging with a train to the earth.

The Herald was attired in an antique cuirass of silver stuff, with labels at the wings and bases ; a short gown of gold stuff, with wide sleeves, cut in panes ; a wreath of gold on his head, and a rod of gold in his hand.

Highest of all, in the most eminent seat of the Triumphal car, sat, side to side, the celestial goddess Honour, and the earthy deity, Plutus, or Riches. His attire, a short robe of gold, fringed ; his wide sleeves turned up, and out-showed his naked arms ; his head and beard sprinkled with showers of gold ; his buskins clinquant as his other attire. The ornaments of Honour were these ; a rich full robe of blue silk girt about her, a mantle of silver worn overthwart, full-gathered, and descending in folds behind : a veil of net lawn, embroidered with O's and spangled ; her tresses in tucks, braided with silver, the hinder part shadowing in waves her shoulders.

These, thus particularly and with propriety adorned, were strongly attended with a full guard of two hundred halberdiers ; two Marshals (being choice gentlemen of either house) commander-like attired, to and fro coursing, to keep all in their orders.

A show at all parts so novel, conceitful, and glorious as hath not in this land (to the proper use and object it had proposed) been ever before beheld. Nor did those honourable Inns of Court, at any time in that kind, such acceptable service to the sacred Majesty of this kingdom, nor were returned by many degrees, with so thrice gracious and royal entertainment and honour. But (as above said) all these so marching to the Court at Whitehall, the King, Bride, and Bridegroom, with all the Lords of the most honoured Privy Council, and our chief nobility, stood in the gallery before the Tilt-yard, to behold their arrival ; who, for the more full satisfaction of his Majesty's view, made one turn about the yard, and dismounted ; being then honour-

ably attended through the gallery to a chamber appointed, where they were to make ready for their performance in the Hall, &c.

The King being come forth, the maskers ascended, unseen, to their scene. Then for the works.

First, there appeared at the lower end of the Hall an artificial rock, whose top was near as high as the hall itself. This rock was in the undermost part craggy, and full of hollow places, in whose concaves were contrived two winding pair of stairs, by whose greeces the persons above might make their descents, and all the way be seen. All this rock grew by degrees up into a gold-colour, and was run quite through with veins of gold. On the one side whereof, eminently raised on a fair hill, was erected a silver temple of an octangle figure, whose pillars were of a composed order, and bore up an architrave, frieze, and cornice, over which stood a continued plinth, whereon were advanced statues of silver ; above this was placed a bastard order of architecture, wherein were carved compartments, in one of which was written in great gold capitals, *HONORIS FANUM*. Above all was a *Coupolo* or type, which seemed to be scaled with silver plates.

For finishing of all, upon a pedestal was fixed a round stone of silver, from which grew a pair of golden wings, both feigned to be Fortune's. The round stone (when her feet trod it) ever affirmed to be rolling, figuring her inconstancy ; the golden wings denoting those nimble powers that pompously bear her about the world ; on that temple (erected to her daughter, Honour, and figuring this kingdom) put off by her, and fixed, for assured sign she would never forsake it.

About this temple hung festoons, wreathed with silver, from one pillar's head to another. Besides, the frieze was enriched with carvings, all showing greatness and magnificence.

On the other side of the rock grew a grove, in whose utmost part appeared a vast, withered, and hollow tree, being the bare receptacle of the baboonery.

These following, should in duty have had their proper places after every fitted speech of the actors ; but being prevented, by the unexpected haste of the printer, which he never let me know, and never sending me a proof till he had passed those speeches, I had no reason to imagine he

could have been so forward. His fault is, therefore, to be supplied by the observation and reference of the reader, who will easily perceive where they were to be inserted.

After the speech of Plutus (who, as you may see after, first entered), the middle part of the rock began to move, and being come some five paces up towards the King, it split in pieces with a great crack, and out brake Capriccio, as before described. The pieces of the rock vanished, and he spake, as in his place.

At the singing of the first song, full, which was sung by the Virginian priests, called the Phœbades, to six lutes (being used as an Orphean virtue for the state of the mines opening), the upper part of the rock was suddenly turned to a cloud, discovering a rich and refulgent mine of gold, in which the twelve maskers were triumphantly seated, their torch-bearers attending before them; all the lights being so ordered, that though none were seen, yet had their lustre such virtue, that by it

the least spangle or spark of the maskers' rich habits might with ease and clearness be discerned as far off as the seat.

Over this golden mine, in an evening sky, the ruddy sun was seen ready to set; and behind the tops of certain white cliffs, by degrees descended, casting up a bank of clouds; in which, awhile, he was hidden: but then gloriously shining, gave that usually-observed good omen of succeeding fair weather.

Before he was fully set, the Phœbades (showing the custom of the Indians to adore the sun setting), began their observance with the song, to whose place we must refer you for the manner and words. All the time they were singing, the torch-bearers holding up their torches to the sun; to whom the priests themselves, and the rest, did, as they sung, obeisance; which was answered by other music and voices, at the commandment of Honour, with all observances used to the King, &c. As in the following places.

To answer certain insolent objections made against the length of my speeches and narrations; being, for the probability of all accidents, rising from the invention of this Mask; and their application to the persons and places for whom and by whom it was presented, not convenient, but necessary; I am enforced to affirm this: that as there is no poem nor oration so general but hath his one particular proposition; nor no river so extravagantly ample, but hath his never-so-narrow fountain, worthy to be named; so all these courtly and honouring inventions, having poesy and oration in them, and a fountain to be expressed, from whence their rivers flow—should expressively arise out of the places and persons for and by whom they are presented; without which limits they are luxurious and vain. But what rules soever are set down to any art or act, though, without their observation, no art, nor act, is true, and worthy; yet they are nothing the more followed; or those few that follow them credited. Every vulgarly-esteemed upstart dares break the dreadful dignity of ancient and authentical poesy; and presume luciferously to proclaim in place thereof, repugnant precepts of their own spawn. Truth and worth have no faces to enamour the licentious; but vain-glory and humour. The same body, the same beauty, a thousand men seeing; only the man whose blood is fitted, hath that which he calls his soul enamoured. And this out of infallible cause, for men understand not these of Menander.

“ — est morbus opportunitas
Animæ, quod ictus, vulnus accipit grave.”

But the cause of all men's being enamoured with truth, and of her slight respect, in others, is the divine freedom; one touching with his apprehensive finger, the other passing. The Hill of the Muses (which all men must climb in the regular way to truth) is said, of old, to be forked. And the two points of it, parting at the top, are *insania* and *divinus furor*. *Insania* is that which every rank-brained writer and judge of poetical writing is rapt withal, when he presumes either to write or censure the height of poesy, and that transports him with humour, vain-glory, and pride, most profane and sacrilegious; when *divinus furor* makes gentle and noble the never-so-truly inspired write: —

“ Emollit mores, nec sinit esse feros.”

And the mild beams of the most holy inflamer easily and sweetly enter, with all understanding sharpness, the soft and sincerely humane, but with no time, no study, no means under heaven, any arrogant all-occupation devourer (that will, chandler-like, set up with all wares, selling poesy's nectar and ambrosia, as well as mustard and vinegar), the chaste and restrained beams of humble truth will ever enter, but only graze and glance at them, and the further fly them.

THE APPLICABLE ARGUMENT OF THE MASK.

Honour is so much respected and adored, that she hath a temple erected to her, like a goddess; a virgin priest consecrated to her (which is Eunomia, or Law, since none should dare access to honour but by virtue, of which, law being the rule, must needs be a chief), and a Herald (called Phemis, or Fame) to proclaim her institutions and commandments. To amplify yet more the divine graces of this goddess, Plutus (or Riches) being by Aristophanes, Lucian, &c., presented naturally blind, deformed, and dull-witted, is here, by his love of honour, made see, made sightly, made ingenious, made liberal. And all this converted and consecrate to the most worthy celebration of these sacred nuptials; all issuing (to conclude the necessary application) from an honourable temple, &c.

“ Non est certa fides, quam non Injuria versat.
 — Fallit portus et ipse fidem.”

THE NAMES OF THE SPEAKERS.

Honour, *a Goddess.*
 Plutus (*or Riches*), *a God.*
 Eunomia (*or Law*), *Priest of Honour.*

Phemis, *Honour's Herald.*
 Capriccio, *a man of wit, &c.*

THE PRESENTMENT.

Plutus *appeared, surveying the work with this speech.*

Plu. Rocks! Nothing but rocks in these masking devices! Is Invention so poor she must needs ever dwell amongst rocks? But it may worthily have chanced (being so often presented) that their vain custom is now become the necessary hand of heaven, transforming into rocks some stony-hearted ladies courted in former masks, for whose loves some of their repulsed servants have perished; or perhaps some of my flinty-hearted usurers have been here metamorphosed, betwixt whom and ladies there is resemblance enough; ladies using to take interest, besides their principal, as much as usurers. See, it is so; and now is the time of restoring them to their natural shapes. It moves, opens:

excellent! This metamorphosis I intend to overhear.

[*A rock moving and breaking with a crack about Capriccio, he enters with a pair of bellows on his head, a spur in one hand, and a piece of gold ore in the other, &c. He speaks, ut sequitur.*

Cap. How hard this world is to a man of wit! He must eat through main rocks for his food, or fast. A restless and tormenting stone his wit is to him, the very stone of Sisyphus in hell; nay, the philosopher's stone makes not a man more wretched. A man must be a second Proteus, and turn himself into all shapes, like Ulysses, to wind through the straits of this pinching vale of misery. I have turned myself into a tailor, a man, a gentleman, a nobleman, a worthy man; but had never the wit to turn myself into an

alderman. There are many shapes to perish in, but one to live in, and that's an alderman's. 'Tis not for a man of wit to take any rich figure upon him. Your bold, proud, ignorant, that's brave and clinquant, that finds crowns put into his shoes every morning by the fairies and will never tell; whose wit is humour, whose judgment is fashion, whose pride is emptiness, birth his full man, that is in all things something, in sum total nothing; he shall live in the land of spruce, milk and honey flowing into his mouth sleeping.

Plu. This is no transformation, but an intrusion into my golden mines: I will hear him further.

Cap. This breach of rocks I have made, in needy pursuit of the blind deity, Riches, who is miraculously arrived here. For (according to our rare men of wit), heaven standing, and earth moving, her motion (being circular) hath brought one of the most remote parts of the world to touch at this all-exceeding island; which a man of wit would imagine must needs move circularly with the rest of the world, and so ever maintain an equal distance. But poets (our chief men of wit) answer that point directly; most ingeniously affirming that this isle is (for the excellency of it) divided from the world (*divisus ab orbe Britannus*), and that though the whole world besides moves, yet this isle stands fixed on her own feet, and defies the world's mutability, which this rare accident of the arrival of Riches, in one of his furthest-off-situate dominions, most demonstratively proves.

Plu. This is a man of wit indeed, and knows of all our arrivals.

Cap. With this dull deity Riches, a rich island lying in the South-sea, called Pæana (of the Pæans, or songs, sung to the Sun, whom there they adore, being for strength and riches called the Navel of that South-sea), is by earth's round motion moved near this Britain shore. In which island (being yet in command of the Virginian continent), a troop of the noblest Virginians inhabiting, attended hither the god of Riches, all triumphantly shining in a mine of gold. For hearing of the most royal solemnity of these sacred nuptials they crossed the ocean in their honour, and are here arrived. A poor snatch at some of the golden ore, that the feet of Riches have turned up as he trod here, my poor hand hath purchased; and hope the remainder of a greater work will be shortly extant.

Plu. You, sir, that are miching about my golden mines here.

Cap. What, can you see, sir? you have heretofore been presented blind, like your mother Fortune, and your brother Love.

Plu. But now, sir, you see I see.

Cap. By what good means, I beseech you, sir?

Plu. That means I may vouchsafe you hereafter; mean space, what are you?

Cap. I am, sir, a kind of man, a man of wit; with whom your worship has nothing to do, I think.

Plu. No, sir, nor will have anything to do with him: a man of wit! what's that? a beggar.

Cap. And yet no devil, sir.

Plu. As I am, you mean.

Cap. Indeed, sir, your kingdom is under the earth.

Plu. That's true; for Riches is the Atlas that holds it up, it would sink else.

Cap. 'Tis rather a wonder it sinks not with you, sir, y'are so sinfully and damnably heavy.

Plu. Sinful? and damnable? what, a Puritan? These bellows you wear on your head show with what matter your brain is puffed up, sir: a religion-forger I see you are, and presume of inspiration from these bellows, with which ye study to blow up the settled governments of kingdoms.

Cap. Your worship knocks at a wrong door, sir. I dwell far from the person you speak of.

Plu. What may you be, then, being a man of wit? a buffoon, a jester? Before I would take upon me the title of a man of wit, and be baffled by every man of wisdom for a buffoon, I would turn bankrupt, or set up a tobacco shop, change cloaks with an alchemist, or serve an usurer, be a watering-post for every groom; stand the push of every rascal wit; enter lists of jests with trencher-fools, and be fooled down by them, or (which is worse) put them down in fooling; are these the qualities a man of wit should run proud of?

Cap. Your worship, I see, has obtained wit with sight, which I hope yet my poor wit will well be able to answer; for touching my jesting, I have heard of some courtiers that have run themselves out of their states with jousting; and why may not I then raise myself in the state with jesting? An honest shoemaker (in a liberal king's time) was knighted for making a clean boot, and is it impossible that I, for breaking a clean jest, should be advanced in

court or council? or at least served out for an ambassador to a dull climate? jests and merriments are but wild weeds in a rank soil, which being well manured, yield the wholesome crop of wisdom and discretion at time ath' year.

Plu. Nay, nay, I commend thy judgment for cutting thy coat so just to the breadth of thy shoulders; he that cannot be a courser in the field, let him learn to play the jackanapes in the chamber; he that cannot personate the wise-man well amongst wizards, let him learn to play the fool amongst dizzards.

Cap. 'Tis passing miraculous that your dull and blind worship should so suddenly turn both sightful and witty.

Plu. The riddle of that miracle I may chance dissolve to you in sequel; meantime, what name sustain'st thou? and what toys are these thou bear'st so fantastically about thee?

Cap. These toys, sir, are the ensigns that discover my name and quality, my name being Capriccio; and I wear these bellows on my head to show I can puff up with glory all those that affect me; and, besides, bear this spur, to show I can spur-gall even the best that contemn me.

Plu. A dangerous fellow! But what makest thou, poor man of wit, at these pompous nuptials?

Cap. Sir, I come hither with a charge to do these nuptials, I hope, very acceptable service; and my charge is, a company of accomplished travellers, that are excellent at antemasks, and will tender a taste of their quality, if your worship please.

Plu. Excellent well pleased; of what virtue are they besides?

Cap. Passing grave, sir, yet exceeding acute: witty, yet not ridiculous; never laugh at their own jests; laborious, yet not base; having cut out the skirts of the whole world, in amorous quest of your gold and silver.

Plu. They shall have enough; call them, I beseech thee call them: how far hence abide they?

Cap. Sir (being by another eminent quality the admired soldiers of the world), in contempt of softness and delicacy, they lie on the naturally hard boards of that naked tree; and will your worship assure them rewards fit for persons of their freight?

Plu. Dost thou doubt my reward, being pleased?

Cap. I know, sir, a man may sooner win your reward, for pleasing you, than de-

serving you. But you great wise persons have a fetch of state, to employ with countenance and encouragement, but reward with austerity and disgrace, save your purses, and lose your honours.

Plu. To assure thee of reward, I will now satisfy thee touching the miraculous cause, both of my sight and wit, and which consequently moves me to humanity and bounty; and all is only this, my late being in love with the lovely goddess Honour.

Cap. If your worship love Honour, indeed, sir, you must needs be bountiful. But where is the rare goddess you speak of to be seen?

Plu. In that rich temple, where Fortune fixed those her golden wings, thou seest; and that rolling-stone she used to tread upon, for sign she would never forsake this kingdom; there is adored the worthy goddess Honour, the sweetness of whose voice, when I first heard her persuasions, both to myself and the Virginian princes arrived here to do honour and homage to these heavenly nuptials, so most powerfully enamoured me, that the fire of my love flew up to the sight of mine eyes, that have lighted within me a whole firmament of bounty, which may securely assure thee thy reward is certain: and therefore call thy accomplished company to their antemask.

Cap. See, sir, the time set for their appearance being expired, they appear to their service of themselves.

Enter the Baboons, after whose dance, being antic and delightful, they returned to their tree, when Plutus spake to Capriccius.

Plu. Gramercy now, Capriccio, take thy men of complement, and travel with them to other marriages. My riches to thy wit, they will get something somewhere.

Cap. What's this?

Plu. A strain of wit beyond a man of wit. I have employed you, and the grace of that is reward enough; hence, pack, with your complemental fardle: the sight of an attendant for reward is abominable in the eyes of a turn-served politician, and I fear will strike me blind again. I cannot abide these bellows of thy head, they and thy men of wit have melted my mines with them, and consumed me; yet take thy life and begone. Neptune let thy predecessor, Ulysses, live after all his slain companions, but to make him die more miserably living; gave him up to ship-

wracks, enchantments; men of wit are but enchanted, there is no such thing as wit in this world. So take a tree, inure thy soldiers to hardness, 'tis honourable, though not clinquant.

Cap. Can this be possible?

Plu. Alas! poor man of wit, how want of reward daunts thy virtue! But because I must send none away discontented from these all-pleasing nuptials, take this wedge of gold and wedge thyself into the world with it, renouncing that loose wit of thine: 'twill spoil thy complexion.

Cap. Honour, and all Argus' eyes, to earth's all-commanding riches! Pluto *etiam* cedit Jupiter. [*Exit Capriccio.*]

[*After this low induction by these succeeding degrees, the chief maskers were advanced to their discovery.*]

Plutus calls to Eunomia.

Plu. These humble objects can no high eyes draw,

Eunomia (or the sacred power of law), Daughter of Jove, and goddess Honour's priest;

Appear to Plutus, and his love assist.

Eunomia in the Temple gates.

Eun. What would the god of Riches?

Plu. Join with Honour;

In purposed grace of these great nuptials; And since to Honour none should dare access,

But help'd by Virtue's hand (thyself, chaste love,

Being Virtue's rule, and her directful light) Help me to th' honour of her speech and sight.

Eun. Thy will shall straight be honour'd; all that seek

Access to Honour, by clear virtue's beam, Her grace prevents their pains, and comes to them.

Loud music and Honour appears, descending with her herald Pheemis, and Eunomia (her priest) before her. The music ceasing, Plutus spake.

Plu. Crown of all merit, goddess, and my love;

'Tis now high time that th' end for which we come

Should be endeavour'd in our utmost rite Done to the sweetness of this nuptial night.

Hon. Plutus, the princes of the Virgin land,

Whom I made cross the Britain ocean To this most famed isle of all the world,

To do due homage to the sacred nuptials Of Love and Beauty, celebrated here, By this hour of the holy even, I know, Are ready to perform the rites they owe To setting Phœbus, which (for greater state To their appearance) their first act advances.

And with songs ushers their succeeding dances.

Herald! give summons to the virgin knights,

No longer to delay their purposed rites.

Her. Knights of the Virgin land, whom Beauty's lights

Would glorify with their inflaming sights, Keep now obscured no more your fair intent

To add your beams to this night's ornament;

The golden-winged Hour strikes now a plain,

And calls out all the pomp ye entertain;

The princely bridegroom and the bride's bright eyes

Sparkle with grace to your discoveries.

[*At these words the Phœbades (or Priests of the Sun) appeared, first with six lutes and six voices, and sung to the opening of the Mine and Maskers' discovery, this full song—*

THE FIRST SONG.

*Ope, Earth, thy womb of gold,
Show Heaven thy cope of stars.*

All glad aspects unfold,

Shine out and clear our cares:

*Kiss, Heaven and Earth, and so combine
In all mix'd joy our nuptial twine.*

[*This song ended, a mount opened and spread like a sky, in which appeared a sun setting, beneath which sat the twelve maskers in a mine of gold, twelve torch-bearers holding their torches before them, after which Honour, &c.*

Hon. See now the setting sun casts up his bank,

And shows his bright head at his sea's repair,

For sign that all days future shall be fair.

Plu. May He that rules all nights and days confirm it.

Hon. Behold the Sun's fair Priests the Phœbades,

Their evening service in an hymn address To Phœbus setting, which we now shall hear,

And see the forms of their devotions
there.

*The Phœbades sing the first stance of the
second song, ut sequitur.*

One alone. 1.

*Descend, fair Sun, and sweetly rest,
In Tethys' crystal arms thy toil;
Fall burning on her marble breast,
And make with love her billows boil.*

Another alone. 2.

*Blow, blow, sweet winds, O blow away
All vapours from the fined air:
That to his golden head no ray
May languish with the least impair.*

CHORUS.

*Dance, Tethis, and thy love's red beams
Embrace with joy, he now descends;
Burus, burns with love to drink thy streams,
And on him endless youth attends.*

After this stance, Honour, &c.

Hon. This superstitious hymn, sung to
the Sun,

Let us encounter with fit duties done
To our clear Phœbus, whose true piety
Enjoys from heaven an earthly deity.

[*Other music and voices, and this second
stance was sung, directing their ob-
servance to the King.*

One alone. 1.

*Rise, rise, O Phæbus, ever rise,
Descend not to th' inconstant stream,
But grace with endless light our skies,
To thee that Sun is but a beam.*

Another. 2.

*Dance, ladies, in our Sun's bright rays,
In which the bride and bridegroom shine,
Clear, sable night with your eyes' days,
And set firm lights on Hymen's shrine.*

CHORUS.

*O may our sun not set before
He sees his endless seed arise
And deck his triple-crowned shore
With springs of human deities.*

*This ended, the Phœbades sung the third
stance.*

1.

*Set, set, great sun, our rising love
Shall ever celebrate thy grace;
Whom entering the high court of Jove,
Each god greets rising from his place.*

2.

*When thou thy silver bow dost bend
All start aside and dread thy draughts;
How can we thee enough commend,
Commanding all worlds with thy shafts?*

CHORUS.

*Blest was thy mother bearing thee,
And Phœbe, that delights in darts;
Thou artful songs dost set, and she
Winds horns, loves hounds and high-
palm'd harts.*

After this Honour.

Hon. Again our music and conclude this
song
To him to whom all Phœbus' beams be-
long.

*The other voices sung to other music the
third stance.*

1.

*Rise still, clear sun, and never set,
But be to earth her only light;
All other kings in thy beams met,
Are clouds and dark effects of night.*

2.

*As when the rosy morn doth rise,
Like mists, all give thy wisdom way;
A learned king is, as in skies,
To poor dim stars the flaming day.*

CHORUS.

*Blest was thy mother, bearing thee;
Thee, only relic of her race,
Made by thy virtue's beams a tree
Whose arms shall all the earth em-
brace.*

*This done, Eunomia spake to the Maskers
set yet above.*

Eun. Virginian princes, you must now
renounce
Your superstitious worship of these Suns,
Subject to cloudy darkenings and de-
scents,
And of your fit devotions turn the events
To this our Briton Phœbus, whose bright
sky
(Enlighten'd with a Christian piety)
Is never subject to black Error's night,
And hath already offer'd heaven's true
light
To your dark region, which acknowledge
now,
Descend, and to him all your homage
vow.

[*With this the torch-bearers descended and performed another antemask, dancing with torches lighted at both ends, which done the Maskers descended and fell into their dances, two of which being past, and others with the ladies. Honour spake.*

The bride and
bridegroom
were figured in
Love and
Beauty.

Twins, as of
Twins of which
Hippocrates
speaks.

Combined their life's power in such sym-
paties,

That one being merry, mirth the other
graced ;

If one felt sorrow, th'other grief embraced ;
If one were healthful, health the other
pleased ;

If one were sick, the other was diseased ;
And always join'd in such a constant troth
That one like cause had like effect in both :

Called twins,
being both
of an age.

So may these nuptial twins
their whole lives' store
Spend in such even parts,
never grieving more

Than may the more set off their joys di-
vine,

As after clouds the Sun doth clearest
shine.

*This said, this song of Love and Beauty
was sung, single.*

*Bright Panthæa born to Pan,
Of the noblest race of man,
Her white hand to Eros giving,
With a kiss join'd heaven to earth
And begot so fair a birth
As yet never graced the living.*

CHORUS.

*A twin that all worlds did adorn,
For so were Love and Beauty born.*

2.

*Both so loved they did contend
Which the other should transcend,
Doing either grace and kindness ;
Love from Beauty did remove
Lightness, call'd her stain in love,
Beauty took from Love his blindness.*

CHORUS.

*Love sparks made flames in Beauty's sky,
And Beauty blew up Love as high.*

3.

*Virtue then commix'd her fire,
To which Bounty did aspire,
Innocence a crown conferring ;
Mine and thine were then unused,
All things common, nought abused,
Freely earth her fruitage bearing.*

CHORUS.

*Nought then was cared for that could fade,
And thus the golden world was made.*

*This sung, the Maskers danced again with
the ladies, after which Honour.*

*Hon. Now may the blessings of the golden
age*

*Swim in these nuptials, even to holy rage,
A Hymn to Sleep prefer, and all the joys
That in his empire are of dearest choice,
Betwixt his golden slumbers ever flow,
In these and theirs, in springs as endless
grow.*

This said, the last song was sung full.

THE LAST SONG.

*Now Sleep, bind fast the flood of air,
Strike all things dumb and deaf,
And to disturb our nuptial pair
Let stir no aspen leaf.
Send flocks of golden dreams
That all true joys presage,
Bring in thy oily streams
The milk-and-honey age.*

*Now close the world-round sphere of bliss,
And fill it with a heavenly kiss.*

After this Plutus to the Maskers.

*Plu. Come, Virgin knights, the homage
ye have done
To Love and Beauty, and our Briton Sun,
Kind Honour will requite with holy feasts
In her fair temple ; and her loved guests
Gives me the grace 't invite, when she
and I*

*(Honour and Riches) will eternally
A league in favour of this night combine,
In which Love's second hallow'd tapers
shine,*

*Whose joys may Heaven and Earth as
highly please
As those two nights that got great Her-
cules.*

*[The speech ended, they concluded with
a dance that brought them off ; Plu-
tus, with Honour and the rest, con-
ducting them up to the Temple of
Honour.*

The Tragedy of Cæsar and Pompey.*

TO

THE RIGHT HONOURABLE, HIS EXCEEDING GOOD LORD,

THE EARL OF MIDDLESEX, &c.

THOUGH, my good lord, this martial history suffer the division of Acts and Scenes, both for the more perspicuity and height of the celebration, yet never touched it at the stage ; or if it had, though some may perhaps causelessly impair it, yet would it, I hope, fall under no exception in your lordship's better-judging estimation, since scenical representation is so far from giving just cause of any least diminution, that the personal and exact life it gives to any history, or other such delineation of human actions, adds to them lustre, spirit, and apprehension, which the only section of acts and scenes makes me stand upon thus much, since that only in some precisianisms will require a little prevention, and the hasty prose the style avoids, obtain to the more temperate and staid numerous elocution, some assistance to the acceptation and grace of it. Though ingeniously my gratitude confesseth, my lord, it is not such as hereafter I vow to your honour, being written so long since, and had not the timely ripeness of that age that, I thank God, I yet find no fault withal for any such defects.

Good my lord, vouchsafe your idle minutes may admit some slight glances at this, till some work of more novelty and fashion may confer this the more liking of your honour's more worthy deservings ; to which his bounden affection vows all services.

Ever your lordship's

GEO. CHAPMAN.

THE ARGUMENT.

Pompey and Cæsar bring their armies so near Rome, that the Senate except against them. Cæsar unduly and ambitiously commanding his forces. Pompey more for fear of Cæsar's violence to the State, than moved with any affectation of his own greatness. Their opposite pleadings, out of which admirable narrations are made, which yet not conducing to their ends, war ends them. In which at first Cæsar is forced to fly, whom Pompey not pursuing with such wings as fitted a speeding conqueror, his victory was prevented, and he unhappily dishonoured. Whose ill fortune his most loving and learned wife Cornelia travelled after, with pains solemn and careful enough, whom the two Lentuli and others attended, till she miserably found him, and saw him monstrously murdered.

Both the consuls and Cato are slaughtered with their own invincible hands, and Cæsar, in spite of all his fortune, without his victory, victor.

* "*Caesar and Pompey*: A Roman Tragedy, declaring their Warres. Out of whose euent is euicted this Proposition. *Only a iust man is a freeman.* By George Chapman. London: Printed by Thomas Harper, and are to be sold by Godfrey Emondson, and Thomas Alchome. M.DC.XXXI."

ACT THE FIRST.

SCENE I.

Cato, Athenodorus, Porcius, Statilius.

Ca. Now will the two suns of our
Roman heaven,
Pompey and Cæsar, in their tropic
burning,
With their contention, all the clouds
assemble
That threaten tempests to our peace and
empire,
Which we shall shortly see pour down in
blood,
Civil and natural wild and barbarous
turning.

At. From whence presage you this?

Ca. From both their armies,
Now gather'd near our Italy, contending
To enter severally: Pompey's brought so
near

By Rome's consent; for fear of tyrannous
Cæsar,

Which Cæsar, fearing to be done in favour
Of Pompey, and his passage to the empire,
Hath brought on his for intervention.
And such a flock of puttocks follow Cæsar,
For fall of his ill-disposed purse
(That never yet spared cross to aquiline
virtue)

As well may make all civil spirits suspicious.
Look how against great rains, a standing
pool

Of paddocks, toads, and water-snakes put up
Their speckled throats above the venomous
lake,

Croaking and gasping for some fresh-fall'n
drops,

To quench their poison'd thirst; being near
to stifle

With clotted purgings of their own foul
bane:

So still, where Cæsar goes, there thrust up
head

Impostors, flatterers, favourites, and bawds,
Buffoons, intelligencers, select wits;

Close murderers, mountebanks, and de-
cay'd thieves,

To gain their baneful lives' reliefs from
him.

From Britain, Belgia, France, and Ger-
many,

The scum of either country (choosed by
him,

To be his black guard and red agents here)
Swarming about him.

For. And all these are said

To be suborn'd, in chief, against yourself;
Since Cæsar chiefly fears that you will sit
This day his opposite; in the cause for
which

Both you were sent for home; and he hath
stol'n

Access so soon here; Pompey's whole rest
raised

To his encounter; and on both sides,
Rome

In general uproar.

St. Which, sir, if you saw,
And knew, how for the danger, all suspect
To this your worthiest friend (for that
known freedom

His spirit will use this day, 'gainst both the
rivals,

His wife and family mourn, no food, no
comfort

Allow'd them for his danger) you would
use

Your utmost powers to stay him from the
senate

All this day's session.

Ca. He's too wise, Statilius;

For all is nothing.

St. Nothing, sir? I saw
Castor and Pollux Temple, thrust up full
With all the damn'd crew you have lately
named;

The market-place and suburbs swarming
with them;

And where the Senate sit, are ruffians
pointed

To keep from entering the degrees that go
Up to the Bench, all other but the Consuls;
Cæsar and Pompey, and the Senators,
And all for no cause, but to keep out Cato,
With any violence, any villany.

And is this nothing, sir? Is his one life,
On whom all good lives and their goods
depend,

In Rome's whole Empire; all the justice
there

That's free and simple; all such virtues too,
And all such knowledge; nothing, nothing,
all?

Ca. Away, Statilius; how long shall thy
love

Exceed thy knowledge of me and the
gods?

Whose rights thou wrong'st for my right?
have not I

Their powers to guard me, in a cause of
theirs?

Their justice and integrity included,
In what I stand for? He that fears the
gods,

For guard of any goodness, all things fears,

Earth, seas, and air; heaven, darkness,
broad daylight,

Rumour, and silence, and his very shade;
And what an aspen soul hath such a crea-
ture;

How dangerous to his soul is such a fear!
In whose cold fits is all heaven's justice
shaken

To his faint thoughts; and all the goodness
there

Due to all good men, by the gods' own
vows,

Nay, by the firmness of their endless being,
All which shall fail as soon as any one
Good to a good man in them: for his
goodness

Proceeds from them, and is a beam of
theirs.

O never more, Statilius, may this fear
Taint thy bold bosom, for thyself or friend,
More than the gods are fearful to defend.

At. Come, let him go, Statilius; and
your fright;

This man hath inward guard, past your
young sight. [*Exeunt.*]

Enter Minutius, manet Cato.

Ca. Welcome; come stand by me in
what is fit

For our poor city's safety, nor respect
Her proudest foe's corruption, or our danger
Of what seen face soever.

Mi. I am yours.

But what, alas, sir, can the weakness do
Against our whole state of us only two?
You know our statists' spirits are so corrupt
And servile to the greatest, that what
crosseth

Them, or their own particular wealth or
honour,

They will not enterprise to save the Empire.

Ca. I know it, yet let us do like our-
selves. [*Exeunt.*]

*Enter some bearing axes, bundles of rods,
bare, before two Consuls, Cæsar and
Metellus; Antonius and Marcellus in
couples; Senators, People, Soldiers,
&c., following. The Consuls enter
the degrees with Antonius and Mar-
cellus; Cæsar staying awhile without
with Metellus, who hath a paper in
his hand.*

Cæs. Move you for entering only Pom-
pey's army,

Which if you gain for him, for me all
justice

Will join with my request of entering mine.

VOL. I.

Me. 'Tis like so, and I purpose to en-
force it.

Cæs. But might we not win Cato to our
friendship

By honouring speeches, nor persuasive gifts?

Me. Not possible.

Cæs. Nor by enforceive usage?

Me. Not all the violence that can be used
Of power or set authority can stir him,
Much less fair words win or rewards cor-
rupt him;

And therefore all means we must use to
keep him

From off the Bench.

Cæs. Give you the course for that;

And if he offer entry, I have fellows
Will serve your will on him, at my given
signal. [*They ascend.*]

*Enter Pompey, Gabinius, Vibius, Deme-
trius, with papers. Enter the Lists,
ascend and sit. After whom enter
Cato, Minutius, Athenodorus, Stati-
lius, Porcius.*

Ca. He is the man that sits so close to
Cæsar,

And holds the law there, whispering; see
the coward

Hath guards of arm'd men got, against
one naked:

I'll part their whispering virtue.

1st Co. Hold, keep out.

2nd Co. What! honoured Cato? enter,
choose thy place.

Ca. Come in;

[*He draws him in and sits betwixt
Cæsar and Metellus.*]

—Away, unworthy grooms.

3rd Co. No more.

Cæs. What should one say to him?

Me. He will be stoical.

Ca. Where fit place is not given, it must
be taken.

4th Co. Do, take it, Cato; fear no
greatest of them;

Thou seek'st the people's good, and these
their own.

5th Co. Brave Cato! what a coun-
tenance he puts on!

Let's give his noble will our utmost power.

6th Co. Be bold in all thy will; for being
just,

Thou mayst defy the gods.

Ca. Said like a god.

Me. We must endure these people.

Cæs. Do; begin.

Me. Consuls, and reverend fathers; and
ye people,

Whose voices are the voices of the gods;

A A

I here have drawn a law, by god's consent,
For entering into Italy the army
Of Rome's great Pompey: that his forces
here

As well as he, great Rome may rest
secure

From danger of the yet still smoking fire
Of Catiline's abhorred conspiracy:
Of which the very chiefs are left alive,
Only chastised but with a gentle prison.

Ca. Put them to death, then, and strike
dead our fear,

That well you urge, by their unfit survival.
Rather than keep it quick; and two lives
give it,

By entertaining Pompey's army too,
That gives as great cause of our fear as
they.

For their conspiracy only was to make
One tyrant over all the State of Rome.
And Pompey's army, suffer'd to be enter'd,
Is to make him, or give him means to be
so.

Me. It follows not.

Ca. In purpose clearly, sir,
Which I'll illustrate with a clear example.
If it be day, the sun's above the earth;
Which follows not (you'll answer) for 'tis
day

When first the morning breaks; and yet is
then

The body of the sun beneath the earth;
But he is virtually above it too,
Because his beams are there; and who
then knows not

His golden body will soon after mount.
So Pompey's army enter'd Italy,
Yet Pompey's not in Rome; but Pompey's
beams

Who sees not there? and consequently he
is in all means enthroned in th' Empery.

Me. Examples prove not; we will have
the army

Of Pompey enter'd.

Ca. We? which we intend you?
Have you already bought the people's
voices?

Or bear our Consuls or our Senate here
So small love to their country, that their
wills

Beyond their country's right are so per-
verse,

To give a tyrant here entire command?
Which I have proved as clear as day they
do,

If either the conspirators surviving
Be let to live, or Pompey's army enter'd;
Both which beat one sole path and threat
one danger.

Cæs. Consuls, and honour'd fathers,
the sole entry

Of Pompey's army I'll not yet examine:
But for the great conspirators yet living,
Which Cato will conclude as one self
danger

To our dear country; and deter all there-
fore

That love their country, from their lives'
defence,

I see no reason why such danger hangs
On their saved lives, being still safe kept
in prison;

And since close prison to a Roman free-
dom,

Tenfold torments more than directest
death,

Who can be thought to love the less his
country,

That seeks to save their lives? and lest my-
self

(Thus speaking for them), be unjustly
touch'd

With any less doubt of my country's love,
Why, reverend fathers, may it be esteem'd

Self-praise in me to prove myself a chief,
Both in my love of her and in desert

Of her like love in me? for he that does
Most honour to his mistress, well may

boast,
Without least question, that he loves her
most.

And though things long since done, were
long since known,

And so may seem superfluous to repeat;
Yet being forgotten, as things never done,
Their repetition needful is, in justice,

T'inflame the shame of that oblivion.
For hoping it will seem no less impair

To others' acts, to truly tell mine own;
Put all together; I have past them all

That by their acts can boast themselves to
be

Their country's lovers: first, in those wild
kingdoms

Subdued to Rome by my unwearied toils,
Which I dissavaged and made nobly civil.

Next, in the multitude of those rude
realms

That so I fashion'd, and to Rome's young
empire

Of old have added; then the battles num-
ber'd

This hand hath fought and won for her,
with all

Those infinities of dreadful enemies
(I slew in them twice fifteen hundred

thousand,
All able soldiers) I have driven at once

Before my forces, and in sundry onsets,
A thousand thousand of them put to
sword :

Besides, I took in less than ten years'
time,

By strong assault, above eight hundred
cities,

Three hundred several nations in that
space

Subduing to my country; all which ser-
vice,

I trust, may interest me in her love,
Public, and general enough, to acquit me

Of any self-love, past her common good :

For any motion of particular justice
(By which her general empire is maintain'd)

That I can make for those accused pri-
soners,

Which is but by the way; that so the
reason

Metellus makes for entering Pompey's
army,

May not more weighty seem, than to agree
With those imprison'd nobles' vital safeties.

Which granted, or but yielded fit to be,
May well extenuate the necessity
Of entering Pompey's army.

Ca. All that need

I took away before; and reasons gave
For a necessity to keep it out,

Whose entry, I think, he himself affects
not.

Since I as well think he affects not th'
Empire,

And both those thoughts hold; since he
loves his country,

In my great hopes of him, too well to seek
His sole rule of her, when so many souls,

So hard a task approve it; nor my hopes
Of his sincere love to his country, build

On sandier grounds than Cæsar's; since
he can

As good cards show for it as Cæsar did,
And quit therein the close aspersion

Of his ambition, seeking to employ
His army in the breast of Italy.

Pom. Let me not thus, imperial Bench
and Senate,

Feel myself beat about the ears, and tost
With others' breaths to any coast they

please;
And not put some stay to my errors in
them.

The gods can witness that not my ambition
Hath brought to question th' entry of my

army,
And therefore not suspected the effect
Of which that entry is supposed the cause.

Which is a will in me, to give my power

The rule of Rome's sole empire; that most
strangely

Would put my will in others' powers, and
powers

(Unforfeit by my fault) in others' wills.
My self-love, out of which all this must

rise,
I will not wrong the known proofs of my
love

To this my native city's public good,
To quit or think of, nor repeat those

proofs,
Confirm'd in those three triumphs I have

made,
For conquest of the whole inhabited world,
First Afric, Europe, and then Asia,

Which never Consul but myself could
boast.

Nor can blind Fortune vaunt her partial
hand

In any part of all my services,
Though some have said she was the page

of Cæsar,
Both sailing, marching, fighting, and pre-
paring

His fights in very order of his battles;
The parts she play'd for him inverting

nature,
As giving calmness to th' enraged sea,
Imposing summer's weather on stern

winter,
Winging the slowest foot he did com-
mand,

And his most coward making fierce of
hand.

And all this ever when the force of man
Was quite exceeded in it all; and she

In th' instant adding her clear deity.
Yet, her for me, I both disclaim and

scorn,
And where all fortune is renounced, no
reason

Will think, one man transferr'd with affec-
tation

Of all Rome's empire, for he must have
fortune,

That goes beyond a man; and where so
many

Their handfuls find with it, the one is
mad

That undergoes it; and where that is
clear'd,

Th' imputed means to it, which is my
suit

For entry of mine army, I confute.
Ca. What rests then, this of all parts

being disclaim'd?
Me. My part, sir, rests, that let great
Pompey bear

What spirit he lists, 'tis needful yet for Rome,

That this law be establish'd for his army.

Cæs. 'Tis then as needful to admit in mine;

Or else let both lay down our arms, for else

To take my charge off, and leave Pompey his,

You wrongfully accuse me to intend

A tyranny amongst ye, and shall give

Pompey full means to be himself a tyrant.

An. Can this be answer'd?

1st Co. Is it then your wills

That Pompey shall cease arms?

An. What else?

Omnes. No, no.

2nd Co. Shall Cæsar cease his arms?

Omnes. Ay, ay.

An. For shame!

Then yield to this clear equity, that both May leave their arms.

Omnes. We indifferent stand.

Me. Read but this law, and you shall see a difference

'Twixt equity and your indifferency,

All men's objections answer'd; read it, notary.

Ca. He shall not read it.

Me. I will read it then.

Mi. Nor thou shalt read it, being a thing so vain,

Pretending cause for Pompey's army's entry,

That only by thy complices and thee,

'Tis forged to set the Senate in an uproar.

Me. I have it, sir, in memory, and will speak it.

Ca. Thou shalt be dumb as soon.

Cæs. Pull down this Cato,

Author of factions, and to prison with him.

Ge. Come down, sir.

Pom. Hence, ye mercenary ruffians.

[*He draws, and all draw.*]

1st Co. What outrage show you? sheathe your insolent swords,

Or be proclaim'd your country's foes and traitors.

Pom. How insolent a part was this in you,

To offer the imprisonment of Cato,

When there is right in him (were form so answer'd

With terms and place) to send us both to prison?

If, of our own ambitions, we should offer

The entry of our armies; for who knows

That, of us both, the best friend to his country,

And freest from his own particular ends (Being in his power), would not assume the Empire,

And having it, could rule the State so well As now 'tis govern'd for the common good?

Cæs. Accuse yourself, sir (if your conscience urge it),

Or of ambition, or corruption,

Or insufficiency to rule the Empire,

And sound not me with your lead.

Pom. Lead? 'tis gold,

And spirit of gold too, to the politic dross

With which false Cæsar sounds men, and for which

His praise and honour crowns them; who sounds not

The inmost sand of Cæsar? for but sand Is all the rope of your great parts affected.

You speak well, and are learn'd; and golden speech

Did Nature never give man but to gild A copper soul in him; and all that learning

That heartily is spent in painting speech, Is merely painted, and no solid knowledge.

But y'ave another praise for temperance, Which nought commends your free choice

to be temperate.

For so you must be, at least in your meals, Since y'ave a malady that ties you to it;

For fear of daily falls in your aspirings. And your disease the gods ne'er gave to man,

But such a one, as had a spirit too great For all his body's passages to serve it;

Which notes th' excess of your ambition. The malady chancing where the pores and passages

Through which the spirit of a man is borne, So narrow are, and strait, that oftentimes

They intercept it quite, and choke it up. And yet because the greatness of it notes

A heat mere fleshly, and of blood's rank fire,

Goats are of all beasts subject to it most. *Cæs.* Yourself might have it, then, if those

faults cause it;

But deals this man ingeniously to tax Men with a frailty that the gods inflict?

Pom. The gods inflict on men diseases never,

Or other outward maims, but to decipher, Correct and order some rude vice within

them:

And why decipher they it, but to make Men note and shun, and tax it to th' extreme?

Nor will I see my country's hopes abused In any man commanding in her empire;

If my more trial of him makes me see more

Into his intricacies ; and my freedom
Hath spirit to speak more than observers
servile.

Cæs. Be free, sir, of your insight and
your speech,
And speak and see more than the world
besides ;

I must remember I have heard of one,
That fame gave out, could see through oak
and stone :

And of another set in Sicily
That could discern the Carthaginian navy,
And number them distinctly, leaving har-
bour,

Though full a day and night's sail distant
thence.

But these things, reverend fathers, I con-
ceive

Hardly appear to you worth grave belief :
And therefore since such strange things
have been seen

In my so deep and foul detractions,
By only Lyncean Pompey, who was most
Loved and believed of Rome's most famous
whore ;

Infamous Flora, by so fine a man
As Galba, or Sarmentus, any jester
Or flatterer may draw through a lady's
ring ;

By one that all his soldiers call in scorn
Great Agamemnon, or the king of men ;
I rest unmoved with him ; and yield to
you

To right my wrongs, or his abuse allow.

Ca. My lord, ye make all Rome amazed
to hear.

Pom. Away, I'll hear no more ; I hear it
thunder,

My lords ; all you that love the good of
Rome,

I charge ye, follow me ; all such as
stay

Are friends to Cæsar and their country's
foes.

Cæs. Th' event will fall out contrary, my
lords.

1st. Co. Go, thou art a thief to Rome ;
discharge thine army,
Or be proclaim'd, forthwith, her open
foe.

2nd. Co. Pompey, I charge thee, help thy
injured country

With what powers thou hast arm'd, and
levy more.

The Ruffians. War, war, O Cæsar !

Sen. and people. Peace, peace, worthy
Pompey !

ACT THE SECOND.

SCENE I.

*Enter Fronto, all ragged, in an overgrown
red beard, black head, with a halter in
his hand, looking about.*

Fr. Wars, wars, and presses fly in fire
about ;

No more can I lurk in my lazy corners
Nor shifting courses, and with honest
means

To rack my miserable life out more.
The rack is not so fearful ; when dishonest
And villanous fashions fail me, can I hope
To live with virtuous, or to raise my
fortunes

By creeping up in soldierly degrees ?
Since villainy, varied thorough all his figures,
Will put no better case on me than this,
Despair, come seize me ; I had able
means,

And spent all in the swinge of lewd
affections ;

Plunged in all riot, and the rage of blood ;
In full assurance that being knave enough,
Barbarous enough, base, ignorant enough,
I needs must have enough, while this world
lasted ;

Yet, since I am a poor and ragged knave,
My rags disgrace my knavery so, that none
Will think I am a knave ; as if good
clothes

Were knacks to know a knave ; when all
men know

He has no living ; which knacks since my
knavery

Can show no more, and only show is all
That this world cares for ; I'll step out of all
The cares 'tis steep'd in.

[He offers to hang himself.

*Thunder, and the gulf opens, flames issu-
ing ; and Ophioneus ascending, with
the face, wings, and tail of a dragon ;
a skin coat all speckled on the throat.*

Op. Hold, rascal, hang thyself in these
days ! The only time that ever was for a
rascal to live in.

Fr. How chance I cannot live then ?

Op. Either th'art not rascal nor villain
enough ; or else thou dost not pretend
honesty and piety enough to disguise it.

Fr. That's certain, for every ass does that.
What art thou ?

Op. A villain worse than thou.

Fr. And dost breathe ?

Op. I speak, thou hear'st, I move, my pulse beats fast as thine.

Fr. And wherefore livest thou?

Op. The world's out of frame, a thousand rulers wresting it this way and that, with as many religions; when, as heaven's upper sphere is moved only by one, so should the sphere of earth be, and I'll have it so.

Fr. How canst thou? what art thou?

Op. My shape may tell thee.

Fr. No man?

Op. Man! no, spawn of a clot, none of that cursed crew, damned in the mass itself; plagued in his birth, confined to creep below, and wrestle with the elements; teach himself tortures; kill himself, hang himself; no such galley-slave, but at war with heaven, spurning the power of the gods, command the elements.

Fr. What may'st thou be, then?

Op. An endless friend of thine, an immortal devil.

Fr. Heaven bless us!

Op. Nay, then, forth, go, hang thyself, and thou talk'st of heaven once.

Fr. I have done: what devil art thou?

Op. Read the old stoic Pherecides, that tells thee me truly, and says that I, Ophioneus (for so is my name)—

Fr. Ophioneus? what's that?

Op. Devilish serpent, by interpretation—was general captain of that rebellious host of spirits that waged war with heaven.

Fr. And so were hurled down to hell.

Op. We were so; and yet have the rule of earth; and cares any man for the worst of hell, then?

Fr. Why should he?

Op. Well said; what's thy name now?

Fr. My name is Fronto.

Op. Fronto? A good one; and has Fronto lived thus long in Rome, lost his state at dice, murdered his brother for his means, spent all, run through worse offices since, been a promoter, a purveyor, a pander, a sumner, a sergeant, an intelligencer, and at last hang thyself?

Fr. How the devil knows he all this?

Op. Why, thou art a most green plover in policy, I perceive; and may'st drink colts'-foot, for all thy horse-mane beard: 'sight, what need'st hast thou to hang thyself, as if there was a dearth of hangmen in the land? Thou livest in a good cheap state; a man may be hanged here for a little or nothing. What's the reason of thy desperation?

Fr. My idle, dissolute life, is thrust out o'

all his corners by this searching tumult now on foot in Rome.

————— Cæsar now and Pompey
Are both for battle: Pompey (in his fear
Of Cæsar's greater force) is sending hence
His wife and children, and he bent to fly.

Enter Pompey running over the stage with his wife and children, Gabinius, Demetrius, Vibius, Pages; other Senators, the Consuls and all following.

See, all are on their wings, and all the city
In such an uproar, as if fire and sword
Were ransacking and ruining their houses;
No idle person now can lurk near Rome,
All must to arms, or shake their heels
beneath

Her martial halts, whose officious pride
I'll shun, and use mine own swinge: I be
forced

To help my country, when it forceth me
To this past-helping pickle!

Op. Go to, thou shalt serve me; choose
thy profession,

And what cloth thou wouldst wish to have
thy coat cut out on.

Fr. I can name none.

Op. Shall I be thy learn'd counsel?

Fr. None better.

Op. Be an archflamen, then, to one of
the gods.

Fr. Archflamen! what's that?

Op. A priest.

Fr. A priest, that ne'er was clerk?

Op. No clerk! what then?

The greatest clerks are not the wisest men.
Nor skills it for degrees in a knave, or a
fool's preferment; thou shalt rise by fortune:
let desert rise leisurely enough, and by
degrees; fortune prefers headlong, and
comes like riches to a man; huge riches
being got with little pains, and little with
huge pains. And for discharge of the
priesthood, what thou want'st in learning
thou shalt take out in good-fellowship:
thou shalt equivocate with the sophister,
prate with the lawyer, scrape with the
usurer, drink with the Dutchman, swear
with the Frenchman, cheat with the Eng-
lishman, brag with the Scot, and turn all
this to religion: *hoc est regnum Deorum*
Gentibus.

Fr. All this I can do to a hair.

Op. Very good; wilt thou show thyself
deeply learned too, and to live licentiously
here, care for nothing hereafter?

Fr. Not for hell?

Op. For hell! soft, sir; hopest thou to
purchase hell with only dicing or whoring

away thy living, murdering thy brother, and so forth? No, there remain works of a higher hand and deeper brain to obtain hell. Think'st thou earth's great potentates have gotten their places there with any single act of murder, poisoning, adultery, and the rest? No; 'tis a purchase for all manner of villainy, especially that may be privileged by authority, coloured with holiness, and enjoyed with pleasure.

Fr. O this were most honourable and admirable!

Op. Why such an admirable, honourable villain shalt thou be.

Fr. Is't possible?

Op. Make no doubt on't; I'll inspire thee.

Fr. Sacred and puissant! [*He kneels.*]

Op. Away! companion and friend, give me thy hand; say, dost not love me? art not enamoured of my acquaintance?

Fr. Protest I am.

Op. Well said; protest and 'tis enough. And know for infallible, I have promotion for thee, both here and hereafter, which not one great one amongst millions shall ever aspire to. Alexander, nor great Cyrus, retain those titles in hell that they did on earth.

Fr. No?

Op. No. He that sold sea-coal here shall be a baron there; he that was a cheating rogue here shall be a justice of peace there; a knave here, a knight there. In the mean space learn what it is to live, and thou shalt have chopines at commandment to any height of life thou canst wish.

Fr. I fear my fall is too low.

Op. Too low, fool! hast thou not heard of Vulcan's falling out of heaven? Light a thy legs, and no matter though thou halt'st with thy best friend ever after; 'tis the more comely and fashionable. Better go lame in the fashion with Pompey, than never so upright, quite out of the fashion, with Cato.

Fr. Yet you cannot change the old fashion, they say, and hide your cloven feet.

Op. No? I can wear roses that shall spread quite over them.

Fr. For love of the fashion, do, then.

Op. Go to; I will hereafter.

Fr. But for the priesthood you offer me, I affect it not.

Op. No? What say'st thou to a rich office, then?

Fr. The only second means to raise a rascal in the earth.

Op. Go to; I'll help thee to the best ith' earth, then, and that's in Sicilia, the very storehouse of the Romans, where the Lord Chief Censor there lies now a-dying, whose soul I will have, and thou shalt have his office.

Fr. Excellent! was ever great office better supplied? [*Exeunt.*]

Nuntius. Now is the mighty empress of the earth,

Great Rome, fast lock'd up in her fancied strength,

All broke in uproars, fearing the just gods
In plagues will drown her so abused blessings;

In which fear, all without her walls, fly in,
By both their jarring champions rushing out;

And those that were within as fast fly forth;

The Consuls both are fled, without one rite
Of sacrifice submitted to the gods,

As ever heretofore their custom was
When they began the bloody frights of war:

In which our two great soldiers now encountering,

Since both left Rome opposed in bitter skirmish,

Pompey (not willing yet to hazard battle,
By Cato's counsel, urging good cause) fled,
Which, firing Cæsar's spirit, he pursued

So home and fiercely, that great Pompey,
scorning

The heart he took by his advised flight,
Despised advice as much as his pursuit.

And as in Lybia an aged lion,
Urged from his peaceful covert, fears the

light,
With his unready and diseased appearance,

Gives way to chase awhile and coldly hunts,

Till with the youthful hunter's wanton heat

He all his cool wrath frets into a flame;

And then his sides he swings with his stern
To lash his strength up, lets down all his

brows
About his burning eyes, erects his mane,
Breaks all his throat in thunders, and to

wreak
His hunter's insolence his heart even barking;

He frees his fury, turns, and rushes back
With such a ghastly horror that in heaps

His proud foes fly, and he that station

keeps:

So Pompey's cool spirits, put to all their heat;

By Cæsar's hard pursuit, he turn'd fresh head,

And flew upon his foe with such a rapture
As took up into furies all friend's fears ;

Who fired with his first turning, all turn'd head,

And gave so fierce a charge, their followers fled;

Whose instant issue on their both sides, see,

And after, set out such a tragedy,

As all the princes of the earth may come

To take their patterns by the spirits of Rome.

Alarm, after which enter Cæsar, following Crassinius, calling to the Soldiers.

Cr. Stay, cowards! Fly ye Cæsar's fortunes?

Cæs. Forbear, foolish Crassinius; we contend in vain to stay these vapours, and must raise our camp.

Cr. How shall we rise, my lord, but all in uproars,
Being still pursued?

Enter Acilius.

The pursuit stays, my lord;

Pompey hath sounded a retreat, resigning His time to you, to use in instant raising Your ill-lodged army, pitching now where fortune

May good amends make for her fault today.

Cæs. It was not fortune's fault, but mine, Acilius,

To give my foe charge, being so near the sea;

Where well I knew the eminence of his strength,

And should have driven th' encounter further off,

Bearing before me such a goodly country, So plentiful and rich, in all things fit

To have supplied my army's want with victuals,

And th' able cities, too, to strengthen it,

Of Macedon and Thessaly, where now

I rather was besieged for want of food, Than did assault with fighting force of arms.

Enter Anthony, Vibius, with others.

An. See, sir, here's one friend of your foes recover'd.

Cæs. Vibius? In happy hour.

Vi. For me, unhappy.

Cæs. What! brought against your will?
Vi. Else had not come.

An. Sir, he's your prisoner, but had made you his,

Had all the rest pursued the chase like him;

He drave on like a fury, past all friends, But we that took him quick in his engagement.

Cæs. O Vibius, you deserve to pay a ransom

Of infinite rate; for had your general join'd In your addression, or known how to conquer,

This day had proved him the supreme of Cæsar.

Vi. Known how to conquer? His five hundred conquests

Achieved ere this day make that doubt unfit

For him that flies him; for, of issues doubtful,

Who can at all times put on for the best? If I were mad, must he his army venture

In my engagement? Nor are generals ever

Their powers' disposers, by their proper angels,

But trust against them, oftentimes, their counsels;

Wherein, I doubt not, Cæsar's self hath err'd

Sometimes, as well as Pompey.

Cæs. Or done worse,

In disobeying my counsel, Vibius, Of which this day's abused light is witness,

By which I might have seen a course secure

Of this discomfiture.

An. Amends sits ever

Above repentance; what's done, wish not undone;

But that prepared patience that, you know, Best fits a soldier charged with hardest fortunes,

Asks still your use, since powers, still temperate kept,

Ope still the clearer eyes by one fault's sight

To place the next act in the surer right.

Cæs. You prompt me nobly, sir, repairing in me

Mine own stay's practice, out of whose repose

The strong convulsions of my spirits forced me

Thus far beyond my temper; but, good Vibius,

Be ransom'd with my love, and haste to
Pompey,

Entreating him from me, that we may
meet,

And for that reason which I know this day
(Was given by Cato, for his pursuit's stay,
Which was prevention of our Roman blood)
Propose my offer of our hearty peace.

That being reconciled, and mutual faith
Given on our either part, not three days'
light

May further show us foes, but (both our
armies

Dispersed in garrisons) we may return
Within that time to Italy, such friends
As in our country's love, contain our
spleens.

Vi. 'Tis offer'd, sir, above the rate of
Cæsar,

In other men, but in what I approve
Beneath his merits; which I will not fail
T'enforce at full to Pompey, nor forget
In any time the gratitude of my service.

[*Vi. salutes Ant. and the other, and
exit.*

Cæs. Your love, sir, and your friendship.

An. This prepares

A good induction to the change of for-
tune

In this day's issue, if the pride it kindles
In Pompey's veins makes him deny a
peace

So gently offer'd: for her alter'd hand
Works never surer from her ill to good.
On his side she hath hurt, and on the
other

With other changes, than when means
are used

To keep her constant, yet retire refused.

Ca. I try no such conclusion, but desire
Directly peace. In mean space, I'll pre-
pare

For other issue in my utmost means;
Whose hopes now resting at Brundisium,
In that part of my army with Sabinus,
I wonder he so long delays to bring me,
And must in person haste him, if this even
I hear not from him.

Cr. That, I hope, flies far

Your full intent, my lord, since Pompey's
navy,

You know, lies hovering all amongst those
seas

In too much danger, for what aid soever
You can procure to pass your person safe.

Ac. Which doubt may prove the cause
that stays Sabinus;

And, if with shipping fit to pass your army,
He yet strains time to venture, I presume

You will not pass your person with such
convoy

Of those poor vessels as may serve you
here.

Cæs. How shall I help it? shall I suffer
this

Torment of his delay? and rack suspicions
Worse than assured destructions through
my thoughts?

An. Past doubt he will be here: I left
all order'd,

And full agreement made with him to
make

All utmost haste, no least let once sus-
pected.

Cæs. Suspected? what suspicion should
fear a friend

In such assured straits from his friend's
enlargement?

If 'twere his soldiers' safeties he so tenders,
Were it not better they should sink by sea,
Than wrack their number, king and cause,
ashore?

Their stay is worth their ruin, should we
live,

If they in fault were? if their leader, he
Should die the deaths of all; in mean space, I
That should not, bear all; fly the sight in
shame,

Thou eye of nature, and abortive night,
Fall dead amongst us: with defects, de-
fects

Must serve proportion; justice never can
Be else restored, nor right the wrongs of
man. [*Exeunt.*

Pompey, Cato, Gabinius, Demetrius, Athe-
nodorus, Porcius, Statilius,

Pom. This charge of our fierce foe, the
friendly gods

Have in our strengthen'd spirits beaten
back

With happy issue, and his forces lessen'd,
Of two and thirty ensigns, forced from him,
Two thousand soldiers slain.

Ca. O boast not that;
Their loss is yours, my lord.

Pom. I boast it not,
But only name the number.

Ga. Which right well

You might have raised so high, that on
their tops

Your throne was offer'd, ever t'overlook
Subverted Cæsar, had you been so blest
To give such honour to your captain's
counsels

As their alacrities did long to merit
With prooffull action.

De. O, 'twas ill neglected.

St. It was deferr'd with reason, which
not yet
Th' event so clear is to confute.

Pom. If 'twere,
Our likeliest then was, not to hazard battle,
Th' adventure being so casual; if compared
With our more certain means to his sub-
version;
For finding now our army amply stored
With all things fit to tarry surer time,
Reason thought better to extend to length
The war betwixt us; that his little strength
May by degrees prove none; which urged
now

(Consisting of his best and ablest soldiers),
We should have found at one direct set
battle

Of matchless valours; their defects of
victual

Not tiring yet enough on their tough
nerves,

Where, on the other part, to put them
still

In motion, and remotion, here and there;
Enforcing them to fortifying still

Wherever they set down; to siege a wall,
Keep watch all night in armour: their
most part

Can never bear it, by their years' oppres-
sion;

Spent heretofore too much in those steel
toils.

Ca. I so advised, and yet repent it not,
But much rejoice in so much saved blood
As had been pour'd out in the stroke of
battle,

Whose fury thus prevented, comprehends
Your country's good, and empire's; in
whose care

Let me beseech you that in all this war
You sack no city subject to our rule,
Nor put to sword one citizen of Rome;
But when the needful fury of the sword
Can make no fit distinction in main battle,
That you will please still to prolong the
stroke

Of absolute decision to these jars,
Considering you shall strike it with a man
Of much skill and experience, and one
That will his conquest sell at infinite rate,
If that must end your difference; but I
doubt

There will come humble offer on his part
Of honour'd peace to you, for whose sweet
name

So cried out to you in our late-met Senate,
Lost no fit offer of that wished treaty.

Take pity on your country's blood as much

As possible may stand without the danger
Of hindering her justice on her foes,
Which all the gods to your full wish
dispose.

Pom. Why will you leave us? whither
will you go

To keep your worthiest person in more
safety

Than in my army, so devoted to you?

Ca. My person is the least, my lord, I
value;

I am commanded by our powerful Senate
To view the cities, and the kingdoms
situate

About your either army, that which side
Soever conquer, no disorder'd stragglers,
Puff'd with the conquest, or by need im-
pell'd,

May take their swinge more than the care
of one

May curb and order in these neighbour
confines;

My chief pass yet resolves for Utica.

Pom. Your pass, my truest friend and
worthy father,

May all good powers make safe, and
always answer

Your infinite merits with their like protec-
tion.

In which I make no doubt but we shall
meet

With mutual greetings, or for absolute
conquest

Or peace preventing that our bloody stroke,
Nor let our parting be dishonour'd so
As not to take into our noblest notice
Yourself, most learned and admired father,
Whose merits, if I live, shall lack no hon-
our.

Porcius, Statilius, though your spirits with
mine

Would highly cheer me, yet ye shall bestow
them

In much more worthy conduct; but love
me,

And wish me conquest for your country's
sake.

St. Our lives shall seal our loves, sir,
with worst deaths
Adventured in your service.

Pom. Y'are my friends.

[*Exeunt* *Ca.*, *Athen.*, *Por.*, *Sta.*
These friends thus gone, 'tis more than
time we minded

Our lost friend Vibius.

Ca. You can want no friends;
See, our two consuls, sir, betwixt them
bringing

The worthy Brutus.

Enter two Consuls leading Brutus betwixt them.

1st Co. We attend, my lord,
With no mean friend, to spirit your next
encounter,
Six thousand of our choice patrician youths
brought in his conduct.

2nd Co. And though never yet
He hath saluted you with any word
Or look of slenderest love in his whole life,
Since that long time since of his father's
death

By your hand author'd; yet, see, at your
need
He comes to serve you freely for his country.

Pom. His friendly presence making up a
third
With both your persons, I as gladly welcome

As if Jove's triple flame had gilt this field,
And lighten'd on my right hand from his
shield.

Br. I well assure myself, sir, that no
thought

In your ingenious construction touches
At the aspersion that my tender'd service
Proceeds from my despair of elsewhere
safety.

But that my country's safety, owning justly
My whole abilities of life and fortunes,
And you, the ablest fautor of her safety,
Her love, and (for your love of her) your
own

Only makes sacred to your use my offering.
Pom. Far fly all other thought from my
construction,

And due acceptance of the liberal honour
Your love hath done me, which the gods
are witness

I take as stirr'd up in you by their favours,
Nor less esteem it than an offering holy;
Since, as of all things, man is said the
measure,

So your full merits measure forth a man.

1st Co. See yet, my lord, more friends.

2nd Co. Five kings, your servants.

Enter five Kings.

Iber. Conquest and all grace crown the
gracious Pompey,
To serve whom in the sacred Roman
safety,

Myself, Iberia's king, present my forces.
The. And I that hold the tributary
throne

Of Grecian Thessaly, submit my homage
To Rome and Pompey.

Ci. So Cilicia too.

Ep. And so Epirus.

Thr. Lastly, I from Thrace
Present the duties of my power and service.

Pom. Your royal aids deserve of Rome
and Pompey

Our utmost honours. O, may now our
fortune

Not balance her broad breast 'twixt two
light wings,

Nor on a slippery globe sustain her steps;
But as the Spartans say the Paphian
queen

(The flood Eurotas passing) laid aside
Her glass, her ceston, and her amorous
graces,

And in Lycurgus' favour arm'd her beauties
With shield and javelin; so may fortune
now,

The flood of all our enemy's forces passing
With her fair ensigns, and arrived at ours,

Displume her shoulders, cast off her wing'd
shoes,

Her faithless and still-rolling stone spurn
from her,

And enter our powers, as she may remain

Our firm assistant; that the general aids,
Favours, and honours you perform to
Rome,

May make her build with you her endless
home.

Omnes. The gods vouchsafe it, and our
cause's right.

De. What sudden shade is this? Ob-
serve, my lords,

The night, methinks, comes on before her
hour. [*Thunder and lightning.*]

Ga. Nor trust me if my thoughts con-
ceive not so.

Br. What thin clouds fly the winds, like
swiftest shafts

Along air's middle region!

1st Co. They presage

Unusual tempests.

2nd Co. And 'tis their repair,

That timeless darken thus the gloomy air.

Pom. Let's force no omen from it, but
avoid

The vapours' furies now by Jove employ'd.

*Thunder continued, and Cæsar enters
disguised.*

The wrathful tempest of the angry night,
Where hell flies muffled up in clouds of
pitch,

Mingled with sulphur, and those dreadful
bolts

The Cyclops ram in Jove's artillery,*
Hath roused the furies, arm'd in all their
horrors,

Up to the envious seas, in spite of Cæsar.
O night, O jealous night, of all the noblest
Beauties and glories, where the gods have
stroke

Their four digestions from thy ghastly
chaos,

Blush thus to drown them all in this hour,
sign'd

By the necessity of fate for Cæsar.

I that have ransack'd all the world for
worth,

To form in man the image of the gods,
Must like them have the power to check
the worst

Of all things under their celestial empire,
Stoop it, and burst it, or break through it all
With use and safety, till the crown be set
On all my actions, that the hand of nature
In all her worst works aiming at an end,
May in a master-piece of hers be served
With tops and state fit for his virtuous
crown.

Nor lift arts thus far up in glorious frame,
To let them vanish thus in smoke and
shame.

This river Anius (in whose mouth now lies
A pinnace I would pass in to fetch on
My army's dull rest from Brundisium),
That is at all times else exceeding calm,
By reason of a purling wind that flies
Off from the shore each morning, driving up
The billows far to sea, in this night yet
Bears such a terrible gale, put off from sea,
As beats the land-wind back, and thrusts
the flood

Up in such uproar, that no boat dare stir,
And on it is dispersed all Pompey's navy,
To make my peril yet more envious.

Shall I yet shrink for all? were all, yet
more?

There is a certain need that I must give
Way to my pass, none known that I must
live.

Enter Master of a ship with Sailors.

Ma. What battle is there fought now in
the air

That threatens the wrack of nature?

Cæs. Master, come,
Shall we thrust through it all?

Ma. What lost man

Art thou in hopes and fortunes, that darest
make

So desperate a motion?

Cæs. Launch, man, and all thy fears
straight disavow;

Thou carriest Cæsar and his fortunes now.

ACT THE THIRD.

SCENE I.

Pompey, *two* Consuls, *five* Kings, Brutus,
Gabinus, Demetrius.

Pom. Now to Pharsalia, where the smart-
ing strokes

Of our resolved contention must resound.
My lords and friends of Rome, I give you
all

Such welcome as the spirit of all my for-
tunes,

Conquests, and triumphs (now come for
their crown),

Can crown your favours with, and serve the
hopes

Of my dear country to her utmost wish.

I can but set up all my being to give

So good an end to my forerunning acts,
The powers in me that form'd them having
lost

No least time since in gathering skill to
better;

But, like so many bees, have brought me
home

The sweet of whatsoever flowers have grown
In all the meads and gardens of the world.

All which hath grown still, as the time in-
crease

In which 'twas gather'd, and with which it
stemm'd.

That what decay soever blood inferr'd,
Might with my mind's store be supplied
and cheer'd:

All which, in one fire of this instant fight,
I'll burn and sacrifice to every cinder

In sacred offering to my country's love.

And, therefore, what event soever sort,
As I no praise will look for, but the good

Freely bestow on all (if good succeed);
So if adverse fate fall, I wish no blame,

But th' ill befall'n me, made my fortune's
shame,

Not mine, nor my fault.

1st Co. We too well love Pompey
To do him that injustice.

Br. Who more thirsts

The conquest than resolves to bear the
foil?

Pom. Said Brutus-like. Give several
witness all,

That you acquit me whatsoever fall.

* See *Bussy D'Ambois*, page 166.

2nd Co. Particular men particular fates
must bear :

Who feels his own wounds less to wound
another?

The. Leave him the worst whose best is
left undone,

He only conquers whose mind still is one.

Ep. Free minds, like dice, fall square
whate'er the cast.

Ib. Who on himself sole stands, stands
solely fast.

Thr. He's never down whose mind
fights still aloft.

Ci. Who cares for up or down, when
all's but thought?

Ga. To things' events doth no man's
power extend.

De. Since gods rule all, who anything
would mend?

Pom. Ye sweetly ease my charge, your-
selves unburthening.

Return'd not yet our trumpet, sent to know
Of Vibius' certain state?

Ga. Not yet, my lord.

Pom. Too long protract we all means to
recover

His person quick or dead; for I still think
His loss served fate before we blew retreat,
Though some affirm him seen soon after
fighting.

De. Not after, sir, I heard, but ere it
ended.

Ga. He bore a great mind to extend our
pursuit

Much further than it was; and served that
day

(When you had, like the true head of a
battail,

Led all the body in that glorious turn)
Upon a far-off squadron that stood fast

In conduct of the great Mark Anthony,
When all the rest were fled, so past a man

That in their tough receipt of him, I saw him
Thrice break through all with ease, and
pass as fair

As he had all been fire, and they but air.

Pom. He stuck at last yet, in their midst,
it seem'd.

Ga. So have I seen a fire-drake glide at
midnight

Before a dying man to point his grave,
And in it stick and hide.

De. He comes yet safe.

*A Trumpet sounds, and enters before
Vibius, with others.*

Pom. O Vibius, welcome; what, a prisoner
With mighty Cæsar, and so quickly ran-
som'd?

Vi. Ay, sir, my ransom needed little time
Either to gain agreement for the value,
Or the disbursement, since in Cæsar's grace
We both concluded.

Pom. Was his grace so free?

Vi. For your respect, sir.

Pom. Nay, sir, for his glory.

That the main conquest he so surely builds
on

(Which ever is forerun with petty fortunes)
Take not effect, by taking any friend

From all the most my poor defence can
make,

But must be complete, by his perfect own.

Vi. I know, sir, you more nobly rate the
freedom

He freely gave your friend, than to pervert it
So past his wisdom; that knows much too
well

Th' uncertain state of conquest, to raise
frames

Of such presumption on her fickle wings,
And chiefly in a loss so late and grievous;

Besides, your forces far exceeding his,
His whole powers being but two and twenty
thousand,

And yours full four and forty thousand
strong:

For all which yet he stood as far from fear
In my enlargement, as the confident glory

You please to put on him, and had this end
In my so kind dismission, that as kindly

I might solicit a sure peace betwixt you.

Pom. A peace! Is't possible?

Vo. Come, do not show this wanton
incredulity too.

Pom. Believe me I was far from such a
thought

In his high stomach: Cato prophesied then.
What think my lords our Consuls, and
friend Brutus?

Omnes. An offer happy.

Br. Were it plain and hearty.

Pom. Ay, there's the true inspection to
his prospect.

Br. This strait of his perhaps may need
a sleight

Of some hid stratagem to bring him off.

Pom. Devices of a new forge to entrap
me?

I rest in Cæsar's shades? walk his strow'd
paths?

Sleep in his quiet waves? I'll sooner trust
Hibernian bogs and quicksands, and hell-
mouth

Take for my sanctuary: in bad parts
That no extremes will better, nature's finger

Hath mark'd him to me, to take heed of him.
What thinks my Brutus?

Br. 'Tis your best and safest.

Pom. This offer'd peace of his is sure a
snare
To make our war the bloodier, whose fit
fear
Makes me I dare not now, in thoughts
maturer
Than late inclined me, put in use the
counsel
Your noble father Cato, parting, gave me,
Whose much too tender shunning innocent
blood
This battle hazards now, that must cost
more.

1st Co. It does, and therefore now 'no
more defer it.

Pom. Say all men so?

Omnes. We do.

Pom. I grieve ye do.

Because I rather wish to err with Cato
Than with the truth go of the world be-
sides ;
But since it shall abide this other stroke,
Ye gods, that our great Roman genius
Have made, not give us one day's conquest
only,
Nor grow in conquests for some little time,
As did the genius of the Macedons ;
Nor be by land great only, like Laconians ;
Nor yet by sea alone, as was th' Athenians ;
Nor slowly stirr'd up, like the Persian angel ;
Nor rock'd asleep soon, like the Ionian
spirit ;
But made our Roman genius, fiery,
watchful,
And even from Rome's prime join'd his
youth with hers,
Grow as she grew, and firm as earth
abide,
By her increasing pomp at sea and shore,
In peace, in battle ; against Greece as well
As our barbarian foes ; command yet
further,
Ye firm and just gods ! our assistful angel
For Rome and Pompey, who now fights for
Rome ;
That all these royal laws, to us, and
justice
Of common safety, may the self-love
drown
Of tyrannous Cæsar ; and my care for all
Your altars crown'd with endless festival.

[Exeunt.]

Cæsar, Anthony, a Soothsayer, Crassinius,
Acilius, with others.

Cæs. Say, sacred soothsayer, and inform
the truth,
What liking hast thou of our sacrifice ?

So. Imperial Cæsar, at your sacred
charge

I drew a milk-white ox into the temple,
And turning there his face into the east
(Fearfully shaking at the shining light),
Down fell his horned forehead to his hoof.
When I began to greet him with the
stroke
That should prepare him for the holy
rites,
With hideous roars he laid out such a
throat
As made the secret lurkings of the god
To answer, echo-like, in threatening sounds:
I stroke again at him, and then he slept,
His life-blood boiling out at every wound
In streams as clear as any liquid ruby,
And there began to alter my presage ;
The other ill signs, showing th' other for-
tune
Of your last skirmish, which far opposite
now
Proves ill beginnings good events fore-
show.
For now the beast, cut up and laid on th'
altar,
His limbs were all lick'd up with instant
flames,
Not like the elemental fire that burns
In household uses, lamely struggling up,
This way and that way winding as it rises,
But, right and upright, reach'd his proper
sphere
Where burns the fire eternal and sincere.
Cæs. And what may that presage ?
So. That even the spirit
Of heaven's pure flame flew down and
ravish'd up
Your offering's blaze in that religious in-
stant,
Which shows th' alacrity and cheerful
virtue
Of heaven's free bounty, doing good in
time,
And with what swiftness true devotions
climb.
Omnes. The gods be honour'd !
So. O, behold with wonder !
The sacred blaze is like a torch en-
lighten'd,
Directly burning just above your camp !
Omnes. Miraculous !
So. Believe it, with all thanks :
The Roman genius is alter'd now,
And arms for Cæsar.
Cæs. Soothsayer, be for ever
Reverenced of Cæsar. O Mark Anthony,
I thought to raise my camp, and all my
tent

Took down for swift remotion to Scotussa.
Shall now our purpose hold?

An. Against the gods?

They grace in th' instant, and in th' instant
we

Must add our parts, and be in th' use as
free.

Cr. See, sir, the scouts return.

Enter two scouts.

Cæs. What news, my friends?

1st Sc. Arm, arm, my lord, the vaward
of the foe

Is ranged already.

2nd Sc. Answer them, and arm :

You cannot set your rest of battle up

In happier hour ; for I this night beheld

A strange confusion in your enemy's camp,

The soldiers taking arms in all dismay,

And hurling them again as fast to earth.

Every way routing ; as th' alarm were then

Given to their army. A most causeless
fear

Dispersed quite through them.

Cæs. Then 'twas Jove himself

That with his secret finger stirr'd in them.

Cr. Other presages of success, my lord,

Have strangely happen'd in the adjacent
cities,

To this your army ; for in Tralleis,

Within a temple built to victory,

There stands a statue with your form and
name,

Near whose firm base, even from the
marble pavement,

There sprang a palm-tree up, in this last
night,

That seems to crown your statue with his
boughs,

Spread in wrapt shadows round about your
brows.

Cæs. The sign, Crassinius, is most strange
and graceful,

Nor could get issue, but by power divine ;
Yet will not that, nor all abodes besides

(Of never such kind promise of success)

Perform it without tough acts of our own.

No care, no nerve the less to be employ'd ;
No offering to the gods, no vows, no
prayers ;

Secure and idle spirits never thrive

When most the gods for their advance-
ments strive.

And therefore tell me what abodes thou
build'st on,

In any spirit to act enflamed in thee,

Or in our soldiers' seen resolved addresses ?

Cr. Great and fiery virtue. And this day
Be sure, great Cæsar, of effects as great

In absolute conquest ; to which are pre-
pared

Enforcements resolute from this arm'd
hand,

Which thou shalt praise me for, alive or
dead.

Cæs. Alive (ye gods, vouchsafe!) and my
true vows

For life in him (great heaven!) for all my
foes

(Being natural Romans) so far jointly hear
As may not hurt our conquest ; as with
fear,

Which thou already strangely hast diffused
Through all their army ; which extend to
fight

Without one bloody stroke of force and
fight.

Cr. 'Tis time, my lord, you put in form
your battle.

Cæs. Since we must fight, then, and no
offer'd peace

Will take with Pompey, I rejoice to see
This long-time-look'd-for and most happy
day,

In which we now shall fight, with men, not
hunger,

With toils, not sweats of blood through
years extended,

This one day serving to decide all jars
'Twixt me and Pompey. Hang out of my
tent

My crimson coat-of-arms, to give my
soldiers

That ever-sure sign of resolved-for fight.

Cr. These hands shall give that sign to
all their longings. [*Exit Crassinius.*

Cæs. My lord, my army, I think best to
order

In three full squadrons ; of which let me
pray

Yourself would take on you the left wing's
charge ;

Myself will lead the right wing, and my
place

Of fight elect, in my tenth legion ;
My battle by Domitius Calvinus

Shall take direction.

[*The coat-of-arms is hung out, and the
soldiers shout within.*

An. Hark, your soldiers shout

For joy to see your bloody coat-of-arms
Assure their fight this morning.

Cæs. A blest even

Bring on them worthy comforts ! And, ye
gods,

Perform your good presages in events
Of fit crown for our discipline, and deeds

Wrought up by conquest ; that my use of it

May wipe the hateful and unworthy stain
 Of tyrant from my temples, and exchange it
 For fautor of my country, ye have given
 That title to those poor and fearful souls
 That every sound puts up in frights and
 cries ;
 Even then, when all Rome's powers were
 weak and heartless,
 When traitorous fires and fierce barbarian
 swords,
 Rapines, and soul-expiring slaughters fill'd
 Her houses, temples, all her air and earth.
 To me, then (whom your bounties have
 inform'd
 With such a spirit as despiseth fear,
 Commands in either fortune, knows, and
 arms
 Against the worst of fate, and therefore
 can
 Dispose best means, encouraged to the
 best)
 Much more vouchsafe that honour ; chiefly
 now,
 When Rome wants only this day's conquest
 given me
 *To make her happy, to confirm the bright-
 ness
 That yet she shines in over all the world ;
 In empire, riches, strife of all the arts,
 In gifts of cities, and of kingdoms sent her,
 In crowns laid at her feet, in every grace
 That shores, and seas, floods, islands,
 continents,
 Groves, fields, hills, mines, and metals can
 produce,
 All which I, victor, will increase, I vow,
 By all my good, acknowledged given by
 you.

ACT THE FOURTH.

SCENE I.

Pompey, *in haste*, Brutus, Gabinius,
 Vibius *following*.

Pom. The poison, steep'd in every vein of
 empire
 In all the world, meet now in only me,
 Thunder and lighten me to death, and
 make
 My senses feed the flame, my soul the
 crack.
 Was ever sovereign captain of so many
 Armies and nations, so oppress'd as I
 With one host's headstrong outrage? urg-
 ing fight,
 Yet fly about my camp in panic terrors,

No reason under heaven suggesting cause.
 And what is this but even the gods
 deterring
 My judgment from enforcing fight this
 morn ?
 The new-fled night made day with meteors,
 Fired over Cæsar's camp, and fall'n in
 mine.
 As pointing out the terrible events
 Yet in suspense ; but where they threat
 their fall,
 Speak not these prodigies with fiery tongues
 And eloquence, that should not move, but
 ravish
 All sound minds from thus tempting the
 just gods,
 And spitting out their fair premonishing
 flames
 With brackish rheums of rude and brain-
 sick number ;
 What's infinitely more, thus wild, thus
 mad,
 For one poor fortune of a beaten few,
 To half so many staid and dreadful
 soldiers ?
 Long train'd, long foughten ? able, nimble,
 perfect
 To turn and wind advantage every way ?
 Increase with little, and enforce with none ?
 Made bold as lions, gaunt as famish'd
 wolves,
 With still-served slaughters and continual
 toils.
Br. You should not, sir, forsake your
 own wise counsel,
 Your own experienced discipline, own
 practice,
 Own god-inspired insight to all changes
 Of Protean fortune, and her zany war,
 For hosts and hells of such ; what man
 will think
 The best of them not mad, to see them
 range
 So up and down your camp, already suing
 For offices fall'n, by Cæsar's built-on fall,
 Before one stroke be struck ? Domitius,
 Spinther,
 Your father Scipio, now preparing friends
 For Cæsar's place of universal bishop ?
 Are you th'observed rule and vouch'd
 example ?
 Whoever would commend physicians
 That would not follow the diseased desires
 Of their sick patients ? yet incur yourself
 The faults that you so much abhor in
 others.
Pom. I cannot, sir, abide men's open
 mouths,
 Nor be ill spoken of ; nor have my counsels

And circumspections turn'd on me for fears
With mocks and scandals that would make
a man

Of lead a lightning; in the desperatest onset
That ever trampled under death his life.

I bear the touch of fear for all their safe-
ties,

Or for mine own? enlarge with twice as
many

Self-lives, self-fortunes? they shall sink be-
neath

Their own credulities, before. I cross them.
Come, haste, dispose our battle.

Vi. Good my lord,
Against your genius war not for the
world.

Pom. By all worlds he that moves me
next to bear

Their scoffs and imputations of my fear
For any cause, shall bear this sword to
hell.

Away, to battle; good my lord, lead you
The whole six thousand of our young pa-
tricians,

Placed in the left wing to environ Cæsar.
My father Scipio shall lead the battle;

Domitius the left wing; I the right
Against Mark Anthony. Take now your
fills,

Ye beastly doters on your barbarous wills.
[*Exeunt.*]

*Alarm, excursions of all: the five Kings
driven over the stage, Crassinius chiefly
pursuing: at the door enter again the
five Kings. The battle continued within.*

Ep. Fly, fly, the day was lost before
'twas fought.

Th. The Romans fear'd their shadows.

Ci. Were there ever

Such monstrous confidences as last night
Their cups and music show'd? before the
morning

Made such amazes ere one stroke was
struck?

Ib. It made great Pompey mad; which
who could mend?

The gods had hand in it.

Tr. It made the Consuls

Run on their swords to see't. The brave
patricians

Fled with their spoiled faces, arrows stick-
ing

As shot from heaven at them.

Th. 'Twas the charge

That Cæsar gave against them.

Ep. Come, away,
Leave all, and wonder at this fatal day.
[*Exeunt.*]

*The fight nearer; and enter Crassinius, a
sword as thrust through his face; he
falls. To him Pompey and Cæsar
fighting: Pompey gives way, Cæsar
follows, and enters at another door.*

Cæs. Pursue, pursue; the gods fore-
show'd their powers,

Which we gave issue, and the day is ours.
Crassinius! O look up: he does, and
shows

Death in his broken eyes, which Cæsar's
hands

Shall do the honour of eternal closure.
Too well thou kept'st thy word, that thou
this day

Wouldst do me service to our victory,
Which in thy life and death I should be-
hold,

And praise thee for; I do, and must ad-
mire

Thy matchless valour; ever, ever rest
Thy manly lineaments, which in a tomb

Erected to thy noble name and virtues,
I'll curiously preserve with balms and
spices,

In eminent place of these Pharsalian fields,
Inscribed with this true soul of funeral:

EPITAPH.

*Crassinius fought for fame and died for
Rome,*

*Whose public weal springs from this pri-
vate tomb.*

[*Enter some taking him off, whom
Cæsar helps.*]

*Enter Pompey, Demetrius, with black
robes in their hands, broad hats,
&c.*

Pom. Thus have the gods their justice,
men their wills,

And I, by men's wills ruled, myself renounc-
ing,

Am by my angel and the gods abhorr'd,
Who drew me, like a vapour, up to heaven,
To dash me like a tempest 'gainst the
earth.

O, the deserved terrors that attend
On human confidence! had ever men

Such outrage of presumption to be victors
Before they arm'd? To send to Rome be-
fore

For houses near the market-place; their
tents

Strow'd all with flowers and nosegays;
tables cover'd

With cups and banquets, bays and myrtle
garlands,

As ready to do sacrifice for conquest
Rather than arm them for fit fight t' enforce it ;

Which, when I saw, I knew as well th' event

As now I feel it, and because I raged
In that presage, my genius showing me clearly

(As in a mirror) all this cursed issue ;
And therefore urged all means to put it off
For this day, or from these fields to some other,

Or from this ominous confidence, till I saw
Their spirits settled in some graver knowledge

Of what belong'd to such a dear decision.
They spotted me with fear, with love of glory,

To keep in my command so many kings,
So great an army ; all the hellish blastings
That could be breathed on me, to strike me blind

Of honour, spirit, and soul. And should I then

Save them that would in spite of heaven be ruin'd ?

And in their safeties ruin me and mine
In everlasting rage of their detraction.

De. Your safety and own honour did deserve

Respect past all their values. O, my lord,
Would you ?

Pom. Upbraid me not ; go to, go on.

De. No ; I'll not rub the wound. The misery is,

The gods for any error in a man
(Which they might rectify, and should, because

That man maintain'd the right) should suffer wrong

To be thus insolent, thus graced, thus blest ?

Pom. O, the strange carriage of their acts, by which

Men order theirs, and their devotions in them ;

Much rather striving to entangle men
In pathless error than with regular right
Confirm their reason's and their piety's light.

For now, sir, whatsoever was foreshown
By heaven or prodigy, ten parts more for us,

Forewarning us, deterring us and all
Our blind and brainless frenzies, than for Cæsar ;

All yet will be ascribed to his regard
Given by the gods for his good parts, preferring

Their gloss (being stark impostures) to the justice,

Love, honour, piety of our laws and country.

Though I think these are arguments enow
For my acquittal, that for all these fought.

De. You're clear, my lord.

Pom. Gods help me, as I am.

Whatever my untouch'd command of millions

Through all my eight and fifty years hath won,

This one day, in the world's esteem, hath lost.

So vile is praise and dispraise by event.

For I am still myself in every worth

The world could grace me with, had this day's even

In one blaze join'd with all my other conquests.

And shall my comforts in my well-known self

Fail me for their false fires, Demetrius ?

De. O no, my lord.

Pom. Take grief for them, as if

The rotten-hearted world could steep my soul

In filthy putrefaction of their own ?

Since their applauses fail me, that are hisses

To every sound acceptance ? I confess

That till th' affair was past my passions flamed,

But now 'tis helpless, and no cause in me
Rest in these embers my unmoved soul,

With any outward change, this distich minding ;

No man should more allow his own loss, woes

(Being past his fault) than any stranger does.

And for the world's false loves and airy honours,

What soul that ever loved them most in life

(Once sever'd from this breathing sepulchre)

Again came and appear'd in any kind

Their kind admirer still, or did the state

Of any best man here associate ?
And every true soul should be here so sever'd

From love of such men as here drown their souls

As all the world does, Cato sole excepted ;
To whom I'll fly now, and my wife in way

(Poor lady and poor children, worse than fatherless)

Visit and comfort. Come, Demetrius,
[*They disguise themselves.*]

We now must suit our habits to our fortunes,
And since these changes ever chance to greatest

Nor desire to be
(Do fortune to exceed it what she can)
A Pompey, or a Cæsar, but a man.

[*Exeunt.*]

Enter Cæsar, Anthony, Acilius, with soldiers.

Cæs. Oh, we have slain, not conquer'd;
Roman blood
Perverts th' event, and desperate blood let out
With their own swords. Did ever men before

Envy their own lives since another lived
Whom they would wilfully conceive their foe,

And forge a tyrant merely in their fears
To justify their slaughters? Consuls? furies!

An. Be, sir, their faults their griefs!
The greater number

Were only slaves that left their bloods to ruth,

And altogether but six thousand slain.

Cæs. However many, gods and men can witness

Themselves enforced it, much against the most

I could enforce on Pompey for our peace.

Of all slain, yet if Brutus only lived
I should be comforted, for his life saved

Would weigh the whole six thousand that are lost.

But much I fear his death, because the battle,

Full stricken now, he yet abides unfound.

Ac. I saw him fighting near the battle's end,

But suddenly give off, as bent to fly.

Enter Brutus.

An. He comes here; see, sir.

Br. I submit to Cæsar
My life and fortunes.

Cæs. A more welcome fortune
Is Brutus than my conquest.

Br. Sir, I fought
Against your conquest and yourself, and merit

(I must acknowledge) a much sterner welcome.

Cæs. You fought with me, sir, for I know your arms

Were taken for your country, not for Pompey.

And for my country I fought, nothing less

Than he, or both the mighty-stomach'd Consuls;

Both whom, I hear, have slain themselves before

They would enjoy life in the good of Cæsar.

But I am nothing worse, how ill soever
They and the great authority of Rome
Would fain enforce me by their mere suspicions.

Loved they their country better than her Brutus?

Or knew what fitted noblesse and a Roman
With freer souls than Brutus. Those that live

Shall see in Cæsar's justice, and whatever
Might make me worthy both their lives and loves,

That I have lost the one without my merit,
And they the other with no Roman spirit.

Are you impair'd to live and joy my love?
Only requite me, Brutus, love but Cæsar,

And be in all the powers of Cæsar, Cæsar.
In which free wish I join your father Cato;

For whom I'll haste to Utica, and pray
His love may strengthen my success to-day.

[*Exeunt.*]

Porcius in haste, Marcilius, bare, following. Porcius discovers a bed, and a sword hanging by it, which he takes down.

Mu. To what use take you that, my lord?

Por. Take you

No note that I take it, nor let any servant
Besides yourself, of all my father's nearest,

Serve any mood he serves with any knowledge

Of this or any other. Cæsar comes
And gives his army wings to reach this town,

Not for the town's sake, but to save my father,

Whom justly he suspects to be resolved
Of any violence to his life, before

He will preserve it by a tyrant's favour.
For Pompey hath miscarried and is fled.

Be true to me and to my father's life,
And do not tell him, nor his fury serve

With any other.

Ma. I will die, my lord,
Ere I observe it.

Por. O, my lord and father!

Cato, Athenodorus, Statilius. Cato *with a book in his hand.*

Ca. What fears fly here on all sides?
what wild looks

Are squinted at me from men's mere suspicions

That I am wild myself, and would enforce
What will be taken from me by the tyrant?

At. No. Would you only ask life, he would think

His own life given more strength in giving yours.

Ca. I ask my life of him?

St. Ask what's his own

Of him he scorns should have the least drop in it

At his disposal?

Ca. No, Statilius.

Men that have forfeit lives by breaking laws,

Or have been overcome, may beg their lives;

But I have ever been in every justice
Better than Cæsar, and was never conquer'd

Or made to fly for life as Cæsar was.

But have been victor ever to my wish,

'Gainst whomsoever ever hath opposed;

Where Cæsar now is conquer'd in his conquest,

In the ambition he till now denied;

Taking upon him to give life, when death

Is tenfold due to his most tyrannous self.

No right, no power given him to raise an army

Which in despite of Rome he leads about,
Slaughtering her loyal subjects like an outlaw;

Nor is he better. Tongue, show falsehood are,

To bloodiest deaths his parts so much admired,

Vainglory, villainy, and at best you can,

Fed with the parings of a worthy man.

My fame affirm my life received from him?

I'll rather make a beast my second father.

St. The gods avert from every Roman mind

The name of slave to any tyrant's power.

Why was man ever just but to be free

'Gainst all injustice? and to bear about him

As well all means to freedom every hour,

As every hour he should be arm'd for death,

Which only is his freedom?

At. But, Statilius,

Death is not free for any man's election,

Till nature or the law impose it on him.

Ca. Must a man go to law, then, when he may

Enjoy his own in peace? If I can use

Mine own myself, must I, of force, reserve it

To serve a tyrant with it? All just men
Not only may enlarge their lives, but must,
From all rule tyrannous, or live unjust.

At. By death must they enlarge their lives?

Ca. By death.

At. A man's not bound to that.

Ca. I'll prove he is.

Are not the lives of all men bound to justice?

At. They are.

Ca. And therefore not to serve injustice: Justice itself ought ever to be free,

And therefore every just man being a part
Of that free justice, should be free as it.

At. Then wherefore is there law for death?

Ca. That all

That know not what law is, nor freely can
Perform the fitting justice of a man

In kingdoms' common good, may be enforced.

But is not every just man to himself

The perfect'st law?

At. Suppose.

Ca. Then to himself

Is every just man's life subordinate.

Again, sir, is not our free soul infused

To every body in her absolute end

To rule that body? in which absolute rule

Is she not absolutely empress of it?

And being empress, may she not dispose

It, and the life in it, at her just pleasure?

At. Not to destroy it.

Ca. No, she not destroys it

When she dislives it, that their freedoms may

Go firm together, like their powers and organs,

Rather than let it live a rebel to her,

Profaning that divine conjunction

'Twixt her and it; nay, a disjunction making

Betwixt them worse than death, in killing quick

That which in just death lives: being dead to her

If to her rule dead, and to her alive

If dying in her just rule.

At. The body lives not

When death hath rest it.

Ca. Yet 'tis free, and kept

Fit for rejunction in man's second life,

Which dying rebel to the soul, is far

Unfit to join with her in perfect life.

At. It shall not join with her again.

Ca. It shall.

At. In reason shall it?

Ca. In apparent reason,
Which I'll prove clearly.

St. Hear, and judge it, sir.

Ca. As nature works in all things to an end,

So in th' appropriate honour of that end
All things precedent have their natural frame,

And therefore is there a proportion
Betwixt the ends of those things and their primes ;

For else there could not be in their creation,

Always, or for the most part, that firm form
In their still like existence, that we see
In each full creature. What proportion then

Hath an immortal with a mortal substance?
And therefore the mortality to which
A man is subject, rather is a sleep
Than bestial death, since sleep and death
are call'd.

The twins of nature. For if absolute death
And bestial seize the body of a man,
Then is there no proportion in his parts,
His soul being free from death, which
otherwise

Retains divine proportion. For as sleep
No disproportion holds with human souls,
But aptly quickens the proportion
'Twixt them and bodies, making bodies
fitter

To give up forms to souls, which is their end :

So death (twin-born of sleep), resolving all
Man's body's heavy parts, in lighter nature
Makes a reunion with the spritely soul,
When in a second life their beings given,
Holds their proportion firm, in highest
heaven.

At. Hold you our bodies shall revive,
resuming
Our souls again to heaven ?

Ca. Past doubt, though others
Think heaven a world too high for our low
reaches.

Not knowing the sacred sense of him that
sings,

"Jove can let down a golden chain from
heaven,

Which, tied to earth, shall fetch up earth
and seas :"

And what's that golden chain but our pure
souls ?

A golden beam of him, let down by him,
That govern'd with his grace, and drawn
by him,

Can hoist this earthly body up to him,
The sea and air, and all the elements

Compress'd in it ; not while 'tis thus con-
crete,

But fin'd by death, and then given
heavenly heat.

At. Your happy exposition of that
place

(Whose sacred depth I never heard so
sounded),

Evicts glad grant from me you hold a
truth.

St. Is't not a manly truth, and mere
divine ?

Ca. 'Tis a good cheerful doctrine for
good men.

But, son and servants, this is only argued
To spend our dear time well, and no life
urgeth

To any violence further than his owner
And graver men hold fit. Let's talk of
Cæsar ;

He's the great subject of all talk, and he
Is hotly hasting on. Is supper ready ?

Ma. It is, my lord.

Ca. Why then, let's in and eat,
Our cool submission will quench Cæsar's
heat.

St. Submission ? here's for him.

Ca. Statilius,
My reasons must not strengthen you in
error,

Nor learn'd Athenodorus' gentle yielding.
Talk with some other deep philosophers,
Or some divine priest of the knowing
gods,

And hear their reasons : in meantime come
sup.

[*Exeunt. Cato going out arm-in-arm
betwixt Athenodorus and Statilius.*

ACT THE FIFTH.

SCENE I.

*Enter Ushers with the two Lentuli, and
Septimius before Cornelia, Cyris,
Telesilla, Lælia, Drusus, with others
following, Cornelia, Septimius, and
the two Lentuli reading letters.*

Co. So may my comforts for this good
news thrive,

As I am thankful for them to the gods.
Joys unexpected, and in desperate plight,
Are still most sweet, and prove from
whence they come ;

When earth's still moonlike confidence in
joy

Is at her full ; true joy descending far

From past her sphere, and from that
highest heaven

That moves and is not moved; how far
was I

From hope of these events, when fearful
dreams

Of harpies tearing out my heart, of armies
Terribly joining, cities, kingdoms falling,
And all on me, proved sleep not twin to
death,

But to me, death itself? yet waking then,
These letters, full of as much cheerful life,
I found closed in my hand. O gods, how
justly

Ye laugh at all things earthly! at all fears
That rise not from your judgments; at all
joys

Not drawn directly from yourselves, and
in ye,

Distrust in man is faith, trust in him,
ruin.

Why write great learned men, men merely
rapt

With sacred rage of confidence, belief,
Undaunted spirits, inexorable fate
And all fear treading on? 'tis all but air;
If any comfort be, 'tis in despair.

1st Le. You learned ladies may hold
anything.

2nd Le. Now, madam, is your walk from
coach come near

The promontory, where you late com-
manded

A sentinel should stand to see from thence
If either with a navy, brought by sea,
Or train by land; great Pompey comes to
greet you

As in your letters, he near this time pro-
mised.

Co. O may this isle of Lesbos, compass'd in

With the Ægean sea, that doth divide
Europe from Asia, the sweet literate
world

From the barbarian, from my barbarous
dreams

Divide my dearest husband and his for-
tunes.

2nd Le. He's busied now with ordering
offices.

By this time, madam, sits your honoured
father *[He looks in his letter.*

In Cæsar's chair of universal bishop,
Domitius Ænobarbus is made Consul,
Spinther his consort; and Phaonius
Tribune, or Prætor.

Septimius with a letter.

Se. These were only sought

Before the battle, not obtain'd; nor
moving

My father but in shadows.

Co. Why should men

Tempt fate with such firm confidence?
seeking places

Before the power that should dispose could
grant them?

For then the stroke of battle was not struck.
1st Le. Nay, that was sure enough. Phy-
sicians know

When sick men's eyes are broken they
must die.

Your letters telling you his victory
Lost in the skirmish, which I know hath
broken

Both the eyes and heart of Cæsar: for as
men

Healthful through all their lives to grey-
hair'd age,

When sickness takes them once, they sel-
dom 'scape:

So Cæsar, victor in his general fights
Till this late skirmish, could no adverse
blow

Sustain without his utter overthrow.
2nd Le. See, madam, now; your sentinel:
inquire.

Co. Seest thou no fleet yet, sentinel, nor
train

That may be thought great Pompey's?
Se. Not yet, madam.

1st Le. Seest thou no travellers ad-
dress'd this way,

In any number on this Lesbian shore?
Se. I see some not worth note; a couple
coming

This way, on foot, that are not now far
hence.

2nd Le. Come they apace, like mes-
sengers with news?

Se. No, nothing like, my lord, nor are
their habits

Of any such men's fashions; being long
mantles,

And sable-hued; their heads all hid in
hats

Of parching Thessaly, broad-brimm'd,
high-crown'd.

Co. These serve not our hopes.

Se. Now I see a ship

A kenning hence, that strikes into the
haven.

Co. One only ship?

Se. One only, madam, yet.

Co. That should not be my lord.

1st Le. Your lord? no, madam.

Se. She now lets out arm'd men upon
the land.

2nd Le. Arm'd men? with drum and colours?

Se. No, my lord,
But bright in arms, yet bear half pikes or beahooks.

1st Le. These can be no plumes in the train of Pompey.

Co. I'll see him in his letter once again.

Se. Now, madam, come the two I saw on foot.

Enter Pompey and Demetrius.

De. See your princess, sir, come thus far from the city in her coach, to encounter your promised coming about this time in your last letters.

Pom. The world is altered since, Demetrius.

[*Offer to go by.*

1st Le. See, madam, two Thessalian augurs, it seems, by their habits. Call, and inquire if either by their skills or travels they know no news of your husband.

Co. My friends, a word.

De. With us, madam?

Co. Yes. Are you of Thessaly?

De. Ay, madam, and all the world besides.

Co. Your country is great.

De. And our portions little.

Co. Are you augurs?

De. Augurs, madam? yes, a kind of augurs, alias wizards, that go up and down the world teaching how to turn ill to good.

Co. Can you do that?

De. Ay, madam, you have no work for us, have you? No ill to turn good, I mean?

Co. Yes, the absence of my husband.

De. What's he?

Co. Pompey the Great.

De. Wherein is he great?

Co. In his command of the world.

De. Then he's great in others. Take him without his addition, great, what is he then?

Co. Pompey.

De. Not your husband then?

Co. Nothing the less for his greatness.

De. Not in his right; but in your comforts he is.

Co. His right is my comfort.

De. What's his wrong?

Co. My sorrow.

De. And that's ill.

Co. Yes.

De. Y'are come to the use of our profession, madam: would you have that ill turned good? that sorrow turned comfort?

Co. Why, is my lord wronged?

De. We possess not that knowledge, madam: suppose he were.

Co. Not I.

De. You'll suppose him good?

Co. He is so.

De. Then must you needs suppose him wronged; for all goodness is wronged in this world.

Co. What call you wrong?

De. Ill fortune, affliction.

Co. Think you my lord afflicted?

De. If I think him good, madam, I must. Unless he be worldly good, and then either he is ill or has ill; since, as no sugar is without poison, so is no worldly good without ill. Even naturally nourished in it, like a household thief, which is the worst of all thieves.

Co. Then he is not worldly, but truly good.

De. He's too great to be truly good; for worldly greatness is the chief worldly goodness; and all worldly goodness (I proved before) has ill in it, which true good has not.

Co. If he rule well with his greatness, wherein is he ill?

De. But great rulers are like carpenters that wear their rules at their backs still; and therefore to make good your true good in him, y'ad better suppose him little or mean; for in the mean only is the true good.

Pom. But every great lady must have her husband great still, or her love will be little.

Co. I am none of those great ladies.

1st Le. She's a philosophress, augur, and can turn ill to good as well as you.

Pom. I would then not honour, but adore her. Could you submit yourself cheerfully to your husband, supposing him fallen?

Co. If he submit himself cheerfully to his fortune.

Pom. 'Tis the greatest greatness in the world you undertake.

Co. I would be so great, if he were.

Pom. In supposition.

Co. In fact.

Pom. Be no woman, but a goddess, then, and make good thy greatness. I am cheerfully fallen; be cheerful.

Co. I am, and welcome, as the world were closed in these embraces.

Pom. Is it possible? a woman, losing greatness, still as good as at her greatest? O gods! was I ever great till this minute?

Amb. Len. Pompey?

Pom. View me better.

Amb. Len. Conquered by Cæsar?

Pom. Not I, but mine army.
No fault in me in it; no conquest of me;
I tread this low earth as I trod on Cæsar.
Must I not hold myself, though lose the
world?

Nor lose I less: a world lost at one clap,
'Tis more than Jove ever thunder'd with.
What glory is it to have my hand hurl
So vast a volley through the groaning air?
And is't not great to turn griefs thus to
joys

That break the hearts of others?

Amb. Len. O, tis Jove-like!

Pom. It is to imitate Jove, that from the
wounds
Of softest clouds, beats up the terriblest
sounds.

I now am good, for good men still have
least,

That 'twixt themselves and God might rise
their rest.

Co. O, Pompey, Pompey! never great
till now.

Pom. O, my Cornelia, let us still be
good,
And we shall still be great; and greater far
In every solid grace than when the
tumour

And bile of rotten observation swell'd us.
Griefs for wants outward are without our
cure,

Greatness, not of itself, is never sure.
Before we went upon heaven, rather tread-
ing

The virtues of it underfoot in making
The vicious world our heaven, than walking
there

Even here, as knowing that our home;
contemning

All forged heavens here raised, setting hills
on hills.

Vulcan from heaven fell, yet on's feet did
light,

And stood no less a god than at his height.
At lowest, things lie fast; we now are like
The two poles propping heaven, on which
heaven moves,

And they are fix'd and quiet, being above
All motion far; we rest above the
heavens.

Co. Oh, I more joy t' embrace my lord,
thus fix'd,
Than he had brought me ten inconstant
conquests.

1st Le. Miraculous standing in a fall so
great!

Would Cæsar knew, sir, how you con-
quer'd him

In your conviction.

Pom. 'Tis enough for me
That Pompey knows it. I will stand no
more
On others' legs, nor build one joy without
me.

If ever I be worth a house again
I'll build all inward; not a light shall ope
The common outway, no expense, no art,
No ornament, no door will I use there,
But raise all plain and rudely, like a ram-
pier

Against the false society of men

That still batters

All reason piecemeal. And for earthy
greatness

All heavenly comforts rarefies to air,
I'll therefore live in dark, and all my
light,

Like ancient temples, let in at my top.

This were to turn one's back to all the
world,

And only look at heaven. Empedocles
Recured a mortal plague through all his
country

With stopping up the yawning of a hill,
From whence the hollow and unwholesome
south

Exhaled his venom'd vapour. And what
else

Is any king, given over to his lusts,
But even the poison'd cleft of that crack'd
mountain,

That all his kingdom plagues with his ex-
ample?

Which I have stopp'd now, and so cured
my country

Of such a sensual pestilence:

When therefore our diseased affections,
Harmful to human freedom, and, storm-
like,

Inferring darkness to th' infected mind,
Oppress our comforts; 'tis but letting in
The light of reason, and a purer spirit,
Take in another way; like rooms that
fight

With windows 'gainst the wind, yet let in
light.

Amb. Len. My lord, we served before,
but now adore you.

Se. My lord, the arm'd men I discover'd
lately

Unshipp'd and landed, now are trooping
near.

Pom. What arm'd men are they?

1st Le. Some, my lord, that lately

The sentinel discover'd, but not knew.

Se. Now all the sea, my lords, is hid
with ships:

Another promontory flanking this,

Some furlong hence, is climb'd, and full of people,
That easily may see hither, it seems looking
What these so near intend : take heed,
they come.

Enter Acilius, Septius, Salvius, with soldiers.

Ac. Hail to Rome's great commander;
to whom Ægypt
(Not long since seated in his kingdom by thee,

And sent to by thee in thy passage by)
Sends us with answer, which withdraw and hear.

Pom. I'll kiss my children first.

Se. Bless me, my lord.

Pom. I will, and Cyris, my poor daughter too.

Even that high hand that hurl'd me down thus low,

Keep you from rising high ! I hear ; now tell me.

I think, my friend, you once served under me. [*Septius only nods with his head.*

Pom. Nod only ! not a word deign ? what are these ?

Cornelia, I am now not worth men's words.

Ac. Please you receive your aid, sir ?

Pom. Ay, I come.

[*Exit Pom. They draw and follow.*

Co. Why draw they ? See, my lords ; attend them, ushers.

Se. O they have slain great Pompey !

Co. O my husband.

Se. } Mother, take comfort.
Cy. }

Enter Pompey bleeding.

O, my lord, and father !

Pom. See heavens your sufferings, is my country's love,

The justice of an empire, piety,
Worth this end in their leader ? last yet life

And bring the gods off fairer : after this
Who will adore or serve the deities ?

[*He hides his face with his robe.*

Enter the Murderers.

Ac. Help ! hale him off : and take his head for Cæsar.

Se. Mother ! O save us : Pompey ! O my father.

Enter the two Lentuli and Demetrius bleeding, and kneel about Cornelia.

Le. Yet falls not heaven ? Madam, O make good

Your late great spirits ; all the world will say

You know not how to bear adverse events,
If now you languish.

Omnes. Take her to her coach.

[*They bear her out,*

Cato with a book in his hand.

O beastly apprehenders of things manly,
And merely heavenly ; they with all the reasons

I used for just men's liberties, to bear
Their lives and deaths up in their own free hands,

Fear still my resolution, though I seem
To give it off like them ; and now am won

To think my life in law's rule, not mine own,

When once it comes to death, as if the law

Made for a sort of outlaws, must bound me

In their subjection ; as if I could
Be rack'd out of my veins to live in others,

As so I must, if others rule my life,
And public power keep all the right of death,

As if men needs must serve the place of justice,

The form and idol, and renounce itself,
Ourselves and all our rights in God and goodness ;

Our whole contents and freedoms to dispose

All in the joys and ways of arrant rogues !
No, stay but their wild errors to sustain us !

No forges but their throats to vent our breaths,

To form our lives in, and repose our deaths !

See, they have got my sword. Who's there ?

Enter Marcilius bare.

Ma. My lord !

Ca. Who took my sword hence ? Dumb ! I do not ask

For any use or care of it, but hope
I may be answer'd. Go, sir, let me have it.

[*Exit Mar.*

Poor slaves, how terrible this death is to them !

If men would sleep they would be wroth with all

That interrupt them ; physic take to take
The golden rest it brings ; both pay and pray

For good and soundest naps, all friends
consenting

In those kind invocations, praying all
Good rest the gods vouchsafe you, but
when Death,

Sleep's natural brother, comes, (that's
nothing worse,

But better, being more rich, and keeps the
store,

Sleep ever fickle, wayward still, and poor),
O how men grudge, and shake, and fear,
and fly

His stern approaches; all their comforts
taken

In faith and knowledge of the bliss and
beauties

That watch their wakings in an endless
life;

Drown'd in the pains and horrors of their
sense

Sustain'd but for an hour! Be all the earth
Rapt with this error, I'll pursue my reason,
And hold that as my light and fiery pillar,
Th' eternal law of heaven and earth no
firmer.

But while I seek to conquer conquering
Cæsar,

My soft-spleen'd servants overrule and curb
me. [*He knocks, and Brutus enters.*]

Where's he I sent to fetch and place my
sword

Where late I left it? Dumb, too? Come,
another!

Enter Cleanthes.

Where's my sword hung here?

Cl. My lord, I know not.

Enter Marcellus.

Ca. The rest come in there! Where's
the sword I charged you
To give his place again? I'll break your
lips open.

Spite of my freedom, all my servants,
friends,

My son and all, will needs betray me
naked

To th' armed malice of a foe so fierce
And bear-like, mankind of the blood of
virtue.

O gods, who ever saw me thus condemn'd?
Go, call my son in, tell him that the less
He shows himself my son, the less I'll care
To live his father.

*Enter Athenodorus, Porcius; Porcius
kneeling; Brutus, Cleanthes, and
Marcellus by him.*

Po. I beseech you, sir,

Rest patient of my duty, and my love;
Your other children think on, our poor
mother,

Your family, your country.

Ca. If the gods

Give over all, I'll fly the world with them.
Athenodorus, I admire the changes

I note in heavenly providence. When
Pompey

Did all things out of course, past right,
past reason,

He stood invincible against the world:
Yet now his cares grew pious, and his
powers

Set all up for his country, he is conquer'd.

At. The gods' wills secret are, nor must
we measure

Their chaste-reserved deeps by our dry
shallows.

Sufficieth us, we are entirely such
As 'twixt them and our consciences we
know

Their graces, in our virtues, shall present
Unspotted with the earth, to the high throne

That overlooks us; for this giant world,
Let's not contend with it, when heaven itself

Fails to reform it: why should we affect
The least hand over it, in that ambition?

A heap 'tis of digested villany;
Virtue in labour with eternal chaos

Press'd to a living death, and rack'd beneath
it.

Her throes unpitied; every worthy man
Limb by limb sawn out of her virgin womb,

To live here piecemeal tortured; fly life
then;

Your life and death made precedents for
men. [*Exit.*]

Ca. Ye hear, my masters, what a life
this is,

And use much reason to respect it so.
But mine shall serve ye. Yet restore my
sword,

Lest too much ye presume, and I conceive
Ye front me like my fortunes. Where's
Statilius?

Po. I think, sir, gone with the three
hundred Romans

In Lucius Cæsar's charge, to serve the
victor.

Ca. And would not take his leave of his
poor friend?

Then the philosophers have stoop'd his
spirit,

Which I admire in one so free and knowing,
And such a fiery hater of base life;

Besides, being such a vow'd and noted foe
To our great conqueror. But I advised him

To spare his youth, and live.

Po. My brother Brutus
Is gone to Cæsar.

Ca. Brutus? Of mine honour
(Although he be my son-in-law) I must say
There went as worthy and as learned a
president

As lives in Rome's whole rule, for all life's
actions;

And yet your sister Porcia (his wife)
Would scarce have done this. But for
you, my son,
However Cæsar deals with me, be coun-
sell'd

By your experienced father not to touch
At any action of the public weal,
Nor any rule bear near her politic stern:
For, to be upright and sincere therein
Like Cato's son, the time's corruption
Will never bear it; and, to soothe the time,
You shall do basely, and unworthy your
life,

Which to the gods I wish may outweigh
mine

In every virtue, howsoever ill
You thrive in honour.

Po. I, my lord, shall gladly
Obey that counsel.

Ca. And what needed you
Urge my kind care of any charge that
nature

Imposes on me? have I ever shown
Love's least defect to you? or any dues
The most indulgent father, being discreet,
Could do his dearest blood? do you me
right

In judgment and in honour, and dispense
With passionate nature: go, neglect me
not,

But send mysword in. Go, 'tis I that charge
you.

Co. O, my lord and father, come, advise
me. *[Exeunt.]*

Ca. What have I now to think on in
this world?

No one thought of the world, I go each
minute

Discharged of all cares that may fit my
freedom.

The next world and my soul then let me
serve

With her last utterance, that my body may
With sweetness of the passage drown the
sour

That death will mix with it: the consuls'
souls

That slew themselves so nobly, scorning
life

Led under tyrants' sceptres, mine would
see.

For we shall know each other, and past
death

Retain those forms of knowledge learn'd in
life;

Since, if what here we learn, we there shall
lose,

Our immortality were not life, but time.
And that our souls in reason are immortal
Their natural and proper objects prove;

Which immortality and knowledge are.
For to that object ever is referr'd
The nature of the soul, in which the acts
Of her high faculties are still employ'd.

And that true object must her powers
obtain

To which they are in nature's aim directed.
Since 'twere absurd to have her set an
object

Which possibly she never can aspire.

*Enter a Page with his sword taken out
before.*

Pa. Your sword, my lord.

Ca. O, is it found? lay't down
Upon the bed, my boy. *[Exit Page.]*
Poor men! a boy

Must be presenter; manhood at no hand
Must serve so foul a fact; for so are call'd,
In common mouths, men's fairest acts of all.
Unsheathe! is't sharp? 'tis sweet! Now
I am safe;

Come Cæsar, quickly now, or lose your
vassal.

Now wing thee, dear soul, and receive her
heaven.

The earth, the air, and seas I know, and all
The joys and horrors of their peace and
wars,

And now will see the gods' state, and the
stars.

*[He falls upon his sword, and enter
Statilius at another side of the
stage with his sword drawn;
Porcius, Brutus, Cleanthes, and
Marcellus holding his hands.]*

St. Cato? my lord!

Po. I swear, Statilius,
He's forth, and gone to seek you, charging
me

To seek elsewhere, lest you had slain your-
self;

And by his love entreated you would live.

St. I swear by all the gods, I'll run his
fortunes.

Po. You may, you may; but shun the
victor now,

Who near is, and will make us all his
slaves.

St. He shall himself be mine first, and my slaves. *[Exit.]*

Po. Look, look in to my father, O I fear,

He is no sight for me to bear and live.

[Exit.]

Omnes 3. O ruthless spectacle!

Cl. He hath ripp'd his entrails.

Br. Search, search; they may be found.

Cl. They may, and are.

Give leave, my lord, that I may sew them up,

Being yet unperish'd.

Ca. Stand off; now they are not.

[He thrusts him back and plucks out his entrails.]

Have he my curse that my life's least part saves;

Just men are only free, the rest are slaves.

Br. Mirror of men!

Ma. The gods envied his goodness.

Enter Cæsar, Anthony, Brutus, Acilius, with lords and citizens of Utica.

Cæs. Too late, too late! with all our haste. O Cato,

All my late conquest, and my life's whole acts,

Most crown'd, most beautified, are blasted all

With thy grave life's expiring in their scorn.

Thy life was rule to all lives; and thy death

(Thus forcibly despising life) the quench Of all lives' glories.

An. Unreclaimed man!

How censures Brutus his stern father's fact?

Br. 'Twas not well done.

Cæs. O censure not his acts;

Who knew as well what fitted man as all men.

Enter Acilius, Septimius, Salvius, with Pompey's head.

All kneeling. Your enemy's head, great Cæsar!

Cæs. Cursed monsters,

Wound not mine eyes with it, nor in my camp

Let any dare to view it; far as noblesse

The den of barbarism flies, and bliss,

The bitterest curse of vex'd and tyrannized nature,

Transfer it from me. Born the plagues of virtue,

How durst ye poison thus my thoughts? to torture

Them with instant rapture.

Omnes 3. Sacred Cæsar!

Cæs. Away with them; I vow by all my comforts

Who slack seems, or not fiery in my charge, Shall suffer with them.

All the soldiers. Out, base murderers;

Tortures, tortures for them!

[Hale them out.]

Omnes. Cruel Cæsar!

Cæs. Too mild with any torture.

Br. Let me crave

The ease of my hate on their one cursed life.

Cæs. Good Brutus, take it; O you cool the poison

These villains flaming pour'd upon my spleen

To suffer with my loathings. If the blood Of every common Roman touch'd so near,

Shall I confirm the false brand of my tyranny

With being found a fautor of his murderer

Whom my dear country choosed to fight for her?

An. Your patience, sir; their tortures well will quit you.

Br. Let my slaves' use, sir, be your precedent.

Cæs. It shall, I swear; you do me infinite honour.

O Cato, I envy thy death, since thou Envied'st my glory to preserve thy life.

Why fled his son and friend Statilius?

So far I fly their hurt, that all my good

Shall fly to their desires. And, for himself, My lords and citizens of Utica,

His much renown of you, quit with your most;

And by the sea, upon some eminent rock, Erect his sumptuous tomb; on which

advance

With all fit state his statue; whose right hand

Let hold his sword, where, may to all times rest

His bones as honour'd as his soul is blest.

Alphonsus Emperor of Germany.*

TO THE READER.

I SHALL not need to bespeak thee courteous, if thou hast seen this piece presented with all the elegance of life and action on the Blackfriars' stage; but if it be a stranger to thee, give me leave to prepare thy acceptance, by telling thee it was received with general applause, and thy judgment, I doubt not, will be satisfied in the reading.

I will not raise thy expectation further, nor delay thy entertainment by a tedious preface. The design is high, the contrivement subtle, and will deserve thy grave attention in the perusal. Farewell.

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

Alphonsus, *Emperor of Germany.*

King of Bohemia,

Bishop of Mentz,

Bishop of Collen,

Bishop of Trier,

Palatine of the Rhein,

Duke of Saxon,

Marquess of Brandenburg,

Prince Edward of England.

Richard, *Duke of Cornwall.*

*the Seven
Electors of
the German
Empire.*

Lorenzo de Cyprus, *Secretary to the
Emperor.*

Alexander, *his Son, the Emperor's Page.*

Isabella, *the Empress.*

Hedewick, *Daughter to the Duke of
Saxon.*

Captain of the Guard,

Two Boors,

Soldiers,

Jailor.

ACT THE FIRST.

SCENE I.

Enter Alphonsus the Emperor in his night-gown and his shirt, and a torch in his hand, Alexander de Cyprus, his Page, following him.

Alp. Give me the master-key of all the doors;

To bed again, and leave me to myself!

[Exit Alexander.]

* "The Tragedy of Alphonsus Emperour of Germany. As it hath been very often Acted (with great applause) at the Privat house in Black-Friers by his late Maiesties Servants. By George Chapman Gent. London, Printed for Humphrey Moseley, and are to be sold at his Shopp at the Princes-Arms in St. Pauls Church-yard 1654."

Is Richard come? Have four Electors
sworn

To make him Kaiser in despite of me?

Why then, Alphonsus, it is time to wake!

No, Englishman, thou art too hot at hand,

Too shallow-brain'd to undermine my
throne;

The Spanish sun hath purified my wit,

And dried up all gross humours in my
head,

That I am sighted as the king of birds,

And can discern thy deepest stratagems.

I am the lawful German Emperor,

Chosen, install'd, by general consent;

And they may term me tyrant as they
please,

I will be king and tyrant if I please,

For what is empire, but a tyranny?

And none but children use it otherwise.

Of seven Electors four are fall'n away,

The other three I dare not greatly trust;

My wife is sister to mine enemy,
 And, therefore, wisely to be dealt withal.
 But why do I except in special,
 When this position must be general,
 That no man living must be credited
 Further than tends unto thy proper good.
 But to the purpose of my silent walk !
 Within this chamber lies my secretary,
 Lorenzo de Cyprus, in whose learned brain
 Is all the compass of the world contain'd,
 And as the ignorant and simple age
 Of our forefathers, blinded in their zeal,
 Received dark answers from Apollo's
 shrine,

And honour'd him as patron of their bliss,
 So I, not muffled in simplicity,
 Zealous indeed of nothing but my good,
 Haste to the augur of my happiness,
 To lay the ground of my ensuing wars.
 He learns his wisdom not by flight of birds,
 By prying into sacrificed beasts,
 By hares that cross the way, by howling
 wolves,

By gazing on the starry element,
 Or vain imaginary calculations ;
 But from a settled wisdom in itself,
 Which teacheth to be void of passion ;
 To be religious as the ravenous wolf,
 Who loves the lamb for hunger and for
 prey ;

To threaten our inferiors with our looks ;
 To flatter our superiors at our need ;
 To be an outward saint, an inward devil ;
 These are the lectures that my master
 reads.

This key commands all chambers in the
 court.

Now on a sudden will I try his wit,
 I know my coming is unlooked for.

[*He opens the door and finds Lorenzo
 asleep.*]

Nay, sleep, Lorenzo, I will walk awhile.
 As Nature, in the framing of the world,
 Ordain'd there should be *nihil vacuum*,
 Even so, methinks, his wisdom should con-
 trive

That all his study should be full of wit,
 And every corner stuff'd with sentences.
 What is this? Plato? Aristotle? Tush !
 These are but ordinary ; 't seems this is
 A note but newly written.

[*He reads a note which he finds among
 Lorenzo's books.*]

" *Unum arbustum non alit duos eri-
 thacos* ; which being granted, the Roman
 Empire will not suffice Alphonsus, King of
 Castile, and Richard, Earl of Cornwall, his
 competitor. Thy wisdom teacheth thee to
 cleave to the strongest ; Alphonsus is in

possession and therefore the strongest, but
 he is in hatred with the Electors, and men
 rather honour the sun rising than the sun
 going down."

Ay marry, this is argued like himself ;
 And now, methinks, he wakes.

[*Lorenzo rises and snatches at his
 sword, which hung by his bedside.*]

Lo. What ! are there thieves within the
 Emperor's Court?

Villain, thou diest ! What makest thou in
 my chamber?

Al. How now, Lorenzo ! wilt thou slay
 thy lord?

Lo. I do beseech your sacred majesty
 To pardon me, I did not know your
 grace.

Alp. Lie down, Lorenzo, I will sit by
 thee.

The air is sharp and piercing ; tremble
 not !

Had it been any other but ourself,
 He must have been a villain and a thief.

Lo. Alas, my lord ! What means your
 excellence

To walk by night in these so dangerous
 times?

Alp. Have I not reason now to walk and
 watch,

When I am compass'd with so many foes?
 They ward, they watch, they cast, and they
 conspire

To win confederate princes to their aid,
 And batter down the eagle from my crest.
 Oh, my Lorenzo, if thou help me not,
 The imperial crown is shaken from my
 head,

And given from me unto an English earl.
 Thou know'st how all things stand as well
 as we,

Who are our enemies and who our friends,
 Who must be threaten'd and who dallied
 with,

Who won by words and who by force of
 arms.

For all the honour I have done to thee
 Now speak, and speak to purpose in the
 cause ;

Nay, rest thy body, labour with thy brain,
 And of thy words myself will be the scribe.

Lo. Why then, my lord, take paper, pen,
 and ink,

Write first this maxim, it shall do you
 good :

1. A prince must be of the nature of the
 lion and the fox, but not the one without
 the other.

Alp. The fox is subtle, but he wanteth
 force,

The lion strong, but scorneth policy.
I'll imitate Lysander in this point,
And where the lion's hide is thin and scant,

I'll firmly patch it with the fox's fell.
Let it suffice, I can be both in one.

Lo. 2. A prince above all things must seem devout; but there's nothing so dangerous to his state, as to regard his promise or his oath.

Alp. Tush; fear not me, my promises are sound,

But he that trusts them shall be sure to fail.

Lo. Nay, my good lord, but that I know your majesty

To be a ready, quick-witted scholar, I would bestow a comment on the text.

3. Trust not a reconciled friend, for good turns cannot blot out old grudges.

Alp. Then must I watch the Palatine of the Rhein;

I caused his father to be put to death.

Lo. Your highness hath as little cause to trust

The dangerous, mighty duke of Saxony; You know you sought to banish him the land;

And as for Collen, was not he the first That sent for Richard into Germany?

Alp. What's thy opinion of the other four?

Lo. That Bohemia neither cares for one nor other,

But hopes this deadly strife between you twain

Will cast the imperial crown upon his head.

For Trier and Brandenburg, I think of them

As simple men, that wish the common good;

And as for Mentz, I need not censure him,

Richard hath chain'd him in a golden bond,

And saved his life from ignominious death.

Alp. Let it, suffice, Lorenzo, that I know, When Kurfurst Mentz was taken prisoner By young victorious Otho, Duke of Brunschweig,

That Richard, Earl of Cornwall, did disburse

The ransom of a king, a million,
To save his life, and rid him out of bands;

That sum of gold did fill the Brunschweig bags,

But since, myself have rain'd a golden shower

Of bright Hungarian ducats and crusadoes Into the private coffers of the bishop,
The English angels took their wings and fled;

My crosses bless his coffers, and plead for me;

His voice is mine, bought with ten tons of gold,

And at the meeting of the seven Electors His princely double-dealing holiness

Will spoil the English emperor of hope.

But I refer these matters to the sequel;

Proceed, Lorenzo, forward to the next.

Lo. I'm glad your grace hath dealt so cunningly

With that victorious fickle-minded prelate,
For in election his voice is first;

But to the next.

4. 'Tis more safety for a prince to be feared than loved.

Alp. Love is an humour pleaseth him that loves;

Let me be hated, so I please myself.

Love is an humour mild and changeable,
But fear engraves a reverence in the heart.

Lo. 5. To keep an usurped crown, a prince must swear, forswear, poison, murder, and commit all kind of villanies, provided it be cunningly kept from the eye of the world.

Alp. But, my Lorenzo, that's the hardest point;

It is not for a prince to execute, Physicians and apothecaries must know,
And servile fear or counsel-breaking bribes Will from a peasant in an hour extort
Enough to overthrow a monarchy.

Lo. Therefore, my lord, sit down this sixth and last article.

6. Be always jealous of him that knows your secrets.

And therefore it behoves you credit few,
And when you grow into the least suspect,
With silent cunning must you cut them off.

As for example, Julius Lentulus,
A most renowned Neapolitan,
Gave me this box of poison; 'twas not long
But therewithal I sent him to his grave.

Alp. And what's the special virtue of the same?

Lo. That it is twenty hours before it works.

Alp. But what is this?

Lo. This? an infection that kills suddenly;

This, but a toy to cast a man asleep.

Alp. How? being drunk?

Lo. No, being smelt unto.

Alp. Then smell, Lorenzo ; I did break thy sleep,
And, for this time, this lecture shall suffice.

Lo. What have you done, my lord ?
you've made me safe
For stirring hence these four-and-twenty hours.

Alp. I see, this charms his senses suddenly.

How now, Lorenzo ! half asleep already ?
Æneas' pilot, by the god of dreams,
Was never lull'd into a sounder trance.
And now Alphonsus, over-read thy notes !

[*He reads.*
These are already at my fingers' ends,
And lest the world should find this little schedule,

Thus will I rend the text, and after this
On my behaviour set so fine a gloss
That men shall take me for a convertite.
But some may think I should forget my part

And have been over-rash in rending it ;
To put them out of doubt I'll study sure ;
I'll make a backward repetition
In being jealous of my counsel-keepers.

This is the poison that kills suddenly :
So didst thou unto Julius Læntulus,
And blood with blood must be requited thus.

[*Poisons him.*
Now am I safe, and no man knows my counsels.

Kurfurst of Mentz, if now thou play thy part,
Earning thy gold with cunning workmanship

Upon the Bemish king's ambition,
Richard shall shamefully fail of his hope,
And I with triumph keep my Empery.

[*Exit.*

SCENE II.

Enter the King of Bohemia, the Bishops of Mentz, Collen, Trier, the Palatine of the Rhein, the Duke of Saxon, and the Marquess of Brandenburg.

Bo. Kurfursts and princes of the election,
Since by the adverse fortune of our age
The sacred and imperial majesty
Hath been usurp'd by open tyranny,
We, the seven pillars of the German empire,

To whom successively it doth belong
To make election of our emperors,
Are here assembled to unite anew
Unto her former strength and glorious type

Our half-declining Roman monarchy,
And in that hope I, Henry, King of Bohem,

Kurfurst and Sewer to the Emperor
Do take my seat next to the sacred throne.

Me. Next seat belongs to Julius Florius,
Archbishop of Mentz, Chancellor of Germany,

By birth the Duke of fruitful Pomerland.

Pa. The next place in election 'longs to me,

George Casimirus, Palsgrave of the Rhein,
His highness' taster, and upon my knee
I vow a pure, sincere, innated zeal
Unto my country, and no wrested hate
Or private love shall blind mine intellect.

Co. Brave Duke of Saxon, Dutchland's
greatest hope,
Stir now or never, let the Spanish tyrant
That hath dishonour'd us, murder'd our friends,

And stain'd this seat with blood of innocents,

At last be chastised with the Saxon sword,
And may Albertus, Archbishop of Collen,
Chancellor of Italy, and the fourth Elector,
Be thought unworthy of his place and birth,
But he assist thee to his utmost power.

Sa. Wisdom, not words, must be the
sovereign salve
To search and heal these grievous fester'd wounds ;

And in that hope Augustus, Duke of Saxon,
Arch-Marshal to the Emperor, take my place.

Tr. The like doth Frederick, Archbishop of Trier,
Duke of Lorraine, Chancellor of Gallia.

Br. The seventh and last is Joachim Carolus,
Marquess of Brandenburg, o'erworn with age,

Whose office is to be the Treasurer ;
But wars have made the coffers like the chair ;

Peace bringeth plenty, wars bring poverty ;
Grant heavens this meeting may be to effect,

Establish peace and cut off tyranny.

Enter the Empress Isabella, King John's daughter.

Em. Pardon my bold intrusion, mighty Kurfursts,
And let my words pierce deeply in your hearts.

O, I beseech you on my bended knees,
I, the poor miserable Empress,
A stranger in this land, unused to broils,
Wife to the one and sister to the other
That are competitors for sovereignty ;

All that I pray is, make a quiet end,
Make peace between my husband and my
brother.

O think, how grief doth stand on either
side,

If either party chance to be amiss.

My husband is my husband, but my
brother—

My heart doth melt to think he should
miscarry!

My brother is my brother, but my hus-
band—

O how my joints do shake fearing his
wrong!

If both should die in these uncertain broils,
O me, why do I live to think upon 't!

Bear with my interrupted speeches, lords,
Tears stop my voice—your wisdoms know
my meaning.

Alas! I know my brother Richard's heart
Affects not empire, he would rather choose
To make return again to Palestine

And be a scourge unto the infidels.

As for my lord, he is impatient;

The more my grief, the lesser is my hope.
Yet, princes, thus he sends you word by
me,

He will submit himself to your award,
And labour to amend what is amiss.

All I have said, or can devise to say,
Is few words of great worth: Make unity!

Bo. Madam, that we have suffer'd you
to kneel so long,

Agrees not with your dignity nor ours;

Thus we excuse it: When we once are set
In solemn council of election,

We may not rise till somewhat be con-
cluded.

So much for that; touching your earnest
suit,

Your majesty doth know how it concerns
us.

Comfort yourself, as we do hope the best!

But tell us, madam, where's your husband
now?

Em. I left him at his prayers, good my
lord.

Sa. At prayers, madam? that's a miracle.

Pa. Undoubtedly your highness did
mistake,

'Twas sure some book of conjuration;

I think, he ne'er said prayers in his life.

Em. Ah me! my fear, I fear, will take
effect;

Your hate to him and love unto my brother
Will break my heart and spoil the imperial
peace.

Me. My lord of Saxon and Prince Pala-
tine,

This hard opinion yet is more than needs;
But, gracious madam, leave us to our-
selves.

Em. I go, and heaven, that holds the
hearts of kings,

Direct your counsels unto unity. [*Exit.*

Bo. Now to the depth of that we have in
hand.

This is the question, whether the king of
Spain

Shall still continue in the royal throne,
Or yield it up unto Plantagenet,

Or we proceed unto a third election.

Sa. Ere such a viperous, bloodthirsty
Spaniard

Shall suck the hearts of our nobility,
Th' imperial sword which Saxony doth
bear

Shall be unsheathed to war against the
world.

Pa. My hate is more than words can
testify,

Slave as he is, he murdered my father.

Co. Prince Richard is the champion of
the world,

Learned and mild, fit for the government.

Bo. And what have we to do with
Englishmen?

They are divided from our continent.
But now, that we may orderly proceed
To our high office of election,

To you, my lord of Mentz, it doth be-
long,

Having first voice in this imperial synod,
To name a worthy man for emperor.

Me. It may be thought, most grave and
reverend princes,

That in respect of divers sums of gold,
Which Richard of mere charitable love,
Not as a bribe, but as a deed of alms,
Disbursed for me unto the Duke of Bruns-
chweig,

That I dare name no other man but he;

Or should I nominate another prince,
Upon the contrary I may be thought

A most ingrateful wretch unto my friend;
But private cause must yield to public
good;

Therefore, methinks, it were the fittest
course

To choose the worthiest upon this bench.

Bo. We are all Germans; why should we
be yoked

Either by Englishmen or Spaniards?

Sa. The Earl of Cornwall, by a full con-
sent,

Was sent for out of England.

Me. Though he were,
Our later thoughts are purer than our first.

And to conclude, I think this end were best,

Since we have once chosen him emperor,
That some great prince of wisdom and of power,

Whose countenance may overbear his pride,

Be join'd in equal government with Alphonsus.

Bo. Your holiness hath soundly, in few words,

Set down a mean to quiet all these broils.

Tr. So may we hope for peace, if he amend;

But shall Prince Richard then be join'd with him?

Pa. Why should your highness ask that question,

As if a prince of so high kingly birth
Would live in couples with so base a cur?

Bo. Prince Palatine, such words do ill become thee.

Sa. He said but right, and call'd a dog a dog.

Bo. His birth is princely.

Sa. His manners villainous,

And virtuous Richard scorns so base a yoke.

Bo. My lord of Saxon, give me leave to tell you,

Ambition blinds your judgment in this case;

You hope, if by your means Richard be emperor,

He, in requital of so great advancement,
Will make the long-desired marriage up
Between the Prince of England and your daughter,

And to that end Edward, the Prince of Wales,

Hath borne his uncle company to Germany.

Sa. Why, King of Bohem, is't unknown to thee,

How oft the Saxon's sons have married queens,

His daughters kings, yea, mightiest emperors?

If Edward like her beauty and behaviour
He'll make no question of her princely birth;

But let that pass; I say, as erst I said,
That virtuous Richard scorns so base a yoke.

Me. If Richard scorn, some one upon this bench,

Whose power may overbear Alphonsus' pride,

Is to be named. What think you, my lords?

Sa. I think it was a mighty mass of gold

That made your grace of this opinion.

Me. My lord of Saxony, you wrong me much,

And know I highly scorn to take a bribe.

Pa. I think you scorn indeed to have it known.

But to the purpose: if it must be so,
Who is the fittest man to join with him?

Co. First with an ox to plough will I be yoked.

Me. [to Bohemia]. The fittest is your grace, in mine opinion.

Bo. I am content, to stay these mutinies,
To take upon me what you do impose.

Sa. Why, here's a tempest quickly over-blown.

God give you joy, my lord, of half the empire;

For me, I will not meddle in the matter,
But warn your majesty to have a care

And vigilant respect unto your person.

I'll hie me home to fortify my towns,
Not to offend, but to defend myself.

Pa. Have with you, cousin, and adieu, my lords.

I am afraid this sudden knitted peace

Will turn unto a tedious, lasting war;

Only thus much we do request you all,

Deal honourably with the Earl of Cornwall;

And so adieu. [*Exeunt Saxon and Palatine.*]

Br. I like not this strange farewell of the dukes.

Bo. In all elections some are malcontent.
It doth concern us now with speed to know

How the competitors will like of this,

And therefore you, my lord Archbishop of Trier,

Impart this order of arbitrament

Unto the emperor; bid him be content

To stand content with half, or lose the whole.

My lord of Mentz, go you unto Prince Richard,

And tell him flatly here's no crown nor empire

For English islanders; tell him 'twere best
To hie him home to help the king his brother,

Against the Earl of Leicester and the barons.

Co. My lord of Mentz, sweet words will qualify,

When bitter terms will add unto his rage.

'Tis no small hope that hath deceived the duke;

Therefore be mild : I know an English-
man,
Being flatter'd, is a lamb ; threaten'd, a lion ;
Tell him his charges, whatso'er they are,
Shall be repaid with treble vantages ;
Do this : we will expect his resolutions.

Me. Brother of Collen, I entreat your
grace,
To take this charge upon you in my stead,
For why, I shame to look him in the face.

Co. Your holiness shall pardon me in
this ;

Had I the profit I would take the pains :
With shame enough your grace may bring
the message.

Me. Thus am I wrong'd, God knows,
unguiltily.

Br. Then arm your countenance with
innocence,
And boldly do the message to the prince ;
For no man else will be the messenger.

Me. Why then I must, since there's no
remedy. *[Exit.]*

Br. If heaven, that guides the hearts of
mighty men,
Do calm the minds of these great poten-
tates,

And make them like of this arbitrament,
Sweet Peace will triumph thorough Christen-
dom,

And Germany shall bless this happy day.

Enter Alexander de Toledo, the Page.

Ale. O me most miserable ! O my dear
father !

Bo. What means this passionate accent ?
What art thou

That sound'st these exclamations in our
ears ?

Ale. Pardon me, princes, I have lost a
father.

O me, the name of father kills my heart !
O, I shall never see my father more,
He's ta'en his leave of me for aye and aye !

Co. What was thy father ?

Ale. Ah me ! what was he not ?

Noble, rich, valiant, well-beloved of all,
The glory and the wisdom of his age,
Chief secretary to the Emperor.

Co. Lorenzo de Toledo ! Is he dead ?

Ale. Dead, ay me, dead ! Ay me, my
life is dead !

Strangely this night bereft of breath and
sense,

And I, poor I, am comforted in nothing,
But that the Emperor laments with me ;
As I exclaim, so he ; he wrings his hands,
And makes me mad to see his majesty
Excruciate himself with endless sorrow.

Co. The happiest news that ever I did
hear !

Thy father was a villain murderer,
Witty, not wise, loved like a scorpion,
Grown rich by the impoverishing of others,
The chiefest cause of all these mutinies,
And Cæsar's tutor to all villany.

Ale. None but an open liar terms him
so.

Co. What, boy, so malapert ?

Bo. Good Collen, bear with him, it was
his father ;

Dutchland is blessed in Lorenzo's death.

Br. Did never live a viler-minded man.

[Exeunt. Manet Alexander.]

Ale. Nor king, nor Kurfurst should be
privileged

To call me boy, and rail upon my father,
Were I wehrhaftig ; but in Germany
A man must be a boy at forty years,
And dares not draw his weapon at a dog,
Till, being soundly box'd about the ears,
His lord and master gird him with a sword ;
The time will come I shall be made a man ;
Till then I'll pine with thought of dire
revenge,
And live in hell until I take revenge.

ACT THE SECOND.

SCENE I.

*Enter Alphonsus, Richard, Earl of Corn-
wall, Mentz, Trier, Prince Edward,
Bohemia, Collen, Brandenburg, At-
tendants, and Pages with a sword.*

Bo. Behold, here come the princes hand
in hand

Pleased highly with the sentence, as it
seems.

Alp. Princes and pillars of the monarchy,
We do admire your wisdoms in this cause,
And do accept the King of Bohemia
As worthy partner in the government.
Alas ! my lords, I flatly now confess,
I was alone too weak to underprop
So great a burden as the Roman Empire,
And hope to make you all admire the
course

That we intend in this conjunction.

Ri. That I was call'd from England
with consent

Of all the seven electors to this place
Yourselves best know, who wrote for me to
come.

'Twas no ambition moved me to the
journey,

But pity of your half-declining State ;
Which being likely now to be repair'd,
By the united force of these two kings,
I rest content to see you satisfied.

Me. Brave Earl, wonder of princely patience,

I hope your grace will not mis-think of me,

Who for your good, and for the empire's best,

Bethought this means to set the world at peace.

Ed. No doubt this means might have been thought upon,

Although your holiness had died in prison.

Me. Peace, peace, young prince, you want experience !

Your uncle knows what cares accompany
And wait upon the crowns of mightiest kings,

And glad he is, that he hath shaken it off.

Ed. Hark in your ear, my lord, hear me one word,

Although it were more than a million,
Which these two kings bestow'd upon your grace,

Mine uncle Richard's million saved your life.

Me. You're best to say, your uncle bribed me, then.

Ed. I do but say, mine uncle saved your life ;

You know, Count Mansfield, your fellow-prisoner,

Was by the Duke of Brunshweig put to death.

Me. You are a child, my lord, your words are wind.

Ed. You are a fox, my lord, and past a child.

Bo. My lord of Cornwall, your great forwardness,

Crossing the seas with aid of Englishmen,

Is more than we can any way requite ;

But this your admirable patience,

In being pleased with our election,

Deserves far more than thanks can satisfy :

In anything command the emperors,

Who live to honour Richard, Earl of Cornwall.

Alp. Our deeds shall make our protestations good ;

Meanwhile, brave princes, let us leave this place,

And solace us with joy of this accord.

SCENE II.

Enter Isabella, the Empress ; Hedewick, the Duke of Saxon's daughter, apparelled like Fortune, drawn on a globe, with a cup in her hand, wherein are bay-leaves, whereupon are written the lots. A train of ladies following with music.

Em. To gratulate this unexpected peace.
This glorious league confirm'd against all hope,

Joyful Isabella doth present this show
Of Fortune's triumph, as the custom is
At coronation of our Emperors.

If therefore every party be well-pleas'd,
And stand content with this arbitrament,
Then deign to do as your progenitors,
And draw in sequence lots for offices.

Alp. This is an order here in Germany
For princes to disport themselves withal,
In sign their hearts so firmly are conjoin'd
That they will bear all fortunes equally,
And that the world may know I scorn no state,

Or course of life to do the Empire good,
I take my chance : [Draws a lot.
My fortune is to be the forester !

Em. If we want venison, either red or fallow,
Wild boar or bear, you must be fined, my lord.

Bo. The Emperor's taster I.

Em. Your majesty hath been tasted to so oft,

That you have need of small instructions.

Ri. I am the boor ; sister, what's my charge ?

Em. "Tired like a carter and a clownish boor,

To bring a load of wood into the kitchen.
Now for myself: 'faith, I am chambermaid!
I know my charge ; proceed unto the next.

Alp. Prince Edward standeth melancholy still ;

Please it your grace, my lord, to draw your lot.

Em. Nephew, you must be solemn with the sad,

And given to mirth in sportful company.

The German princes, when they will be lusty,

Shake off all cares, and clowns and they are fellows.

Ed. Sweet aunt, I do not know the country guise,

Yet would be glad to learn all fashions :
Since I am next, good fortune be my guide.

Br. A most ingenuous countenance hath this prince,
Worthy to be the King of England's heir.

Ed. Be it no disparagement to you, my lords,

I am your Emperor!

Alp. Sound trumpets: God save the Emperor!

Co. The world could never worse have fitted me!

I am not old enough to be the cook.

Em. If you be cook, there is no remedy, But you must dress one mess of meat yourself.

Br. I am physician.

Tr. I am secretary.

Me. I am the jester!

Ed. O excellent! Is your holiness the vice? Fortune hath fitted you, i'faith, my lord; You'll play the ambodexter cunningly.

Me. Your highness is too bitter in your jests.

Alp. Come hither, Alexander, to comfort thee

After the death of thy beloved father, Whose life was dear unto his Emperor, Thou shalt make one in this solemnity; Yet ere thou draw, myself will honour thee, And as the custom is, make thee a man. Stand stiff, sir boy, now comest thou to thy trial!

Take this and that and therewithal this sword.

[*He gives Alexander a box on the ear or two.*]

If, while thou live, thou ever take the like Of me, or any man, I here pronounce Thou art a schelm, but otherwise a man. Now draw thy lot, and fortune be thy speed.

Ed. Uncle, I pray, why did he box the fellow?

Foul lubber as he is to take such blows.

Ri. Thus do the princes make their pages men.

Ed. But that is strange to make a man with blows.

We say in England that he is a man That like a man dare meet his enemy, And in my judgment 't is the sounder trial.

Ale. Fortune hath made me marshal of the triumphs.

Alp. Now what remains?

Em. That Fortune draw her lot.

[*She opens it and gives it to the Empress to read.*]

Em. Sound trumpets; Fortune is your Empress.

Alp. This happens right, for Fortune will be queen.

Now, Emperor, you must unmask her face, And tell us how you like your Empress; In my opinion England breeds no fairer.

Bo. Fair Hedewick, the Duke of Saxon's daughter!

Young prince of England, you are bravely match'd.

Ed. Tell me, sweet aunt, is that this Saxon princess,

Whose beauty's fame made Edward cross the seas?

Em. Nephew, it is; hath fame been prodigal,

Or oversparing in the princess' praise?

Ed. Fame, I accuse thee, thou didst niggardize

And faintly sound my love's perfections.

Great lady Fortune and fair Empress, Whom chance this day hath thrown into my arms,

More welcome than the Roman Empress.

[*Edward kisses her.*]

He. *Sieh doch, das ist hier kein gebrauch!*
Mein Gott, ist das die Englisch manier?
Dass dich!

Ed. What meaneth this? Why chafes my Empress?

Alp. Now by my troth, I did expect this jest,

Prince Edward used his country's fashion.

Ed. I am an Englishman, why should I not?

Em. Fie, nephew Edward, here in Germany

To kiss a maid 's a fault intolerable.

Ed. Why should not German maids be kissed as well as others?

Ri. Nephew, because you did not know the fashion,

And want the language to excuse yourself,

I'll be your spokesman to your Empress.

Ed. Excuse it thus: I like the first so well

That, tell her, she shall chide me twice as much

For such another: nay, tell her more than so,

I'll double kiss on kiss and give her leave

To chide and brawl and cry ten thousand

Dass dich!

And make her weary of her fretting humour

Ere I be weary of my kissing vein.

Dass dich! a jungfrau angry for a kiss!

Em. Nephew, she thinks you mock her in your mirth.

Ed. I think the princes make a scorn of me;

If any do, I'll prove it with my sword
That English courtship leaves it from the
world.

Bo. The pleasant'st accident that I have
seen.

Br. Methinks the prince is chafed as
well as she.

Ri. Gnediges Frawlin.

He. Dass dich! muss ich armes kindt zu
schanden gemacht werden?

Ed. Dass dich! I have kiss'd as good as
you;
Pray, uncle, tell her, if she mislike the
kiss

I'll take it off again with such another.

*Ri. Ei, liebes Frawlin, nempt es all für
gütte, es ist die Englisch manier und
gebrauch.*

He. Ewer Gnaden wissts wol, es ist mir
ein grosse schande.

Ed. Good aunt, teach me so much
Dutch to ask her pardon.

Em. Say so: *Gnediges Frawlin, vergebet
mir, ich wills nimmermehr thuen*; then
kiss your hand three times: upsy Dutch.

Ed. Ich wills nimmermehr thuen: if I
understand it right, that's as much to say
as I'll do so no more.

Em. True, nephew.

Ed. Nay, aunt, pardon me, I pray;
I hope to kiss her many thousand times,
And shall I go to her like a great boy,
And say, I will do so no more?

Em. I pray, cousin, say as I tell you.

Ed. *Gnediges Frawlin, vergebet mir's,
ich wills nimmermehr thuen.*

Alp. Fürwahr, kein schand.

He. *Gnediger hochgeborner Fürst undt
Herr, wanich könnte so vil Englisch sprechen,
ich wolt Ewer Gnaden fürwahr ein filtz
geben; ich hoffe aber, ich soll einmahl so
vil lernen, dass sie mich verstehen soll.*

Ed. What says she?

Alp. O excellent young prince, look to
yourself;
She swears she'll learn some English for
your sake,
To make you understand her when she
chides.

Ed. I'll teach her English, she shall
teach me Dutch;

Gnediges Frawlin, &c.

Bo. It is great pity that the Duke of
Saxon

Is absent at this joyful accident;
I see no reason, if his grace were here,
But that the marriage might be solemnized;
I think the Prince of Wales were well
content.

Ed. I left sweet England to none other
end,

And though the prince, her father, be not
here,

This royal presence knows his mind in
this.

Em. Since you do come so roundly to
the purpose,

'Tis time for me to speak; the maid is
mine,

Given freely by her father unto me,
And to the end these broils may have an
end,

I give the father's interest and mine own
Unto my nephew, Edward, Prince of
Wales.

Ed. A jewel of incomparable price
Your majesty hath here bestow'd on me;
How shall I ask her if she be content?

Em. Say thus; *Ist Ewer Gnaden wol
hiemet zu frieden?*

Ed. *Ist Ewer Gnaden wol hiemet zu
frieden?*

He. Was Ihre Durchleuchtigkeit will,
das will mein Vatter, undt was mein
Vatter will, darmit muss ich zu frieden
sein.

Alp. It is enough, she doth confirm the
match;

We will despatch a post unto her father.
On Sunday shall the revels and the
wedding

Be both solemnized with mutual joy.
Sound trumpets, each one look unto his
charge

For preparation of the festivals. [*Exeunt.*

Manent Alphonsus and Alexander.

Alp. Come hither, Alexander, thy
father's joy.

If tears, and sighs, and deep-fetch'd
deadly groans

Could serve to avert inexorable fate,
Divine Lorenzo, whom in life my heart,
In death my soul and better part adores,
Had to thy comfort and his prince's honour
Survived, and drawn this day his breath of
life.

Ale. Dread Caesar, prostrate on my
bended knee,

I thank your majesty for all favours shown
To my deceased father and myself.

I must confess, I spend but bootless tears,
Yet cannot bridle nature: I must weep,
Or heart will break with burden of my
thoughts;

Nor am I yet so young or fond withal,
Causeless to spend my gall and fret my
heart;

'Tis not that he is dead, for all must die,
But that I live to hear his life's reproach.
O sacred Emperor, these ears have heard
What no son's ears can unrevenged hear;
The princes, all of them, but 'specially
The prince elector, Archbishop of Collen,
Reviled him by the names of murderer,
Arch-villain, robber of the empire's fame,
And Cæsar's tutor in all wickedness,
And with a general voice applauded his
death

As for a special good to Christendom.

Alp. Have they not reason to applaud
the deed

Which they themselves have plotted? Ah,
my boy,

Thou art too young to dive into their drifts.
Alc. Yet old enough, I hope, to be re-
venged.

Alp. What wilt thou do, or whither wilt
thou run?

Alc. Headlong to bring them death,
then die thyself.

Alp. First hear the reason why I do mis-
trust them.

Alc. They had no reason for my father's
death,

And I scorn reason till they all be dead.

Alp. Thou wilt not scorn my counsel in
revenge.

Alc. My rage admits no counsel but
revenge.

Alp. First let me tell thee whom I do
mistrust.

Alc. Your highness said, you did mistrust
them all.

Alp. Yea, Alexander, all of them, and
more than all

My most especial, nearest, dearest friends.

Alc. All's one to me, for know thou,
Emperor,

Were it thy father, brother, or thine Em-
press,

Yea, were't thyself that didst conspire his
death,

This fatal hand should take away thy life.

Alp. Spoke like a son, worthy so dear a
father;

Be still and hearken, I will tell thee all.

The Duke of Saxon—

Alc. O, I thought no less.

Alp. Suppress thy choler, hearken to the
rest.

Saxon, I say, so wrought with flattering
Mentz,

Mentz with Bohemia, Trier, and Branden-
burg

(For Collen and the Palsgrave of the Rhein
Were principals with Saxon in the plot),

That, in a general meeting to that purpose,
The seven elected Emperor's electors
Most heinously concluded of the murder.
The reason why they doom'd him unto
death

Was his deep wisdom and sound policy,
Knowing, while he did live, my state was
firm,

He being dead, my hope must die with him.

Now, Alexander, will we be revenged
Upon this wicked whore of Babylon,
'This hideous monster with the seven-fold
head;

We must with cunning level at the heart,
Which pierced and perish'd all the body
dies;

Or strike we off her heads by one and one,
Behooveth us to use dexterity,
Lest she do trample us under her feet
And triumph in our honour's overthrow.

Alc. Mad and amazed to hear this tragic
doom

I do subscribe unto your sound advice.

Alp. Then hear the rest; these seven
gave but the sentence,

A nearer hand put it in execution,
And but I loved Lorenzo as my life,
I never would betray my dearest wife.

Alc. What? Was the Empress acces-
sary to't?

Alp. What cannot kindred do? Her
brother Richard,

Hoping thereby to be an emperor,
Gave her a dram that sent him to his grave.

Alc. O my poor father, wert thou such
an eye-sore,

That the nine greatest princes of the earth
Must be confederate in thy tragedy?

But why do I respect their mightiness,
Who did not once respect my father's life?

Your majesty may take it as you please,
I'll be revenged upon your Empress,

On English Richard, Saxon, and the Pals-
grave,

On Bohem, Collen, Mentz, Trier, and
Brandenburg.

If that the Pope of Rome himself were
one

In this confederacy, undaunted I,
Amidst the college of his cardinals,

Would press and stab him in St. Peter's
chair,

Though clad in all his pontificalibus.

Alp. Why, Alexander, dost thou speak
to me

As if thou didst mistrust my forwardness?
No, thou shalt know my love to him was
such,

That in my heart I have proscribed them all

That had to do in this conspiracy.
The bands of wedlock shall not serve her
turn,

Her fatal lot is cast among the rest ;
And to conclude, my soul doth live in hell,
Till I have set my foot upon their necks,
That gave this spur of sorrow to my heart.
But with advice it must be managed,
Not with a headlong rage as thou intend'st ;

Nor in a moment can it be perform'd ;
This work requires long time, dissembling
looks,

Commix'd with undermining actions,
Watching advantages to execute.
Our foes are mighty, and their number
great ;

It therefore follows that our stratagems
Must branch forth into manifold deceits,
Endless devices, bottomless conclusions.

Alc. What by your majesty is prescribed
to me

That will I execute, or die the death.
I am content to suck my sorrows up
And with dull patience will attend the
time,

Gaping for every opportunity
That may present the least occasion,
Although each minute multiply mine an-
guish,

And to my view present a thousand forms
Of senseless bodies in my father's shape,
Yelling with open throat for just revenge.

Alp. Content thyself, he shall not cry in
vain,

I have already plotted Richard's death.

Alc. That hath my father's sacred ghost
inspired.

O tell me, shall I stab him suddenly ?
The time seems long till I be set a-work.

Alp. Thou know'st, in griping at our
lots to-day,

It was Prince Richard's lot to be the boor,
So that his office is to drive the cart
And bring a load of wood into the kitchen.

Alc. O excellent, your grace being
forester,

As in the thicket he doth load the cart,
May shoot him dead, as if he were a deer.

Alp. No, Alexander, that device were
shallow.

Thus it must be : there are two very boors
Appointed for to help him in the wood,
These must be bribed, or cunningly se-
duced,

Instead of helping him to murder him.

Alc. *Verbum satis sapienti* : 'tis enough.
Fortune hath made me marshal of the
sports,

I hope to marshal them to the devil's feast.
Plot you the rest, this will I execute,
Dutch boors as towsandt schelms and gold
to tempt them.

Alp. 'Tis right, about it then, but cun-
ningly.

Alc. Else let me lose that good opinion
Which by your highness I desire to hold.
By letters which I'll strew within the wood
I'll undermine the boors to murder him,
Nor shall they know who set them so
a-work ;

Like a familiar will I fly about
And nimbly haunt their ghosts in every
nook. [*Exit. Manet Alphonsus.*]

Alp. This one nail helps to drive the
other out.

I slew the father and bewitch the son
With power of words to be the instrument
To rid my foes with danger of his life.
How easily can subtle age entice
Such credulous young novices to death !
Huge wonders will Alphonsus bring to
pass

By the mad mind of this enraged boy ;
Even they which think themselves my
greatest friends

Shall fall by this deceit ; yea, my arch-
enemies

Shall turn to be my chief confederates.

My solitary walks may breed suspect.

I'll therefore give myself to company,
As I intended nothing but these sports,
Yet hope to send most actors in this
pageant

To revel it with Rhadamant in hell.

[*Exit.*]

SCENE III.

Enter Richard, Earl of Cornwall, *like a
clown.*

Ri. How far is Richard now unlike the
man

That cross'd the seas to win an empery !

But as I plod it like a plumper boor

To fetch in fuel for the kitchen fire,

So every one in his vocation

Labours to make the pastime plausible ;

My nephew Edward jets it through the
court

With princess Hedewick, Empress of his
fortune ;

The demi-Cæsar, in his hunter's suit,
Makes all the court to ring with horns and
hounds ;

Collen, the cook, bestirs him in the kitchen.
But that which joys me most in all these
sports

Is Mentz, to see how he is made an ass,

The common scorn and by-word of the court ;

And every one, to be the same he seems,
Seems to forget to be the same he is.

Yet to my robes I cannot suit my mind,
Nor with my habit shake dishonour off.

The seven electors promised me the empire,

The perjured Bishop Mentz did swear no less,

Yet I have seen it shared before my face,
While my best friends do hide their heads
for shame ;

I bear a show of outward full content,
But grief thereof hath almost kill'd my heart.

Here rest thee, Richard, think upon a mean,

To end thy life, or to repair thine honour,
And vow never to see fair England's bounds
Till thou in Aix be crowned emperor.

Enter two Boors.

Holla, methinks there cometh company,
The boors, I trow, that come to hew the wood,

Which I must carry to the kitchen fire ;
I'll lie awhile and listen to their talk.

Enter Hans and Jerick, two Dutch boors.

*Je. Komm hier, Hans, wor bist dow ?
Warumb bist dow so trawrick ? Bis fro-
lick ! Kanst vel gelt verdienen, wir will
ihn bey potz tausandt todt schlagen.*

Ha. Lat mich die brieffe sehen.

*Ri. Methinks they talk of murdering
somebody ;*

I'll listen more.

*Je. [Reads the letter.] "Hans undt
Jerick, meine liebe Freunde, ich bitte lasset
es bey euch bleiben in geheim, und schlaget
den Engelländer zu todt."*

*Ri. What's that ? Hans and Jerick, my
good friends, I pray be secret, and murder
the Englishman.*

*Je. [Reads.] Hear weiter ; "denn er ist
kein bowr nicht, er ist ein juncker undt hat
viel golt und kleynoten bey sich."*

*Ri. For he is no boor, but a gentleman,
and hath store of gold and jewels by him.*

*Je. Noch weiter ; "ihr sollt solche
gelegenheit nicht versaumen, undt wann
ihrs gethan habet, will ich euch sagen, was
ich für ein guter kerrl bin, der euch rath
gegeben habe."*

*Ri. Slip not this opportunity, and when
you have done I will discover who gave
you the counsel.*

Je. Wat sagst dow, wilt dow es thun ?

*Ha. Wat will ich nicht für gelt thun !
sieh, potz tausend, dar ist er !*

*Je. Ja, bey potz tausend sapperment, er
ist's ! Holla, guten morgen, glück zu,
juncker.*

*Ha. Juncker ? Der düvel, he is ein
bowr.*

Ri. Dow bist ein schelm, weich von mir.

*Je. Holla, holla, bist dow so hoffertick ?
Juncker bowr, kompt hier, oder dieser und
jener soll euch holen.*

*Ri. Ich bin ein Fürst, berürt mich nicht,
ihr schelme, ihr verräter.*

*Both. Sla to, sla to, wir will yow fürst-
lich tractieren !*

[Richard, having nothing in his hand
but his whip, defends himself
awhile and then falls down as if
he were dead.

*Ri. O Gott, nimb meine Seele in deine
Hende.*

*Je. O excellent, hurtick ! he is todt, he
is todt ! Lat uns see wat he hat for gelt
bey sich ; holla, hier is all enough, all satt ;
dar is for dich, und dar is for mich, und
dit will ich darto haben.*

[Jerick puts the chain about his neck.

*Ha. How so, Hans Narhals, gebe mir die
kette hier.*

*Je. Ja, ein dreck ; dit kett stehet hüpsch
umb mein hals, dit will ich tragen.*

*Ha. Dat dich Potz Velten leiden, dat
soltu nimmermehr thun, dow schelm.*

*Je. Wat, solt dow mich schelm heiten ?
nimb dat !*

*Ha. Dat dich hundert tonnen düvels !
harr ! ich will dich lernen !*

Je. Wiltu hawen oder stechen ?

Ha. Ich will redlich hawen.

Je. Nun wolan, dar ist mein ruck, sla to.

[They must have axes made for the
nonce to fight withal, and while
one strikes, the other holds his
back without defence.

*Ha. Nimb dow das, und dar hastu mein
ruck.*

*Je. Noch amahl : O excellent, ligst dow
dar, nun will ich alles haben, gelt und
kett, und alles mit einander. O hurtig,
frisch-up, lustig, nun bin ich ein hurtig
juncker.*

[Richard rises up again and snatcheth
up the fellow's hatchet that was
slain.

*Ri. Ne Hercules quidem contra duos :
Yet policy hath gone beyond them both.
Du hudler, schelm, mörder, wehre dich.
siehstu mich ?*

Gebe mir die kett und gelt wieder.

Je. Wat, bistu wieder lebendig worden, so muss ich mich wehren; wat wiltu, stechen oder hawen?

Ri. So will ich machen, du schelm.

Je. Harr, harr, bistu ein redlich kerl, so sicht redlich; O ich sterb, ich sterb, lat mich leben!

Ri. Sagt mir dann, wer hatt die brieffe geschrieben?

Lie nicht, sondern sagt die wahrheit.

Je. O mein frommer, guter, edler, gestrenger juncker, dar ist das gelt und kett wieder, yow soll alles haben, aber wer hatt die brieffe geschrieben, dat weet ich bey meiner seele nicht.

Ri. Lieg dar still, still sag ich.

The villain swears and deeply doth protest
He knows not who incited them to this,
And, as it seems, the scroll imports no less.
So stirb du mir, schelm!

Je. O ich sterb, awe, awe! dat dich der düvel hole!

As Richard kills the Boor, enter Saxon and the Palsgrave.

Sa. Pfu! dich an, loser schelm, hastu deinen gesellen todt geschlagen?

Pa. Lass uns den schelmen angreifen.

Ri. Call you me schelm? How dare you then,

Being princes, offer to lay hands on me?
That is the hangman's office here in Dutchland.

Sa. But this is strange, our boors can speak no English;

What, bistu more than a damn'd murderer?
For that thou art so much we're witnesses.

Ri. Can then this habit alter me so much

That I am call'd a villain by my friends?
Or shall I dare once to suspect your graces,
That for you could not make me emperor,
Pitying my sorrow through mine honour lost,

You set these slaves to rid me of my life?
Yet far be such a thought from Richard's heart.

Pa. How now? What, do I hear prince Richard speak?

Ri. The same; but wonder that he lives to speak,

And had not policy help'd above strength
These sturdy swains had rid me of my life.

Sa. Far be it from your grace for to suspect us.

Ri. Alas! I know not whom I should suspect,

But yet my heart cannot misdoubt your graces.

Sa. How came your highness into this apparel?

Ri. We, as the manner is, drew lots for offices,

My hap was hardest, to be made a carter,
And by this letter which some villain wrote
I was betray'd here to be murdered;
But heaven, which doth defend the innocent,
Arm'd me with strength and policy together,
That I escaped out of their treacherous snare.

Pa. Were it well sounded, I dare lay my life.

The Spanish tyrant knew of this conspiracy;

Therefore the better to dive into the depth
Of this most devilish murderous complot,
As also secretly to be beholders
Of the long-wish'd-for wedding of your daughter,

We will disrobe these boors of their apparel,
Clapping their rustic cases on our backs,
And help your highness for to drive the cart.
'T may be the traitor that did write these lines,

Mistaking us for them, will show himself.

Ri. Prince Palatine, this plot doth please me well;

I make no doubt, if we deal cunningly,
But we shall find the writer of this scroll.

Sa. And in that hope I will disrobe this slave;

Come, princes, in the neighbouring thicket here

We may disguise ourselves and talk at pleasure;

Fie on him, heavy lubber, how he weighs.

[*Dragging out the body of Jerick.*]

Ri. The sin of murder hangs upon his soul,

It is no marvel, then, if he be heavy.

[*Exeunt.*]

ACT THE THIRD.

SCENE I.

Enter to the Revels Edward with an Imperial Crown; Hedewick, the Empress; Bohemia, the Taster; Alphonsus, the Forester; Mentz, the Fester; Empress, the Chambermaid; Brandenburg, Physician; Trier, Secretary; Alexander, the Marshal, with his Marshal's Staff; and all the rest in their proper Apparel, and Attendants and Pages.

Alc. Princes and princes' superiors,
lords and lords' fellows, gentlemen and

gentlemen's masters, and all the rest of the states here assembled, as well masculine as feminine, be it known unto you by these presents, that I, Alexander de Toledo, Fortune's chief marshal, do will and command you, by the authority of my said office, to take your places in manner and form following: first, the Emperor and the Empress, then the Taster, the Secretary, the Forester, the Physician; as for the Chambermaid and myself we will take our places at the nether end, the Jester is to wait up and live by the crumbs that fall from the Emperor's trencher. But now I have marshalled you to the table, what remains?

Me. Every fool can tell that; when men are set to dinner they commonly expect meat.

Ed. That's the best jest the fool made since he came into his office. Marshal, walk into the kitchen and see how the Kurfurst of Collen bestirs himself.

[*Exit Alexander.*]

Me. Shall I go with him too? I love to be employed in the kitchen.

Ed. I prithee go, that we may be rid of thy wicked jests.

Me. Have with thee, marshal, the fool rides thee. [*Exit on Alexander's back.*]

Alp. Now by mine honour, my lord of Mentz plays the fool the worst that I ever saw.

Ed. He does all by contraries, for I am sure he played the wise man like a fool, and now he plays the fool wisely.

Alp. Princes and Kurfursts, let us frolic now;

This is a joyful day to Christendom,
When Christian princes join in amity.
Schinck, bowls of Reinfal, and the purest wine

We'll spend this evening lusty upsy Dutch
In honour of this unexpected league.

Em. Nay, gentle forester, there you range amiss!

His looks are fitly suited to his thoughts,
His glorious Empress makes his heart triumph,

And heart's triumphing makes his countenance staid

In contemplation of his life's delight.

Ed. Good aunt, let me excuse myself in this,

I am an Emperor but for a day,
She empress of my heart, while life doth last;

Then give me leave to use imperial looks—
Nay, if I be an Emperor I'll take leave—

And here I do pronounce it openly.
What I have lately whisper'd in her ears,
I love mine Empress more than empery,
I love her looks above my fortune's hope.

Alp. Saving your looks, dread Emperor,
's gelt a bowl

Unto the health of your fair bride and
Empress.

Ed. *Sam Gott, es soll mir ein lieber
trunck sein!* So much Dutch have I
learned since I came into Germany.

Br. When you have drunk a dozen of
these bowls,

So can your majesty with a full mouth
Draw out high Dutch; till then it sounds
not right.

Drauff, es gelt noch eins, Ihr Majestat.

Edw. *Sam Gott, lass laufen.*

Bo. My lord of Brandenburg, spoke like
a good Dutch brother,

But most unlike a good physician;
You should consider what he has to do,
His bride will give you little thanks to-night.

Alp. Ha, ha, my lord, now give me leave
to laugh;

He need not therefore shun one beaker
full.

In Saxon land you know it is the use,
That the first night the bridegroom spares
the bride.

Bo. 'Tis true, indeed; that had I quite
forgotten.

Ed. How understand I that?

Alp. That the first night
The bride and bridegroom never sleep to-
gether.

Ed. That may well be, perchance they
wake together.

Bo. Nay, without fallacy, they've several
beds.

Ed. Ay, in one chamber, that's most
princely.

Alp. Not only several beds, but several
chambers,

Lock'd soundly too, with iron bolts and
bars.

Em. Believe me, nephew, that's the cus-
tom here.

Ed. O, my good aunt, the world is now
grown new;

Old customs are but superstitions.

I'm sure this day, this presence all can wit-
ness,

The high and mighty prince the Archbishop
of Collen,

Who now is busy in the scullery,
Join'd us together in St. Peter's church,
And he that would disjoin us two to-night,

'Twixt jest and earnest be it proudly
spoken,

Shall eat a piece of ill-digesting iron.

Bride, *wilt dow dis nacht bey me schlafen ?*

*He. Da behüte mich Gott für, ich hoffe
Eure Majestat wills von mir nicht be-
geren.*

Ed. What says she? *Behüte mich Gott
für ?*

Alp. She says, God bless her from such
a deed.

Ed. Tush, Empress, clap thy hands upon
thy head,

And God will bless thee ; I've a Jacob's
staff

Shall take the elevation of the pole,

For I have heard it said, the Dutch north-
star

Is a degree or two higher than ours.

Bo. Nay, though we talk let's drink,
and, Emperor,

I'll tell you plainly what you must
trust to ;

Can they deceive you of your bride to-
night

They'll surely do't, therefore look to your-
self.

Ed. If she deceive me not, let all do
their worst.

Alp. Assure you, Emperor, she'll do her
best.

Ed. I think the maids in Germany are
mad ;

Ere they be married they will not kiss,

And, being married, will not go to bed.

We'll drink about, let's talk no more of
this,

Well-warn'd half-arm'd, our English pro-
verb says.

Alp. Holla, marshal, what says the
cook ?

Enter Alexander.

Belike he thinks we've fed so well already,
That we disdain his simple cookery.

Alc. 'Faith, the cook says so, that his
office was to dress a mess of meat with
that wood which the English prince should
bring in, but he hath neither seen Dutch
wood nor English prince, therefore he
desires you hold him excused.

Alp. I wonder where Prince Richard
stays so long.

Alc. An't please your majesty, he's come
at length,

And with him has he brought a crew of
boors

And hüpsch bowr-maikins, fresh as flowers
in May,

With whom they mean to dance a Saxon
round,

In honour of the bridegroom and his
bride.

Ed. So has he made amends for his
long tarrying ;

I prithee marshal them into the pre-
sence.

Alp. [*aside to Alexander.*] Lives Richard,
then? I'd thought thou'dst made him
sure.

Alc. O, I could tear my flesh to think
upon't !

He lives, and secretly hath brought with
him

The Palsgrave and the Duke of Saxony,
Clad like two boors, ev'n in the same
apparel

That Hans and Jerick wore when they
went out

To murder him.

It now behoves us to be circumspect.

Alp. It likes me not ; away, and bring
them, marshal ! [*Exit Alexander.*]

I long to see this sport's conclusion.

Bo. Is't not a lovely sight to see this
couple

Sit sweetly billing, like two turtle-doves?

Alp. I promise you, it sets my teeth on
edge,

That I must take mine Empress in mine
arms.

Come hither, Isabel, though thy robes be
homely,

Thy face and countenance hold colour
still.

*Enter Alexander, Collen, Mentz, Richard,
Saxony, Palsgrave, Collen cook, with
a gammon of raw bacon, and links or
puddings in a platter ; Richard, Pals-
grave, Saxon, Mentz, like Clowns,
with each of them a Mitre, with Co-
rances on their heads.*

Co. Dread Emperor and Empress, for to-
day,

I, your appointed cook until to-morrow,
Have by the marshal sent my just excuse,
And hope your highness is therewith con-
tent.

Our carter here, for whom I now do
speak,

Says that his axle-tree broke by the way,
That is his answer, and for you shall not
famish,

He and his fellow boors of the next dorp,
Have brought a schinken of good raw
bacon,

And that's a common meat with us, unsod,

Desiring you, you would not scorn the fare ;
'Twill make a cup of wine taste nippitate.

Ed. Welcome, good fellows, we thank you for your present.

Ri. So *spiel fresh up*, and let us *rommer dantzen*.

Ale. Please it your highness to dance with your bride ?

Ed. Alas ! I cannot dance your German dances.

Bo. I do beseech your highness mock us not ;

We Germans have no changes in our dances,

An Almain and an upspring, that is all.
So dance the princes, burghers, and the boors.

Br. So danced our ancestors for thousand years.

Ed. It is a sign the Dutch are not new-fangled.

I'll follow in the measure ; marshal, lead !
[*Alexander and Mentz have the fore-*

dance, with each of them a glass of wine in their hands ; then Edward and Hedewick, Palsgrave and Empress, and two other couples, after drum and trumpet. The Palsgrave whispers with the Empress.

Alp. I think the boor is amorous of my Empress ;

Fort, bowr, and leffel morgen, when thou comest to house.

Co. Now is your grace's time to steal away,

Look to't, or else you'll lie alone to-night.
[*Edward steals away the Bride.*

Ale. (*drinketh to the Palsgrave.*) 'S gelt, bowr.

Pa. Sam Gott !

[*The Palsgrave requests the Empress.*

Pa. *Ey jungfraw, help mich doch ! Ey jungfraw, drinck !* (*To Alphonsus*) *Ey gelt, guter freundt, ein fröhlichen trunck.*

Alp. *Sam Gott, mein freundt, ich will gern bescheid thun.*

[*Alphonsus takes the cup of the Palsgrave and drinks to the King of Bohemia, and after he hath drunk puts poison in the beaker.*

Alp. Half this I drink unto your highness' health ;

It is the first since we were join'd in office.
Bo. I thank your majesty, I'll pledge you half.

[*As Bohem is a-drinking, ere he hath drunk it all out, Alphonsus pulls the beaker from his mouth.*

Alp. Hold, hold, your majesty, drink not too much.

Bo. What means your highness ?

Alp. Methinks that something grates between my teeth,

Pray God there be not poison in the bowl !

Bo. Marry, God forbid !

Ale. So were I peppered.

Alp. I highly do mistrust this schelmish bowr ;

Lay hands on him, I'll make him drink the rest.

Pa. *Was ist, was ist, what will you mit me machen ?*

Alp. Drink out, drink out, *oder der düvel soll dich holen.*

Pa. *Ey gebt you to frieden, ich will gern trincken.*

Sa. Drink not, Prince Palatine, throw it on the ground ;

It is not good to trust his Spanish flies.

Bo. Saxon and Palsgrave, this cannot be good.

Alp. 'Twas not for nought my mind misgave me so ;

This hath Prince Richard done to entrap our lives.

Ri. No, Alphonsus, I disdain to be a traitor.

Em. O, sheathe your swords, forbear these needless broils.

Alp. Away, I do mistrust thee as the rest.

Bo. Lords, hear me speak to pacify these broils.

For my part I feel no distemperature,

How do you feel yourself ?

Alp. I cannot tell, not ill, and yet methinks

I am not well.

Bo. Were it a poison, 'twould begin to work.

Alp. Not so, all poisons do not work alike.

Pa. If there were poison in, which God forbid,

The Empress and myself and Alexander Have cause to fear as well as any other.

Alp. Why didst thou throw the wine upon the earth ?

Hadst thou but drunk, thou'dst satisfied our minds.

Pa. I will not be enforced by Spanish hands.

Alp. If all be well with us that juice shall serve,

If not, the Spaniard's blood will be revenged.

Ri. Your majesty is more afraid than hurt.

Bo. For me, I do not fear myself a whit;
Let all be friends, and forward with our
mirth.

*Enter Edward, in his night-gown and
his shirt.*

Ri. Nephew, how now? is not all well
with you?

Bo. I lay my life the prince has lost his
bride.

Ed. I hope not so, she is but stray'd a
little.

Alp. Your grace must not be angry,
though we laugh.

Ed. If it had happen'd by default of
mine,

You might have worthily laugh'd me to
scorn:

But to be so deceived, so over-reach'd,
Even as I meant to clasp her in mine
arms,

The grief's intolerable, not to be guess'd,
Or comprehended by the thought of any,
But by a man that hath been so deceived,
And that's by no man living but myself.

Sa. My princely son-in-law, God give
you joy.

Ed. Of what, my princely father?

Sa. Of my daughter,
Your new-betrothed wife and bedfellow.

Ed. I thank you, father; indeed, I must
confess

She is my wife, but not my bedfellow.

Sa. How so, young prince? I saw you
steal her hence,

And, as methought, she went full will-
ingly.

Ed. 'Tis true, I stole her finely from
amongst you,

And, by the Archbishop of Collen's help,
Got her alone into the bridal chamber,
Where having lock'd the door, thought all
was well.

I could not speak, but pointed to the
bed;

She answer'd *Ja* and 'gan for to unlace her;
I, seeing that, suspected no deceit,
But straight untruss'd my points, uncase'd
myself,

And in a moment slipp'd between the
sheets:

There lying in deep contemplation,
The princess of herself drew near to me,
Gave me her hand, spoke prettily in Dutch,
I know not what, and kiss'd me lovingly,
And, as I shrank out of my lukewarm
place

To make her room, she clapp'd thrice with
her feet,

And through a trap-door sunk out of my
sight.

Knew I but her confederates in the deed—
I say no more.

Em. Tush, cousin, be content;
So many lands, so many fashions;

It is the German use, be not impatient,
She will be so much welcomer to-morrow.

Ri. Come, nephew, we'll be bedfellows
to-night.

Ed. Nay, if I find her not, I'll lie
alone;

I have good hope to ferret out her bed,
And so good night, sweet princes, all at
once.

Alp. Good night to all; marshal, dis-
charge the train.

Ale. To bed, to bed, the marshal cries
'tis time. [*Flourish of cornets. Exeunt.*]

Manent Saxon, Richard, Palsgrave,
Collen, Empress.

Sa. Now, princes, it is time that we ad-
vise;

Now we are all fast in the fowler's gin,
Not to escape his subtle snares alive,
Unless by force we break the nets asunder.
When he begins to cavil and pick quarrels,
I will not trust him in the least degree.

Em. It may beseem me evil to mistrust
My lord and emperor of so foul a fact;
But love unto his honour and your lives
Makes me with tears intreat your Excel-
lencies

To fly with speed out of his dangerous
reach.

His cloudy brow foretells a sudden storm
Of blood not natural but prodigious.

Ri. The Castle-gates are shut, how
should we fly?

But were they open I would lose my life,
Ere I would leave my nephew to the
slaughter;

He and his bride were sure to bear the
brunt.

Sa. Could I get out of doors I'd venture
that,

And yet I hold their persons dear enough.
I would not doubt but ere the morning sun
Should half-way run his course into the
south,

To compass and begirt him in his fort,
With Saxon lantsknechts and brunt-bearing
Switzers,

Who lie in ambuscado not far hence,
That he should come to composition,
And with safe conduct bring into our tents
Both bride and bridegroom and all other
friends.

Em. My chamber-window stands upon the wall,
And thence with ease you may escape away.

Sa. Prince Richard, you will bear me company?

Ri. I will, my lord.

Sa. And you, Prince Palatine?

Pa. The Spanish tyrant hath me in suspect

Of poisoning him, I'll therefore stay it out;
To fly upon 't were to accuse myself.

Em. If need require, I'll hide the Palatine

Until to-morrow, if you stay no longer.

Sa. If God be with us, ere to-morrow noon

We'll be with ensigns spread before the walls;

We leave dear pledges of our quick return.

Em. May the heavens prosper then your just intents! [*Exeunt.*]

Enter Alphonsus.

Alp. This dangerous plot was happily o'erheard.

Here didst thou listen in a blessed hour.

Alexander, where dost thou hide thyself?

I've sought thee in each corner of the court,

And now or never must thou play the man.

Ale. And now or never must your highness stir;

Treason hath round encompassed your life.

Alp. I have no leisure now to hear thy talk:

Seest thou this key?

Ale. Intends your majesty that I should steal into the Princes' chambers,

And sleeping stab them in their beds to-night?

That cannot be.

Alp. Wilt thou not hear me speak?

Ale. The Prince of England, Saxon, and of Collen,

Are in the Empress' chamber privily.

Alp. All this is nothing, they would murder me,

I come not there to-night; seest thou this key?

Ale. They mean to fly out at the chamber-window,

And raise an army to besiege your grace;
Now may your highness take them with the deed.

Alp. The Prince of Wales, I hope, is none of them.

Ale. Him and his bride by force they will recover.

Alp. What makes the cursed Palsgrave of the Rhein?

Ale. Him hath the Empress taken to her charge

And in her closet means to hide him safe.

Alp. To hide him in her closet? Of bold deeds

The dearest charge that e'er she undertook.

Well, let them bring their complots to an end,

I'll undermine to meet them in their works.

Ale. Will not your grace surprise them ere they fly?

Alp. No, let them bring their purpose to effect,

I'll fall upon them at my best advantage.

Seest thou this key? There, take it, Alexander,

Yet take it not, unless thou be resolved—

Tush, I am fond to make a doubt of thee!

Take it, I say, it doth command all doors,
And will make open way to dire revenge.

Ale. I know not what your majesty doth mean.

Alp. Hie thee with speed into the inner chamber

Next to the chapel, and there shalt thou find

The dainty trembling bride couch'd in her bed,

Having beguiled her bridegroom of his hopes,

Taking her farewell of virginity,

Which she to-morrow night expects to lose.

By night all cats are grey, and in the dark
She will embrace thee for the Prince of Wales,

Thinking that he hath found her chamber out;

Fall to thy business and make few words,
And having pleased thy senses with delight,

And fill'd thy beating veins with stealing joy,

Make thence again before the break of day.

What strange events will follow this device

We need not study on, our foes shall find.

How now?—how stand'st thou?—hast thou not the heart?

Ale. Should I not have the heart to do this deed,

I were a bastard villain, and no man;

Her sweetness and the sweetness of revenge
Tickles my senses in a double sense,

And so I wish your majesty good night.

Alp. Good night, Sweet Venus prosper thy attempt!

Alc. Sweet Venus and grim Ate I explore,
Stand both of you to me auspicious.

[*Exit Alexander.*]

Alp. It had been pity of his father's life,
Whose death hath made him such a perfect villain.

What murder, wrack, and causeless enmity
'Twixt dearest friends, that are my strongest foes,

Will follow suddenly upon this rape
I hope to live to see and laugh thereat.
And yet this piece of practice is not all :
The King of Bohem, though he little feel it,

Because in twenty hours it will not work,
Hath from my knife's point suck'd his deadly bane.

Whereof I will be least of all suspected,
For I will feign myself as sick as he,
And blind mine enemies' eyes with deadly groans.

Upon the Palsgrave and mine Empress
Heavy suspect shall light to bruise their bones ;

Though Saxon would not suffer him to taste

The deadly potion provided for him,
He cannot save him from the sword of justice,

When all the world shall think that like a villain

He's poison'd two great emperors with one draught.

That deed is done, and by this time I hope
The other is a-doing ; Alexander,
I doubt it not, will do it thoroughly.

While these things are a-brewing I'll not not sleep,

But suddenly break ope the chamber-doors
And rush upon my Empress and the Palsgrave.

Holla, where is the captain of the guard ?

Enter Captain and Soldiers.

Ca. What would your majesty ?

Alp. Take six travants well arm'd and follow.

[*They break with violence into the chamber, and Alphonsus trails the Empress by the hair.*]

Enter Alphonsus, Empress, Soldiers, &c.

Alp. Come forth, thou damned witch,
adulterous whore !

Foul scandal to thy name, thy sex, thy blood !

Em. O Emperor, gentle husband, pity me !

Alp. Canst thou deny thou wert confederate

With my arch-enemies that sought my blood ?

And like a strumpet, through thy chamber-window,

Hast with thine own hands help'd to let them down,

With an intent that they should gather arms,
Besiege my court, and take away my life ?

Em. Ah, my Alphonsus !

Alp. Thy Alphonsus ? whore !

Em. O pierce my heart, trail me not by my hair ;

What I have done, I did it for the best.

Alp. So for the best advantage of thy lust
Hast thou in secret, Clytemnestra-like,
Hid thy Ægisthus, thy adulterous love.

Em. Heaven be the record 'twixt my lord and me,

How pure and sacred I do hold thy bed.

Alp. Art thou so impudent to belie the deed ?

Is not the Palsgrave hidden in thy chamber ?

Em. That I have hid the Palsgrave I confess,

But to no ill intent, your conscience knows.

Alp. Thy treasons, murders, incests, sorceries,

Are all committed to a good intent ;

Thou know'st he was my deadly enemy.

Em. By this device I hoped to make you friends.

Alp. Then bring him forth, we'll reconcile ourselves.

Em. Should I betray so great a prince's life ?

Alp. Thou hold'st his life far dearer than thy lord's.

This very night hast thou betray'd my blood.

But thus, and thus, will I revenge myself.

[*Trailing her by the hair.*]

And but thou speedily deliver him,
I'll trail thee through the kennels of the street,

And cut the nose from thy bewitching face,
And into England send thee, like a strumpet.

Em. Pull every hair from off my head,
Drag me at horses' tails, cut off my nose,
My princely tongue shall not betray a prince.

Alp. That will I try.

Em. O heaven, revenge my shame !

Enter Palsgrave.

Pa. Is Cæsar now become a torturer,

A hangman of his wife, turn'd murderer?
Here is the Palatine, what wouldst thou
more?

Alp. Upon him, soldiers, strike him to
the ground.

Em. Ah, soldiers! spare the princely
Palatine.

Alp. Down with the damn'd adulterous
murderer.

Kill him, I say; his blood be on my head.

[*They kill the Palatine.*]

Run to the tower and ring the 'larum
bell,

That 'fore the world I may excuse myself,
And tell the reason of this bloody deed.

*Enter Edward in his night-gown
and shirt.*

Ed. How now? what means this sudden,
strange alarm?

What wretched dame is this with blubber'd
cheeks,

And rent, dishevell'd hair?

Em. O my dear nephew,

Fly, fly the shambles, for thy turn is next.

Ed. What! my imperial aunt? then
break my heart!

Alp. Brave prince, be still; as I am nobly
born,

There is no ill intended to thy person.

*Enter Mentz, Trier, Brandenburg, Bo-
hemia.*

Me. Where is my page? Bring me my
two-hand sword!

Tr. What is the matter? Is the Court
a-fire?

Br. Who's that? The Emperor with his
weapon drawn?

Bo. Though deadly sick, yet am I forced
to rise,

To know the reason of this hurly-burly.

Alp. Princes be silent; I will tell the
cause,

Though suddenly a griping at my heart
Forbids my tongue his wonted course of
speech.

See you this harlot, traitress to my life,
See you this murderer, stain to mine
honour?

These twain I found together in my bed,
Shamefully committing lewd adultery,
And heinously conspiring all your deaths,
I mean your deaths that are not dead al-
ready;

As for the King of Bohem and myself,
We are not of this world, we have our
transports

Given in the bowl by this adulterous prince,

VOL. I.

And lest the poison work too strong with
me,

Before that I have warn'd you of your
harms,

I will be brief in the relation.

That he hath stain'd my bed, these eyes
have seen;

That he hath murder'd two imperial kings,
Our speedy deaths will be too sudden
proof;

That he and she have bought and sold your
lives

To Saxon, Collen, and the English prince,
Their ensigns, spread before the walls to-
morrow,

Will all too suddenly bid you defiance.

Now tell me, princes, have I not just cause
To slay the murderer of so many souls?

And have not all cause to applaud the
deed?

More would I utter, but the poison's force
Forbids my speech; you can conceive the
rest.

Bo. Your Majesty, reach me your dying
hand

With thousand thanks for this so just re-
venge!

O, how the poison's force begins to work!

Me. The world may pity and applaud
the deed.

Br. Did never age bring forth such
heinous acts.

Ed. My senses are confounded and
amazed.

Em. The God of heaven knows my un-
guiltiness.

Enter Messenger.

Mes. Arm, arm, my lords, we have de-
scribed afar

An army of ten thousand men-at-arms.

Alp. Some run unto the walls, some draw
up the sluice,

Some speedily let the portcullis down.

Me. Now may we see the Emperor's
words are true;

To prison with the wicked murderous
whore. [Exit.

ACT THE FOURTH.

SCENE I.

Enter Saxon and Richard with Soldiers.

Sa. My lord of Cornwall, let us march
before,

To speedy rescue of our dearest friends;

D D

The rearward with the armed legions,
Committed to the Prince of Collen's
charge,
Cannot so lightly pass the mountain tops.

Ri. Let's summon suddenly unto a
parley,
I do not doubt but ere we need their helps,
Collen with all his forces will be here.

Enter Collen with Drums and an Army.

Ri. Your holiness hath made good haste
to-day,
And like a beaten soldier lead your troops.
Co. In time of peace I am an arch-
bishop,
And, like a churchman, can both sing and
say ;

But when the innocent do suffer wrong,
I cast my rochet off upon the altar,
And, like a prince, betake myself to arms.

*Enter above Mentz, Trier, and
Brandenburg.*

Me. Great Prince of Saxony, what mean
these arms?
Richard of Cornwall, what may this in-
tend?
Brother of Collen, no more churchman
now ;
Instead of mitre and a crozier's staff,
Have you bet'a'en you to your helm and
targe?
Were you so merry yesterday as friends,
Cloaking your treason in your clown's
attire?

Sa. Mentz, we return the traitor in thy
face,
To save our lives, and to release our
friends
Out of the Spaniard's deadly trapping
snares,
Without intent of ill, this power is raised.
Therefore, grave prince marquess of Bran-
denburg,
My loving cousin, as indifferent judge,
To you, an aged peace-maker, we speak ;
Deliver with safe-conduct in our tents
Prince Edward and his bride, the Pala-
tine,
With every one of high or low degree
That are suspicious of the King of Spain,
So shall you see, that in the self-same
hour
We marched to the walls with colours
spread,
We will cashier our troops, and part good
friends.
Br. Alas ! my lord, crave you the Pala-
tine ?

Ri. If craving will not serve, we will
command.

Br. Ah me, since your departure, good
my lords,
Strange accidents of blood and death are
happen'd.

Sa. My mind misgave a massacre this
night.

Ri. How does Prince Edward then ?

Sa. How does my daughter ?

Co. How goes it with the Palsgrave of
the Rhein ?

Br. Prince Edward and his bride do
live in health,
And shall be brought unto you when you
please.

Sa. Let them be presently delivered.

Co. Lives not the Palsgrave too ?

Me. In heaven or hell

He lives, and reaps the merit of his deeds.

Co. What damned hand hath butchered
the prince ?

Sa. O that demand is needless ; who but
he

That seeks to be the butcher of us all ?
But vengeance and revenge shall light on
him.

Br. Be patient, noble princes, hear the
rest.

The two great Kings of Bohem and
Castile,
God comfort them, lie now at point of
death,

Both poison'd by the Palsgrave yesterday.

Ri. How is that possible ? So must my
sister,

The Palatine himself, and Alexander,
Who drunk out of the bowl, be poison'd
too.

Me. Nor is that heinous deed alone the
cause,

Though cause enough to ruin monarchies ;
He hath defiled with lust the imperial bed,
And by the Emperor in the act was slain.

Co. O worthy, guiltless prince ! O, had
he fled !

Ri. But say, where is the Empress ;
where's my sister ?

Me. Not burnt to ashes yet, but shall be
shortly.

Ri. I hope her Majesty will live to see
A hundred thousand flattering turn-coat
slaves,

Such as your holiness, die a shameful
death.

Br. She is in prison, and attends her
trial.

Sa. O strange, heart-breaking, mis-
chievous intents !

Give me my children, if you love your lives!

No safety is in this enchanted fort.

O see, in happy hour, there comes my daughter

And loving son, 'scaped from the massacre.

Enter Edward and Hedewick.

Ed. My body lives, although my heart be slain.

O princes, this hath been the dismall'st night

That ever eye of sorrow did behold!

Here lay the Palsgrave, weltering in his blood,

Dying Alphonsus standing over him,
Upon the other hand the King of Bohem,
Still looking when his poison'd bulk would break;

But that which pierced my soul with nature's touch,

Was my tormented aunt, with blubber'd cheeks,

Torn, bloody garments, and dishevell'd hair,
Waiting for death, deservedly or no,
That knows the searcher of all human thoughts,

For these devices are beyond my reach.

Sa. Sag doch, liebe dochter, wo wart dow dieselbe nacht?

He. Als wo, wo solt ich sein? ich war im bette.

Sa. Wart dow allein, so wart dow gar verschrocken.

He. Ich hab nicht anders gemeint, dann das ich wolt allein geschlafen haben, aber umb mitternacht kam mein bridegroom undt schlaffet bey mir, bis wir mit dem getunmel erwacht waren.

Ed. What says she? came her bridegroom to her at midnight?

Ri. Nephew, I see you were not over-reach'd;

Although she slipp'd out of your arms at first,

You seized her surely, ere you left the chase.

Sa. But left your grace your bride alone in bed?

Or did she run together in the 'larum?

Ed. Alas! my lords, this is no time to jest; I lay full sadly in my bed alone.

Not able for my life to sleep a wink,
Till that the 'larum-bell began to ring,
And then I started from my weary couch.

Sa. How now? this rhymes not with my daughter's speech;

She says, you found her bed, and lay with her.

Ed. Not I, your highness did mistake her words.

Co. Deny it not, Prince Edward; 'tis an honour.

Ed. My lords, I know no reason to deny it;

To have found her bed, I would have given a million.

Sa. Hedewick, der Furst sagt, er hatt nicht bei dir geschlafen.

He. Es gefellt ihm also zu sagen, aber ich hab es wol gefület.

Ri. She says, you are disposed to jest with her,

But yesternight she felt it in good earnest.

Ed. Uncle, these jests are too unsavoury, ill-suited to these times, and please me not.
Hab ich bey you geschlafen yesternight?

He. Ey lef, warum solt ihrs fragen?

Sa. Edward, I tell thee, 'tis no jesting matter,

Say plainly, wast thou by her, ay or no?

Ed. As I am prince, true heir to England's crown,

I never touch'd her body in a bed.

He. Das haste gethan, oder hole mich der düvel.

Ri. Nephew, take heed, you hear the princess' words.

Ed. It is not she, nor you, nor all the world,

Shall make me say I did another's deed.

Sa. Another's deed? what, think'st thou her a whore? [*Saxon strikes Edward.*]

Ed. She may be whore, and thou a villain too;

Struck me the Emperor, I will strike again.

Co. Content you, princes; buffet not like boys.

Ri. Hold you the one, and I will hold the other.

He. O Herr Gott, help, help! O ich armes kindt!

Sa. Soldiers, lay hands upon the Prince of Wales,

Convey him speedily unto a prison,
And load his legs with grievous bolts of iron;

Some bring the whore my daughter from my sight,

And thou, smooth Englishman, to thee I speak, [*To Richard.*]

My hate extends to all thy nation,
Pack thee out of my sight, and that with speed,

Your English practices have all too long
Muffled our German eyes—pack, pack, I say.

Ri. Although your grace have reason
for your rage,

Yet be not like a madman to your friends.

Sa. My friends? I scorn the friendship
of such mates

That seek my daughter's spoil, and my
dishonour;

But I will teach the boy another lesson.

His head shall pay the ransom of his
fault.

Ri. His head?

Sa. And thy head too. O, how my heart
doth swell!

Was there no other prince to mock but
me?

First woo, then marry her, then lie with
her,

And, having had the pleasure of her bed,
Call her a whore in open audience!

None but a villain and a slave would
do it.

My lords of Mentz, of Trier, and Branden-
burg,

Make open the gates, receive me as a
friend,

I'll be a scourge unto the English nation.

Me. Your grace shall be the welcomest
guest alive.

Co. None but a madman would do such
a deed.

Sa. Then, Collen, count me mad, for I
will do it;

I'll set my life and land upon the hazard,
But I will thoroughly sound this deceit.

What will your grace, leave me or follow
me?

Co. No, Saxon, no; I will not follow
thee,

And leave Prince Richard in so great ex-
tremes.

Sa. Then I defy you both, and so fare-
well.

Ri. Yet, Saxon, hear me speak before
thou go:

Look to the prince's life as to thine
own;

Each perish'd hair that falleth from his
head

By thy default, shall cost a Saxon city;
Henry of England will not lose his heir;
And so farewell and think upon my words.

Sa. Away, I do disdain to answer thee!
Pack thee with shame again into thy
country,

I'll have a cock-boat at my proper charge,
And send th' imperial crown which thou
hast won,

To England by Prince Edward after thee.

[*Exeunt.*]

Manent Richard and Collen.

Co. Answer him not, Prince Richard; he
is mad;

Choler and grief have robb'd him of his
senses.

Like accident to this was never heard.

Ri. Break, heart, and die; fly hence,
my troubled spirit;

I am not able for to underbear

The weight of sorrow which doth bruise
my soul.

O Edward, O sweet Edward, O my life!

O noble Collen, last of all my hopes,

The only friend in my extremities,

If thou dost love me, as I know thou dost,
Unsheathe thy sword and rid me of this
sorrow.

Co. Away with abject thoughts! Fie,
princely Richard;

Rouse up thyself, and call thy senses
home;

Shake off this base pusillanimity,

And cast about to remedy these wrongs.

Ri. Alas! I see no means of remedy.

Co. Then hearken to my counsel and
advice.

We will intrench ourselves not far from
hence,

With those small powers we have, and
send for more.

If they do make assault, we will defend;
If violence be offer'd to the prince,

We'll rescue him with venture of our lives;
Let us with patience attend advantage,

Time may reveal the author of these
treasons.

For why, undoubtedly the sweet young
princess,

Fouly beguiled by night with cunning
show,

Hath to some villain lost her maidenhead.

Ri. O, that I knew the foul incestuous
wretch,

Thus would I tear him with my teeth and
nails.

Had Saxon sense, he would conceive so
much,

And not revenge on guiltless Edward's
life.

Co. Persuade yourself, he will be twice
advised,

Before he offer wrong unto the prince.

Ri. In that good hope I will have
patience.

Come, gentle prince, whose pity to a
stranger

Is rare and admirable, not to be spoken;
England cannot requite this gentleness.

Co. Tush, talk not of requital, let us go
To fortify ourselves within our trench.

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE II.

*Enter Alphonsus, carried in the Couch ;
Saxony, Mentz, Trier, Brandenburg,
Alexander.*

Alp. O most excessive pain, O raging
fire!

Is burning Cancer, or the Scorpion,
Descended from the heavenly zodiac,
To parch mine entrails with a quenchless
flame?

Drink, drink, I say, give drink, or I shall
die.

Fill a thousand bowls of wine! Water, I
say,

Water from forth the cold Tartarian hills.
I feel the ascending flame lick up my
blood;

Mine entrails shrink together, like a scroll
Of burning parchment, and my marrow
fries.

Bring hughy cakes of ice and flakes of
snow,

That I may drink of them, being dissolved.

Sa. We do beseech your Majesty, have
patience.

Alp. Had I but drunk an ordinary
poison,

The sight of thee, great Duke of Saxony,
My friend in death, in life my greatest foe,
Might both allay the venom and the tor-
ment;

But that adulterous Palsgrave and my
wife,

Upon whose life and soul I vengeance cry,
Gave me a mineral not to be digested,
Which burning eats, and eating burns my
heart.

My lord of Trier, run to the King of Bohem,
Commend me to him, ask him how he
fares,

None but myself can rightly pity him,
For none but we have sympathy of pains.

Tell him when he is dead, my time's not
long,

And when I die, bid him prepare to follow.

[*Exit Trier.*]

Now, now it works afresh; are you my
friends?

Then throw me on the cold, swift-running
Rhein

And let me bathe there for an hour or two,
I cannot bear this pain.

Me. O, would the impartial fates inflict
on me

These deadly pains, and ease my Emperor,
How willing would I bear them for his
sake.

Alp. O Mentz, I would not wish unto a
dog

The least of thousand torments that afflict
me,

Much less unto your princely holiness.

See, see, my lord of Mentz, Death points
at you.

Me. It is your fantasy, and nothing else;
But were Death here, I would dispute with
him,

And tell him to his teeth he doth injustice,
To take your Majesty in the prime of youth;
Such wither'd, rotten branches as myself
Should first be lopp'd, had he not partial
hands;

And here I do protest, upon my knee,
I would as willingly now leave my life,
To save my King and Emperor alive,
As erst my mother brought me to the
world.

Br. My lord of Mentz, this flattery is too
gross;

A prince of your experience and calling
Should not so fondly call the heavens to
witness.

Me. Think you, my lord, I would not hold
my word?

Br. You know, my lord, Death is a
bitter guest.

Me. To ease his pain and save my Em-
peror,

I sweetly would embrace that bitterness.

Alc. If I were Death, I know what I
would do.

Me. But see, his Majesty is fall'n asleep;
Ah me! I fear it is a dying slumber.

Alp. My lord of Saxony, do you hear this
jest?

Sa. What should I hear, my lord?

Alp. Do you not hear,

How loudly Death proclaims it in mine
ears,

Swearing by trophies, tombs, and dead
men's graves,

If I have any friend so dear to me,

That to excuse my life will lose his own,

I shall be presently restored to health.

Me. I would he durst make good his
promises.

Enter Trier.

Alp. My lord of Trier, how fares my
fellow Emperor?

Tr. His Majesty is eased of all his pain.

Alp. O happy news! now have I hope of
health.

Me. My joyful heart doth spring within my body

To hear these words ;

Comfort, your Majesty, I will excuse you, Or, at the least, will bear you company.

Alp. My hope is vain, now, now my heart will break !

My lord of Trier, you did but flatter me ; Tell me the truth, how fares his Majesty ?

Tr. I told your Highness, eased of all his pain.

Alp. I understand thee now ; he's eased by death,

And now I feel an alteration.

Farewell, sweet lords, farewell ; my lord of Mentz,

The truest friend that ever earth did bear, Live long in happiness ! To revenge my death

Upon my wife and all the English brood, My lord of Saxony, your grace hath cause.

Me. I dare thee, Death, to take away my life.

Some charitable hand that loves his prince And hath the heart,

Draw forth his sword and rid me of my life.

Alc. I love my prince, and have the heart to do't. [*Stabs him.*]

Me. O, stay awhile.

Alc. Nay, now it is too late.

Br. Villain, what hast thou done ? thou'st slain a prince !

Alc. I did no more than he entreated me.

Alp. How now, what make I in my couch so late ?

Princes, why stand you gazing so about me ?

Or who is that lies slain before my face ?

O, I have wrong, my soul was half in heaven,

His holiness did know the joys above

And therefore is ascended in my stead.

Come, princes, let us bear the body hence ; I'll spend a million to embalm the same.

Let all the bells within the empire ring, Let mass be said in every church and chapel,

And that I may perform my latest vow, I will procure so much by gold or friends,

That my sweet Mentz shall be canonized And number'd in the bead-roll of the saints.

I hope the pope will not deny it me ;

I'll build a church in honour of thy name

Within the ancient, famous city Mentz,

Fairer than any one in Germany.

There shalt thou be interr'd with kingly pomp,

Over thy tomb shall hang a sacred lamp, Which till the day of doom shall ever burn ;

Yea, after-ages shall speak of thy renown, And go a-pilgrimage to thy sacred tomb.

Grief stops my voice ; who loves his Emperor,

Lay to his helping hand and bear him hence,

Sweet father and redeemer of my life.

[*Exeunt.*]

Manet Alexander.

Alc. Now is my lord sole Emperor of Rome,

And three conspirators of my father's death

Are cunningly sent unto heaven or hell ;

Like subtlety to this was never seen.

Alas ! poor Mentz ! I, pitying thy prayers, Could do no less than lend a helping hand ;

Thou wert a famous flatterer in thy life, And now hast reap'd the fruits thereof in death.

But thou shalt be rewarded, like a saint, With masses, bells, dirges, and burning lamps ;

'Tis good, I envy not thy happiness : But, ah ! the sweet remembrance of that night,

That night, I mean, of sweetness and of stealth,

When, for a prince, a princess did embrace me,

Paying the first fruits of her marriage-bed, Makes me forget all other accidents.

O Saxon, I would willingly forgive The deadly trespass of my father's death,

So I might have thy daughter to my wife, And to be plain, I have best right unto her,

And love her best and have deserved her best.

But thou art fond to think on such a match, Thou must imagine nothing but revenge ;

And if my computation fail me not, Ere long I shall be thoroughly revenged.

[*Exit.*]

SCENE III.

Enter the Duke of Saxon, and Hedewick with the Child.

Sa. Come forth, thou perfect map of misery,

Desolate daughter and distressed mother, In whom the father and the son are cursed.

Thus once again we will assay the prince. 'T may be, the sight of his own flesh and blood

Will now at last pierce his obdurate heart. Jailor, how fares it with thy prisoner ?

Let him appear upon the battlements.

He. O mein dear vatter, ich habe in dise lang, lang viertzig weeken, welche mich dunket sein viertzig jahr gewesen, ein lütt Englisch gelernet, und ich hope, he will mich verstohn, und show me a little pity.

Enter Edward on the walls, and Jailor.

Sa. Good morrow to your grace, Edward of Wales,

Son and immediate heir to Henry the Third, King of England and Lord of Ireland, Thy father's comfort and the people's hope.

'Tis not in mockage, nor at unawares That I am ceremonious to repeat Thy high descent, join'd with thy kingly might,

But therewithal to intimate unto thee What God expecteth from the higher powers,

Justice and mercy, truth, sobriety. Relenting hearts, hands innocent of blood. Princes are God's chief substitutes on earth,

And should be lamps unto the common sort.

But, you will say, I am become a preacher; No, prince, I am an humble suppliant, And to prepare thine ears make this exordium.

To pierce thine eyes and heart, behold this spectacle :

Three generations of the Saxon blood, Descended lineally from forth my loins, Kneeling and crying to thy mightiness. First look on me, and think what I have been,—

For now I think myself of no account— Next Cæsar greatest man in Germany, Nearly allied, and ever friend to England. But woman's sighs move more in manly hearts;

O, see the hands she elevates to heaven, Behold those eyes that whilome were thy joys,

Uttering dumb eloquence in crystal tears. If these exclaims and sights be ordinary, Then look with pity on thy other self : This is thy flesh and blood, bone of thy bone,

A goodly boy, the image of his sire. Turn'st thou away? O, were thy father here, He would, as I do, take him in his arms, And sweetly kiss his grandchild in the face,

O Edward, too young in experience, That canst not look into the grievous wrack

Ensuing this thy obstinate denial;

O, Edward, too young in experience, That canst not see into the future good Ensuing thy most just acknowledgment; Hear me, thy truest friend, I will repeat them.

For good thou hast an heir indubitate, Whose eyes already sparkle majesty, Born in true wedlock of a princely mother, And all the German princes to thy friends;

Where, on the contrary, thine eyes shall see

The speedy tragedy of thee and thine. Like Athamas first will I seize upon Thy young unchristen'd and despised son And with his guiltless brains bepaint the stones ;

Then, like Virginius, will I kill my child, Unto thine eyes a pleasing spectacle ; Yet shall it be a momentary pleasure, Henry of England shall mourn with me, For thou thyself, Edward, shalt make the third,

And be an actor in this bloody scene.

He. Ach mein süsse Eduart, mein herzkin, mein scherkin, mein herziges, einiges herz, mein allerlievest husband, I pry'thee, mein leve, see me freindlich an; good sweetheart, tell the truth : and at least to me and dein allerlievest child show pity ! dan ich bin dein, und dow bist mein, dow hast me geven ein kindelcin ; O Eduart, süsse Eduart, erbarme sein !

Ed. O Hedewick, peace ! thy speeches pierce my soul.

He. Hedewick? does your excellency hight me Hedewick? *Süsse Eduart, yow weet, ich bin your allerlieveste wife.*

Ed. The priest, I must confess, made thee my wife ;

Curst be the damned villainous adulterer, That with so foul a blot divorced our love.

He. O mein allertlievester, highborn Furst und Herr, denck dat unser Herr Gott sitzt in Himmelstrone, and sees the heart, und will my cause wol rechen.

Sa. Edward, hold me not up with long delays, But quickly say, wilt thou confess the truth?

Ed. As true as I am born of kingly lineage,

And am the best Plantagenet next my father,

I never carnally did touch her body.

Sa. Edward, this answer had we long ago ;

See'st thou this brat? Speak quickly, or he dies.

Ed. His death will be more piercing to thine eyes

Than unto mine ; he is not of my kin.

He. O Father, O mein Vatter, spare mein Kindt ! O Eduart, O Prince Eduart, speak now oder nimmermehr ! dies Kindt ist mein, es soll nicht sterben !

Sa. Have I dishonoured myself so much,
To bow my knee to thee, which never bow'd

But to my God, and am I thus rewarded ? Is he not thine ? Speak, murderous-minded prince !

Ed. O Saxon, Saxon, mitigate thy rage. First thy exceeding great humility,
When to thy captive prisoner thou didst kneel,

Had almost made my lying tongue confess The deed, which I protest I never did ;
But thy not causeless furious madding humour,

Together with thy daughter's piteous cries, Whom as my life and soul I dearly love,
Had thoroughly almost persuaded me To save her honour and belie myself,
And were I not a prince of so high blood,
And bastards have no sceptre-bearing hands,

I would in silence smother up this blot,
And, in compassion of thy daughter's wrong,

Be counted father to another's child ;
For why, my soul knows her unguiltiness.

Sa. Smooth words in bitter sense ; is this thine answer ?

He. Ey Vatter, gebe mir mein Kindt, das Kindt ist mein.

Sa. Das weis ich wol ; er sagt, es ist nicht sein, therefore it dies.

[*He dashes out the child's brains.*]

He. O Gott in deinem Trone ! O mein Kindt, mein Kindt !

Sa. There, murderer ! take his head and breathless limbs,
There's flesh enough, bury it in thy bowels,

Eat that, or die for hunger ; I protest
Thou gett'st no other food till that be spent.

And now to thee, lewd whore, dishonour'd strumpet,

Thy turn is next ; therefore prepare to die.

Ed. O mighty Duke of Saxon, spare thy child.

Sa. She is thy wife, Edward, and thou shouldst spare her ;
One gracious word of thine will save her life.

Ed. I do confess, Saxon, she is mine own,

As I have married her I'll live with her,
Comfort thyself, sweet Hedewick and sweet wife.

He. Ach, ach und wehe, warumb sagt your excellence nicht so before, now is't too late, unser armes Kindt is killed.

Ed. Though thou be mine, and I do pity thee,
I would not nurse a bastard for a son.

He. O Eduart, now I mark your meaning ; ich should be your whore ; mein Vatter, ich begehrt upon meine knie, last mich lieber sterben. Ade, false Eduart false prince, ich begehrt nicht.

Sa. Unprincipely thoughts do hammer in thy head ;

Is't not enough that thou hast shamed her once,

And seen the bastard torn before thy face ;
But thou wouldst get more brats for butchery ?

No, Hedewick, thou shalt not live the day.

He. O Herr Gott, nimb meine Seele in deine Hende.

Sa. It is thy hand that gives this deadly stroke. [*Stabs her.*]

He. O Herr Sabaot, das mein unschuldt an tag kommen möcht !

Ed. Her blood be on that wretched villain's head

That is the cause of all this misery.

Sa. Now, murderous-minded prince, hast thou beheld

Upon my child and child's child thy desire ;

Swear to thyself, that here I firmly swear,
That thou shalt surely follow her to-morrow,

In company of thy adulterous aunt.

Jailor, convey him to his dungeon,
If he be hungry, I have thrown him meat,

If thirsty, let him suck the new-born limbs.

Ed. O heavens and heavenly powers, if you be just,

Reward the author of this wickedness.

[*Exit Edward and Jailor.*]

Enter Alexander.

Ale. To arms, great Duke of Saxony, to arms !

My Lord of Collen and the Earl of Cornwall,
In rescue of Prince Edward and the Empress,

Have levied fresh supplies and presently
Will bid you battle in the open field.

Sa. They never could have come in fitter time ;
Thirst they for blood? and they shall quench their thirst.

Alc. O piteous spectacle ! poor Princess Hedewick !

Sa. Stand not to pity, lend a helping hand.

Alc. What slave hath murdered this guiltless child?

Sa. What? darest thou call me slave unto my face?

I tell thee, villain, I have done this deed,
And seeing the father's and the grandsire's heart

Can give consent and execute their own,
Wherefore should such a rascal as thyself Presume to pity them, whom we have slain?

Alc. Pardon me, if it be presumption To pity them, I will presume no more.

Sa. Then help, I long to be amidst my foes.

[*Exeunt, bearing off the dead bodies.*]

ACT THE FIFTH.

SCENE I.

Alarum and retreat. Enter Richard and Collen, with drums and Soldiers.

Ri. What means your Excellence to sound retreat?

This is the day of doom unto our friends ;
Before sunset my sister and my nephew,
Unless we rescue them, must lose their lives ;

The cause admits no dalliance nor delay ;
He that so tyrant-like hath slain his own,
Will take no pity on a stranger's blood.

Co. At my entreaty, ere we strike the battle,

Let's summon out our enemies to a parley:
Words spoke in time have virtue, power,
and price,

And mildness may prevail and take effect,
When dint of sword perhaps will aggravate.

Ri. Then sound a parley to fulfil your mind,

Although I know no good can follow it.

[*A parley.*]

Enter Alphonsus, Empress, Saxon, Edward, prisoner, Trier, Brandenburg, Alexander, and Soldiers.

Alp. Why, how now, Emperor that should have been,

Are these the English general's bravadoes?

Make you assault so hotly at the first,
And in the self-same moment sound retreat?

To let you know that neither war nor words

Have power for to divert their fatal doom,

Thus are we both resolved : if we triumph,
And by the right and justice of our cause
Obtain the victory, as I doubt it not,
Then both of you shall bear them company,

And ere sunset we will perform our oaths,
With just effusion of their guilty bloods ;
If you be conquerors, and we overcome,
Carry not that conceit to rescue them,
Myself will be the executioner,
And with these poniards frustrate all your hopes ;

Making you triumph in a bloody field.

Sa. To put you out of doubt that we intend it,

Please it your majesty to take your seat,
And make a demonstration of your meaning.

Alp. First on my right hand bind the English whore,

That venomous serpent, nursed within my breast,

To suck the vital blood out of my veins ;
My Empress must have some pre-eminence,
Especially at such a bloody banquet ;
Her state and love to me deserves no less.

Sa. That to Prince Edward I may show my love,

And do the latest honour to his state,
These hands of mine that never chained any,

Shall fasten him in fetters to the chair.

Now, princes, are you ready for the battle?

Co. Now art thou right the picture of thyself,

Seated in height of all thy tyranny ;

But tell us, what intends this spectacle?

Alp. To make the certainty of their deaths more plain,

And cancel all your hopes to save their lives ;

While Saxon leads the troops into the field,

Thus will I vex their souls with sight of death,

Loudly exclaiming in their half-dead ears,

That if we win they shall have company,

Videlicet the English Emperor,

And you, my lord Archbishop of Collen ;

If we be vanquish'd then they must expect
Speedy despatch from these two daggers'
points.

Co. What canst thou, tyrant, then expect but death?

Alp. Tush, hear me out; that hand which
shed their blood
Can do the like to rid me out of bonds.

Ri. But that's a damned resolution.

Alp. So must this desperate disease be cured.

Ri. O Saxon, I'll yield myself and all my power

To save my nephew, though my sister die.

Sa. Thy brother's kingdom shall not save his life.

Ed. Uncle, you see these savage-minded men

Will have no other ransom but my blood;

England hath heirs, though I be never king,

And hearts and hands to scourge this tyranny;

And so farewell.

Em. A thousand times farewell,
Sweet brother Richard and brave Prince of Collen.

Sa. What, Richard, hath this object pierced thy heart?

By this imagine how it went with me
When yesterday I slew my children.

Ri. O Saxon, I entreat thee on my knees.

Sa. Thou shalt obtain like mercy with thy kneeling

As lately I obtain'd at Edward's hands.

Ri. Pity the tears I pour before thy feet.

Sa. Pity those tears? why, I shed bloody tears.

Ri. I'll do the like to save Prince Edward's life.

Sa. Then like a warrior spill it in the field,

My grief-ful anger cannot be appeas'd

By sacrifice of any but himself;

Thou hast dishonour'd me, and thou shalt die!

Therefore alarum, 'larum to the fight!

That thousands more may bear thee company.

Ri. Nephew and sister, now farewell for ever.

Ed. Heaven and the right prevail, and let me die!

Uncle, farewell!

Em. Brother, farewell! until we meet in heaven.

[*Exeunt.*]

Manent Alphonsus, Edward, Empress, Alexander.

Alp. Here's farewell, brother, nephew, uncle, aunt,

As if in thousand years you should not meet.

Good nephew and good aunt, content yourselves,

The sword of Saxon and these daggers' points,

Before the evening-star doth show itself,
Will take sufficient order for your meeting.

But Alexander, my trusty Alexander,
Run to the watch-tower as I pointed thee,

And by thy life I charge thee, look unto it
Thou be the first to bring me certain word,
If we be conquerors, or conquered.

Ale. With careful speed I will perform this charge. [*Exit.*]

Alp. Now have I leisure yet to talk with you.

Fair Isabel, the Palsgrave's paramour,
Wherein was he a better man than I?

O, wherefore should thy love to him effect
Such deadly hate unto thy Emperor?

Yet well fare wenches that can love good fellows

And not mix murder with adultery.

Em. Great Emperor, I dare not call you husband,

Your conscience knows my heart's unguiltiness.

Alp. Didst thou not poison, or consent to poison us?

Em. Should any but your highness tell me so,

I should forget my patience at my death,
And call him villain, liar, murderer.

Alp. She that doth so miscall me at her end,

Edward, I prithee, speak thy conscience,
Think'st thou not that in her prosperity

She's vex'd my soul with bitter words and deeds?

O prince of England, I do count thee wise,
That thou wilt not be cumber'd with a wife,

When thou hadst stolen her dainty rose-
corance,

And pluck'd the flower of her virginity.

Ed. Tyrant of Spain, thou liest in thy throat.

Alp. Good words! thou seest thy life is in our hands.

Ed. I see, thou art become a common hangman,

An office far more fitting to thy mind

Than princely to the imperial dignity.

Alp. I do not exercise on common persons ;
Your highness is a prince, and she an empress,

I therefore count not of a dignity.
Hark, Edward, how they labour all in vain,
With loss of many a valiant soldier's life,
To rescue them whom heaven and we have doom'd ;
Dost thou not tremble when thou think'st upon't ?

Ed. Let guilty minds tremble at sight of death.

My heart is of the nature of the palm,
Not to be broken, till the highest bud
Be bent and tied unto the lowest root.
I rather wonder that thy tyrant's heart
Can give consent, that those thy butcherous hands

Should offer violence to thy flesh and blood.
See, how her guiltless innocence doth plead
In silent oratory of chastest tears.

Alp. Those tears proceed from fury and cursed heart ;

I know the stomach of your English dames.

Em. No, Emperor, these tears proceed from grief.

Alp. Grief, that thou canst not be revenged of us.

Em. Grief, that your highness is so ill advised,

To offer violence to my nephew Edward.
Since then there must be sacrifice of blood,
Let my heart-blood save both your bloods unspilt,
For of his death thy heart must pay the guilt.

Ed. No, aunt, I will not buy my life so dear ;

Therefore, Alphonsus, if thou beest a man,
Shed manly blood and let me end this strife.

Alp. Here's straining courtesy at a bitter feast !

Content thee, Empress, for thou art my wife,
Thou shalt obtain thy boon and die the death,

And for it were unprincipally to deny
So slight request unto so great a lord,
Edward shall bear thee company in death.

[*A retreat.*]

But hark, the heat of battle hath an end ;
One side or other hath the victory,

Enter Alexander.

And see, where Alexander sweating comes!
Speak, man, what news? speak, shall I die or live?

Shall I stab sure, or else prolong their lives
To grievous torments? Speak, am I conqueror?

What, hath thy haste bereft thee of thy speech ?

Hast thou not breath to speak one syllable?
O speak, thy dalliance kills me, won or lost?

Ale. Lost.

Alp. Ah me! my senses fail, my sight is gone! [*Amazed, lets fall the daggers.*]

Ale. Will not your grace despatch the strumpet queen?

Shall she then live, and we be doom'd to death?

Is your heart faint, or is your hand too weak?

Shall servile fear break your so sacred oaths?

Methinks an emperor should hold his word.
Give me the weapons, I will soon despatch them,

My father's yelling ghost cries for revenge ;
His blood within my veins boils for revenge ;
O, give me leave, Cæsar, to take revenge !

Alp. Upon condition that thou wilt protest

To take revenge upon the murderers,
Without respect of dignity or state,
Afflicted, speedy, pitiless revenge,
I will commit this dagger to thy trust,
And give thee leave to execute thy will.

Ale. What need I here reiterate the deeds

Which deadly sorrow made me perpetrate?
How near did I entrap Prince Richard's life ;

How sure set I the knife to Mentz's heart ;
How cunningly was Palsgrave doom'd to death ;

How subtilly was Bohem poisoned ;
How slyly did I satisfy my lust,
Commixing dulcet love with deadly hate,
When Princess Hedewick lost her maiden-head,

Sweetly embracing me for England's heir.

Ed. O execrable deeds !

Em. O savage mind !

Ale. Edward, I give thee leave to hear of this,

But will forbid the blabbing of your tongue.
Now, gracious lord and sacred Emperor,
Your highness knowing these and many more,

Which fearless pregnancy hath wrought in me,

You do me wrong to doubt, that I will dive
Into their hearts, that have not spared their betters,

Be therefore sudden lest we die ourselves,
I know the conqueror hastes to rescue them.

Alp. Thy reasons are effectual, take this dagger ;

Yet pause awhile.

Em. Sweet nephew, now farewell.

Alp. They are most dear to me, whom thou must kill.

Ed. Hark, aunt, he now begins to pity you.

Ale. But they consented to my father's death.

Alp. More than consented, they did execute

Em. I will not make his majesty a liar ;
I kill'd thy father, therefore let me die,
But save the life of this unguilty prince.

Ed. I kill'd thy father, therefore let me die,

But save the life of this unguilty Empress.

Alp. Hark thou to me, and think their words as wind.

I kill'd thy father, therefore let me die,
And save the lives of these two guiltless princes.

Art thou amazed to hear what I have said ?
There, take the weapon, now revenge at full

Thy father's death and those my dire deceits,

That made thee murderer of so many souls.
Ale. O Emperor, how cunningly wouldst thou

Entrap my simple youth to credit fictions !
Thou kill my father ? no, no, Emperor,
Cæsar did love Lorenzo all too dearly :
Seeing thy forces now are vanquished,
Frustrate thy hopes, thy highness like to fall

Into the cruel and revengeful hands
Of merciless, incensed enemies,
Like Caius Cassius weary of thy life,
Now wouldst thou make thy page an instrument

By sudden stroke to rid thee of thy bonds.

Alp. Hast thou forgotten, how that very night

Thy father died I took the master-key,
And with a lighted torch walk'd through the court ?

Ale. I must remember that, for to my death

I never shall forget the slightest deed,
Which on that dismal night or day I did.

Alp. Thou wast no sooner in thy restful bed,

But I disturb'd thy father of his rest,
And to be short, not that I hated him,
But for he knew my deepest secrets,

With cunning poison I did end his life.
Art thou his son ? Express it with a stab,
And make account, if I had prospered,
Thy date was out, thou wast already doom'd ;

Thou knew'st too much of me to live with me.

Ale. What wonders do I hear, great Emperor !

Not that I [now] do steadfastly believe
That thou did'st murder my beloved father,
But in mere pity of thy vanquish'd state
I undertake this execution :

Yet for I fear the sparkling majesty,
Which issues from thy most imperial eyes,
May strike relenting passion to my heart,
And, after wound received from fainting hand,

Thou fall half-dead among thine enemies,
I crave thy highness leave to bind thee first.

Alp. Then bind me quickly, use me as thou please.

Em. O villain ! wilt thou kill thy sovereign ?

Ale. Your highness sees that I am forced unto it.

Alp. Fair Empress, I shame to ask thee pardon,

Whom I have wrong'd so many thousand ways.

Em. Dread lord and husband, leave these desperate thoughts,
Doubt not the princes may be reconciled.

Ale. 'T may be the princes will be reconciled,

But what is that to me ? All potentates on earth

Can never reconcile my grieved soul.

Thou slew'st my father, thou didst make this hand

Mad with revenge to murder innocents ;
Now hear, how in the height of all thy pride

The rightful gods have pour'd their justful wrath

Upon thy tyrant's head, devil as thou art,
And saved by miracles these princes' lives.
For know, thy side hath got the victory,
And Saxon triumphs o'er his dearest friends ;

Richard and Collen both are prisoners,
And everything hath sorted to thy wish ;
Only hath heaven put it in my mind
(For he alone directed then my thoughts,
Although my meaning was most mischievous)

To tell thee thou hadst lost, in certain hope
That suddenly thou would'st have slain them both ;

For if the princes came to talk about it,
I greatly fear'd their lives might be pro-
long'd.

Art thou not mad to think on this deceit?
I'll make thee madder with tormenting
thee.

I tell thee, arch-thief, villain, murderer,
Thy forces have obtain'd the victory,
Victory leads thy foes in captive bands;
This victory hath crown'd thee emperor,
Only myself have vanquish'd victory
And triumph in the victor's overthrow.

Alp. O Alexander! spare thy prince's
life.

Ale. Even now thou didst entreat the
contrary.

Alp. Think what I am that beg my life
of thee.

Ale. Think what he was whom thou
hast doom'd to death.

But lest the princes do surprise us here,
Before I have perform'd my strange re-
venge,

I will be sudden in the execution.

Alp. I will accept any condition.

Ale. Then in the presence of the Em-
press,

The captive prince of England, and my-
self,

Forswear the joys of heaven, the sight of
God,

Thy soul's salvation, and thy saviour
Christ,

Damning thy soul to endless pains of hell:
Do this, or die upon my rapier's point.

Em. Sweet lord and husband, spit him
in his face!

Die like a man, and live not like a devil.

Ale. What! Wilt thou save thy life,
and damn thy soul?

Alp. O, hold thy hand, Alphonsus doth
renounce—

Ed. Aunt, stop your ears, hear not this
blasphemy.

Em. Sweet husband, think that Christ
did die for thee.

Alp. Alphonsus doth renounce the joys
of heaven,

The sight of angels and his Saviour's
blood,

And gives his soul unto the devil's power.

Ale. Thus will I make delivery of the
deed,

Die and be damn'd! Now am I satisfied!
[*Stabs him.*

Ed. O damned miscreant, what hast
thou done!

Ale. When I have leisure I will answer
thee;

Meanwhile I'll take my heels and save my-
self.

If I be ever call'd in question,

I hope your majesties will save my life,

You have so happily preserved yours;

Did I not think it, both of you should die.

[*Exit Alexander.*

Enter Saxon, Brandenburg, Trier;
Richard and Collen as prisoners, and
Soldiers.

Sa. Bring forth these daring champions
to the block!

Comfort yourselves, you shall have com-
pany.

Great Emperor—Where is his majesty?

What bloody spectacle do I behold?

Em. Revenge, revenge, O Saxon,
Brandenburg!

My lord is slain, Cæsar is doom'd to
death.

Ed. Princes, make haste, follow the
murderer!

Sa. Is Cæsar slain?

Ed. Follow the murderer!

Em. Why stand you gazing on another
thus?

Follow the murderer!

Sa. What murderer?

Ed. The villain Alexander's slain his
lord!

Make after him with speed, so shall you
hear

Such villany as you have never heard.

Br. My lord of Trier, we both with our
light horse

Will scour the coasts and quickly bring
him in.

Sa. That can your excellence alone per-
form; [*Exit Brandenburg.*

Stay you, my lord, and guard the prisoners,
While I, alas! unhappiest prince alive,

Over his trunk consume myself in tears.

Hath Alexander done this damned deed?

That cannot be, why should he slay his
lord?

O cruel fate! O miserable me!

Methinks I now present Mark Anthony,

Folding dead Julius Cæsar in mine arms.

No, no, I rather will present Achilles

And on Patroclus' tomb do sacrifice.

Let me be spurn'd and hated as a dog,

But I perform more direful, bloody rites

Than Thetis' son for Menetiades.

Ed. Leave mourning for thy foes, pity
thy friends.

Sa. Friends have I none, and that which
grieves my soul

Is want of foes to work my wreak upon;

But were you traitors four, four hundred thousand,
Then might I satisfy myself with blood.

Enter Brandenburg, Alexander, and Soldiers.

Sa. See, Alexander, where Cæsar lieth slain,
The guilt whereof the traitors cast on thee;
Speak, canst thou tell who slew thy sovereign?

Ale. Why, who but I? How should I curse myself,
If any but myself had done this deed!
This happy hand—bless'd be my hand, therefore!—
Revenged my father's death upon his soul:
And, Saxon, thou hast cause to curse and ban

That he is dead, before thou didst inflict
Torments on him that so hath torn thy heart.

Sa. What mysteries are these?

Br. Princes, can you inform us of the truth?

Ed. The deed's so heinous that my faltering tongue
Abhors the utterance, yet I must tell it.

Ale. Your highness shall not need to take the pains;

What you abhor to tell, I joy to tell.
Therefore be silent and give audience.
You mighty men and rulers of the earth,
Prepare your ears to hear of stratagems
Whose dire effects have gall'd your princely hearts,
Confounded your conceits, muffled your eyes.

First to begin, this villanous fiend of hell
Murder'd my father, sleeping in his chair;
The reason why, because he only knew
All plots and complots of his villany;
His death was made the basis and the ground

Of every mischief that hath troubled you.

Sa. If thou, thy father, and thy progeny
Were hang'd and burnt, and broken on the wheel,

How could their deaths heap mischief on our heads?

Ale. An' if you will not hear the reason—choose!

I tell thee, I have slain an emperor,
And thereby think myself as good a man
As thou, or any man in Christendom;
Thou shalt entreat me, ere I tell thee more.

Sa. Proceed.

Ale. Not I.

Sa. I prithee now proceed.

Ale. Since you entreat me, then, I will proceed.

This murderous devil, having slain my father,

Buzz'd cunningly into my credulous ears,
That by a general council of the states,
And, as it were, by act of parliament,
The seven electors had set down his death,
And made the Empress executioner,
Transferring all the guilt from him to you.
This I believed, and first did set upon
The life of princely Richard, by the boors,
But how my purpose fail'd in that, his grace best knows;

Next, by a double intricate deceit,
Midst all his mirth, was Bohem poisoned,
And good old Mentz, to save Alphonsus' life

(Who at that instant was in perfect health),
'Twixt jest and earnest made a sacrifice;
As for the Palatine, your graces knew
His highness' and the queen's unguiltiness;
But now, my lord of Saxon, hark to me,
Father of Saxon should I rather call you,
'Twas I that made your grace a grand-father.

Prince Edward plough'd the ground, I sow'd the seed;

Poor Hedewick bore the most unhappy fruit,

Created in a most unlucky hour,
To a most violent and untimely death.

Sa. O loathsome villain! O detested deeds!

O guiltless prince! O me most miserable!

Br. But tell us, who reveal'd to thee at last

'This shameful guilt and our unguiltiness?

Ale. Why, that's the wonder, lords, and thus it was:

When like a tyrant he had ta'en his seat,
And that the fury of the fight began,
Upon the highest watch-tower of the fort
It was my office to behold aloft
The war's event, and having seen the end,
I saw how victory, with equal wings,
Hung hovering 'twixt the battles here and there,

Till at last the English lions fled,
And Saxon's side obtain'd the victory;
Which seen, I posted from the turret's top
More furiously than e'er Laocoon ran,
When Trojan hands drew in Troy's overthrow,

But yet as fatally as he or any.
The tyrant, seeing me, stared in my face,
And suddenly demanded what's the news;
I, as the fates would have it, hoping that he

Even in a twinkling would have slain 'em both,
For so he swore before the fight began,
Cried bitterly that he had lost the day,
The sound whereof did kill his dastard heart,

And made the villain desperately confess
The murder of my father, praying me
With dire revenge to rid him of his life.
Short tale to make, I bound him cunningly,

Told him of my deceit, triumphing o'er him,
And lastly with my rapier slew him dead.

Sa. O heavens! justly have you ta'en revenge.

But thou, thou murderous, adulterous slave,

What bull of Phalaris, what strange device
Shall we invent to take away thy life?

Ale. If Edward and the Empress, whom I saved,

Will not requite it now, and save my life,
Then let me die: contentedly I die,
Having at last revenged my father's death.

Sa. Villain, not all the world shall save thy life.

Ed. Hadst thou not been author of my Hedewick's death,

I would have certainly saved thee from death;

But if my sentence now may take effect,
I would adjudge the villain to be hang'd
As here the Jews are hang'd in Germany.

Sa. Young prince, it shall be so; go, drag the slave.

Unto the place of execution:

There let the Judas, on a Jewish gallows,
Hang by the heels, between two English mastiffs;

There feed on dogs, let dogs there feed on thee,

And by all means prolong his misery.

Ale. O, might thyself, and all these English curs,

Instead of mastiff-dogs, hang by my side,
How sweetly would I tug upon your flesh.

Sa. Away with him, suffer him not to speak.

And now, my lords, Collen, Trier, and Brandenburg,

Whose hearts are bruised to think upon these woes,

Though no man hath such reason as myself;

We of the seven electors that remain
After so many bloody massacres,
Kneeling upon our knees, humbly entreat
Your excellence to be our emperor.
The royalties of the coronation
Shall be, at Aix, shortly solemnized.

Co. Brave, princely Richard, now refuse it not,

Though the election be made in tears,
Joy shall attend thy coronation.

Ri. It stands not with mine honour to deny it,

Yet, by mine honour, fain I would refuse it.

Ed. Uncle, the weight of all these miseries

Maketh my heart as heavy as your own,
But an imperial crown would lighten it;
Let this one reason make you take the crown.

Ri. What's that, sweet nephew?
Ed. Sweet uncle, this it is;

Was never Englishman yet emperor,
Therefore to honour England and yourself,

Let private sorrow yield to public fame,
That once an Englishman bare Cæsar's name.

Ri. Nephew, thou hast prevail'd;
princes, stand up,

We humbly do accept your sacred offer.

Co. Then sound the trumpets, and cry,
Vivat Cæsar!

All. *Vivat Cæsar!*

Co. *Richardus, Dei Gratia Romanorum Imperator, semper Augustus, Comes Cornubie.*

Ri. Sweet sister, now let Cæsar comfort you,

And all the rest that yet are comfortless,

Let them expect from English Cæsar's hands

Peace and abundance of all earthly joy!

Revenge for Honour.*

THE PERSONS ACTING.

Almanzor, *Caliph of Arabia.*
Abilqualit, *his eldest son.*
Abrahen *his son, by a second wife, brother to Abilqualit.*
Tarifa, *an old general, conqueror of Spain, tutor to Abilqualit.*
Mura, *a rough lord, a soldier, kinsman by his mother to Abrahen.*
Simanthes, *a court lord, allied to Abrahen.*

Selinthus, *an honest, merry court lord.*
Mesithes, *a court eunuch, attendant on Abilqualit.*
Osman, *a captain to Tarifa.*
Gaselles, *another captain.*
Caropia, *wife to Mura, first beloved of Abrahen, then of Abilqualit.*
Perilinda, *her woman.*
Soldiers, Mutes, Guard, Attendants.

PROLOGUE.

Our author thinks 'tis not i' th' power of
wit,
Invention, art, nor industry, to fit
The several fantasies which in this age,
With a predominant humour, rule the
stage.
Some men cry out for Satyr, others choose
Merely to story to confine each Muse ;
Most like no play, but such as gives large
birth
To that which they judiciously term
mirth.
Nor will the best works with their liking
crown,
Except 't be graced with part of fool or
clown.

Hard and severe the task is then to
write,
So as may please each various appetite.
Our author hopes well though, that in this
play,
He has endeavour'd so, he justly may
Gain liking from you all, unless those
few
Who will dislike, be't ne'er so good, so
new ;
The rather gentlemen, he hopes, 'cause I
Am a main actor in this tragedy :
You've graced me sometimes in another
sphere,
And I do hope you'll not dislike me
here.

ACT THE FIRST.

SCENE I.

Enter Selinthus, Gaselles, and Osman.

Se. No murmurings, noble Captains,
Ga. Murmurings; cousin ?

This peace is worse to men of war and
action

Than fasting in the face o'th' foe, or lodging
On the cold earth. Give me the camp,
say I,
Where in the sutler's palace on pay-day
We may the precious liquor quaff, and
kiss
His buxom wife ; who though she be not
clad
In Persian silks, or costly Tyrian purples,
Has a clean skin, soft thighs, and whole-
some corps,
Fit for the trailer of the puissant pike
To solace in delight with.
Os. Here in your lewd city
The harlots do avoid us sons o'th' sword

* "*Revenge for Honour.* A Tragedie, by
George Chapman. London, printed for Richard
Marriot, in S. Dunstan's Church-yard, Fleet-
street 1654."

Worse than a severe officer. Besides,
Here men o' th' shop can gorge their musty
maws

With the delicious capon, and fat limbs
Of mutton large enough to be held shoul-
ders

O' th' ram 'mong the twelve signs, while
for pure want

Your soldier oft dines at the charge o' th'
dead,

'Mong tombs in the great mosque.

Se. 'Tis believed, coz,
And by the wisest few too, that i' th' camp
You do not feed on pleasant poult; a
salad,

And without oil or vinegar, appeases
Sometimes your guts, although they keep
more noise

Than a large poolful of ingendering frogs.
Then for accoutrements you wear the
buff,

As you believed it heresy to change
For linen: surely most of yours is spent
In lint, to make long tents for your green
wounds

After an onslaught.

Ga. Coz, these are sad truths,
Incident to frail mortals!

Se. You yet cry
Out with more eagerness still for new
wars

Than women for new fashions.

Os. 'Tis confess'd
Peace is more opposite to my nature than
The running ache in the rich usurer's feet,
When he roars out as if he were in hell
Before his time. Why, I love mischief,

coz,
When one may do't securely; to cut
throats

With a licentious pleasure; when good
men

And true o' th' jury, with their frosty
beards

Shall not have power to give the noble
weasand,

Which has the steel defied, to th' hanging
mercy

Of the ungracious cord.

Se. Gentlemen both,
And cousins mine, I do believe't much
pity

To strive to reconvert you from the faith
You have been bred in: though your large
discourse

And praise, wherein you magnify your
mistress

War, shall scarce drive me from my quiet
sheets,

To sleep upon a turf. But pray say,
cousins,

How do you like your general, prince,
Is he a right Mars?

Ga. As if his nurse had lapt him
In swaddling clouts of steel; a very Hector
And Alcibiades.

Se. It seems he does not relish
These boasted sweets of war: for all his
triumphs,

He is reported melancholy.

Os. Want of exercise
Renders all men of actions dull as dormice;
Your soldier only can dance to the drum,
And sing a hymn of joy to the sweet
trumpet:

There's no music like it.

Enter Abrahen, Mura, and Simanthes.

Abr. I'll know the cause,
He shall deny me hardly else.

Mu. His melancholy
Known whence it rises once, 't may much
conduce
To help our purpose.

Ga. Pray, coz, what lords are these?
They seem as full of plot as generals are
in siege, they're very serious.

Se. That young stripling
Is our great Emperor's son, by his last wife:
That in the rich imbroidery's the Court
Hermes;

One that has hatch'd more projects than
the ovens

In Egypt chickens; the other, though they
call

Friends, his mere opposite planet Mars,
One that does put on a reserved gravity,
Which some call wisdom, the rough sol-
dier Mura,

Governor i' th' Moroccos.

Os. Him we've heard of
Before; but, cousin, shall that man of trust,
Thy tailor, furnish us with new accoutre-
ments?

Hast thou ta'en order for them?

Se. Yes, yes, you shall
Flourish in fresh habiliments; but you must
Promise me not to engage your corporal
oaths,

You will see't satisfied at the next press,
Out of the profits that arise from ransom
Of those rich yeoman's heirs that dare not
look

The fierce foe in the face.

Ga. Doubt not our truths,
Though we be given much to contradic-
tions,

We will not pawn oaths of that nature.

Se. Well then, this note does fetch the garments: meet me, cousins, anon, at supper.

[*Exeunt* Gasselles, Osman.

Os. Honourable coz, we will come, give our thanks.

Enter Abilqualit.

Abt. My gracious brother, Make us not such a stranger to your thoughts, To consume all your hours in close retirements;

Perhaps since you from Spain return'd a victor,

With the worlds conqueror, Alexander, you grieve

Nature ordain'd no other earths to vanquish;

If't be so, princely brother, we'll bear part In your heroic melancholy.

Abi. Gentle youth, Press me no farther, I still hold my temper Free and unshaken, only some fond thoughts

Of trivial moment call my faculties To private meditations.

Si. Howsoe'er your highness Does please to term them, 'tis mere melancholy,

Which next to sin is the greatest malady That can oppress man's soul.

Se. They say right: And that your grace may see what a mere madness, A very midsummer frenzy, 'tis to be Melancholy, for any man that wants no money, I, with your pardon, will discuss unto you

All sorts, all sizes, persons, and conditions, That are infected with it; and the reasons Why it in each arises.

Abt. Learn'd Selinthus, Let's taste of thy philosophy.

Mu. Pish, 'tis unwelcome To any one of judgment, this fond prate: I marvel that our Emperor does permit Fools to abound i'th' Court!

Se. What makes your grave lordship In it, I do beseech you? But, sir, mark me,

The kernel of the text enucleated, I shall confute, refute, repel, refel, Explode, exterminate, expunge, extinguish Like a rush-candle, this same heresy, That is shot-up like a pernicious mushroom,

To poison true humanity.

Abt. You shall stay and hear a lecture read on your disease; you shall, as I love virtue.

Se. First, the cause then From whence this *flatus hypochondriacus*, This glimmering of the gizzard (for in wild-fowl

'Tis term'd so by Hippocrates) arises, Is, as Averroes and Avicen, With Abenbucar, Baruch, and Abofli, And all the Arabic writers have affirm'd, A mere defect, that is, as we interpret, A want of—

Abi. Of what, Selinthus? *Se.* Of wit, and please your highness; That is the cause in general, for particular And special causes, they are all derived From several wants; yet they must be consider'd,

Ponder'd, perpended, or premeditated.

Si. My lord, y'ad best be brief, Your patient will be weary else.

Se. I cannot play the fool rightly, I mean the physician, Without I have licence to expatiate On the disease. But, my good lord, more briefly,

I shall declare to you like a man of wisdom And no physician, who deal all in simples, Why men are melancholy. First, for your courtier.

Si. It concerns us all to be attentive, sir. *Se.* Your sage and serious courtier, who does walk

With a state face, as he had dress'd himself I'th' Emperor's glass, and had his beard turn'd up

By the' irons royal, he will be as pensive As stallion after coitum,* when he wants Suits, begging suits, I mean. Methinks, my lord,

You are grown something solemn on the sudden;

Since your monopolies and patents, which Made your purse swell like a wet sponge, have been

Reduced to th' last gasp. Troth, it is far better

To confess here than in a worse place. Is it not so indeed?

Abi. Whate'er he does By mine, I'm sure h'as hit the cause from whence

Your grief springs, Lord Simanthes.

Se. No Egyptian soothsayer Has truer inspirations than your small courtier's

* *Omne animal post coitum triste est.*

From causes and wants manifold ; as when
The Emperor's countenance with propitious
noise

Does not cry chink in pocket, no repute is
With mercer, nor with tailor ; nay, some-
times, too,

The humour's pregnant in him, when re-
pulse

Is given him by a beauty ; I can speak
this,

Though from no Memphian priest or sage
Chaldean,

From the best mistress, gentleman, Expe-
rience.

Last night I had a mind t'a comely seam-
stress,

Who did refuse me, and behold, ere since
How like an ass I look.

Enter Tarifa.

Ta. What, at your counsels, lords? the
great Almanzor

Requires your presence, Mura ; has de-
creed

The war for Persia. You, my gracious
lord,

Prince Abilqualit, are appointed chief :

And you, brave spirited Abrahen, an
assistant

To your victorious brother. You, Lord
Mura,

Destined Lieutenant-General.

Abi. And must I march against the foe,
without

Thy company? I relish not th' employ-
ment.

Ta. Alas ! my lord,

Tarifa's head's grown white beneath his
helmet ;

And your good father thought it charity
To spare mine age from travel : though
this ease

Will be more irksome to me than the toil
Of war in a sharp winter.

Abr. It arrives

Just to our wish. My gracious brother, I
Anon shall wait on you : meantime, valiant
Mura,

Let us attend my father.

[*Exeunt* Abrahen, Mura, Simanthes.

Abi. Good Selinthus,

Vouchsafe awhile your absence, I shall
have

Employment shortly for your trust.

Se. Your grace shall have as much
power to command

Selinthus as his best fancied mistress.

I am your creature.

Ta. Now, my lord, I hope [Exit.

Ta. Now, my lord, I hope

Y'are clothed with all those resolutions
That usher glorious minds to brave achieve-
ments.

The happy genius on your youth attendant
Declares it built for victories and triumphs ;
And the proud Persian monarchy, the sole
Emulous opposer of the Arabic greatness,
Courts, like a fair bride, your imperial
arms,

Waiting t'invest you sovereign of her
beauties.

Why are you dull, my lord? Your cheer-
full looks

Should with a prosperous augury presage
A certain victory : when you droop already,
As if the foe had ravish'd from your crest
The noble palm. For shame, sir, be more
sprightly ;

Your sad appearance, should they thus
behold you,

Would half unsoul your army.

Abi. 'Tis no matter,

Such looks best suit my fortune. Know,
Tarifa,

I'm undisposed to manage this great
voyage,

And must not undertake it.

Ta. Must not, sir !

Is't possible a love-sick youth, whose
hopes

Are fix'd on marriage, on his bridal night
Should in soft slumbers languish? that
your arms

Should rust in ease, now when you hear
the charge,

And see before you the triumphant
prize

Destined t'adorn your valour? You should
rather

Be furnish'd with a power above these
passions ;

And being invoked by the mighty charm of
honour,

Fly to achieve this war, not undertake it.
I'd rather you had said Tarifa lied,

Than utter'd such a sound, harsh and un-
welcome.

Abi. I know thou lovest me truly, and
durst I,

To any born of woman, speak my inten-
tions,

The fatal cause which does withdraw my
courage

From this employment, which like health I
covet,

Thou shouldst enjoy it fully. But, Tarifa,
The sad discovery of it is not fit

For me to utter, much less for thy virtue
To be acquainted with.

Ta. Why, my lord?

My loyalty can merit no suspicion
From you of falsehood : whatsoe'er the
cause be

Or good or wicked, 't meets a trusty silence,
And my best care and honest counsel shall
Endeavour to reclaim, or to assist you
If it be good, if ill, from your bad purpose.*

Abi. Why, that I know, Tarifa. 'Tis the
love

Thou bear'st to honour renders thee unapt
To be partaker of those resolutions
That by compulsion keep me from this
voyage :

For they with such inevitable sweetness
Invade my sense, that though in their per-
formance

My fame and virtue even to death do lan-
guish,

I must attempt, and bring them unto act,
Or perish i' th' pursuance.

Ta. Heaven avert

A mischief so prodigious ! Though I would
not

With over-saucy boldness press your
counsels ;

Yet pardon, sir, my loyalty, which,
timorous

Of your loved welfare, must entreat,
beseech you

With ardent love and reverence, to
disclose

The hidden cause that can estrange your
courage

From its own Mars, withhold you from
this action

So much allied to honour. Pray reveal it :
By all your hopes of what you hold most
precious,

I do implore it ; for my faith in breeding
Your youth in war's great rudiments, re-
lieve

Tarifa's fears, that wander into strange
Unwelcome doubts, lest some ambitious
frenzy

'Gainst your imperial father's dignity
Has late seduced your goodness.

Abi. No, Tarifa,

I ne'er durst aim at that unholy height
In viperous wickedness ; a sin less harm-
less

(If't can be truly term'd one) 'tis my
soul

Labours even to despair with : 't fain
would out,

Did not my blushes interdict my language :
'Tis unchaste love, Tarifa ; nay, take't all,
And when thou hast it, pity my mis-
fortunes,

To fair Caropia, the chaste, virtuous wife
To surly Mura.

Ta. What a fool Desire is !

With giant strengths it makes us court the
knowledge

Of hidden mysteries, which once reveal'd,
Far more inconstant than the air, it
fleets

Into new wishes, that the coveted secret
Had slept still in oblivion.

Abi. I was certain

'Twould fright thy innocence, and look
to be

Besieged with strong dissuasions from my
purpose :

But be assured that I have tired my
thoughts

With all the rules that teach men moral
goodness,

So to reclaim them from this love-sick
looseness ;

But they (like wholesome medicines mis-
applied)

Faced their best operation, fond and fruit-
less.

Though I as well may hope to kiss the
sunbeams

'Cause they shine on me, as from her to
gain

One glance of comfort ; yet my mind, that
pities

Itself with constant tenderness, must
needs

Revolve the cause of its calamity,
And melt i' th' pleasure of so sweet a sad-
ness.

Ta. Then y'are undone for ever, sir,
undone

Beyond the help of counsel or repen-
tance.

'Tis most ignoble, that a mind unshaken
By fear, should by a vain desire be

broken ;

Or that those powers no labour e'er could
vanquish,

Should be o'ercome and thrall'd by sordid
pleasure.

Pray, sir, consider, that in glorious war,
Which makes ambition (by base men
term'd sin)

A big and gallant virtue, y'ave been
nursed,

Lull'd, as it were, into your infant sleeps

* These two lines seem to be in some con-
fusion. Possibly Chapman wrote them thus :—

" Endeavour if it be good, to assist you,
Or to reclaim, if ill, from your bad pur-
pose."—ED.

By th' surly noise o' th' trumpet, which
now summons
You to victorious use of your endow-
ments :

And shall a mistress stay you? such a one
too,

As to attempt, than war itself's more
dangerous !

Abi. All these persuasions are to as
much purpose,

As you should strive to reinvest with
peace,

And all the joys of health and life, a
soul

Condemn'd to perpetuity of torments.

No, my Tarifa, though through all dis-
graces,

Loss of my honour, fame, nay, hope for
empire,

I should be forced to wade to obtain her
love ;

Those seas of mischief would be pleasing
streams,

Which I would haste to bathe in, and pass
through them

With that delight thou would'st to
victory,

Or slaves long-chain'd to th' oar, to sud-
den freedom.

Ta. Were you not Abilqualit, from this
time then

Our friendships (like two rivers from one
head

Rising) should wander a dissever'd course,
And never meet again, unless to quarrel.

Nay, old and stiff now as my iron garments,
Were you my son, my sword should teach

your wildness
A swift way to repentance. Y'are my
prince,

On whom all hopes depend ; think on your
father,

That lively image of majestic goodness,
Who never yet wrong'd matron in his lust,

Or man in his displeasure. Pray conjecture
Your father, country, army, by my mouth

Beseech your piety to an early pity
Of your yet unslain innocence. No atten-
tion !

Farewell : my prayers shall wait you, though
my counsels

Be thus despised. Farewell, prince !

[*Exit.*

Abi. 'Las ! good man, he weeps.

Such tears I've seen fall from his manly
eyes

Once when he lost a battle. Why should I
Put off my reason, valour, honour, virtue,

In hopes to gain a beauty, whose possession

Renders me more uncapable of peace,
Than I am now I want it? Like a sweet,
Much coveted banquet, 'tis no sooner
tasted

But its delicious luxury's forgotten ;
Besides, it is unlawful. Idle fool,

There is no law but what's prescribed by
love,

Nature's first moving organ ; nor can aught
That Nature dictates to us be held vicious.

On then, my soul, and destitute of fears,
Like an adventurous mariner, that knows

Storms must attend him, yet dares court
his peril,

Strive to obtain this happy port. Mesithes,
Love's cunning advocate, does for me

besiege,
With gifts and vows, her chastity. She is
Compass'd with flesh that's not invulner-
able,

And may by love's sharp darts be pierced.
They stand

Firm whom no art can bring to love's
command.

Enter Abrahen.

Abi. My gracious brother !

Abi. Dearest Abrahen, welcome.

'Tis certainly decreed by our dread father,
We must both march against th' insulting

foe.
How does thy youth, yet uninured to travel,
Relish the employment ?

Abi. War is sweet to those
That never have experienced it. My youth

Cannot desire in that big art a nobler
Tutor than you, my brother : like an eaglet

Following her dam, I shall your honour'd
steps

Trace through all dangers, and be proud
to borrow

A branch, when your head's covered o'er
with laurel,

To deck my humbler temples.

Abi. I do know thee

Of valiant, active soul ; and though a youth,
Thy forward spirit merits the command

Of chief, rather than second in an army.
Would heaven our royal father had bestow'd

On thee the charge of general.

Abi. On me, sir !

Alas, 'tis fit I first should know those arts
That do distinguish valour from wild rash-
ness.

A general, brother, must have abler nerves
Of judgment than in my youth can be

hoped for.
Yourself already like a flourishing spring

Teeming with early victories, the soldier

Expects should lead them to new triumphs,
as

If you had vanquish'd fortune.

Abi. I am not so

Ambitious, Abrahen, of particular glories,
But I would have those whom I love partake them.

This Persian war, the last of the whole East,

Left to be managed, if I can persuade
The great Almanzor, shall be the trophy
Of thy yet maiden valour. I have done

Enough already to inform succession,
That Abilqualit durst on fiercest foes
Run to fetch conquest home, and would
have thy name

As great as mine in arms, that history
Might register our family abounded
With heroes born for victory.

Abi. 'Tis an honour,

Which, though it be above my powers,
committed

To my direction, I would seek to manage
With care above my years, and courage
equal

To his that dares the horrid'st face of
danger :

But 'tis your noble courtesy would thrust
This masculine honour (far above his
merits)

On your regardless brother; for my
father,

He has no thought tending to your intentions;

Nor though your goodness should desire,
would hardly

Be won to yield consent to them.

Abi. Why, my Abrahen,

W'are both his sons, and should be both
alike

Dear to's affections; and though birth
hath given me

The larger hopes and titles, 'twere unnatural,

Should he not strive t' endow thee with a
portion

Apted to the magnificence of his offspring.

But thou perhaps art timorous lest thy
first

Essays of valour should meet fate disastrous.

The bold are Fortune's darlings. If thou
hast

Courage to venture on this great employment,

Doubt not I shall prevail upon our father
I' ordain thee chief in this brave hopeful
voyage.

Abi. You imagine me
Beyond all thought of gratitude, and
doubt not

That I'll deceive your trust. The glorious
ensigns

Waving i' th' air once, like so many
comets,

Shall speak the Persians' funerals, on
whose ruins

We'll build to Fame and Victory new
temples,

Which shall like pyramids preserve our
memories

When we are changed to ashes.

Abi. Be sure continue

In this brave mind. I'll instantly solicit
Our father to confirm thee in the charge
Of General. I'll about it. [*Exit.*]

Abi. Farewell, gracious brother.

This haps above my hopes. 'Las, good
dull fool,

I see through thy intents, clear as thy
soul

Were as transparent as thin air or crystal.
He would have me removed, march with
the army,

That he meantime might make a sure
defeat

On our aged father's life and empire :
'tmust

Be certain as the light. Why should not
his

With equal heat, be like my thoughts,
ambitious?

Be they as harmless as the prayers of
virgins,

I'll work his ruin out of his intentions.

He like a thick cloud stands 'twixt me and
greatness ;

Greatness, the wise man's true felicity,
Honour's direct inheritance. My youth

Will quit suspicion of my subtle practice :

Then have I surly Mura and Simanthes,
My allies by my dead mother's blood, my
assistants,

His Eunuch too, Mesithes, at my service.
Simanthes shall inform the King the
people

Desire Prince Abilqualit's stay : and Mura,
Whose blunt demeanour renders him
oraculous,

Make a shrewd inference out of it. He is
my half brother,

Th' other's my father ; names, mere airy
titles !

Sovereignty's only sacred, greatness, good-
ness,

True self-affection, justice, everything
Righteous that's helpful to create a King.

Enter Mura, Simanthes.

Abr. My trusty friends, y'are welcome ;
Our fate's above our wishes. Abilqualit,
By whatsoe'er pow'r moved to his own
ruin,
Would fain enforce his charge of General
on me,
And stay at home.

Si. Why, how can this conduce
T' advance our purpose ?

Abr. 'Tis the mainest engine
Could ever move to ruin him. Simanthes,
You shall inform our father, 'tis the people
Out of their tender love desires his stay.
You, Mura, shall infer my brother's great-
ness

With [the] people out of it, how nice it is
and dangerous.

The air is open here ; come, we'll discourse
With more secure privacy our purpose.
Nothing's unjust, unsacred, tends to ad-
vance

Us to a kingdom ; that's the height of
chance.

ACT THE SECOND.

SCENE I.

Enter Almanzor, Mura, and Simanthes.

Al. How? not go, Simanthes ?

Si. My dread sovereign,
I speak but what the well-affected people
Out of their loyal care and pious duty
Injoin'd me utter ; they do look upon him
As on your eldest son and next successor,
And would be loth the Persian war should
rob

Their eyes of light, their souls of joy and
comfort,
This flourishing empire leave as it were
widow'd

Of its loved spouse : they humbly do
beseech
Your majesty would therefore destine some
More fitting general, whose loss (as heaven
Avert such a misfortune !) should it happen,
Might less concern the state.

Al. 'Tis not the least
Among the blessings heaven has shower'd
upon us,
That we are happy in such loving subjects,
To govern whom, when we in peace are
ashes,

We leave them a successor whom they truly
reverence.

A loving people and a loving sovereign

Makes kingdoms truly fortunate and
flourishing.

But I believe, Simanthes, their intents,
Though we confirm them, will scarce take
effect :

My Abilqualit (like a princely lion,
In view of's prey) will scarcely be o'ercome
To leave the honour of the Persian war,
In's hopes already vanquish'd by his valour,
And rest in lazy quiet, while that triumph
Is ravish'd by another.

Si. With the pardon
Of your most sacred majesty, 'tis fit then
Your great commands forbid the prince's
voyage :

Boldness inforces youth to hard achieve-
ments

Before their time, makes them run forth
like lapwings

From their warm nest, part of the shell yet
sticking

Unto their downy heads. Sir, good success
Is oft more fatal far than bad ; one winning
Cast from a flattering die tempting a
gamester

To hazard his whole fortunes.

Mu. This is dull,
Fruitless philosophy, he that falls nobly
Wins as much honour by his loss as con-
quest.

Si. This rule may hold well among com-
mon men,

But not 'mong princes. Such a prince as
ours is,

Who knows as well to conquer men's
affections

As he does enemies, should not be exposed
To every new cause, honourable danger.

Prince Abilqualit's fair and winning
carriage

Has stolen possession of the people's hearts.
They dote on him since his late Spanish
conquest,

As new-made brides on their much-coveted
husbands ;

And they would pine like melancholy
turtles,

Should they so soon lose the unvalued object
Both of their love and reverence : how-
soe'er,

Whate'er your awful will, sir, shall deter-
mine,

As heaven is, by their strict obedience,
Held sacred and religious.

Al. Good Simanthes,
Let them receive our thanks for their true
care

Of our dear Abilqualit. We'll consider
Of their request, say.

Si. Your highness' humblest creature.

Mu. I do not like this.

Al. Like what? valiant Mura,

We know thy counsels so supremely wise,
And thy true heart so excellently faithful,
That whatsoe'er displeases thy sage judgment,
Almazor's wisdom must account distasteful.

What is't dislikes thee?

Mu. Your majesty knows me
A downright soldier, I affect not words;
But to be brief, I relish not your son
Should (as if you were in your tomb
already)

Ingress so much the giddy people's favours.
'Tis neither fit for him, nor safe for you
To suffer it.

Al. Why, how can they, Mura,
Give a more serious testimony of reverence
To me, than by conferring their affections,
Their pious wishes, zealous contemplations,

On him that sits the nearest to my heart,
My Abilqualit, in whose hopeful virtues
My age more glories than in all my conquests?

Mu. May you prove fortunate in your pious care

Of the Prince Abilqualit. But, my lord,
Mura is not so prone to idle language
(The parasite's best ornament) to utter
Aught but what, if you please to give him audience,
He'll show you a blunt reason for.

Al. Come, I see

Into thy thoughts, good Mura; too much care

Of us informs thy loyal soul with fears
The prince's too much popularity
May breed our danger: banish those suspicions;

Neither dare they who under my long reign

Have been triumphant in so many blessings,

Have the least thought may tend to disobedience;

Or if they had, my Abilqualit's goodness
Would ne'er consent with them to become impious.

Mu. 'Tis too secure a confidence betrays

Minds valiant to irreparable dangers.
Not that I dare invade with a foul thought
The noble prince's loyalty; but, my lord,
When this same many-headed beast, the people,

[*Exit.*

Violent, and so not constant in affections,
Subject to love of novelty, the sickness
Proper t'all human, specially light natures,
Do magnify with too immoderate praises
The prince's actions, doat upon his presence,

Nay, chain their souls to th' shadow of his footsteps,

As all excesses ought to be held dangerous,
Especially when they do aim at sceptres,
Their too much dotage speaks, you in their wishes

Are dead already, that their darling hope
The prince might have the throne once.

Al. 'Tis confess'd,
All this as serious truth.

Mu. Their mad applauses
O'th' noble prince, though he be truly virtuous,

May force ambition into him, a mischief
Seizing the soul with too much craft and sweetness,

As pride or lust does minds unstead and wanton:

'T makes men like poison'd rats, which
when they've swallow'd

The pleasing bane, rest not until they drink,

And can rest then much less, until they burst with't.

Al. Thy words are still oraculous.

Mu. Pray then think

With what an easy toil the haughty prince,
A demigod by th' popular acclamations,
Nay, the world's sovereign in the vulgar wishes,

Had he a resolution to be wicked,
Might snatch this diadem from your aged temples?

What law so holy, tie of blood so mighty,
Which for a crown, minds sanctified and religious

Have not presumed to violate? How much more then

May the soul-dazzling glories of a sceptre
Work in his youth, whose constitution's fiery

As overheated air, and has to fan it
Into a flame, the breath of love and praises
Blown by strong thought of his own worth and actions.

Al. No more of this, good Mura.

Mu. They dare already limit your intentions;

Demand, as 'twere, with cunning zeal
(which, rightly

Interpreted, is insolence), the prince's
Abode at home. I will not say it is,
But I guess it may be their subtle purpose,

While we abroad fight for new kingdoms'
 purchase,
 Deprived by that means of our faithful
 succours,
 They may deprive you of this crown, en-
 force
 Upon the prince this diadem, which, how-
 ever,
 He may be loth t'accept; being once
 possess'd of't,
 And tasted the delights of supreme great-
 ness,
 He'll be more loth to part with. To
 prevent this,
 Not that I think it will, but that may
 happen,
 'Tis fit the prince march. I've observed
 in him, too,
 Of late, a sullen melancholy, whence
 rising
 I'll not conjecture; only I should grieve,
 sir,
 Beyond a moderate sorrow, traitorous
 practice
 Should take that from you, which, with
 loyal blood,
 Ours and your own victorious arms have
 purchased.
 And now I have discharged my honest
 conscience
 Censure on't as you please; henceforth I'm
 silent.
Al. Would thou hadst been so now, thy
 loyal fears
 Have made me see how miserable a king is,
 Whose rule depends on the vain people's
 suffrage.
 Black now and horrid as the face of storms
 Appears all Abilqualit's lovely virtues,
 Because to me they only make him
 dangerous,
 And with great terror shall behold those
 actions
 Which with delight before we view'd, and
 dotage;
 Like mariners that bless the peaceful seas,
 Which when suspected to grow-up tem-
 pestuous,
 They tremble at. Though he may still be
 virtuous,
 'Tis wisdom in us, to him no injustice,
 To keep a vigilant eye o'er his proceedings
 And the wild people's purposes.

Enter Abilqualit.

Al. Abilqualit!
 Come to take your leave, I do conjecture.

Abi. Rather, sir, to beg
 Your gracious licence, I may still at home

Attend your dread commands, and that
 you'd please
 To nominate my hopeful brother Abrahen
 (In lieu of me) chief of your now raised
 forces
 For th' Persian expedition.

Al. Dare you, sir, presume to make this
 suit to us?

Abi. Why, my royal lord,
 I hope this cannot pull your anger on
 Your most obedient son; a true affection
 To the young prince, my brother, did
 beget

This my request; I willingly would have
 His youth adorn'd with glory of this con-
 quest.

No tree bears fruit in autumn, 'less it
 blossom

First in the spring; 'tis fit he were ac-
 quainted

In these soft years with military action,
 That when grown perfect man, he may
 grow up too

Perfect in warlike discipline.

Al. Hereafter

We shall by your appointment guide our
 counsels.

Why do you not intreat me to resign
 My crown, that you, the people's much-
 loved minion,

May with't impale your glorious brow? sir,
 henceforth,

Or know your duty better, or your pride
 Shall meet our just-waked anger. To your
 charge,

And march with speed, or you shall know
 what 'tis

To disobey our pleasure. When y'are
 king,

Learn to command your subjects; I will
 mine, sir.

You know your charge, perform it.

[*Exit Almanzor and Mura.*]

Abi. I have done.

Our hopes, I see, resemble much the
 sun,

That rising and declining cast large
 shadows;

But when his beams are dress'd in's mid-
 day brightness,

Yields none at all: when they are farthest
 from

Success, their guilt reflection does display
 The largest shows of events fair and pro-
 perous.

With what a settled confidence did I pro-
 mise

Myself my stay here, Mura's wish'd de-
 parture!

When 'stead of these, I find my father's
wrath

Destroying mine intentions. Such a fool
Is self-compassion, soothing us to faith
Of what we wish should hap, while vain
desire

Of things we have not, makes us quite
forget

Those w'are possess'd of.

Enter Abrahen.

Ab. Alone the engine works
Beyond or hope or credit. How I hug
With vast delight, beyond that of stolen
pleasures,
Forbidden lovers taste, my darling mistress,
My active brain : if I can be thus subtle
While a young serpent, when grown up a
dragon

How glorious shall I be in cunning practice !
My gracious brother !

Abi. Gentle Abrahen, I
Am grieved my power cannot comply my
promise ;

My father's so averse from granting my
Request concerning thee, that with angry
frowns

He did express rather a passionate rage
Than a refusal civil, or accusom'd
To his indulgent disposition.

Ab. He's our father,
And so the tyrant custom doth enforce us
To yield him that which fools call natural ;
When wise men know 'tis more than servile
duty,

A slavish, blind obedience to his pleasure,
Be it nor just, nor honourable.

Abi. O my Abrahen,
These sounds are unharmonious, as un-
look'd-for

From thy unblemish'd innocence ; though
he could

Put off paternal piety, 't gives no privilege
For us to wander from our filial duty ;
Though harsh, and to our natures much
unwelcome

Be his decrees, like those of heaven, we
must not

Presume to question them.

Ab. Not if they concern
Our lives and fortunes ? 'tis not for myself
I urge these doubts ; but 'tis for you, who are
My brother, and I hope, must be my
sovereign,

My fears grow on me almost to distraction ;
Our father's age betrays him to a dotage
Which may be dangerous to your future
safety ;

He does suspect your loyalty.

Abi. How, Abrahen ?

Ab. I knew 'twould start your inno-
cence ; but 'tis truth,
A sad and serious truth ; nay, his suspicion
Almost arrived unto a settled faith
That y'are ambitious.

Abi. 'Tis impossible.

Ab. The glorious shine of your illus-
trious virtues
Are grown too bright and dazzling for his
eyes

To look on as he ought, with admiration ;
And he with fear beholds them, as it were,
Through a perspective, where each brave
action

Of yours survey'd though at remotest
distance,

Appears far greater than it is. In brief,
That love which you have purchased from
the people,

That sing glad hymns to your victorious
fortunes,

Betrays you to his hate ; and in this
voyage,

Which he enforces you to undertake,
He has set spies upon you.

Abi. 'Tis so ; afflictions
Do fall like hailstones, one no sooner drops,
But a whole shower does follow. I ob-
served

Indeed, my Abrahen, that his looks and
language

Was dressed in unaccusom'd clouds, but
did not

Imagine they'd presaged so fierce a tempest.
Ye gods ! why do you give us gifts and
graces,

Share your own attributes with men, your
virtues,

When they betray them to worse hate than
vices ?

But, Abrahen, prithe reconfirm my fears
By testimonial how this can be truth ;

For yet my innocence with too credulous
trust,

Soothes up my soul, our father should not
thus

Put that off which does make him so, his
sweetness,

To feed the irregular flames of false
suspicions

And soul-tormenting jealousies.

Ab. Why, to me,
To me, my lord, he did with strong
injunctions

Give a solicitous charge to o'erlook your
actions.

" My Abrahen," quoth he, " I'm not so
unhappy,

That like thy brother thou shouldst be
ambitious,
Who does affect, 'fore thy aged father's
ashes,
With greedy lust my empire. Have a
strict
And cautious diligence to observe his cari-
age,
"Twill be a pious care." Moved with the
base
Indignity that he on me should force
The office of a spy, your spy my noble
And much-loved brother, my best man-
hood scarce
Could keep my angry tears in ; I resolved
I was in duty bound to give you early
Intelligence of his unjust intentions,
That you in wisdom might prevent all
dangers
Might fall upon you from them, like swift
lightning,
Killing 'cause they invade with sudden
fierceness.
Abi. In afflicting me misery is grown
witty.
Abr. Nay, besides, sir,
The sullen Mura has the self-same charge
too
Consign'd and settled on him ; which his
blind
Duty will execute. O brother, your
Soft passive nature, does like jet on fire
When oils cast on't, extinguish : other-
wise
This base suspicion would inflame your
sufferance,
Nay, make the purest loyalty rebellious.
However, though your too religious piety
Force you endure this foul disgrace with
patience,
Look to your safety, brother, that dear
safety
Which is not only yours, but your whole
empire's.
For my part, if a faithful brother's service
May aught avail you, though against our
father,
Since he can be so unnaturally suspicious,
As your own thoughts, command it.

Enter Selinthus and Mesithes.

Se. Come, I know,
Although th' hast lost some implements of
manhood,
May make thee gracious in the sight of
woman,
Yet th' hast a little engine, call'd a tongue,
By which thou canst o'ercome the nicest
female,

In the behalf of friend. In sooth, you
eunuchs
May well be styled pimps-royal, for the
skill
You have in quaint procurement.
Me. Your lordship's merry, and would
inforce on me what has been your office far
oftener than the cunning'st squire belong-
ing to the smock transitory. May't please
your highness—

Abi. Ha ! Mesithes.

Abr. His countenance varies strangely,
some affair

The eunuch gives him notice of, 't should
seem,
Begets much pleasure in him.

Abi. Is this truth ?

Me. Else let me taste your anger.

Abi. My dear Abrahen,
We'll march to-night, prithee give speedy
notice

To our lieutenant Mura, to collect
The forces from their several quarters, and
Draw them into battalia on the plain
Behind the city ; lay a strict command
He stir not from the ensigns, till ourself
Arrive in person there. Be speedy, brother,
A little hasty business craves our presence.
We will anon be with you, my Mesithes.

[*Exeunt Abilqualit and Mesithes.*

Se. Can your grace imagine

Whither his highness goes now ?

Abr. No, Selinthus ;

Canst thou conjecture at the eunuch's
business ?

Whate'er it was, his countenance seem'd
much alter'd :

I'd give a talent to have certain knowledge
What was Mesithes' message.

Se. I'll inform you

At a far easier rate. Mesithes' business
Certes concern'd a limber petticoat,
And the smock soft and slippery ; on my
honour,

He has been providing for the prince some
female,

That he may take his leave of ladies' flesh
Ere his departure.

Abr. Not improbable,

It may be so.

Se. Nay, certain, sir, it is so :

And I believe your little body yearns
After the same sport. You were once
reported

A wag would have had business of ingender-
ing

With surlly Mura's lady ; and men may
Conjecture y'are no chaster than a vo-
tary :

Yet, though she would not solace your desires,

There are as handsome ladies will be proud
To have your grace inoculate their stocks
With your graft-royal.

Abr. Thou art Selinthus still,
And wilt not change thy humour. I must go
And find out Mura; so farewell, Selinthus;
Thou art not for these wars, I know. [*Exit.*]

Se. No, truly,
Nor yet for any other, 'less 't be on
A naked yielding enemy; though there may
Be as hot service upon such a foe
As on those clad in steel: the little squadron
We civil men assault body to body,
Oft carry wild-fire about them privately,

That sings us i' th' service from the crown
Even to the sole, nay, sometimes hair and
all off.

But these are transitory perils.

Enter Gasselles, Osman.

Cousins,
I thought you had been dancing to the
drum;

Your general has given order for a march
This night, I can assure you.

Ga. It is, cousin,
Something of the soonest; but we are
prepared

At all times for the journey.

Se. To-morrow morning may serve the turn
though. Hark you, cousins mine; if in this
Persian war you chance to take a handsome
she-captive, pray you be not unmindful of
us your friends at home; I will disburse
her ransom, cousins, for I've a month's
mind to try if strange flesh, or that of our
own country, has the completer relish.

Os. We will accomplish thy pleasure,
noble cousin.

Se. But pray do not
Take the first say of her yourselves. I do
not

Love to walk after any of my kindred
Ith' path of copulation.

Ga. The first fruits
Shall be thy own, dear coz. But shall we
part

(Never perhaps to meet again) with dry
Lips, my right honour'd coz?

Se. By no means,
Though by the Alkoran wine be forbidden,
You soldiers in that case make't not your
faith.

Drink water in the camp, when you can
purchase

No other liquor; here you shall have plenty

Of wine, old and delicious. I'll be your
leader,

And bring you on, let who will bring you
off.

To the encounter, come let us march,
cousins. [*Exeunt omnes.*]

SONG.

SCENE II.

*Enter Abilqualit, Caropia, Mesithes,
and Perilinda.*

Ca. No more, my gracious lord, where
real love is

Needless are all expressions ceremonious:
The amorous turtles, that at first acquaint-
tance

Strive to express in murmuring notes their
loves,

Do when agreed on their affections change
Their chirps to billing.

Abi. And in feather'd arms
Incompass mutually their gaudy necks.

Me. How do you like
These love tricks, Perilinda?

Pe. Very well;
But one may sooner hope from a dead man
To receive kindness, than from thee, an
eunuch.

You are the coldest creatures in the bodies;
No snow-balls like you.

Me. We must needs, who have not
That which like fire should warm our con-
stitutions,

The instruments of copulation, girl,
Our toys to please the ladies.

Abi. Caropia, in your well-becoming
pity

Of my extreme afflictions and stern suf-
ferings,

You've shown that excellent mercy as must
render

Whatever action you can fix on virtuous.
But, lady, I till now have been your

tempter,
One that desired hearing the brave resis-
tance

You made my brother, when he woo'd
your love,

Only to boast the glory of a conquest
Which seem'd impossible, now I have
gain'd it

By being vanquisher, I myself am van-
quish'd

Your everlasting captive.

Ca. Then the thraldom
Will be as prosperous as the pleasing
bondage

Of palms that flourish most when bow'd
down fastest.
Constraint makes sweet and easy things
laborious,
When love makes greatest miseries seem
pleasures.
Yet 'twas ambition, sir, join'd with affec-
tion,
That gave me up a spoil to your temp-
tations.
I was resolved if ever I did make
A breach on matrimonial faith, 't should
be
With him that was the darling of kind for-
tune
As well as liberal nature, who possess'd
The height of greatness to adorn his
beauty ;
Which since they both conspire to make
you happy,
I thought 'twould be a greater sin to
suffer
Your hopeful person born to sway this
empire,
In love's hot flames to languish by refusal
To a consuming fever, than t' infringe
A vow which ne'er proceeded from my
heart
When I unwillingly made it.
Abi. And may break it
With confidence, secure from the least
guilt,
As if't had only in an idle dream
Been by your fancy plighted. Madam,
there
Can be no greater misery in love
Than separation from the object which
We affect ; and such is our misfortune, we
Must in the infancy of our desires
Breathe at unwelcome distance ; ith' mean-
time
Let's make good use of the most precious
minutes
We have to spend together.
Ca. Else we were
Unworthy to be titled lovers ; but
I fear loathed Mura may with swift ap-
proach
Disturb our happiness.
Abi. By my command he's mustering up
our forces.
Yet, Mesithes,
Go you to Abrahen, and with intimations
From us, strengthen our charge. Come,
my Caropia,
Love's wars are harmless, for whoe'er does
yield,
Gains as much honour as who wins the
field.

ACT THE THIRD.

SCENE I.

*Enter Abilqualit and Caropia, as rising
from bed, Abrahen without, Perilinda.*

Abi. Open the door. I must and will
have entrance

Unto the prince, my brother, as you love
Your life and safety and that lady's honour,
Whom you are lodged in amorous twines
with, do not

Deny me entrance to you. I am Abrahen,
Your loyal brother Abrahen.

Abi. 'Tis his voice,
And there can be no danger in't, Caropia.
Be not dismay'd, though w'are to him dis-
cover'd.

Your fame shall taste no blemish by't.
Now, brother,

'Tis something rude in you, thus violently
To press upon our privacies.

Abi. My affection
Shall be my advocate, and plead my care
Of your loved welfare ; as you love your
honour,

Haste from this place, or you'll betray the
lady

To ruin most inevitable. Her husband
Has notice of your being here, and's
coming

On wings of jealousy and desperate rage
To intercept you in your close delights.

In brief, I overheard a trusty servant
Of his ith' camp come and declare your
highness

Was private with Caropia ; at which
tidings

The sea with greater haste when vex'd with
tempests,

Sudden and boisterous, flies not towards
the shore,

Than he intended homewards. He by
this

Needs must have gain'd the city ; for with
all my power

I hasted hitherward, that by your absence
You might prevent his view of you.

Abi. Why? the slave
Dare not invade my person, had he found
me

In fair Caropia's arms : 'twould be ignoble,
Now I have caused her danger, should I
not

Defend her from his violence. I'll stay
Though he come arm'd with thunder.

Abi. That will be
A certain means to ruin her : to me

Commit that care, I'll stand between the lady

And Mura's fury, when your very sight,
Giving fresh fire to th' injury, will incense him

'Gainst her beyond all patience.

Ca. Nay, besides

His violent wrath breaking through his allegiance

May riot on your person. Dear my lord,
Withdraw yourself, there may be some excuse

When you are absent thought on, to take off

Mura's suspicion : by our loves, depart
I do beseech you. Hapless I was born
To be most miserable.

Abi. You shall overrule me.

Better it is for him with unhallow'd hands
To act a sacrilege on our prophet's tomb
Than to profane this purity with the least
Offer of injury : be careful, Abrahen,
To thee I leave my heart. Farewell, Caropia,

Your tears enforce my absence. [*Exit Abi.*]

Abr. Pray haste, my lord,

Lest you should meet the enraged Mura :
now, madam,

Where are the boasted glories of that
virtue,

Which like a faithful fort withstood my
batteries ?

Demolish'd now, and ruin'd they appear ;
Like a fair building totter'd from its base
By an unruly whirlwind, and are now
Instead of love the objects of my pity.

Ca. I'm bound to thank you, sir, yet
credit me ;

My sin's so pleasing 't cannot meet re-
pentance.

Were Mura here, and arm'd with all the
horrors

Rage could invest his powers with ; not
forgiven

Hermits with greater peace shall haste to
death,

Than I to be the martyr of this cause,

Which I so love and reverence.

Abr. 'Tis a noble

And well-becoming constancy, and merits
A lover of those supreme eminent graces,
That do like full winds swell the glorious
sails

Of Abilqualit's dignity and beauty !

Yet, madam, let me tell you, though I
could not

Envy my brother's happiness, if he

Could have enjoy'd your priceless love with
safety.

Free from discovery, I am afflicted
Beyond a moderate sorrow, that my youth
Which with as true a zeal, courted your
love,

Should appear so contemptible to receive
A killing scorn from you : yet I forgive
you,

And do so much respect your peace, I
wish

You had not sinn'd so carelessly to be
Betray'd ith' first fruitions of your wishes
To your suspicious husband.

Ca. 'Tis a fate, sir,

Which I must stand, though it come dress'd
in flames,

Killing as circular fire, and as prodigious
As death-presaging comets : there's that
strength

In love, can change the pitchy face of
dangers

To pleasing forms, make ghastly fears
seem beauteous.

And I'm resolved, since the sweet prince is
free

From Mura's anger, which might have
been fatal

If he should here have found him, unre-
sistless

I dare his utmost fury.

Abr. 'Twill bring death with't,

Sure as stifling damp ; and 'twere much
pity

So sweet a beauty should unpitied fall,
Betray'd to endless infamy ; your husband
Knows only that my brother in your
chamber

Was entertain'd ; the servant that be-
tray'd you,

Curse on his diligence ! could not affirm

He saw you twined together : yet it is

Death by the law, you know, for any lady
At such an hour, and in her husband's
absence,

To entertain a stranger.

Ca. 'Tis consider'd, sir ;

And since I cannot live to enjoy his love,
I'll meet my death as willingly as I
Met Abilqualit's dear embraces.

Abr. That

Were too severe a cruelty. Live, Caropia,
Till the kind destinies take the loathed
Mura

To their eternal mansions, till he fall

Either in war a sacrifice to fortune,

Or else by stratagem take his destruction

From angry Abilqualit, whose fair Empress

You were created for : there is a mean yet
To save th' opinion of your honour spot-
less

As that of virgin innocence, nay, to preserve

(Though he doth know, as certainly he must do,

My brother have enjoy'd thee), thee still precious

In his deluding fancy.

Ca. Let me adore you

If you can give effect to your good purpose :

But 'tis impossible.

Abr. With as secure an ease

'T shall be accomplish'd as the best desires Of uncross'd lovers ; you shall with one breath

Dissolve these mists that with contagious darkness

Threaten the lights both of your life and honour.

Affirm my brother ravish'd you.

Ca. How, my lord ?

Abr. Obtain'd by violence entry into your chamber,

Where his big lust, seconded by force, Despite of yours and your maid's weak resistance,

Surprised your honour : when't shall come to question,

My brother cannot so put off the truth, He owes his own affection and your whiteness,

But to acknowledge it a rape.

Ca. And so

By saving mine, betray his fame and safety To the law's danger and your father's justice,

Which with impartial doom will most severely

Sentence the prince, although his son.

Abr. Your fears

And too affectionate tenderness will ruin All that my care has builded. Sure, Mesithes

Has (as my charge injoin'd him) made relation

Enter Mura.

To him of Abilqualit's action. See your husband !

Resolve on't, or y'are miserable.

Mu. Furies,

Where is this lustful prince, and this lascivious

Strumpet ? ha, Abrahen, here !

Abr. Good cousin Mura,

Be not so passionate, it is your prince Has wrought your injury ; resolve to bear

Your crosses like a man : the greatest afflictions

Should have the greatest fortitude in their sufferings

From minds resolved and noble. 'Las ! poor lady,

'Twas not her fault ; his too unruly lust 'Tis, has destroy'd her purity.

Mu. Ha, in tears !

Are these the livery of your fears and penitence,

Or of your sorrows, minion, for being robb'd

So soon of your adulterer ?

Abr. Fie, your passion

Is too unmannerly ; you look upon her With eyes of rage, when you with grief and pity

Ought to survey her innocence. My brother,

Degenerate as he is from worth, and merely

The beast of lust (what fiends would fear to violate),

Has with rude insolence destroy'd her honour,

By him inhuman ravish'd.

Ca. Good sir, be

So merciful as to set free a wretch From loathed mortality, whose life's so great

And hateful burden now sh'as lost her honour ;

'Twill be a friendly charity to deliver Her from the torment of it.

Mu. That I could

Contract the soul of universal rage Into this swelling heart, that it might be

As full of poisonous anger as a dragon's When in a toil ensnared. Caropia ravish'd !

Methinks the horror of the sound should fright

To everlasting ruin the whole world, Start nature's genius.

Abr. Gentle madam, pray

Withdraw yourself, your sight, till I have wrought

A cure upon his temper, will but add To his affliction.

Ca. You're as my good angel ;

I'll follow your directions. [Exit.

Abr. Cousin Mura,

I thought a person of your masculine temper,

In dangers foster'd, where perpetual terrors Have been your playfellows, would not have resented

With such effeminate passion a disgrace, Though ne'er so huge and hideous.

Mu. I am tame,

Collected now in all my faculties,

Which are so much oppress'd with injuries,
They've lost the anguish of them ; can you
think, sir,

When all the winds fight, the enraged
billows
That use to imprint on the black lips of
clouds

A thousand briny kisses, can lie still
As in a lethargy? that when baths of oil
Are pour'd upon the wild, irregular flames
In populous cities, that they'll then ex-
tinguish?

Your mitigations add but seas to seas,
Give matter to my fires to increase their
burning,

And I ere long enlighten'd by my anger
Shall be my own pile, and consume to
ashes.

Abr. Why, then I see indeed your
injuries

Have ravish'd hence your reason and
discourse,

And left you the mere prostitute of passion.
Can you repair the ruins you lament so
With these exclaims? was ever dead man
call'd

To life again by fruitful sighs? or can
Your rage re-ëdify Caropia's honour,
Slain and betray'd by his foul lust? Your
manhood,

That heretofore has thrown you on all
dangers,

Methinks should prompt you to a noble
vengeance,

Which you may safely prosecute with
justice,

To which this crime, although he be a
prince,

Renders him liable.

Mu. Yes, I'll have justice

Or I'll awake the sleepy deities,
Or like the ambitious giants wage new wars
With heaven itself ; my wrongs shall steel
my courage ;

And on this vicious prince, like a fierce sea-
breach,

My just waked rage shall riot till it sink
In the remorseless eddy, sink where time
Shall never find his name, but with dis-
grace

To taint his hateful memory.

Abr. This wildness

Neither befits your wisdom nor your
courage,

Which should with settled and collected
thoughts,

Walk on to noble vengeance. He before
Was by our plots proscribed to death and
ruin

To advance me to the empire ; now with
ease

We may accomplish our designs.

Mu. Would heaven

I ne'er had given consent, o'ercome by
love

To you, to have made a forfeit on my
allegiance ;

'Tis a just punishment, I by him am
wrong'd,

Whom, for your sake, I fearless sought
to ruin.

Abr. Are you repentant grown, Mura?
this softness

Ill suits a person of your great resolves,
On whom my fortunes have such firm
dependence.

Come, let Caropia's fate invoke thy ven-
geance

To gain full mastery o'er all other passions;
Leave not a corner in thy spacious heart

Unfurnish'd of a noble rage, which now
Will be an attribute of glorious justice :

The law, you know, with loss of sight doth
punish

All rapes, though on mean persons ; and
our father

Is so severe a justicer, not blood
Can make a breach upon his faith to
justice.

Besides, we have already made him
dangerous

In great Almanzor's thoughts, and being
delinquent,

He needs must suffer what the meanest
offender

Merits for such a trespass.

Mu. I'm awake now ;

The lethargy of horror and amaze
That did obscure my reason, like those
dull

And lazy vapours that o'er shade the sun,
Vanish, and it resumes its native bright-
ness.

And now I would not but this devil prince
Had done this act upon Caropia's white-
ness,

Since't yields you free access unto the
empire ;

The deprivation of's sight does render him
incapable

Of future sovereignty.

Abr. Thou'rt in the right,

And hast put on manly considerations :

Caropia (since she's in her will untainted)
Has not foregone her honour ; he despatch'd
once,

As we will have him shortly, 't shall go
hard else,

A tenant to his marble, thou again
Wedded in peace may'st be to her pure
virtues,

And live their happy owner.

Mu. I'll repair

To great Almanzor instantly, and if
His partial piety do descend to pity,
I will awake the executioner
Of justice, Death, although in sleep more
heavy

Than he can borrow from his natural cold-
ness;

On this good sword I'll wear my cause's
justice

Till he do fall its sacrifice.

Abr. But be sure

You do't with cunning secrecy; perhaps,
Should he have notice of your just inten-
tions,

He would repair to th' army, from which
safeguard

Our best force could not pluck him without
danger

To the whole Empire.

Mu. Doubt not but I'll manage

With a discreet severity my vengeance,
Invoke Almanzor's equity with sudden
And private haste.

Abr. Meantime

I will go put a new design in practice
That may be much conducing to our
purpose.

Like clocks, one wheel another on must
drive,

Affairs by diligent labour only thrive.

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE II.

*Enter Selinthus, Gaselles, Osman,
and Soldiers.*

Se. No quarrelling, good cousins, lest it
be

With the glass, 'cause 'tis not of size
sufficient

To give you a magnificent draught. You
will

Have fighting work enough when you're
i'th wars;

Do not fall out among yourselves.

Os. Not pledge

My peerless mistress' health? Soldier,
thou'rt mortal,

If thou refuse it.

Ga. Come, come, he shall pledge it,

And 'twere a ton. Why, we are all as
dull

As dormice in our liquor: Here's a health
To the Prince Abilqualit.

VOL. I.

So. Let go round:

I'd drink't, were it an ocean of warm
blood

Flowing from th' enemy. Pray, good my
lord,

What news is stirring?

Se. It should seem, soldier,
Thou canst not read; otherwise the learn'd
pamphlets

That fly about the streets, would satisfy
Thy curiosity with news; they're true ones,
Full of discreet intelligence.

Os. Cousins, shall's have a song? here
is a soldier

In's time hath sung a dirge unto the
foe

Of in the field.

So. Captain, I have a new one,
The "Soldier's Joy" 'tis call'd.

Se. That is an harlot;
Prithee be musical, and let us taste
The sweetness of thy voice. [*A song.*]

Ga. Whist! give attention.

So. How does your lordship like it?

Se. Very well.

And so here's to thee. There's no drum
beats yet,

And 'tis clear day; some hour hence
'twill be

Enter Abrahen, Mesithes.

Time to break up the watch. Ha! young
Lord Abrahen,

And trim Mesithes with him! What the
devil

Does he make up so early? He has been
A bat-fowling all night after those birds,
Those lady-birds term'd wagtails. What
strange business

Can he have here, trow?

Abr. 'Twas well done, Mesithes!

And trust me, I shall find an apt reward,
Both for thy care and cunning. Prithee
haste

To Lord Simanthes, and deliver this.

Note to him with best diligence, my dear
eunuch;

Thou'rt half the soul of Abrahen.

Me. I was born

To be intitled your most humble vassal;
I'll haste to the Lord Simanthes. [*Ex.ii.*]

Se. How he cringes!

These youths that want the instruments of
manhood

Are very supple in the hams.

Abr. Good morrow

To noble Lord Selinthus. What com-
panions

Have you got here thus early?

Sc. Blades of metal,
Tall men of war, and't please your grace,
of my
Own blood and family, men who have
gather'd
A salad on the enemy's ground, and eaten it
In bold defiance of him ;
And not a soldier here but's an Achilles,
Valiant as stoutest Mirmidon.

Abr. And they
Never had juster cause to show their
valour ;
The Prince, my dearest brother, their Lord
General's

Become a forfeit to the stern law's rigour ;
And 'tis imagin'd our impartial father
Will sentence him to lose his eyes.

Ga. Marry, heaven
Defend, for what, and 't like your grace?

Abr. For a fact
Which the severe law punishes with loss
Of nature's precious lights ; my tears will
scarce

Permit me utter't : for a rape committed
On the fair wife of Mura.

Os. Was it for nothing else, and please
your grace ?

Ere he shall lose an eye for such a trifle,
Or have a hair diminish'd, we will lose
Our heads ; what, hoodwink men like
sullen hawks

For doing deeds of nature ! I'm ashamed
The law is such an ass.

Se. Some enunch Judge,
That could not be acquainted with the
sweets

Due to concupiscient parts, invented
This law, I'll be hang'd else. 'Slife, a
Prince,

And such a hopeful one, to lose his eyes
For satisfying the hunger of the stomach
Beneath the waist, is cruelty prodigious ;
Not to be suffer'd in a common-wealth
Of ought but geldings.

Abr. 'Tis vain to soothe
Our hopes with these delusions, he will
suffer,
Lest he be rescued. I would have you,
therefore,

If you owe any service to the Prince,
My much lamented brother, to attend
Without least tumult 'bout the Court, and
if

There be necessity of your aid, I'll give
you

Notice when to employ it.

Se. Sweet Prince, we'll swim
In blood to do thee or thy brother service :
Each man provide their weapons.

Abr. You will win
My brother's love for ever, nay, my father,
Though he'll seem angry to behold his
justice
Deluded, afterwards when his rage is past,
Will thank you for your loyalties. Pray
be there
With all speed possible ; by this my bro-
ther's
Commanded 'fore my father, I'll go learn
The truth, and give you notice ; pray be
secret
And firm to your resolves. [*Exit.*]

Se. For him that flinches in such a
cause, I'll have no more mercy on him.
Here's Tarifa—

Enter Tarifa and Mura.

The Prince's sometimes tutor, Mura with
him

A-walking towards the Court ; let's take no
notice

Of them, lest they discover our intentions
By our grim looks. March fair and softly,
cousins,

We'll be at Court before them.

Ta. You will not do this, Mura !

Mu. How, Tarifa ?
Will you defend him in an act so
impious ?

Is't fit the drum should cease his surly
language

When the bold soldier marches, or
that I

Should pass o'er this affront in quiet
silence,

Which gods and men invoke to speedy
vengeance ?

Which I will have, or manhood shall be
tame

As cowardice.

Ta. It was a deed so barbarous,
That truth itself blushes as well as
justice

To hear it mention'd : but consider,
Mura,

He is our Prince, the Empire's hope, and
pillar

Of great Almanzor's age. How far a
public

Regard should be preferr'd before your
private

Desire of vengeance ! which, if you do
purchase

From our impartial Emperor's equity,
His loss of sight, and so of the succession,

Will not restore Caropia to the honour
He ravish'd from her. But so foul the
cause is,

I rather should lament the Prince's folly
Than plead in his behalf.

Mu. 'Tis but vain ;
There is your warrant, as you are High
Marshal,
To summon him to make his speedy
appearance

'Fore the tribunal of Almanzor.
So pray you execute your office. [*Exit.*]

Ta. How one vice
Can like a small cloud when 't breaks forth
in showers,
Black the whole heaven of virtues ! O my
Lord,

*Enter Abilqualit ; Mutes, whispering, seem
to make protestations. Exeunt.*

That face of yours which once with angel
brightness

Cheer'd my faint sight, like a grim apparition

Frights it with ghastly terror : you have
done

A deed that startles virtue till it shakes
As it [had] got a palsy. I'm commanded
To summon you before your father, and
Hope you'll obey his mandate.

Abi. Willingly.
What's my offence, Tarifa ?

Ta. Would you knew not :
I did presage your too unruly passions
Would hurry you to some disastrous act,
But ne'er imagined you'd have been so lost
To masculine honour, to commit a rape
On that unhappy object of your love,
Whom now y'ave made the spoil of your
foul lust,

The much wrong'd wife of Mura.

Abi. Why, does Mura
Charge me with his Caropia's rape ?

Ta. This warrant,
Sent by your angry father, testifies
He means to appeach you of it.

Abi. 'Tis my fortune,
All natural motions when they approach
their end,
Haste to draw to't with unaccustom'd
swiftness.

Rivers with greedier speed run near their
out-falls

Than at their springs. But I'm resolved,
let what

Happen that will, I'll stand it, and defend
Caropia's honour, though mine own I ruin ;
Who dares not die to justify his love,
Deserves not to enjoy her. Come, Tarifa,
Whate'er befall, I'm resolute. He dies
Glorious, that falls love's innocent sacrifice.

[*Exeunt.*]

ACT THE FOURTH.

SCENE I.

*Enter Almanzor, Abilqualit, Tarifa, and
Mura.*

Al. No more, Tarifa ; you'll provoke
our anger

If you appear in this cause so solicitous ;
The act is too apparent : nor shall you
Need, injured Mura, to implore our justice,
Which with impartial doom shall fall on
him

More rigorously than on a strange offender.
O Abilqualit, (for the name of son,
When thou forsook'st thy native virtue,
left thee ;)

Were all thy blood, thy youth and fortune's
glories

Of no more value than to be exposed
To ruin for one vice ; at whose name only
The furies start, and bashful-fronted justice
Hides her amazed head ? But it is now
bootless

To show a father's pity, in my grief
For thy amiss. As I'm to be thy judge,
Be resolute, I'll take as little notice
Thou art my offspring as the wandering
clouds

Do of the showers, which when they've
bred to ripeness,
They straight disperse through the vast
earth forgotten.

Abi. I'm sorry, sir, that my unhappy
chance

Should draw your anger on me ; my long
silence

Declares I have on that excelling sweetness,
That unexampled pattern of chaste good-
ness,

Caropia, acted violence. I confess
I loved the lady, and when no persuasions
Served to prevail on her, too stubborn,
incensed,

By force I sought my purpose and obtain'd
it ;

Nor do I yet (so much I prize the sweetness
Of that unvalued purchase) find repentance
In any abject thought ; whate'er falls on
me

From your stern rigour in a cause so
precious,

Will be a pleasing punishment.

Al. You are grown
A glorious malefactor, that dare brave thus
The awful rod of justice ! Lost young man,
For thou'rt no child of mine ; dost not
consider

To what a state of desperate destruction
Thy wild lust has betray'd thee! What
rich blessings

(That I may make thee sensible of thy sins
By showing thee thy suffering) hast thou
lost

By thy irregular folly! First my love,
Which never more must meet thee, scarce
in pity;

The glory flowing from thy former actions
Stopt up for ever; and those lustful eyes,
By whose deprival thou'rt deprived of
being

Capable of this empire, to the law,
Which will exact them, forfeited. Call in
there

A surgeon, and our mutes to execute this
act

Enter Surgeon, Mutes.

Of justice on the unworthy traitor, upon
whom

My just waked wrath shall have no more
compassion

Than the incensed flames have on perishing
wretches

That willfully leap into them.

Tz. O my Lord,
That which on others would be fitting
justice,

On him your hopeful though offending
son,

Will be exemplary cruelty; his youth, sir,
That hath abounded with so many virtues,
Is an excuse sufficient for one vice:

He is not yours only, he's your empire's,
Destined by nature and succession's privi-
lege,

When you in peace are shrouded in your
marble,

To wield this sceptre after you. O do not,
By putting out his eyes deprive your sub-
jects

Of light, and leave them to dull mournful
darkness.

Al. 'Tis but in vain, I am inexorable.

If those on which his eyes hang, were my
heart-strings,

I'd cut them out rather than wound my
justice:

Nor does't befit thy virtue intercede
For him in this cause horrid and pro-
digious;

The crime 'gainst me was acted; 'twas a
rape

Upon my honour more than on her white-
ness;

His was from mine derivative, as each
stream

Is from its spring; so that he has polluted
By his foul fact, my fame, my truth, my
goodness,

Strucken through my dignity by his violence:
Nay, started in their peaceful urns, the
ashes

Of all my glorious ancestors; defiled
The memory of their still descendent
virtues;

Nay, with a killing frost, nipp'd the fair
blossoms

That did presage such goodly fruit arising
From his own hopeful youth.

Mu. I ask but justice;
Those eyes that led him to unlawful
objects,

'Tis fit should suffer for't a lasting blindness;
The Sun himself, when he darts rays lasci-
vious,

Such as engender by too piercing fervence
Intemperate and infectious heats, straight
wears

Obscurity from the clouds his own beams
raise.

I have been your soldier, sir, and fought
your battles;

For all my services, I beg but justice,
Which is the subject's best prerogative,
The Prince's greatest attribute; and for a
fact,

Than which none can be held more black
and hideous,

Which has betray'd to an eclipse the
brightest

Star in th' heaven of virtues; the just law
Does for't ordain a punishment, which I
hope

You, the law's righteous guider, will ac-
cording

To equity see executed.

Tz. Why! that law
Was only made for common malefactors,
But has no force to extend unto the
Prince,

To whom the law itself must become sub-
ject.

This hopeful Prince, look on him, great
Almanzor;

And in his eyes, those volumes of all
graces,

Which you like erring meteors would ex-
tinguish:

Read your own lively figure, the best story
Of your youth's noblest vigour; let not
wrath, sir,

O'ercome your piety, nay, your human
pity.

'Tis in your breast, my lord, yet to show
mercy;

That precious attribute of heaven's true
goodness,
Even to yourself, your son ! methinks that
name
Should have a power to interdict your
justice

In its too rigorous progress.

Abi. Dear Tarifa,

I'm more afflicted at thy intercessions,
Than at the view of my approaching tor-
ments,

Which I will meet with fortitude and bold-
ness,

Too base to shake now at one personal
danger,

When I've encounter'd thousand perils
fearless ;

Nor do I blame my gracious father's justice,
Though it precede his nature. I'd not
have him

(For my sake) forfeit that for which he's
famous ;

His uncorrupted equity, nor repine
I at my destiny ; my eyes have had
Delights sufficient in Caropia's beauties,
To serve my thoughts for after contempla-
tions ;

Nor can I ever covet a new object,
Since they can ne'er hope to encounter
any

Of equal worth and sweetness.

Yet hark, Tarifa, to thy secrecy
I will impart my dearest, inmost counsels ;
If I should perish, as 'tis probable
I may, under the hands of these tormen-
tors ;

Thou mayst unto succession show my inno-
cence ;

Caropia yielded without least constraint,
And I enjoy'd her freely.

Ta. How, my lord !

Abi. No words on't,

As you respect my honour ! I'd not lose
The glory I shall gain by these my suffer-
ings ;

Come, grim furies, and execute your office ;
I will stand you,

Unmoved as hills at whirlwinds, and
amidst

The torments you inflict, retain my
courage.

Al. Be speedy, villains.

Ta. O stay your cruel hands,

You dumb ministers of injured justice,
And let me speak his innocence ere you
further

Afflict his precious eye-sight.

Al. What does this mean, Tarifa ?

Ta. O my lord,

The too much bravery of the Prince's
spirit

'Tis has undone his fame, and pull'd upon
him

This fatal punishment ; 'twas but to save
The lady's honour that he has assumed
Her rape upon him, when with her consent
The deed of shame was acted.

Mu. 'Tis his fears

Make him traduce her innocence ; he who
did not

Stick to commit a riot on her person
Can make no conscience to destroy her
fame

By his untrue suggestions.

Al. 'Tis a baseness

Beyond thy other villany (had she yielded)
Thus to betray for transitory torture,
Her honour, which thou wert engaged to
safeguard

Even with thy life. A son of mine could
never

Show this ignoble cowardice : Proceed
To execution, I'll not hear him speak,
He is made up of treacheries and false-
hoods.

Ta. Will you then

Be to the Prince so tyrannous ? Why, to me
Just now he did confess his only motive
To undergo this torment, was to save
Caropia's honour blameless.

Abi. I am

More troubled, sir, with his untimely frenzy,
Than with my punishment ; his too much
love

To me, has spoil'd his temperate reason. I
Confess Caropia yielded ! Not the light
Is half so innocent as her spotless virtue.

'Twas not well done, Tarifa, to betray
The secret of your friend thus ; though she
yielded,

The terror of ten-thousand deaths shall
never

Force me to confess it.

Ta. Again, my lord, even now

He does confess, she yielded, and pro-
tests

That death shall never make him say she's
guilty :

The breath scarce pass'd his lips yet.

Abi. Hapless man,

To run into this lunacy ! Fie, Tarifa,
So treacherous to your friend !

Ta. Again, again.

Will no man give me credit ?

Enter Abrahen.

Abr. Where is our royal father ? where
our brother ?

As you respect your life and empire's safety,
Dismiss these tyrannous instruments of death
And cruelty unexemplified. O brother,
That I should ever live to enjoy my eye-sight,
And see one half of your dear lights endanger'd.
My lord, you've done an act, which my just fears
Tells me, will shake your sceptre! O for heaven's sake,
Look to your future safety; the rough soldier
Hearing their much-loved general, my good brother,
Was by the law betray'd to some sad danger,
Have in their piety beset the palace.
Think on some means to appease them, ere their fury
Grow to its full unbridled height; they threaten
Your life, great sir: pray send my brother to them;
His sight can only pacify them.
Al. Have you your champions!
We will prevent their insolence, you shall not
Boast, you have got the empire by our ruin:
Mutes, strangle him immediately.
Ab. Avert
Such a prodigious mischief, heaven! Hark, hark,
They're enter'd into th' Court; desist! you monsters,
My life shall stand betwixt his and this violence,
Or I with him will perish. Faithful soldiers,
Haste to defend your Prince, curse on your slowness.
He's dead; my father's turn is next. O horror,
Would I might sink into forgetfulness!
What has your fury urged you to?
Al. To that
Which whoso murmurs at, is a faithless traitor

Enter Simanthes.

To our tranquillity. Now, sir, your business?
Si. My lord, the city
Is up in arms, in rescue of the Prince;
The whole Court throngs with soldiers.
Al. 'Twas high time

To cut this viper off, that would have eat his passage
Through our very bowels to our empire.
Nay, we will stand their furies, and with terror
Of majesty strike dead these insurrections.

Enter Soldiers.

Traitors, what means this violence?
Ab. O, dear soldiers,
Your honest love's in vain; my brother's dead,
Strangled by great Almanzor's dire command
Ere your arrival. I do hope they'll kill him
In their hot zeal,
Al. Why do you stare so, traitors?
'Twas I your Emperor that have done this act,
Which who repines at, treads the self-same steps
Of death that he has done. Withdraw and leave us,
We'd be alone. No motion! Are you statues?
Stay you, Tarifa, here. For your part, Mura,
You cannot now complain but you have justice;
So quit our presence.
Os. Faces about, gentlemen. [*Exeunt.*
Ab. It has happen'd
Above our wishes, we shall have no need now
To employ your handkercher. Yet give it me.
You're sure 'tis right, Simanthes.
Al. Tarifa,
I know the love thou bear'st Prince Abilqualit
Makes thy big heart swell as 't had drunk the foam
Of angry dragons. Speak thy free intentions;
Deserved he not this fate?
Ta. No: you're a tyrant,
One that delights to feed on your own bowels,
And were not worthy of a son so virtuous.
Now you have ta'en his, add to your injustice,
And take Tarifa's life, who in his death,
Should it come flying on the wings of torments,
Would speak it out as an apparent truth:
The Prince to me declared his innocence,
And that Caropia yielded.

Al. Rise, Tarifa ;
 We do command thee rise ; a sudden
 chillness,
 Such as the hand of winter casts on brooks,
 Thrills our aged heart. I'll not have thee
 ingross
 Sorrow alone for Abilqualit's death ;
 I loved the boy well, and though his ambi-
 tion
 And popularity did make him dangerous,
 I do repent my fury, and will vie
 With thee in sorrow. How he makes
 death lovely !
 Shall we fix here, and weep till we be
 statues ?
Ta. Till we grow stiff as the cold ala-
 basters

Must be erected over us. Your rashness
 Has robb'd the empire of the greatest hope
 It ere shall boast again. Would I were
 ashes !

Al. He breathes, methinks ; the over-
 hasty soul

Was too discourteous to forsake so fair
 A lodging, without taking solemn leave
 First of the owner. Ha, his handkercher !
 Thou'rt liberal to thy father even in death,
 Leavest him a legacy to dry his tears,
 Which are too slow ; they should create a
 deluge.

O my dear Abilqualit !

Ta. You exceed now
 As much in grief as you did then in rage :
 One drop of this pious paternal softness
 Had ransom'd him from ruin. Dear sir,
 rise :

My grief's divided, and I know not
 whether

I should lament you living, or him dead.
 Good sir, erect your looks. Not stir ! His
 sorrow

Makes him insensible. Ha, there's no
 motion

Left in his vital spirits ; the excess
 Of grief has stifled up his powers, and
 crack'd,

I fear, his aged heart's cordage. Help,
 the Emperor !

The Emperor's dead ! Help, help !

Abrahen, Simanthes, Mesithes, Mutes.

Ab. What dismal outcry's this ?

Our royal father dead ! the handkercher
 has wrought, I see,

Ta. Yes, his big heart
 Vanquish'd with sorrow, that in's violent
 rage

He doom'd his much-loved son to timeless
 death,

Could not endure longer on its weak
 strings,
 But crack'd with weight of sorrow. Their
 two spirits

By this, are met in their delightful passage
 To the blest shades ; we in our tears are
 bound

To call you our dread Sovereign.

Omnes. Long live Abrahen !

Great Caliph of Arabia.

Ab. 'Tis a title

We cannot covet, lords : it comes attended
 With so great cares and troubles, that our
 youth

Starts at the thought of them, even in our
 sorrows

Which are so mighty on us ; our weak
 spirits

Are ready to relinquish the possession
 They've of mortality, and take swift
 flight

After our royal friends. Simanthes, be it
 Your charge to see all fitting preparation
 Provided for the funerals.

Enter Selinthus.

Se. Where's great Almanzor ?

Ab. O, Selinthus, this

Day is the hour of funeral's grief ; for his
 Cruelty to my brother, has translated
 Him to immortality.

Se. He'll have attendants

To wait on him to our great prophet's
 paradise,

Ere he be ready for his grave. The sol-
 diers,

All mad with rage for the Prince's slaughter,
 Have vow'd by all oaths soldiers can in-
 vent,

(And that's no small store) with death and
 destruction

To pursue sullen Mura.

Ab. Tarifa,

Use your authority to keep their violence
 In due obedience. We're so fraught with
 grief,

We have no room for any other passion
 In our distracted bosom. Take these royal
 bodies

And place them on that couch ; here where
 they fell,

They shall be embalm'd. Yet put them
 out of our sight,

Their views draw fresh drops from our
 heart. Anon,

We'll show ourselves to cheer the afflicted
 subject.

Omnes. Long live Abrahen, great Caliph
 of Arabia !

[*A shout.*

[*Exeunt.*

Ab. And who can say now, Abrahen
is a villain?

I am saluted King with acclamations
That deaf the heavens to hear, with as
much joy

As if I had achieved this sceptre by
Means fair and virtuous. 'Twas this hand-
kercher

That did to death Almanzor ; so infected
Its least insensible vapour has full power,
Applied to th' eye or any other organ,
Can drink its poison in to vanquish nature,
Though ne'er so strong and youthful.

'Twas Simanthes

Devised it for my brother, and my cunning
Transferr'd it to Almanzor ; 'tis no matter,
My worst impiety is held now religious.
'Twixt kings and their inferiors there's
this odds,

These are mere men, we men, yet earthly
gods. *[Exit.]*

Abi. 'Twas well the mutes proved faith-
ful, otherwise

I'd lost my breath with as much speed and
silence

As those that do expire in dreams, their
health

Seeming no whit abated. But 'twas wisely
Consider'd of me, to prepare those sure
Instruments of destruction : the suspicion
I had by Abrahen of my father's fears
Of my unthought ambition, did instruct me
Bymaking them mine, to secure my safety.
Would the inhumane surgeon had ta'en
these.

Bless'd lights from me ; that I had lived
for ever

Doom'd to perpetual darkness, rather than
Tarifa's fears had so approach'd her
honour.

Well, villain brother, I have found that by
My seeing death, which by my life's best
arts

I ne'er should have had knowledge of.
Dear father,

Though thou to me wert pitiless, my heart
Weeps tears of blood, to see thy age thus
like

A lofty pine fall, eaten through by th' gin
From its own stock descending : he has
agents

In his ungracious wickedness : Simanthes
He has discover'd : were they multitudes
As numerous as collected sands, and
mighty

In force as mischief, they should from my
justice

Meet their due punishment. Abrahen by
this

Is proclaim'd Caliph, yet my undoubted
right

When't shall appear I'm living, will reduce
The people to my part ; the army's mine,
Whither I must withdraw unseen ; the
night

Will best secure me. What a strange
chimera

Of thought possesses my dull brain ! Caro-
pia,

Thou hast a share in them : Fate, to thy
mercy

I do commit myself ; who 'scapes the snare
Once, has a certain caution to beware.

[Exit.]

SCENE II.

Enter Caropia and Perilinda.

Ca. Your lord is not return'd yet !

Pe. No, good madam :

Pray do not thus torment yourself, the
Prince

(I warrant you) will have no injury
By saving of your honour ; do you think
His father will be so extreme outrageous
For such a trifle as to force a woman
With her good liking ?

Ca. My ill-boding soul

Beats with presages ominous. Would
heaven

I'd stood the hazard of my incensed lord's
fury,

Rather than he had run this imminent
danger.

Could you ne'er learn, which of the slaves
it was

Betray'd our close loves to loathed Mura's
notice ?

Pe. No, indeed could I not ; but here's
my lord,

Pray, madam, do not grieve so !

Enter Mura.

Mu. My Caropia,

Dress up thy looks in their accustom'd
beauties ;

Call back the constant spring into thy
cheeks,

That droop like lovely violets o'ercharged
With too much morning's dew ; shoot
from thy eyes

A thousand flames of joy. The lustful
prince,

That like a foul thief robb'd thee of thy
honour

By his ungracious violence, has met
His royal father's justice.

Ca. Now my fears

Carry too sure an augury ! you would fain
Soothe me, my lord, out of my flood of
sorrows ;

What reparation can that make my honour,
Though he have tasted punishment ?

Mu. His life

Is fall'n the offspring of thy chastity,
Which his hot lust polluted : nay, Caropia,
To save himself, when he but felt the tor-
ment

Applied to his lascivious eyes, although
At first he did with impudence acknowledge
Thy rape, he did invade thy spotless virtue,
Protested, only 'twas to save thy honour,
He took on him thy rape, when with con-
sent

And not constrain'd, thou yielded'st to the
looseness

Of his wild, vicious flames.

Ca. Could he be so unjust, my lord ?

Mu. He was, and he has paid for't :

The malicious soldier, while he was a-lesing
His eyes, made violent head to bring him
rescue,

Which pull'd his ruin on him. But no
more

Of such a prodigy ; may his black memory
Perish even with his ashes ! My Caropia,
The flourishing trees widow'd by winter's
violence

Of their fair ornaments, when 'tis expired
once,

Put forth again with new and virgin fresh-
ness,

Their bushy beauties ; it should be thy
emblem.

Display again those chaste, immaculate
glories,

Which the harsh winter of his lust had
wither'd ;

And I'll again be wedded to thy virtues,
With as much joy, as when thou first
enrich'd me

With their pure maiden beauties. Thou
art dull,

And dost not gratulate with happy welcomes
The triumphs of thy vengeance.

Ca. Are you sure, my lord, the Prince
is dead ?

Mu. Pish, I beheld him breathless.

Take comfort, best Caropia, thy disgrace
Did with his loathed breath vanish.

Ca. I could wish though,
That he had fall'n by your particular ven-
geance,

Rather than by th' law's rigour ; you're a
soldier

Of glory, great in war for brave perfor-
mance :

Methinks 't had been far nobler had you
call'd him

To personal satisfaction : had I been
Your husband, you my wife, and ravish'd
by him,

My resolution would have arm'd my
courage

To 've stroke him thus : " The dead prince
sends you that." [*Stab him.*]

Mu. O, I am slain !

Ca. Would it were possible

To kill even thy eternity ! Sweet prince,
How shall I satisfy thy unhappy ruins !
Ha ! not yet breathless ! To increase thy
anguish

Even to despair, know, Abilqualit was
More dear to me than thy foul self was
odious,

And did enjoy me freely.

Mu. That I had

But breath enough to blast thee.

Ca. 'Twas his brother

(Curse on his art !) seduced me to accuse
Him of my rape. Do you groan, prodigy ?
Take this as my last bounty. [*Stab again.*]

Enter Perilinda.

Pe. O madam, madam,
What shall we do ? the house is round be-
set

With soldiers ; madam, they do swear
they'll tear

My lord, for the sweet Prince's death, in
pieces.

Ca. This hand has saved
Their fury that just labour : yet I'll make
Use of their malice. Help to convey him
Into his chamber.

Enter Osman, Gaselles, Soldiers. .

Ca. Where is this villain, this traitor
Mura ?

Ca. Heaven knows what violence
Their fury may assault me with ; be't
death,

'T shall be as welcome as sound healthful
sleeps

To men oppress'd with sickness. What's
the matter ?

What means this outrage ?

Os. Marry, lady gay,
We're come to cut your little throat ; pox
on you,

And all your sex ; you've caused the noble
Prince's

Death, wildfire take you for't, we'll talk
with you

At better leisure : you must needs be ra-
vish'd !

And could not, like an honest woman, take
The courtesy in friendly sort !

Ga. We trifle :

Her husband may escape us. Say, where
is he ?

Or you shall die, ere you can pray.

So. Here, here I have found the villain !
What, do you sleep so soundly ? ne'er wake
more,

This for the Prince, you rogue : let's tear
him piecemeal.

Do you take your death in silence, dog !

Ca. You appear endow'd with some
humanity,
You have ta'en his life ; let not your hate
last

After death : let me embalm his body with
My tears, or kill me with him.

Os. Now you've said the word,
We care not if we do.

Enter Tarifa.

Ta. Slaves, unhand

The lady ; who dares offer her least violence,
From this hand meets his punishment.

Gaselles,

Osman, I thought you had been better
temper'd

Than thus to raise up mutinies. In the
name

Of Abrahen, our now Caliph, I command
you

Desist from these rebellious practices,
And quietly retire into the camp,
And there expect his pleasure.

Ga. Abrahen Caliph !

There is some hopes, then, we shall gain
our pardons :

Long live great Abrahen ! Soldiers, slink
away ;

Our vow is consummate.

Ca. O my dear Lord !

Ta. Be gone.

Os. Yes, as quietly

As if we were in flight before the foe ;
The general pardon at the coronation
Will bring us off, I'm sure.

Ta. Alas, good madam !

I'm sorry that these miseries have fall'n
With so much rigour on you ; pray take
comfort :

Your husband prosecuted with too much
violence

Prince Abilqualit's ruin.

Ca. It appear'd so !

What worlds of woe have hapless I given
life to,

And yet survive them !

Ta. Do not with such fury

Torment your innocent self. I'm sure the
Emperor

Abrahen will number 't 'mongst his great-
est sorrows

That he has lost your husband. I must
give him

Notice of these proceedings. Best peace
keep you,

And settle your distractions.

Ca. Not until

I'm settled in my peaceful urn. This is yet
Some comfort to me, 'midst the floods of
woes,

That do overwhelm me for the Prince's
death,

That I revenged it safely ; though I prize
My life at no more value than a foolish
Ignorant Indian does a diamond,
Which for a bead of jet or glass he
changes :

Nor would I keep it, were it not with fuller,
More noble bravery, to take revenge
For my Lord Abilqualit's timeless slaughter.

I must use craft and mystery. Dissembling
Is held the natural quality of our sex,

Nor will't be hard to practise. 'This same
Abrahen,

That by his brother's ruin wields the
sceptre,

Whether out of his innocence or malice,
'Twas that persuaded me to accuse him of
My rape. The die is cast, I am resolved :

To thee, my Abilqualit, I will come ;
A death for love 's no death, but martyr-
dom.

[*Exit.*]

ACT THE FIFTH.

SCENE I.

Enter Abilqualit, Selinthus, Gaselles,
Osman, Soldiers, *and* Mutes.

Abi. No more, good faithful soldiers :
thank the powers

Divine, has brought me back to you in safety.
The traitorous practices against our life,

And our dear father's, poison'd by our
brother,

We have discover'd, and shall take just
vengeance

On the unnatural parricide. Retire
Into your tents, and peacefully expect

The event of things ; you, Osman, and
Gaselles,

Shall into the city with me.

Os. We will march

Through the world with thee, dear
Sovereign,

Great Abilqualit.

Abi. Selinthus,
Give you our dear Tarifa speedy notice
We are again among the living : pray him
To let our loyal subjects in the city
Have sure intelligence of our escape :
And, dearest friends and fellows, let not
your
Too loud expressions of your joy, for our
Unlook'd-for welfare, subject to discovery
Our unexpected safety.

Se. Never fear :
They're trusty myrmidons, and will stick
close
To you, their dear Achilles ; but, my lord,
The wisest may imagine it were safer
For you to rest here 'mong your armed
legions,

Than to intrust your person in the City,
Whereas it seems by the past story, you'll
Not know [your] friends from enemies.

Abi. Selinthus,
Thy honest care declares the zealous duty
Thou owest thy sovereign : but what
danger can
Assault us there, where there is none sus-
pects

We are alive ? we'll go survey the state
Of things, i' th' morning we will seize the
palace,
And then proclaim our right. Come,
valiant captains,

You shall be our companions.
Ga. And we'll guard you
Safe, as you were encompass'd with an
army.

Se. You guard your own fools' heads :
is't fit his safety,
On which our lives and fortunes have
dependence,

Should be exposed unto your single valour ?
Pray once let your friends rule you, that
you may

Rule them hereafter. Your good brother
Abrahen

Has a strong faction, it should seem, i' th'
Court :

And though these bloodhounds follow'd the
scent hotly

Till they had worried Mura, he has other
Allies of no mean consequence ; your
eunuch,

Mesithes, his chief favourite, and Simanthes.

Abi. It was that villain that betray'd my
love

To him and slaughter'd Mura.

Se. Very likely.
An arranter, fals'er parasite never was
Cut like a colt. Pray, sir, be wise this
once

At my entreaties ; and for ever after
Use your discretion as you please : these
night-works

I do not like ; yet ere the morning I
Will bring Tarifa to you.

Abi. You shall o'errule us. Poor
Caropia, these
Thoughts are thy votaries ; love, thy active
fire,

Flames out when present, absent in desire.
[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE II.

Enter Abrahen, Simanthes, and Mesithes.

Abi. What state and dignity's like that
of sceptres ?

With what an awful majesty resembles it
The powers above ? The inhabitants of
that

Superior world are not more subject
To them than these to us ; they can but
tremble

When they do speak in thunder ; at our
frowns

These shake like lambs at lightning. Can
it be

Impiety by any means to purchase
This earthly deity, sovereignty ? I did sleep
This night with as secure and calm a
peace

As in my former innocence. Conscience,
Thou'rt but a terror, first devised by th'
fears

Of cowardice, a sad and fond remem-
brance

Which men should shun, as elephants clear
springs,

Lest they beheld their own deformities,

Enter Mesithes.

And start at their grim shadows. Ha,
Mesithes !

Me. My royal lord !

Abi. Call me thy friend, Mesithes,
Thou equally dost share our heart, best
eunuch.

There is not in the stock of earthly bless-
ings

Another I could wish to make my state
Completely fortunate, but one ; and to
Achieve possession of that bliss, thy dili-
gence

Must be the fortunate instrument.

Me. Be it dangerous
As the affrights seamen do feign in tem-
pests,

I'll undertake it for my gracious sovereign,
And perish, but effect it.

Abr. No, there is
 Not the least show of peril in't; 'tis the
 want
 Of fair Caropia's long-coveted beauties,
 That doth afflict thy Abrahen. Love,
 Mesithes,
 Is a most stubborn malady, not cured
 With that felicity that are other passions,
 And creeps upon us by those ambushes,
 That we perceive ourselves sooner in love
 Than we can think upon the way of
 loving.
 The old flames break more brightly from
 th' ashes
 Where they have long lain hid, like the
 young phoenix
 That from her spicy pile revives more
 glorious;
 Nor can I now extinguish't; it has pass'd
 The limits of my reason, and indeed
 My will, where like a fixed star it settles,
 Never to be removed thence.
Me. Cease your fears;
 I that could win her for your brother, who
 Could not boast half your masculine per-
 fections,
 For you will vanquish her.

Enter Simanthes.

Si. My lord, the widow
 Of slaughter'd Mura, fair Caropia, does
 Humbly entreat access to your dread pre-
 sence;
 Shall we permit her entrance?
Abr. With all freedom
 And best regard. Mesithes, this arrives
 Beyond our wish. I'll try my eloquence
 In my own cause; and if I fail, thou then
 Shalt be my advocate.

Me. Your humblest vassal.

Abr. Withdraw and leave us,
 And give strict order none approach our
 presence
 Till we do call. It is not fit her sorrows

Enter Caropia.

Should be survey'd by common eye.
 Caropia, welcome;
 And would we could as easily give thee
 comfort
 As we allow thee more than moderate pity.
 In tears those eyes cast forth a greater
 lustre
 Than sparkling rocks of diamonds enclosed
 In swelling seas of pearl.
Ca. Your majesty
 Is pleas'd to wanton with my miseries,
 Which truly you, if you have nature in
 you,

Ought to bear equal part in: your dear
 brother's
 Untimely loss, occasion'd by my falsehood
 And your improvident counsel 'tis that
 calls
 These hearty sorrows up; I am his mur-
 deress.
Abr. 'Twas his own destiny, not our bad
 intentions
 Took him away from earth; he was too
 heavenly,
 Fit only for th' society of angels,
 'Mongst whom he sings glad hymns to thy
 perfections,
 Celebrating with such eloquence thy beau-
 ties,
 That those immortal essences forget
 To love each other by intelligence,
 And doat on the idea of thy sweetness.
Ca. These gentle blandishments, and
 his innocent carriage
 Had I as much of malice as a tigress
 Robb'd of her young, would melt me into
 meekness:
 But I'll not be a woman.
Abr. Sing out, angel,
 And charm the world, were it at mortal
 difference,
 To peace with thine enchantments. What
 soft murmurs
 Are those that steal through those pure
 rosy organs,
 Like aromatic west-winds, when they fly
 Through fruitful mists of fragrant morning's
 dew,
 To get the spring with child of flowers and
 spices?
 Disperse these clouds, that like the veil of
 night,
 With unbecoming darkness shade thy
 beauties,
 And strike a new day from those orient
 eyes,
 To gild the world with brightness.
Ca. Sir, these flatteries
 Neither befit the ears of my true sorrows,
 Nor yet the utterance of that real sadness
 Should dwell in you. Are these the funeral
 rites
 You pay the memory of your royal father,
 And much lamented brother?
Abr. They were mortal;
 And to lament them, were to show I
 envied
 Th' immortal joys of that true happiness
 Their glorious souls (disfranchised from
 their flesh)
 Possess to perpetuity and fulness.
 Besides, Caropia, I have other griefs

More near my heart, that circle't with a sickness

Will shortly number me among their fellowship,

If speedier remedy be not applied
To my most desperate malady.

Ca. I shall
(If my hand fail not my determined courage)

Send you to their society far sooner
Than you expect or covet. Why, great sir,
What grief, unless your sorrow for their loss,

Is't can afflict you, that command all blessings

Men witty in ambition of excess
Can wish to please their fancies?

Abr. The want only
Of that which I've so long desired; thy love,

Thy love, Caropia, without which my empire,

And all the pleasures flowing from its greatness,

Will be but burdens, soul-tormenting troubles.

There's not a beam shot from those grief-drown'd comets

But (like the sun's, when they break forth of showers)

Dart flames more hot and piercing. Had I never

Doated before on thy divine perfections,
Viewing thy beauty thus adorn'd by sadness,

My heart, though marble, actuated to softness,

Would burn like sacred incense, itself being

The altar, priest, and sacrifice.

Ca. This is
As unexpected as unwelcome, sir.
Howe'er you're pleased to mock me and my griefs

With these impertinent, unmeant discourses,

I cannot have so prodigal a faith,
To give them the least credit, and it is

Unkindly done, thus to deride my sorrows.
The virgin turtles hate to join their pureness

With widow'd mates: my lord, you are a prince,

And such as much detest to utter falsehoods,

As saints do perjuries; why should you strive then

To lay a bait to captivate my affections,
when your

Greatness conjoin'd with your youth's masculine beauties,
Are to a woman's frailty, strong temptations?

You know the story too of my misfortunes,
That your dead brother did with vicious looseness

Corrupt the chaste streams of my spotless virtues,

And left me soiled like a long-pluck'd rose,

Whose leaves dis sever'd have foregone their sweetness.

Abr. Thou hast not, my Caropia; thou to me

Art for thy scent still fragrant, and as precious

As the prime virgins of the spring, the violets,

When they do first display their early beauties,

Till all the winds in love do grow contentious

Which from their lips should ravish the first kisses.

Caropia, think'st thou I should fear the nuptials

Of this great empire, 'cause it was my brother's?

As I succeeded him in all his glories,
'Tis fit I do succeed him in his love.

'Tis true, I know thy fame fell by his practice,

Which had he lived, he'd have restored by marriage,

By it repair'd thy injured honour's ruins.
I'm bound to do it in religious conscience;

It is a debt his incensed ghost would quarrel

Me living for, should I not pay't with fulness.

Ca. Of what frail temper is a woman's weakness!

Words writ in waters have more lasting essence

Than our determinations.

Abr. Come, I know,
Thou must be gentle, I perceive a combat

In thy soft heart, by th' intervening blushes
That strive to adorn thy cheek with purple beauties,

And drive the lovely livery of thy sorrows,
The ivory paleness, out of them. Think,

Caropia,

With what a settled, unrevolting truth
I have affected thee; with what heat, what pureness;

And when, upon mature considerations,
I found I was unworthy to enjoy

A treasure of such excellent grace and goodness,

I did desist, smothering my love in anguish;
Anguish, to which the soul of human torments

Compared, were pains not easy, but delicious;

Yet still the secret flames of my affections,
Like hidden virtues in some bashful man,
Grew great and ferventer by those suppressions.

Thou wert created only for an Empress;
Despise not then thy destiny, now greatness,
Love, Empire, and whate'er may be held glorious,

Court thy acceptance, like obedient vassals.

Ca. I have consider'd, and my serious thoughts

Tell me, 'tis folly to refuse these proffers;
To put off my mortality, the pleasures
Of life, which like full streams, do flow from greatness,

To wander i'th' unpeopled air, to keep
Society with ghastly apparitions,
Where neither voice of friends, nor visiting suitors

Breathes to delight our ears, and all this for

The fame of a fell murderess. I have blood

Enough already on my soul, more than
My tears can e'er wash off. My royal lord,
If you can be so merciful and gracious,
To take a woman laden with afflictions,
Big with true sorrow, and religious penitence

For her amiss; her life and after actions
Shall study to deserve your love. But surely

This is not serious.

Abr. Not the vows which votaries
Make to the powers above, can be more fraught

With binding sanctity. This holy kiss
Confirms our mutual vows; never till now
Was I true Caliph of Arabia.

Enter, Enter, Enter.

Abr. Ha, what tumult's that?

Be you all furies, and thou the great'st of devils,
Abrahen will stand you all, unmoved as mountains.

This good sword,
If you be air, shall disenchant you from
Your borrow'd figures.

Abi. No, ill-natured monster,
We're all corporeal, and survive to take
Revenge on thy inhuman acts, at name

Of which the bashful elements do shake
As if they teem'd with prodigies. Dost not tremble

At thy inhuman villainies? Dear Caropia,
Quit the infectious viper, lest his touch
Poison thee past recovery.

Abr. No, she shall not;

Nor you, until this body be one wound,
Lay a rude hand upon me! Abilqualit,
Howe'er thou scaped'st my practices with life,

I am not now to question; we were both
Sons to one father, whom, for love of empire,

When I believed thee strangled by those mutes,

I sent to his eternal rest; nor do I
Repent the fact yet, I have been titled
Caliph

A day, which is to my ambitious thoughts
Honour enough to eternize my big name
To all posterity. I know thou art
Of valiant, noble soul; let not thy brother
Fall by ignoble hands, oppress'd by number;

Draw thy bright weapon; as thou art in empire,

Thou art my rival in this lady's love,
Whom I esteem above all joys of life:
For her and for this monarchy, let's try
Our strengths and fortunes: the impartial fates

To him who has the better cause, in justice
Must needs design the victory.

Abi. In this offer,

Though it proceed from desperateness, not valour,

Thou show'st a masculine courage, and we will not

Render our cause so abject as to doubt
But our just arm has strength [enough] to punish

Thy most unheard-of treacheries.

Ta. But you shall not

Be so unjust to us and to your right,
To try your cause's most undoubted justice
'Gainst the despairing ruffian; soldiers, pull

The lady from him, and disarm him.

Abi. Stay!

Though he doth merit multitudes of death,
We would not murder his eternity
By sudden execution; yield yourself,
And we'll allow you liberty of life,
Till by repentance you have purged your sin,
And so, if possible, redeem your soul
From future punishment.

Abr. Pish, tell fools of souls,
And those effeminate cowards that do dream

Of those fantastic other worlds : there is
Not such a thing in nature, all the soul
Of men is resolution, which expires
Never from valiant men till their last
breath,

And then with it like to a flame extinguish'd
For want of matter, 't does not die, but rather
Ceases to live. Enjoy in peace your empire,
And as a legacy of Abrahen's love,
Take this fair lady to your bride. [*Stab her.*

Abi. Inhuman butcher !

Has slain the lady. Look up, best Caropia,
Run for our surgeons : I'll give half my
empire

To save her precious life.

Abi. She has enough,
Or mine aim fail'd me to procure her pas-
sage

To the eternal dwellings : nor is this
Cruelty in me ; I alone was worthy
To have enjoy'd her beauties. Make good
haste,

Caropia, or my soul, if I have any,
Will hover for thee in the clouds. This
was

The fatal engine which betray'd our father
To his untimely death, made by Siman-
thes

For your use, Abilqualit ; and who has
this

About him, and would be a slave to your
base mercy,
Deserved death more than by daily tor-
tures ;

And thus I kiss'd my last breath. Blast
you all ! [*Dies.*

Ta. Damn'd desperate villain !

Abi. O my dear Caropia,
My empire now will be unpleasant to me
Since I must lose thy company. This
surgeon ;

Where's this surgeon ?

Se. Drunk perhaps.

Ca. 'Tis but needless,
No human help can save me : yet me-
thinks

I feel a kind of pleasing ease in your
Embraces. I should utter something,
And I have strength enough, I hope, left
yet

To effect my purpose. In revenge for your
Supposed death, my loved lord, I slew my
husband,

Abi. I'm sorry thou hast that sin to
charge thy soul with ;

'Twas rumour'd by the soldiers.

Se. Cousins mine,

Your necks are safe again now.

Ca. And came hither

With an intent to have for your sake slain
your brother Abrahen,
Had not his courtesy and winning car-
riage

Alter'd my resolution, with this poniard
I'd struck him here about the heart.

[*Stabs Abilqualit.*

Abi. O I am slain, Caropia,
And by thy hand. Heavens, you are just,
this is

Revenge for thy dear honour, which I
murder'd,
Though thou wert consenting to it.

Ca. True, I was so,
And not repent it yet ; my sole ambition
Was to have lived an Empress, which since
fate

Would not allow, I was resolved no wo-
man

After myself should e'er enjoy that glory
With you, dear Abilqualit ; which since my
Weak strength has served me to perform,
I die

Willingly as an infant. O now I faint,
Life's death to those that keep it by con-
straint.

Ta. My dear lord,
Is there no hopes of life? must we be
wretched ?

Abi. Happier, my Tarifa, by my death :
But yesterday I play'd the part in jest
Which I now act in earnest. My Tarifa,
The Empire's thine, I'm sure thou'lt rule
with justice,

And make the subject happy. Thou hast
a son

Of hopeful growing virtues to succeed thee,
Commend me to him, and from me intreat
him

To shun the temptings of lascivious glances.

Se. 'Las, good Prince !
He'll die indeed, I fear, he is so full
Of serious thoughts and counsels.

Abi. For this slaughter'd body,
Let it have decent burial with slain Mura's,
But let not Abrahen's corpse have so much
honour

To come i'th' royal monument : lay mine
By my dear father's : for that treacherous
eunuch,

And Lord Simanthes, use them as thy jus-
tice

Tells thee they have merited ; for Lord
Selinthus,

Advance him, my Tarifa, he's of faithful
And well-deserving virtues.

Se. So I am,
I thought 'twould come to me anon ;
Poor Prince, I e'en could die with him.

Abi. And for those soldiers, and those
our most faithful
Mutes, that my life once saved, let them be
well
Rewarded ; death and I are almost now at
unity. Farewell. [*Dies.*
Ta. Sure I shall not
Survive these sorrows long. Mutes, take
those traitors
To prison ; we will shortly pass their sen-
tence,
Which shall be death inevitable. Take
up
That fatal instrument of poisonous mis-
chief,

And see it burn'd, Gaselles. Gentlemen,
Fate has made us your king against our
wishes.

Se. Long live Tarifa, Caliph of Arabia !

Ta. We have no time now for your
acclamations ;

These are black sorrow's festival. Bear
off

In state that royal body ; for the other,
Since 'twas his will, let them have burial,
But in obscurity. By this it may,
As by an evident rule be understood,
They're only truly great who are truly
good.

[*Recorders.* *Flourish.* *Excunt omnes.*

EPILOGUE.

I'm much displeas'd the poet has made
me
The Epilogue to his sad tragedy.
Would I had died honestly amongst the
rest,
Rather than live to th' last, now to be
press'd
To death by your hard censures. Pray
you say
What is it you dislike so in this play,
That none applauds ? Believe it, I should
faint,

Did not some smile, and keep me by con-
straint

From the sad qualm. What power is in
your breath,

That you can save alive, and doom to
death,

Even whom you please ? Thus are your
judgments free,

Most of the rest are slain, you may save
me.

But if death be the word, I pray bestow it
Where it best fits : hang up the poet.

P L A Y S

WRITTEN IN CONJUNCTION WITH

BEN JONSON, MARSTON, AND SHIRLEY.

[OF the three following Plays—*Eastward Ho*, *The Ball*, and *Chabot*, *Admiral of France*—the first was written by Chapman in conjunction with Ben Jonson and Marston. It is not included in any edition of Ben Jonson's Works, and is very incorrectly printed in Mr. Halliwell's edition of Marston. The other two Plays were written in conjunction with Shirley. The edition of Shirley's Plays published in 1833 is now very rare; and Chapman seems to have written nearly the whole of *Chabot*. It has therefore been thought advisable, in order to make this edition of his Dramatic Works quite complete, to include these three Plays in the present Volume.]

Eastward Ho.*

PROLOGUS.

Not out of envy, for there's no effect
Where there's no cause; nor out of imitation,
For we have evermore been imitated;
Nor out of our contention to do better
Than that which is opposed to ours in title,
For that was good; and better cannot be.
And for the title, if it seem affected,

We might as well have call'd it, "God you
good even,"
Only that Eastward westwards still exceeds;
Honour the sun's fair rising, not his setting.
Nor is our title utterly enforced,
As by the points we touch at you shall see.
Bear with our willing pains, if dull or witty,
We only dedicate it to the City.

ACT THE FIRST.

SCENE I.

Enter Master Touchstone and Quicksilver at several doors; Quicksilver with his hat, pumps, short sword and dagger, and a racket trussed up under his cloak. At the middle door, enter Golding, discovering a goldsmith's shop, and walking short turns before it.

To. And whither with you now? what loose action are you bound for? Come, what comrades are you to meet withal? where's the supper? where's the rendezvous?

Qu. Indeed, and in very good sober truth, sir—

To. Indeed, and in very good sober truth, sir! Behind my back thou wilt swear faster than a French footboy, and talk more bawdily than a common midwife; and now indeed and in very good sober truth, sir! but if a privy search should be made, with what furniture are you rigged now? Sirrah, I tell thee, I am thy master, William Touchstone, goldsmith; and thou my 'prentice, Francis Quicksilver, and I

will see whither you are running. Work upon that now.

Qu. Why, sir, I hope a man may use his recreation with his master's profit.

To. Prentices' recreations are seldom with their masters' profit. Work upon that now. You shall give up your cloak, though you be no alderman. Heyday! ruffians'-hall sword, pumps, here's a racket indeed!

[Touchstone uncloaks Quicksilver.

Qu. Work upon that now.

To. Thou shameless varlet! dost thou jest at thy lawful master, contrary to thy indentures?

Qu. Why 'sblood, sir! my mother's a gentlewoman, and my father a justice of peace and of Quorum; and though I am a younger brother and a prentice, yet I hope I am my father's son; and by God's lid, 'tis for your worship and for your commodity that I keep company. I am entertained among gallants, true. They call me cousin Frank, right; I lend them moneys, good; they spend it, well. But when they are spent, must not they strive to get more, must not their land fly? and to whom? Shall not your worship ha' the refusal? Well, I am a good member of the city, if I were well considered. How would merchants thrive, if gentlemen would not be unthrifts? How could gentlemen be unthrifts if their humours were not fed? How should their humours be fed but by white meat, and cunning secondings? Well, the city mig't

* "Eastward Ho. As it was playd in the Black-friers, by the Children of her Maesties Reuels. Made by Geo: Chapman, Ben: Iohnson, Ioh: Marston. At London: Printed for William Aspley. 1605."

consider us. I am going to an ordinary now : the gallants fall to play ; I carry light gold with me ; the gallants call, "Cousin Frank, some gold for silver ;" I change, frank by it ; the gallants lose the gold, and then call, "Cousin Frank, lend me some silver." Why—

To. Why? I cannot tell. Seven-score pound art thou out in the cash ; but look to it, I will not be gallanted out of my moneys. And as for my rising by other men's fall, God shield me ! did I gain my wealth by ordinaries? no : by exchanging of gold? no : by keeping of gallants' company? no. I hired me a little shop, fought low, took small gain, kept no debt-book, garnished my shop, for want of plate, with good wholesome thrifty sentences ; as, "Touchstone, keep thy shop, and thy shop will keep thee." "Light gains makes heavy purses." "'Tis good to be merry and wise." And when I was wived, having something to stick to, I had the horn of suretyship ever before my eyes. You all know the device of the horn, where the young fellow slips in at the butt-end, and comes squeezed out at the buckall : and I grew up, and I praise Providence, I bear my brows now as high as the best of my neighbours : but thou—well, look to the accounts ; your father's bond lies for you : seven-score pound is yet in the rear.

Qu. Why 'slid, sir, I have as good, as proper gallants' words for it as any are in London—gentlemen of good phrase, perfect language, passingly behaved ; gallants that wear socks and clean linen, and call me "kind cousin Frank," "good cousin Frank," for they know my father : and, by God's lid shall I not trust 'hem?—not trust?

Enter a Page, as inquiring for Touchstone's shop.

Go. What do ye lack, sir? What is't you'll buy, sir?

To. Ay, marry sir ; there's a youth of another piece. There's thy fellow-prentice, as good a gentleman born as thou art : nay, and better meant. But does he pump it, or racket it? Well, if he thrive not, if he outlast not a hundred such crackling bavins as thou art, God and men neglect industry.

Go. It is his shop, and here my master walks. [*To the page.*]

To. With me, boy?

Pa. My master, Sir Petronel Flash, recommends his love to you, and will instantly visit you.

To. To make up the match with my eldest daughter, my wife's dilling, whom she longs to call madam. He shall find me unwillingly ready, boy. [*Exit Page.*] There's another affliction too. As I have two prentices, the one of a boundless prodigality, the other of a most hopeful industry—so have I only two daughters : the eldest, of a proud ambition and nice wantonness ; the other of a modest humility and comely soberness. The one must be ladyfied, forsooth, and be attired just to the court-cut, and long tail. So far is she ill natured to the place and means of my preferment and fortune, that she throws all the contempt and despite hatred itself can cast upon it. Well, a piece of land she has ; 'twas her grandmother's gift ; let her, and her Sir Petronel, flash out that ; but as for my substance, she that scorns me, as I am a citizen and tradesman, shall never pamper her pride with my industry ; shall never use me as men do foxes, keep themselves warm in the skin, and throw the body that bare it to the dunghill. I must go entertain this Sir Petronel. Golding, my utmost care's for thee, and only trust in thee ; look to the shop. As for you, Master Quick-silver, think of husks, for thy course is running directly to the prodigal's hog's-trough ; husks, sirrah ! Work upon that now. [*Exit Touchstone.*]

Qu. Marry faugh, Goodman flat-cap ; 'sfoot ! though I am a prentice I can give arms ; and my father's a justice-a-peace by descent, and 'sblood—

Go. Fie, how you swear !

Qu. 'Sfoot, man, I am a gentleman, and may swear by my pedigree. God's my life ! Sirrah Golding, wilt be ruled by a fool? Turn good fellow, turn swaggering gallant, and let the welkin roar, and Erebus also. Look not westward to the fall of Dan Phœbus, but to the east—Eastward-ho !

"Where radiant beams of lusty Sol appear,
And bright Eous makes the welkin clear."

We are both gentlemen, and therefore should be no coxcombs : let's be no longer fools to this flat-cap, Touchstone. Eastward, bully, this satin belly, and canvas-backed Touchstone : 'slife ! man, his father was a malt-man, and his mother sold ginger-bread in Christ-church.

Go. What would ye ha' me do?

Qu. Why, do nothing, be like a gentleman, be idle ; the curse of man is labour. Wipe thy bum with testones, and make ducks and drakes with shillings. What,

Eastward-ho! Wilt thou cry, "what is't ye lack?" stand with a bare pate, and a dropping nose, under a wooden pent-house, and art a gentleman? Wilt thou bear tankards, and may'st bear arms? Be ruled; turn gallant; Eastward-ho! ta, lirra, lirra, ro, who calls Jeronimo? Speak, here I am. God's so! how like a sheep thou look'st; a my conscience, some cowherd begot thee, thou Golding of Golding-hall! Ha, boy?

Go. Go, ye are a prodigal coxcomb! I a cowherd's son, because I turn not a drunken whore-hunting rake-hell like thyself!

Qu. Rake-hell! rake-hell!

[*Offers to draw, and Golding trips up his heels and holds him.*]

Go. Pish, in soft terms, ye are a cowardly bragging boy. I'll ha'you whipt.

Qu. Whipt?—that's good, i'faith! untruss me?

Go. No, thou wilt undo thyself. Alas! I behold thee with pity, not with anger; thou common shot-clog, gull of all companies; methinks I see thee already walking in Moorfields without a cloak, with half a hat, without a band, a doublet with three buttons, without a girdle, a hose with one point, and no garter, with a cudgel under thine arm, borrowing and begging three-pence.

Qu. Nay, 'slife! take this and take all; as I am a gentleman born, I'll be drunk, grow valiant, and beat thee. [*Exit.*]

Go. Go, thou most madly vain, whom nothing can recover but that which reclaims atheists, and makes great persons sometimes religious—calamity. As for my place and life, thus I have read:—

Whate'er some vainer youth may term disgrace,

*The gain of honest pains is never base;
From trades, from arts, from valour,
honour springs,*

These three are founts of gentry, yea, of kings.

Enter Gertrude, Mildred, Bettrice, and Poldavy a tailor; Poldavy with a fair gown, Scotch farthingale and French-fall in his arms; Gertrude in a French head-attire, and citizen's gown; Mildred sewing and Bettrice leading a monkey after her.

Ge. For the passion of patience, look if Sir Petronel approach—that sweet, that fine, that delicate, that—for love's sake tell me if he come. O sister Mill, though my

father be a low-capped tradesman, yet I must be a lady; and I praise God my mother must call me madam. Does he come? Off with this gown, for shame's sake, off with this gown: let not my knight take me in the city-cut in any hand: tear't, pax on't (does he come?) tear't off. "Thus whilst she sleeps, I sorrow for her sake," &c.

Mi. Lord, sister, with what an immodest impatency and disgraceful scorn do you put off your city 'tire; I am sorry to think you imagine to right yourself in wronging that which hath made both you and us.

Ge. I tell you I cannot endure it, I must be a lady: do you wear your coif with a London licket, your stammel petticoat with two guards, the buffin gown with the tuff-taffety cape, and the velvet lace. I must be a lady, and I will be a lady. I like some humours of the City-dames well: to eat cherries only at an angel a pound, good; to dye rich scarlet, black, pretty; to line a program gown clean thorough with velvet, tolerable; their pure linen, their smocks of three pounds a smock, are to be borne withal. But your mincing niceries, taffata pipkins, durance petticoats, and silver bodkins—God's my life, as I shall be a lady, I cannot endure it! Is he come yet? Lord, what a long knight 'tis! "And ever she cried, Shout home!" and yet I knew one longer; "And ever she cried, Shout home," fa, la, ly, re, lo, la!

Mi. Well, sister, those that scorn their nest, oft fly with a sick wing.

Ge. Bow-bell!

Mi. Where titles presume to thrust before fit means to second them, wealth and respect often grow sullen, and will not follow. For sure in this, I would for your sake I spake not truth: *Where ambition of place goes before fitness of birth, contempt and disgrace follow.* I heard a scholar once say, that Ulysses, when he counterfeited himself mad, yoked cats and foxes and dogs together to draw his plough, whiles he followed and sowed salt; but sure I judge them truly mad, that yoke citizens and courtiers, tradesmen and soldiers, a goldsmith's daughter and a knight. Well, sister, pray God my father sow not salt too.

Ge. Alas! poor Mildred, when I am a lady, I'll pray for thee yet, i'faith: nay, and I'll vouchsafe to call thee sister Mill still; for though thou art not like to be a lady as I am, yet sure thou art a creature of God's

making; and mayest peradventure to be saved as soon as I (does he come?). "And ever and anon she doubled in her song." Now, lady's my comfort, what profane ape's here? Tailor, Poldavy, prithe, fit it, fit it: is this a right Scot? Does it clip close, and bear up round?

Po. Fine and stiffly, i'faith; 'twill keep your thighs so cool, and make your waist so small; here was a fault in your body, but I have supplied the defect, with the effect of my steel instrument, which, though it have but one eye, can see to rectify the imperfection of the proportion.

Ge. Most edifying tailor! I protest you tailors are most sanctified members, and make many crooked things go upright. How must I bear my hands? Light? light?

Po. O ay, now you are in the lady-fashion, you must do all things light. Tread light, light. Ay, and fall so: that's the Court-amble. [*She trips about the stage.*]

Ge. Has the Court ne'er a trot?

Po. No, but a false gallop, lady.

Ge. "And if she will not go to bed"—

[*Cantat.*]

Be. The knight's come, forsooth.

Enter Sir Petronel, Master Touchstone, and Mistress Touchstone.

Ge. Is my knight come? O the Lord, my hand! Sister, do my cheeks look well? Give me a little box a the ear, that I may seem to blush; now, now! So, there, there, there! here he is: O my dearest delight! Lord, Lord! and how does my knight?

To. Fie! with more modesty.

Ge. Modesty! why, I am no citizen now—modesty! Am I not to be married? y'are best to keep me modest, now I am to be a lady.

Sir Pe. Boldness is good fashion and courtlike.

Ge. Ay, in a country lady I hope it is, as I shall be. And how chance ye came no sooner, knight?

Sir Pe. 'Faith, I was so entertained in the progress with one Count Epernoum, a Welsh knight; we had a match at balloon too with my Lord Whachum, for four crowns.

Ge. At baboon? Jesu! you and I will play at baboon in the country, knight.

Sir Pe. O, sweet lady! 'tis a strong play with the arin.

Ge. With arm or leg, or any other mem-

ber, if it be a Court-sport. And when shall's be married, my knight?

Sir Pe. I come now to consummate it, and your father may call a poor knight son-in-law.

M. To. Sir, ye are come; what is not mine to keep I must not be sorry to forego. A 100 li. land her grandmother left her, 'tis yours; herself (as her mother's gift) is yours. But if you expect aught from me, know, my hand and mine eyes open together; I do not give blindly. Work upon that now.

Sir Pe. Sir, you mistrust not my means? I am a knight.

To. Sir, sir, what I know not, you will give me leave to say I am ignorant of.

Mist. To. Yes, that he is a knight; I know where he had money to pay the gentlemen-ushers and heralds their fees. Ay, that he is a knight, and so might you have been too, if you had been aught else than an ass, as well as some of your neighbours. And I thought you would not ha' been knighted, as I am an honest woman, I would ha' dubbed you myself. I praise God I have wherewithal. But as for your daughter—

Ge. Ay, mother, I must be a lady to-morrow; and by your leave, mother (I speak it not without my duty, but only in the right of my husband), I must take place of you, mother.

Mist. To. That you shall, lady-daughter, and have a coach as well as I too.

Ge. Yes, mother. But by your leave, mother (I speak it not without my duty, but only in my husband's right), my coach-horses must take the wall of your coach-horses.

To. Come, come, the day grows low; 'tis supper-time; use my house; the wedding solemnity is at my wife's cost; thank me for nothing but my willing blessing; for I cannot feign, my hopes are faint. And, sir, respect my daughter; she has refused for you wealthy and honest matches, known good men, well-moneyed, better traded, best reputed.

Ge. Body-a-truth! chittizens, chittizens! Sweet knight, as soon as ever we are married, take me to thy mercy out of this miserable chitty; presently carry me out of the scent of Newcastle coal, and the hearing of Bow-bell; I beseech thee down with me, for God sake!

To. Well, daughter, I have read that old wit sings:—

The greatest rivers flow from little springs.

Though thou art full, scorn not thy means at first,

He that's most drunk may soonest be a-thirst.

Work upon that now.

[*All but Touchstone, Mildred, and Golding depart.*]

No, no! yond' stand my hopes—Mildred, come hither, daughter. And how approve you your sister's fashion? how do you fancy her choice? what dost thou think?

Mi. I hope as a sister, well.

To. Nay but, nay but, how dost thou like her behaviour and humour? Speak freely.

Mi. I am loth to speak ill; and yet I am sorry of this, I cannot speak well.

To. Well; very good, as I would wish; a modest answer. Golding, come hither; hither, Golding. How dost thou like the knight, Sir Flash? does he not look big? how likest thou the elephant? he says he has a castle in the country.

Go. Pray heaven, the elephant carry not his castle on his back.

To. 'Fore heaven, very well! but seriously, how dost repute him?

Go. The best I can say of him is, I know him not.

To. Ha, Golding! I commend thee, I approve thee, and will make it appear my affection is strong to thee. My wife has her humour, and I will ha' mine. Dost thou see my daughter here? She is not fair, well-favoured or so indifferent, which modest measure of beauty shall not make it thy only work to watch her, nor sufficient mischance to suspect her. Thou art towardsly, she is modest; thou art provident, she is careful. She's now mine; give me thy hand, she's now thine. Work upon that now.

Go. Sir, as your son, I honour you; and as your servant, obey you.

To. Sayest thou so? Come hither, Mildred. Do you see yond' fellow? he is a gentleman, though my prentice, and has somewhat to take too; a youth of good hope; well friended, well parted. Are you mine? you are his. Work you upon that now.

Mi. Sir, I am all yours; your body gave me life; your care and love, happiness of life; let your virtue still direct it, for to your wisdom I wholly dispose myself.

To. Say'st thou so? Be you two better

acquainted. Lip her, lip her, knave. So, shut up shop: in. We must make holiday.

[*Exeunt Golding and Mildred.*]

This match shall on, for I intend to prove Which thrives the best, the mean or lofty love.

Whether fit wedlock vow'd 'twixt like and like,

Or prouder hopes, which daringly o'erstrike Their place and means. 'Tis honest time's expense,

When seeming lightness bears a moral sense. Work upon that now. [*Exit.*]

ACT THE SECOND.

SCENE I.

Touchstone, Quicksilver, Golding, and Mildred, *sitting on either side of the stall.*

To. Quicksilver, Master Francis Quicksilver, Master Quicksilver!

Enter Quicksilver.

Qu. Here, sir (ump).

To. So, sir; nothing but flat Master Quicksilver (without any familiar addition) will fetch you; will you truss my points, sir?

Qu. Ay, forsooth (ump).

To. How now, sir? the drunken hiccup so soon this morning?

Qu. 'Tis but the coldness of my stomach, forsooth.

To. What? have you the cause natural for it? y' are a very learned drunkard: I believe I shall miss some of my silver spoons with your learning. The nuptial night will not moisten your throat sufficiently, but the morning likewise must rain her dews into your gluttonous waist.

Qu. An't please you, sir, we did but drink (ump) to the coming off of the knightly bridegroom.

To. To the coming off an' him?

Qu. Ay, forsooth, we drunk to his coming on (ump) when we went to bed; and now we are up, we must drink to his coming off: for that's the chief honour of a soldier, sir; and therefore we must drink so much the more to it, forsooth (ump).

To. A very capital reason! So that you go to bed late, and rise early to commit drunkenness; you fulfil the scripture very sufficient wickedly, forsooth.

Qu. The knight's men, forsooth, be still

a their knees at it (ump), and because 'tis for your credit, sir, I would be loth to flinch.

To. I pray, sir, e'en to 'hem again then; y' are one of the separated crew, one of my wife's faction, and my young lady's, with whom, and with their great match, I will have nothing to do.

Qu. So, sir, now I will go keep my (ump) credit with 'hem, an't please you, sir.

To. In any case, sir, lay one cup of sack more a' your cold stomach, I beseech you.

Qu. Yes, forsooth. [*Exit Quicksilver.*]

To. This is for my credit; servants ever maintain drunkenness in their master's house for their master's credit; a good idle serving-man's reason. I thank time the night is past; I ne'er waked to such cost; I think we have stowed more sorts of flesh in our bellies than ever Noah's ark received; and for wine, why my house turns giddy with it, and more noise in it than at a conduit. Ay me! even beasts condemn our gluttony. Well, 'tis our city's fault, which, because we commit seldom, we commit the more sinfully; we lose no time in our sensuality, but we make amends for it. O that we would do so in virtue, and religious negligences! But see here are all the sober parcels my house can show; I'll eavesdrop, hear what thoughts they utter this morning.

Enter Golding.

Go. But is it possible that you, seeing your sister preferred to the bed of a knight, should contain your affections in the arms of a prentice?

Mi. I had rather make up the garment of my affections in some of the same piece, than, like a fool, wear gowns of two colours, or mix sackcloth with satin.

Go. And do the costly garments—the title and fame of a lady, the fashion, observation, and reverence proper to such preferment—no more inflame you than such convenience as my poor means and industry can offer to your virtues?

Mi. I have observed that the bridle given to those violent flatteries of fortune is seldom recovered; they bear one headlong in desire from one novelty to another, and where those ranging appetites reign, there is ever more passion than reason: no stay, and so no happiness. These hasty advancements are not natural. Nature hath given us legs to go to our objects; not wings to fly to them.

Go. How dear an object you are to my desires I cannot express; whose fruition

would my master's absolute consent and yours vouchsafe me, I should be absolutely happy. And though it were a grace so far beyond my merit, that I should blush with unworthiness to receive it, yet thus far both my love and my means shall assure your requital: you shall want nothing fit for your birth and education; what increase of wealth and advancement the honest and orderly industry and skill of our trade will afford in any, I doubt not will be aspired by me; I will ever make your contentment the end of my endeavours; I will love you above all; and only your grief shall be my misery, and your delight my felicity.

To. Work upon that now. By my hopes, he woos honestly and orderly; he shall be anchor of my hopes! Look, see the ill-yoked monster, his fellow!

Enter Quicksilver unlaced, a towel about his neck, in his flat-cap, drunk.

Qu. Eastward ho! *Holla, ye pampered jades of Asia!*

To. Drunk now downright, a my fidelity!

Qu. (Ump) pull do, pull do; show's, quoth the caliver.

Go. Fie, fellow Quicksilver, what a pickle are you in!

Qu. Pickle? pickle in thy throat; zounds, pickle! Wa, ha, ho! good-morrow, knight Petronel: morrow, lady goldsmith; come off, knight, with a counterbuff, for the honour of knighthood.

Go. Why, how now, sir? do ye know where you are?

Qu. Where I am? why, 'sblood! you jolthead, where I am!

Go. Go to, go to, for shame; go to bed and sleep out this immodesty: thou shamest both my master and his house.

Qu. Shame? what shame? I thought thou would'st show thy bringing-up; and thou wert a gentleman as I am, thou would'st think it no shame to be drunk. Lend me some money, save my credit; I must dine with the serving-men and their wives—and their wives, sirrah!

Go. E'en who you will; I'll not lend thee threepence.

Qu. 'Sfoot; lend me some money; *hast thou not Hyren here?*

To. Why, how now, sirrah? what vein's this, ha?

Qu. *Who cries on murther? Lady was it you?* how does our master? pray thee cry Eastward-ho!

To. Sirrah, sirrah, y'are past your hiccup now; I see y'are drunk.

Qu. 'Tis for your credit, master.

To. And hear you keep a whore in town.

Qu. 'Tis for your credit, master.

To. And what you are out in cash, I know.

Qu. So do I; my father's a gentleman. Work upon that now. Eastward-ho!

To. Sir, Eastward-ho will make you go Westward-ho; I will no longer dishonest my house, nor endanger my stock with your licence. There, sir, there's your indenture; all your apparel (that I must know) is on your back, and from this time my door is shut to you: from me be free; but for other freedom, and the moneys you have wasted, Eastward-ho shall not serve you.

Qu. Am I free a my fetters? Rent, fly with a duck in thy mouth, and now I tell thee, Touchstone—

To. Good sir—

Qu. When this eternal substance of my soul—

To. Well said; change your gold-ends for your play-ends.

Qu. Did live imprison'd in my wanton flesh—

To. What then, sir?

Qu. I was a courtier in the Spanish Court, and Don Andrea was my name.

To. Good master Don Andrea, will you march?

Qu. Sweet Touchstone, will you lend me two shillings?

To. Not a penny.

Qu. Not a penny? I have friends, and I have acquaintance; I will piss at thy shop-posts, and throw rotten eggs at thy sign. Work upon that now.

[*Exit staggering.*]

To. Now, sirrah, you! hear you? you shall serve me no more neither—not an hour longer.

Go. What mean you, sir?

To. I mean to give thee thy freedom, and with thy freedom my daughter, and with my daughter a father's love. And with all these such a portion as shall make Knight Petronel himself envy thee! Y'are both agreed, are ye not?

Am. With all submission, both of thanks and duty.

To. Well then, the great Power of heaven bless and confirm you. And, Golding, that my love to thee may not show less than my wife's love to my eldest daughter, thy marriage-feast shall equal the knight's and hers.

Go. Let me beseech you, no, sir; the

superfluity and cold meat left at their nuptials will with bounty furnish ours. The grossest prodigality is superfluous cost of the belly; nor would I wish any invitement of states or friends, only your reverent presence and witness shall sufficiently grace and confirm us.

To. Son to my own bosom, take her and my blessing. The nice fondling, my lady, sir-reverence, that I must not now presume to call daughter, is so ravished with desire to hansom her new coach, and see her knight's Eastward Castle, that the next morning will sweat with her busy setting forth. Away will she and her mother, and while their preparation is making, ourselves, with some two or three other friends, will consummate the humble match we have in God's name concluded.

'Tis to my wish; for I have often read,
Fit birth, fit age, keeps long a quiet bed.

'Tis to my wish; for tradesmen, well 'tis known,

Get with more ease than gentry keeps his own. [*Exit.*]

Security *solus.*

Sec. My privy guest, lusty Quicksilver, has drunk too deep of the bride-bowl; but with a little sleep, he is much recovered; and, I think, is making himself ready to be drunk in a gallanter likeness. My house is as 'twere the cave where the young outlaw hoards the stolen vails of his occupation; and here, when he will revel it in his prodigal similitude, he retires to his trunks, and (I may say softly) his punks: he dares trust me with the keeping of both; for I am Security itself; my name is Security, the famous usurer.

Enter Quicksilver in his prentice's coat and cap, his gallant breeches and stockings, gartering himself, Security following.

Qu. Come, old Security, thou father of destruction! th' indented sheepskin is burned wherein I was wrapt; and I am now loose, to get more children of perdition into thy usurious bonds. Thou feed'st my lechery, and I thy covetousness; thou art pander to me for my wench, and I to thee for thy cozenages. Kaa me, kaa thee, runs thy court and country.

Sec. Well said, my subtle Quicksilver! These kaa's ope the doors to all this world's felicity: the dullest forehead sees it. Let not master courtier think he carries all the knavery on his shoulders: I have known poor Hob, in the country, that has worn

hob-nails on's shoes, have as much villany in 's head as he that wears gold buttons in 's cap.

Qu. Why, man, 'tis the London highway to thrift; if virtue be used, 'tis but as a scape to the net of villany. They that use it simply, thrive simply, I warrant. "Weight and fashion makes goldsmiths cuckolds."

Enter Syndefie, with Quicksilver's doublet, cloak, rapier, and dagger.

Sy. Here, sir, put off the other half of your prenticeship.

Qu. Well said, sweet Syn! Bring forth my bravery.

Now let my trunks shoot forth their silks conceal'd.

I now am free, and now will justify My trunks and punks. Avaunt, dull flat-cap, then!

Via the curtain that shadow'd Borgia! There lie, thou husk of my envassail'd state, I, Sampson, now have burst the Philistines' bands,

And in thy lap, my lovely Dalila, I'll lie, and snore out my enfranchised state.

When Sampson was a tall young man. His power and strength increased than;

He sold no more nor cup nor can; But did them all despise.

Old Touchstone, now write to thy friends

For one to sell thy base gold-ends; Quicksilver now no more attends Thee, Touchstone.

But, dad, hast thou seen my running gelding dressed to-day?

Sec. That I have, Frank. The ostler a'th' Cock dressed him for a breakfast.

Qu. What! did he eat him?

Sec. No, but he eat his breakfast for dressing him; and so dressed him for breakfast.

Qu. O witty age! where age is young in wit,

And all youths' words have gray-beards full of it!

Sec. But alas, Frank! how will all this be maintained now? Your place maintained it before.

Qu. Why, and I maintained my place. I'll to the court: another manner of place for maintenance, I hope, than the silly City! I heard my father say, I heard my mother sing an old song and a true: *Thou art a she-fool, and know'st not what belongs to*

our male wisdom. I shall be a merchant, forsooth: trust my estate in a wooden trough as he does! What are these ships but tennis-balls for the winds to play withal? tossed from one wave to another; now underline, now over the house; sometimes brick-walled against a rock, so that the guts fly out again; sometimes strook under the wide hazard, and farewell, master merchant!

Sy. Well, Frank, well: the seas you say, are uncertain: but he that sails in your Court seas shall find 'hem ten times fuller of hazard; wherein to see what is to be seen is torment more than a free spirit can endure; but when you come to suffer, how many injuries swallow you! What care and devotion must you use to humour an imperious lord, proportion your looks to his looks, smiles to his smiles; fit your sails to the wind of his breath!

Qu. Tush! he's no journeyman in his craft that cannot do that.

Sy. But he's worse than a prentice that does it; not only humouring the lord, but every trencher-bearer, every groom, that by indulgence and intelligence crept into his favour, and by panderism into his chamber; he rules the roast; and when my honourable lord says it shall be thus, my worshipful rascal, the groom of his close stool, says it shall not be thus, claps the door after him, and who dares enter? A prentice, quoth you? 'Tis but to learn to live; and does that disgrace a man? He that rises hardly stands firmly; but he that rises with ease, alas! falls as easily.

Qu. A pox on you! who taught you this morality?

Sec. 'Tis 'long of this witty age, Master Francis. But, indeed, Mistress Syndefie, all trades complain of inconvenience, and therefore 'tis best to have none. The merchant, he complains and says, traffic is subject to much uncertainty and loss: let 'hem keep their goods on dry land, with a vengeance, and not expose other men's substances to the mercy of the winds, under protection of a wooden wall (as Master Francis says); and all for greedy desire to enrich themselves with unconscionable gain, two for one, or so; where I, and such other honest men as live by lending money, are content with moderate profit; thirty or forty i'th'hundred, so we may have it with quietness, and out of peril of wind and weather, rather than run those dangerous courses of trading, as they do.

Qu. Ay, dad, thou mayst well be

called Security, for thou takest the safest course.

Sec. 'Faith, the quieter, and the more contented, and, out of doubt, the more godly; for merchants, in their courses, are never pleased, but ever repining against heaven: one prays for a westerly wind, to carry his ship forth; another for an easterly, to bring his ship home, and at every shaking of a leaf he falls into an agony, to think what danger his ship is in on such a coast, and so forth. The farmer, he is ever at odds with the weather: sometimes the clouds have been too barren; sometimes the heavens forget themselves; their harvests answer not their hopes; sometimes the season falls out too fruitful, corn will bear no price, and so forth. The artificer, he's all for a stirring world: if his trade be too full, and fall short of his expectation, then falls he out of joint. Where we that trade nothing but money are free from all this; we are pleased with all weathers, let it rain or hold-up, be calm or windy; let the season be whatsoever, let trade go how it will, we take all in good part, e'en what please the heavens to send us, so the sun stand not still, and the moon keep her usual returns, and make up days, months, and years.

Qu. And you have good security?

Sec. Ay, marry, Frank, that's the special point.

Qu. And yet, forsooth, we must have trades to live withal; for we cannot stand without legs, nor fly without wings, and a number of such scurvy phrases. No, I say still, he that has wit, let him live by his wit; he that has none, let him be a tradesman.

Sec. Witty Master Francis! 'tis pity any trade should dull that quick brain of yours. Do but bring Knight Petronel into my parchment toils once, and you shall never need to toil in any trade, a'my credit. You know his wife's land?

Qu. Even to a foot, sir; I have been often there; a pretty fine seat, good land, all entire within itself.

Sec. Well wooded?

Qu. Two hundred pounds' worth of wood ready to fell, and a fine sweet house, that stands just in the midst o'n't, like a prick in the midst of a circle; would I were your farmer, for a hundred pound a year!

Sec. Excellent Master Francis! how I do long to do thee good! How I do hunger and thirst to have the honour to enrich

thee! ay, even to die, that thou mightest inherit my living! even hunger and thirst! for a my religion, Master Francis, and so tell Knight Petronel, I do it to do him a pleasure.

Qu. Marry, dad! his horses are now coming up to bear down his lady; wilt thou lend him thy stable to set 'hem in?

Sec. 'Faith, Master Francis, I would be loth to lend my stable out of doors; in a greater matter I will pleasure him, but not in this.

Qu. A pox of your hunger and thirst! Well, dad, let him have money; all he could any way get is bestowed on a ship now bound for Virginia; the frame of which voyage is so closely conveyed that his new lady nor any of her friends know it. Notwithstanding, as soon as his lady's hand is gotten to the sale of her inheritance, and you have furnished him with money, he will instantly hoist sail and away.

Sec. Now, a frank gale of wind go with him, Master Frank! we have too few such knight adventurers; who would not sell away competent certainties to purchase, with any danger, excellent uncertainties? your true knight venturer ever does. Let his wife seal to-day; he shall have his money to-day.

Qu. To-morrow she shall, dad, before she goes into the country; to work her to which action with the more engines, I purpose presently to prefer my sweet Syn here to the place of her gentlewoman; whom you (for the more credit) shall present as your friend's daughter, a gentlewoman of the country, new come up with a will for awhile to learn fashions forsooth, and be toward some lady; and she shall buzz pretty devices into her lady's ear; feeding her humours so serviceably (as the manner of such as she is, you know).

Sec. True, good Master Francis.

Enter Syndefie.

Qu. That she shall keep her port open to anything she commends to her.

Sec. A' my religion, a most fashionable project; as good she spoil the lady, as the lady spoil her; for 'tis three to one of one side. Sweet Mistress Syn, how are you bound to Master Francis! I do not doubt to see you shortly wed one of the head men of our city.

Sy. But, sweet Frank, when shall my father Security present me?

Qu. With all festination; I have broken

the ice to it already ; and will presently to the knight's house, whither, my good old dad, let me pray thee, with all formality to man her.

Sec. Command me, Master Francis, I do hunger and thirst to do thee service. Come, sweet Mistress Syn, take leave of my Winnifrid, and we will instantly meet Frank, Master Francis, at your lady's.

Enter Winnifrid above.

Wi. Where is my Cu there? Cu?

Sec. Ay, Winnie.

Wi. Wilt thou come in, sweet Cu?

Sec. Ay, Winnie, presently. [*Exeunt.*]

Qu. Ay, Winnie, quoth he, that's all he can do, poor man, he may well cut off her name at Winnie. O, 'tis an egregious pander! What will not an usurous knave be, so he may be rich? O, 'tis a notable Jew's trump! I hope to live to see dogs' meat made of the old usurer's flesh, dice of his bones, and indentures of his skin; and yet his skin is too thick to make parchment, 'twould make good boots for a peeter man to catch salmon in. Your only smooth skin to make fine vellum, is your Puritan's skin; they be the smoothest and slickest knaves in a country.

Enter Sir Petronel in boots, with a riding wan.

Pe. I'll out of this wicked town as fast as my horse can trot! Here's now no good action for a man to spend his time in. Taverns grow dead; ordinaries are blown up; plays are at a stand; houses of hospitality at a fall; not a feather waving, nor a spur jingling anywhere. I'll away instantly.

Qu. Y' ad best take some crowns in your purse, knight, or else your Eastward Castle will smoke but miserably.

Pe. O, Frank! my castle? Alas! all the castles I have are built with air, thou know'st.

Qu. I know it, knight, and therefore wonder whither your lady is going.

Pe. 'Faith, to seek her fortune, I think. I said I had a castle and land eastward, and eastward she will, without contradiction; her coach and the coach of the sun must meet full butt. And the sun being out-shined with her ladyship's glory, she fears he goes westward to hang himself.

Qu. And I fear, when her enchanted castle becomes invisible, her ladyship will return and follow his example.

Pe. O, that she would have the grace!

for I shall never be able to pacify her, when she sees herself deceived so.

Qu. As easily as can be. Tell her she mistook your directions, and that shortly yourself will down with her to approve it; and then clothe but her crouper in a new gown, and you may drive her any way you list. For these women, sir, are like Essex calves, you must wriggle 'hem on by the tail still, or they will never drive orderly.

Pe. But, alas! sweet Frank, thou knowest my ability will not furnish her blood with those costly humours.

Qu. Cast that cost on me, sir. I have spoken to my old pander, Security, for money or commodity; and commodity (if you will) I know he will procure you.

Pe. Commodity! Alas! what commodity?

Qu. Why, sir! what say you to figs and raisins?

Pe. A plague of figs and raisins, and all such frail commodities! We shall make nothing of 'hem.

Qu. Why then, sir, what say you to forty pound in roasted beef?

Pe. Out upon 't, I have less stomach to that than to the figs and raisins; I'll out of town, though I sojourn with a friend of mine, for stay here I must not; my creditors have laid to arrest me, and I have no friend under heaven but my sword to bail me.

Qu. God's me, knight, put 'hem in sufficient sureties, rather than let your sword bail you! Let 'hem take their choice, either the King's Bench or the Fleet, or which of the two Counters they like best, for, by the Lord, I like none of 'hem.

Pe. Well, Frank, there is no jesting with my earnest necessity; thou know'st if I make not present money to further my voyage begun, all's lost, and all I have laid out about it.

Qu. Why, then, sir, in earnest, if you can get your wise lady to set her hand to the sale of her inheritance, the blood-hound, Security, will smell out ready money for you instantly.

Pe. There spake an angel: to bring her to which conformity, I must feign myself extremely amorous; and alleging urgent excuses for my stay behind, part with her as passionately as she would from her foisting hound.

Qu. You have the sow by the right ear, sir. I warrant there was never child longed more to ride a cceck-horse or wear

his new coat, than she longs to ride in her new coach. She would long for everything when she was a maid, and now she will run mad for 'hem. I lay my life, she will have every year four children; and what charge and change of humour you must endure while she is with child, and how she will tie you to your tackling till she be with child, a dog would not endure. Nay, there is no turnspit dog bound to his wheel more servilely than you shall be to her wheel; for, as that dog can never climb the top of his wheel but when the top comes under him, so shall you never climb the top of her contentment but when she is under you.

Pe. 'Slight, how thou terrifiest me!

Qu. Nay, hark you, sir; what nurses, what midwives, what fools, what physicians, what cunning women must be sought for (fearing sometimes she is bewitched, sometimes in a consumption), to tell her tales, to talk bawdy to her, to make her laugh, to give her glisters, to let her blood under the tongue and betwixt the toes; how she will revile and kiss you, spit in your face, and lick it off again; how she will vaunt you are her creature; she made you of nothing; how she could have had thousand mark jointures; she could have been made a lady by a Scotch knight, and never ha' married him; she could have had poynados in her bed every morning; how she set you up, and how she will pull you down: you'll never be able to stand of your legs to endure it.

Pe. Out of my fortune, what a death is my life bound face to face to! The best is, a large time-fitted conscience is bound to nothing: marriage is but a form in the school of policy, to which scholars sit fastened only with painted chains. Old Security's young wife is ne'er the further off with me.

Qu. Thereby lies a tale, sir. The old usurer will be here instantly, with my punk Syndefie, whom, you know your lady has promised me to entertain for her gentlewoman; and he (with a purpose to feed on you) invites you most solemnly by me to supper.

Pe. It falls out excellently fitly: I see desire of gain makes jealousy venturous.

Enter Gertrude.

See, Frank, here comes my lady. Lord! how she views thee! she knows thee not, I think, in this bravery.

Ge. How now? who be you, I pray?

Qu. One Master Francis Quicksilver, an't please your ladyship.

Ge. God's my dignity! as I am a lady, if he did not make me blush so that mine eyes stood a-water. Would I were unmarried again!

Enter Security and Syndefie.

Where's my woman, I pray?

Qu. See, madam, she now comes to attend you.

Sec. God save my honourable knight and his worshipful lady!

Ge. Y'are very welcome; you must not put on your hat yet.

Sec. No, madam; till I know your ladyship's further pleasure, I will not presume.

Ge. And is this a gentleman's daughter new come out of the country?

Sec. She is, madam; and one that her father hath a special care to bestow in some honourable lady's service, to put her out of her honest humours, forsooth; for she had a great desire to be a nun, an't please you.

Ge. A nun? what nun? a nun substantive? or a nun adjective?

Sec. A nun substantive, madam, I hope, if a nun be a noun. But I mean, lady, a vowed maid of that order.

Ge. I'll teach her to be a maid of the order, I warrant you. And can you do any work belongs to a lady's chamber?

Sy. What I cannot do, madam, I would be glad to learn.

Ge. Well said; hold up, then; hold up your head, I say; come hither a little.

Sy. I thank your ladyship.

Ge. And hark you, good man, you may put on your hat now; I do not look on you. I must have you of my faction now; not of my knight's, maid.

Sy. No, forsooth, madam, of yours.

Ge. And draw all my servants in my bow, and keep my counsel, and tell me tales, and put me riddles, and read on a book sometimes when I am busy, and laugh at country gentlewomen, and command anything in the house for my retainers; and care not what you spend, for it is all mine; and in any case be still a maid, whatsoever you do, or whatsoever any man can do unto you.

Sec. I warrant your ladyship for that.

Ge. Very well; you shall ride in my coach with me into the country, to-morrow morning. Come, knight, I pray thee let's make a short supper, and to bed presently.

Sec. Nay, good madam, this night I have a short supper at home waits on his worship's acceptation.

Ge. By my faith, but he shall not go, sir; I shall swoon and he sup from me.

Pe. Pray thee, forbear; shall he lose his provision?

Ge. Ay, by'r lady, sir, rather than I lose my longing. Come in, I say; as I am a lady, you shall not go.

Qu. I told him what a burr he had gotten.

Sec. If you will not sup from your knight, madam, let me entreat your ladyship to sup at my house with him.

Ge. No, by my faith, sir; then we cannot be abed soon enough after supper.

Pe. What a medicine is this! Well, Master Security, you are new married as well as I; I hope you are bound as well. We must honour our young wives, you know.

Qu. In policy, dad, till to-morrow she has sealed.

Sec. I hope in the morning yet your knighthood will breakfast with me?

Pe. As early as you will, sir.

Sec. I thank your good worship; I do hunger and thirst to do you good, sir.

Ge. Come, sweet knight, come; I do hunger and thirst to be abed with thee.

[*Exeunt.*]

ACT THE THIRD.

SCENE I.

Enter Petronel, Quicksilver, Security, Bramble, and Winnifrid.

Pe. Thanks for your feast-like breakfast, good Master Security; I am sorry (by reason of my instant haste to so long a voyage as Virginia) I am without means by any kind amends to show how affectionately I take your kindness, and to confirm by some worthy ceremony a perpetual league of friendship betwixt us.

Sec. Excellent knight! let this be a token betwixt us of inviolable friendship. I am new married to this fair gentlewoman, you know; and by my hope to make her fruitful, though I be something in years, I vow faithfully unto you to make you godfather, though in your absence, to the first child I am blest withal; and henceforth call me gossip, I beseech you, if you please to accept it.

Pe. In the highest degree of gratitude, my most worthy gossip; for confirmation of which friendly title, let me entreat my fair gossip, your wife here, to accept this diamond, and keep it as my gift to her first child, wheresoever my fortune, in event of my voyage, shall bestow me.

Sec. How now, my coy wedlock; make you strange of noble a favour? Take it, I charge you, with all affection, and, by way of taking your leave, present boldly your lips to our honourable gossip.

Qu. How venturesome he is to him, and how jealous to others!

Pe. Long may this kind touch of our lips print in our hearts all the forms of affection. And now, my good gossip, if the writings be ready to which my wife should seal, let them be brought this morning before she takes coach into the country, and my kindness shall work her to despatch it.

Sec. The writings are ready, sir. My learned counsel here, Master Bramble the lawyer, hath perused them; and within this hour I will bring the scrivener with them to your worshipful lady.

Pe. Good Master Bramble, I will here take my leave of you then. God send you fortunate pleas, sir, and contentious clients!

Br. And you foreright winds, sir, and a fortunate voyage! [*Exit.*]

Enter a Messenger.

Me. Sir Petronel, here are three or four gentlemen desire to speak with you.

Pe. What are they?

Qu. They are your followers in this voyage, knight: Captain Seagull and his associates; I met them this morning, and told them you would be here.

Pe. Let them enter, I pray you; I know they long to be gone, for their stay is dangerous.

Enter Seagull, Scapethrift, and Spendall.

Sea. God save my honourable colonel!

Pe. Welcome, good Captain Seagull, and worthy gentlemen. If you will meet my friend Frank here, and me, at the Blue Anchor Tavern by Billingsgate this evening, we will there drink to our happy voyage, be merry, and take boat to our ship with all expedition.

Sp. Defer it no longer, I beseech you, sir; but as your voyage is hitherto carried closely, and in another knight's name, so for your own safety and ours, let it be continued: our meeting and speedy purpose

of departing known to as few as is possible, lest your ship and goods be attached.

Qu. Well advised, captain; our colonel shall have money this morning to despatch all our departures; bring those gentlemen at night to the place appointed, and, with our skins full of vintage, we'll take occasion by the vantage, and away.

Sp. We will not fail but be there, sir.

Pe. Good morrow, good captain, and my worthy associates. Health and all sovereignty to my beautiful gossip; for you, sir, we shall see you presently with the writings.

Sec. With writings and crowns to my honourable gossip. I do hunger and thirst to do you good, sir. [*Exeunt.*]

SCENE II.

Enter a Coachman in haste, in his frock, feeding.

Co. Here's a stir when citizens ride out of town, indeed as if all the house were a-fire! 'Slight! they will not give a man leave to eat's breakfast afore he rises.

Enter Hamlet, a footman, in haste.

Ha. What, coachman—my lady's coach! for shame! her ladyship's ready to come down.

Enter Potkin, a tankard-bearer.

Po. 'Sfoot! Hamlet, are you mad? Whither run you now? you should brush up my old mistress!

Enter Syndefie.

Sy. What, Potkin?—you must put off your tankard and put on your blue coat, and wait upon Mistress Touchstone into the country. [*Exit.*]

Po. I will, forsooth, presently. [*Exit.*]

Enter Mistress Fond and Mistress Gazer.

Fo. Come, sweet Mistress Gazer, let's watch here, and see my Lady Flash take coach.

Ga. A my word here's a most fine place to stand in; did you see the new ship launched last day, Mistress Fond?

Fo. O God! and we citizens should lose such a sight!

Ga. I warrant here will be double as many people to see her take coach as there were to see it take water.

Fo. O she's married to a most fine castle i'th' country, they say.

Ga. But there are no giants in the castle, are there?

Fo. O no: they say her knight killed 'hem all, and therefore he was knighted.

Ga. Would to God her ladyship would come away!

Enter Gertrude, Mistress Touchstone, Syndefie, Hamlet, Potkin.

Fo. She comes, she comes, she comes!

Ga. } Pray heaven bless your ladyship!

Fo. }

Ge. Thank you, good people. My coach, for the love of heaven, my coach! In good truth I shall swoon else.

Ha. Coach, coach, my lady's coach!

[*Exit.*]

Ge. As I am a lady, I think I am with child already, I long for a coach so. May one be with child afore they are married, mother?

Mist. T. Ay, by'r lady, madam; a little thing does that; I have seen a little prick no bigger than a pin's head swell bigger and bigger, till it has come to an ancome; and e'en so 'tis in these cases.

Enter Hamlet.

Ha. Your coach is coming, madam.

Ge. That's well said. Now, heaven! methinks I am e'en up to the knees in preferment.

"*But a little higher, but a little higher,*

There, there, there lies Cupid's fire!"

Mist. T. But must this young man, an't please you, madam, run by your coach all the way a-foot?

Ge. Ay, by my faith, I warrant him; he gives no other milk, as I have another servant does.

Mist. T. Alas! 'tis e'en pity, methinks; for God's sake, madam, buy him but a hobby-horse; let the poor youth have something betwixt his legs to ease 'hem. Alas! we must do as we would be done to.

Ge. Go to, hold your peace, dame; you talk like an old fool, I tell you!

Enter Petronel and Quicksilver.

Pe. Wilt thou be gone, sweet honey-suckle, before I can go with thee?

Ge. I pray thee, sweet knight, let me; I do so long to dress up thy castle afore thou comest. But I marle how my modest sister occupies herself this morning, that she cannot wait on me to my coach, as well as her mother.

Qu. Marry, madam, she's married by this time to prentice Golding. Your father, and some one more, stole to church with

'hem in all the haste, that the cold meat left at your wedding might serve to furnish their nuptial table.

Ge. There's no base fellow, my father, now; but he's e'en fit to father such a daughter: he must call me daughter no more now: but "madam," and "please you, madam;" and "please your worship, madam," indeed. Out upon him! marry his daughter to a base prentice!

Mist. T. What should one do? Is there no law for one that marries a woman's daughter against her will? How shall we punish him, madam?

Ge. As I am a lady, an't would snow, we'd so pebble 'hem with snow-balls as they come from church; but, sirrah Frank Quicksilver.

Qu. Ay, madam.

Ge. Dost remember since thou and I clapt what-d'ye-call'ts in the garret?

Qu. I know not what you mean, madam.

Ge. "His head as white as milk, all flaxen was his hair;

But now he is dead, and laid in his bed,

And never will come again."

God be at your labour!

Enter Touchstone, Golding, Mildred, with rosemary.

Pe. Was there ever such a lady?

Qu. See, madam, the bride and bridegroom!

Ge. God's my precious! God give you joy, mistress! What lack you? Now out upon thee, baggage! My sister married in a taffeta hat! Marry, hang you! Westward with a wanion t'ye! Nay, I have done wi' ye, minion, then, i'faith; never look to have my countenance any more, nor anything I can do for thee. Thou ride in my coach, or come down to my castle! fie upon thee! I charge thee in my ladyship's name, call me sister no more.

To. An't please your worship, this is not your sister: this is my daughter, and she calls me father, and so does not your ladyship, an't please your worship, madam.

Mist. T. No, nor she must not call thee father by heraldry, because thou makest thy prentice thy son as well as she. Ah! thou misproud prentice, darest thou presume to marry a lady's sister?

Go. It pleased my master, forsooth, to embolden me with his favour; and though I confess myself far unworthy so worthy a

wife (being in part her servant, as I am your prentice) yet (since I may say it without boasting) I am born a gentleman, and by the trade I have learned of my master (which I trust taints not my blood), able, with mine own industry and portion, to maintain your daughter, my hope is, heaven will so bless our humble beginning, that in the end I shall be no disgrace to the grace with which my master hath bound me his double prentice.

To. Master me no more, son, if thou think'st me worthy to be thy father.

Ge. Son! Now, good Lord, how he shines! and you mark him, he's a gentleman!

Go. Ay, indeed, madam, a gentleman born.

Pe. Never stand a' your gentry, Master Bridegroom; if your legs be no better than your arms, you'll be able to stand upright on neither shortly.

To. An't please your good worship, sir, there are two sorts of gentlemen.

Pe. What mean you, sir?

To. Bold to put off my hat to your worship—

Pe. Nay, pray forbear, sir, and then forth with your two sorts of gentlemen.

To. If your worship will have it so, I say there are two sorts of gentlemen. There is a gentleman artificial, and a gentleman natural. Now though your worship be a gentleman natural: work upon that now.

Qu. Well said, old Touchstone; I am proud to hear thee enter a set speech, i'faith; forth, I beseech thee.

To. Cry your mercy, sir, your worship's a gentleman I do not know. If you be one of my acquaintance, y'are very much disguised, sir.

Qu. Go to, old quipper; forth with thy speech, I say.

To. What, sir, my speeches were ever in vain to your gracious worship; and therefore, till I speak to you gallantry indeed, I will save my breath for my broth anon. Come, my poor son and daughter, let us hide ourselves in our poor humility, and live safe. Ambition consumes itself with the very show. Work upon that now.

Ge. Let him go, let him go, for God's sake! let him make his prentice his son, for God's sake! give away his daughter, for God's sake! and when they come a-begging to us for God's sake, let's laugh at their good husbandry for God's sake. Farewell, sweet knight, pray thee make haste after.

Pe. What shall I say?—I would not have thee go.

Qu. "Now, O now, I must depart,
"Part-ing though it absence move."

This ditty, knight, do I see in thy looks in capital letters.

"What a grief 'tis to depart, and leave
the flower that has my heart!

My sweet lady, and alack for wo, why,
should we part so?"

Tell truth, knight, and shame all dissemb-
bling lovers; does not your pain lie on
that side?

Pe. If it do, canst thou tell me how I
may cure it?

Qu. Excellent easily. Divide yourself in
two halves, just by the girdlestead; send
one half with your lady, and keep the
t'other yourself; or else do as all true
lovers do—part with your heart, and leave
your body behind. I have seen't done a
hundred times: 'tis as easy a matter for a
lover to part without a heart from his
sweetheart, and he ne'er the worse, as for a
mouse to get from a trap and leave her tail
behind him. See, here comes the writings.

Enter Security with a Scrivener.

Sec. Good morrow to my worshipful lady.
I present your ladyship with this writing,
to which if you please to set your hand with
your knight's, a velvet gown shall attend
your journey, a' my credit.

Ge. What writing is it, knight?

Pe. The sale, sweetheart, of the poor
tenement I told thee of, only to make a
little money to send thee down furniture
for my castle, to which my hand shall lead
thee.

Ge. Very well. Now give me your pen,
I pray.

Qu. It goes down without chewing,
if faith.

Scr. Your worships deliver this as your
deed?

Ambo. We do.

Ge. So now, knight, farewell till I see
thee.

Pe. All farewell to my sweetheart!

Mist. T. God-b'w'y, son knight.

Pe. Farewell, my good mother.

Ge. Farewell, Frank; I would fain take
thee down if I could.

Qu. I thank your good ladyship; fare-
well, Mistress Syndefie. [*Exeunt.*]

Pe. O tedious voyage, whereof there is
no end!

What will they think of me?

Qu. Think what they list. They longed
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for a vagary into the country, and now
they are fitted. So a woman marry to ride
in a coach, she cares not if she ride to her
ruin. 'Tis the great end of many of their
marriages. This is not the first time a lady
has rid a false journey in her coach, I hope.

Pe. Nay, 'tis no matter, I care little
what they think; he that weighs men's
thoughts has his hands full of nothing.
A man, in the course of this world, should
be like a surgeon's instrument—work in
the wounds of others, and feel nothing
himself. The sharper and subtler the
better.

Qu. As it falls out now, knight, you
shall not need to devise excuses, or endure
her outcries, when she returns; we shall
now begone before, where they cannot
reach us.

Pe. Well, my kind compeer, you have
now the assurance we both can make you;
let me now intreat you, the money we
agreed on may be brought to the Blue
Anchor, near to Billingsgate, by six
o'clock; where I and my chief friends,
bound for this voyage, will with feasts
attend you.

Sec. The money, my most honourable
compeer, shall without fail observe your
appointed hour.

Pe. Thanks, my dear gossip. I must
now impart

To your approved love, a loving secret;
As one on whom my life doth more rely
In friendly trust than any man alive.
Nor shall you be the chosen secretary
Of my affections for affection only:

For I protest (if God bless my return)
To make you partner in my actions' gain
As deeply as if you had ventured with
me

Half my expences. Know then, honest
gossip,

I have enjoy'd with such divine content-
ment

A gentlewoman's bed whom you well
know,

That I shall ne'er enjoy this tedious
voyage,

Nor live the least part of the time it asketh,
Without her presence; so I thirst and
hunger

To taste the dear feast of her company.
And if the hunger and the thirst you vow

As my sworn gossip, to my wished good
Be, as I know it is, unfeign'd and firm,

Do me an easy favour in your power

Sec. Be sure, brave gossip, all that I can
do,

To my best nerve, is wholly at your service :
Who is the woman, first, that is your friend ?

Pe. The woman is your learned coun-
sel's wife,

The lawyer, Master Bramble ; whom would
you

Bring out this even in honest neighbour-
hood,

To take his leave with you, of me your
gossip,

I, in the meantime, will send this my
friend

Home to his house, to bring his wife dis-
guised,

Before his face, into our company ;

For love hath made her look for such a
wife,

To free her from his tyrannous jealousy.

And I would take this course before
another,

In stealing her away to make us sport,

And gull his circumspection the more
grossly ;

And I am sure that no man like yourself

Hath credit with him to entice his jealousy
To so long stay abroad as may give time

To her enlargement, in such safe disguise.
Sec. A pretty, pithy, and most pleasant
project !

Who would not strain a point of neigh-
bourhood

For such a point device ? that as the ship

Of famous Draco went about the world,

Will wind about the lawyer, compassing

The world himself ; he hath it in his
arms,

And that's enough for him, without his
wife.

A lawyer is ambitious, and his head

Cannot be praised nor raised too high,

With any fork of highest knavery.

I'll go fetch her straight. [*Exit Security.*]

Pe. So, so. Now, Frank, go thou home
to his house,

'Stead of his lawyer's, and bring his wife
hither,

Who, just like to the lawyer's wife, is
prison'd

With his stern usurous jealousy, which
could never

Be over-reach'd thus but with over-reaching.

Enter Security.

Sec. And, Master Francis, watch you
th' instant time

To enter with his exit : 'twill be rare,

Two fine horn'd beasts!—a camel and
a lawyer !

Qu. How the old villain joys in villany !

Sec. And hark you, gossip, when you
have her here,

Have your boat ready, ship her to your
ship

With utmost haste, lest Master Bramble
stay you.

To o'er-reach that head that out-reacheth
all heads ?

'Tis a trick rampant !—'tis a very quibly !
I hope this harvest to pitch cart with law-
yers,

Their heads will be so forked. This sly
touch

Will get apes to invent a number such.
[*Exit.*]

Qu. Was ever rascal honey'd so with
poison ?

"He that delights in slavish avarice,
Is apt to joy in every sort of vice."

Well, I'll go fetch his wife, whilst he the
lawyer's.

Pe. But stay, Frank, let's think how we
may disguise her upon this sudden.

Qu. God's me ! there's the mischief !
But hark you, here's an excellent device :
'fore God, a rare one ! I will carry her a
sailor's gown and cap, and cover her, and
a player's beard.

Pe. And what upon her head ?

Qu. I tell you, a sailor's cap ! 'Slight,
God forgive me ! what kind of figent
memory have you ?

Pe. Nay, then, what kind of figent wit
hast thou ?

A sailor's cap ?—how shall she put it off
When thou 'present'st her to our com-
pany ?

Qu. Tush, man, for that, make her a
saucy sailor.

Pe. Tush, tush ! 'tis no fit sauce for
such sweet mutton. I know not what 't
advise.

Enter Security, with his wife's gown.

Sec. Knight, knight, a rare device !

Pe. 'Swoonds, yet again !

Qu. What stratagem have you now ?

Sec. The best that ever. You talk of dis-
guising ?

Pe. Ay, marry, gossip, that's our present
care.

Sec. Cast care away then ; here's the best
device

For plain Security (for I am no better)

I think, that ever lived : here's my wife's
gown,

Which you may put upon the lawyer's wife,
And which I brought you, sir, for two
great reasons ;

One is, that Master Bramble may take hold
Of some suspicion that it is my wife,
And gird me so perhaps with his law-wit ;
'The other (which is policy indeed)

Is, that my wife may now be tied at home,
Having no more but her old gown abroad,
And not show me a quirk, while I firke
others.

Is not this rare ?

Ambo. The best that ever was.

Sec. Am I not born to furnish gentlemen ?

Pe. O my dear gossip !

Sec. Well hold, Master Francis ; watch
when the lawyer's out, and put it in. And
now I will go fetch him. [*Exit.*]

Qu. O my dad ! he goes as 'twere the
devil to fetch the lawyer ; and devil shall
he be, if horns will make him.

Pe. Why, how now, gossip ? why stay
you there musing ?

Sec. A toy, a toy runs in my head, i'faith.

Qu. A pox of that head ! is there more
toys yet ?

Pe. What is it, pray thee, gossip ?

Sec. Why, sir, what if you should slip
away now with my wife's best gown, I
having no security for it ?

Qu. For that I hope, dad, you will take
our words.

Sec. Ay, by th' mass, your word—that's
a proper staff

For wise Security to lean upon !

But 'tis no matter, once I'll trust my name
On your crack'd credits ; let it take no
shame.

Fetch the wench, Frank. [*Exit.*]

Qu. I'll wait upon you, sir,
And fetch you over, you were ne'er so
fetch'd.

Go to the tavern, knight ; your followers
Dare not be drunk, I think, before their
captain. [*Exit.*]

Pe. Would I might lead them to no
hotter service

Till our Virginian gold were in our purses !
[*Exit.*]

Enter Seagull, Spendall, and Scapethrift,
in the Tavern, with a Drawer.

Sea. Come, drawer, pierce your neatest
hogsheads, and let's have cheer—not fit
for your Billingsgate tavern, but for our
Virginian colonel ; he will be here in-
stantly.

Dr. You shall have all things fit, sir ;
please you have any more wine ?

Sp. More wine, slave ! whether we drink
it or no, spill it, and draw more.

Sea. Fill all the pots in your house with

all sorts of liquor, and let 'hem wait on us
here like soldiers in their pewter coats ; and
though we do not employ them now, yet
we will maintain 'hem till we do.

Dr. Said like an honourable captain ;
you shall have all you can command, sir.

[*Exit* Drawer.]

Sea. Come, boys, Virginia longs till we
share the rest of her maidenhead. —

Sp. Why, is she inhabited already with
any English ?

Sea. A whole country of English is there
man, bred of those that were left there in
'79 ; they have married with the Indians,
and make 'hem bring forth as beautiful
faces as any we have in England ; and
therefore the Indians are so in love with
'hem, that all the treasure they have they
lay at their feet.

Sea. But is there such treasure there,
captain, as I have heard ?

Sea. I tell thee, gold is more plentiful
there than copper is with us ; and for as much
red copper as I can bring, I'll have thrice
the weight in gold. Why, man, all their
dripping-pans and their chamber-pots are
pure gold ; and all the chains with which
they chain up their streets are massy gold ;
all the prisoners they take are fettered in
gold ; and for rubies and diamonds, they
go forth on holidays and gather 'hem by
the sea-shore, to hang on their children's
coats, and stick in their caps, as com-
monly as our children wear saffron-gilt
brooches and groats with holes in 'hem.

Sea. And is it a pleasant country withal ?

Sea. As ever the sun shined on ; tem-
perate and full of all sorts of excellent
viands : wild boar is as common there as
our tamest bacon is here ; venison as
mutton. And then you shall live freely
there, without sargeants, or courtiers, or
lawyers, or intelligencers [only a few
industrious Scots perhaps, who indeed are
dispersed over the face of the whole earth.
But as for them, there are no greater friends
to Englishmen and England, when they
are out on't, in the world, than they are.
And for my own part, I would a hundred
thousand of them were there, for we are all
one countrymen now, ye know, and we
should find ten times more comfort of
them there than we do here.]* Then for

* This is the famous passage that gave offence to James the First, and caused the imprisonment of the authors. The leaves containing it were cancelled and reprinted, and it only occurs in a few of the original copies.—Ed.

your means to advancement, there it is simple, and not preposterously mixed. You may be an alderman there, and never be scavenger: you may be a nobleman, and never be a slave. You may come to preferment enough, and never be a pander; to riches and fortune enough, and have never the more villany nor the less wit. Besides, there we shall have no more law than conscience, and not too much of either; serve God enough, eat and drink enough, and "enough is as good as a feast."

Sp. God's me! and how far is it thither?

Sea. Some six weeks' sail, no more, with any indifferent good wind. And if I get to any part of the coast of Africa, I'll sail thither with any wind; or when I come to Cape Finisterre, there's a foreright wind continually wafts us till we come at Virginia. See, our colonel's come.

Enter Sir Petronel, with his followers.

Pe. Well met, good Captain Seagull, and my noble gentlemen! Now the sweet hour of our freedom is at hand. Come, drawer, fill us some carouses, and prepare us for the mirth that will be occasioned presently. Here will be a pretty wench, gentlemen that will bear us company all our voyage.

Sea. Whatsoever she be, here's to her health, noble colonel, both with cap and knee.

Pe. Thanks, kind Captain Seagull, she's one I love dearly, and must not be known till we be free from all that know us. And so, gentlemen, here's to her health.

Ambo. Let it come, worthy colonel; "We do hunger and thirst for it."

Pe. Afore heaven! you have hit the phrase of one that her presence will touch from the foot to the forehead, if ye knew it.

Sp. Why, then, we will join his forehead with her health, sir; and Captain Scapethrift, here's to 'hem both.

Enter Security and Bramble.

Sec. See, see, Master Bramble, 'fore heaven! their voyage cannot but prosper; they are o' their knees for success to it!

Br. And they pray to god Bacchus.

Sec. God save my brave colonel, with all his tall captains and corporals. See, sir, my worshipful learned counsel, Master Bramble, is come to take his leave of you.

Pe. Worshipful Master Bramble, how far do you draw us into the sweet-brier of your kindness! Come, Captain Seagull,

another health to this rare Bramble, that hath never a prick about him.

Sea. I pledge his most smooth disposition, sir. Come, Master Security, bend your supporters, and pledge this notorious health here.

Sec. Bend you yours likewise, Master Bramble; for it is you shall pledge me.

Sea. Not so, Master Security; he must not pledge his own health.

Sec. No, Master Captain?

Enter Quicksilver, with Winny disguised.

Why, then, here's one is fitly come to do him that honour.

Qu. Here's the gentlewoman your cousin, sir, whom, with much entreaty, I have brought to take her leave of you in a tavern; ashamed whereof, you must pardon her if she put not off her mask.

Pe. Pardon me, sweet cousin; my kind desire to see you before I went, made me so importunate to entreat your presence here.

Sec. How now, Master Francis? have you honoured this presence with a fair gentlewoman?

Qu. Pray, sir, take you no notice of her, for she will not be known to you.

Sec. But my learned counsel, Master Bramble here, I hope may know her.

Qu. No more than you, sir, at this time; his learning must pardon her.

Sec. Well, God pardon her for my part, and I do, I'll be sworn; and so, Master Francis, here's to all that are going eastward to-night towards Cuckold's Haven; and so to the health of Master Bramble.

Qu. I pledge it, sir. Hath it gone round, captain?

Sea. It has, sweet Frank; and the round closes with thee.

Qu. Well, sir, here's to all eastward and toward cuckolds, and so to famous Cuckold's Haven, so fatally remembered.

[*Surgit.*

Pe. Nay, pray thee, coz, weep not; gossip Security.

Sec. Ay, my brave gossip.

Pe. A word, I beseech you, sir. Our friend, Mistress Bramble here, is so dissolved in tears, that she drowns the whole mirth of our meeting. Sweet gossip, take her aside and comfort her.

Sec. Pity of all true love, Mistress Bramble; what, weep you to enjoy your love? What's the cause, lady? Is't because your husband is so near, and your

heart yearns to have a little abused him? Alas, alas! the offence is too common to be respected. So great a grace hath seldom chanced to so unthankful a woman, to be rid of an old jealous dotard, to enjoy the arms of a loving young knight, that when your prick-less Bramble is withered with grief of your loss, will make you flourish afresh in the bed of a lady.

Enter Drawer.

Dr. Sir Petronel, here's one of your watermen come to tell you it will be flood these three hours; and that 'twill be dangerous going against the tide, for the sky is overcast, and there was a porpoise even now seen at London-bridge, which is always the messenger of tempests, he says.

Pe. A porpoise!—what's that to th' purpose? Charge him, if he love his life, to attend us; can we not reach Blackwall (where my ship lies) against the tide, and in spite of tempests? Captains and gentlemen, we'll begin a new ceremony at the beginning of our voyage, which I believe will be followed of all future adventurers.

Sea. What's that, good colonel?

Pe. This, Captain Seagull. We'll have our provided supper brought aboard Sir Francis Drake's ship, that hath compassed the world; where, with full cups and banquets, we will do sacrifice for a prosperous voyage. My mind gives me that some good spirits of the waters should haunt the desert ribs of her, and be auspicious to all that honour her memory, and will with like orgies enter their voyages.

Sea. Rarely conceived! One health more to this motion, and aboard to perform it. He that will not this night be drunk, may he never be sober.

[They compass in Winnifrid, dance the drunken round, and drink carouses.]

Br. Sir Petronel and his honourable captains, in these young services we old servitors may be spared. We only came to take our leaves, and with one health to you all, I'll be bold to do so. Here, neighbour Security, to the health of Sir Petronel and all his captains.

Sec. You must bend then, Master Bramble; so now I am for you. I have one corner of my brain, I hope, fit to bear one carouse more. Here, lady, to you that are encompassed there, and are ashamed of our company. Ha, ha, ha! by my troth, my learned counsel, Master

Bramble, my mind runs so of Cuckold's Haven to-night, that my head runs over with admiration.

Br. But is not that your wife, neighbour?

Sec. No, by my troth, Master Bramble. Ha, ha, ha! A pox of all Cuckold's havens, I say!

Br. A my faith, her garments are exceeding like your wife's.

Sec. *Cucullus non facit monachum*, my learned counsel; all are not cuckolds that seem so, nor all seem not that are so. Give me your hand, my learned counsel; you and I will sup somewhere else than at Sir Francis Drake's ship to-night. Adieu, my noble gossip.

Br. Good fortune, brave captains; fair skies God send ye!

Omnes. Farewell, my hearts, farewell!

Pe. Gossip, laugh no more at Cuckold's-haven, gossip.

Sec. I have done, I have done, sir; will you lead Master Bramble? Ha, ha, ha!

Pe. Captain Seagull, charge a boat.

Omnes. A boat, a boat, a boat!

[Exeunt.]

Dr. Y'are in a proper taking indeed, to take a boat, especially at this time of night, and against tide and tempest. They say yet, "drunken men never take harm." This night will try the truth of that proverb.

[Exit.]

Enter Security.

Sec. What, Winny!—wife, I say! out of doors at this time! where should I seek the gad-fly? Billingsgate, Billingsgate, Billingsgate! She's gone with the knight, she's gone with the knight; woe be to thee, Billingsgate! A boat, a boat, a boat! a full hundred marks for a boat! *[Exit.]*

ACT THE FOURTH.

SCENE I.

Enter Slitgut, with a pair of ox-horns, discovering Cuckold's Haven above.

Sl. All hail, fair haven of married men only! for there are none but married men cuckolds. For my part, I presume not to arrive here, but in my master's behalf (a poor butcher of East-cheap), who sends me to set up (in honour of Saint Luke) these necessary ensigns of his homage. And up I got this morning, thus early, to get up to

the top of this famous tree, that is all fruit and no leaves, to advance this crest of my master's occupation. Up then; heaven and Saint Luke bless me, that I be not blown into the Thames as I climb, with this furious tempest. 'Slight! I think the devil be abroad, in likeness of a storm, to rob me of my horns! Hark how he roars! Lord! what a coil the Thames keeps! she bears some unjust burthen, I believe, that she kicks and curvets thus to cast it. Heaven bless all honest passengers that are upon her back now; for the bit is out of her mouth, I see, and she will run away with 'hem! So, so, I think I have made it look the right way; it runs against London Bridge, as it were, even full butt. And now let me discover from this lofty prospect, what pranks the rude Thames plays in her desperate lunacy. O me! here's a boat has been cast away hard by. Alas, alas! see one of her passengers labouring for his life to land at this haven here! pray heaven he may recover it! His next land is even just under me; hold out yet a little, whatsoever thou art; pray, and take a good heart to thee. 'Tis a man; take a man's heart to thee; yet a little further, get up a' thy legs, man; now 'tis shallow enough. So, so, so! Alas! he's down again. Hold thy wind, father: 'tis a man in a night-cap. So! now he's got up again; now he's past the worst: yet, thanks be to heaven, he comes toward me pretty and strongly.

Enter Security without his hat, in a night-cap, wet band, &c.

Sec. Heaven, I beseech thee, how have I offended thee! where am I cast ashore now, that I may go a righter way home by land? Let me see; O I am scarce able to look about me: where is there any sea-mark that I am acquainted withal?

Sl. Look up, father; are you acquainted with this mark?

Sec. What! landed at Cuckold's Haven! Hell and damnation! I will run back and drown myself. *[He falls down.]*

Sl. Poor man, how weak he is! the weak water has washed away his strength.

Sec. Landed at Cuckold's Haven! If it had not been to die twenty times alive, I should never have 'scaped death! I will never arise more; I will grovel here and eat dirt till I be choked; I will make the gentle earth do that, which the cruel water has denied me!

Sl. Alas! good father, be not so des-

perate! Rise man; if you will I'll come presently and lead you home.

Sec. Home! shall I make any know my home, that has known me thus abroad? How low shall I crouch away, that no eye may see me? I will creep on the earth while I live, and never look heaven in the face more. *[Exit creeping.]*

Sl. What young planet reigns now, trow, that old men are so foolish? What desperate young swaggerer would have been abroad such a weather as this, upon the water? Ay me! see another remnant of this unfortunate shipwrack, or some other. A woman, i'faith, a woman; though it be almost at St. Katherine's, I discern it to be a woman, for all her body is above the water, and her clothes swim about her most handsomely. O, they bear her up most bravely! has not a woman reason to love the taking up of her clothes the better while she lives, for this? Alas! how busy the rude Thames is about her! A pox a that wave! it will drown her, i'faith, 'twill drown her! Cry God mercy, she has 'scaped it—I thank heaven she has 'scaped it! O how she swims like a mermaid! some vigilant body look out and save her. That's well said; just where the priest fell in, there's one sets down a ladder, and goes to take her up. God's blessing a thy heart, boy! Now take her up in thy arms and to bed with her; she's up, she's up! She's a beautiful woman, I warrant her; the billows durst not devour her.

Enter the Drawer in the Tavern before, with Winnifrid.

Dr. How fare you now, lady?

Wi. Much better, my good friend, than I wish; as one desperate of her fame, now my life is preserved.

Dr. Comfort yourself; that Power that preserved you from death can likewise defend you from infamy, howsoever you deserve it. Were not you one that took boat late this night, with a knight and other gentlemen at Billingsgate?

Wi. Unhappy that I am, I was.

Dr. I am glad it was my good hap to come down thus far after you, to a house of my friend's here in St. Katherine's, since I am now happily made a mean to your rescue from the ruthless tempest, which (when you took boat) was so extreme, and the gentleman that brought you forth so desperate and unsober, that I feared long ere this I should hear of your shipwrack, and

therefore (with little other reason) made thus far this way. And this I must tell you, since perhaps you may make use of it, there was left behind you at our tavern, brought by a porter (hired by the young gentleman that brought you), a gentlewoman's gown, hat, stockings, and shoes; which if they be yours, and you please to shift you, taking a hard bed here in this house of my friend, I will presently go fetch you.

Wi. Thanks, my good friend, for your more than good news. The gown with all things bound with it are mine; which if you please to fetch as you have promised, I will boldly receive the kind favour you have offered till your return; entreating you, by all the good you have done in preserving me hitherto, to let none take knowledge of what favour you do me, or where such a one as I am bestowed, lest you incur me much more damage in my fame than you have done me pleasure in preserving my life.

Dr. Come in, lady, and shift yourself; resolve that nothing but your own pleasure shall be used in your discovery.

Wi. Thank you, good friend; the time may come, I shall requite you.

[*Exeunt.*]

Sl. See, see, see! I hold my life, there's some other a taking up at Wapping now! Look, what a sort of people cluster about the gallows there! in good troth it is so. O me! a fine young gentleman! What, and taken up at the gallows! Heaven grant he be not one day taken down there! A my life, it is ominous! Well, he is delivered for the time. I see the people have all left him; yet will I keep my prospect awhile, to see if any more have been shipwrecked.

Enter Quicksilver, bare head.

Qu. Accursed that ever I was saved or born!

How fatal is my sad arrival here!

As if the stars and providence spake to me,
And said, "The drift of all unlawful courses
(Whatever end they dare propose themselves,

In frame of their licentious policies),

In the firm order of just destiny,

They are the ready highways to our ruins."
I know not what to do; my wicked hopes
Are, with this tempest, torn up by the roots.

* Here is a touch of Chapman's hand discernible, if nowhere else.—*Ed.*

O! which way shall I bend my desperate steps,

In which unsufferable shame and misery
Will not attend them? I will walk this bank,

And see if I can meet the other relics
Of our poor shipwreck'd crew, or hear of them.

The knight, alas! was so far gone with wine,
And th' other three, that I refused their boat,

And took the hapless woman in another,
Who cannot but be sunk, whatever fortune
Hath wrought upon the others' desperate lives.

Enter Petronel, and Seagull, bareheaded.

Pe. Zounds! captain, I tell thee, we are cast up o'the coast of France. 'Sfoot! I am not drunk still, I hope. Dost remember where we were last night?

Sea. No, by my troth, knight, not I; but methinks we have been a horrible while upon the water and in the water.

Pe. Ay me! we are undone for ever! Hast any money about thee?

Sea. Not a penny, by Heaven!

Pe. Not a penny betwixt us, and cast ashore in France!

Sea. 'Faith, I cannot tell that; my brains nor mine eyes are not mine own yet.

Enter two Gentlemen.

Pe. 'Sfoot! wilt not believe me? I know't by th' elevation of the pole, and by the altitude and latitude of the climate. See, here comes a couple of French gentlemen; I knew we were in France; dost thou think our Englishmen are so Frenchified, that a man knows not whether he be in France or in England, when he sees 'hem? What shall we do? We must e'en to 'hem, and entreat some relief of 'hem. Life is sweet, and we have no other means to relieve our lives now but their charities.

Sea. Pray you, do you beg on 'hem then; you can speak French.

Pe. Monsieur, plaist il d'avoir pitie de nostre grande infortune. Je suis un pouver chevalier d'Angleterre qui a souffri l'infortune de naufrage.

1st Gent. Un pouver chevalier d'Angleterre?

Pe. Oui, monsieur, il est trop vray; mais vous sçaves bien nous sommes toutes subject a fortune.

2nd Gent. A poor knight of England?—a poor knight of Windsor, are you not? Why speak you this broken French, when

y'are a whole Englishman? On what coast are you, think you?

Pet. On the coast of France, sir.

1st Gent. On the coast of Dogs, sir; y'are i'th' Isle a Dogs, I tell you, I see y'ave been washed in the Thames here, and I believe ye were drowned in a tavern before, or else you would never have took boat in such a dawning as this was. Farewell, farewell; we will not know you for shaming of you. I ken the man weel; he's one of my thirty-pound knights.

2nd Gent. No, no, this is he that stole his knighthood o'the grand day for four pound giving to a page; all the money in's purse, I wot well. [Exeunt.]

Sea. Death! colonel, I knew you were over-shot.

Pe. Sure I think now, indeed, Captain Seagull, we were something over-shot.

Enter Quicksilver.

What! my sweet Frank Quicksilver! dost thou survive to rejoice me? But what! nobody at thy heels, Frank? Ay me! what is become of poor Mistress Security?

Qu. 'Faith, gone quite from her name, as she is from her fame, I think; I left her to the mercy of the water.

Sea. Let her go, let her go! Let us go to our ship at Blackwall, and shift us.

Pe. Nay, by my troth, let our clothes rot upon us, and let us rot in them; twenty to one our ship is attached by this time! If we set her not under sail this last tide, I never looked for any other. Woe, woe is me! what shall become of us? The last money we could make, the greedy Thames has devoured; and if our ship be attached, there is no hope can relieve us.

Qu. 'Sfoot! knight, what an unknighly faintness transports thee! Let our ship sink, and all the world that's without us be taken from us, I hope I have some tricks in this brain of mine shall not let us perish.

Sea. Well said, Frank, i'faith. O, my nimble-spirited Quicksilver! 'Fore God! would thou hadst been our colonel!

Pe. I like his spirit rarely; but I see no means he has to support that spirit.

Qu. Go to, knight! I have more means than thou art aware of. I have not lived amongst goldsmiths and goldmakers all this while, but I have learned something worthy of my time with 'hem. And not to let thee stink where thou stand'st, knight, I'll let thee know some of my skill presently.

Sea. Do, good Frank, I beseech thee.

Qu. I will blanch copper so cunningly that it shall endure all proofs but the test: it shall endure malleation, it shall have the ponderosity of Luna, and the tenacity of Luna—by no means friable.

Pe. 'Slight! where learn'st thou these terms, trow?

Qu. Tush, knight! the terms of this art every ignorant quack-salver is perfect in; but I'll tell you how yourself shall blanch copper thus cunningly. Take arsenic, otherwise called realga (which indeed is plain ratsbane); sublime 'hem three or four times, then take the sublimate of this realga, and put 'hem into a glass, into chymia, and let them have a convenient decoction natural, four-and-twenty hours, and he will become perfectly fixed; then take this fixed powder, and project him upon well-purged copper, *et habebis magisterium.*

Ambo. Excellent Frank, let us hug thee!

Qu. Nay, this I will do besides. I'll take you off twelvecence from every angel, with a kind of aqua-fortis, and never deface any part of the image.

Pe. But then it will want weight?

Qu. You shall restore that thus: Take your sal achime prepared, and your distilled urine, and let your angels lie in it but four-and-twenty hours, and they shall have their perfect weight again. Come on, now; I hold this is enough to put some spirit into the livers of you; I'll infuse more another time. We have saluted the proud air long enough with our bare sconces. Now will I have you to a wench's house of mine at London, there make shift to shift us, and after, take such fortunes as the stars shall assign us.

Ambo. Notable Frank, we will ever adore thee! [Exeunt.]

Enter Drawer, with Winnifrid new-attired.

Wi. Now, sweet friend, you have brought me near enough your tavern, which I desired I might with some colour be seen near, inquiring for my husband, who, I must tell you, stole thither the last night with my wet gown we have left at your friend's, which, to continue your former honest kindness, let me pray you to keep close from the knowledge of any: and so, with all vow of your requital, let me now entreat you to leave me to my woman's wit and fortune.

Dr. All shall be done you desire; and so all the fortune you can wish for attend you.

[Exit Drawer.]

Enter Security.

Sec. I will once more to this unhappy tavern before I shift one rag of me more; that I may there know what is left behind, and what news of their passengers. I have bought me a hat and band with the little money I had about me, and made the streets a little leave staring at my night-cap.

Wi. O, my dear husband! where have you been to-night? All night abroad at taverns! Rob me of my garments! and fare as one run away from me! Alas! is this seemly for a man of your credit, of your age, and affection to your wife?

Sec. What should I say?—how miraculously sorts this!—was not I at home, and called thee last night?

Wi. Yes, sir, the harmless sleep you broke; and my answer to you would have witnessed it, if you had had the patience to have stayed and answered me; but your so sudden retreat made me imagine you were gone to Master Bramble's, and so rested patient and hopeful of your coming again, till this your unbeliev'd absence brought me abroad with no less than wonder, to seek you where the false knight had carried you.

Sec. Villain and monster that I was! how have I abused thee! I was suddenly gone indeed; for my sudden jealousy transferred me. I will say no more but this: Dear wife, I suspected thee.

Wi. Did you suspect me?

Sec. Talk not of it, I beseech thee; I am ashamed to imagine it. I will home, I will home; and every morning on my knees ask thee heartily forgiveness.

[*Exeunt.*]

Slit. Now will I descend my honourable prospect; the farthest seeing sea-mark of the world; no marvel, then, if I could see two miles about me. I hope the red tempest's anger be now over-blown, which sure, I think, Heaven sent as a punishment for profaning holy Saint Luke's memory with so ridiculous a custom. Thou dishonest satire! farewell to honest married men, farewell to all sorts and degrees of thee! Farewell thou horn of hunger, that call'st th' inns a court to their manger! Farewell, thou horn of abundance, that adornest the headsmen of the common-wealth! Farewell, thou horn of direction, that is the city lanthorn! Farewell, thou horn of pleasure, the ensign of the huntsman! Farewell, thou horn of destiny, th' ensign of the married man!

Farewell, thou horn tree, that bearest nothing but stone-fruit! [*Exit.*]

Enter Touchstone.

To. Ha, sirrah! thinks my knight adventurer we can no point of our compass? Do we not know north-north-east, north-east-and-by-east, east-and-by-north? nor plain eastward? Ha! have we never heard of Virginia? nor the Cavallaria? nor the Colonia? Can we discover no discoveries? Well, mine errant Sir Flash, and my runagate Quicksilver, you may drink drunk, crack cans, hurl away a brown dozen of Monmouth caps or so, in sea ceremony to your *bon voyage*; but for reaching any coast, save the coast of Kent or Essex, with this tide, or with this fleet, I'll be your warrant for a Gravesend toast. There's that gone afore will stay your admiral and vice-admiral and rear-admiral, were they all (as they are) but one pinnace, and under sail, as well as a Remora, doubt it not; and from this sconce, without either powder or shot. Work upon that now. Nay, and you'll show tricks, we'll vie with you a little. My daughter, his lady, was sent eastward by land, to a castle of his, i' the air (in what region I know not), and, as I hear, was glad to take up her lodging in her coach, she and her two waiting-women, her maid, and her mother, like three snails in a shell, and the coachman a-top on 'hem, I think. Since they have all found the way back again by Weeping Cross; but I'll not see 'hem. And for two on 'hem, madam and her malkin, they are like to bite o' the bridle for William, as the poor horses have done all this while that hurried 'hem, or else go graze o' the common. So should my Dame Touchstone too; but she has been my cross these thirty years, and I'll now keep her to fright away sprites, i' faith. I wonder I hear no news of my son Golding. He was sent for to the Guildhall this morning betimes, and I marvel at the matter; if I had not laid up comfort and hope in him, I should grow desperate of all. See! he is come i' my thought. How now, son? What news at the Court of Aldermen?

Enter Golding.

Go. Troth, sir, an accident somewha strange, else it hath little in it worth the reporting.

To. What? it is not borrowing of money, then?

Go. No, sir; it hath pleased the worship-

ful commoners of the city to take me one i' their number at presentation of the inquest—

To. Ha!

Go. And the alderman of the ward wherein I dwell to appoint me his deputy—

To. How?

Go. In which place I have had an oath ministered me, since I went.

To. Now, my dear and happy son, let me kiss thy new worship, and a little boast mine own happiness in thee. What a fortune was it (or rather my judgment, indeed) for me, first to see that in his disposition which a whole city so conspires to second! Ta'en into the livery of his company the first day of his freedom! Now (not a week married) chosen commoner and alderman's deputy in a day! Note but the reward of a thrifty course. The wonder of his time! Well, I will honour Master Alderman for this act (as becomes me), and shall think the better of the Common Council's wisdom and worship while I live, for thus meeting, or but coming after me, in the opinion of his desert. Forward, my sufficient son! and as this is the first, so esteem it the least step to that high and prime honour that expects thee.

Go. Sir, as I was not ambitious of this, so I covet no higher place; it hath dignity enough, if it will but save me from contempt; and I had rather my bearing in this or any other office should add worth to it, than the place give the least opinion to me.

To. Excellently spoken! This modest answer of thine blushes, as if it said, I will wear scarlet shortly. Worshipful son! I cannot contain myself, I must tell thee; I hope to see thee one o' the monuments of our city, and reckoned among her worthies to be remembered the same day with the Lady Ramsey and grave Gresham, when the famous fable of Whittington and his puss shall be forgotten, and thou and thy acts become the posies for hospitals; when thy name shall be written upon conduits, and thy deeds played i' thy lifetime by the best companies of actors, and be called their get-penny. This I divine. This I prophesy.

Go. Sir, engage not your expectation farther than my abilities will answer; I, that know mine own strengths, fear 'hem; and there is so seldom a loss in promising the least, that commonly it brings with it a welcome deceit. I have other news for you, sir.

To. None more welcome, I am sure?

Go. They have their degree of welcome, I dare affirm. The colonel and all his company, this morning putting forth drunk from Billingsgate, had like to have been cast away o' this side Greenwich; and (as I have intelligence by a false brother) are come dropping to town like so many masterless men, i' their doublets and hose, without hat, or cloak, or any other—

To. A miracle! the justice of Heaven! Where are they? let's go presently and lay for 'hem.

Go. I have done that already, sir, both by constables and other officers, who shall take 'hem at their old Anchor, and with less tumult or suspicion than if yourself were seen in't—and under colour of a great press that is now abroad, and they shall here be brought afore me.

To. Prudent and politic son! Disgrace 'hem all that ever thou canst; their ship I have already arrested. How to my wish it falls out, that thou hast the place of a justicer upon 'hem! I am partly glad of the injury done to me, that thou mayst punish it. Be severe i' thy place, like a new officer o' the first quarter, unreflected. You hear how our lady is come back with her train, from the invisible castle?

Go. No; where is she?

To. Within; but I ha' not seen her yet, nor her mother, who now begins to wish her daughter undubbed, they say, and that she had walked a foot-pace with her sister. Here they come; stand back.

Touchstone, Mistress Touchstone, Gertrude, Golding, Mildred, Syndefie.

God save your ladyship—save your good ladyship! Your ladyship is welcome from your enchanted castle, so are your beautiful retinue. I hear your knight errant is travelled on strange adventures. Surely, in my mind, your ladyship hath "fished fair, and caught a frog," as the saying is.

Mist. T. Speak to your father, madam, and kneel down.

Go. Kneel? I hope I am not brought so low yet; though my knight be run away, and has sold my land, I am a lady still.

To. Your ladyship says true, madam; and it is fitter and a greater decorum, that I should curtsy to you that are a knight's wife, and a lady, than you be brought a your knees to me, who am a poor cullion and your father.

Ge. Law!—my father knows his duty.

Mist. T. O child!

To. And therefore I do desire your ladyship, my good Lady Flash, in all humility, to depart my obscure cottage, and return in quest of your bright and most transparent castle, however presently concealed to mortal eyes. And as for one poor woman of your train here, I will take that order, she shall no longer be a charge unto you, nor help to spend your ladyship; she shall stay at home with me, and not go abroad, nor put you to the pawning of an odd coach-horse or three wheels, but take part with the Touchstone. If we lack, we will not complain to your ladyship. And so, good madam, with your damosel here, please you to let us see your straight backs in equipage; for truly here is no roost for such chickens as you are, or birds o' your feather, if it like your ladyship.

Ge. Marry, fist o' your kindness! I thought as much. Come away, Syn, we shall as soon get a fart from a dead man, as a farthing of courtesy here.

Mi. O, good sister!

Ge. Sister, sir—reverence! Come away, I suffer, hunger drops out at his nose.

Go. O, madam, "Fair words never hurt the tongue."

Ge. How say you by that? You come out with your gold ends now!

Mist. T. Stay, lady-daughter; good husband!

To. Wife, no man loves his fetters, be they made of gold. I list not ha' my head fastened under my child's girdle; as she has brewed, so let her drink, a God's name. She went witless to wedding, now she may go wisely a-begging. It's but honeymoon yet with her ladyship; she has coach-horses, apparel, jewels, yet left; she needs care for no friends, nor take knowledge of father, mother, brother, sister, or anybody. When those are pawned or spent, perhaps we shall return into the list of her acquaintance.

Ge. I scorn it, i'faith. Come, Syn.

[*Exit Gertrude.*]

Mist. T. O madam, why do you provoke your father thus?

To. Nay, nay; e'en let pride go afore, shame will follow after, I warrant you. Come, why dost thou weep now? Thou art not the first good cow hast had an ill calf, I trust. What's the news with that fellow?

Enter Constable.

Go. Sir, the knight and your man Quicksilver are without; will you ha' 'hem brought in?

To. O, by any means. And, son, here's a chair; appear terrible unto 'hem on the first interview. Let them behold the melancholy of a magistrate, and taste the fury of a citizen in office.

Go. Why, sir, I can do nothing to 'hem, except you charge 'hem with somewhat.

To. I will charge 'hem and recharge 'hem, rather than authority should want foil to set it off.

Go. No, good sir, I will not.

To. Son, it is your place; by any means—

Go. Believe it, I will not, sir.

Enter Knight, Petronel, Quicksilver, Constable, Officers.

Pe. How misfortune pursues us still in our misery!

Qu. Would it had been my fortune to have been trussed up at Wapping, rather than ever ha' come here!

Pe. Or mine, to have famished in the island!

Qu. Must Golding sit upon us?

Co. You might carry an M. under your girdle to Master Deputy's worship.

Go. What are those, Master Constable?

Co. And't please your worship, a couple of masterless men I pressed for the Low Countries, sir.

Go. Why do you not carry 'hem to Bridewell, according to your order, they may be shipped away?

Co. An't please your worship, one of 'hem says he is a knight; and we thought good to show him to your worship, for our discharge.

Go. Which is he?

Co. This, sir.

Go. And what's the other?

Co. A knight's fellow, sir, an't please you.

Go. What! a knight and his fellow thus accounted? Where are their hats and feathers, their rapiers and their cloaks?

Qu. O, they mock us.

Co. Nay, truly, sir, they had cast both their feathers and hats too, before we see 'hem. Here's all their furniture, an't please you, that we found. They say knights are now to be known without feathers, like cockerels by their spurs, sir.

Go. What are their names, say they?

To. Very well this. He should not take knowledge of 'hem in his place, indeed.

Co. This is Sir Petronel Flash.

To. How!

Co. And this, Francis Quicksilver.

To. Is't possible? I thought your

worship had been gone for Virginia, sir; you are welcome home, sir. Your worship has made a quick return, it seems, and no doubt a good voyage. Nay, pray you be covered, sir. How did your biscuit hold out, sir? Methought I had seen this gentleman afore—good Master Quicksilver! How a degree to the southward has changed you!

Go. Do you know 'hem, father? Forbear your offers a little, you shall be heard anon.

To. Yes, Master Deputy; I had a small venture with them in the voyage—a thing called a son-in-law, or so. Officers, you may let 'hem stand alone, they will not run away; I'll give my word for them. A couple of very honest gentlemen. One of 'hem was my prentice, Master Quicksilver here; and when he had two year to serve, kept his whore and his hunting nag, would play his hundred pound at gresco, or primero, as familiarly (and all a' my purse) as any bright piece of crimson on 'hem all; had his changeable trunks of apparel standing at livery with his mare, his chest of perfumed linen, and his bathing-tubs, which when I told him of, why he!—he was a gentleman, and I a poor Cheapside groom. The remedy was, we must part. Since when, he hath had the gift of gathering up some small parcels of mine, to the value of five-hundred pound, dispersed among my customers, to furnish this his Virginian venture; wherein this knight was the chief, Sir Flash—one that married a daughter of mine, ladyfied her, turned two-thousand pounds' worth of good land of hers into cash within the first week, bought her a new gown and a coach; sent her to seek her fortune by land, whilst himself prepared for his fortune by sea; took in fresh flesh at Billingsgate, for his own diet, to serve him the whole voyage—the wife of a certain usurer called Security, who hath been the broker for 'hem in all this business. Please, Master Deputy, work upon that now.

Go. If my worshipful father have ended.

To. I have, it shall please Master Deputy.

Go. Well then, under correction—

To. Now, son, come over 'hem with some fine gird, as thus, "Knight, you shall be encountered," that is, had to the Counter; or, "Quicksilver, I will put you into a crucible," or so.

Go. Sir Petronel Flash, I am sorry to see such flashes as these proceed from a gentleman of your quality and rank; for mine own part, I could wish I could say

I could not see them; but such is the misery of magistrates and men in place, that they must not wink at offenders. Take him aside; I will hear you anon, sir.

To. I like this well, yet; there's some grace i' the knight left—he cries.

Go. Francis Quicksilver, would God thou hadst turned quacksalver, rather than run into these dissolute and lewd courses! It is great pity; thou art a proper young man, of an honest and clean face, somewhat near a good one; God hath done his part in thee; but thou hast made too much, and been too proud of that face, with the rest of thy body; for maintenance of which in neat and garish attire, only to be looked upon by some light housewives, thou hast prodigally consumed much of thy master's estate; and being by him gently admonished at several times, hast returned thyself haughty and rebellious in thine answers, thundering out uncivil comparisons, requiting all his kindness with a coarse and harsh behaviour; never returning thanks for any one benefit, but receiving all as if they had been debts to thee, and no courtesies. I must tell thee, Francis, these are manifest signs of an ill-nature; and God doth often punish such pride and *outrévidence* with scorn and infamy, which is the worst of misfortune. My worshipful father, what do you please to charge them withal? From the press I will free 'hem, Master Constable.

Co. Then I'll leave your worship, sir.

Go. No, you may stay; there will be other matters against 'hem.

To. Sir, I do charge this gallant, Master Quicksilver, on suspicion of felony; and the knight as being accessory in the receipt of my goods.

Qu. O God, sir!

To. Hold thy peace, impudent varlet, hold thy peace! With what forehead or face dost thou offer to chop logic with me, having run such a race of riot as thou hast done? Does not the sight of this worshipful man's fortune and temper confound thee, that was thy younger fellow in household, and now come to have the place of a judge upon thee? Dost not observe this? Which of all thy gallants and gamesters, thy swearers and thy swaggerers, will come now to moan thy misfortune, or pity thy penury? They'll look out at a window, as thou ridest in triumph to Tyburn, and cry, "Yonder goes honest Frank, mad Quicksilver!" "He was a free boon companion, when he had money," says one; "Hang

him, fool!" says another; "he could not keep it when he had it!" "A pox o'th' cullion, his master," says a third, "he has brought him to this;" when their pox of pleasure, and their piles of perdition, would have been better bestowed upon thee, that hast ventured for 'hem with the best, and by the clue of thy knavery brought thyself weeping to the cart of calamity.

Qu. Worshipful master!

To. Offer not to speak, crocodile; I will not hear a sound come from thee. Thou hast learnt to whine at the play vnder. Master Deputy, pray you commit 'hem both to safe custody, till I be able farther to charge 'hem.

Qu. O me! what an unfortunate thing am I!

Pe. Will you not take security, sir?

To. Yes, marry, will I, Sir Flash, if I can find him, and charge him as deep as the best on you. He has been the plotter of all this; he is your engineer, I hear. Master Deputy, you'll dispose of these. In the meantime, I'll to my lord mayor, and get his warrant to seize that serpent Security into my hands, and seal up both house and goods to the king's use or my satisfaction.

Go. Officers, take 'hem to the Counter.

Qu. } O God!
Pe. }

To. Nay, on, on! you see the issue of your sloth. Of sloth cometh pleasure, of pleasure cometh riot, of riot comes whoring, of whoring comes spending, of spending comes want, of want comes theft, of theft comes hanging; and there is my Quicksilver fixed. [*Exeunt.*

ACT THE FIFTH.

SCENE I.

Enter Gertrude and Syndefie.

Ge. Ah, Syn! hast thou ever read i'the chronicle of any lady, and her waiting-woman driven to that extremity that we are, Syn?

Sy. Not I, truly, madam; and if I had, it were but cold comfort should come out of books now.

Ge. Why, good faith, Syn, I could dine with a lamentable story, now. *O hone, hone, o no neral! &c.* Canst thou tell ne'er a one, Syn?

Sy. None but mine own, madam, which is lamentable enough: first to be stolen

from my friends, which were worshipful and of good account, by a prentice, in the habit and disguise of a gentleman, and here brought up to London, and promised marriage, and now likely to be forsaken, for he is in possibility to be hanged!

Ge. Nay, weep not, good Syn; my Petronel is in as good possibility as he. Thy miseries are nothing to mine, Syn; I was more than promised marriage, Syn; I had it, Syn; and was made a lady; and by a knight, Syn; which is now as good as no knight, Syn. And I was born in London, which is more than brought up, Syn; and already forsaken, which is past likelihood, Syn; and instead of land i' the country, all my knight's living lies i' the counter, Syn; there's his castle now!

Sy. Which he cannot be forced out of, madam.

Ge. Yes, if he would live hungry a week or two. "Hunger," they say, "breaks stone walls." But he is e'en well enough served, Syn, that so soon as ever he had got my hand to the sale of my inheritance, run away from me, and I had been his punk, God bless us! Would the knight o' the sun, or Palmerin of England, have used their ladies so, Syn? or Sir Lancelot? or Sir Tristram?

Sy. I do not know, madam.

Ge. Then thou knowest nothing, Syn. Thou art a fool, Syn. The knighthood nowadays are nothing like the knighthood of old time. They rid a-horseback; ours go a-foot. They were attended by their squires; ours by their lackeys. They went buckled in their armour; ours muffled in their cloaks. They travelled wildernesses and deserts; ours dare scarce walk the streets. They were still pressed to engage their honour; ours still ready to pawn their clothes. They would gallop on at sight of a monster; ours run away at sight of a sergeant. They would help poor ladies; ours make poor ladies.

Sy. Ay, madam, they were knights of the Round Table at Winchester, that sought adventures; but these of the Square Table at ordinaries, that sit at hazard.

Ge. Try, Syn, let him vanish. And tell me, what shall we pawn next?

Sy. Ay, marry, madam, a timely consideration; for our hostess (profane woman!) has sworn by bread and salt, she will not trust us another meal.

Ge. Let it stink in her hand then. I'll not be beholding to her. Let me see, my jewels be gone, and my gowns, and my

red velvet petticoat that I was married in, and my wedding silk stockings, and all thy best apparel, poor Syn! Good faith, rather than thou shouldst pawn a rag more, I'd lay my ladyship in lavender—if I knew where.

Sy. Alas, madam, your ladyship!

Ge. Ay,—why?—you do not scorn my ladyship, though it is in a waistcoat? God's my life! you are a peat indeed! Do I offer to mortgage my ladyship for you and for your avail, and do you turn the lip and the alas to my ladyship?

Sy. No, madam; but I make question who will lend anything upon it?

Ge. Who?—marry, enow, I warrant you, if you'll seek 'hem out. I'm sure I remember the time when I would ha' given one thousand pounds (if I had had it) to have been a lady; and I hope I was not bred and born with that appetite alone: some other gentle-born o' the city have the same longing, I trust. And for my part, I would afford 'hem a penn'orth; my ladyship is little the worse for the wearing, and yet I would bate a good deal of the sum. I would lend it (let me see) for forty pound in hand, Syn, that would apparel us; and ten pound a year, that would keep me and you, Syn (with our needles); and we should never need to be beholding to our scurvy parents. Good Lord! that there are no fairies nowadays, Syn!

Sy. Why, madam?

Ge. To do miracles, and bring ladies money. Sure, if we lay in a cleanly house, they would haunt it, Syn. I'll try. I'll sweep the chamber soon at night, and set a dish of water o' the hearth. A fairy may come, and bring a pearl or a diamond. We do not know, Syn. Or, there may be a pot of gold hid o' the backside, if we had tools to dig for't? Why may not we two rise early i' the morning, Syn, afore anybody is up, and find a jewel i' the streets worth a hundred pound? May not some great court-lady, as she comes from revels at midnight, look out of her coach as 'tis running, and lose such a jewel, and we find it? Ha?

Sy. They are pretty waking dreams, these.

Ge. Or may not some old usurer be drunk overnight, with a bag of money, and leave it behind him on a stall? For God's sake, Syn, let's rise to-morrow by break of day, and see. I protest, law, if I had as much money as an alderman, I would scatter some on't i' th' streets for poor ladies to find, when their knights were laid up.

And, now I remember my song o' the Golden Shower, why may not I have such a fortune? I'll sing it, and try what luck I shall have after it.

“Fond fables tell of old,

How Jove in Danæ's lap

Fell in a shower of gold,

By which she caught a clap;

O had it been my hap

(How ere the blow doth threaten),

So well I like the play,

That I could wish all day

And night to be so beaten.”

Enter Mistress Touchstone.

O here's my mother! good luck, I hope. Ha! you brought any money, mother? Pray you, mother, your blessing. Nay, sweet mother, do not weep.

Mist. T. God bless you! I would I were in my grave!

Ge. Nay, dear mother, can you steal no more money from my father? Dry your eyes, and comfort me. Alas! it is my knight's fault, and not mine, that I am in a waistcoat, and attired thus simply.

Mist. T. Simply, 'tis better than thou deservest. Never whimper for the matter. “Thou shouldst have looked before thou hadst leapt.” Thou wert afire to be a lady, and now your ladyship and you may both blow at the coal, for aught I know. “Self do, self have.” “The hasty person never wants woe,” they say.

Ge. Nay, then, mother, you should ha' looked to it. A body would think you were the older; I did but my kind, I. He was a knight, and I was fit to be a lady. 'Tis not lack of liking, but lack of living, that severs us. And you talk like yourself and a cittiner in this, i'faith. You show what husband you come on, I wis. You smell the Touchstone—he that will do more for his daughter that he has married a scurvy gold-end man and his prentice, than he will for his t'other daughter, that has wedded a knight and his customer. By this light, I think he is not my legitimate father.

Sy. O, good madam, do not take up your mother so!

Mist. T. Nay, nay, let her e'en alone. Let her ladyship grieve me still, with her bitter taunts and terms. I have not dole enough to see her in this miserable case, I—without her velvet gowns, without ribands, without jewels, without French-wires, or cheat-bread, or quails, or a little

dog, or a gentleman-usher, or anything, indeed, that's fit for a lady—

Sy. Except her tongue.

Mist. T. And I not able to relieve her, neither, being kept so short by my husband. Well, God knows my heart; I did little think that ever she should have had need of her sister Golding.

Ge. Why, mother, I ha' not yet. Alas! good mother, be not intoxicate for me; I am well enough; I would not change husbands with my sister, I. "The leg of a lark is better than the body of a kite."

Mist. T. I know that: but—

Ge. What, sweet mother, what?

Mist. T. It's but ill food when nothing's left but the claw.

Ge. That's true, mother. Ay me!

Mist. T. Nay, sweet lady-bird, sigh not. Child, madam—why do you weep thus? Be of good cheer; I shall die if you cry, and mar your complexion thus.

Ge. Alas, mother, what should I do?

Mist. T. Go to thy sister's, child; she'll be proud thy ladyship will come under her roof. She'll win thy father to release thy knight, and redeem thy gowns, and thy coach and thy horses, and set thee up again.

Ge. But will she get him to set my knight up too?

Mist. T. That she will, or anything else thou'lt ask her.

Ge. I will begin to love her if I thought she would do this.

Mist. T. Try her, good chuck, I warrant thee.

Ge. Dost thou think she'll do't?

Sy. Ay, madam, and be glad you will receive it.

Mist. T. That's a good maiden; she tells you true. Come, I'll take order for your debts i' the ale-house.

Ge. Go, Syn, and pray for thy Frank, as I will for my Pet.

Enter Touchstone, Golding, Wolf.

To. I will receive no letters, Master Wolf; you shall pardon me.

Go. Good father, let me entreat you.

To. Son Golding, I will not be tempted; I find mine own easy nature, and I know not what a well-penned subtle letter may work upon it; there may be tricks, packing, do you see? Return with your packet, sir.

Wo. Believe it, sir, you need fear no packing here; these are but letters of submission all.

To. Sir, I do look for no submission. I will bear myself in this like blind Justice. Work upon that now. When the sessions come they shall hear from me.

Go. From whom come your letters, Master Wolf?

Wo. And't please you, sir, one from Sir Petronel, another from Francis Quick-silver, and a third from old Security, who is almost mad in prison. There are two to your worship; one from Master Francis, sir, another from the knight.

To. I do wonder, Master Wolf, why you should travail thus, in a business so contrary to kind, or the nature o' your place: that you, being the keeper of a prison, should labour the release of your prisoners; whereas, methinks, it were far more natural and kindly in you to be ranging about for more, and not let these 'scape you have already under the tooth. But they say you Wolves, when you ha' sucked the blood, once that they are dry, you ha' done.

Wo. Sir, your worship may descant as you please o' my name; but I protest I was never so mortified with any men's discourse or behaviour in prison; yet I have had of all sorts of men i' the kingdom under my keys; and almost of all religions i' the land, as Papist, Protestant, Puritan, Brownist, Anabaptist, Millenary, Family-o'-Love, Jew, Turk, Infidel, Atheist, Good-Fellow, &c.

Go. And which of all these, thinks Master Wolf, was the best religion?

Wo. Troth, Master Deputy, they that pay fees best: we never examine their consciences farther.

Go. I believe you, Master Wolf. Good faith, sir, here's a great deal of humility i' these letters.

Wo. Humility, sir? Ay, were your worship an eye-witness of it you would say so. The knight will i' the Knight's Ward, do what we can, sir; and Master Quick-silver would be i' the hole if we would let him. I never knew or saw prisoners more penitent, or more devout. They will sit you up all night singing of psalms and edifying the whole prison; only Security sings a note too high sometimes, because he lies i' the twopenny ward, far off, and cannot take his tune. The neighbours cannot rest for him, but come every morning to ask what godly prisoners we have.

To. Which on 'hem is't is so devout—the knight or the t'other?

Wo. Both, sir; but the young man

especially. I never heard his like. He has cut his hair too. He is so well given, and has such good gifts, he can tell you almost all the stories of the Book of Martyrs, and speak you all the Sick Man's Salve without book.

To. Ay, if he had had grace—he was brought up where it grew, I wis. On, Master Wolf.

Wo. And he has converted one Fangs, a sergeant, a fellow could neither write nor read; he was called the Bandog o' the Counter; and he has brought him already to pare his nails and say his prayers; and 'tis hoped he will sell his place shortly, and become an intelligencer.

To. No more; I am coming already. If I should give any farther care I were taken. Adieu, good Master Wolf. Son, I do feel mine own weaknesses; do not importune me. Pity is a rheum that I am subject to; but I will resist it. Master Wolf, "Fish is cast away that is cast in dry pools." Tell hypocrisy it will not do; I have touched and tried too often; I am yet proof, and I will remain so; when the sessions come they shall hear from me. In the meantime, to all suits, to all entreaties, to all letters, to all tricks, I will be deaf as an adder, and blind as a beetle, lay mine ear to the ground, and lock mine eyes i' my hand, against all temptations.

[*Exit.*]

Go. You see, Master Wolf, how inexorable he is. There is no hope to recover him. Pray you commend me to my brother knight, and to my fellow Francis; present 'hem with this small token of my love; tell 'hem, I wish I could do 'hem any worthier office; but in this, 'tis desperate: yet I will not fail to try the uttermost of my power for 'hem. And, sir, as far as I have any credit with you, pray you let 'hem want nothing; though I am not ambitious they should know so much.

Wo. Sir, both your actions and words speak you to be a true gentleman. They shall know only what is fit, and no more.

[*Excunt.*]

Holdfast, Bramble, Security.

Ho. Who would you speak with, sir?

Br. I would speak with one Security, that is prisoner here.

Ho. Y' are welcome, sir. Stay there, I'll call him to you. Master Security!

Sec. Who calls?

Ho. Here's a gentleman would speak with you.

Sec. What is he? Is't one that grafts

my forehead now I am in prison, and comes to see how the horns shoot up and prosper?

Ho. You must pardon him, sir; the old man is a little crazed with his imprisonment.

Sec. What say you to me, sir? Look you here, my learned counsel, Master Bramble! cry you mercy, sir! When saw you my wife?

Br. She is now at my house, sir; and desired me that I would come to visit you, and inquire of you your case, that we might work some means to get you forth.

Sec. My case, Master Bramble, is stone walls and iron grates; you see it, this is the weakest part on 't. And for getting me forth, no means but hang myself, and so to be carried forth, from which they have here bound me in intolerable bands.

Br. Why, but what is 't you are in for, sir?

Sec. For my sins, for my sins, sir, whereof marriage is the greatest. O, had I never married, I had never known this purgatory, to which hell is a kind of cool bath in respect; my wife's confederacy, sir, with old Touchstone, that she might keep her jubilee and the feast of her new moon. Do you understand me, sir?

Enter Quicksilver.

Qu. Good sir, go in and talk with him. The light does him harm, and his example will be hurtful to the weak prisoners. Fie! father Security, that you'll be still so profane! Will nothing humble you?

Enter two Prisoners, with a friend.

Fr. What's he?

1st Pr. O, he is a rare young man! Do you not know him?

Fr. Not I. I never saw him, I can remember.

2nd Pr. Why, it is he that was the gallant prentice of London—Master Touchstone's man.

Fr. Who?—Quicksilver?

1st Pr. Ay, this is he.

Fr. Is this he? They say he has been a gallant indeed.

1st Pr. O, the royallest fellow that ever was bred up i' the city! He would play you his thousand pound a-night at dice; keep knights' and lords' company; go with them to bawdy-houses; had his six men in a livery; kept a stable of hunting-horses, and his wench in her velvet gown and her cloth of silver. Here's one knight with him here in prison.

Fr. And how miserably he is changed!

1st Pr. O, that's voluntary in him: he gave away all his rich clothes as soon as ever he came in here among the prisoners; and will eat o' the basket, for humility.

Fr. Why will he do so?

1st Pr. Alas, he has no hope of life! He mortifies himself. He does but linger on till the sessions.

2nd Pr. O, he has penned the best thing, that he calls his *Repentance* or his *Last Farewell*, that ever you heard. He is a pretty poet; and for prose—you would wonder how many prisoners he has helped out, with penning petitions for 'hem, and not take a penny. Look! this is the knight in the rug gown. Stand by.

Enter Petronel, Bramble, Quicksilver, Wolf.

Br. Sir, for Security's case, I have told him. Say he should be condemned to be carted or whipt for a bawd, or so, why, I'll lay an execution on him o' two hundred pound; let him acknowledge a judgment, he shall do it in half an hour; they shall not all fetch him out without paying the execution, o' my word.

Pe. But can we not be bailed, Master Bramble?

Br. Hardly; there are none of the judges in town, else you should remove yourself (in spite of him) with a *habeas corpus*. But if you have a friend to deliver your tale sensibly to some justice o' the town, that he may have feeling of it (do you see), you may be bailed; for as I understand the case, 'tis only done *in terrorem*; and you shall have an action of false imprisonment against him when you come out, and perhaps a thousand pound costs.

Enter Master Wolf.

Qu. How now, Master Wolf?—what news?—what return?

Wo. 'Faith, bad all: yonder will be no letters received. He says the sessions shall determine it. Only, Master Deputy Golding commends him to you, and with this token wishes he could do you other good.

Qu. I thank him. Good Master Bramble, trouble our quiet no more; do not molest us in prison thus, with your winding devices; pray you depart. For my part, I commit my cause to Him that can succour me; let God work His will. Master Wolf, I pray you let this be distributed among the prisoners, and desire 'hem to pray for us.

VOL. I.

Wo. It shall be done, Master Francis.

1st Pr. An excellent temper!

2nd Pr. Now God send him good luck!
[*Exeunt.*]

Pe. But what said my father-in-law, Master Wolf?

Enter Holdfast.

Ho. Here's one would speak with you, sir.

Wo. I'll tell you anon, Sir Petronel; who is't?

Ho. A gentleman, sir, that will not be seen.

Enter Golding.

Wo. Where is he? Master Deputy! your worship is welcome—

Go. Peace!

Wo. Away, sirrah!

Go. Good faith, Master Wolf, the estate of these gentlemen, for whom you were so late and willing a suitor, doth much affect me; and because I am desirous to do them some fair office, and find there is no means to make my father relent so likely as to bring him to be a spectator of their miseries, I have ventured on a device, which is, to make myself your prisoner: entreating you will presently go report it to my father, and (feigning an action at suit of some third person) pray him by this token, that he will presently, and with all secrecy, come hither for my bail; which train, if any know will bring him abroad; and then, having him here, I doubt not but we shall be all fortunate in the event.

Wo. Sir, I will put on my best speed to effect it. Please you come in.

Go. Yes; and let me rest concealed, I pray you.

Wo. See here a benefit truly 'one, when it is done timely, freely, and to no ambition.
[*Exit.*]

Enter Touchstone, Wife, Daughters, Syndefie, Winnifrid.

To. I will sail by you, and not hear you, like the wise Ulysses.

Mi. Dear father!

Mist. T. Husband!

Ge. Father!

Wi. and Sy. Master Touchstone!

To. Away, sirens, I will immure myself against your cries, and lock myself up to your lamentations.

Mist. T. Gentle husband, hear me!

Ge. Father, it is I, father; my Lady Flash. My sister and I am friends.

Mi. Good father!

Wi. Be not hardened, good Master Touchstone!

Sy. I pray you, sir, be merciful!

To. I am deaf; I do not hear you; I have stopped mine ears with shoemakers' wax, and drunk Lethe and mandragora to forget you. All you speak to me I commit to the air.

Enter Wolf.

Mi. How now, Master Wolf?

Wo. Where's Master Touchstone? I must speak with him presently; I have lost my breath for haste.

Mi. What's the matter, sir? Pray all be well!

Wo. Master Deputy Golding is arrested upon an execution, and desires him presently to come to him, forthwith.

Mi. Ay me! do you hear, father?

To. Tricks, tricks, confederacy, tricks! I have 'hem in my nose—I scent 'hem!

Wo. Who's that? Master Touchstone?

Mist. T. Why, it is Master Wolf himself, husband.

Mi. Father!

To. I am deaf still, I say. I will neither yield to the song of the siren nor the voice of the hyena, the tears of the crocodile nor the howling o' the Wolf. Avoid my habitation, monsters!

Wo. Why, you are not mad, sir? I pray you look forth, and see the token I have brought you, sir.

To. Ha! what token is it?

Wo. Do you know it, sir?

To. My son Golding's ring! Are you n earnest, Master Wolf?

Wo. Ay, by my faith, sir. He is in prison, and required me to use all speed and secrecy to you.

To. My cloak, there (pray you be patient). I am plagued for my austerly. My cloak! At whose suit, Master Wolf?

Wo. I'll tell you as we go, sir. [*Exeunt.*]

Enter Friend. Prisoners.

Fr. Why, but is his offence such as he cannot hope of life?

1st Pr. Troth, it should seem so; and 'tis great pity, for he is exceeding penitent.

Fr. They say he is charged but on suspicion of felony yet.

2nd Pr. Ay, but his master is a shrewd fellow; he'll prove great matter against him.

Fr. I'd as lieve as anything I could see his Farewell.

1st Pr. O, 'tis rarely written; why, Toby may get him to sing it to you; he's not curious to anybody.

2nd Pr. O no! He would that all the world should take knowledge of his repentance, and thinks he merits in't the more shame he suffers.

1st Pr. Pray thee, try what thou canst do.

2nd Pr. I warrant you he will not deny it, if he be not hoarse with the often repeating of it. [*Exit.*]

1st Pr. You never saw a more courteous creature than he is, and the knight too: the poorest prisoner of the house may command 'hem. You shall hear a thing admirably penned.

Fr. Is the knight any scholar too?

1st Pr. No, but he will speak very well, and discourse admirably of running horses and White-Friars, and against bawds; and of cocks; and talk as loud as a hunter, but is none.

Enter Wolf and Touchstone.

Wo. Please you, stay here; I'll call his worship down to you.

1st Pr. See, he has brought him, and the knight too; salute him, I pray. Sir, this gentleman, upon our report, is very desirous to hear some piece of your *Repentance.*

Enter Quicksilver, Petronel, &c.

Qu. Sir, with all my heart; and, as I told Master Toby, I shall be glad to have any man a witness of it. And the more openly I profess it, I hope it will appear the heartier, and the more unfeigned.

To. Who is this?—my man Francis, and my son-in-law?

Qu. Sir, it is all the testimony I shall leave behind me to the world, and my master that I have so offended.

Fr. Good, sir!

Qu. I writ it when my spirits were oppressed.

Pe. Ay, I'll be sworn for you, Francis.

Qu. It is in imitation of Mannington's, he that was hanged at Cambridge, that cut off the horse's head at a blow.

Fr. So, sir!

Qu. To the tune of "I wail in woe, I plunge in pain."

Pe. An excellent ditty it is, and worthy of a new tune.

Qu. In Cheapside, famous for gold and plate,

Quicksilver I did dwell of late ;
I had a master good and kind,
That would have wrought me to his mind.

He bade me still, Work upon that,
But, alas ! I wrought I knew not what.

He was a Touchstone black, but true,
And told me still what would ensue ;

Yet woe is me ! I would not learn ;
I saw, alas ! but could not discern !

Fr. Excellent, excellent well !

Go. O let him alone : he is taken already.

Qu. I cast my coat and cap away,
I went in silks and satins gay ;
False metal of good manners I
Did daily coin unlawfully.
I scorn'd my master, being drunk ;
I kept my gelding and my punk ;
And with a knight, Sir Flash by name,
Who now is sorry for the same.

Pe. I thank you, Francis.

Qu. I thought by sea to run away,
But Thames and tempest did me stay.

To. This cannot be feigned, sure. Heaven pardon my severity ! "The ragged colt may prove a good horse."

Go. How he listens, and is transported !
He has forgot me.

Qu. Still "Eastward-ho" was all my word :

But westward I had no regard,
Nor never thought what would come after,

As did, alas ! his youngest daughter.
At last the black ox trod o' my foot,

And I saw then what 'long'd unto 't ;
Now cry I, "Touchstone, touch me still,

And make me current by thy skill."

To. And I will do it, Francis.

Wo. Stay him, Master Deputy ; now is the time : we shall lose the song else.

Fr. I protest it is the best that ever I heard.

Qu. How like you it, gentlemen ?

All. O admirable, sir !

Qu. This stanza now following, alludes to the story of Mannington, from whence I took my project for my invention.

Fr. Pray you go on, sir.

Qu. O Mannington, thy stories show,
Thou cut'st a horse-head off at a blow !

But I confess, I have not the force
For to cut off the head of a horse ;
Yet I desire this grace to win,
That I may cut off the horse-head of Sin,

And leave his body in the dust
Of sin's highway and bogs of lust,
Whereby I may take Virtue's purse,
And live with her for better, for worse.

Fr. Admirable, sir, and excellently conceited !

Qu. Alas, sir !

To. Son Golding and Master Wolf, I thank you: the deceit is welcome, especially from thee, whose charitable soul in this hath shown a high point of wisdom and honesty. Listen, I am ravished with his repentance, and could stand here a whole prenticeship to hear him.

Fr. Forth, good sir.

Qu. This is the last, and the *Farewell*.
Farewell, Cheapside, farewell, sweet trade

Of Goldsmiths all, that never shall fade ;

Farewell, dear fellow prentices all,
And be you warned by my fall :
Shun usurers, bawds, and dice, and drabs,

Avoid them as you would French scabs.

Seek not to go beyond your tether,
But cut your thongs unto your leather ;

So shall you thrive by little and little,

'Scape Tyburn Counters, and the Spital !

To. And 'scape them shalt thou, my penitent and dear Francis !

Qu. Master !

Pe. Father !

To. I can no longer forbear to do your humility right. Arise, and let me honour your repentance with the hearty and joyful embraces of a father and friend's love. Quicksilver, thou hast eat into my breast, Quicksilver, with the drops of thy sorrow, and killed the desperate opinion I had of thy reclaim.

Qu. O, sir, I am not worthy to see your worshipful face !

Pe. Forgive me, father.

To. Speak no more ; all former passages are forgotten ; and here my word shall

release you. Thank this worthy brother, and kind friend, Francis.—Master Wolf, I am their bail. [*A shout in the prison.*]

Sec. Master Touchstone! Master Touchstone!

To. Who's that?

Wo. Security, sir.

Sec. Pray you, sir, if you'll be won with a song, hear my lamentable tune too:

SONG.

O Master Touchstone,
My heart is full of woe;
Alas, I am a cuckold!
And why should it be so?
Because I was a usurer
And bawd, as all you know,
For which, again I tell you,
My heart is full of woe.

To. Bring him forth, Master Wolf, and release his bands. This day shall be sacred to mercy and the mirth of this encounter in the Counter. See, we are encountered with more suitors!

Enter Mistress Touchstone, Gertrude, Mildred, Syndefie, Winnifred, &c.

Save your breath, save your breath! All things have succeeded to your wishes; and we are heartily satisfied in their events.

Ge. Ah, runaway, runaway! have I caught you? And how has my poor knight done all this while?

Pe. Dear lady-wife, forgive me!

Ge. As heartily as I would be forgiven, knight. Dear father, give me your blessing, and forgive me too; I ha' been proud and lascivious, father; and a fool, father; and being raised to the state of a wanton coy thing, called a lady, father; have scorned you, father, and my sister, and my sister's velvet cap too; and would make a mouth at the city as I rid through it; and stop mine ears at Bow-bell. I have said your beard was a base one, father; and that you looked like Twierpipe the taberer; and that my mother was but my midwife.

Mist. T. Now, God forgi' you, child madam!

To. No more repetitions. What else is wanting to make our harmony full?

Go. Only this, sir, that my fellow Francis make amends to Mistress Syndefie with marriage.

Qu. With all my heart.

Go. And Security give her a dower, which shall be all the restitution he shall make of that huge mass he hath so unlawfully gotten.

To. Excellently devised! a good motion! What says Master Security?

Sec. I say anything, sir, what you'll ha' me say. Would I were no cuckold!

Wi. Cuckold, husband? Why, I think this wearing of yellow has infected you.

To. Why, Master Security, that should rather be a comfort to you than a corasive. If you be a cuckold, it's an argument you have a beautiful woman to your wife; then you shall be much made of; you shall have store of friends, never want money; you shall be eased of much o' your wedlock pain; others will take it for you. Besides, you being a usurer (and likely to go to hell), the devils will never torment you: they'll take you for one o' their own race. Again, if you be a cuckold, and know it not, you are an innocent; if you know it and endure it, a true martyr.

Sec. I am resolved, sir. Come hither, Winny.

To. Well, then, all are pleased, or shall be anon. Master Wolf, you look hungry, methinks; have you no apparel to lend Francis to shift him?

Qu. No, sir, nor I desire none; but here make it my suit, that I may go home through the streets in these, as a spectacle, or rather an example to the children of Cheapside.

To. Thou hast thy wish. Now, London, look about,

And in this moral see thy glass run out:
Behold the careful father, thrifty son,
The solemn deeds which each of us have done;

The usurer punish'd, and from fall so steep

The prodigal child reclaim'd, and the lost sheep. [*Exeunt.*]

EPILOGUS.

Stay, sir, I perceive the multitude are gathered together to view our coming out at the Counter. See, if the streets and the fronts of the houses be not stuck with people, and the windows filled with ladies, as on the solemn day of the pageant!

O may you find in this our Pageant, here,
The same contentment which you came
to seek;
And as that Show but draws you once a
year,
May this attract you hither once a week.

The Ball.*

THE BALL.] This Comedy, which was licensed in November, 1632, and first printed in 1639, is the joint production of Chapman and Shirley; the largest portion of it seems to be from the pen of the former. Jonson's Puntarvolo, in *Every Man out of his Humour*, probably furnished the hint for Jack Freshwater, and his notable scheme of foreign travel.

From some incidental notices which occur in our old dramas, it should seem that there really was about this time a party of ladies and gentlemen who met in private, at stated periods, for the purpose of amusing themselves with masques, dances, &c. Scandalous reports of improper conduct at these assemblies were in circulation, and evidently called forth this comedy, the object of which is to repel them. The gilded or golden *Ball*, from which the piece takes its name, was probably worn as an ornament and mark of authority, by the presiding beauty of the entertainment.

We have here the first rude specimen of what are now termed Subscription Balls.—GIFFORD.

THE PERSONS OF THE COMEDY.

Lord Rainbow.
Sir Ambrose Lamount.
Sir Marmaduke Travers.
Colonel Winfield.
Mr. Bostock.
Mr. Freshwater.
Mr. Barker.
Monsieur Le Frisk.
Gudgeon.
Solomon.

Confectioner.
Servants.

Lady Lucina.
Lady Rosamond.
Lady Honoria.
Mistress Scutilla.
Venus.
Diana.

ACT THE FIRST.

SCENE I.

Enter Sir Marmaduke Travers and Mr. Bostock.

Bo. Whither so fast, Sir Marmaduke? a word.

Tr. My honourable blood, would I could stay

To give thee twenty! I am now engaged
To meet a noble gentleman.

Bo. Or rather
A gentlewoman; let her alone, and go
With me.

Tr. Whither?

Bo. I'll show thee a lady of fire.

Tr. A Lady of the Lake were not so dangerous.

Bo. I mean a spirit; in few words, because

I love thee, I'll be open; I am going
To see my mistress.

Tr. I'll dispense with my
Occasion, to see a handsome lady;
I know you'll choose a rare one.

Bo. She is a creature
Worth admiration, such a beauty, wit,
And an estate besides; thou canst not
choose

But know her name, the Lady Lucina.

* "*The Ball.* A Comedy, As it was presented by her Majesties Servants, at the private House in Drury Lane. Written by George Chapman, and James Shirley. London, Printed by Tho. Cotes, for Andrew Crooke, and William Cooke. 1639."

Tr. Is she your mistress?

Bo. Mine! whose but mine?

Am I not nobly born? does not my blood

Deserve her?

Tr. To tell you truth, I was now going thither,

Though I pretended an excuse, and with A compliment from one that is your rival.

Bo. Does she love anybody else?

Tr. I know not,

But she has half-a-score, upon my knowledge,

Are suitors for her favour.

Bo. Name but one,

And if he cannot show as many coats—

Tr. He thinks he has good cards for her, and likes

His game well.

Bo. Be an understanding knight,

And take my meaning; if he cannot show As much in heraldry—

Tr. I do not know how rich he is in fields;

But he is a gentleman.

Bo. Is he a branch of the nobility?

How many lords can he call cousin? Else He must be taught to know he has presumed

To stand in competition with me.

Tr. You will not kill him?

Bo. You shall pardon me,

I have that within me must not be provoked;

There be some living now, that ha' been kill'd

For lesser matters.

Tr. Some living that ha' been kill'd!

Bo. I mean, some living that ha' been examples,

Not to confront nobility; and I

Am sensible of my honour.

Tr. His name is

Sir Ambrose—

Bo. Lamount, a knight of yesterday!

And he shall die to-morrow; name another.

Tr. Not so fast, sir, you must take some breath.

Bo. I care no more for killing half a dozen

Knights of the lower house, I mean that are not

Descended from nobility, than I do

To kick my footman: and Sir Ambrose were

Knight of the sun, King Oberon should nor save him,

Nor his Queen Mab.

Enter Sir Ambrose Lamount.

Tr. Unluckily, he's here, sir.

Bo. Sir Ambrose,

How does thy knighthood, ha?

La. My imp of honour! well; I joy to see thee.

Bo. Sir Marmaduke tells me thou art suitor to Lady Lucina.

La. I have ambition

To be her servant.

Bo. Hast?

Thou'rt a brave knight, and I commend thy judgment.

La. Sir Marmaduke himself leans that way too.

Bo. Why did'st conceal it? come, the more the merrier;

But I could never see you there.

Tr. I hope,

Sir, we may live?

Bo. I'll tell you, gentlemen,

Cupid has given us all one livery;

I serve that lady too, you understand me,

But who shall carry her, the Fates determine;

I could be knighted too.

La. That would be no addition to your blood.

Bo. I think it would not; so my lord told me.

Thou know'st, my lord, not the earl, my t'other

Cousin? there's a spark!—his predecessors Have match'd into the blood; you understand:

He put me upon this lady, I proclaim

No hopes; pray let's together, gentlemen;

If she be wise—I say no more; she shall not

Cost me a sigh, nor shall her love engage me

To draw a sword; I ha' vow'd that.

Tr. You did

But jest before.

La. 'Twere pity that one drop

Of your heroic blood should fall to th' ground:

Who knows but all your cousin-lords may die?

Bo. As I believe them not immortal, sir.

La. Then you are gulf of honour, swallow all;—

May marry some queen yourself, and get princes,

To furnish the barren parts of Christendom.

Enter a servant, Solomon.

So. Sir Marmaduke, in private.
My lady would speak with you.

La. 'Tis her servant, what's the matter?

Bo. I hope he is not sent for.

So. But come alone; I shall be troubled with their inquiries; but I'll answer 'em.

La. Solomon!

So. My lady would speak with you, sir.

La. Me?

So. Not too loud; I was troubled with Sir Marmaduke.

La. This is good news.

Bo. I do not like this whispering.

So. Forget not the time, and to come alone.

La. This is excellent.

Bo. Solomon, dost not know me?

So. My business is to you, sir;

These kept me off; my Lady Lucina

Has a great mind to speak with you;

Little do these imagine how she honours you.

Bo. If I fail, may the surgeon, when he opens the next vein, let out all my honourable blood!

There's for thy pains—what thou shalt be hereafter

Time shall declare; but this must be conceal'd. *[Exit.]*

La. You look pleasant.

Tr. No, no; I have no cause; you smile, Sir Ambrose.

La. Who, I?—The Colonel!

Enter the Colonel.

Tr. But of our file, another of her suitors.

La. Noble colonel.

Wi. My honour'd knights, and men of lusty kindred.

Bo. Good morrow.

Wi. Morrow to all. Gentlemen, I'll tell you who is returned.

La. From whence?

Wi. A friend of ours, that went to travel.

Tr. Who, who?

Wi. I saw him within these three minutes, and know not how I lost him again; he's not far off: d'ye keep a catalogue of your debts?

Bo. What debts?

Wi. Such dulness in your memory! there was,

About six months ago, a gentleman

That was persuaded to sell all his land,

And then to put the money out most wisely,
To have five for one, at his return from Venice.

The shotten herring is hard by.

La. Jack Freshwater

I'll not see him yet.

Bo. Must we pay him?

Wi. It will be for your honour; marry, we,

Without much stain, may happily compound,

And pay him nothing.

Enter Freshwater and Monsieur Le Frisk.

Here comes the thing.

With what formality he treads, and talks,
And manageth a toothpick like a statesman!

La. How he's transform'd!

Tr. Is not his soul Italian?

Bo. I'll not bid him welcome home.

La. Nor I.

Tr. What's the t'other rat that's with him?

Wi. D'ye not know him? 'tis the court dancing weasel.

Tr. A dancer, and so gay?

Wi. A mere French footman, sir; does he not look like a thing come off o' the salt-cellar?

Tr. A dancer!

I would allow him gay about the legs;
But why his body should exceed decorum,
Is a sin o' the state.

Fr. That's all

I can inform you of their dance in Italy.

Marry, that very morning I left Venice,

I had intelligence of a new device.

Le Fr. For the dance, monsieur?

Fr. Si, signor. I know not
What countryman invented 'em, but they say

There be chopinos made with such rare art,

That, worn by a lady when she means to dance,

Shall, with their very motion, sound forth music,

And by a secret sympathy, with their tread
Strike any tune that, without other instrument,

Their feet both dance and play.

Le Fr. Your lodging, monsieur,

That, when I have leisure, I may dare present

An humble servitor?

Fr. I do lie at the sign of *Donna Margareta de Pia*, in the Strand.

Gu. At the Maggot-a-Pie in the Strand, sir.

Le Fr. At *de Magdepie; bon! adieu, serviteur.* [Exit.

La. He will not know us.

Gu. D'ye see those gentlemen?

Fr. Thow pantaloon, be silent.

Wi. I'll speak to him.

You are welcome home, sir.

Le Fr. Signior. [Exit.

Wi. He will not know me; this is excellent;

He shall be acquainted better ere I part
With any sums.

La. Next time we'll not know him.

Bo. Would all my creditors had this
blessed ignorance!

Tr. Now, colonel, I'll take my leave. [Exeunt.

Bo. I am engaged too.

Wi. Well.

Bo. I shall meet you anon;

I am to wait upon a cousin of mine.

Wi. A countess?

Bo. My lord!

Enter Lord Rainbow, and Barker.

Lord Ra. Cousin.

Bo. Your lordship honours me in this
acknowledgment.

Lord Ra. Colonel.

Bo. Do you not know me, sir?

Ba. Y' are not a proclamation, that
every man is bound to take notice on you,
and I cannot tell who you are by instinct.

Lord Ra. A kinsman of mine, Frank.

Wi. Good morrow to your lordship.

Lord Ra. Colonel, your humble ser-
vant. Hark you, Frank.

Bo. You are acquainted with my lord,
then? Is he not a complete gentleman?
his family came in with the conqueror.

Wi. You had not else been kin to him.

Bo. A poor slip,

A scion from that honourable tree.

Wi. He is the ladies' idol; they ha'
not leisure to say their prayers for him; a
great advancer of the new Ball.

Bo. Nay, he's right, right as my leg,
colonel.

Wi. But t'other gentleman, you do not
know his inside?

Bo. I ha' seen him; he looks philo-
sophical.

Wi. Who? he's the wit, whom your
nobility

Are much obliged to for his company;
He has a railing genius, and they cherish
it

Flings dirt in every face when he's i' th'
humour,

And they must laugh, and thank him;
he is dead else.

Bo. Will the lords suffer him?

Wi. Or lose their mirth; he's known
in every science,

And can abuse 'em all; some ha' sup-
posed

He has a worm in's brain, which at some
time

O' the moon doth ravish him into perfect
madness,

And then he prophesies, and will depose
The Emperor, and set up Bethlem
Gabor.

Bo. He's dead; I hope he will not con-
jure for him.

Wi. His father shall not 'scape him, nor
his ghost,

Nor heaven, nor hell; his jest must ha'
free passage:

He's gone, and I lose time to talk on
him;

Farewell, your countess may expect too
long.

Lord Ra. Farewell, colonel. [Exeunt.

Enter Lady Rosamond and Lady Honoria.

Ro. Why do you so commend him?

Ho. Does he not

Deserve it? name a gentleman in the king-
dom

So affable, so moving in his language,

So pleasant, witty, indeed everything

A lady can desire.

Ro. Sure thou dost love him;

I'll tell his lordship, when I see him
again,

How zealous you are in his commenda-
tion.

Ho. If I be not mistaken, I have heard
Your tongue reach higher in his praises,

madam,

Howe'er you now seem cold; but, if you
tell him

My opinion, as you shall do him no plea-
sure,

You can do me no injury: I know
His lordship has the constitution
Of other courtiers; they can endure
To be commended.

Ro. But, I prithee, tell me,
Is [it] not love whence this proceeds? I

have,

I must confess, discoursed of his good
parts,

Desired his company—

Ho. And had it?

Ro. Yes, and had it.

Ho. All night?

Ro. You are not, I hope, jealous?

If I should say all night, I need not blush.

It was but at a Ball; but what of this?

Ho. E'en what you will.

Ro. I hope you ha' no patent

To dance alone with him? if he ha' privilege

To kiss another lady, she may say

He does salute her, and return a curtsey,

To show her breeding, but I'll now be plainer,

Although you love this lord, it may [be] possible

He may dispose his thoughts another way.

Ho. He may so.

Ro. Who can help it? he has eyes

To look on more than one, and understand[ing],

Perhaps, to guide, and place his love upon The most deserving object.

Ho. Most deserving!

This language is not level with that friendship

You have profess'd; this touches a comparison.

Ro. Why, do you think all excellence is throug'd

Within your beauty?

Ho. You are angry, lady;

How much does this concern you, to be thus

Officious in his cause! if you be not

Engaged by more than ordinary affection, I must interpret this no kind respect

To me.

Ro. Angry! ha, ha!

Ho. You then transgress against civility.

Ro. Good madam, why? because

I think, and tell you, that another lady

May be as handsome in some man's opinion.

Admit I loved him too, may not I hold Proportion with you, on some entreaty.

Enter Lord.

Lord Ra. They're loud, I'll not be seen yet.

Ro. What is it that exalts you above all Comparison? my father was as good A gentleman, and my mother has as great A spirit.

Ho. Then you love him too?

Ro. 'Twill appear

No greater miracle in me, I take it, Yet difference will be;—perhaps I may Affect him with a better consequence.

Ho. Your consequence, perhaps, may be denied too.

Why, there are no such wonders in your eye,

Which other compositions do not boast of;

My lord, no doubt, hath in his travels clapp'd

As modest cheeks, and kiss'd as melting lips.

Ro. And yet mine are not pale.

Ho. It may be they

Blush for the teeth behind them.

Ro. I have read

No sonnets on the sweetness of your breath.

Ho. 'Tis not perfum'd.

Ro. But I have heard your tongue exalted much,

Highly commended.

Ho. Not above your forehead.

When you have brush'd away the hairy penthouse,*

And made it visible.

Lord Ra. I'll now interrupt 'em,

They'll fall by the ears else presently.

Ho. My lord!

Lord Ra. What, in contention, ladies?

Ro. Oh, my lord, you're welcome.

Lord Ra. Express it in discovery of that

Made you so earnest; I am confident

You were not practising a dialogue

To entertain me.

Ho. Yet it did concern you.

Ro. Do not you blush? fie, madam!

Lord Ra. Nay, an you come to blush once, and fie, madam,

I'll know the secret, by this kiss I will,

And this.

[Kisses them.]

Ho. You were kiss'd first, discover now, At your discretion.

Ro. My lord, we were in jest.

Ho. It might have turned to earnest, if your lordship had not interposed.

Lord Ra. Come, out with it.

Ro. We had a difference—

Lord Ra. Well said.

Ro. About a man i' the world—you are best name him.

* *the hairy penthouse.*] The old copy has *pentebrush*, by a mistake of the printer in repeating the word just before it. The splenetic allusion is to the profusion of hair with which Rosamond contrived to conceal a part of her forehead. A small or low forehead, it should be remembered, was at this period reckoned a beauty.—GIFFORD.

Ho. You have the better gift at telling secrets.

Lord Ra. Yet again! come, I'll help it out: there is

A gentleman i' the world, some call a lord—

Ro. Did your lordship overhear us?

Lord Ra. Nay, nay, you must stand to't—one whom you love.

It will appear no greater miracle

In you, I take it; one, no doubt, that hath Travell'd, and clapp'd as modest cheeks, and kiss'd

As melting lips:—thus far I'm right; but what

Name this most happy man doth answer to, Is not within my circle.

Ho. Yet you know him.

Ro. Not to retain your lordship i' the dark,

Confident you'll not accuse my modesty For giving you a truth, you shall not travel Beyond yourself to find his name; but do not

Triumph, my lord.

Lord Ra. Am I so fortunate?

Then, love, I do forgive thee, and will cherish

The flame I did suspect would ruin me.

You two divide my love, only you two;

Be gentle in your empire, heavenly ladies.

No enemy abroad can threaten you;

Be careful, then, that you maintain at home No civil wars.

Ho. How do you mean, my lord?

Lord Ra. You are pleased to smile upon me, gentle lady,

And I have took [into] my heart more than Imaginary blessings: with what pleasure

Could I behold this beauty, and consume My understanding, to know nothing else!

My memory, to preserve no other figure!

Ro. My lord, I am not worth your flattery.

Lord Ra. I flatter you! Venus herself be judge,

To whom you are so like in all that's fair, 'Twere sin but to be modest—

Ro. How, my lord?

Lord Ra. Do not mistake me, 'twere

A sin but to be modest in your praises;

Here's a hand! Nature, show me such another,

A brow, a cheek, a lip, and everything;

Happy am I that Cupid's blind!

Ro. Why happy?

Lord Ra. If he could see, he would forsake his mistress

To be my rival, and for your embraces

Be banish'd heaven.

Ho. My lord, I'll take my leave.

Lord Ra. If you did know how great a part of me

Will wither in your absence, you would have

More charity; one accent of unkind

Language from you doth wound me more than all

The malice of my destinies. Oh, dear madam,

You say you'll take your leave of your poor servant;

Say rather, you will dwell for ever here,

And let me stay and gaze

Upon your heavenly form:

Ho. I can be patient

To hear your lordship mock me; these are but

A coarse reward for my good thoughts.

Lord Ra. This 'tis

To use plain dealing, and betray the inside Of our hearts to women! did you think well of me

So late, and am I forfeited already?

Am I a Christian?

Ho. Yes, I hope, my lord.

Lord Ra. Make me not miserable, then, dear madam,

With your suspicion, I dissemble with you; But you know too well what

Command your beauty has upon me.

Ho. Give

Me leave, my lord, to wonder you can love me,

With such a flame you have express'd, yet she

Your mistress.

Lord Ra. You are both my mistresses.

Ro. I like not this so well.

Lord Ra. There is no way but one to make me happy.

Ho. I wish, my lord, I had the art to effect

What you desire.

Ro. Or I.

Lord Ra. It is within

Your powers.

Ho. Speak it, my lord.

Lord Ra. Since it is so,

That I'm not able to determine which

My heart, so equal unto both, would choose,

My suit is to your virtues, to agree

Between yourselves, whose creature I shall be;

You can judge better of your worths than I. My allegiance shall be ready if you can

Conclude which shall ha' the supremacy;

Take pity on your servant, gentle ladies,

And reconcile a heart too much divided :
So with the promise of my obedience
To her that shall be fairest, wisest,
sweetest,

Of you two, when I next present a lover,
I take distractd leave. *[Exit.]*

Ho. Why, this is worse than all the
rest.

Ro. He's gone,
And has referr'd himself to us.

Ho. This will
Ask counsel.

Ro. And some time I would be loth
To yield.

Ho. And I. Cupid instruct us both.
[Exeunt.]

ACT THE SECOND.

Enter Barker, Freshwater, and Gudgeon.

Ba. And what made you to undertake
this voyage,
Sweet Signior Freshwater ?

Fr. An affection
I had to be acquainted with some countries.

Gu. Give him good words.

Ba. And you return home fraught with
rich devices,

Fashions of steeples, and the situations
Of gallowses, and wit, no doubt, a bushel.
What price are oats in Venice ?

Fr. Signior,
I kept no horses there ; my man and I—

Ba. Were asses.

Fr. How, signior ?

Gu. Give him good words ; a pox take
him !

Ba. Had not you land once ?

Fr. I had some dirty acres.

Gu. I am his witness.

Fr. Which I reduced into a narrow
compass,

Some call it selling.

Gu. He would sell bargains of a child.

Fr. And 'twas a thriving policy.

Ba. As how ?

Fr. 'Twas but two hundred pound per
annum, sir,

A lean revenue.

Ba. And did you sell it all ?

Fr. I did not leave an acre, rod, or
perch ;

That had been no discretion ; when I was
selling,

I would sell to purpose : do you see this
roll ?

I have good security for my money, sir ;

Not an egg here but has five chickens in't.
I did most politicly disburse my sums,
To have five for one at my return from
Venice ;

And now, I thank my stars, I am at
home.

Ba. And so,
By consequence, in three months your
estate

Will be five times as much, or quintupled !
Fr. Yes, signior, quintupled.

I will not purchase yet, I mean to use
This trick seven years together ; first,
I'll still put out, and quintuple, as you call
it,

And when I can, in my exchequer, tell
Two or three millions, I will fall a-
purchasing.

Ba. Kingdoms, I warrant.

Fr. I have a mind to buy
Constantinople from the Turk, and give it
The Emperor.

Ba. What think you of Jerusalem ?
If you would purchase that, and bring it
nearer,

The Christian pilgrims would be much
obliged to ye.

When did you wash your socks ?

Fr. I wear none, signior.

Ba. Then 'tis your breath ; to your
lodging, and perfume it ;

You'll tell the sweeter lies to them that
will

Lose so much time to ask about your
travel.

You will not sell your debts ?

Fr. Sell 'em ? no, signior.

Ba. Have you as much left, in ready
cash, as will

Keep you and this old troul a fortnight
longer ?

Die, and forgive the world ; thou mayst be
buried,

And have the church-cloth, if you can put
in

Security, the parish shall be put
'To no more charge. Dost thou hope to

have a penny

Of thy own money back ? is this an age
Of five for one ? Die, ere the town takes
notice.

There is a hideous woman carries ballets,
And has a singing in her head, take heed,

And hang thyself, thou mayst not hear the
tune ;

You remember Coriat ?

Fr. Honest Tom Odcob.

Ba. We'll ha' more verses of thy travels,
coxcomb ;

Books shall be sold in bushels in Cheap-side,
 And come in like the peascods, wain-loads full,
 Of thee, and thy man Apple-John, that looks
 As he had been a se'nnight in the straw,
 A ripening for the market. Farewell, russeting,
 Thou art not worth my spleen: do not forget
 My counsel; hang thyself, and thou goest off
 Without a sessions. [Exit.
Fr. Fine! I'm glad he's gone.
 Gudgeon, what dost thou think?
Gu. I think you are well rid of [a] railing madcap.
Fr. Nay, nay, he'll not spare a lord;
 But were not I best call in my moneys, Gudgeon?
 My estate will not hold out; I must be more
 Familiar with my gentlemen.

Enter Lord.

Lord Ra. Jack Freshwater, welcome from Venice.
Fr. I thank your honour.
Lord Ra. Was it not Frank Barker that parted from you?
Fr. Yes, my lord.
Lord Ra. What's the matter?
Fr. There is a sum, my lord.
Lord Ra. Where is it, signior?
Fr. There was a sum, my lord, delivered from your poor servant, Freshwater.
Lord Ra. I remember,
 But I have business now; come home to me,
 The money's safe; you were to give me five
 For one, at your return.
Fr. I five? your lordship has forgot the cinquepace.
Lord Ra. Something it is; but when I am at leisure
 We will discourse of that, and of your travel.
 Farewell, signior. [Exit.
Fr. Is't come to this? if lords play fast-and-loose,
 What shall poor knights and gentlemen? hum! 'Tis he.

Enter Colonel.

Wi. A pox upon him! what makes he in my way?
Fr. Noble colonel.

Wi. *Que dites-vous, monsieur?*
Fr. *Que dites-vous?*
Wi. *Ah! oui—je ne puis parler Anglois.*
Fr. There were five English pieces.
Wi. *Je ne parle Anglois.* Me speak no word English; *voire serviteur.* [Exit.
Fr. Adieu, five pieces! Gudgeon, gape; is't not he? they will not use me o' this fashion. Did he not speak to me in the morning?
Gu. Yes, sir.
Fr. I think so.
Gu. But then you would not know him in Italian, and now he will not know you in French.
Fr. Call you this selling of land, and putting out money to multiply estate?
Gu. To quintuple five for one! large interest.
Fr. Five for one! 'tis ten to one, if I get my principal.
Gu. Your roll is not at the bottom yet; try the rest.
Fr. I have, signior, farewell. [Exit.

Enter Scutilla and Solomon.

Sc. Didst speak with the colonel?
So. I met him opportunely after all the rest, and told him how much it would concern his livelihood to make haste.
Sc. He must not be seen yet; you know where to attend for him; give him access by the garden to my chamber, and bring me nimbly knowledge when he is there.
So. I shall, forsooth. [Exit.

Enter the Dancer, Lady Rosamond, Lady Lucina, and Lady Honoria.

Le Fr. Very well! ah! dat be skirvy; you run, trot, trot, trot; pshaw! follow me, *foutre, madame!* can you not tell, so often learning. Madam, you foot it now, *plait-il!* [Another lady dances.] Excellent! better den excellent; pshaw!—you be laughed when you come to de Ball; I teach tree hundred never forgot so much, me sweat taking pain, and fiddling, ladies.

Lu. Fiddling ladies, you molecatcher!
 [Strikes him.

Le Fr. *Pourquoy?* for telling you dance not well? you commit fat, and beat me for my diligence: begar, you dance your pleasure.

Ho. No, Monsieur Le Frisk, put not up your pipe; my lady was but in jest, and you must take it for a favour.

Le Fr. I vear no favours in dat place;

should any gentleman of England give me blow, diable! me teach him French passage.

Ro. Nay, you shall not be so angry, I must have a coranto. Pray, madam, be reconciled.

Lu. Come, monsieur, I am sorry.

Le Fr. Sorry! tat is too much, *par ma foy*; I kiss tat white hand, give me one, two, tree buffets. *Allez, allez*; look up your countenance, your English man spoil you, he no teach you look up; pshaw! carry your body in the swimming fashion, and—*Dieu! allez, mademoiselle*, ha, ha, ha! So, *fort bon!* excellent, begar! [Dance.]

Lu. Nay, a country dance. Scutilla, you are idle. You know we must be at the Ball anon; come.

Le Fr. Where is the ball this night?

Lu. At my Lord Rainbow's.

Le Fr. Oh, he dance finely, begar, he deserve the Ball of de world; fine, fine, gentleman! your oder man dance lop, lop, with de lame leg as they want crushes, begar, and look for *argent* in the ground, pshaw! [*They dance a new country dance.*]

—Ha, ha, *fort bon!*

Ro. Now, madam, we take our leave.

Lu. I'll recompense this kind visit: does your coach stay?

Ho. Yes, madam;

Your ladyship will be too much troubled.

Lu. I owe more service.

Sc. Monsieur, you'll be gone too?

Le Fr. I have more lady, my scholars.

[*Hiding his kit under his coat.*]

Sc. Is that the way of your instrument?

Le Fr. *A la mode de France; vite! vite!*

adieu, madame! votre serviteur.

Lu. *Adieu, demy monsieur.*

[*Exeunt.*]

Enter Solomon and Colonel.

Sc. Sir, you are welcome.

Wi. I thank you, lady. [*Exit Solomon.*]

Sc. The time's too narrow to discourse at large,

But I intend you a service; you have deserved it,

In your own nobleness to one I call a kinsman.

Whose life, without your charity, had been

Forfeit to his general's anger, it was not Without his cause you after quit your regiment.

Wi. He was my friend; forget it.

Sc. You were sent for
By the Lady Lucina.

Wi. Whose command I wait.

Sc. 'Twas my desire to prepare you for The entertainment; be but pleased to ob-

scure Yourself behind these hangings a few minutes;

I hear her, you may trust me.

Wi. Without dispute, I obey you, lady.

Enter Lady Lucina.

Lu. Now, Scutilla, we are ripe, and ready To entertain my gamesters; my man said They promised all to come: I was afraid These ladies, in their kind departure, would not

Bequeathe me opportunity, and the mirth Doth in the imagination so tickle me, I would not willingly have lost it for A jewel of some value.

Sc. Then your purchase holds.

Lu. If they hold their affections, and keep touch,

We'll ha' some sport.

Enter Solomon.

So. Sir Marmaduke Travers.

Lu. Away, Scutilla,
And laugh not loud between our acts;
we'll meet

Again like music, and make ourselves merry.

Sc. I wait near you.

Enter Sir Marmaduke.

Lu. Sir Marmaduke, I thought I should have had

Your visit without a summons.

Tr. Lady, you gave
One feather to the wings I had before;
Can there be at last a service to employ
Your creature?

Lu. Something hath pleaded for you in your absence.

Tr. Oh, let me dwell upon your hand!
my stars

Have then remember'd me again.

Lu. How do the fens?
Goes the draining forward, and your iron mills?

Tr. *Draining, and iron mills?* I know not, madam.

Lu. Come, you conceal your industry and care

To thrive; you need not be so close to me.

Tr. By this hand, lady, have I any iron mills?

Lu. I am abused else; nay, I do love
One that has windmills in his head.

Tr. How, madam?

Lu. Projects and proclamations; did not you

Travel to Yarmouth, to learn how to cast Brass buttons? nay, I like it, 'tis an age For men to look about 'em; shall I trust

My estate to one that has no thrift? a fellow

But with one face? my husband shall be a Janus.

Hé cannot look too many ways. And is Your patent for making vinegar confirm'd?

What a face you put upon't! nay, ne'er dissemble;

Come, I know all, you'll thank that friend of yours,

That satisfied my inquiry of your worth With such a welcome character; but why Do I betray myself so fast? beshrew His commendations!

Tr. How is this? somebody,

That meant me well, and knew her appetite

To wealth, hath told this of me. I'll make use on't.

Well, madam, I desired these things more private,

Till something worth a mine, which I am now

Promoving, had been perfect to salute you:

But I perceive you hold intelligence In my affairs, which I interpret love, And I'll require it; will you be content Be a countess for the present?

Lu. I shall want

No honour in your love.

Tr. When shall we marry?

Lu. Something must be prepared.

Tr. A licence, and say no more.

How blest am I! do not blush, I will not kiss your lip till I ha' brought it.

[*Exit.*

Lu. Ha, ha!—Scutilla.

Sc. Be secret still.

Lu. Canst thou not laugh?

Sc. Yes, madam.

You have kept your word; the knight's transported, gone

To prepare things for the wedding.

Lu. How didst thou like the iron mills?

Sc. And the brass buttons, rarely; have you devices

To jeer the rest?

Lu. All the regiment of them, or I'll break my bowstrings.

So. Sir Ambrose Lamount.

Lu. Away, and let the swallow enter.

Enter Sir Ambrose and Solomon.

Lu. Why, sirrah,

Did I command you give access to none But Sir Ambrose Lamount, whom you know I sent for?

Audacious groom!

So. It is Sir [Ambrose], madam.

Lu. It is Sir Ambrose Coxcomb, is it not?

Cry mercy, noble sir, I took you muffled,

For one that every day solicits me To bestow my little dog upon him; but you're welcome:

I think I sent for you.

La. It is my happiness

To wait your service, lady.

Lu. You have vow'd to die a bachelor, I hope

It is not true, sir?

La. I die a bachelor!

Lu. And that you'll turn religious knight.

La. I turn religious knight? who has abused me?

Lu. I would only know the truth; it were great pity:

For my own part, I ever wish'd you well,

Although, in modesty, I have been silent.

Pray what's o'clock?

La. How's this?

Lu. I had a dream last night, methought I saw you

Dance so exceeding rarely, that I fell In love.

La. In love with me!

Lu. With your legs, sir.

La. My leg is at your service, to come over.

Lu. I wonder'd at myself, but I consider'd,

That many have been caught with handsome faces;

So my love grew—

La. Upwards.

Lu. What follow'd in my dream

I ha' forgot.

La. Leave that to finish waking.

Lu. Since the morning

I find some alteration; you know

I have told you twenty times, I would not love you,

But whether 'twere your wisdom or your fate,

You would not be satisfied ; now I know not,
If something were procured, what I should answer.

La. A licence ! say no more.

Lu. Would my estate were doubled !

La. For my sake ?

Lu. You have not purchased since you fell in love ?

La. Not much land.

Lu. Revels have been some charge to you, you were ever

A friend to ladies ! pity but he should rise

By one, has fallen with so many ! Had you not

A head once ?—

La. A head ? I have one still.

Lu. Of hair, I mean ;

Favours ha' glean'd too much : pray pardon me,

If it were mine, they should go look their bracelets,

Or stay till the next crop ; but I blush, sir, To hold you in this discourse : you will, perhaps,

Construe me in a wrong sense ; but you may use

Your own discretion till you know me better,

Which is my soul's ambition.

La. I am blest.

Wi. Cunning gipsy, she'll use me thus, too,

When I come to't.

La. Lady, I know your mind : when I see you next—

Lu. You will see me again. Ha, ha, ha !—Scutilla.

Sc. Here, madam, almost dead with stifling my laughter. Why, he's gone for a licence ; you did enjoin him no silence.

Lu. I would have 'em all meet, and brag o' their several hopes, they will not else be sensible, and quit me of their tedious visitation.—Who's next ? I would the colonel were come, I long to have a bout with him.

So. Mr. Bostock, madam.

Lu. Retire, and give the jay admittance.

Enter Bostock.

Bo. Madam, I kiss your fair hand.

Lu. Oh, Mr. Bostock !

Bo. The humblest of your servants.

Lu. 'Twill not become your birth and blood to stoop
To such a title.

Bo. I must confess, dear lady, I carry in my veins more precious honour Than other men, blood of a deeper crimson ;

But you shall call me anything.

Lu. Not I, sir ;

It would not become me to change your title,

Although I must confess I could desire You were less honourable.

Bo. Why, I prithee, Is it a fault to spring from the nobility ?

There be some men have sold well-favour'd lordships,

To be ill-favour'd noblemen, and though I wear no title of the state, I can

Adorn a lady.

Lu. That is my misfortune ;

I would you could not, sir.

Bo. Are you the worse

For that ? consider, lady.

Lu. I have consider'd,

And I could wish, with all my heart, you were

Not half so noble, nay, indeed, no gentleman.

Bo. How, lady ?

Lu. Nay, if you give me leave to speak my thoughts,

I would you were a fellow of two degrees Beneath a footman ; one that had no kindred,

But knights o' the post ; nay, worse, pardon me, sir,

In the humour I am in, I wish, and heartily,

You were a son o' the people, rather than—

Bo. Good madam, give me your reason.

Lu. Because I love you.

Bo. Few women wish so ill to whom they love.

Lu. They do not love like me then.

Bo. Say you so ?

Lu. My wealth's a beggar ; nay, the title of

A lady, which my husband left, is a shadow

Compared to what you bring to ennoble me,

And all the children you will get ; but I, Out of my love, desire you such a one

That I might add to you, that you might be

Created by my wealth, made great by me ;

Then should my love appear ; but, as you are,

I must receive addition from you.

Bo. Nobody hears. Why, hark you, lady, could you love me, if I were less honourable?

Lu. Honourable? why, you cannot be so base

As I would have you, that the world might say

My marriage gave you somewhat.

Bo. Say you so?

Under the rose, if that will do you a pleasure,

The lords do call me cousin, but I am—

Lu. What?

Bo. Suspected.

Lu. How?

Bo. Not to be lawful; I came in at the wicket,

Some call it the window.

Lu. Can you prove it?

Bo. Say no more.

Lu. Then I prefer you before all my suitors:

Sir Ambrose Lamount and Sir Marmaduke Travers

Are all mountebanks.

Bo. What say to the colonel?

Lu. A lancepresado! How my joy transports me!

But shall I trust to this? do not you flatter?

Will not you fly from that, and be legitimate

When we are married? You men are too cunning

With simple ladies.

Bo. Do but marry me,

I'll bring the midwife.

Lu. Say no more; provide

What you think necessary, and all shall be

Despatch'd.

Bo. I guess your meaning, and thus seal

My best devotion. [Exit.

Sc. Away now, and present yourself.

Lu. Oh, Scutilla!

Hold me, I shall fall in pieces else. Ha, ha, ha!

Sc. Beshrew me, madam, but I wonder at you;

You wound him rarely up!

Lu. Have not I choice of precious husbands? now,

And the colonel were here, the task were over.

Sc. Then you might go play.—

Enter Colonel.

Madam, the colonel.

VOL. I.

Lu. Is he come once more? withdraw; bid him march hither.

Wi. Now is my turn. Madam.

Lu. Y' are welcome, sir; I thought you would have gone,

And not graced me so much as with a poor

Salute at parting.

Wi. Gone whither?

Lu. To the wars.

Wi. She jeers me already. No, lady, I'm already

Engaged to a siege at home, and till that service

Be over, I enquire no new employments.

Lu. For honour's sake, what siege?

Wi. A citadel,

That several forces are set down before, And all is entrench'd.

Lu. What citadel?

Wi. A woman.

Lu. She cannot hold out long.

Wi. Ostend was sooner taken than her fort

Is like to be, for anything I perceive.

Lu. Is she so well provided?

Wi. Her provision

May fail her, but she is devilish obstinate; She fears nor fire, nor famine.

Lu. What's her name?

Wi. Lucina.

Lu. Ha, ha, ha! alas, poor colonel!

If you'll take my advice, remove your siege,

A province will be sooner won in the Low Countries; ha, ha, ha!

Wi. Lady, you sent for me.

Lu. 'Twas but

To tell you my opinion in this business: You'll sooner circumcise the Turk's dominions,

Than take this toy you talk of, I do know it;

Farewell, good soldier! ha, ha, ha! and yet 'tis pity.

Is there no stratagem, no trick, no undermine?

If she be given so desperate, your body Had need to be well victuall'd; there's a city

And suburbs in your belly, and you must

Lay in betimes, to prevent mutiny

Among the small guts, which, with wind of vengeance else,

Will break your guard of buttons; ha, ha, ha!

Come, we'll laugh, and lie down in the next room, Scutilla. [Exit.

Wi. So, so! I did expect no good.

K K

Why did not I strike her? but I'll do something,
And be with you to bring before you think on't.
Malice and Mercury assist me! [Exit.]

ACT THE THIRD.

Enter Lord and Barker.

Ba. So, so; you have a precious time on't.

Lord Ra. Who can help it, Frank? if ladies will

Be wild, repentance tame 'em! for my part

I court not them, till they provoke me to it.

Ba. And do they both affect you?

Lord Ra. So they say, and Did justify it to my face.

Ba. And you Did praise their modesty?

Lord Ra. I confess I praised 'em Both, when I saw no remedy.

Ba. You did! and they believed?

Lord Ra. Religiously.

Ba. Do not, Do not believe it, my young lord; they'll make

Fools of a thousand such; they do not love you.

Lord Ra. Why, an't shall please your wisdom?

Ba. They are women;

That is a reason, and may satisfy you; They cannot love a man.

Lord Ra. What then?

Ba. Themselves,

And all little enough; they have a trick

To conjure with their eyes, and perhaps raise

A masculine spirit, but lay none.

Lord Ra. Good Cato,

Be not over-wise now: what is the reason That women are not sainted in your calendar?

You have no frosty constitution?

Ba. Would you were half so honest!

Lord Ra. Why, a woman

May love thee one day.

Ba. Yes, when I make legs

And faces, like such fellows as you are.

Enter Monsieur Le Frisk.

Lord Ra. Monsieur Le Frisk.

Le Fr. Serviteur.

Lord Ra. Nay, Frank, thou shalt not go.

Ba. I'll come again, when you ha' done your jig.

Le Fr. Ah, monsieur.

Lord Ra. Come, you shall sit down; this fellow will make thee laugh.

Ba. I shall laugh at you both, and I stay.

Lord Ra. Hark you, monsieur, this gentleman has a great mind to learn to dance.

Le Fr. He command my service; please your lordship begin, tat he may see your profit—*allez*—Hah!

Lord Ra. How like you this, Frank?

Ba. Well enough for the dog-days; but have you no other dancing for the winter? a man may freeze, and walk thus.

Le Fr. It be all your grace, monsieur; your dance be horse-play, begar, for de stable, not de chamber; your ground passage, hah! never hurt de back, monsieur, nor trouble de leg mush; hah, *plait-il* you learn, monsieur?

Lord Ra. For mirth's sake, and thou lovest me.

Le Fr. Begar, I teach you presently dance with all de grace of de body for your good, and my profit.

Ba. Pardon me, my lord.

Le Fr. Oh, no *pardonnez moi*.

Lord Ra. Do but observe his method.

Ba. I shall never endure it; pox upon him!

Le Fr. 'Tis but dis in de beginning, one, two, tree, four, five, the cinquepace; *allez, monsieur!* stand upright, ah! begar.

Lord Ra. Let him set you into the posture.

Fr. My broder, my lord, know well for de litle kit, de fiddle, and me for de posture of de body; begar, de king has no two sush subjects; hah! dere be one foot, two foot—have you tree foot? begar, you have more den I have den.

Ba. I shall break his fiddle.

Lord Ra. Thou art so humorous.

Le Fr. One, *bien!* two;—ha, you go too fast! you be at Dover, begar, and me be at Greenwish; tree—toder leg; pshaw!

Ba. A pox upon your legs! I'll no more.

Le Fr. *Pourquoi?*

Lord Ra. Ha, ha, ha! I would some ladies were here to laugh at thee now. You will not be so rude to meddle with the monsieur in my lodging?

Ba. I'll kick him to death, and bury him in a bass-viol, jack-a-lent!

Le Fr. Jack-a-lent! begar, you be a jackanape; if I had my weapon you duist

no affront me; I be as good gentleman, an for all my fiddle, as you: call me a Jack-a-de-lent!

Lord Ra. Rail upon him, monsieur; I'll secure thee; ha, ha, ha!

Le Fr. Because your leg have de pock, or something dat make 'em no vell, and frisk, you make a fool of a monsieur. My lord, use me like gentleman, and I care no rush for you; be desperate, kill me, and me complain to de king, and teach new dance, galliard to de gibbet; you be hanged in English fashion.

Ba. Go, you're an impertinent lord, and I will be revenged. *[Exit.]*

Lord Ra. Ha, ha! good Diogenes.—Come, monsieur, you and I will not part yet.

Le Fr. My lord, if you had not been here, me wod have broken his head with my fiddle.

Lord Ra. You might sooner have broke your fiddle; but strike up.

Le Fr. *Allez, ha! bon!*

[They dance in.]

Enter Bostock.

Bo. I spy Sir Marmaduke coming after me.

This way I'll take to avoid his tedious questions,

He'll interrupt me, and I ha' not finish'd Things fit for my design.

Enter Sir Ambrose.

La. 'Tis Master Bostock; little does he think

What I am going upon; I fear I shall not

Contain my joys.

Bo. Good fortune to Sir Ambrose!

La. Sir, you must pardon [me], I cannot wait

Upon you now, I ha' business of much consequence.

Bo. I thought to have made the same excuse to you,

For, at this present, I am so engaged—

La. We shall meet shortly.

Both. Ha, ha, ha!

Bo. Poor gentleman, how is he beguiled!

La. Your nose is wiped. Hum, 'tis Sir Marmaduke;

Enter Sir Marmaduke.

I must salute him.

Bo. The colonel? there's no going back,

[Enter Colonel.]

Tr. What misfortune's this? but 'tis no matter.

Noble sir, how is't?

La. As you see, sir.

Wi. As I could wish; noble Master Bostock.

Bo. Your humble servant, colonel.

Wi. Nay, nay, a word.

Tr. I shall not forbear jeering these poor things.

They shall be mirth.

Wi. What, all met so happily!

And how, my sparks of honour?

La. Things so tickle me,

I shall break out.

Wi. When saw you our mistress, Lady Lucina?

La. My suit is cold there; Master Bostock carries

The lady clean before him.

Bo. No, no, not I; it is Sir Marmaduke.

Tr. I glean by smiles after Sir Ambrose.

Wi. None of you see her to-day?

I may as soon marry the moon, and get children on her; I see her not this three days; 'tis very strange, I was to present my service this morning.

Tr. You'll march away with all.

Wi. I cannot tell, but there's small sign of victory;

And yet methinks you should not be neglected,

If the fens go forward, and your iron mills.

Tr. Has she betrayed me?

Wi. Some are industrious,

And have the excellent skill to cast brass buttons.

Tr. Colonel, softly.

Wi. How will you sell your vinegar a pint?

The patent[s] something saucy.

La. The colonel jeers him.

Bo. Excellent, ha, ha!

Wi. Had not you a head once?—

Of hair, I mean—favours ha' glean'd too much;

If ladies will have bracelets, let 'em stay

Till the next crop.

La. Hum! the very language

She used to me.

Bo. Does he jeer him too? nay, nay, prithee spare him; ha, ha!

Wi. You may do much, and yet I could desire

You were less honourable, for though you have

*Blood of a deeper crimson, the good lady,
Out of her love, could wish you were a
thing*

*Beneath a footman, and that you had no
kindred*

But knights o' th' post.

Bo. Good colonel—

Wi. Nay, pardon me ;

*In the humour I am in, I wish, and
heartily,*

You were a son o' th' people.

Bo. Colonel ;—

How the devil came he by this ?

*Wi. Under the rose, there was a gentle-
man*

*Came in at the wicket ; these are tales of
which*

The Greeks have store. Fair hopes, gentle-
men !

Tr. How came you by this intelligence ?

*Wi. Nay, I'll no whispering, what I
say to one*

Will concern every man ; she has made
you coxcombs.

La. It does appear.

Wi. And more than does appear yet ;

I had my share.

Bo. That's some comfort : I was afraid—

*Wi. But you shall pardon me, I'll con-
ceal the particulars of her bountiful abuses
to me ;*

Let it suffice, I know we are all

Jeer'd most abominably : I stood behind

The hangings, when she sign'd your
several passes,

And had my own at last, worse than the
constable's :

That this is true, you shall have more than
oath,

I'll join wi' ye in revenge, and if you will
not,

I will do 't alone.

Tr. She is a devil.

*La. Damn her then ! till we think on
something else,*

Let's all go back, and rail upon her !

Bo. Agreed ; a pox upon her !

*Tr. We cannot be too bitter, she's a
hell-cat.*

*La. D'ye hear ? listen to me : our
shames are equal,*

Yet if we all discharge at once upon her,
We shall but make confusion, and perhaps

Give her more cause to laugh ; let us choose
one

To curse her for us all.

Wi. 'Tis the best way.

And if you love me, gentlemen, engage
me :

I deserve this favour for my discovery ;
I'll swear her into hell.

*Tr. Troth, I have no good vein, I am
content.*

*Bo. Gentlemen, noble colonel, as you
respect*

A wounded branch of the nobility,
Make it my office, she abused me most ;

And if the devil do not furnish me
With language, I will say he has no
malice.

Wi. If they consent.

Tr. } With all our hearts.

*La. }
Bo. I thank you, gentlemen.*

*Wi. But let us all together ; I'll not be
Barr'd, now and then, to interpose an
oath,*

As I shall find occasion.

Bo. You'll relieve me :

When I take breath, then you may help,
or you,

Or any, to confound her.

Wi. Let's away.

Bo. Never was witch so tortured.

[*Exeunt.*]

*Enter Freshwater, Gudgeon, and
Solomon.*

*So. Noble Master Freshwater, welcome
from travel.*

Fr. Where be the ladies ?

So. In the next room, sir.

My Lady Rosamond is sitting for her pic-
ture ;

I presume you will be welcome.

Fr. An English painter ?

So. Yes, sir.

Fr. Prithce let me see him.

[*He gives Freshwater access to the
chamber, and returns.*]

So. This way, honest Gudgeon :

How are matters abroad ?* a touch of
thy travel : what news ?

*Gu. First, let me understand the state
of things at home.*

*So. We have little alteration since thou
went'st, the same news are in fashion, only
gentlemen are fain to ramble, and stumble
for their flesh, since the breach o' th'
Bank-side.*

Gu. Is my aunt defunct ?

*So. Yet the viragoes ha' not lost their
spirit ; some of them have challenged the*

* *How are matters abroad ?* The 4to reads, and points, "How, and the matters abroad, a touch, &c." Perhaps something is lost after *How.*—GIFFORD.

field, every day, where gentlemen have met 'em; oh, the dog-days bit shrewdly, 'twas a villainous dead vacation.

Gu. Is Paul's alive still?

So. Yes, yes; a little sick o' th' stone; she voids some every day, but she is now in phisic, and may in time recover.

Gu. The Exchange stands?

So. Longer than a church: there is no fear, while the merchants have faith. A little of thy travels, for the time is precious; what things have you seen or done, since you left England?

Gu. I have not leisure to discourse of particulars; but, first, my master and I have run France through and through.

So. Through and through! how is that, man?

Gu. Why, once forward, and once backward, that's through and through.

So. 'Twas but a cowardly part to run a kingdom through, backward.

Gu. Not with our horses, Solomon, not with our horses.

Enter Freshwater, and Lady Rosamond.

Fr. Madam, I did not think your ladyship had so little judgment.

Ro. As how, signior?

Fr. As to let an Englishman draw your picture, and such rare monsieurs in town.

Ro. Why not English?

Fr. Oh, by no means, madam, they ha' not active pencils.

Ro. Think you so?

Fr. You must encourage strangers, while you live; it is the character of our nation, we are famous for dejecting our own countrymen.

Ro. Is that a principle?

Fr. Who teaches you to dance?

Ro. A Frenchman, signior.

Fr. Why so, 'tis necessary; trust, while you live, the Frenchman with your legs, your face with the Dutch. If you mislike your face, I mean if it be not sufficiently painted, let me commend, upon my credit, a precious workman to your ladyship.

Ro. What is he?

Fr. Not an Englishman, I warrant you. One that can please the ladies every way; You shall not sit with him all day for shadows.

He has regalias, and can present you with

Suckets of fourteen-pence a pound, Canary, Prunellas, Venice glasses, Parmesan

Sugars, Bologna sausages, all from Antwerp;

But he will make ollapodridas most incomparably.

Ro. I have heard of him by a noble lady Told me the t'other day, that sitting for Her picture, she was stifled with a strange Perfume of horns.

Fr. A butcher told me of 'em; very likely.

Ro. When I have need Of this rare artist, I will trouble you For your directions. Leaving this discourse, How thrives your catalogue of debtors, signior?

Fr. All have paid me, but—

Ro. You shall not name me in the list of any

That are behind: beside my debt, a purse For clearing the account.

Fr. You are just, madam, And bountiful, though I came hither with Simple intention to present my service.

It shall be crossed.—Gudgeon, remember to cross Her ladyship's name.

Ro. My cousin has the same provision for you.

Enter Barker and Lady Honoria.

Gu. Sir, Master Barker.

Fr. Madam, I'll take my leave. I'll find another time to attend my lady: there's no light. I cannot abide this fellow.

[*Exit with Gudgeon.*]

Ho. Madam, Master Barker hath some design,

Which he pretends concerns us both.

Ro. He's welcome.

What is't?

Ba. My lord commends him to ye.

Ro. Which lord, sir?

Ba. The lord, the fine, the wanton, dancing lord;

The lord that plays upon the gittern, and sings,

Leaps upon tables, and does pretty things, Would have himself commended.

Ro. So, sir.

Br. He loves you both, he told me so. And laughs behind a vizard at your frailty; He cannot love that way you imagine, And ladies of the game are now no miracles.

Ho. Although he use to rail thus, yet we have

Some argument to suspect his lordship's tongue

Has been too liberal.

Ro. I find it too, and blush within to think

How much we are deceived. I may be even

With this May-lord. [*Exit.*]

Ho. But does his lordship think

We were so taken with his person?

Ba. You would not, and you knew as much as I.

Ho. How, sir?

Ba. I have been acquainted, with his body,

Ha' known his baths and physick.

Ho. Is't possible? I am sorry now at heart

I had a good thought on him; he shall see't,

For I will love some other in revenge,

And presently, if any gentleman

Ha' but the grace to smile, and court me up to't.

Ba. Hum!

Ho. A bubble of nobility! a giddy, Fantastic lord! I want none of his titles.

Now, in my imaginations he appears

Ill-favour'd, and not any part about him

Worth half a commendation; would he were here!

Ba. You'd make more on him.

Ho. That I might examine,

And do my judgment right between you two now,

How much he would come short; you have an eye

Worth forty of his, nose of another making: I saw your teeth e'en now, compared to

which,

His are of the complexion of his comb, I mean his box, and will in time be

yellower,

And ask more making clean; you have a show

Of something on your upper lip, a witch

Has a philosopher's beard to him; his chin

Has just as many hounds as hairs, that ever

My eyes distinguish'd yet: you have a body

* * * * *

And unpromising in his slashes, one
May see through him; and for his legs, they
both

Would but make stuffing for one handsome stocking;

They're a lord's, I will be sworn. I doat upon him!

I could wish somewhat, but I'm sorry, sir,

To trouble you so much; all happy thoughts

Possess you! [*Exit.*]

Ba. How is this? if I have wit

To apprehend, this lady does not hate me.

I have profess'd a cynic openly:

This language melts, I'll visit her again.

Enter Honoria.

Ho. Sir, I have a small request to you.

Ba. Lady, command.

Ho. If you think I have power

Or will to deserve from you any courtesy, Pray learn to dance.

Ba. To dance?

Ho. At my entreaty, sir—to dance,

It was the first thing took me with his lordship,

You know not what may follow; fare you well. [*Exit.*]

Ba. What pretends this? to dance! there's something in't.

I've revenged myself already upon my lord;

Yet deeper with my lady is the sweeter: Something must be resolved. [*Exit.*]

Enter Lady Lucina and Scutilla.

Lu. Enough, enough of conscience! let's reserve

Part of the mirth to another time; I shall Meet some o' their hot worships at the

Ball,

Unless their apprehension prompt 'em earlier

To know their folly in pursuing me.

Enter Solomon.

So. Madam, the gentlemen that were here this morning

In single visits, are come all together, And pray to speak with you.

Lu. They've met already.

Give 'em access. [*Exit* Solomon.]

Sc. I wonder what they'll say.

Enter Bostock, Lamont, Colonel, and Travers.

Wi. Be confident, she shall endure it.

Lu. So, so;

How d'ye, gentlemen? you're very welcome.

¹ A line or more has dropped out here. As there is but one edition of this comedy, the loss is irretrievable.—GIFFORD.

La. 'Tis no matter for that; we do not come to be welcome, neither will we be welcome.

Speak, Master Bostock.

Bo. We come to mortify you.

Lu. You will use no violence?

Bo. But of our tongues; and in the names of these

Abused gentlemen, and myself, I spit

Defiance: stand further off, and be attentive,

Weep, or do worse; repentance wet thy linen,

And leave no vein for the doctor!

Lu. They are mad.

Sc. There is no danger, madam; let us hear 'em;

If they scold, we two shall be hard enough for 'em,

And they were twenty.

Bo. Thou basilisk!

Lu. At first sight?

Bo. Whose eyes shoot fire and poison!

Malicious as a witch, and much more cunning;

Thou that dost ride men—

Lu. I ride men?

Bo. Worse than the nightmare! let thy tongue be silent,

And take our scourges patiently; thou hast,

In thy own self, all the ingredients

Of wickedness in thy sex; able to furnish

Hell, if't were insufficiently provided,

With falsehood and she-fiends of thy own making!

Circe, that charm'd men into swine, was not

So much a Jew as thou art; thou hast made

Us asses, dost thou hear?

La. He speaks for us all.

Bo. But it is better we be all made such,

Than any one of us be monster'd worse,

To be an ox, thy husband.

Sc. } Ha, ha, ha!

Lu. }

Bo. Dost thou laugh, crocodile?

Wi. That was well said.

Bo. Spirit of flesh and blood, I'll conjure thee,

And let the devil lay thee on thy back.

I care not.

Tr. Admirable Bostock!

Wi. That spirit of flesh and blood was well enforced.

Bo. You thought us animals, insensible Of all your jugglings, did you, Proserpine?

La. Ay, come to that.

Bo. And that we loved—loved, with a pox, your physnomy!

Know, we but tried thee, beldam, and thou art

Thyself a son o' the earth.

La. How! she a son?

Bo. 'Twas a mistake; but she knows my meaning.

I begin to be aweary, gentlemen,

I'll breathe awhile.

Wi. 'Tis time; and that you may

Not want encouragement, take that.

Bo. Gentlemen, colonel, what do you mean?

Wi. You shall know presently; dare but lift thy voice.

To fright this lady, or but ask thy pardon,

My sword shall rip thy body for thy heart,*

And nail it on her threshold:—or if you,

The proudest, offer but in looks to justify

The baseness of this wretch, your souls shall answer it.

Tr. How's this?

Wi. Oh, impudence unheard [of]!— Pardon, madam,

My tedious silence; the affront grew up

So fast, I durst not trust my understanding That any gentleman could attempt so much

Dishonour to a lady of your goodness.

Was this your project, to make me appear

Guilty of that I hate beyond all sacrifice?

Was it for this you pray'd my company, You tadpoles? 'Tis your presence charms

my sword;

Or they should quickly pay their forfeit lives;

No altar could protect 'em.

La. We are betray'd.

Tr. Was it not his plot to have us rail?

Wi. Say, shall I yet be active?

Lu. By no means;

This is no place for blood, nor shall my cause

Engage to such a danger.

Wi. Live to be

Your own vexations, then, till you be mad,

And then remove yourself with your own garters.

You shall not go,

Before I know from whose brain this proceeded,

* "Part" in the original quarto.—Ed.

Of [which] you are the mouth,*
Was ever civil lady so abused
In her own house by ingrateful horse-
leeches?

Could your corrupted natures find no
way

But this to recompense her noble favours,
Her courteous entertainments? would any
heathens

[Have e'er] done like to you? Admit she
was

So just to say she could see nothing in
you

Worthy her dearer thoughts (as, to say
truth,

How could a creature of her wit and judg-
ment

Not see how poor and miserable things
You are at best?) must you, impu-
dent,

In such a loud, and peremptory manner,
Disturb the quiet of her thoughts and
dwelling?

Gentlemen! rather hinds, scarce fit to
mix,

Unless you mend your manners, with her
drudges.

Lu. This shows a nobleness, does it not,
Scutilla?

Bo. Why, sir, did not you tell us?

Wi. What did I tell you?

Bo. Nothing.

Wi. Begone, lest I forget myself.

Bo. I have a token to remember you:

A palsy upon your fingers, noble colonel!

Tr. Was this his stratagem! we must
be gone. [*Exit.*

Lu. Sir, I must thank ye, and desire
your pardon

For what has pass'd to your particular.

Wi. You've more than satisfied my
service in

Th' acknowledgment; disdain cannot
provoke me

To be so insolent.

Lu. Again I thank you.

Wi. I can forget your last neglect, if
you

Think me not too unworthy to expect
Some favour from you.

Lu. How do you mean?

Wi. Why, as

A servant should, that is ambitious

To call you mistress, till the happier title
Of wife crown his desires.

Lu. I must confess,

This has won much upon me; but two
words

To such a bargain; you're a gentleman,
I'm confident, would adventure for me.

Wi. As far as a poor life could speak
my service.

Lu. That's fair, and far enough: I make
not any

Exception to your person.

Wi. Body enough,

I hope, to please a lady.

Lu. But—

Wi. To my fortune?

Lu. To that the least; I have estate for
both.

Wi. Though it hold no comparison
with yours,

It keeps me like a gentleman.

Lu. I have a scruple.

Wi. You honour me in this;

There's hope, if I can take away that care,
You may be mine.

Lu. Sir, can you put me in security

That you have been honest?

Wi. Honest! how do you mean?

Lu. Been honest of your body; you are
gentlemen,

Out of the wars live lazy, and feed high,
Drink the rich grape, and in Canary may
Do strange things, when the wine has
wash'd away

Discretion.

Wi. What is your meaning, lady?

Lu. I do not urge you for the time to
come:

Pray understand, have you been honest
hitherto?

And yet, because you shall not trouble
friends

To be compurgators, I'll be satisfied,
If you will take your own oath that you
are.

Wi. Honest of my body?

Lu. Yes, sir; it will become me to be
careful

Of my health; I'll take your own assur-
ance;

If you can clear your body by an oath,
I'll marry none but you, before this gentle-
woman.

Wi. Your reason why you use me thus?

Lu. I wonder you will ask; do not I
hear

How desperate some ha' been, what pain,
what physic!

Wi. This is a tale of a tub, lady.

* [Of which] *you are the mouth.*] The old
copy reads—

——— "from whose
Brain this proceeded, you are the *mirth.*"

GIFFORD.

Lu. You rid no match without a shirt,
to show
The complexion of your body: I have
done, sir.

When you resolve to swear y' are
honest, I

Vow to be yours, your wife: I am not
hasty,

Think on't, and tell me, when we meet
again,

Anon, to-night, to-morrow, when you
please;

So farewell, noble colonel. Come, Scu-
tilla. [*Exeunt.*]

Wi. Is't come to this? I am jeer'd
again.

Is't possible to be honest at these years?
A man of my complexion, and acquaint-
ance!

Was ever a gentleman put to this oath
before,

A this fashion?

If I ha' the grace now to forswear myself,
Something may be done, and yet 'tis doubt-
ful

She'll have more tricks; if widows be thus
coltish,

The devil will have a task that goes a-
woeing. [*Exit.*]

ACT THE FOURTH.

Enter Lord and Bostock.

Bo. Such an affront, my lord, I was
ashamed on't!

A mere conspiracy to betray our fames;
But had you seen how poorly they behaved
Themselves, such craven* knights! a pair
of drone-bees!

I' the midst of my vexation, if I could
Forbear to laugh, I ha' no blood in me:
They were so far from striking, that they
stood

Like images, things without life and motion,
Fear could not make so much as their
tongue tremble;

Left all to me.

Lord Ra. So, so; what then did you?

Bo. The lady laugh'd too, and the colonel
increased his noise, to see how she derided
The poor knights.

Lord Ra. Leave their character, and
proceed
To what you did.

Bo. You shall pardon me, my lord,
I am not willing to report myself;
They, and the lady, and the colonel,
Can witness I came on.

Lord Ra. But how came you off, cousin?
that must commend you.

Bo. I ha' my limbs, my lord, no sign
of loss

Of blood, you see; but this was-fortune:
how

The colonel came off's uncertain.

Lord Ra. Do not you know?

Bo. No, I left him; I think 'twas time.

Lord Ra. You did not kill him?

Bo. Upon my faith, my lord, I meant it
not;

But wounds fall out sometime when the
sword's in.

These are poor things to brag on, I have
saved

Myself, you see.

Lord Ra. If it be so, I'll call you cousin
still! my satirist!

Enter Barker.

Hark, you shall beat this fellow.

Bo. Shall I, my lord? without cause?

Lord Ra. He shall give you

Cause presently.—How now, gumm'd taf-
feta?

Ba. I pay for what I wear, my satin lord;
Your wardrobe does not keep me warm; I
do not

Run o' the ticket with the mercer's wife,
And lecher out my debts at country-houses.

Lord Ra. There's something else you do
not.

Ba. I do not use to flatter such as you are,
Whose bodies are so rotten they'll scarce
keep

Their souls from breaking out; I write no
odes

Upon your mistress, to commend her pos-
tures,

And tumbling in a coach towards Pad-
dington;

Whither you hurry her to see the pheasants,
And try what operation the eggs have

At your return. I am not taken with

Your mighty nonsense, glean'd from
heathenish plays,

Which leave a curse upon the author for
'em;

Though I have studied to redeem you
from

The infection of such books which martyr
sense

Worse than an almanack.

Lord Ra. Excellent satire!

* "Carven" in the quarto.—ED.

But lash not on ; stop here, or I shall kick
Your learned worship.

Ba. But do not, I advise you, do not.

Lord Ra. Why do not ?

Ba. It will fall heavy o' somebody ; if
your lordship

Kick me, I shall not spare your cousin
there.

Lord Ra. On that condition, what do
you think o' that ?

Ba. What do you think ?

Bo. Excellently well followed, by my
troth, la !

He'll pitch the bar well, I warrant, he does
so

Follow his kick.

Ba. Let it go round.

Bo. Good ! right as my leg again.

Lord Ra. Your leg ! 'twas he that kick'd
you.

Bo. D'ye think I do not feel it ?

Lord Ra. Why d'ye not use your toes,
then ?

Bo. What, for a merry touch,

A trick, a turn upon the toe ?—Do you
hear, sir,

You are good company, but if thou lovest
me—

Ba. Love you ? why, d'ye hear, sir ?

Bo. Ay, ay.

Ba. What a pox should any man see in
you,

Once to think on you ? love a squirt !—

Shall I tell thee what thou art good for ?

Bo. Ay.

Ba. For nothing.

Bo. Good again ! my lord, observe him,
for nothing !

Ba. Yes, thou wilt stop a breach in a
mud wall,

Or serve for a Priapus in the garden,

To fright away crows, and keep the corn
binshatter,

Thou wilt.

Bo. Ha, ha, ha !

Ba. Or thou wilt serve at Shrovetide to
ha' thy legs

Broken with penny truncheons in the
street :

'Tis pity any cock should stand the pelting,
And such a capon unprefer'd.

Bo. Ha, ha, ha !

Ba. Cry mercy, you are a kinsman to
the lord,

A gentleman of high and mighty blood.

Lord Ra. But cold enough ; will not all
this provoke him ?

Ba. Dost hear ? for all this, I will
undertake

To thrash a better man out of a wench
That travels with her buttermilk to market
Between two dorsers, any day o' th'
week,

My twice-sod tail of green fish ; I will
do't,

Or lose my inheritance ; tell me, and do
not stammer,

When wert thou cudgell'd last ? what
woman beat thee ?

Bo. Excellent Barker !

Ba. Thou art the town-top ;

A boy will set thee up, and make thee
spin

Home with an eel-skin : do not marry, do
not ;

Thy wife will coddle thee, and serve thee
up

In plates with sugar and rose-water
To him that had the grace to cuckold thee :

And if Pythagoras' transmigration
Of souls were true, thy spirit should be
tenant

To a horse.

Bo. Why to a horse ?

Ba. A switch and spur would do some
good upon you ;

Why dost thou interfere ? get the crin-
comes, go,

And straddle, like a gentleman that would
Not shame his kindred : but what do I

Lose time with such a puppy ?

Bo. Well, go thy ways, I'll justify thy wit
At my own peril.

Ba. I would speak with you :

Be not too busy with your lordship's legs,
I'll tell you somewhat.

Lord Ra. Speak to the purpose, then.

Ba. I bestow'd

A visit on the ladies which you wot on ;

They have their wits still, and resolve to
keep them,

They will not hang themselves for a young
lord,

Nor grow into consumption ; other men
Have eyes, and nose, and lips, and hand-
some legs too ;

So fare you well, my lord : I left your
kick

With your cousin.—Bye, bye, otter.

[*Exit.*]

Lord Ra. Very well.—

But hark you, cousin Bostock ; you have a
mild

And modest constitution ; I expected

You would have lifted up your leg.

Bo. To kick him !

Why, and you would ha' given a thousand
pound,

could not do't for laughing ; beside,
He was your friend, my lord.

Lord Ra. Did you spare him
For that consideration ?

Bo. Howsoever,
What honour had it been for me, to
quarrel,

Or wit, indeed ? if every man should take
All the abuses that are meant, great men
Would be laugh'd at ; some fools must
ha' their jests.

Had he been any man of blood or
valour,

One that profess'd the sword, such as the
colonel,

Less provocation would ha' made me
active.

Enter Sir Ambrose and Sir Marmaduke.

Lord Ra. The eagle takes no flies ; is
that it ?—How now,
Sir Ambrose, and my honour'd friend, Sir
Marmaduke !
You are strangers.

Tr. Your lordship's pardon.—Master
Bostock.

Bo. Now shall I be put to't ;
This taking will undo me.

Lord Ra. Prithee tell me ?
Is the colonel alive still ?

La. Alive, my lord ! yes, yes, he's alive.
Bo. Did your lordship think absolutely
he was dead ?

Lord Ra. But he is shrewdly wounded.
La. No, my lord,

He is very well ; but 'twas your kinsman's
fortune—

Bo. Prithee, ne'er speak on't.

Lord Ra. What ?

Tr. To have a blow, a box o' the ear.

Lord Ra. How ?

Tr. With his fist, and an indifferent
round one.

Bo. Yes, yes, he did strike me, I could
ha' told you that ;
But wherefore did he strike ? ask 'em
that.

Tr. If you would know, my lord, he was
our orator,

To rail upon the lady for abusing us,
Which, I confess, he did with lungs and
spirit ;

[For] which, in the conclusion, the colonel
Struck him to the ground.

Bo. He did so, 'tis a truth.

Lord Ra. And did you take it ?

Bo. Take it ?

He gave it me, my lord, I ask'd not for it ;
But 'tis not yet revenged.

La. 'Tis truth, we suffer'd
A little, but the place protected him.

Bo. It was no place indeed.

Tr. Now, since you had
The greatest burden in the affront—

Bo. The blow ?

Tr. Right, we would know whether your
resolution

Be first, to question him ; for our cause
appears

Subordinate, and may take breath, till you
Have call'd him to account.

Bo. I proclaim nothing,
And make no doubt the colonel will give
me

Satisfaction, like a gentleman.

La. We are answer'd,
And take our leave, my lord.

Lord Ra. We shall meet at the Ball anon,
gentlemen.

Tr. Your lordship's servants.—Now to
our design. [*Exeunt.*]

Bo. My lord, I take my leave too.

Lord Ra. Not yet, cousin ; you and I
have not done.

Bo. What you please, cousin.

Lord Ra. You have cozen'd me too
much.

Bo. I, my good lord ?

Lord Ra. Thou most unheard-of coward !
How dare you boast relation to me ?

Be so impudent as to name, or think upon
me ?

Thou stain to honour ! honour ? thou'rt
beneath

All the degrees of baseness : quit thy
father,

Thy supposed one, and with sufficient
testimony,

Some serving-man leap'd thy mother, or
some juggler

That conjures with old bones ; some wo-
man's tailor,

When he brought home her petticoat, and
took measure

Of her loose body, or I'll cullice thee
With a battoon.

Bo. Good my lord.

Lord Ra. Be so baffed,

In presence of your mistress ! 'tis enough
To make the blood of all thou know'st sus-
pected ;

And I'll ha' satisfaction—

Bo. My lord—

Lord Ra. For using of my name in or-
dinarys,

In the list of others whom you make your
privilege

To domineer, and win applause sometimes

With tapsters, and threadbare tobacco-
merchants,
That worship your gold-lace, and igno-
rance,
Stand bare, and bend their hams, when you
belch out
My lord, and t' other cousin, in a bawdy-
house,
Whom, with a noise, you curse by Jack and
Tom,
For failing you at Fish-street, or the Still-
yard.

Bo. My very good lord!

Lord Ra. Will you not draw?

Bo. Not against your honour; but you
shall see—

Lord Ra. And vex my eyes, to look on
such a land-rat.

Were all these shames forgotten, how
shall I

Be safe in honour with that noble lady,
To whom I sinfully commended thee,
Though 'twere not much, enough to make
her think

I am as base as thou art; and the colonel,
And all that have but heard thee call me
cousin?

What cure for this, you malt-worm? oh,
my soul,

How it does blush to know thee! bragging
puppy!—

Do ye hear me, thunder and lightning!
what

Nobility my predecessors boasted,
Or any man—from honour's stock de-
scended;

How many marquises and earls are
number'd

In their great family: what coats they
quarter,

How many battles our forefathers fought!—
'Tis poor, and not becoming perfect

gentry
To build their glories at their fathers'
cost,

But at their own expense of blood or
virtue,

To raise them living monuments: our
birth

Is not our own act; honour upon trust
Our ill deeds forfeit; and the wealthy

sums
Purchased by others' fame or sweat, will be
Our stain, for we inherit nothing truly

But what our actions make us worthy of.—
And are you not a precious gentleman?

Thou art not worth my steel; redeem this
love

Some generous way of undertaking, or

Thou shalt be given up to boys and
ballets,

The scorn of footmen, a disgrace more
black

Than bastard. Go to the colonel—
Bo. I will, my lord.

Lord Ra. But, now I think on't, 'twill
be necessary

That first you right my honour with the
lady.

You shall carry a letter; you will do't?
Bo. I'll carry anything.

Lord Ra. Expect it presently. [*Exit.*
Bo. Not another conjuring will make
me

Believe I am illegitimate indeed.
This came first o' keeping company with
the blades,

From whom I learnt to roar and run
away;

I know 'tis a base thing to be a coward,
But every man's not born to be a

Hercules;
Some must be beat, that others may be
valiant. [*Exit.*

Enter Rosamond and Honoria whispering;
Sir Marmaduke and Sir Ambrose

following.

Ro. Let it be so, they will else be
troublesome.

Tr. This cannot, I hope, displease you,
lady, 'tis

No new affection, I protest, although
This be the first occasion I took

To express it.
Ro. You did ill in the impression;

Although your bashfulness would not
permit you

To speak in your own cause, you might
have sent

Your meaning; I can make a shift to read
A scurvy hand; but I shall tell you, sir—

Tr. Prithee do.
Ho. Is't possible

Your heart hath been tormented in love's
flame,

And I the cause?
La. Your beauty hath the power

To melt a Scythian's bosom, those divine
Beams would make soft the earth, when

rugged winter
Hath seal'd the crannies up with frost; your
eye

Will make the frigid region temperate,
Should you but smile upon't: account it
then

No wonder if it turn my breast to ashes.

Ro. I see you are in love, by your invention,
And 'cause I pity a gentleman should lose

His passion, I'll acquaint you with a secret.

Tr. The Lady Honoria!

Ro. What misfortune 'twas
You did not first apply yourself to her,
That can reward your love, and hath a heart

Spacious to entertain you! she does love you,

Upon my knowledge, strangely, and so
Commends you in your absence!

Tr. Say you so, lady?

Pardon, I beseech you, the affection
I profess'd to your ladyship, 'twas but
A compliment; I am sorry, I protest.

Ro. Oh, 'tis excused, sir; but I must
tell you,

Perhaps you will not find her now so tractable,

Upon the apprehension she was slighted:
But, to prescribe you confidence, were to
Suspect your art and bold discretion.

Ho. 'Tis as I tell you, sir; no lady in
The world can speak more praises of your
body;

She knows not yet your mind.

La. Is't possible?

Ho. And yet, because she saw your compliments

Directed so unhappily to me,
I know not how you'll find her on the sudden;

But 'tis not half an hour since you possess'd

The first place in her thoughts.

La. Shall I presume,
You will excuse the love I did present
Your ladyship? it was not from my heart,

I hope you will conceive so.

Ho. A slight error.

La. I am ashamed on't.

Ho. 'Tis sufficient

That you recant, no more neglect.

Ro. You are pleasant.

La. Be you so too; I'll justify thou shalt
have cause.

Ro. To wonder at you; what's your
meaning, sir?

La. Sweet lady,
What thoughts make sad your brow? I
have observed

Your eyes shoot clearer light.

Ro. You are deceived,
I am not melancholy.

La. Be for ever banish'd
The imagination of what can happen
To cloud so rare a beauty; you're in
love.

Ro. In love? who told you so?

La. But that's no wonder,
We all may love, but you have only
power

To conquer where you place affection,
And triumph o'er your wishes.

Ho. I love you?

You are strangely, sir, mistaken;—
Put your devices on some other lady;
I have been so far from any affection to
you,

That I have labour'd, I confess, to unsettle
The opinion of my Lady Rosamond,
Who, I confess, loves you, and that ex-
tremely.

Tr. How! she love me? then I ha'
made fine work.

Ho. What cunning she is mistress of, to
hide

Her strange affections, or what power she
has,
She does [not] fly into your arms, I know
not.

Ro. Are you so dull?
Why, this was but to try your constancy;
I have heard her swear you are the pro-
perest knight,

The very Adonis! why, she has got your
picture,

And made it the only saint within her
closet;

I blush at your credulity.

La. Is it e'en so?

I have undone myself with her already.—
Pardon me, gentle madam, I must leave
you.

Ro. With all my heart.

Enter Monsieur.

Ho. We are relieved.—

Monsieur Le Frisk.

Le Fr. Très humble serviteur, madame;
me sweat with de hast to wait upon your
ladyships; I pray give me de leve, dispatch
presently, for I mush figaries to be done.

Ro. Gentlemen, let your passions breathe
awhile,

A little music may correct the error,
And you may find yourselves.

Le Fr. Allez.

La. With all my heart.—Sir Marmaduke,
let's help

To exercise the ladies.

Tr. A good motion!

Le Fr. And begar noting in de world

more profet your body den de motion à la mode de France.

Tr. I am for any frisk.

Fr. Ha! de frisk! you jump upon my name, and, begar, you have my nature—to de right, hey! and all de world is but frisk.

Ho. A country dance, then.

Le Fr. Ha, monsieur, madame, allez. [they dance.]—*Fort bon! très excellent!* begar, so—I crave your patience, madam, gentlemen, you be at de Ball; *ma foi!* you see dat was never in dis world.

Ro. What, monsieur?

Le Fr. What do you think dat is? me tell you; begar, you see me play de part of de Cupid.

Ho. A French Cupid?

Le Fr. Begar, French Cupid, why? dere is no love like de French love, dat is Cupid; love is hot, and de French is hot.

Ro. How comes it to pass that you are to play Cupid, monsieur?

Le Fr. My lord give me command, me have device, and de masque for de ladies, and me no trust little jackanape to play young Cupid, but myself.

Ho. Cupid is a child, you have a beard, monsieur.

Le Fr. Me care not de hair for dat; begar, de little god may have de little beard: Venus his moder have de mole, and Cupid her shield may have the black mussel.

Ho. But, monsieur, we read Cupid was fair, and you are black; how will that agree?

Le Fr. Cupid is fair, and monsieur is black; why, monsieur is black den, and Cupid is fair, what is dat? a fair lady love de servant of the black complexion—*de bonne heure!* the colour is not de mush; Vulcan was de blacksmith, and Cupid may be de black gentleman, his son legitimate.

La. 'Tis the way to make Cupid the boy no bastard.

Le Fr. But do you no publish this invention; me meet you at de Ball armed with quiver and de bow.

Ho. You will not shoot us, I hope; you'll spare our hearts.

Le Fr. Begar, me shit you, if me can, and your 'arts shall bleed one, two, three, gallown; *adieu, madame! serviteur,* gentlemen, *très-humble.*

La. *Adieu, monsieur.*—Now, madam, with your favour

I must renew my suit.

Ho. You had better buy a new one;

Nay, then, we shall be troubled. [Exit.]

La. You'll withdraw, I'll follow you.

Tr. Come, come, I know you love me.

Ro. You may enlarge your folly, my dear knight;

But I have pardon'd you for love already.

Tr. This shall not serve your turn;

I came hither

Not to be jeer'd, and one of you shall love me. [Exit.]

Enter Bostock, Lady Lucina, and Scutilla.

Lu. Oh, impudence! dares he return?

Sc. It seems so.

Bo. Most gracious madam, my cousin, your Lord Rainbow,* Commends himself in black and white.

Lu. To me?

Bo. D'ye think 'tis from myself?

Sc. You might ha' done't in black and blue.

Bo. Scutilla, how dost thou, poor soul? thou hast no husband nor children to commend me to.

Sc. The poor soul's well; I hope your body is recovered; does not your left cheek burn still?

We ha' so talked of you.

Lu. I am sorry any gentleman that has relation to me should be so forgetful of your honour and his own; but though he have forfeited opinion, let me continue innocent in your thoughts: I have sent you a small jewel to expiate my offence for commending him. I expect your ladyship at the Ball, where you shall make many happy to kiss your hand; and in their number the true admirer of your virtue.—

RAINBOW.

My lord is honourable.

Bo. A slight jewel, madam.

Lu. I am his servant.

Bo. Nay, 'faith, my lord is right; I ha' not met

The colonel since you know when.

Sc. You ha' more reason to remember.

* — my cousin, the Lord Rainbow.] Here the old copy perversely reads, "your Lord Loveall;" and the letter below is signed Loveall. What is no less extraordinary, in the very last scene of the play we have "Enter Sir Stephen and Sir Lionel:" names which have never appeared before, and which are evidently meant for Sir Ambrose and Sir Marmaduke. If it were not a mere loss of time to strive to account for the errors of a piece so "cursedly printed," we might conjecture that Chapman and Shirley had not compared their list of characters.—GIFFORD.

Bo. I would be so bold to ask you a question.

Lu. In the meantime give me leave—we are none but friends,

I know y' are valiant—

Bo. No, no, you do not know't, but I know myself.

Sc. That's more.

Lu. But will you answer me? why did not you

Strike him again?

Sc. That might ha' caused blood.

Bo. You're i' th' right.

Lu. You did not fear him?

Bo. But bloods are not alike, terms were not even,

If I had kill'd him there had been an end.

Lu. Of him.

Bo. Right, madam; but if he had wounded me,

He might ha' kill'd heaven knows how many.

Sc. Strange!

Bo. Do you not conceive it? so many drops of mine,

So many gentlemen; nay, more, who knows

Which of these might have been a knight, a lord—

Lu. Perhaps a prince?

Bo. Princes came from the blood,

And should I hazard such a severation*

Against a single life? 'tis not, I fear To fight with him, by these hilts! but what wise gamester

Will venture a hundred pound to a flaw'd sixpence?

Sc. Madam, the colonel.

Bo. And he were ten colonels,

I'll not endure his company.—Sweet lady, You and I'll retire.

Sc. And [you] were less honourable.

Bo. He should not seek me then.

Sc. He should rather hardly find you; I'm your servant.

[*Exeunt.*]

Enter Colonel.

Lu. I was wishing for you, sir;

Your judgment of these diamonds?

Wi. The stones are pretty.

Lu. They were a lord's, sent me for a token,

You cannot choose but know him, the Lord Rainbow.

* And should I hazard such a severation.] Gifford suggests "generation" as the true reading.—Ed.

Wi. So, so, so! I am like to speed.

Lu. Is not he a pretty gentleman?

Wi. And you are sure he's honest?

Lu. As lords go now-a-days, that are in fashion;

But cry you mercy, you have put me in mind,

I did propound a business to you, sir.

Wi. And I came prepared to answer you.

Lu. 'Tis very well, I'll call one to be a witness.

Wi. That was not, I remember, in our covenant,

You shall not need.

Lu. I'll fetch you a book to swear by.

Wi. Let it be Venus and Adonis, then,

Or Ovid's wanton Elegies, Aristotle's Problems, Guy of Warwick, or Sir Bevis;

Or if there be a play-book you love better,

I'll take my oath upon the Epilogue.

Lu. You're very merry; well, swear how you please.

Wi. In good time;

You do expect now I should swear I'm honest?

Lu. Yes, sir, and 'tis no hard condition, If you reflect upon my promise.

Wi. What?

Lu. To marry you, which act must make you lord

Of me and my estate, a round possession;

Some men have gone to hell for a less matter.

Wi. But I will not be damn'd for twenty thousand

Such as you are, had every one a million,

And I the authority of a parliament

To marry with you all;—I would not, by This flesh! [*taking her hand.*—Now, I

have sworn.

Lu. I think so, colonel;

Bless me! twenty thousand wives? 'twould ne'er

Come to my turn; and you'd not live to give

The tithe benevolence.

Wi. They would find pages, fools,

Or gentlemen-ushers.

Lu. Then, upon the matter,

You being not willing, sir, to take your oath,

I may be confident you are not honest.

Wi. Why, look upon me, lady, and consider,

With some discretion, what part about me

Does look so tame you should suspect me honest?

How old do you think I am?

Lu. I guess at thirty.

Wi. Some i' th' world doubted me not so much;

At thirteen I was ever plump and forward;

My dry-nurse swore, at seven I kiss'd like one

Of five-and-twenty; setting that aside,

What's my profession?

Lu. A soldier.

Wi. So;

Examine a whole army, and find one

That hates a handsome woman: we cannot march

Without our bag and baggages: and is it possible,

When we come home, where women's pride, and all

Temptation to wantonness abounds,

We should lose our activity?

Lu. You soldiers are brave fellows.

Wi. When we have our pay.

We vow no chastity till we marry, lady;

'Tis out of fashion, indeed, with gentlemen

To be honest, and of age together, 'tis sufficient

We can provide to take our pleasures too,

Without infection: a sound body is

A treasure, I can tell you; yet if that

Would satisfy you, I should make no scruple

To swear, but otherwise you must pardon us,

As we must pardon you.

Lu. *Us*, sir!

Wi. Yes, *you*;

As if you ladies had not your fagaries,

And martial discipline, as well as we,

Your outworks and redoubts, your court of guard,

Your sentries, and perdus, sallies, retreats, Parleys, and stratagems; women are all honest,

Yes, yes, exceeding honest! let me ask you

One question—I'll not put you to your oath.

I do allow you Hyde-Park and Spring-Garden—

You have a recreation call'd THE BALL, A device transported hither by some ladies

That affect tennis; what, do you play a set?

There's a foul racket kept under the line, Strange words are bandied, and strange revels, madam.

Lu. The world imagines so.

Wi. Nay, y' are all talk'd of.

Lu. But if men had more wit and honesty,

They would let fall their stings on something else;

This is discoursed but when corantos fail, Or news at ordinaries; when the phlegmatic Dutch

Ha' ta'en no fisher-boats, or our coal-ships land

Safe at Newcastle: y' are fine gentlemen!

But to conclude of that we met for, your honesty

Not justified by an oath, as I expected,

Is now suspended: will you swear yet?

Wi. Why, I thought you had been a Christian, widow:

Have I not told you enough? you may meet one

Will forfeit his conscience, and please you better,

Some silkworm o' the city, or the court,

There be enough will swear away their soul

For your estate, but I have no such purpose;

The wars will last, I hope.

Lu. So, so.—Scutilla.

Enter Scutilla.

You were present when I promised the colonel

To be his wife, upon condition

He could secure my opinion by his oath,

That he was honest; I am bound in honour

Not to go back:—You've done it, I am yours, sir.

Be you a witness to this solemn contract.

Wi. Are you in earnest, lady?

I ha' not sworn.

Lu. You have given better troth;

He that can make this conscience of an oath, Assures his honesty.

Wi. In mind.

Lu. What's past

I question not; if, for the time to come,

Your love be virtuous to me.

Wi. Most religious,

Or let me live the soldier's dishonour,

And die the scorn of gentlemen. I ha' not

Space enough in my heart to entertain thee.

Lu. Is not this better than swearing?
Wi. I confess it.
Lu. Now I may call you husband?
Wi. No title can more honour me.
Lu. If [t] please you,
 I'll show you then my children.
Wi. How! your children?
Lu. I ha' six that call me mother.
Wi. Hast, 'faith?
Lu. The elder may want softness to
 acknowledge you,
 But some are young enough, and may be
 counsell'd
 To ask your blessing; does this trouble
 you?
Wi. Trouble me? no; but it is the
 first news, lady,
 Of any children.
Lu. Nay, they are not like
 To be a burden to us; they must trust
 To their own portions, left 'em by their
 father.
Wi. Where?
Lu. But of my estate; I cannot keep
 Anything from 'em, and I know you are
 So honest, you'd not wish me wrong the
 orphans.
 'Tis but six thousand pound in money,
 colonel,
 Among them all, beside some trifling
 plate
 And jewels, worth a thousand more.
Wi. No more?
Lu. My jointure will be firm to us; two
 hundred
 Per annum.
Wi. Is it so? and that will keep
 A country house, some half-a-dozen cows,
 We shall ha' cheese and butter-milk; one
 horse
 Will serve me, and your man to ride to
 markets.
Lu. Canst be content to live i' the
 country, colonel?
Wi. And watch the peas, look to the
 hay, and talk
 Of oats and stubble; I ha' been brought
 up to't,
 And, for a need, can thrash.
Lu. That will save somewhat.
Wi. I' th' year; beside my skill in
 farrowing pigs:
 Oh, 'tis a wholesome thing to hold the
 plough,
 And wade up to the calf i' th' dirty
 furrows,
 [Not] worse than sleeping in a trench or
 quagmire:—
 You ha' not heard me whistle yet?
 VOL. I.

Lu. No, indeed!
Wi. Why, there's it!—She does counter-
 feit. Well, lady,
 Be you in jest or earnest,
 This is my resolution,
 I'll marry you, and you had forty children,
 And not a foot of land to your jointure;
 Heaven
 Will provide for us, and we do our-endea-
 vours.
 Where be the children? come, how many
 boys?
Lu. As many as you can get, sir.
Wi. How?
Lu. No more.
 Since you're so noble, know I tried your
 patience;
 And now I am confirm'd: my estate is
 yours,
 Without the weight of children or of
 debts;
 Love me, and I repent not.
Wi. Say'st thou so?
 I would we had a priest here!
Lu. There remains,
 To take away one scruple.
Wi. Another gimcrack?
Lu. I have none, 'tis your doubt, sir;
 And, ere we marry, you shall be convinced
 Some malice has corrupted your opinion
 Of that we call the Ball.
Wi. Your dancing business?
Lu. I will entreat your company to-
 night,
 Where your own eyes shall lead you to
 accuse,
 Or vindicate our fames.
Wi. With all my heart.
Sc. Madam, Master Bostock
 Expects within.
Lu. You shall be reconciled to him.
Wi. With Bostock? willingly, then to
 the Ball,
 Which, for your sake, I dare not now sus-
 pect,
 Where union of hearts such empire
 brings,
 Subjects, methinks, are crown'd as well as
 kings. [Exeunt.]

ACT THE FIFTH.

*Enter Monsieur and Servants with
 perfumes.*

Le Fr. Bon! fort bon! here a little,
 dere a little more; my lord hire dis house
 of the city merchant, begar it smell musty,

and he will have all sweet for de ladies ; perfume, perfume every corner presently, for dere is purpose to make all smoke anon, begar—

Enter Lady Rosamond and Honoria.

Très humble serviteur, mesdames.

Ho. Where is my lord ?

Le Fr. He wait on you presently. Monsieur de Freshwater !

Fr. Monsieur le Frisk, these ladies were pleased to command my attendance hither.

Le Fr. Welcome to de Ball, *par ma foi.* You pardon, monsieur, I have much trouble in my little head, I can no stay to compliment ; *à votre service.* [*Exit.*]

Fr. In all my travels, I have not seen a more convenient structure.

Ro. Now you talk of your travels, signior, till my lord come, you shall do us a special favour to discourse what passages you have seen abroad.

Ho. Were you ever abroad before, signior ?

Fr. I hardly ever was at home, and yet

All countries to a wise man are his own.

Did you ne'er travel, ladies ?

Ro. We are no ladies errant, 'tis enough

For such as you, that look for state employment.

Fr. Yet there be ladies have your languages,

And, married to great men, prove the better statesmen.

Ro. We have heard talk of many countries.

Fr. And you may hear talk ; but give me the man that has measured 'em ; talk's but talk—

Ho. Have you seen a fairer city than London ?

Fr. London is nothing.

Ro. How ! nothing ?

Fr. To what it will be a hundred years hence.

Ro. I have heard much talk of Paris.

Ho. You have been there, I'm sure.

Enter Lord.

Fr. I tell you, madam ; I took shipping at Gravesend, and had no sooner passed the Cantons and Grisons, making some stay in the Valtoline, but I came to Paris, a pretty hamlet, and much in the situation like Dunstable ; 'tis in the province of

Alcantara, some three leagues distant from Seville, from whence we have our oranges.

Lord Ra. Is the fellow mad ?

Ro. I have heard Seville is in Spain.

Fr. You may hear many things. The people are civil that live in Spain, or there may be one town like another ; but if Seville be not in France, I was never at Seville in my life.

Ho. Proceed, sir.

Fr. Do not I know Paris ? it was built by the youngest son of King Priam, and was called by his name ; yet some call it Lutetia, because the gentlewomen there play so well upon the lute.

Lord Ra. What a rascal is this !

Fr. Here I observed many remarkable buildings, as the university, which some call the Louvre ; where the students made very much of me, and carried me to the Bear-garden, where I saw a play on the Bank-side, a very pretty comedy, called *Barthème*, in London.

Ro. Is't possible ?

Fr. But there be no such comedians as we have here ; yet the women are the best actors, they play their own parts, a thing much desired in England by some ladies, inns-a-court gentlemen, and others ; but that by the way—

Ho. See, sir.

Fr. I had stayed longer there, but I was offended with a villanous scent of onions, which the wind brought from St. Omer's.

Ro. Onions would make you sleep well.

Fr. But the scent, 'tis not to be endured, I smelt on 'em when I came to Rome ; and hardly 'scaped the Inquisition for't.

Ho. Were you at Rome, too, signior ?

Fr. 'Tis in my way to Venice. I'll tell you, madam, I was very loth to leave their country.

Ro. Which country ?

Fr. Where was I last ?

Ho. In France.

Fr. Right, for I had a very good inn, where mine host was a notable good fellow, and a cardinal.

Ro. How ! a cardinal ? oh, impudence !

Fr. Oh, the catches we sang ! and his wife, a pretty woman, and one that warms a bed one o' the best in Europe.

Ho. Did you ever hear the like ?

Ro. I did before suspect him.

Fr. But mine host—

Ho. The cardinal.

Fr. Right, had a shrewd pate, and his ears were something o' th' longest ; for

ne, upon the oath of a w—Walloun
at*—from Spain to the Low-Countries,
and the other from Lapland into Germany.

Ro. Say you so?

Fr. A parlous head, and yet loving to his guests, as mine host Banks, as red in the gills, and as merry a —; but anger him, and he sets all Christendom together by the ears. Well, shortly after I left France, and sailing along the Alps, I came to Lombardy, where I left my cloak, for it was very hot travelling, and went a pilgrim to Rome, where I saw the tombs, and a play in Pompey's theatre; here I was kindly entertained by an anchorite, in whose chamber I lay, and drank cider.

Lord Ra. Nay, now is he desperate.

Ho. Do not interrupt him.

Fr. What should I trouble you with many stories? From hence I went to Naples, a soft kind of people, and clothed in silk; from thence I went to Florence, from whence we have the art of working custards, which we call Florentines; Milan,† a rich state of haberdashers; Piemont, where I had excellent venison; and Padua, famous for the pads, or easy saddles, which our physicians ride upon, and first brought from thence, when they commenced doctor.

Ro. Very good.

Fr. I see little in Mantua, beside dancing upon the ropes; only their strong beer, better than any I ever drunk at the Trumpet; but Venice—of all the champion countries—do not mistake, they are the valiantest gentlemen, under the sun—

Ro. Is that it?

Fr. O the Catazaners we turned there!

Ho. Who was with you?

Fr. Two or three magnificos, grandees of the state, we tickled 'em in the very Rialto; by the same token, two or three English spies told us they had lain leger three months, to steal away the Piazza, and ship it for Covent Garden, a pretty fabric and building upon the —; but I was compelled to make short stay here, by reason [one] of the duke's concubines fell in love with me, gave me a ring of his,

cut of a solid diamond, which afterwards I lost, washing my hands in the salt water.

Ho. You should ha' fished for't, and as good luck as she that found her wedding-ring in the haddock's belly.

Fr. No, there was no staying; I took post-horse presently for Genoa, and from thence to Madrid, and so to the Netherlands.

Ro. And 'how sped you among the Dutch?

Fr. Why, we were drunk every day together; they get their living by it.

Ho. By drinking?

Fr. And making bargains in their tipping; the Jews are innocent, nay, the devil himself is but a dunce to 'em, of whose trade they are.

Ho. What's that?

Fr. They fish, they fish still; who can help it? They have nets enough, and may catch the province in time; then let the kingdoms look about 'em: they can't be idle, and they have one advantage of all the world, they'll ha' no conscience to trouble 'em. I heard it whispered they want butter; they have a design to churn the Indies, and remove their dairy; but that, as a secret, shall go no further. I caught a surfeit of boar in Holland: upon my recovery I went to Flushing, where I met with a handsome froe, with whom I went to Middleborough, by the —, and left her drunk at Rotterdam; there I took shipping again for France, from thence to Dover, from Dover to Gravesend, from Gravesend to Queenhithe, and from thence to what I am come to.

Lord Ra. And, noble signior, you are very welcome.

Fr. I hope he did not overhear me.

Lord Ra. I am much honour'd, ladies, in your presence.

Fr. Absence had been a sin, my lord, where you

Were pleased to invite.

Enter Monsieur.

Le Fr. Fie, fie! My lord, give me one ear. [*He whispers with my lord.*]

Lord Ra. Interrupt me no more, good monsieur.

Fr. Monsieur Le Frisk, a word, a word, I beseech you: no *excusez moi*.

[*Exit Freshwater and Monsieur.*]

Lord Ra. Have you thought, ladies, of your absent servant,
Within whose heart the civil war of love—

* Upon the oath of a w—Walloun that— from Spain to the Low, &c.] These breaks are in the original; but whether intended as marks of sagacity in the speaker, or caution in the printer, must be left to the reader's decision. GIFFORD.

† An allusion to *milaners* (milliners), as haberdashers were then called.—GIFFORD.

Ro. May end in a soft peace.

Lord Ra. Excellent, lady!

Ho. We had armies too, my lord, of wounded thoughts.

Lord Ra. And are you agreed to which I must devote

My loving service? and which is wisest, fairest,

Is it concluded yet?

Ho. You did propound a hard province, and we could not determine as you expected; but if your flame be not extinct, we have devised another way.

Lord Ra. You make my ambition happy; and, indeed, I was thinking 'twas impossible that two such beauties should give place to either, and I am still that humble votary to both your loves.

Ro. Then this: we have made lots, That what we cannot, fate may soon decide,

And we are fix'd to obey our destiny; There is but two. One, and your wishes guide you!

Lord Ra. And will you satisfy my chance?

Ho. We should Be else unjust.

Lord Ra. What method shall we use?

Ro. Your hat, my lord, if you vouchsafe the favour?

Ho. Dare you expose your head to the air so long?

Lord Ra. Most willingly; put in.

Ro. There is fortune.

Ho. That draw which quickly tell how much I love you.

Lord Ra. So, so!

Now let me see; I commend your device, Since I am incapable of both;

This is a way indeed;—but your favour.

Ro. Let's have fair play, my lord.

Lord Ra. What fool is he,

That, having the choice of mistresses, will be

Confined to one, and rob himself? I am yet

The favourite of both: this is no policy.—

I could make shift with both abed.

Ro. You are merry.

Lord Ra. In troth, and so I am, and in the mind

I am in will give myself no cause to th' contrary.

D'ye see? I'll draw you both.

Ho. How? both!

Lord Ra. You cannot otherwise be reconciled;

I'll be content to marry one, and do Service to th' other's petticoat; I must te— you,

I am not without precedent.

Ho. There you triumph.

Lord Ra. Within the name of Venus.—Ha! a blank?

By this light, nothing, neither name nor mark.

Both. Ha, ha, ha!

Lord Ra. This is a riddle yet.

Ro. 'Tis quickly solved: your lordship was too confident;

We never were at such a loss, my lord, As with the hazard of our wit or honour To court you with so desperate affection.

Ho. By our example know, some ladies may

Commend, nay, love a gentleman, and yet

Be safe in their own thoughts: and see!— as far

As modesty and honour will allow us, We are still servants to your lordship.

Lord Ra. Say so?

Why, look you, ladies, that you may perceive

How I can be temperate too; first, I thank you

Heartily, and to recompense your wit, Present another lottery; you shall not Suspect I have a thought that will betray Your innocence to scandal: let me entreat

You take your chance too; this for you, madam,

And this is left your fortune: do me honour

To wear these pair of jewels for my sake;

So, with a confidence of your happy pardon

For what is past, hereafter I shall pay To your true virtues better service than So unnecessary trials.

Ro. And to show

We are not coy, my lord, we'll wear your jewels.

Lord Ra. And be their ornament.

Enter Lady Lucina, Colonel, Bostock.

Wi. All happiness to your lordship.— Your revels* are not full yet, noble ladies.

* Your revels are not full yet, &c.] The 4to reads, *Your cruells are not full set.* It would not be easy to name a play more full of ridiculous misprints than this.—GIFFORD.

Lord Ra. Your presence will soon make us active. Madam,
I was bold—

Bo. She has your diamond, my lord.

Lord Ra. And can you pardon?

Bo. Nay, nay, we are friends;

Are we not, madam?

Lu. I were else unmerciful.

Bo. The colonel, too, has given me satisfaction.

Wi. I think you had enough.

Bo. As much as I desired, and here's my hand,

While I can draw a sword command me.

Wi. What?

Bo. To put it up again. All friends, all friends;

A pox a quarrelling!

Wi. I kiss your hand, sir.

Bo. Kiss my hand! kiss my — noble ladies, here.

Wi. Why is the music silent all this while?

Has it no voice to bid these ladies welcome?

A golden Ball descends, enter Venus and Cupid.

Ve. Come, boy, now draw thy powerful bow,

Here are ladies' hearts enow

To be transfix'd; this meeting is

To ruffle ladies, and to kiss.

These are my orgies: from each eye

A thousand wanton glances fly;

Lords and ladies of the game,

Each breast be full of my own flame!

Why shoots not Cupid? these are all

Met in honour of my Ball,

Which Paris gave on Ida hill;

I'll maintain these revels still.—

Why stays Cupid all this while?

Diana. Venus doth herself beguile.

Ve. Diana here! go back again.

Di. These are none of Venus' train.

No spark of this lascivious fire

Dwells in their bosoms; no desire

But what doth fill Diana's breast,

In their modest thoughts do rest.

Venus, this new festival

Shall be still Diana's Ball;

A chaste meeting ever here;

Seek thy votaries otherwhere.

Ve. You're chaste indeed! do not we know,

You to your sweetheart nightly go &

Endymion is not kiss'd! no, you

On his face but let fall dew!

Some may wonder what doth ail

Your lips, but kisses made them

pale;

Methinks the Moon should blush.

Di. I do

Sometimes, but 'tis for such as you;

Then hide myself within a mist,

For shame to see thee clipp'd and kiss'd.

Ve. Draw, Cupid; shall thy mother be Brand by a huntress? let me see, I want one shaft.

Cu. Mother, not so,

You may quickly break my bow;

Here Diana doth command,

My bow is frozen to my hand;

Beside, the ladies' breasts are here,

Such proofs against my shafts, I fear,

Each arrow would, to our disgrace,

Break, or rebound in my own face;

Mother, fly hence, or you will be,

If you'll stay, made as chaste as she.

Ve. Can her magic charm them so?

Then 'tis time that Venus go,

To seek her own more choice delight:

Against my will, enjoy this night.

Di. Cupid, if you mean to stay,

Throw your licentious shafts away,

Then you are Love, then be embraced,

Love is welcome while he's chaste.

Now, some other strain to show

What pleasures to this night we owe.

[A Dance.]

Enter Barker, like a Satyr dancing.

Fr. My lord, my ladies, will you see a monster?

I have not met such another in all my travels.

Lu. What have we here? a satyr!

Bo. No, 'tis a dancing-bear.

Lord Ra. What is the device?

Ba. Wonder that a satyr can

Put off wildness and turn man.

Love such miracles can do;

But this owes itself to you,

Bright lady.

Ho. Keep the goblin from me, gentlemen.

Ba. You'll know me.

Omnes. Barker!

Ba. No more the cynic; I protest You have converted me.

Ho. Your meaning, sir?

Ba. I am the man you did encourage,
madam,
To learn to dance; I shall do better
shortly;

Your love will perfect me, and make me
soft

And smooth as any reveller.

Ho. Ha, ha, ha!

My love! I am not mad to love a satyr,
For that's thy best condition. Judgment
all,

How scurvily this civility shows in him.
'Faith, rail, and keep your humour still; it
shows excellent.

Does he not become the beast?

The lords allow you pension?

Omnes. Ha, ha, ha!

Ba. You are a witch, I'll justify it; and
there is not

One honest thought among the whole sex
of you.

D'ye laugh, loose-witted ladies? there are
not

In hell such furies: that's a comfort yet
To him that shall go thither; he shall
have

Less torment after death, than he finds
here.

Lord Ra. Why, Barker?

Ba. Your wit has got the squirt too; I'll
traduce

Your Ball for this, and if there be a post
That dares write mischief, look to be
worse

Than executed. [Exit.

Lord Ra. He will come to himself again
when he hath purged.

Freshwater!

*Enter Sir Marmaduke and Sir Ambrose.**

Tr. Madam, your servants beg this
favour from you.

Ro. What is't?

Tr. That since your resolutions will
admit

No change of hearts, you will not publish
how

We ha' been jeer'd.

Ro. Not jeer'd; but you came on so
desperate.

* In the original quarto:—"Enter Sir
Stephen and Sir Lionel."—*Vide antea.*

Ho. We love our own, when we preserve
gentlemen's honour.

Wi. Then let's toss the Ball.

Lord Ra. Signior Freshwater.

Fr. Mercy and silence, as you are
honourable.

Lord Ra. Nay, it concerns these gentle-
men.*

Fr. Why, if I must; gentlemen, you
imagine I ha' been at Venice; but I
stayed at Gravesend all this summer,
expecting a wind, and finding it so un-
certain, will defer the voyage till the
spring. I am not the first whom the
winds and seas have crossed.

Tr. Then you have crossed no sea?

Fr. If you please, I'll require but my
principal; and for your good company,
I'll stay at home for good and all, to be
merry.

Lord Ra. Nay, nay; you shall go your
voyage; we would not have you lose the
benefit of travel; when you come home,
you may summon your debtors by a
drum, and showing your bag of certifi-
cates—

Bo. Receive your money when you can
get it, and be knighted,

Fr. I thank you, gentlemen: I am in
a way, now I have sold my land and put
out my money, to live, I see! My heart
will not dance to-night; I may to Graves-
end in the morning: I can be but pickled
in salt-water, and I'll venture one drown-
ing to be revenged.

Lord Ra. Again, again; set, set!

A Dance.

Lu. What think you of all this?

Wi. To my wishes; an innocent and
generous recreation.

Lord Ra. Ladies and gentlemen, now a
banquet waits you;

Be pleased to accept, 'twill give you breath,
and then

Renew our revels, and to the Ball again.

[Exeunt.]

* *Lord Ra.* Nay, it concerns these gentlemen.]
The old copy reads, "May it concerne, &c."
The Ball mentioned in the preceding line was
probably "tossed" to Honoria, who seems to
be intended for the lady president of the enter-
tainment.—GIFFORD.

The Tragedy of Philip Chabot, Admiral of France.*

SPEAKERS.

Asall.
Allegre.
King.
Queen.
Treasurer.
Chancellor.
Admiral.
Father.
General.

Chabot.
Judges.
Officers.
Secretary.
Ushers.
Constable.
Courtiers.
Porter.
Guard.

ACT THE FIRST.

Enter Asall and Allegre.

As. Now Philip Chabot, admiral of France,
The great, and only famous favourite
To Francis, first of that imperial name,
Hath found a fresh competitor in glory
(Duke Montmorency, constable of France),
Who drinks as deep as he of the stream royal,
And may in little time convert the strength
To raise his spring, and blow the other's fall.

Al. The world would wish it so, that will not patiently
Endure the due rise of a virtuous man.

As. If he be virtuous, what is the reason
That men affect him not? Why is he lost
To the general opinion, and become
Rather their hate, than love?

Al. I wonder you
Will question it; ask a ground or reason
Of men bred in this vile, degenerate age!
The most men are not good, and it agrees
not
With impious natures to allow what's
honest;
'Tis an offence enough to be exalted
To regal favours. Great men are not
safe
In their own vice, where good men, by the
hand
Of kings, are planted to survey their
workings.
What man was ever fix'd i' th' sphere of
honour,
And precious to his sovereign, whose
actions,
Nay, very soul, was not exposed to every
Common and base dissection? and not
only
That which in nature hath excuse, and in
Themselves is privileged by name of
frailty,
But even virtues are made crimes, and
doom'd
To th' fate of treason.
As. A bad age the while.
I ask your pardon, sir; but thinks your
judgment,

* "The Tragedie of Chabot Admirall of France: As it was presented by her Majesties Servants, at the private House in Drury Lane. Written by George Chapman and James Shirly. London, Printed by Tho. Cotes, for Andrew Crooke, and William Cooke. 1639."

His love to justice, and corruption's hate,
Are true and hearty?

Al. Judge yourself by this

One argument, his hearty truth to all ;
For in the heart hath anger his wisest
seat ;

And 'gainst unjust suits such brave anger
fires him,

That when they seek to pass his place and
power,

Though moved and urged by the other
minion,

Or by his greatest friends, and even the
king

Lead them to his allowance with his hand,
First given in bill, assign'd, even then his
spirit

(In nature calm as any summer's evening),
Puts up his whole powers like a winter's
sea,

His blood boils over, and his heart even
cracks

At the injustice, and he tears the bill,
And would do, were he for't to be torn in
pieces.

As. 'Tis brave, I swear.

Al. Nay, it is worth your wonder,
That I must tell you further, there's no
needle

In a sun-dial, placed upon his steel
In such a tender posture, that doth tremble,
The timely dial being held amiss,

And will shake ever till you hold it right,
More tender than himself in anything
That he concludes in justice for the state :

For, as a fever held him, he will shake
When he is signing anything of weight,
Lest human frailty should misguide his
justice.

As. You have declared him a most noble
justicer.

Al. He truly weighs and feels, sir, what
a charge

The subjects' livings are (being even their
lives

Laid on the hand of power), which abused,
Though seen blood flow not from the
justice-seat,

'Tis in true sense as grievous and as horrid.
As. It argues nothing less ; but since
your lord

Is diversely reported for his parts,
What's your true censure of his general
worth,

Virtue, and judgment ?

Al. As of a picture wrought to optic
reason,

That to all passers-by seems, as they move,
Now woman, now a monster, now a devil,

And, till you stand, and in a right line
view it,

You cannot well judge what the main
form is ;

So men, that view him but in vulgar
passes,

Casting but lateral, or partial glances
At what he is, suppose him weak, unjust,
Bloody, and monstrous ; but stand free
and fast,

And judge him by no more than what you
know

Ingenuously, and by the right laid line
Of truth, he truly will all styles deserve
Of wise, just, good ; a man, both soul and
nerve.

As. Sir, I must join in just belief with
you ;

But what's his rival, the lord high con-
stable ?

Al. As just, and well inclined, when he's
himself

(Not wrought on with the counsels and
opinions

Of other men), and the main difference is,
The admiral is not flexible, nor won

To move one scruple, when he compre-
hends

The honest tract and justness of a cause :
The constable explores not so sincerely
The course he runs, but takes the mind of
others

(By name judicial), for what his own
Judgment and knowledge should conclude.

As. A fault,

In my apprehension : another's know-
ledge,

Applied to my instruction, cannot equal
My own soul's knowledge, how to inform
acts ;

The sun's rich radiance, shot through
waves most fair,

Is but a shadow to his beams i' th' air ;
His beams, that in the air we so admire,
Is but a darkness to his flame in fire ;

In fire his fervour but as vapour flies,
To what his own pure bosom rarefies :

And the Almighty wisdom, having given
Each man within himself an apter light

To guide his acts, than any light without
him

(Creating nothing not in all things equal),
It seems a fault in any that depend
On others' knowledge, and exile their own.

Al. 'Tis nobly argued and exemplified ;
But now I hear my lord and his young
rival

Are to be reconciled, and then one light
May serve to guide them both.

As. I wish it may ; the king being made first mover

To form their reconcilment, and inflame it
With all the sweetness of his praise and honour.

Al. Sec, 'tis despatch'd, I hope ; the king doth grace it.

Loud Music, and enter Ushers before Secretary, Treasurer, Chancellor, Admiral, Constable, hand in hand, the King following, others attend.

Ki. This doth express the noblest fruit of peace.

Chan. Which, when the great begin, the humble end

In joyful imitation, all combining
A Gordian beyond the Phrygian knot,
Past wit to loose it, or the sword ; be still so.

Tr. 'Tis certain, sir ; by concord least things grow

Most great, and flourishing like trees, that wrap

Their forehead in the skies ; may these do so !

Ki. You hear, my lord, all that is spoke contends

To celebrate, with pious vote, the atonement

So lately, and so nobly made between you.

Chab. Which, for itself, sir, [I] resolve to keep

Pure and inviolable, needing none
To encourage or confirm it, but my own

Love and allegiance to your sacred counsel.

Ki. 'Tis good, and pleases, like my dearest health.

Stand you firm on that sweet simplicity ?

Mo. Past all earth policy that would infringe it.

Ki. 'Tis well, and answers all the doubts suspected.—

Enter one that whispers with the Admiral.

And what moves this close message, Philip ?

Chab. My wife's father, sir, is closely come to court.

Ki. Is he come to the court, whose aversation

So much affects him, that he shuns and flies it ?

What's the strange reason that he will not rise

Above the middle region he was born in ?

Chab. He saith, sir, 'tis because the extreme of height

Makes a man less seem to the imperfect eye

Than he is truly, his acts envied more ;

And though he nothing cares for seeming, so

His being just stand firm 'twixt heaven and him,

Yet, since in his soul's jealousy, he fears
That he himself advanced, would under-value

Men placed beneath him, and their business with him,

Since height of place oft dazzles height of judgment,

He takes his top-sail down in such rough storms,

And apts his sails to airs more temperate.

Ki. A most wise soul he has. How long shall kings

Raise men that are not wise till they be high ?

You have our leave ; but tell him, Philip, we

Would have him nearer.

Mo. Your desires attend you.

Enter another.

Ki. We know from whence you come ; say to the queen,

We were coming to her. 'Tis a day of love,

And she seals all perfection. [Exit.

Tr. My lord,
We must beseech your stay.

Mo. My stay ?

Chan. Our counsels
Have led you thus far to your reconcilment,

And must remember you to observe the end

At which, in plain, I told you then we aim'd at :

You know we all urged the atonement, rather

To enforce the broader difference between you,

Than to conclude your friendship, which wise men

Know to be fashionable, and privileged policy,

And will succeed betwixt you and the admiral,

As sure as fate, if you please to get sign'd

A suit now to the king, with all our hands,

Which will so much incense his precise justice,

That, weighing not circumstances of politic state,

He will instantly oppose it, and complain,
And urge in passion, what the king will sooner

Punish than yield to, and so render you,
In the king's frown on him, the only darling

And 'mediate power of France.

Mo. My good lord chancellor,
Shall I, so late atoned, and by the king's
Hearty and earnest motion, fall in pieces?

Chan. 'Tis he, not you, that break.

Tr. Ha' not you patience

To let him burn himself in the king's
flame?

Chan. Come, be not, sir, infected with a
spice

Of that too servile equity, that renders
Men free-born slaves, and rid with bits
like horses,

When you must know, my lord, that even
in nature

A man is *animal politicum*,

So that when he informs his actions simply,
He does it both 'gainst policy and nature :
And therefore our soul motion is affirm'd

To be, like heavenly nature circular,
And circles being call'd ambitious lines,

We must, like them, become ambitious
ever,

And endless in our circumventions ;
No tough hides limiting our cheveril minds.

Tr. 'Tis learnedly, and past all answer,
argued ;

Y'are great, and must grow greater still,
and greater,

And not be like a dull and standing lake,
That settles, putrefies, and chokes with
mud ;

But, like a river gushing from the head,
That winds through the under-vales, what
checks o'erflowing,

Gets strength still of his course,
Till with the ocean meeting, even with
him

In sway and title, his brave billows move.

Mo. You speak a rare affection, and
high souls ;

But give me leave, great lords, still my
just thanks

Remember'd to your counsels and direc-
tion,

I, seeking this way to confirm myself,
I undermine the columns that support
My hopeful, glorious fortune, and at once
Provoke the tempest, though did drown
my envy.

With what assurance shall the king expect

My faith to him that break it for
another?

He has engaged our peace, and my
revenge

Forfeits my trust with him, whose narrow
sight

Will penetrate through all our mists, could
we

Veil our design with clouds blacker than
night.

But grant this danger over, with what jus-
tice,

Or satisfaction to the inward judge,
Shall I be guilty of this good man's ruin ?

Though I may still the murmuring tongues
without me,

Loud conscience has a voice to shudder
greatness.

Se. A name to fright, and terrify young
statists.

There is necessity, my lord, that you
Must lose your light, if you eclipse not
him ;

Two stars so lucid cannot shine at once
In such a firmament, and better you

Extinguish his fires, than be made his
fuel,

And in your ashes give his flame a trophy.

Chan. My lord, the league that you have
vow'd of friendship,

In a true understanding not confines you,
But makes you boundless ; turn not edge
at such

A liberty, but look to your own fortune ;
Secure your honour : a precisian

In state is a ridiculous miracle ;
Friendship is but a visor, beneath which

A wise man laughs to see whole families
Ruin'd, upon whose miserable pile

He mounts to glory. Sir, you must re-
solve

To use any advantage.

Mo. Misery

Of rising statesmen ! I must on ; I see
That, 'gainst the politic and privileged
fashion,

All justice tastes but affectation.

Chan. Why so? we shall do good on
him i' th' end. [Exeunt.]

Enter Father and the Admiral.

Chab. You are most welcome.

Fa. I wish your lordship's safety ;
Which, whilst I pray for, I must not
forget

To urge again the ways to fix you where
No danger has access to threaten you.

Chab. Still your old argument ; I owe
your love for't.

Fa. But, fortified with new and pregnant reasons,

That you should leave the court.

Chab. I dare not, sir.

Fa. You dare be undone, then.

Chab. I should be ingrateful

To such a master, as no subject boasted,

To leave his service when they exact

My chiefest duty and attendance, sir.

Fa. Would thou wert less degraded from thy titles

And swelling offices ! that will, i' th' end,

Ingulf thee past a rescue : I had not come

So far to trouble you at this time, but that

I do not like the loud tongues o' the world,

That say the king has ta'en another favourite,

The constable, a gay man, and a great,

With a huge train of faction too, the queen,

Chancellor, Treasurer, Secretary, and

An army of state warriors, whose discipline

Is sure, and subtile to confusion.

I hope the rumour's false, thou art so calm.

Chab. Report has not abused you, sir.

Fa. It has not !

And you are pleased : then you do mean to mix

With unjust courses, the great constable

And you combining, that no suit may pass

One of the grapples of your either's rape.

I, that abhorr'd, must I now entertain

A thought, that your so straight and simple custom

To render justice, and the common good,

Should now be patch'd with policy, and wrested

From the ingenious step you took, and hang

Upon the shoulders of your enemy,

To bear you out in what you shame to act ?

Chab. Sir, we both are reconciled.

Fa. It follows, then, that both the acts must bear

Like reconciliation ; and if he will now

Malign and malice you for crossing him,

Or any of his faction in their suits,

Being now atoned, you must be one in all,

One in corruption ; and 'twixt you two millstones,

New pick'd, and put together, must the grain

Of good men's needful means to live, be ground

Into your choking superfluities ;

You both too rich, they ruin'd.

Chab. I conceive, sir,

We both may be enrich'd, and raise our fortunes

Even with our places in our sovereign's favour :

Though past the height of others, yet within

The rules of law and justice, and approve

Our actions white and innocent.

Fa. I doubt it ;

White in forced show, perhaps, which will, I fear,

Prove in true substance but a miller's whiteness,

More sticking in your clothes than conscience.

Chab. Your censure herein tastes some passion, sir ;

And I beseech you nourish better thoughts,

Than to imagine that the king's mere grace sustains such prejudice by those it honours ;

That of necessity we must pervert it

With passionate enemies, and ambitious, boundless

Avarice, and every licence incident

To fortunate greatness, and that all abuse it for the most impious avarice of some.

Fa. As if the total sum of favourites' frailties

Affected not the full rule of their kings

In their own partially disposed ambitions,

And that kings do no hazard infinitely

In their free realties of rights and honours,

Where they leave much for favourites' powers to order.

Chab. But we have such a master of our king,

In the imperial art, that no power flies

Out of his favour, but his policy ties

A crance to it, to contain it still ;

And for the reconciliation of us, sir,

Never were two in favour that were more

One in all love of justice and true honour,

Though in the act and prosecution

Perhaps we differ. Howsoever, yet

One beam us both creating, what should let that both our souls should both one

mettle bear,

And that one stamp, one word, one character ?

Fa. I could almost be won to be a courtier ;

There's something more in's composition

Than ever yet was favourite's.—

Enter a Courtier.

What's he ?

Cou. I bring your lordship a sign'd bill, to have

The addition of your honour'd hand ; the council
Have all before subscribed, and full prepared it.

Chab. It seems then they have weigh'd the importance of it,
And know the grant is just.

Cou. No doubt, my lord :
Or else they take therein the constable's word,
It being his suit, and his power having wrought

The king already to appose his hand.

Chab. I do not like his working of the king ;

For if it be a suit made known to him,
And fit to pass, he wrought himself to it ;
However, my hand goes to no such grant,
But first I'll know, and censure it myself.

Cou. Até, if thou beest goddess of contention,
That Jove took by the hair, and hurl'd from heaven,
Assume in earth thy empire, and this bill
Thy firebrand, make to turn his love, thus tempted,
Into a hate as horrid as thy furies.

Chab. Does this bear title of his lordship's suit ?

Cou. It does, my lord, and therefore he beseech'd

The rather your despatch.

Chab. No, thought the rather ;
But now the rather all power's against it,
The suit being most unjust, and he pretending

In all his actions justice, on the sudden,
After his so late vow not to violate it,
Is strange and vile ; and if the king himself

Should own and urge it, I would stay and cross it,

For 'tis within the free power of my office,
And I should strain his kingdom if I pass'd it.

I see their poor attempts and giddy malice.
Is this the reconciliation that so lately
He vow'd in sacred witness of the king ?
Assuring me he never more would offer
To pass a suit unjust, which I well know
This is, above all, and have often been urged

To give it passage.—Be you, sir, the judge.

Fa. I will not meddle

With anything of state, you knew long since.

Chab. Yet you may hear it, sir.

Fa. You will not urge
My opinion, then ? Go to.

Chab. An honest merchant,
Presuming on our league of France with Spain,

Brought into Spain a wealthy ship, to vent
Her fit commodities to serve the country,
Which, in the place of suffering their sale,

Were seized, to recompense a Spanish ship,
Prized by a Frenchman ere the league was made :

No suits, no letters of our king's could gain
Our merchant's first right in it ; but his letters,

Unreverently received, the king's self scandal,

Beside the league's breach, and the foul injustice

Done to our honest merchant, who endured all,

Till some small time since, authorized by our council,

Though not in open court, he made a ship out,

And took a Spaniard ; brings all home, and sues

To gain his full-proved loss, full recompense
Of his just prize : his prize is stay'd and seized,

Yet for the king's disposeure ; and the Spaniard

Makes suit to be restored her, which this bill

Would fain get granted, feigning, as they hoped,

With my allowance, and way given to make

Our countryman's in Spain their absolute prize.

Fa. 'Twere absolute injustice.

Chab. Should I pass it ?

Fa. Pass life and state before.

Chab. If this would seem

His lordship's suit, his love to me, and justice,

Including plots upon me, while my simple-ness

Is seriously vow'd to reconciliation ;
Love him, good vulgars, and abhor me still,

For if I court your flattery with my crimes,
Heaven's love before me fly, till in my tomb

I stick, pursuing it ; and for this bill,
Thus say 'twas shiver'd ; bless us, equal

heaven ! [Exit.]

Fa. This could I cherish now, above his loss.—

You may report as much, the bill dis-
covered, sir. [Exeunt.]

ACT THE SECOND.

Enter King and Queen, Secretary, with the torn bill.

Ki. Is it e'en so?

Qu. Good heaven, how tame you are!
Do kings of France reward foul traitors thus?

Ki. No traitor; you're too loud: Chabot's no traitor;

He has the passions of a man about him,
And multiplicity of cares may make
Wise men forget themselves. Come, be you patient.

Qu. Can you be so, and see yourself thus torn?

Ki. Ourselves?

Qu. There is some left, if you dare own
Your royal character; is not this your name?

Ki. 'Tis Francis, I confess.

Qu. Be but a name,
If this stain live upon't, affronted by
Your subject. Shall the sacred name of
king,

A word to make your nation bow and tremble,

Be thus profaned? Are laws established
To punish the defacers of your image,
But dully set by the rude hand of others
Upon your coin, and shall the character
That doth include the blessing of all
France,

Your name, thus written by your royal
hand,

Design'd for justice, and your kingdom's
honour,

Not call up equal anger to reward it?
Your counsellors of state contemn'd and
slighted,

As in his brain were circumscribed all
wisdom,

And policy of empire, and your power
Subordinate and subject to his passion.

Ki. Come, it concerns you not.

Qu. Is this the consequence
Of an atonement made so late between
The hopeful Montmorency and his lord-
ship

Urge[d] by yourself with such a precious
sanction?

Come, he that dares do this, wants not a
heart,

But opportunity—

Ki. To do what?

Qu. To tear your crown off.

Ki. Come, your language doth taste
more

Of rage and womanish flame, than solid
reason,
Against the admiral. What commands of
yours,

Not to your expectation obey'd
By him, is ground of your so keen dis-
pleasure?

Qu. Commands of mine? he is too
great and powerful

To stoop to my employment, a Colossus,
And can stride from one province to
another

By the assistance of those offices
You have most confidently imposed upon
him.

'Tis he, not you, take up the people's
eyes

And admiration, while his princely wife—

Ki. Nay, then I reach the spring of
your distaste;

He has a wife—

Enter Chancellor, Treasurer, and whisper with the King.

Qu. Whom for her pride I love not,
And I but in her husband's ruin
Can triumph o'er her greatness.

Ki. Well, well; I'll think on't. [*Exit.*

Chan. He begins to incline.—
Madam, you are the soul of our great
work.

Qu. I'll follow, and employ my powers
upon him.

Tr. We are confident you will prevail at
last,

And for the pious work oblige the king to
you.

Chan. And us your humblest creatures.

Qu. Press no further. [*Exit Queen.*

Chan. Let's seek out my lord Con-
stable.

Tr. And inflame him—

Chan. To expostulate with Chabot;
something may

Arise from thence, to pull more weight
upon him. [*Excunt.*

Enter Father and Allegre.

Fa. How sorts the business? how took
the king

The tearing of his bill?

Al. Exceeding well,
And seem'd to smile at all their grim
complaints

'Gainst all that outrage to his highness'
hand,

And said, in plain, he sign'd it but to try
My lord's firm justice.

Fa. What a sweet king 'tis!

Al. But how his rival, the lord constable,
Is labour'd by the chancellor, and others,
to retort

His wrong with ten parts more upon my
lord,

Is monstrous.

Fa. Need he their spurs?

Al. Ay, sir, for he's afraid

To bear himself too boldly in his braves
Upon the king, being newly enter'd
minion,

Since 'tis but patience sometime they
think;

Because the favour spending in two
streams,

One must run low at length, till when he
dare

Take fire in such flame as his faction
wishes,

But with wise fear contains himself,
and so,

Like a green faggot, in his kindling
smokes;

And where the chancellor, his chief Cy-
clops, finds

The fire within him apt to take, he
blows,

And then the faggot flames, as never
more

The bellows needed, till the too soft green-
ness

Of his state habit shows his sap still flows
Above the solid timber, with which, then

His blaze shrinks head, he cools, and
smokes again.

Fa. Good man he would be, would the
bad not spoil him.

Al. True, sir; but they still ply him with
their arts;

And, as I heard, have wrought him per-
sonally

To question my lord with all the bitter-
ness

The galls of all their faction can pour in;
And such an expectation hangs upon't,

Though all the court, as 'twere with
child, and long'd

To make a mirror of my lord's clear
blood,

And therein see the full ebb of his flood,
And therefore, if you please to counsel

him,

You shall perform a father's part.

Fa. Nay, since

He's gone so far, I would not have him
fear,

But dare them; and yet I'll not meddle
in't.—

Enter Admiral.

He's here; if he have wit to like his
cause,

His spirit will not be ashamed to die in't.
[*Exit.*]

Al. My lord, retire, y'are waylaid in
your walks;

Your friends are all fall'n from you; all
your servants,

Suborn'd by all advantage, to report
Each word you whisper out, and to serve

you
With hat and knee, while others have their
hearts.

Chab. Much profit may my foes make of
such servants!

I love no enemy I have so well,
To take so ill a bargain from his hands.

Al. Their other odds yet shun, all being
combined,

And lodged in ambush, arrived to do you
mischief

By any means, past fear of law or sovereign.

Chab. I walk no desert, yet go arm'd
with that

That would give wildest beasts instincts to
rescue,

Rather than offer any force to hurt me.
My innocence which is a conquering

justice,
As wears a shield, that both defends and

lights.
Al. One against all the world.

Chab. The more the odds,
The less the conquest; or, if all the world

Be thought an army fit to employ 'gainst
one,

That one is argued fit to fight 'gainst all:
If I fall under them, this breast shall

bear
Their heap digested in my sepulchre.

Death is the life of good men: let 'em
come.

Enter Constable, Chancellor, Treasurer,
Secretary.

Mo. I thought, my lord, our recon-
cilement perfect.

You have express'd what sea of gall flow'd
in you,

In tearing of the bill I sent to allow.

Chab. Dare you confess the sending of
that bill?

Mo. Dare? why not?
Chab. Because it breaks your oath

Made in our reconciliation, and betrays
The honour and the chief life of the king,

Which is his justice.

Mo. Betrays?

Chab. No less, and that I'll prove to him.

Omnes. You cannot.

Tr. I would not wish you offer at an action

So most impossibly, and much against The judgment and the favour of the king.

Chab. His judgment, nor his favour, I respect,

So I preserve his justice.

Chan. 'Tis not justice,

Which I'll prove by law, and absolute learning.

Chab. All your great law and learning are but words,

When I plead plainly naked truth and deeds,

Which, though you seek to fray with state and glory,

I'll shoot a shaft at all your globe of light;

If lightning split it, yet 'twas high and right. [*Exit.*

Mo. Brave resolution, so his acts be just!

He cares for gain, not honour.

Chan. How came he then

By all his infinite honour and his gain?

Tr. Well said, my lord.

Se. Answer but only that.

Mo. By doing justice still in all his actions.

Se. But if this action prove unjust, will you

Say all his other may be so as well,

And think your own course fitter far than his?

Mo. I will. [*Exit.*

Chan. He cools, we must not leave him; we have no

Such engine to remove the admiral. [*Exeunt.*

Enter King and the Admiral.

Ki. I prithee, Philip, be not so severe

To him I favour; 'tis an argument That may serve one day to avail yourself;

Nor does it square with your so gentle nature,

To give such fires of envy to your blood;

For howsoever, out of love to justice,

Your jealousy of that doth so incense you,

Yet they that censure it will say 'tis envy.

Chab. I serve not you for them, but for yourself;

And that good in your rule, that justice does you,

And care not this what others say, so you

Please but to do me right for what you know.

Ki. You will not do yourself right.

Why should I

Exceed you to yourself?

Chab. Myself am nothing, Compared to what I seek; 'tis justice

only,

The fount and flood both of your strength and kingdoms.

Ki. But who knows not, that extreme justice is

(By all ruled laws) the extreme of injury,

And must to you be so; the persons that

Your passionate heat calls into question

Are great and many, and may wrong in you

Your rights of kind, and dignities of fortune;

And I advanced you not to heap on you

Honours and fortunes, that, by strong hand now

Held up, and over you, when heaven takes off

'That powerful hand, should thunder on your head,

And after you crush your surviving seeds.

Chab. Sir, your regards to both are great and sacred;

But, if the innocence and right that raised me

And means for mine, can find no friend hereafter

Of him that ever lives, and ever seconds

All kings' just bounties with defence, and refuge

In just men's races, let my fabric ruin,

My stock want sap, my branches by the root

Be torn to death, and swept with whirlwinds out.

Ki. For my love, no relenting?

Chab. No, my liege,

'Tis for your love and right that I stand out.

Ki. Be better yet advised.

Chab. I cannot, sir;

Should any oracle become my counsel,

For that I stand not out, thus of set will,

Or pride of any singular conceit,

My enemies, and the world may clearly know

I taste no sweets to drown in others' gall;

And to affect in that which makes me loathed

To leave myself and mine exposed to all
 The dangers you proposed, my purchased
 honours,
 And all my fortunes in an instant lost,
 That money, cares, and pains, and years
 have gather'd,
 How mad were I to rave thus in my
 wounds !
 Unless my known health felt in these forced
 issues
 Were sound and fit, and that I did not
 know
 By most true proofs, that to become
 sincere
 With all men's hates, doth far exceed their
 loves,
 To be, as they are, mixtures of corruption ?
 And that those envies that I see pursue me
 Of all true actions are the natural conse-
 quents,
 Which being my object, and my resolute
 choice,
 Not for my good, but yours, I will have
 justice.

Ki. You will have justice ? Is your will
 so strong

Now against mine, your power being so
 weak,
 Before my favour gave them both their
 forces ?

Of all that ever shared in my free graces,
 You, Philip Chabot, a mean gentleman,
 Have not I raised you to a supremest lord,
 And given you greater dignities than any ?

Chab. You have so.

Ki. Well said ; and to spur your dulness
 With the particulars to which I raised you,
 Have not I made you first a knight of the
 Order,

Then Admiral of France, then Count
 Byzanges,

Lord, and lieutenant-general of all
 My country, and command of Burgundy ;
 Lieutenant-general likewise of my son,
 Dauphin and heir, and of all Normandy,
 And of my chiefly honour'd privy-council,
 And cannot all these powers weigh down
 your will ?

Chab. No, sir ; they were not given me
 to that end ;

But to uphold my will, my will being just.

Ki. And who shall judge that justice,
 you or I ?

Chab. I, sir, in this case ; your royal
 thoughts are fitly

Exempt from every curious search of one,
 You have the general charge with care of all.

Ki. And do not generals include particu-
 lars ?

May not I judge of anything comprised
 In your particular, as well as you ?

Chab. Far be the misery from you, that
 you may !

My cares, pains, broken sleep, therein made
 more

Than yours, should make me see more,
 and my forces

Render of better judgment.

Ki. Well, sir, grant

Your force in this, my odds in benefits,
 Paid for your pains, put in the other scale,

And any equal holder of the balance

Will show my merits hoist up yours to air,
 In rule of any doubt or deed betwixt us.

Chab. You merit not of me for benefits,
 More than myself of you for services.

Ki. Is't possible ?

Chab. 'Tis true.

Ki. Stand you on that ?

Chab. Ay, to the death, and will approve
 to all men.

Ki. I am deceived but I shall find
 good judges

That will find difference.

Chab. Find them, being good.

Ki. Still so ? What, if conferring

My bounties, and your services to sound
 them,

We fall foul on some licences of yours ?

Nay, give me therein some advantage of you.

Chab. They cannot.

Ki. Not in sifting their severe discharges
 Of all your offices ?

Chab. The more you sift,

The more you shall refine me.

Ki. What if I

Grant out against you a commission,

Join'd with an extraordinary process,

To arrest, and put you in law's hands for
 trial ?

Chab. Not with law's uttermost.

Ki. I'll throw the dice.

Chab. And I'll endure the chance, the
 dice being square.

Reposed in dreadless confidence and con-
 science,

That all your most extremes shall never reach,
 Or to my life, my goods, or honour's
 breach.

Ki. Was ever heard so fine a confi-
 dence ?

Must it not prove presumption ? and can
 that

'Scape bracks and errors in your search of
 law ?

I prithee weigh yet, with more soul the
 danger,

And some less passion.

Chab. Witness, heaven, I cannot,
Were I dissolv'd, and nothing else but
soul.

Ki. Beshrew my blood, but his resolves
amaze me. [*Aside.*]

Was ever such a justice in a subject,
Of so much office left to his own swinge,
That left to law thus, and his sovereign's
wrath,

Could stand clear, 's spite of both? Let
reason rule it,

Before it come at law : a man so rare
In one thing, cannot in the rest be vulgar ;
And who sees you not in the broad high-
way,

The common dust up in your own eyes
beating,

In quest of riches, honours, offices,
As heartily in show as most believe,
And he that can use actions with the vulgar,
Must needs embrace the same effects, and
cannot inform him

Whatsoever he pretends, use them with
such

Free equity, as fits one just and real,
Even in the eyes of men, nor stand at all
parts

So truly circular, so sound, and solid,
But have his swellings out, his cracks and
crannies,

And therefore in this reason, before law
Take you to her, lest you affect and flatter
Yourself with mad opinions.

Chab. I were mad

Directly, sir, if I were yet to know
Not the sure danger, but the certain ruin
Of men shot into law from kings' bent brow.
There being no dream from the most
muddy brain

Upon the foulest fancy, that can forge
More horror in the shadows of mere fame,
Than can some lawyer in a man exposed
To his interpretation by the king.

But these grave toys I shall despise in
death ;

And while I live, will lay them open so
(My innocence laid by them), that, like
foils,

They shall stick of my merits ten times
more,

And make your bounties nothing ; for who
gives

And hits i' th' teeth, himself pays with the
glory

For which he gave, as being his end of
giving,

Not to crown merits, or do any good,
And so no thanks is due but to his glory.

Ki. 'Tis brave, I swear.

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Chab. No, sir, 'tis plain and rude,
But true and spotless ; and where you
object

My hearty and gross vulgar love of riches,
Titles, and honours, I did never seek them
For any love to them, but to that justice
You ought to use in their due gift to
merits,

To show you royal, and most open-handed,
Not using for hands, talons, pincers, grap-
ples ;

In whose gripes, and upon whose gored
point,

Deserts hang sprawling out their virtuous
limbs.

Ki. Better and better !

Chab. This your glory is ;

My deserts wrought upon no wretched
matter,

But show'd your royal palms as free and
moist

As Ida, all encased with silver springs,
And yet my merit still their equal sings.

Ki. Sing till thou sigh thy soul out ;
hence, and leave us.

Chab. My person shall, my love and
faith shall never.

Ki. Perish thy love and faith, and thee
for ever ! [*Exit Chab.*]

Who's there ?

Enter Asall.

Let one go for the chancellor.

As. He's here in court, sir.

Ki. Haste, and send him hither.

[*Exit Asall.*]

This is an insolence I never met with.

Can one so high as his degrees ascend,
Climb all so free, and without stain ?—

Enter Chancellor.

My lord

Chancellor, I send for you about a service
Of equal price to me, as if again

My ransom came to me from Pavian
thraldom,

And more, as if from forth a subject's
fettors,

The worst of servitudes, my life were
rescued.

Chan. You fright me with a prologue of
much trouble.

Ki. Methinks it might be. Tell me,
out of all

Your famous learning, was there ever sub-
ject

Raised by his sovereign's free hand from
the dust,

Up to a height above air's upper region,

M M

That might compare with him in any merit

That so advanced him, and not show in that

Gross over-weening worthy cause to think
There might be other over-sights excepted,

Of capital nature, in his sifted greatness?

Chan. And past question, sir, for one absurd thing granted,

A thousand follow.

Ki. You must then employ

Your most exact and curious art, to explore

A man in place of greatest trust and charge,

Whom I suspect to have abused them all,
And in whom you may give such proud veins vent,

As will bewray their boiling blood, corrupted

Both 'gainst my crown and life.

Chan. And may my life be cursed in every act,

If I explore him not to every fibre.

Ki. It is my admiral.

Chan. Oh, my good liege,

You tempt, not charge me, with such search of him.

Ki. Doubt not my heartiest meaning: all the troubles

That ever moved in a distracted king,

Put in just fear of his assaulted life,

Are not above my sufferings for Chabot.

Chan. Then I am glad, and proud that I can cure you,

For he's a man that I am studied in,

And all his offices, and if you please

To give authority—

Ki. You shall not want it.

Chan. If I discharge you not of that disease

About your neck grown, by your strange trust in him,

With full discovery of the foulest treasons—

Ki. But I must have all proved with that free justice.

Chan. Beseech your majesty, do not question it.

Ki. About it instantly, and take me wholly

Upon yourself.

Chan. How much you grace your servant!

Ki. Let it be fiery quick.

Chan. It shall have wings,
And every feather show the flight of kings.

[*Exeunt.*]

ACT THE THIRD.

Enter Chancellor attended, the Proctor-general whispering in his ear, two Judges following; they pass, enter Chabot, in his gown, a guard about him, his Father and his Wife on each side, Allegre.

Chab. And have they put my faithful servant to the rack?

Heaven arm the honest man!

Fa. Allegre feels the malice of the Chancellor.

Chab. Many upon the torture have confess'd

Things against truth, and yet his pain sits nearer

Than all my other fears.—Come, do not weep.

Wi. My lord, I do not grieve out of a thought,

Or poor suspicion, they with all their malice

Can stain your honour; but it troubles me,

The king should grant this licence to your enemies,

As he were willing to hear Chabot guilty.

Chab. No more; the king is just; and by exposing me

To this trial, means to render me

More happy to his subjects and himself;

His sacred will be obey'd; take thy own spirit,

And let no thought infringe thy peace for me;

I go to have my honours all confirm'd.

Farewell; thy lip: my cause has so much innocence,

It shall not need thy prayer.—I leave her yours

Till my return. Oh, let me be a son

Still in your thoughts.—Now, gentlemen, set forward. [*Exit.*]

[*Manente* Father and Wife.]

Fa. Sec, you that trust in greatness, what sustains you;

These hazards you must look for, you that thrust

Your heads into a cloud, where lie in ambush

The soldiers of state, in privy arms

Of yellow fire, jealous, and mad at all

That shoot their foreheads up into their forges,

And pry into their gloomy cabinets;

You, like vain citizens, that must go see

Those ever-burning furnaces, wherein

Your brittle glasses of estate are blown,
 Who knows not you are all but puff, and
 bubble
 Of breath, and fume forged, your vile
 brittle natures
 Cause of your dearness? were you tough
 and lasting,
 You would be cheap, and not worth half
 your face.—

Now, daughter; planet-struck?

Wi. I am considering

What form I shall put on, as best agreeing
 with my lord's fortune.

Fa. Habit do you mean,
 Of mind, or body?

Wi. Both would be apparell'd.

Fa. In neither you have reason yet to
 mourn.

Wi. I'll not accuse my heart of so much
 weakness;

'Twere a confession 'gainst my lord.—The
 queen!

*Enter Queen, Montmorency, Treasurer,
 and Secretary.*

She has express'd against me some dis-
 pleasure.

Fa. Let's this way through the gallery.

Qu. 'Tis she.

Do you, my lord, say I would speak with
 her.—

And has Allegre, one of the chiefest trust
 with him,

Suffer'd the rack? The chancellor is
 violent:

And what's confess'd?

Tr. Nothing; he contemn'd all

That could with any cruellest pain explore
 him,

As if his mind had robb'd his nerves of
 sense,

And through them diffused fiery spirits
 above

All flesh and blood; for, as his limbs were
 stretch'd,

His contempt's too extended.

Qu. A strange fortitude!

Tr. But we shall lose the arraignment.

Qu. The success

Will soon arrive.

Tr. You'll not appear, my lord, then?

Mo. I desire

Your lordship would excuse me:

Tr. We are your servants.

[*Exeunt Treasurer and Secretary.*

Mo. She attends you, madam.

Qu. This humbleness proceeds not from
 your heart,

Why, you are a queen yourself in your
 own thoughts,
 The Admiral's wife of France cannot be
 less.

You have not state enough; you should
 not move

Without a train of friends and servants.

Wi. There is some mystery —

Within your language, madam. I would
 hope

You have more charity than to imagine
 My present condition worth your triumph,

In which I am not so lost, but I have
 Some friends and servants with pro-
 portion

To my lord's fortune; but none, within the
 list

Of those that obey me, can be more ready
 To express their duties than my heart to
 serve

Your just commands.

Qu. Then pride will ebb, I see;

There is no constant flood of state and
 greatness;

The prodigy is ceasing when your lord
 Comes to the balance. He whose blazing
 fires

Shot wonders through the kingdom, will
 discover

What flying and corrupted matter fed
 him.

Wi. My lord?

Qu. Your high and mighty justicer,
 The man of conscience, the oracle
 Of state, whose honourable titles
 Would crack an elephant's back, is now
 turn'd mortal,

Must pass examination and the test
 Of law; have all his offices ripp'd up,
 And his corrupt soul laid open to the sub-
 jects:

His brides, oppressions, and close sins,
 that made

So many groan and curse him, now shall
 find

Their just reward, and all that love their
 country,

Bless heaven and the king's justice, for re-
 moving

Such a devouring monster.

Fa. Sir, your pardon.—

Madam, you are the queen, she is my
 daughter,

And he that you have character'd so mon-
 strous,

My son-in-law, now gone to be arraign'd.
 The king is just, and a good man; but 't
 does not

Add to the graces of your royal person,

To tread upon a lady thus dejected
By her own grief. Her lord's not yet
found guilty,
Much less condemn'd, though you have
pleas'd to execute him.

Qu. What saucy fellow's this?

Fa. I must confess

I am a man out of this element,
No courtier; yet I am a gentleman,
That dare speak honest truth to the queen's
ear

(A duty every subject will not pay you),
And justify it to all the world. There's
nothing

Doth more eclipse the honours of our soul
Than an ill-grounded and ill-follow'd
passion,

Let fly with noise and licence against those
Whose hearts before are bleeding.

Mo. Brave old man!

Fa. 'Cause you are a queen, to trample
o'er a woman,

Whose tongue and faculties are all tied
up!

Strike out a lion's teeth, and pare his
claws,

And then a dwarf may pluck him by the
beard,

'Tis a gay victory!

Qu. Did you hear, my lord?

Fa. I ha' done.

Wi. And it concerns me to begin.

I have not made this pause through ser-
vile fear,

Or guilty apprehension of your rage,
But with just wonder of the heats and
wildness

Has prepossess'd your nature 'gainst our
innocence.

You are my queen; unto that title bows
The humblest knee in France; my heart,
made lower

With my obedience, and prostrate duty;

Nor have I powers created for my use,
When just commands of you expect their
service;

But were you queen of all the world, or
something

To be thought greater, betwixt heaven and
us,

That I could reach you with my eyes and
voice,

I would shoot both up in defence of my
Abused honour, and stand all your light-
ning.

Qu. So brave!

Wi. So just, and boldly innocent,

I cannot fear, arm'd with a noble con-
science,

The tempest of your frown, were it more
frightful

Than ever fury made a woman's anger,
Prepared to kill with death's most horrid
ceremony;

Yet with what freedom of my soul I can
Forgive your accusation of my pride.

Qu. *Forgive!* What insolence is like
this language?

Can any action of ours be capable
Of thy forgiveness? Dust, how I despise
thee!

Can we sin to be object of thy mercy?

Wi. Yes, and have done't already, and
no stain

To your greatness, madam; 'tis my charity
I can remit. When sovereign princes
dare

Do injury to those that live beneath them,
They turn worth pity and their prayers,
and 'tis

In the free power of those whom they
oppress

To pardon them; each soul has a pre-
rogative,

And privilege royal, that was sign'd by
heaven.

But though i' th' knowledge of my dis-
position,

Stranger to pride, and what you charge
me with,

I can forgive the injustice done to me,
And striking at my person; I have no

Commission from my lord to clear you for
The wrongs you have done him, and till
he pardon

The wounding of his loyalty, with which
life

Can hold no balance, I must take just
boldness

To say—

Fa. No more. Now I must tell you,
daughter,

Lest you forget yourself, she is the queen,
And it becomes not you to vie with her
Passion for passion: if your lord stand
fast

To the full search of law, heaven will re-
venge him,

And give him up precious to good men's
loves.

If you attempt by these unruly ways
To vindicate his justice, I'm against you,
Dear as I wish your husband's life and
fame:

Subjects are bound to suffer, not contest
With princes, since their will and acts
must be

Accounted one day to a Judge supreme.

Wi. I ha' done. If the devotion to my lord,
Or piety to his innocence, have led me
Beyond the awful limits to be observed
By one so much beneath your sacred
person,
I thus low crave your royal pardon,
madam.
I know you will remember in your goodness,
My life-blood is concern'd while his least
vein
Shall run black and polluted, my heart
fed
With what keeps him alive, nor can there
be
A greater wound than that which strikes
the life
Of our good name, so much above the
bleeding
Of this rude pile we carry, as the soul
Hath excellence above this earth-born
frailty.
My lord, by the king's will, is led already
To a severe arraignment, and to judges
Will make no tender search into his tract
Of life and state. Stay but a little while,
And France shall echo to his shame or
innocence.
This suit I beg with tears; I shall have
sorrow
Enough to hear him censured foul and
monstrous,
Should you forbear to antedate my suffer-
ings.
Qu. Your conscience comes about, and
you incline
To fear he may be worth the law's con-
demning.
Wi. I sooner will suspect the stars may
lose
Their way, and crystal heaven return to
chaos;
Truth sits not on her square more firm
than he:
Yet, let me tell you, madam, were his life
And action so foul as you have character'd
And the bad world expects, though as a
wife,
'Twere duty I should weep myself to death,
To know him fall'n from virtue, yet so
much
I, a frail woman, love my king and country,
I should condemn him too, and think all
honours,
The price of his lost faith, more fatal to
me
'Than Cleopatra's asps warm in my bosom,
And as much boast their killing.

Qu. This declares
Another soul than was deliver'd me.
My anger melts, and I begin to pity her.
How much a prince's ear may be
abused!—

Enjoy your happy confidence; at more
leisure

You may hear from us.

Wi. Heaven preserve the queen,
And may her heart be charitable!

Fa. You bless and honour your un-
worthy servant.

Qu. My lord, did you observe this?

Mo. Yes, great madam,
And read a noble spirit, which becomes
The wife of Chabot! Their great tie of
marriage

Is not more strong upon them than their
virtues.

Qu. That your opinion? I thought
your judgment

Against the admiral. Do you think him
honest?

Mo. Religiously; a true, most zealous
patriot,

And worth all royal favour.

Qu. You amaze me.

Can you be just yourself then, and advance
Your powers against him?

Mo. Such a will be far
From Montmorency. Pioners of state
Have left no art to gain me to their faction,
And 'tis my misery to be placed in such
A sphere, where I am whirl'd by violence
Of a fierce raging motion, and not what
My own will would incline me. I shall make
This appear, madam, if you please to
second

My free speech with the king.

Qu. Good heaven protect all!

Haste to the king; Justice her swift wing
needs;

'Tis high time to be good, when virtue
bleeds. [*Exeunt.*]

*Enter Officers, before the Chancellor,
Judges, the Proctor-general, whisper-
ing with the Chancellor; they take
their places: to them enter Treasurer
and Secretary, who take their places
prepared on one side of the Court.—
To them the Captain of the Guard,
the Admiral following, who is placed
at the bar.*

Chan. Good Master Proctor-general,
begin.

Pr. It is not unknown to you, my very
good lords the judges, and indeed to all
the world, for I will make short work, since

your honourable ears need not to be enlarged, I speak by a figure, with prolix enumeration, how infinitely the king hath favoured this ill-favoured traitor; and yet I may worthily too insist and prove, that no grace hath been so large and voluminous as this, that he hath appointed such upright judges at this time, and the chief of this triumvirie, our chancellor, by name Poyet, which deriveth from the Greek his etymology from Poyein, which is, to make, to create, to invent matter that was never extant in nature; from whence also is the name and dignity of Poeta, which I will not insist upon in this place, although I am confident his lordship wanteth no faculty in making of verses. But what addition, I say, is it to the honour of this delinquent, that he hath such a judge? a man so learned, so full of equity, so noble, so notable in the progress of his life, so innocent, in the manage of his office so incorrupt, in the passages of state so wise, in affection to his country so religious, in all his services to the king so fortunate and exploring, as envy itself cannot accuse, or malice vitiate, whom all lips will open to commend, but those of Philip; and in their hearts will erect altars, and statues, columns, and obelisks, pillars and pyramids, to the perpetuity of his name and memory? What shall I say? but conclude for his so great and sacred service, both to our king and kingdom, and for their everlasting benefit, there may everlastingly be left here one of his loins, one of his loins ever remain, I say, and stay upon this bench, to be the example of all justice, even while the north and south star shall continue.

Chan. You express your oratory, Master Proctor; I pray come presently to the matter.

Pr. Thus, with your lordship's pardon, I proceed; and the first thing I shall glance at will be worth your lordship's reflection, his ingratitude; and to whom? to no less person than a king; and to what king? his own, and our general sovereign, *pro Deum atque hominum fidem*; a king and such a king, the health, life, and soul of us all, whose very mention draws this salt water from my eyes; for he, indeed, is our eye, who wakes and watches for us when we sleep, and who will not sleep for him? I mean not sleep, which the philosophers call a natural cessation of the common, and, consequently, of all the exterior senses, caused first and immediately

by a detension of spirits, which can have no communication, since the way is obstructed by which these spirits should commerce, by vapours ascending from the stomach to the head, by which evaporation the roots of the nerves are filled, through which the animal spirits to be poured into the dwellings of the external senses;—but sleep, I take for death, which all know to be *ultima linea*; who will not sleep eternally for such a king as we enjoy? If, therefore, in general, as he is king of us all, all sharing and dividing the benefits of this our sovereign, none should be so ingrateful as once to murmur against him, what shall be said of the ingratitude more monstrous in this Chabot? for our Francis hath loved, not in general, and in the crowd with other subjects, but particularly, this Philip; advanced him to the supreme dignity of a statesman, lodged him in his very heart, yet *monstrum horrendum*, even to this Francis hath Philip been ungrateful. Brutus, the loved son, hath stabbed Cæsar with a bodkin. Oh, what brute may be compared to him! and in what particulars may this crime be exemplified? he hath, as we say, chopped logic with the king; nay, to the very teeth of his sovereign, advanced his own gnat-like merits, and justified with luciferous pride, that his services have deserved more than all the bounty of our munificent king hath paid him.

Chan. Observe that, my lords.

Pr. Nay, he hath gone further, and most traitorously hath committed outrage and impiety to the king's own hand and royal character, which, presented to him in a bill from the whole council, he most violently did tear in pieces, and will do the very body and person of our king, if your justice make no timely prevention, and strike out the serpentine teeth of this high and more than horrible monster.

Tr. This was enforced home.

Pr. In the next place, I will relate to your honours his most cruel exactions upon the subject, the old *vantcouriers* of rebellions. In the year 1536 and 37, this oppressor, and this extortioner, under pretext of his due taxation, being admiral, imposed upon certain fishermen (observe, I beseech you, the circumstance of their persons, *fishermen*), who, poor Johns, were embarked upon the coast of Normandy, and fishing there for herrings (which some say is the king of fishes), he imposed, I say, twenty sous, and upon every boat six livres. O intolerable exaction! enough,

not only to alienate the hearts of these miserable people from their king, which, *ipso facto*, is high treason, but an occasion of a greater inconvenience, for want of due provision of fish among the subjects; for by this might ensue a necessity of mortal sins, by breaking the religious fast upon vigils, embers, and other days commanded by sacred authority, besides the miserable rut that would follow, and perhaps contagion, when feasting and flesh should be licensed for every carnal appetite. I could urge many more particulars of his dangerous, insatiate, and boundless avarice; but the improvement of his estate in so few years, from a private gentleman's fortune to a great duke's revenues, might save our sovereign therein an orator, to enforce and prove faulty, even to giantism, against heaven.

Ju. This is but a noise of words.

Fr. To the foul outrages so violent, let us add his commissions granted out of his own presumed authority, his majesty neither informed or respected; his disloyalties, infidelities, contempts, oppressions, extortions, with innumerable abuses, offences and forfeits, both to his majesty's most royal person, crown, and dignity; yet, notwithstanding all these injustices, this unmatchable, unjust delinquent affecteth to be thought inculpable, and incomparable just; but alas! my most learned lords, none know better than yourselves how easy the sincerity of justice is pretended, how hard it is to be performed, and how common it is for him that hath least colour of title to it, to be thought the very substance and soul of it; he that was never true scholar in the least degree, longs as a woman with child, to be great with scholar; she that was never with child longs, *omnibus viis et modis*, to be got with child, and will wear a cushion to seem with child; and he that was never just, will fly in the king's face to be counted just, though for all he be nothing, but just a traitor.

Se. The admiral smiles.

Ju. Answer yourself, my lord.

Chab. I shall, and briefly:

The furious eloquence of my accuser hath

Branch'd my offences heinous to the king,
And then his subject, a most vast indictment,

That to the king I have justified my merit
And services; which conscience of that truth,

That gave my actions life, when they are question'd,

I ought to urge again, and do without
The least part of injustice. For the bill,
A foul, and most unjust one, and prefer'd
'Gainst the king's honour, and his subjects' privilege,

And with a policy to betray my office
And faith to both, I do confess I tore it,
It being press'd immodestly, but without
A thought of disobedience to his name,
To whose mention I bow, with humble reverence,

And dare appeal to the king's knowledge of me,

How far I am in soul from such a rebel.

For the rest, my lord, and you, my honour'd judges,

Since all this mountain, all this time in labour,

With more than mortal fury 'gainst my life,

Hath brought forth nought but some ridiculous vermin,

I will not wrong my right and innocence

With any serious plea in my reply,

To frustrate breath, and fight with terrible shadows,

That have been forged and forced against my state,

But leave all, with my life, to your free censures,

Only beseeching all your learned judgments
Equal and pious conscience to weigh.

Pr. And how this great and mighty fortune has exalted him to pride is apparent, not only in his braves and bearings to the king, the fountain of all this increase, but in his contempt and scorn of the subject, his vast expenses in buildings, his private bounties, above royal, to soldiers and scholars, that he may be the general and patron, and protector of arms and arts; the number of domestic attendants, an army of grasshoppers and gay butterflies, able to devour the spring; his glorious wardrobes, his stable of horses, that are pricked with provender, and will enforce us to weed up our vineyards, to sow oats for supply of their provision; his caroches shining with gold, and more bright than the chariot of the sun, wearing out the pavements; nay, he is of late so transcendently proud, that men must be his mules, and carry him up and down as it were in a procession for men to gaze at him, till their chins crack with the weight of insupportable pride; and who knows but this may prove a fashion? But who

groans for this? the subject, who murmur, and are ready to begin a rebellion, but the tumultuous sailor, and water-rats, who run up and down the city, like an overbearing tempest, cursing the admiral, who in duty ought to undo himself for the general satisfaction of his countrymen?

Chab. The variety, and wonder now presented

To your most noble notice, and the world's, That all my life and actions, and offices, Explored with all the hundred eyes of law, Lighted with lightning, shot out of the wrath Of an incensed and commanding king, And blown with foes, with far more bitter winds

Than winter from his eastern cave exhales, Yet nothing found, but what you all have heard,

And then consider, if a peer of state Should be exposed to such a wild arraignment

For poor complaints, his fame, faith, life, and honours,

Rack'd for no more.

Chan. No more? Good heaven, what say My learn'd assistants?

1st Ju. My lord, the crimes urged here for us to censure

As capital, and worth this high arraignment, To me seem strange, because they do not fall In force of law, to arraign a peer of state; For all that law can take into her power To sentence, is the exaction of the fishermen.

2nd Ju. Here is no majesty violated: I consent

To what my brother has express'd.

Chan. Break then in wonder,

My frightened words out of their forming powers,

That you no more collect, from all these forfeits

That master proctor-general hath open'd, With so apparent and impulsive learning, Against the rage and madness of the offender,

And violate majesty, my learn'd assistants, When majesty's affronted and defied, It being compared with! and in such an onset As leap'd into his throat, his life affrighting! Be justified in all insolence all subjects, If this be so consider'd, and insult Upon your privileged malice! Is not majesty Poison'd in this wonder! and no felony set Where royalty is robb'd, and* Fie, how it fights with law, and grates upon

Her brain and soul, and all the powers of reason!—

Reporter of the process, show the schedule.

No. Here, my good lord.

1st Ju. No altering it in us.

2nd Ju. Far be it from us, sir.

Chan. Here's silken justice!

It might be alter'd; mend your sentences.

Both. Not we, my lord.

Chan. Not you? The king shall know You slight a duty to his will and safety.

Give me your pen; it must be capital.

1st Ju. Make what you please, my lord; our doom shall stand.

Chan. Thus I subscribe: now, at your perils, follow.

Both. Perils, my lord? threats in the king's free justice?

Tr. I am amazed they can be so remiss.

Se. Merciful men, pitiful judges, certain.

1st Ju. Subscribe; it matters nothing, being constrain'd.

On this side, and on this side, this capital *I*, Both which together put, import plain *Vi*; And witness we are forced.

2nd Ju. Enough;

It will acquit us, when we make it known, Our names are forced.

Chan. If traitorous pride

Upon the royal person of a king Were sentenced un feloniously before, I'll burn my books, and be a judge no more.

Both. Here are our hands subscribed.

Chan. Why so? it joys me,

You have reform'd your justice and your judgment.

Now have you done like judges and learn'd lawyers;

The king shall thank and honour you for this.—

Notary, read.

No. We, by his sacred Majesty appointed Judges, upon due trial and examination Of Philip Chabot, admiral of France, Declare him guilty of high treasons, &c.

Chan. Now, Captain of the guard, secure his person,

Till the king signify

His pleasure for his death. This day is happy

To France, thus rescued from the vile devourer. [*A shout within.*]

Hark! how the votes applaud their blest deliverance!

You that so late did right and conscience boast,

Heaven's mercy now implore, the king's is lost. [*Exeunt.*]

* Something has dropped out here: Gifford suggests "violate."—ED.

ACT THE FOURTH.

Enter King, Queen, and Constable.

Ki. You raise my thoughts to wonder,
that you, madam,
And you, my lord, unite your force to
plead

I' the admiral's behalf : this is not that
Language you did express, when the torn
bill

Was late pretended to us ; it was then
Defiance to our high prerogative,
The act of him whose proud heart would
rebel,

And, arm'd with faction, too soon attempt
To tear my crown off.

Qu. I was ignorant
Then of his worth, and heard but the
report

Of his accusers and his enemies,
Who never mention in his character
Shadows of any virtue in those men
They would depress : like crows and carrion
birds,

They fly o'er flowery meads, clear springs,
fair gardens,

And stoop at carcasses. For your own
honour,

Pity poor Chabot.

Ki. Poor, and a Colossus,
What could so lately straddle o'er a pro-
vince !

Can he be fall'n so low and miserable,
To want my pity, who breaks forth like
day,

Takes up all people's eyes and admira-
tion ?

It cannot be. He hath a princely wife,
too.

Qu. I interpose not often, sir, or press
you

With unbecoming importunity,
To serve the profitable ends of others.

Conscience, and duty to yourself, enforce
My present mediation ; you have given

The health of your own state away, unless
Wisdom in time recover him.

Ki. If he prove
No adulterate gold, trial confirms his
value.

Qu. Although it hold in metal, gracious
sir,

Such fiery examination, and the furnace
May waste a heart that's faithful, and
together

With that you call the *feces*,¹ something
of

The precious substance may be hazarded.

Ki. Why, you are the chief engine
raised against him,

And in the world's creed, labour most to
sink him,

That in his fall and absence, every beam
May shine on you, and only gild your for-
tune.

Your difference is the ground of his arraig-
ment ;

Nor were we unsolicited by you,
To have your bill confirm'd ; from that,

that spring,
Came all these mighty and impetuous
waves,

With which he now must wrestle ; if the
strength

Of his own innocence can break the storm,
Truth will not lose her servant, her wings
cover him.

He must obey his fate.

Mo. I would not have
It lie upon my fame, that I should be
Mention'd in story his unjust supplanter,

For your whole kingdom. I have been
abused,

And made believe my suit was just and
necessary.

My walks have not been safe, my closet
prayers,

But some plot has pursued me, by some
great ones

Against your noble Admiral : they have
frighted

My fancy in my dreams with their close
whispers,

How to uncement your affections,
And render him the fable, and the scorn
Of France.

Qu. Brave Montmorency !

Ki. Are you serious ?

Mo. Have I a soul, or gratitude, to
acknowledge

Myself your creature, dignified and
honour'd

By your high favours ? with an equal
truth

I must declare the justice of your Admiral
(In what my thoughts are conscious), and
will rather

Give up my claim to birth, title, and
offices,

Be thrown from your warm smile, the top
and crown

Of subjects' happiness, than be bribed with
all

Their glories to the guilt of Chabot's ruin.

Ki. Come, come ; you overact this
passion,

And if it be not policy, it tastes

Too green, and wants some counsel to
mature it ;

His fall prepares your triumph.

Mo. It confirms

My shame alive, and, buried, will corrupt
My very dust, make our house-genius
groan,

And fright the honest marble from my
ashes.

His fall prepare my triumph! turn me
first

A naked exile to the world.

Ki. No more ;

Take heed you banish not yourself ; be
wise,

And let not too much zeal devour your
reason.

Enter Asall.

As. Your admiral is condemn'd, sir.

Ki. Ha ! strange ! No matter ;

Leave us. A great man, I see, may be
As soon despatched as a common subject.

Qu. No mercy then for Chabot.

Enter Wife and Father.

Wi. From whence came

That sound of Chabot ? Then we are all
undone.

Oh, do not hear the queen, she is no
friend

To my poor lord, but made against his
life,

Which hath too many enemies already !

Mo. Poor soul ! she thinks the queen is
still against him,

Who employeth all her powers to preserve
him.

Fa. Say you so, my lord ? Daughter,
the queen's our friend.

Wi. Why do you mock my sorrow ?
can you flatter

Your own grief so ? Be just, and hear me,
sir,

And do not sacrifice a subject's blood

To appease a wrathful queen. Let mercy
shine

Upon your brow, and heaven will pay it
back

Upon your soul : be deaf to all her
prayers.

Ki. Poor heart, she knows not what she
has desired.

Wi. I beg my Chabot's life ; my sorrows
yet

Have not destroy'd my reason.

Ki. He is in the power of my laws, not
mine.

Wi. Then you have no power,

And are but the empty shadow of a king.
To whom is it resign'd ? Where shall I beg
The forfeit life of one condemn'd by law's
Too partial doom ?

Ki. You hear he is condemn'd, then ?

Fa. My son is condemn'd, sir.

Ki. You know for what too ?

Fa. What the judges please to call it ;

But they have given't a name, treason, they
say.

Qu. I must not be denied.

Ki. I must deny you.

Wi. Be blest for ever for't.

Qu. Grant then to her.

Ki. Chabot, condemn'd by law ?

Fa. But you have power

To change the rigour ; in your breast there
is

A chancellor above it. I ne'er had
A suit before ; but my knees join with hers
To implore your royal mercy to her lord,
And take his cause to your examination ;
It cannot wrong your judges, if they have
Been steer'd by conscience.

Mo. It will fame your justice.

Ki. I cannot be prescribed ; you kneel
in vain.

You labour to betray me with your tears
To a treason above his, 'gainst my own
laws.

Look to the lady.

Enter Asall.

As. Sir, the chancellor.

Ki. Admit him.—Leave us all.

[*Exeunt all but King.*]

Enter Chancellor.

How now, my lord ?

You have lost no time ; and how thrive the
proceedings ?

Chan. 'Twas fit, my gracious sovereign,
time should leave

His motion, made in all affairs beside,
And spend his wings only in speed of this.

Ki. You have show'd diligence ; and
what's become

Of our most curious justicer, the Admiral ?

Chan. Condemn'd, sir, utterly, and all
hands set

To his conviction.

Ki. And for faults most foul ?

Chan. More than most impious : but the
applausive issue,

Struck by the concourse of your ravish'd
subjects

For joy of your free justice, if there were
No other cause to assure the sentence just,
Were proof convincing.

Ki. Now then he sees clearly
That men perceive how vain his justice was,
And scorn him for the foolish net he wore
To hide his nakedness. Is't not a wonder,
That men's ambitions should so blind their
reason,
To affect shapes of honesty, and take pride
Rather in seeming, than in being just?

Chan. Seeming has better fortune to attend it,
Than being sound at heart, and virtuous.

Ki. Profess all! nothing do, like those
that live
By looking to the lamps of holy temples,
Who still are busy taking off their snuffs,
But for their profit sake will add no oil!
So these will check and sentence every
fame,
The blaze of riotous blood doth cast in
others,
And in themselves leave the fume most
offensive.

But he to do this, more deceives my judgment
Than all the rest, whose nature I have
sounded.

Chan. I know, sir, and have proved it.
Ki. Well, my lord,
To omit circumstance, I highly thank you
For this late service you have done me here,
Which is so great and meritorious,
That with my ablest power I scarce can
quit you.

Chan. Your sole acceptance, my dread
sovereign,
I more rejoice in than in all the fortunes
That ever chanced me. But when may it
please

Your highness to order the execution?
The haste thus far has spared no pinions.

Ki. No, my lord, your care
Hath therein much deserved.

Chan. But where proportion
Is kept to th' end in things, at start so
happy,

That end set on the crown.

Ki. I'll speed it therefore.

Chan. Your thoughts direct it; they are
wing'd. [Exit.]

Ki. I joy
This boldness is condemn'd, that I may
pardon,
And therein get some ground in his
opinion,

By so much bounty as saves his life;
And, methinks, that weigh'd more, should
sway the balance

'Twixt me and him, held by his own free
justice;

For I could never find him obstinate
In any mind he held, when once he saw
Th' error with which he labour'd; and
since now

He needs must feel it, I admit no doubt
But that his alteration will beget
Another sense of things 'twixt him and
me.—

Who's there?

Enter Asall.

Go to the captain of my guard, and will
him

To attend his condemn'd prisoner to me
instantly.

As. I shall, sir.

Enter Treasurer and Secretary.

Ki. My lords, you were spectators of
our Admiral.

Tr. And hearers too of his most just
conviction,

In which we witness'd over-weight enough
In your great bounties, and, as they there
were weigh'd,

With all the feathers of his boasted merits.

Ki. Has felt a scorching trial; and the
test

(That holds fire's utmost force) we must
give metals

That will not with the hammer, and the
melting,

Confess their truth; and this same sense of
feeling

(Being ground to all the senses), hath one
key

More than the rest to let in through them
all

The mind's true apprehension, that thence
takes

Her first convey'd intelligence. I long

To see this man of confidence again.

How think you, lords, will Chabot look on
me,

Now spoil'd of the integrity he boasted?

Se. It were too much honour to vouch-
safe your sight.

Tr. No doubt, my liege, but he that
hath offended

In such a height against your crown and
person,

Will want no impudence to look upon you.

Enter Asall, Captain, Admiral.

Ca. Sir, I had charge given me by this
gentleman

To bring your condemn'd prisoner to your
presence.

Ki. You have done well ; and tell the queen and our Lord constable we desire their presence ; bid Our admiral's lady, and her father too, Attend us here : they are but new withdrawn.

As. I shall, sir.

Tr. Do you observe this confidence ?

He stands as all his trial were a dream.

Se. He'll find the horror waking. The king's troubled :
Now for a thunder-clap. The queen and constable.

Enter Queen, Constable, Wife,
and Father.

Tr. I do not like their mixture.

Ki. My lord admiral,

You made it your desire to have this trial That late hath pass'd upon you ;
And now you feel how vain is too much faith

And flattery of yourself, as if your breast Were proof 'gainst all invasion ; 'tis so slight

You see it lets in death ; what's past hath been

To satisfy your insolence ; there remains That now we serve our own free pleasure ; therefore,

By that most absolute power, with which all right

Puts in my hands, these issues, turns, and changes,

I here, in ear of all these, pardon all Your faults and forfeits, whatsoever censured,

Again advancing, and establishing Your person in all fulness of that state That ever you enjoy'd before th' attainder.

Tr. Wonderful ! pardon'd !

Wi. Heaven preserve the king !

Qu. Who for this will deserve all time to honour him.

Mo. And live kings' best example.

Fa. Son, you're pardon'd ;

Be sure you look hereafter well about you.

Chab. Vouchsafe, great sir, to assure me what you said ;

You named my pardon.

Ki. And again declare it,

For all crimes past, of what nature soever.

Chab. You cannot pardon me, sir.

Ki. How's that, Philip ?

Chab. It is a word carries too much relation

To an offence, of which I am not guilty !
And I must still be bold, where truth still arms,

In spite of all those frowns that would deject me,

To say, I need no pardon.

Ki. Ha ! how's this ?

Fa. He's mad with over joy, and answers nonsense.

Ki. Why, tell me, Chabot, are not you condemn'd ?

Chab. Yes, and that justifies me much the more ;

For whatsoever false report hath brought you,

I was condemn'd for nothing that could reach

To prejudice my life, my goods, or honour, As first, in firmness of my conscience,

I confidently told you ; not, alas ! Presuming on your slender thread of

favour,

Or pride of fortunate and courtly boldness, But what my faith and justice bade me

trust to,

For none of all your learn'd assistant judges,

With all the malice of my crimes could urge,

Or felony or hurt of sacred power.

Ki. Do any hear this but myself?—My lords,

This man still justifies his innocence.

What prodigies are these ? Have not our laws

Pass'd on his actions ? have not equal judges

Certified his arraignment, and him guilty Of capital treason ? and yet do I hear

Chabot accuse all these, and quit himself ?

Tr. It does appear distraction, sir.

Ki. Did we

Seem so indulgent to propose our free And royal pardon, without suit or prayer,

To meet with his contempt ?

Se. Unheard-of impudence !

Chab. I were malicious to myself, and desperate,

To force untruths upon my soul, and when

'Tis clear, to confess a shame to exercise Your pardon, sir. Were I so foul and

monstrous

As I am given to you, you would commit A sin next time, by wronging your own

mercy,

To let me draw out impious breath : it will

Release your wonder, if you give command To see your process ; and if it prove other

Than I presume to inform, tear me in pieces.

Ki. Go for the process, and the chancellor,

With the assistant judges. [*Exit Asall.*]—
I thank heaven,

That with all these enforcements of distraction,

My reason stays so clear to hear, and answer,

And to direct a message. This inversion
Of all the loyalties, and true deserts

That I believed I govern'd with till now
In my choice lawyers and chief counsellors,

Is able to shake all my frame of reason.

Chab. I am much grieved.

Ki. No more; I do incline

To think I am abused, my laws betray'd
And wrested to the purpose of my judges.
This confidence in Chabot turns my judgment:

This was too wild a way to make his merits

Stoop, and acknowledge my superior bounties,

That it doth raise, and fix them past my art,

To shadow all the shame and forfeit's mine

*Enter Asall, Chancellor,
Judges.*

As. The chancellor and judges, sir.

Tr. I like not

This passion in the king: the queen and constable

Are of that side.

Ki. My lord, you dare appear, then?

Chan. Dare, sir? I hope—

Ki. Well done; hope still, and tell me,

Is not this man condemn'd?

Chan. Strange question, sir!

The process will declare it, sign'd with all
These my assistant brothers' reverend hands,

To his conviction in a public trial.

Ki. You said for foul and monstrous facts proved by him?

Chan. The very words are there, sir.

Ki. But the deeds

I look for, sir; name me but one that's monstrous.

Chan. His foul comparisons, and affronts of you,

To me seem'd monstrous.

Ki. I told you them, sir;

Nor were they any that your so vast knowledge,

Being a man studied in him, could produce

And prove as clear as heaven; you warranted

To make appear such treasons in the admiral,

As never all law's volumes yet had sentenced,

And France should look on having 'scaped with wonder.

What in this nature hath been clearly proved

In his arraignment?

1st Ju. Nothing that we heard

In slenderest touch urged by your advocate.

Ki. Dare you affirm this too?

2nd Ju. Most confidently.

Ki. No base corruptions charged upon him?

1st Ju. None, sir.

Tr. This argues Chabot has corrupted him.

Se. I do not like this.

1st Ju. The sum of all

Was urged to prove your admiral corrupt,
Was an exaction of his officers

Of twenty sous taken from the fishermen
For every boat that fish'd the Norman coast.

Ki. And was this all

The mountains and the marvels promised me,

To be in clear proof made against the life
Of our so hated admiral?

Judges. All, sir,

Upon our lives and consciences.

Chan. I am blasted.

Ki. How durst you then subscribe to his conviction?

1st Ju. For threats by my lord chancellor on the bench,

Affirming that your majesty would have it
Made capital treason, or account us traitors.

2nd Ju. Yet, sir, we did put to our names
with this

Interposition of a note in secret

In these two letters, *V* and *I*, to show

We were enforced to what we did, which
then in law is nothing.

Fa. How do you feel, your lordship?

Did you not find some stuffing in your head?

Your brain should have been purged.

Chan. I fall to pieces

Would they had rotted on the bench!

Ki. And so you saved the peace of that high court,

Which otherwise his impious rage had broken;

But thus am I by his malicious arts

A party render'd, and most tyrannous
spur

To all the open course of his base envies,
A forcer of my judges, and a thirst
Of my nobility's blood, and all by one
I trusted, to make clear my love of justice.

Chan. I beseech your majesty, let all my
zeal

To serve your virtues, with a sacred value
Made of your royal state, to which each
least

But shade of violence in any subject,
Doth provoke certain death—

Ki. Death on thy name

And memory for ever! One command
Our advocate attend us presently.

As. He waits here.

Ki. But single death shall not excuse;
thy skin,

Torn o'er thine ears, and what else can be
inflicted,

If thy life, with the same severity
Dissected, cannot stand so many fires.

Se. } Be merciful, great sir.
Tr. }

Ki. Yet more amaze!

Is there a knee in all the world beside,
'That any human conscience can let bow
For him? You're traitors all that pity him.

Tr. This is no time to move.

Ki. Yet 'twas my fault

To trust this wretch, whom I knew fierce
and proud,

With forms of tongue and learning. What
a prisoner

Is pride of the whole flood of man! for as
A human seed is said to be a mixture
And fair contemperature extracted from
All our best faculties, so the seed of all
Man's sensual frailty may be said to abide,
And have their confluence in only pride;
It stupefies man's reason so, and dulls
True sense of anything, but what may
fall

In his own glory, quenches all the spirits
That light a man to honour and true good-
ness.

As. Your advocate.

Enter Advocate.

Ki. Come hither.

Ad. My most gracious sovereign.

Chab. Madam, you infinitely oblige our
duty.

Qu. I was too long ignorant of your
worth, my lord,
And this sweet lady's virtue.

Wi. Both your servants.

Chab. I never had a fear of the king's
justice,

And yet I know not what creeps o'er my
heart,

And leaves an ice beneath it. My lord
chancellor,

You have my forgiveness; but implore
heaven's pardon

For wrongs to equal justice; you shall
want

No charity of mine to mediate

To the king for you.

Chan. Horror of my soul

Confounds my gratitude.

Mo. To me now most welcome.

Ad. It was my allegiance, sir, I did
enforce,

But by directions of your Chancellor;

It was my office to advance your cause

'Gainst all the world, which, when I leave
to execute,

Flay me, and turn me out a most raw
advocate.

Ki. You see my Chancellor.

Ad. He has an ill look with him.

Ki. It shall be your province now, on
our behalf,

To urge what can in justice be against
him;

His riot on our laws, and corrupt actions

Will give you scope and field enough.

Ad. And I

Will play my law prize; never fear it, sir.

He shall be guilty of what you please. I
am studied

In him, sir; I will squeeze his villainies,
And urge his acts so home into his bowels,

The force of it shall make him hang him-
self,

And save the laws a labour.

Ki. Judges, for all

The poisonous outrage that this viper spilt
On all my royal freedom and my empire,

As making all but servants to his malice,
I will have you revise the late arraignment;

And for those worthy reasons that already
Affect you for my admiral's acquittal,

Employ your justice on this chancellor.
Away with him!

Arrest him, captain of the guard, to
answer

All that due course of law against him can
Charge both his acts and life.

Ca. I do arrest thee,

Poyet, lord chancellor, in his highness'
name,

To answer all that equal course of law

Can charge thy acts and life with.

Chan. I obey.

Ki. How false a heart corruption has!
how base,

Without true worth, are all these earth-
bred glories!

O, blessed justice! by which all things
stand,

That stills the thunder, and makes lightning
sink

'Twixt earth and heaven amazed, and
cannot strike,

Being proved so now in wonder of this
man,

The object of men's hate, and heaven's
bright love;

And as in cloudy days we see the sun
Glide over turrets, temples, richest fields,

All those left dark, and slighted in his
way,

And on the wretched plight of some poor
shed,

Pours all the glories of his golden head:
So heavenly virtue, on this envied lord

Points all his graces, that I may distinguish
Him better from the world.

Tr. You do him right.

Ki. But away, judges! and pursue the
arraignment.

Of this polluted Chancellor with that
swiftness

His fury wing'd against my admiral;
And be you all, that sate on him, comput-
gators

Of me against this false judge.

Ju. We are so.

Ki. Be you two join'd in the commission,
And nothing urged but justly, of me learn-
ing

This one more lesson out of the events
Of these affairs now past: that whatsoever

Charge or commission judges have from us,
They ever make their aim ingenuous

justice,

Not partial for reward, or swelling favour,
To which, if your king steer you, spare to
obey;

For when his troubled blood is clear and
calm,

He will repent that he pursued his rage,
Before his pious law, and hold that judge

Unworthy of his place that lets his cen-
sure

Float in the waves of an imagined favour;
This shipwracks in the haven, and but
wounds

Their consciences that soothe the soon-
ebb'd humours

Of their incensed king.

Mo. }
Tr. } Royal and sacred!

Ki. Come, Philip, shine thy honour now
for ever,

For this short temporal eclipse it suffer'd
By th' interposed desire I had to try

thee,
Nor let the thought of what is past afflict
thee

For my unkindness; live still circled
here,

The bright intelligence of our royal
sphere. [*Exeunt.*

ACT THE FIFTH.

Enter Queen, Constable, Father.

Qu. The admiral sick?

Fa. With danger at the heart;

I came to tell the king.

Mo. He never had

More reason in his soul, to entertain

All the delights of health.

Fa. I fear, my lord,

Some apprehension of the king's unkind-
ness,

By giving up his person and his offices

To the law's gripe and search, is ground
of his

Sad change; the greatest souls are thus
oft wounded;

If he vouchsafe his presence, it may
quicken

His fast decaying spirits, and prevent

The hasty ebb of life.

Qu. The king is now

Fraught with the joy of his fresh preser-
vation;

The news so violent let into his ear,

May have some dangerous effect in him;

I would not counsel, sir, to that.

Fa. With greater reason

I may suspect they'll spread, my lord,
and, as

A river, lift his curl'd and impetuous
waves

Over the banks, by confluence of streams

That fill and swell their channel; for by
this time

He has the addition of Allegre's suffering,
His honest servant, whom I met, though
feeble

And worn with torture, going to congra-
tulate

His master's safety.

Qu. It seems he much

Affected that Allegre.

Mo. There will be

But a sad interview and dialogue.

Qu. Does he keep his bed?

Fa. In that alohe

He shows a fortitude; he will move and walk,

He says, while his own strength or others' can

Support him, wishing he might stand and look

His destiny in the face at the last summons,
Not sluggishly exhale his soul in bed

With indulgence, and nice flattery of his limbs.

Qu. Can he in this show spirit, and want force

To wrestle with a thought?

Fa. Oh, madam, madam!

We may have proof against the sword,
and tyranny

Of boisterous war that threatens us; but when

Kings frown, a cannon mounted in each eye,

Shoot death to apprehension ere their fire
And force approach us.

Enter King.

Mo. Here's the king.

Qu. No words

To interrupt his quiet.

Fa. I'll begone, then.

Ki. Our admiral's father! call him back.

Qu. I will not stay to hear 'em. [*Exit.*]

Mo. Sir, be prudent,

And do not, for your son, fright the king's health. [*Exit.*]

Ki. What have they left us?—How does my admiral?

Fa. I am forbid to tell you, sir.

Ki. By whom?

Fa. The queen and my lord constable.

Ki. Are there

Remaining seeds of faction? Have they souls

Not yet convinced i' th' truth of Chabot's honour,

Clear as the crystal heaven, and 'bove the reach

Of imitation?

Fa. 'Tis their care of you,

And no thought prejudicial to my son.

Ki. Their care of me?

How can the knowledge of my admiral's state

Concern their fears of me? I see their envy
Of Chabot's happiness, whose joy to be

Render'd so pure and genuine to the world,

Both grate upon their conscience, and
affright 'em.

But let 'em vex, and bid my Chabot still
Exalt his heart, and triumph; he shall have

The access of ours; the kingdom shall put on

Such joys for him, as she would boast to celebrate

Her own escape from ruin.

Fa. He is not

In state to hear my sad news, I perceive.

Ki. That countenance is not right, it does not answer

What I expect; say, how is my admiral? The truth, upon thy life.

Fa. To secure his, I would you had.

Ki. Ha? who durst oppose him?

Fa. One that hath power enough hath practised on him,

And made his great heart stoop.

Ki. I will revenge it

With crushing that rebellious power to nothing.

Name him.

Fa. He was his friend.

Ki. A friend to malice; his own black imposthume

Burn his blood up! What mischief hath engender'd

New storms?

Fa. 'Tis the old tempest.

Ki. Did not we

Appease all horrors that look'd wild upon him?

Fa. You dress'd his wounds, I must confess, but made

No cure; they bleed afresh. Pardon me, sir;

Although your conscience have closed too soon,

He is in danger, and doth want new surgery;

Though he be right in fame, and your opinion,

He thinks you were unkind.

Ki. Alas, poor Chabot!

Doth that afflict him?

Fa. So much, though he strive
With most resolved and adamantine nerves,

As ever human fire in flesh and blood,
Forged for example, to bear all; so

killing
The arrows that you shot were (still your

pardon),
No Centaur's blood could rankle so.

Ki. If this

Be all, I'll cure him; kings retain
More balsam in their soul than hurt in

anger.

Fz. Far short, sir ; with one breath they uncreate ;
And kings, with only words, more wounds can make

Than all their kingdom made in balm can heal ;

'Tis dangerous to play too wild a descant
On numerous virtue, though it become princes

To assure their adventures made in every-thing :

Goodness, confined within poor flesh and blood,

Hath but a queasy and still sickly state ;
A musical hand should only play on her,
Fluent as air, yet every touch command.

Kz. No more.

Commend us to the admiral, and say,
The king will visit him, and bring [him] health.

Fa. I will not doubt that blessing, and shall move

Nimbly with this command. [*Exeunt.*]

Enter Officers before, Treasurer, Secretary, and Judges, attended by Petitioners, the Advocate also, with many papers in his hand ; they take their places : the Chancellor, with a guard, and placed at the bar.

Tr. Did you believe the chancellor had been

So foul ?

Se. He's lost to the people ; what contempts

They throw upon him ! But we must be wise.

1st Ju. Were there no other guilt, his malice show'd

Upon the admiral, in o'erbearing justice,
Would well deserve a sentence.

Tr. And a deep one.

2nd Ju. If't please your lordships to remember, that

Was specially commended by the king,
As being most blemish to his royal person
And the free justice of his state.

Tr. Already

He has confess'd upon his examinations
Enough for censure ; yet, to obey form—
Master advocate, if you please—

Ad. I am ready for your lordships. It hath been said, and will be said again, and may truly be justified, *omnia ex lite fieri*. It was the position of philosophers, and now proved by a more philosophical sect, the lawyers, that, *omnia ex lite fiunt*, we are all made by law—made, I say, and

worthily, if we be just ; if we be unjust, marred ; though in marring some, there is necessity of making others, for if one fall by the law, ten to one but another is exalted by the execution of the law, since the corruption of one must conclude the generation of another, though not always in the same profession ; the corruption of an apothecary may be the generation of a doctor of physic ; the corruption of a citizen may beget a courtier, and a courtier may very well beget an alderman ; the corruption of an alderman may be the generation of a country justice, whose corrupt ignorance easily may beget a tumult ; a tumult may beget a captain, and the corruption of a captain may beget a gentleman-usher, and a gentleman-usher may beget a lord, whose wit may beget a poet, and a poet may get a thousand pound a year ; but nothing without corruption.

Tr. Good master advocate, be pleased to leave all digressions, and speak of the chancellor.

Ad. Your lordship doth very seasonably premonish ; and I shall not need to leave my subject, corruption, while I discourse of him, who is the very fen and stygian abyss of it : five thousand and odd hundred foul and impious corruptions, for I will be brief, have been found by several examinations, and by oaths, proved against this odious and polluted chancellor ; a man of so tainted and contagious a life, that it is a miracle any man enjoyeth his nostrils that hath lived within the scent of his offices. He was born with teeth in his head, by an affidavit of his midwife, to note his devouring, and hath one toe on his left foot crooked, and in the form of an eagle's talon, to fortel his rapacity. What shall I say ? Branded, marked, and designed in his birth for shame and obloquy, which appeareth further, by a mole under his right ear, with only three witch's hairs in't ; strange and ominous predictions of nature !

Tr. You have acquainted yourself but very lately with this intelligence, for as I remember, your tongue was guilty of no such character when he sat judge upon the admiral : a pious, incorrupt man, a faithful and fortunate servant to his king ; and one of the greatest honours that ever the admiral received was, that he had so noble and just a judge : this must imply a strange volubility in your tongue or conscience. I speak not to discountenance any evidence

for the king, but to put you in mind, master advocate, that you had then a better opinion of my lord chancellor.

Ad. Your lordship hath most aptly interposed, and with a word I shall easily satisfy all your judgments. He was then a judge, and in *cathedra*, in which he could not err; it may be your lordships' cases: out of the chair and seat of justice he hath his frailties, is loosed, and exposed to the conditions of other human natures; so every judge, your lordships are not ignorant, hath a kind of privilege while he is in his state, office, and being; and although he may, *quoad se*, internally and privately be guilty of bribery of justice, yet, *quoad nos*, and in public, he is an upright and innocent judge. We are to take no notice, nay, we deserved to suffer, if we should detect or stain him: for in that we disparage the office, which is the king's, and may be our own; but once removed from his place by just dishonour of the king, he is no more a judge, but a common person, whom the law takes hold on, and we are then to forget what he hath been, and without partiality to strip and lay him open to the world, a counterfeit and corrupt judge: as, for example, he may, and ought to flourish in his greatness, and break any man's neck with as much facility as a jest; but the case being altered, and he down, every subject shall be heard; a wolf may be apparelled in a lamb's skin; and if every man should be afraid to speak truth, nay, and more than truth, if the good of the subject, which are clients, sometime require it, there would be no remove of officers; if no remove, no motions; if no motion in court, no heat, and, by consequence, but cold terms. Take away this moving, this removing of judges, the law may bury itself in buckram, and the kingdom suffer for want of a due execution; and, now, I hope, your lordships are satisfied.

Tr. Most learnedly concluded to acquit yourself.

1st Ju. Master advocate, please you to urge, for satisfaction of the world, and clearing the king's honour, how unjustly he proceeded against the admiral.

Ad. I shall obey your lordship.—So vast, so infinite hath been the impudence of this chancellor, not only toward the subject, but even the sacred person of the king, that I tremble, as with a palsy, to remember it. This man, or rather this

monster, having power and commission trusted for the examination of the lord admiral, a man perfect in all honour and justice, indeed, the very ornament and second flower of France; for the flower-de-lis is sacred, and above all flowers, and indeed the best flower in our garden; having used all ways to circumvent his innocence, by suborning and promising rewards to his betrayers, by compelling others by the cruelty of tortures, as namely: Monsieur Allegre, a most honest and faithful servant to his lord, tearing and extending his sinews upon the rack, to force a confession to his purpose; and finding nothing prevail upon the invincible virtue of the admiral—

Se. How he would flatter him!

Ad. Yet most maliciously proceeded to arraign him: to be short; against all colour of justice, condemned him of high treasons. Oh, think what the life of man is, that can never be recompensed! but the life of a just man, a man that is the vigour and glory of our life and nation, to be torn to death, and sacrificed beyond the malice of common persecution! What tiger of Hyrcanian breed could have been so cruel? But this is not all: he was not guilty only of murder—guilty, I may say, *in foro conscientia*, though our good admiral was miraculously preserved, but unto this he added a most prodigious and fearful rape, a rape even upon justice itself, the very soul of our state; for the rest of the judges upon the bench, venerable images of Astræa, he most tyrannously compelled to set their hands to his most unjust sentence. Did ever story remember the like outrage and injustice? what forfeit, what penalty can be enough to satisfy this transcendent offence? and yet, my good lords, this is but venial to the sacrilege which now follows, and by him committed: not content with this sentence, not satisfied with horrid violence upon the sacred tribunal, but he proceeds and blasphemes the very name and honour of the king himself,—observe that,—making him the author and impulsive cause of all these rapines, justifying that he moved only by his special command to the death, nay, the murder of his most faithful subject, translating all his own black and damnable guilt upon the king. Here's a traitor to his country! first, he conspires the death of one whom the king loves, and whom every subject ought to honour, and then makes it no conscience to proclaim it the king's act,

and by consequence, declares him a murderer of his own and of his best subjects.

[*Within.*] An advocate ! an advocate !
Tear him in pieces !

Tear the chancellor in pieces !

Tr. The people have deep sense of the chancellor's injustice.

Se. We must be careful to prevent their mutiny.

1st Ju. It will become our wisdoms to secure

The court, and prisoner.

Tr. Captain of the guard.

2nd Ju. What can you say for yourself, lord chancellor ?

Chan. Again, I confess all, and humbly fly to

The royal mercy of the king.

Tr. And this submission is the way to purchase it.

Chan. Hear me, great judges : if you have not lost

For my sake, all your charities, I beseech you,

Let the king know my heart is full of penitence ;

Calm his high-going sea, or in that tempest

I ruin to eternity. Oh, my lords, Consider your own places, and the helms You sit at ; while with all your providence

You steer, look forth, and see devouring quicksands !

My ambition now is punish'd, and my pride

Of state and greatness falling into nothing. I, that had never time, through vast employments

To think of heaven, feel his revengeful wrath

Boiling my blood, and scorching up my entrails.

There's doomsday in my conscience, black and horrid,

For my abuse of justice ; but no stings Prick'd with that terror as the wounds I made

Upon the pious admiral. Some good man

Bear my repentance thither ; he is merciful,

And may incline the king to stay his lightning,

Which threatens my confusion. That my free

Resign of title, office, and what else My pride look'd at, would buy my poor

life's safety !

For ever banish me the court, and let Me waste my life far off, in some village.

Ad. How ! Did your lordships note his request to you ? he would direct your sentence, to punish him with confining him to live in the country ; like the mouse in the fable, that having offended to deserve death, begg'd he might be banished into a Parmesan. I hope your lordships will be more just to the nature of his offences.

Se. I could have wish'd him fall on softer ground,

For his good parts.

Tr. My lord, this is your sentence : *For your high misdemeanours against his majesty's judges, for your unjust sentence of the most equal lord admiral, for many and foul corruptions and abuse of his office, and that infinite stain of the king's person and honour, we, in his majesty's name, deprive you of your estate of chancellor, and declare you incapable of any judicial office ; and besides, condemn you in the sum of two hundred thousand crowns : whereof, one hundred thousand to the king, and one hundred thousand to the lord admiral ; and what remaineth of your estate, to go to the restitution of those you have injured ; and to suffer perpetual imprisonment in the castle.*—So, take him to your custody.—Your lordships have been merciful in his sentence. [*Exit.*

[*Chan.*] They have spared my life then, that some cure may bring ;

I [11] spend it in my prayers for the king. [*Exeunt.*

Enter Admiral in his gown and cap, his Wife.

Chab. Allegre ! I am glad he hath so much strength ;

I prithee let me see him.

Wi. It will but

Enlarge a passion. My lord, he'll come Another time, and tender you his service.

Chab. Nay, then—

Wi. Although I like it not, I must obey. [*Exit.*

Enter Allegre, supported.

Chab. Welcome, my injured servant what a misery

Have they made on thee !

Al. Though some change appear

Upon my body, whose severe affliction Hath brought it thus to be sustain'd by others,

My heart is still the same in faith to you Not broken with their rage.

Chab. Alas, poor man !
Were all my joys essential, and so mighty
As the affected world believes I taste,
This object were enough to unsweeten
all.

Though in thy absence I had suffering,
And felt within me a strong sympathy,
While for my sake their cruelty did vex
And fright thy nerves with horror of thy
sense,

Yet in this spectacle I apprehend
More grief, than all my imagination
Could let before into me. Did'st not
curse me
Upon the torture ?

Al. Good my lord, let not
The thought of what I suffer'd dwell
upon

Your memory ; they could not punish
more

Than what my duty did oblige to bear
For you and justice : but there's some-
thing in

Your looks, presents more fear than all the
malice

Of my tormentors could affect my soul
with :

That paleness, and the other forms you
wear

Would well become a guilty admiral, and
one

Lost to his hopes and honour, not the
man

Upon whose life the fury of injustice,
Arm'd with fierce lightning, and the power
of thunder,

Can make no breach. I was not rack'd
till now :

There's more death in that falling eye
than all

Rage ever yet brought forth. What
accident, sir,

Can be so black and fatal, to distract
The calm, the triumph, that should sit
upon

Your noble brow ? Misfortune could have
no

Time to conspire with fate, since you were
rescued

By the great arm of Providence ; nor can
Those garlands that now grow about your
forehead,

With all the poison of the world be
blasted.

Chab. Allegre, thou dost bear thy wounds
upon thee

In wide and spacious characters ; but in
The volume of my sadness, thou dost
want

An eye to read ; an open force hath
torn

Thy manly sinews, which some time may
cure ;

The engine is not seen that wounds thy
master

Past all the remedy of art or time,
The flatteries of court, of fame, or
honours :

Thus in the summer a tall flourishing
tree,

Transplanted by strong hand, with all her
leaves

And blooming pride upon her, makes a
show

Of spring, tempting the eye with wanton
blossom ;

But not the sun, with all her amorous
smiles,

The dews of morning, or the tears of
night,

Can root her fibres in the earth again,
Or make her bosom kind, to growth and
bearing ;

But the tree withers ; and those very
beams

That once were natural warmth to her soft
verdure,

Dry up her sap, and shoot a fever
through

The bark and rind, till she becomes a
burthen

To that which gave her life ; so Chabot,
Chabot.

Al. Wonder in apprehension ! I must
suspect your health indeed.

Chab. No, no, thou shalt not
Be troubled ; I but stirr'd thee with a
moral,

That's empty, contains nothing. I am
well ;

See, I can walk ; poor man ! thou hast
not strength yet.

[*Exit.*
Al. What accident is ground of this
distraction ?

Enter Admiral.

Chab. Thou hast not heard yet what's
become o' the chancellor ?

Al. Not yet, my lord.

Chab. Poor gentleman ! when I think
Upon the king, I've balm enough to cure
A thousand wounds ; have I not, Allegre ?

Was ever bounteous mercy read in story
Like his upon my life, condemn'd for
sacrifice

By law, and snatch'd out of the flame un-
look'd-for,

And unpetition'd ? But his justice then,

That would not spare whom his own love
made great,
But give me up to the most cruel test
Of judges, for some boldness in defence
Of my own merits, and my honest faith to
him,
Was rare, past example.

Enter Father.

Fa. Sir, the king
Is coming hither.

Al. It will
Become my duty, sir, to leave you now.
Chab. Stay, by all means, Allegre, 't
shall concern you ;
I'm infinitely honour'd in his presence.

Enter King, Queen, Constable, and Wife.

Ki. Madam, be comforted ; I'll be his
physician.

Wi. Pray heaven you may !

Ki. No ceremonial knees ;
Give me thy heart, my dear, my honest
Chabot ;

And yet in vain I challenge that ; 'tis here
Already in my own, and shall be cherish'd
With care of my best life ; [no] violence
Shall ravish it from my possession ;
Not those distempers that infirm my blood
And spirits shall betray it to a fear.
When time and nature join to dispossess
My body of a cold and languishing breath,
No stroke in all my arteries, but silence
In every faculty, yet dissect me then,
And in my heart the world shall read thee
living,

And by the virtue of thy name writ there,
That part of me shall never putrefy,
When I am lost in all my other dust.

Chab. You too much honour your poor
servant, sir ;
My heart despairs so rich a monument ;
But when it dies—

Ki. I will not hear a sound
Of anything that trencheth upon death ;
He speaks the funeral of my crown that
prophecies

So unkind a fate. We'll live and die to-
gether ;

And by that duty which hath taught you
hitherto

All loyal and just services, I charge thee
Preserve thy heart for me and thy reward,
Which now shall crown thy merits.

Chab. I have found
A glorious harvest in your favour, sir ;
And by this overflow of royal grace,
All my d'serts are shadows, and fly from
me.

I have not in the wealth of my desires
Enough to pay you now ; yet you encour-
age me

To make one suit.

Ki. So soon as named, possess it.

Chab. You would be pleased take notice
of this gentleman,

A secretary of mine.

Mo. Monsieur Allegre ;

He that was rack'd, sir, for your admiral.

Chab. His limbs want strength to tender
their full duty ;

An honest man, that suffers for my sake.

Ki. He shall be dear to us.—For what
has pass'd, sir,

By the injustice of our chancellor's power,
We'll study to recompense ; i' the mean
time, that office

You exercised for Chabot, we translate
To ourself ; you shall be our secretary.

Al. This is

An honour above my weak desert, and shall
Oblige the service of my life to satisfy it.

Chab. You are gracious, and in this act
have put

All our complaints to silence.—You, Al-
legre,

Enter Treasurer and Secretary.

Cherish your health and feeble limbs, which
cannot,

Without much prejudice, be thus employ'd :
All my best wishes with thee.

Al. All my prayers

Are duties to your lordship.

[*Exit.*

Ki. 'Tis too little.

Can forfeit of his place, wealth, and a lasting
Imprisonment, purge his offences to
Our honest admiral? had our person been
Exempted from his malice, he did persecute
The life of Chabot with an equal wrath ;
You should have pour'd death on his trea-
cherous head.

I revoke all your sentences, and make
Him that was wrong'd full master of his
destiny.—

Be thou his judge.

Chab. Oh, far be such injustice !

I know his doom is heavy ; and I beg,
Where mercy may be let into his sentence,
For my sake, you would soften it. I have
Glory enough to be set right in your's
And my dear country's thought, and by an
act

With such apparent notice to the world.

Ki. Express it in some joy then.

Chab. I will strive

To show that pious gratitude to you, but—

Ki. But what ?

Chab. My frame hath lately, sir, been
ta'en a-pieces,
And but now put together; the least force
Of mirth will shake, and unjoint all my
reason.

Your patience, royal sir.

Ki. I'll have no patience,
If thou forget the courage of a man.

Chab. My strength would flatter me.

Ki. Physicians!

Now I begin to fear his apprehension.

Why, how is Chabot's spirit fall'n!

Qu. 'Twere best

He were convey'd to his bed.

Wi. How soon turn'd widow!

Chab. Who would not wish to live to
serve your goodness?

Stand from me, you betray me with your
fears;

The plummetts may fall off that hang
upon

My heart; they were but thoughts at first:
or if

They weigh me down to death, let not
my eyes

Close with another object than the king;
Let him be last I look on.

Ki. I would not have him lost for my
whole kingdom.

Mo. He may recover, sir.

Ki. I see it fall;

For justice being the prop of every kingdom,
And mine broke, violating him that was
The knot and contract of it all in him;
It [is] already falling in my ear.

Pompey could hear it thunder, when the
Senate

And Capitol were deaf; so heaven's loud
chiding.

I'll have another sentence for my chancellor,
Unless my Chabot live. In a prince

What a swift executioner is a frown!

Especially of great and noble souls.—

How is it with my Philip?

Chab. I must beg

One other boon.

Ki. Upon condition

My Chabot will collect his scatter'd spirits,
And be himself again; he shall divide

My kingdom with me.

Fa. Sweet king!

Chab. I observe

A fierce and killing wrath engender'd in
you.

For my sake, as you wish me strength to
serve you,

Forgive your chancellor; let not the story
Of Philip Chabot, read hereafter, draw

A tear from any family. I beseech
Your royal mercy on his life, and free
Remission of all seizure upon his state;
I have no comfort else.

Ki. Endeavour

But thine own health, and pronounce gene-
ral pardon

To all through France.

Chab. Sir, I must kneel to thank you,
It is not seal'd else; your blest hand; live
happy.

May all you trust have no less faith than
Chabot!

Oh!

[Dies.]

Wi. His heart is broken.

Fa. And kneeling, sir,
As his ambition were, in death to show
The truth of his obedience.

Mo. I fear'd this issue.

Tr. He's past hope.

Ki. He has a victory in's death; this
world

Deserv'd him not. How soon he was trans-
lated

To glorious eternity! 'Tis too late

To fright the air with words, my tears em-
balm him.

Wi. What can become of me?

Ki. I'll be your husband, madam, and
with care

Supply your children's father; to your fa-
ther

I'll be a son; in what our love or power
Can serve his friends, Chabot shall ne'er be
wanting.

The greatest loss is mine, past scale or re-
compence.

We will proceed no further 'gainst the
chancellor.

To the charity of our admiral he owes
His life, which, ever banish'd to a prison,
Shall not beget in us, or in the subject
New fears of his injustice; for his fortunes,
Great and acquired corruptly, 'tis our will
They make just restitution for all wrongs,
That shall within a year be proved against
him.

Oh, Chabot, that shall boast as many
monuments

As there be hearts in France, which, as
they grow,

Shall with more love enshrine thee:
Kings, they say,

Die not, or starve succession: Oh, why
Should that stand firm, and kings them-
selves despair

To find their subject still in the next heir.

[Exeunt.]



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