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BEAUMONT AND FLETCHER
II

BEAUMONT
AND
FLETCHER

EDITED, WITH AN INTRODUCTION AND NOTES BY
J. ST. LOE STRACHEY

IN TWO VOLUMES
VOL. II

ERNEST BENN LIMITED
LONDON
1950

"what things have we seen
Done at the Mermaid ! heard words that have been
So nimble, and so full of subtle flame,
As if that every one from whence they came
Had meant to put his whole wit in a jest.
And had resolved to live a tool the rest
Ot his dull life."

Master Francis Beaumont to Ben Jonson.

Souls of Poets dead and gone,
What Elysium have ye known*
Happy field or mossy cavern,
Choicer than the Mermaid Tavern ?"

Keats.

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THE subjoined extract from the " Address to the Reader " contributed by the poet Shirley to the folio edition of Beaumont and Fletcher's works, published in 1647, will appropriately introduce this second volume of the best plays of the twin-dramatists.

" Poetry is the child of nature, which? regulated and made beautiful by art, presenteth the most harmonious of all other compositions ; among which (if we rightly consider) the dramatical is the most absolute, in regard to those transcendent abilities which should wait upon the composer; who must have more than the instruction of libraries (which of itself is but a cold contemplative knowledge,) there being required in him a soul miraculously knowing and conversing with all mankind, enabling him to express not only the phlegm and folly of thick-skinned men, but the strength and maturity of the wise, the air and insinuations of the court, the discipline and resolution of the soldier, the virtues and passions of every noble condition—nay, the counsels and characters of the greatest princes.

" This, you will say, is a vast comprehension, and hath not happened in many ages. Be it then remembered, to the glory of our own, that all these are demonstrative and met in Beaumont and Fletcher, whom but to mention is to throw a cloud upon all former names, and benight posterity ; this book being, without flattery, the greatest monument of the scene that time and humanity have produced, and must live, not only the crown and sole reputation of our own, but the stain of all other nations and languages : for, it may be boldly averred, not one indiscretion hath branded this paper in all the lines, this being the authentic wit that made Blackfriars an academy, where the' three hours' spectacle, while Beaumont and Fletcher were presented, was usually of more advantage to the hopeful young heir than a costly, dangerous,

foreign travel, with the assistance of a governing monsieur or signor to boot; and it cannot be denied but that the young spirits of the time, whose birth and quality made them impatient of the sourer ways of education, have, from the attentive hearing these pieces, got ground in point of wit and carriage of the most severely-employed students, while these recreations were digested into rules, and the very pleasure did edify. How many passable discoursing dining wits stand yet in good credit upon the bare stock of two or three of these single scenes !

" And now, reader, in this tragical age, where the theatre hath been so much out-acted, congratulate thy own happiness that, in this silence of ihe stage, thou hast a liberty to read these inimitable plays, to dwell and converse in these immortal groves, which were only showed our fathers in a conjuring-glass, as suddenly removed as represented ; the landscape is now brought home by this optic, and the press, thought too pregnant before, shall be now looked upon as greatest benefactor to Englishmen, that must acknowledge all the felicity of wit and words to this derivation.

" You may here find passions raised to that excellent pitch, and by such insinuating degrees, that you shall not choose but consent and go along with them, finding yourself at last grown insensibly the very same person you read ; and then stand admiring the subtile tracks of your engagement. Fall on a scene of love, and you will never believe the writers could have the least room left in their souls for another passion ; peruse a scene of manly rage, and you would swear they cannot be expressed by the same hands ; but both are so excellently wrought, you must confess none but the same hands could work them.

" Would thy melancholy have a cure ? thou shalt laugh at Democritus himstlf, and but reading one piece of this comic variety, find thy exalted fancy in Elysium ; and, when thou art sick of this cure, (for the excess of delight may too much dilate thy soul,) thou shalt meet almost in every leaf a soft purling passion or spring of sorrow, so powerfully wrought high by the tears of innocence and wronged lovers, it shall persuade thy eyes to weep into the stream, and yet smile when they contribute to their own ruins."

A KING AND NO KING.

KING AND NO KING was licensed in 1611, and acted originally at the Globe and afterwards at the Blackfriars. It was first printed in 1619, and was certainly the work of both dramatists. Before and after the Restoration it was equally popular, and Dryden regarded it as the best work of Beaumont and Fletcher, "the most approaching to antiquity and the most conducing to move pity." The play was not, however, to the taste of later generations. Garrick proposed to revive it, but liked it less and less after he began studying it, and finally abandoned his design. It was last acted, in an adapted form, in 1778, and was not well enough received to be performed more than once.

TO THE RIGHT WORSHIPFUL AND WORTHY KNIGHT SIR HENRY NEVILLE

WORTHY SIR,

PRESENT, or rather return unto your view, that which formerly hath been received from you, hereby effecting what you did desire. To commend the work in my unlearned method, were rather to detract from it than to give it any lustre. It sufficeth it hath your worship's approbation and patronage, to the commendation of the authors, and encouragement of their further labours; and thus wholly committing myself and it to your worship's dispose, I rest, ever ready to do you service, not only in the like, but in what I may,

THOMAS WALKLEY.

This dedication by the Stationer was prefixed to the first 4to.

ARBACES, King of Iberia.
TIGRANES, King of Armenia.
GOBRIAS, Lord-Protector, Father of ARBACES.
BACURIUS, a Lord.
MARDONIUS,) captain
BESSUS,)
LYGONES, Father pf SPACONIA.
Two Sword-men.
Three Shop-men.
PHILIP.

Gentlemen, Attendants, &c.

ARANE, the Queen-Mother.
PANTHEA, her Daughter.
SPACONIA, Daughter of LYGONES.
Citizens' Wives, &c.

SCENE.—*During the First Act the Frontiers of* ARMENIA *afterwards the Metropolis* LIBERIA.

A KING AND NO KING.

ACT THE FIRST.

SCENE I.—*The Camp of Arbaces, on the Frontiers of Armenia.*

Enter MARDONIUS *and* BESSUS.

MAR. Bessus, the King has made a fair hand on't j he has ended the wars at a blow. Would my sword had a close basket-hilt, to hold wine, and the blade would make knives! for we shall have nothing but eating and drinking.

Bes. We that are commanders shall do well enough.

Mar. Faith, Bessus, such commanders as thou may: I had as lieve set thee perdu for a pudding i' the dark as Alexander the Great.

Bes. I love these jests exceedingly.

Mar. I think thou lovest 'em better than quarrelling, Bessus; I'll say so much i[1] thy behalf: and yet thou art valiant enough upon a retreat; I think thou wouldst kiV any man that stopt thee, an thou couldst.

Bes. But was not this a brave combat, Mardonius ?

Mar. Why, didst thou see 't ?

Bes. You stood with me.

Mar. I did so; but methought thou winkedst every blow they strake.

JBes. Well, I believe there are better soldiers than I, that never saw two princes fight in lists.

Mar. By my troth, I think so too, Bessus,—many a thousand : but, certainly, all that are worse than thou have seen as much.

Bes. 'Twas bravely done of our King.

Mar. Yes, if he had not ended the wars. I'm glad thou darest talk of such dangerous businesses.

Bes. To take a prince prisoner, in the heart of his own country, in single combat!

Mar. See how thy blood cruddles at this ! I think thou couldst be contented to be beaten i' this passion.

Bes. Shall I tell you truly ?

Mar. Ay.

Bes. I could willingly venture for 't.

Mar. Hum ; no venture neither, good Bessus.

Be . Let me not live, if I do not think 'tis a braver piece of service than that I'm so famed for.

Mar. Why, art thou famed for any valour ?

Bes. Famed ! ay, I warrant you.

Mar. I'm e'en heartily glad on't: I have been with thee ever since thou earnest to the wars, and this is the first word that ever I heard on't. Prithee, who fames thee?

Bes. The Christian world.

Mar. 'Tis heathenishly done of 'em ; in my conscience, thou deservest it not

Bes. Yes, I ha' done good service.

Mar. I do not know how thou may'st wait of[1] a man in's chamber, or thy agility in shifting a trencher; but otherwise no service, good Bessus.

Bes. You saw me do the service yourself.

Mar. Not so hasty, sweet Bessus : where was it ? is the place vanished?

[1] ***i.e.*** **On.**

Bes. At Bessus' Desperate Redemption.

Mar. Bessus' Desperate Redemption ! where's that ?

Bes. Thtre, where I redeemed the day j the place bears my name.

Mar. Prithee, who christened it ?

Bes. The soldier.

Mar. If I were not a very merrily disposed man, what would become of thee ? One that had but a grain of choler in the whole composition of his body would send thee of an errand to the worms for putting thy name upon that field: did not I beat thee there, 'i th' head o' the troops, with a truncheon, because thou wouldst needs run away with thy company, when we should charge the enemy ?

Bes. True; but I did not run.

Mar. Right, Bessus : I beat thee out on't

Bes. But came not I up when the day was gone, and redeemed all ?

Mar. Thou knowest, and so do I, thou meanedst to fly, and thy fear making thee mistake, thou rannest upon the enemy; and a hot charge thou gavest; as, I'll do thee right, thou art furious in running away; and I think ye owe thy fear for our victory. If I were the King, and were sure thou wouldst mistake always, and run away upon the enemy, thou shouldst be general, by this light.

Bes You'll never leave this till I fall foul.

Mar. No more such words, dear Bessus ; for though l have ever known thee a coward, and therefore durst never"strike thee, yet if thou proceedest, I will allow thee valiant, and beat thee.

Bes. Come, come, our King's a brave fellow.

Mar. He is so, Bessus ; I wonder how thou earnest to know it. But, if thou wert a man of understanding, I would tell thee, he is vain-glorious and humble, and angry and patient, and merry and dull, and joyful and sorrowful, in extremities, in an hour. Do not think me thy friend for this; for if I cared who knew it, thou

shouldst not hear it, Bessus. Here he is, with the prey in his foot.

Enter ARBACES, TIGRANES, *two* Gentlemen *and* Attendants.

Arb. Thy sadness, brave Tigranes, takes away
From my full victory : am I become
Of so small fame, that any man should grieve
When I o'ercome him ? They that placed me here
Intended it an honour, large enough
For the most valiant living, but to dare
Oppose me single, though he lost the day.
What should afflict you ? you are as free as I;
To be my prisoner, is to be more free
Than you were formerly : and never think,
The man I held worthy to combat me
Shall be used servilely. Thy ransom is,
To take my only sister to thy wife ;
A heavy one, Tigranes ; for she is
A lady that the neighbour-princes send
Blanks to fetch home. I have been too unkind
To her, Tigranes : she's but nine years old,
I left her, and ne'er saw her since; your wars
Have held me long, and taught me, though a youth,
The way to victory; she was a pretty child ;
Then I was little better ; but now fame
Cries loudly on her, and my messengers
Make me believe she is a miracle.
She'll make you shrink, as I did, with a stroke
But of her eye, Tigranes.

Tigr. Is't the course of
Iberia to use their prisoners thus ?
Had fortune thrown my name above Arbaces',
I should not thus have talked ; for in Armenia
We hold it base. You should have kept your temper
Till you saw home again, where 'tis the fashion,
Perhaps, to brag.

Arb. B« you my witness, earth,

Need I to brag? Doth not this captive prince
Speak me sufficiently, and all the acts
That I have wrought upon hib suffering land?
Should I, then, boast? Where lies that foot of ground
Within his whole realm, that I have not passed,
Fighting and conquering? Far, then, from me
Be ostentation. I could tell the world,
How I have laid his kingdom desolate
By this sole arm, propt by divinity;
Stript him out of his glories; and have sent
The pride of all his youth to people graves;
And made his virgins languish for their loves;
If I would brag. Should I, that have the power
To teach the neighbour-world humility,
Mix with vain-glory?

Mar. Indeed, this is none! *[Aside.*

Arb. Tigranes, no; did I but take delight
To stretch my deeds, as others do, on words,
I could amaze my hearers.

Mar. So you do. *[Aside,*

Arb. But he shall wrong his and my modesty,
That thinks me apt to boast: after an act
Fit for a god to do upon his foe,
A little glory in a soldier's mouth
Is well-becoming; be it far from vain.

Mar. 'Tis pity that valour should be thus drunk.
[Aside.

Arb. I offer you my sister; and you answer,
I do insult: a lady that no su t,
Nor treasure, nor thy crown, could purchase thee,
But that thou fought'st with me.

Tigr. Though this be worse
Than that you spoke before, it strikes me not;
But that you think to overgrace me with
The marriage of your s'ster troubles me.
I would give worlds for ransoms, were they mine,
Rather than have her

Arb. See, if I insult,
That am the conqueror, and for a ransom
Offer rich treasure to the conquered,
Which he refuses, and I bear his scorn!
It cannot be self-flattery to say,
The daughters of your country, set by her,
Would see their shame, run home, and blush to death
At their own foulness.[1] Yet she is not fair,
Nor beautiful; those words express her not:
They say, her looks have something excellent,
That wants a name. Yet were she odious,
Her birth deserves the empire of the world;
Sister to such a brother, that hath ta'en
Victory prisoner,, and throughout the earth
Carries her bound, and should he let her loose,
She durst not leave him. Nature did her wrong,
To print continual conquest on her cheeks,
And make no man worthy for her to take,
But me, that am too near her; and as strangely
She did for me. But you will think I brag.

Mar. I do, I'll be sworn. Thy valour and thy passions severed would have made two excellent fellows in their kinds. I know not whether I should be sorry thou art so valiant, or so passionate: would one of 'em were away! *[Aside.*

Tigr Do I refuse her, that I doubt her worth?
Were she as virtuous as she would be thought;
So perfect, that no one of her own sex
Could find a want; had she so tempting fair,
That she could wish it off, for damning souls;
I would pay any ransom, twenty lives,
Rather than meet her married in my bed.
Perhaps I have a love, where I have fixed
Mine eyes, not to be moved, and she on me;
I am not fickle.

Arb. Is that all the cause?

[1] *i.e.* Ugliness

Think you, you can so knit yourself in love
To any other, that her searching sight
Cannot dissolve it? So, before you tried,
You thought yourself a match for me in fight.
Trust me, Tigranes, she can do as much
In peace as I in war; she'll conquer too:
You shall see, if you have the power to stand
The force of her swift looks. If you dislike,
I'll send you home with love, and name your ransom
Some other way; but if she be your choice,
She frees you. To Iberia you must.

Tigr. Sir, I have learned a prisoner's sufferance,
And will obey. But give me leave to talk
In private with some friends before I go.

Arb. Some two await him forth, and see him safe;
But let him freely send for whom he please,
And none dare to disturb his conference;
I will not have him know what bondage is,
Till he be free from me.

[Exit TIGRANES, *with two* Attendants

This prince, Mardonius,
Is full of wisdom, valour, all the graces
Man can receive.

Mar. And yet you conquered him.

Arb. And yet I conquered him, and could have done't
Had'st thou joined with him, though thy name in arms
Be great. Must all men that are virtuous
Think suddenly to match themselves with me?
I conquered him, and bravely; did I not?

Bes. An please your majesty, I was afraid at first—

Mar. When wert thou other?

Arb. Of what?

Bes. That you would not have spied your best advantages; for your majesty, in my opinion, lay too high; methinks, under favour, you should have lain thus.

Mar. Like a tailor at a wake.

Bes. And then ift please your majesty to remember at one time——by my troth, I wished myself wi' you.

Mar. By my troth, thou wouldst ha' stunk 'em both out o' the lists.

Arb. What to do?

Bes. To put your majesty in mind of an occasion: you lay thus, and Tigranes falsified a blow at your leg, which you. by doing thus, avoided; but, if you had whipped up your leg thus, and reached him on the ear, you had made the blood-royal run about his head.

Mar. What country fence-school didst thou learn that at?

Arb. Puff! did not I take him nobly?

Mar. Why, you did, and you have talked enough on't.

Arb. Talked enough!

Will you confine my words? By Heaven and earth,
I were much better be a king of beasts
Than such a people! If I had not patience
Above a god, I should be called a tyrant
Throughout the world: they will offend to death
Each minute. Let me hear thee speak again,
And thou art earth again. Why, this is like
Tigranes' speech, that needs would say I bragged.
Bessus, he said, I bragged.

Bes. Ha, ha, ha!

Arb. Why dost thou laugh?

By all the world, I'm grown ridiculous
To my own subjects. Tie me to a chair,
And jest at me! but I shall make a start,
And punish some, that others may take heed
How they are haughty. Who will answer me?
He said, I boasted. Speak, Mardonius,
Did I? He will not answer. Oh, my temper!
I give you thanks above, that taught my heart
Patience; I can endure his silence. What, will none
Vouchsafe to give me answer? am I grown
To such a poor respect? or do you mean

To break my wind ? Speak, speak, some one of you,
Or else by Heaven——
1st *Gent.* So please your——
Arb. Monstrous !
I cannot be heard out; they cut me off,
As if I were too saucy. I will live
In woods, and talk to trees ; they will allow me
To end what I begin. The meanest subject
Can find a freedom to discharge his soul,
And not I. Now it is a time to speak;
I hearken.
ist Gent. May it please
Arb. I mean not you ;
Did not I stop you once ? but I am grown
To talk but idly : let another speak.
2nd Gent. I hope your majesty——
Arb. Thou drawl'st thy words,
That I must wait an hour, where other men
Can hear in instants : throw your words away
Quick and to purpose; I have told you this.
Bes. An't please your majesty——
Arb. Wilt thou devour me ? This is such a rudeness
As yet you never showed me: and I want
Power to command too ; else, Mardonius
Would speak at my request. Were you my King,
I would have answered at your word, Mardonius:
I pray you, speak, and truly ; did I boast ?
Mar. Truth will offend you.
Arb. You take all great care
What will offend me,
When you dare to utter
Such things as these.
Mar. You told Tigranes, you had won his land
With that sole arm propt by divinity :
Was not that bragging, and a wrong to us,
That daily ventured lives ?
Arb. O, that thy name

Were great as mine ! 'would I had paid my wealth
It were as great, as I might combat thee!
I would through all the regions habitable
Search thee, and, having found thee, with my sword
Drive thee about the world, till I had met
Some place that yet man's curiosity
Had missed of; there, there would I strike thee dead :
Forgotten of mankind, such funeral rites
As beasts would give thee, thou shouldst have.

Bes. The King
Rages extremely : shall we slink away ?
He'll strike us.

2nd Gent. Content [arm.

Arb. There I would make you know, 'twas this sole
I grant, you were my instruments, and did
As I commanded you \ but 'twas this arm
Moved you like wheels ; it moved you as it pleased.
Whither slip you now ? what, are you too good
To wait on me ? Puff! I had need have temper,
That rule such people ; I have nothing left
At my own choice : I would I might be private J
Mean men enjoy themselves ; but 'tis our curse
To have a tumult, that, out of their loves,
Will wait on us, whether we will or no.
Go, get you gone l Why, here they stand like death j
My words move nothing.

1st Gent. Must we go ?

Bes. I know not.

Arb. I pray you, leave me, sirs. I'm proud of this,
That you will be intreated from my sight.

[Exeunt two Gentlemen, BESSUS, *and* Attendants.
MARDONIUS *is going out.*

Why, row they leave me all!—Mardonius !

Mar. Sir?

Arb. Will you leave me quite alone ? methinks,
Civility should teach you more than this,
If 1 were but your friend. Stay here, and wait

Mar. Sir, shall I speak ?

Arb. Why, you would now think much
To be denied ; but I can scarce intreat
What I would have. Do, speak.

Mar. But will you hear me out ?

Arb. With me you article, to talk thus. Well,
I will hear you out.

Mar. *\kneeh,,]* Sir, that I have ever loved you,
My sword hath spoken for me; that I do,
If it be doubted, I dare call an oath,
A great one, to my witness ; and were
You not my King, from amongst men I should
Have chose you out, to love above the rest:
Nor can this challenge thanks ; for my own sake
I should have done it, because I would have loved
The most deserving man, for so you are.

Arb. [raising him. J Alas, Mardonius, rise ! you shall not kneel:
We all are soldiers, and all venture lives ;
And where there is no difference in men's worths,
Titles are jests. Who can outvalue thee ?
Mardonius, thou hast loved me, and hast wrong;
Thy love is not rewarded ; but believe
It shall be better : more than friend in arms,
My father and my tutor, good Mardonius !

Mar. Sir, you did promise you would hear me out.

Arb. And so I will: speak freely, for from thee
Nothing can come but worthy things and true.

Mar. Though you have all this worth, you hold some qualities
That do eclipse yonr virtues.

Arb. Eclipse my virtues !

Mar. Yes, your passions, which are so manifold, that they appear even in this : when I commend you, you hug me for that truth ; when I speak your faults, you make a start, and fly the hearing. But——

Arb. When you commend me ! Oh, that I should live

To need such commendations ! If my deeds
Blew not my praise themselves about the earth,
I were most wretched. Spare your idle praise.
If thou didst mean to flatter, and shouldst utter
Words in my praise that thou thought'st impudence
My deeds should make 'em modest. When you praise,
I hug you ! 'tis so false, that, wert thou worthy,
Thou shouldst receive a death, a glorious death,
From me. But thou shalt understand thy lies ;
For, shouldst thou praise me into Heaven, and there
Leave me inthroned, I would despise thee though
As much as now, which is as much as dust,
Because I see thy envy.

Mar. However you will use me after, yet,
For your own promise-sake, hear me the rest

Arb. I will; and after call unto the winds,
For they shall lend as large an ear as I
To what you utter. Speak.

Afar. Would you but leave
These nasty tempers, which I do not say
Take from you all your worth, but darken 'em,
Then you would shine indeed.

Arb. Well.

Mar. Yet I would have you keep some passions, lest men should take you for a god, your virtues are such.

Arb. Why, now you flatter.

Mar I never understood the word. Were you no king, and free from these wild moods, should I choose a companion for wit and pleasure, it should be you or for honesty to interchange my bosom with, it should be you; or wisdom to give me counsel, I would pick out you , or valour to defend my reputation, still I would find out you, for you are fit to fight for all the world, if it could come in question. Now I have spoke . consider to yourself, find out a use ; if so, then what shall fall to me is not material

Arb. Is not material! more than ten such lives
As mine, Mardonius. It was nobly said ;
Thou hast spoke truth, and boldly such a truth
As might offend another. I have been
Too passionate and idle; thou shalt see
A swift amendment But I want those parts
You praise me for : I fight for all the world !
Give thee a sword, and thou wilt go as far
Beyond me as thou art beyond in years ;
I know thou dar'st and wilt. It troubles me
That I should use so rough a phrase to thee:
Impute it to my folly, what thou wilt,
So thou wilt pardon me. That thou and I
Should differ thus!

Mar. Why 'tis no matter, sir.

Arb. Faith, but it is : but thou dost ever take
All things I do thus patiently ; for which
I never can requite thee but with love,
And that thou shalt be sure of. Thou and I
Have not been merry lately : pray thee, tell me,
Where hadst thou that same jewel in thine ear.[1]

Mar. Why, at the taking of a town.

Arb. A wench,
Upon my life, a wench, Mardonius,
Gave thee that jewel.

Mar. Wench! they respect not me; Pm old and rough, and every limb about me, but that which should, grows stiffer. I' those businesses I may swear I am truly honest; for I pay justly for what I take, and would be glad to be at a certainty.

Arb. Why, do the wenches encroach upon thee?

Mar. Ay. by this light, do they.

Arb. Didst thou sit at an old rent with 'em ?

Mar. Yes, faith.

Arb. And do they improve themselves ?

[1] Earrings were worn by men at the time this **wat** -vritten, and even for a century afterwards.

Mar. Ay, ten shillings to me, every new young fellow they come acquainted with.

Arb. How canst live on't ?

Mar. Why, I think I must petition to you.

Arb. Thou shalt take 'em up at my price.

Enter two Gentlemen *and* BESSUS.

Mar. Your price !

Arb. Ay, at the King's price.

Mar. That may be more than I'm worth.

ist Gent. Is he not merry now ?

2nd Gent. I think not

Bes. He is, he is : we'll show ourselves.

Arb. Bessus! I thought you had been in Iberia by this ; I bade you haste ; Gobrias will want entertainment for me.

Bes. An't please your majesty, I have a suit.

Arb. Is't not lousy, Bessus ? what is't ?

Bes. I am to carry a lady with me—

Arb. Then thou hast two suits.

Bes. And if I can prefer her to the lady Panthea, your majesty's sister, to learn fashions, as her friends term it, it will be worth something to me.

Arb. So many nights' lodgings as 'tis thither ; will> not?

Bes. I know not that, sir; but gold I shall be sure of.

Arb. Why, thou shalt bid her entertain her from me, so thou wilt resolve me one thing.

Bes. If I can

Arb. Faith, 'tis a very disputable question; and yet I think thou canst decide it.

Bes. Your majesty has a good opinion of my understanding.

Arb. I have so good an opinion of it: 'tis whether thou be valiant.

Bes. Somebody has traduced me to you. Do you see tms sword, sir? *[Draws.*

Arb. Yes.

Bes. If I do not make my back-biters eat it to a knife within this week, say I am not valiant.

Enter Messenger.

Mes. Health to your majesty ! *{Delivers a Utter.*

Arb. From Gobrias ?

Mes. Yes, sir.

Arb. How does he ? is he well ?

Mes. In perfect health.

Arb. Take that for thy good news.— *[Gives money,*

A trustier servant to his prince there lives not
Than is good Gobrias. *{Reads,*

1st Gent. The King starts back.

Mar. His blood goes back as fast

2nd Gent. And now it comes again.

Mar. He alters strangely.

Arb. The hand of Heaven is on me : be it far
From me to struggle ! If my secret sins
Have pulled this curse upon me, lend me tears
Enow to wash me white; that I may feel
A child-like innocence within my breast:
Which once performed, oh, gives me leave to stand
As fixed as Constancy herself: my eyes
Set here unmoved, regardless of the world,
Though thousand miseries encompass me !

Mar. This is strange !—Sir, how do you ?

Arb. Mardonius, my mother——

Mar. Is she dead ?

Arb. Alas, she's not so happy ! Thou dost know
How she hath laboured, since my father died,
To take by treason hence this loathed life,
That would but be to serve her. I have pardoned
And pardoned, and by that have made her fit
To practise new sins, not repent the old.
She now had hired a slave to come from theni.e,
And strike me here; whom Gobrias, sifting out,

Took, and condemned, and executed there,
The carefull'st servant! Heaven, let me but live
To pay that man! Nature is poor to me,
That will not let me have as many deaths
As are the times that he hath saved my life,
That I might die 'em over all for him.

Mar. Sir, let her bear her sins on her own head
Vex not yourself.

Arb. What will the world
Conceive of me? with what unnatural sins
Will they suppose me laden, when my life
Is sought by her that gave it to the world?
But yet he writes me comfort here: my sister,
He says, is grown in beauty and in grace,
In all the innocent virtues that become
A tender spotless maid: she stains her cheeks
With mourning tears, to purge her mother's ill;
And Amongst that sacred dew she mingles prayers,
Her pure oblations, for my safe return.—
If I have lost the duty of a son,
If any pomp or vanity of state
Made me forget my natural offices,
Nay, farther, if I have not every night
Expostulated with my wandering thoughts,
If aught unto my parent they have erred,
And called 'em back; do you direct her arm
Unto this foul dissembling heart of mine:
But if I have been just to her, send out
Your power to compass me, and hold me safe
From searching treason! I will use no means
But prayer: for, rather suffer me to see
From mine own veins issue a deadly flood,
Than wash my danger off with mother's blood.

Mar. I ne'er saw such sudden extremities. *[Exeunt.*

SCENE *II.—Another Part of the Camp.*

Enter TIGRANES *and* SPACONIA.

Tigr. Why, wilt thou have me fly, Spaconia ?
What should I do ?
Spa, Nay, let me stay alone;
And when you see Armenia again,
You shall behold a tomb more worth than I:
Some friend, that either loves me or my cause,
Will build me something to distinguish me
From other women ; many a weeping verse
He will lay on, and much lament those maids
That place their loves unfortunately high,
As I have done, where they can never reach.
But why should you go to Iberia ?
Tigr. Alas, that thou wilt ask me ! Ask the man
That rages in a fever, why he lies
Distempered there, when all the other youths
Are coursing o'er the meadows with their loves:
Can I resist it ? am I not a slave
To him that conquered me ?
Spa. That conquered thee
Tigranes, he has won but half of thee——
Thy body; but thy mind may be as free
As his ; his w*ill* did never combat thine,
And take it prisoner.
Tigr. But if he by force
Convey my body hence, what helps it me,
Or thee, to be unwilling ?
Spa. Oh, Tigranes !
I know you are to see a lady there \
To see, and like, I ftar: perhaps the hope
Of her makes you forget me ere we part.
Be happier than you know to wish 1 farewell.
Tigr. Spaconia, stay, and hear me what I say.
In ihort, destruction meet me, that I may

See it, and not avoid it, when I leave
To be thy faithful lover ! Part with me
Thou shalt not; there are none that know our love;
And I have given gold unto a captain,
That goes unto Iberia from the King,
That he would place a lady of our land
With the King's sister that is offered me;
Thither shall you, and, being once got in,
Persuade her, by what subtle means you can,
To be as backward in her love as I.

Spa. Can you imagine that a longing maid,
When she beholds you, can be pulled away
With words from loving you ?

Tigr. Dispraise my health,
My honesty, and tell her I am jealous.

Spa. Why, I had rather loose you. Can my heart
Consent to let my tongue throw out such words ?
And I, that ever yet spoke what I thought,
Shall find it such a thing at first to lie !

Tigr. Yet, do thy best.

Enter BESSUS.

Bes. What, is your majesty ready ?

Tigr. There is the lady, captain.

Bes. Sweet lady, by your leave. I could wish myself more full of courtship[1] for your fair sake.

Spa. Sir, I shall feel no want of that.

Bes. Lady, you must haste ; I have received new letters from the King, that require more speed than I expected: he will follow me suddenly himself; and begins to call for your majesty already.

Tigr. He shall not do so long.

Bes. Sweet lady, shall I call you my charge hereafter ?

Spa. I will not take upon me to govern your tongue, sir : you shall call me what you please. *Excunt.*

[1] *i.e.* Courtly breeding.

ACT THE SECOND.

SCENE *I.—The Capital of Iberia. An Apartment in the Palace.*

Enter GOBRIAS, BACURIUS, ARANE, PANTHEA, Waiting-women, *and* Attendants.

OB. My Lord Bacurius, you must have regard
Unto the queen ; she is your prisoner ;
Tis at your peril, if she make escape.
Bac. My lord, I know't ; she is my prisoner,
From you committed : yet she is a woman;
And, so I keep her safe, you will not urge me
To keep her close. I shall not shame to say,
I sorrow for her.
Gob. So do I, my lord :
I sorrow for her, that so little grace
Doth govern her, that she should stretch her arm
Against her King; so little womanhood
And natural goodness, as to think' the death
Of her own son.
Ara. Thou know'st the reason why,
Dissembling as thou art, and wilt not speak.
Gob. There is a lady takes not after you ;
Her father is within her ; that good man,
Whose tears paid down his sins. Mark how she weeps ;

How well it does become her! and if you
Can find no disposition in yourself
To sorrow, yet by gracefulness in her
Find out the way, and by your rteason weep:
All this she does for you, and more she needs,
When for yourself you will not lose a tear.
Think how this want of grief discredits you ;
And you will weep, because you cannot weep.

Ara. You talk to me, as having got a time
Fit for your purpose; but you know, I know
You speak not what you think.

Pan. I would my heart
Were stone, befor my softness should be urged
Against my mother ! A more troubled thought
No virgin bears about her : should I excuse
My mother's fault, I should set light a life,
In losing which a brother and a King
Were taken from me ; if I seek to save
That life so loved, I lose another life,
That gave me being,—I shall lose a mother,
A word of such a sound in a child's ear,
That it strikes reverence through it. May the will
Of Heaven be done, and if one needs must fall,
Take a poor virgin's life to answer all!

Ara. But Gobrias, let us talk. You know, this fault
Is not in me as in another woman. *[They walk apart.*

Gob. I know it is not.

Ara. Yet you make it so.

Gob. Why, is not all that's past beyond your help ?

Ara. I know it is.

Gob. Nay, should you publish it
Before the world, think you 'twould be believed ?

Ara. I know, it would not.

Gob. Nay, should I join with you,
Should we not both be torn,[1] and yet both die
Uncredictd !

[1] *i.e.* Torn to death.—D*yce*.

Ara. I think we should.
Golf. Why, then,
Take you such violent courses? As for me,
I do but right in saving of the King
From all your plots.
Ara. The King!
Gob. I bade you rest
With patience, and a time would come for me
To reconcile all to your own content;
But by this way you take away my power;
And what was done, unknown, was not by me,
But you, your urging being done,
I must preserve mine own;[1] but time may bring
All this to light, and happily for all.
Ara. Accursed be this over-curious brain,
That gave that plot a birth! accursed this womb,
That after did conceive to my disgrace!
Bac. My Lord-protector, they say there are divers letters come from Armenia, that Bessus has done good service, and brought again a day by his particular valour: received you any to that effect?
Gob. Yes; 'tis most certain.
Bac. I'm sorry for't; not that the day was won,
But that 'twas won by him. We held him here
A coward: he did me wrong once, at which I laughed,
And so did all the world; for nor I,
Nor any other, held him worth my sword.

Enter BESSUS *and* SPACONIA.

Bts. Health to my Lord-protector! from tht King these letters,—and to your grace, madam, these.
[Gives letters to GOBRIAS *and* PANTHEA.
Gob. How does his majesty?
Bes. As well as conquest, by his own means and his valiant commanders, can make him: your Ictteri will tell you all.

[1] **i.e. Him** who it my **own.—*Dyce.***

Pan. I will not open mine, till I do know
My brother's health : good captain, is he well?
Bcs. As the rest of us that fought are.
Pan. But how's that ? is he hurt ?
Bes. He's a strange soldier that gets not a knock.
Pan. I do not ask how strange that soldier is
That gets no hurt, but whether he have one.
Bes. He had divers.
Pan. And is he well again?
jBes. Well again, an't please your grace ! Why, I was run twice through the body, and shot i' the head with a cross arrow, and yet am well again.
Pan. I do not care how thou dost: is he well ?
Bes. Not care how I do ! Let a man, out of the mightiness of his spirit, fructify foreign countries with his blood, for the good of his own, and thus he shall be answered. Why, I may live to relieve, with spear and shield, such a lady as you distressed.
Pan. Why, I will care : I'm glad that thou art well;
I prithee, is he so ?
Gob. The King is well, and will be here to-morrow.
Pan. My prayers are heard. Now will I open mine.
[Reads.]
Gob. Bacurius, I must ease you of your charge.—
Madam, the wonted mercy of the King,
That overtakes your faults, has met with this,
And struck it out; he has forgiven you freely :
Your own will is your law; be where you please.
Ara. I thank him.
Gob. You will be ready
To wait upon his majesty to-morrow ?
Ara. I will.
Bac. Madam, be wise hereafter. I am glad
I have lost this office. *Exit* ARANE.
Gob. Good Captain Bessus, tell us the discourse
Betwixt Tigranes and our King, and how
We got the victory,

Pan. I prithee, do;
And if my brother were in any danger,
Let not thy tale make him abide there long
Before thou bring him off, for all that while
My heart will beat.

Bes. Madam, let what will beat, I must tell truth ; and thus it was. They fought single in lists, but one to one. As for my own part, I was dangerously hurt but three days before; else perhaps we had been two to two,—I cannot tell, some thought, we had;—and the occasion of my hurt was this; the enemy had made trenches——

Gob. Captain, without the manner of your hurt
Be much material to this business,
We'll hear 't some other time.

Pan. I prithee, leave it,
And go on with my brother.

Bes. I will : but 'twould be worth your hearing. To the lists they came, and single-sword and gauntlet was their fight.

Pan. Alas!

Bes. Without the lists there stood some dozen captains of either side mingled, all which were sworn, and one of those was I; and 'twas my chance to stand next a captain of the enemies' side, called Tiribasus; valiant, they said, he was. Whilst these two kings were stretching themselves, this Tiribasus cast something a scornful look on me, and asked me, who I thought would overcome. I smiled, and told him, if he would fight with me, he should perceive by the event of that, whose king would win. Something he answered ; and a scuffle was like to grow, when one Zipetus offered to help him : I—

Pan. All this is of thyself: I prithee, Bessus,
Tell something of my brother ; did he nothing?

Bes. Why, yes ; I'll tell your grace. They were not to fight till the word given ; which for my own part, by my troth, I confess, I was not to give.

Pan. See, for his own part!

Bat. I fear, yet, this fellow's abused with a good report.

Bes. Ay, but I—

Pan. Still of himself!

Bes. Cried, " Give the word ! " when, as some of them say, Tigranes was stooping; but the word was not given then ; yet one Cosroes, of the enemies' part, held up his finger to me, which is as much with us martialists, as, " I will fight with you: " I said not a word, nor made sign during the combat; but that once done——

Pan. He slips o'er all the fight!

Bes. I called him to me; " Cosroes" said I——

Pan. I will hear no more.

Bes. No, no, I lie.

Bac. I dare be sworn thou dost

Bes. " Captain," said I; so 'twas.

Pan. I tell thee, I will hear no further.

Bes. No ! Your grace will wish you had.

Pan. I will not wish it. What, is this the lady
My brother writes to me to take ?

Bes. An't please your grace, this is she.—Charge, will you come nearer the princess ?

Pan. You're welcome from your country; and thig land
Shall show unto you all the kindnesses
That I can make it. What's your name ?

Spa. Thalestris.

Pan. You're very welcome : you have got a letttr
To put you to me, that has power enough
To place mine enemy here ; then much more you,
That are so far from being so to me,
That you ne'er saw me.

Bes. Madam, I dare pass my word for her truth.

Spa. My truth !

Pan. Why, captain, do you think I am afraid she'll ateal?

Bes. I cannot tell; servants are slippery; but I dare

give my word for her and for her honesty : she came along with me, and many favours she did me by the way ; but, by this light, none but what she might do with nodesty to a man of my rank.

Pan. Why, captain, here's nobody thinks otherwise.

Bes. Nay, if you should, your grace may think your pleasure; but I am sure I brought her from Armenia, and in all that way, if ever I touched any bare of her above her knee, I pray God I may sink where I stand.

Spa. Above my knee ?

Bes. No, you know I did not ; and if any man will say I did, this sword shall answer. Nay, I'll defend the reputation of my charge, whilbt I live. Your grace shall understand I am secret in these businesses, and know how to defend a lady's honour.

Spa. I hope your grace knows him so well already, I shall not need to tell you he's vain and foolish.

Bes. Ay, you may call me what you please, but I'll defend your good name against the world.—And so I take my leave of your grace,—and of you, my Lord-protector.—I am likewise glad to see your lordship well.

Bac. Oh, Captain Bessus, I thank you. I would speak with you anon.

Bes. When you please, I will attend your lordship.

[Exit.]

Bac. Madam, I'll take my leave too.

Pan. Good Bacurius ! [*Exit* BACURIUS.

Gob. Madam, what writes his majesty to you ?

Pan. Oh, my lord,
The kindest words ! I'll keep 'em, while I live,
Here in my bosom ; there's no art in 'em;
They lie disordered in this paper, just
As hearty nature speaks 'em.

Gob. And to me
He writes, what tears of joy he shed, to hear
How you were grown in every virtuous way;
And yields all thanks to me for that dear care

Which I was bound to have in training you.
There is no princess living that enjoys
A brother of that worth.
Pan. My lord, no maid
Longs more for anything, or feels more heat
And cold within her breast, than I do now
In hope to see him.
Gob. Yet I wonder much
At this : he writes, he brings along with him
A husband for you, that same captive prince ;
And, if he love you, as he makes a show,
He will allow you freedom in your choice.
Pan. And so he will, my lord, I warrant you;
He will but offer, and give me the power
To take or leave.
Gob. Trust me, were I a lady,
I could not like that man were bargained with
Before I choose him.
Pan. But I am not built
On such wild humours ; if I find him worthy,
He is not less because he's offered.
Spa. 'Tis true, he is not: would he would seem less !
[Aside.
Gob. I think there is no lady can affect
Another prince, your brother standing by ;
He doth eclipse men's virtues so with his.
Spa. I know a lady may, and more, I fear,
Another lady will. *[Aside.*
Pan. Would I might see him !
Gob. Why, so you shall. My businesses are great:
I will attend you when it is his pleasure
To see you, madam.
Pan. I thank you, good my lord.
Gob. You will be ready, madam?
Pan. Yes. *[Exit* GOBRIAS *with* Attendants.
Spa. I do beseech you, madam, send away
Your other women, and receive from me

A few sad words, which, set against your joys,
May make 'em shine the more.
Pan. Sirs, leave me all. *[.Exeunt* Waiting-womeij.
Spa. I kneel, a stranger here, to beg a thing *\Kneels.*
Unfit for me to ask, and you to grant:
'Tis such another strange ill laid request,
As if a beggar should intreat a king
To leave his sceptre and his throne to him,
And take his rags to wander o'er the world,
Hungry and cold.
Pan. That were a strange request
Spa. As ill is mine.
Pan. Then do not utter it.
Spa. Alas ! 'tis of that nature, that it must
Be uttered, ay, and granted, or I die !
I am ashamed to speak it; but where life
Lies at the stake, I cannot think her woman,
That will not talk something unreasonably
To hazard saving of it. I shall seem
A strange petitioner, that wish all ill
To them I beg of, ere they give me aught;
Yet so I must. I would you were not fair
Nor wise, for in your ill consists my good :
If you were foolish, you would hear my prayer;
If foul[1], you had not power to hinder me,—
He would not love you.
Pan. What's the meaning of it ?
Spa. Nay, my request is more without the bounds
Of reason yet: for 'tis not in the power
Of you to do what I would have you grant.
Pan. Why, then, 'tis idle. Prithee, speak it out.
Spa. Your brother brings a prince into this land
Of such a noble shape, so sweet a grace,
So full of worth withal, that every maid
That looks upon him gives away herself
To him for ever; and for you to have,

[1] *i.e.* Ugly.

He brings him : and so mad is my demand,
That I desire you not to have this man,
This excellent man ; for whom you needs must die,
If you should miss him, I do now expect
Vou should laugh at me.
Pan. Trust me, I could weep
Rather for I have found in all thy words
A strange disjointed sorrow.
Spa. 'Tis by me
His own desire too, that you would not love him.
Pan. His own desire ! Why, credit me. Thalestris,
I am no common wooer: if he shall woo me,
His worth may be such, that I dare not swear
I will not love him r but, if he will btay
To have me woo him, I will promise thee
He may keep all his graces to himself,
And fear no ravishing from me.
Spa. 'Tisyet
His own desire ; but when he sees your face,
I fear it will not be. Therefore I charge you.
As you have pity, stop those tender ears
From his enchanting voice ; close up those eyes,
That you may neither catch a dart from him,
Nor he from you : I charge you, as you hope
To live in quiet; for when I am dead,
For certain I shall walk to visit him,
If he break promise with me : tor as fast
As oaths, without a formal ceremony,
Can make me, I am to him.
Pan. Then be fearlsss;
For if he were a thing 'twixt god and man,
I could gaze on him,—if I knew it sin
To love him,—without passion. Dry your eyes ;
I swear you shall enjoy him still for me;
I will not hinder you. But I perceive
You are not what you seem : rise, rise, Thalestris,
If your right name be sc.

Spa. [rising]. Indeed, it is not:
Spaconia is my name ; but I desire
Not to be known to others.
Pan. Why, by me
YOvi shall not; I will never do you wrong ;
What good I can, I will: think not my birth
Or education such, that I should injure
A stranger-virgin. You are welcome hither.
In company you wish to be commanded ;
But when we are alone, I shall be ready
To be your servant. *[Exeunt.*

SCENE \\.-*Fields in the Neighbourhood of the City. A great Crowd.*

Enter three Shop-Men *and a* Woman.

ist Shop-M. Come, come, run, run, run.
2nd Shop-M. We shall outgo her.
3rd Shop-M. One were better be hanged than carry women out fiddling to these shows.
Worn. Is the King hard by ?
ist Shop M. You heard, he with the bottles said he thought we should come too late. What abundance of people here is !
Worn. But what had he in those bottles ?
3rd Shop-M. I know not
2nd Shop-M. Why, ink, goodman fool.
3rd Shop-M. Ink ! what to do ?
1st Shop-M. Why the King, look you, will many times call for those bottles, and break his mind to his friends.
Worn. Let's take our places quickly; we shall have no room else.
2nd Shop-M. The man told us, he would walk o'foot through the people.

3rd Shop-M. Ay, marry, did he.

1*st Shop-M.* Our shops are well looked to now.

2nd Shop-M. 'Slife, yonder's my master, I think.

1*st Shop-M.* No, 'tis not he.

Enter two Citizens' Wives, *and* PHILIP.

1st Cit. W. Lord, how fine the fields be ! what sweet living 'tis in the country!

2nd Cit. W. Ay, poor souls, God help 'em, they live as contentedly as one of us.

Cit. W. My husband's cousin would have had me gone into the country last year. Wert thou ever there?

2nd Cit. W. Ay, poor souls, I was amongst 'em once.

ist Cit. IV. And what kind of creatures are they, for love of God ?

2nd Cit. W. Very good people, God help 'em.

1st Cit. W. Wilt thou go down with me this summer, when I am brought to bed ?

2nd Cit. W. Alas, 'tis no place for us !

1st Cit. W. Why, prithee ?

2nd Cit. W. Why, you can have nothing there ; there's nobody cries brooms.

1st Cit. W. No !

2nd Cit. W. No, truly, nor milk

1st Cit. W. Nor milk ! how dp they?

2nd Cit. W. They are fain to milk themselves i' th-e country.

1st Cit. W. Good lord! But the people there, think, will be very dutiful to one of us.

2nd Cit. W. Ay, God knows, will they; and yet they do not greatly care for our husbands.

1st Cit. W. Do they not? alas'! in good faith, I cannot blame them, for we do not greatly care for them ourselves.—Philip, I pray, choose us a place.

Phil. There's the best, forsooth.

1st Cit. W. By your leave, good people, a little.

1sf Shop-M. What's the matter?

Phil. I pray you, my friend, do not thrust my mistress so ; she's with child.

2nd Shop-M. Let her look to herself, then. Has she not had thrusting enough yet ? if she stay shouldering here, she may hap to go home with a cake in her belly.

3rd Shop-M. How now, goodman squitter-breech ! why do you lean so on me.

Phil. Because I will.

3rd Shop-M. Will you, Sir Sauce-box ? *[Strikes him.*

1st Cit. W. Look, if one ha' not struck Philip ! — Come hither, Philip ; why did he strike thee ?

Phil. For leaning on him.

1st Cit. W. Why didst thou lean on him ?

Phil. I did not think he would have struck me.

1st Cit. IV. As God save me, la, thou'rt as wild as a buck j there's no quarrel, but thou'rt at one end or other on't.

3rd Shop-M. It's at the first end, then, for he'll ne'er stay the last.

1st Cit. W. Well, slip-string,[1] I shall meet with you.

3rd Shop M. When you will.

1st Cit. W. I'll give a crown to meet with you,

3rd Shop-M. At a bawdy-house.

1st Cit. W. Ay, you're lull of your roguery ; but if I do meet you, it shall cost me a fall. [*Flourish.*

Enter a Man *running.*

Man. The King, the King, the King, the King ! Now, now, now, now !

Enter ARBACES, TIGRANES, MARDONIUS, *and* Soldiers.

All. God preserve your majesty !

Arb. I thank you all. Now are my joys at full. When I behold you safe, my loving subjects.

1. Knavish fellow,

By you I grow \ 'tis your united love
That lifts me to this height :
All the account that I can render you
For all the love you have bestowed on me,
All your expenses to maintain my war,
Is but a little word : you will imagine
Tis slender payment; yet 'tis such a word
As is not to be bought without our bloods :
'Tis peace !

AIL. God preserve your majesty !

Arb. Now you may live securely in your towns,
Your children round about you ; you may sit
Under your vines, and make the miseries
Of other kingdoms, a discourse for you,
And lend them sorrows; for yourselves, you may
Safely forget there are such things as tears:
And may you all, whose good thoughts I have gained,
Hold me unworthy, when I think my life
A sacrifice too great to keep you thus
In such a calm estate !

AIL. God bless your majesty !

Arb. See, all good people, I have brought the man,
Whose very name you feared, a captive home:
Behold him ; 'tis Tigranes. In your hearts
Sing songs of gladness and deliverance.

1st Cit W. Out upon him !

2nd Cit. W. How he looks !

Worn. Hang him, hang him !

Mar. These are sweet people.

Tigr. Sir, you do me wrong,
To render me a scorned spectacle
To common people.

Arb. It was far from me
To mean it so.—If I have aught deserved,
My loving subjects, let me beg of you
Not to revile this prince, in whom there dwells,
All worth, of which the nature of a man

Is capable; valour beyond compare;
The terror of his name has stretched itself
Wherever there is sun : and yet for you
I fought with him single, and won him too;
I made his valour stoop, and brought that name,
Soared to so unbelieved a height, to fall
Beneath mine : this, inspired with all your loves,
I did perform ; and will, for your content,
Be ever ready for a greater work.

All. The Lord bless your majesty !

Tigr. So, he has made me
Amends now with a speech in commendation
Of himself; I would not be so vain-glorious.

Arb. If there be any thing in which I mey
Do good to any creature here, speak out;
For I roust leave you : and it troubles me,
That my occasions, for the good of you,
Are such as call me from you; else my joy
Would be to spend my days amongst you all.
You show your loves in these large multitudes
That come to meet me. I will pray for you :
Heaven prosper you, that you may know old years,
And live to see your children's children
Sit at your boards with plenty ! When there ii
A want of any thing, let it be known
To me, and I will be a father to you :
God keep you all!

AIL God bless your majesty, God bless your majesty!

{Flourish. Exeunt ARBACES, TIGRANES, MARDONIUS, *and* Soldiers.

1st Shop-M. Come, shall we go ? all's done.

Worn. Ay, for God's sake; I have not made a fire yet.

2nd Shop-M. Away, away ! all's done.

yd Shop-M. Content.—Farewell, Philip.

***1st Cit. W.* Away, you halter-sack,[1] you !**

[1] **Equivalent to Hallows-bird.**

1st Shop-M. Philip will not fight ; he's afraid on's face.

Phil. Ay, marry, am I afraid of my face ?

3rd Shop-M. Thou wouldst be, Philip, if thou sawest it in a glass ; it looks so like a visor.

1st Cit W. You'll be hanged, sirrah. *[Exeunt three.* Shop-Men *and* Woman.] Come, Philip, walk afore us homewards.—Did not his majesty say he had brought us home peas for all our money?

2nd at. W. Yes, marry, did he.

1st Cit. W. They're the first I heard on this year, by my troth : I longed for some of 'em. Did he not say we should have some ?

2nd at. W. Yes, and so we shall anon, I warrant you> have every one a peck brought home to our houses.

[Exeunt.

ACT THE THIRD.

SCENE I.—*An Apartment in the Palace.*

Enter ARBACES *and* GOBRIAS.

RB. My sister take it ill!

Gob. Not very ill;
Something unkindly she does take it, sir,
To have her husband chosen to her hands.

Arb. Why, Gobrias, let her: I must have her know,
My will, and not her own, must govern her.
What, will she marry with some slave at home?

Gob. Oh, she is far from my stubbornness!
You much mistake her; and no doubt will like
Where you will have her: but, when you behold her,
You will be loth to part with such a jewel.

Arb. To part with her! why, Gobrias, art thou mad?
She is my sister.

Gob. Sir, I know she is;
But it were pity to make poor our land,
With such a beauty to enrich another.

Arb. Pish! will she have him?

Gob. I do hope she will not.——————*Aside.*
I think she will, sir.

Arb. Were she my father and my mother too,
And all the names for which we think folks friends,

She should be forced to have him, when I know
'Tis fit: I will not hear her say she's loth.
Gob. Heaven, bring my purpose luckily to pass !
You know 'tis just. *[Aside.]*—Sir, she'll not need constraint,
She loves you so.
Arb. How does she love me ? sp- ak.
Gob. She loves vou more than people love their health,
That live by labour; more than I could love
A man that died for me, if he could live
Again.
Arb. She is not like her mother, then.
Gob. Oh, no! When you were in Armenia,
I durst not let her know when you were hurt;
For at the first, on every little scratch,
She kept her chamber, wept, and could not
Till you were well; and many times the news
Was so long coming, that, before we heard,
She was as near her death as you your health.
Arb. Alas, poor soul! but yet she must be ruled:
I know not how I shall requite her well.
I long to see her : have you sent for her,
To tell her I am ready ?
Gob. Sir, I have.

Enter a Gentleman *and* TIGRANBS.

Gent. Sir, here is the Armenian King.
Arb. He's welcome.
Gent. And the queen-mother and the princess wait Without.
Arb. Good Gobrias, bring 'em in.—[*Exit* GOBRIAS
Tigranes, you will think you are arrived
In a strange land, where mothers cast[1] to poison
Their only sons : think you, you shall be safe ?
Tig. Too safe I am, sir.

[1] **i e Contrivt.**

Re-enter GOBRIAS, *with* ARANE, PANTHEA, SPACONIA, BACURIUS, MARDONIUS, BESSUS, *and two* Gentlemen.

Ara. [Kneels.] As low as this I bow to you; and would
As low as to my grave, to show a mind
Thankful for all your mercies.
Arb. Oh, stand up,
And let me kneel ! the light will be ashamed
To see observance done to me by you,
Ara. You are my King.
Arb. You are my mother : rise. *[Raises her.*
As far be all your faults from your own soul
As from my memory ! then you shall be
As white as Innocence herself.
Ara. I came
Only to show my duty, and acknowledge
My sorrow for my sins : longer to stay,
Were but to draw eyes more attentively
Upon my shame. That power, that kept you safe
From me. preserve you still!
Arb. Your own desires
Shall be your guide. *[Exit* ARANK
Pan. Now let me die !
Since I have seen my lord the King return
In safety, I have seen all good that life
Can show me : I have ne'er another wish
For Heaven to grant \ nor were it fit I should;
For I am bound to spend my age to come
In giving thanks that this was granted me.
Gob. Why does not your majesty speak?
Arb. To whom?
Gob. To the princess.
Pan. Alas, sir, I am fearful you do look
On me as if I were some loathed thing,
That you were finding out a way to shun 1
Gob. Sir, you should speak to her.

Arb. Ha!
Pan. I know I am unworthy, yet not ill
Armed with which innocence, here I will kneel *[Kneels.*
Till I am one with earth, but I will gain
Some words and kindness from you.
Tigr. Will you speak, sir?
Arb. Speak! am I what I was?
What art thou, that dost creep into my breast,
And dar'st not see my face? show forth thyself.
I feel a pair of fiery wings displayed
Hither, from thence. You shall not tarry there;
Up, and begone; if you be'st love, begone!
Or I will tear thee from my wounded flesh,
Pull thy loved down away, and with a quill,
By this right arm drawn from thy wanton wing,
Write to thy laughing mother in thy blood,
That you are powers belied, and all your darts
Are to be blown away by men resolved,
Like dust. I know thou fear'st my words: away! *[Aside.*
Tigr. Oh, misery! why should he be so slow?
There can no falsehood come of loving her:
Though I have given my faith, she is a thing
Both to be loved and served beyond my faith.
I would he would present me to her quickly. *[Aside.*
Pan. Will you not speak at all? are you so far
From kind words? Yet, to save my modesty,
That must talk till you answer, do not stand
As you were dumb; say something, though it be
Poisoned with anger, that may strike me dead.
Mar. Have you no life at all? for manhood sake,
Let her not kneel, and talk neglected thus:
A tree would find a tongue to answer her,
Did she but give it such a loved respect.
Arb. You mean this lady: lift her-from the earth;
Why do you let her kneel so long?—Alas,
[They raise PANTHEA,
Madam, your beauty uses to command,

And not to beg 1 what is your suit to me ?
It shall be granted; yet the time is short,
And my affairs are great.—But where's my sister ?
I bade she should be brought.
Mar. What, is he mad ? *[Aside.*
Arb. Gobrias, where is she ?
Gob. Sir?
Arb. Where is she, man ?
Gob. Who, sir?
Arb. Who ! hast thou forgot ? my sister.
Gob. Your sister, sir 1
Arb. Your sister, sir ! Some one that hath a wit,
Answer where is she.
Gob. Do you not see her there ?
Arb. Where?
Gob. There.
Arb. There ! where ?
Mar. 'Slight, there : are you blind ?
Arb. Which do you mean ? that little one ?
Gob. No, sir.
Arb. No, sir ! why, do you mock me ? I can see
No other here but that petitioning lady.
Gob. That's she.
Arb. Away!
Gob. Sir, it is she.
Arb. 'Tis false.
Gob. Is it?
Arb. As hell! by Heaven, as false as hell!
My sister l—is she dead ? if it be so,
Speak boldly to me, for I am a man,
And dare not quarrel with divinity;
And do not think to cozen me with this.
I see you all are mute, and stand amazed,
Fearful to answer me : it is too true;
A decreed instant cuts off every life,
For which to mourn is to repine : she died
A virgin though, more innocent than sleep,

As clear as her own eyes ; and blessedness
Eternal waits upon her where she is :
I know she could not make a wish to change
Her state for new; and you shall see me bear
My crosses like a man. We all must die ;
And she hath taught us how.
Gob. Do not mistake,
And vex yourself for nothing j for her death
Is a long life off yet, I hope, 'Tis she;
And if my speech deserve not faith, lay death
Upon me, and my latest words shall force
A credit from you.
Arb. Which, good Gobrias ?
That lady dost thou mean ?
Gob. That lady, sir :
She is your sister; and she is your sister
That loves you so ; 'tis she for whom I weep,
To see you use her thus.
Arb. It cannot be.
Tigr. Pish ! this is tedious :
I cannot hold ; I must present myself;
And yet the sight of my Spaconia
Touches me as a sudden thunder-clap
Does one that is about to sin. *[Aside*
Arb. Away !
No more of this. Here I pronounce him traitor,
The direct plotter of my death, that names
Or thinks her for my sister : 'tis a lie,
The most malicious of the world, invented
To mad your King, He that will say so next,
Let him draw out his swoid, and sheathe it here :
It is a sin fully as pardonable.
She is no kin to me, nor shall she be;
If she were ever, I create her none :
And which of you can question this ? My powei
Is like the sea, that is to be obeyed,
And not disputed with: I have decreed her

As fat from having part of blood with me
As the naked Indians. Come and answer me,
He that is boldest now : is that m) sister ?
Mar. Oh, this is fine ! *[Aside.*
Bes. No, marry, she is not, an't please your majesty ; I never thought she was ; she's nothing like you.
Arb. No ; 'tis true, she is not.
Mar. Thou shouldst be hanged. *[To* BESGDS.
Pan. Sir, I will speak but once. By the same power
You make my blood a stranger unto > ours,
You may command me dead ; and so much love
A stranger may importune ; pray you, do.
If this request appear too much to grant,
Adopt me of some other family
By your unquestioned word ; else I shall live
Like sinful issues, that are left in streets
By their regardless mothers, and no name
Will be found for me.
Arb. I will hear no more.——
Why should there be such music in a voice.
And sin for me to hear it ? all the world
May take delight in this; and 'tis damnation
For me to do so.—You are fair and wise,
And virtuous, I think ; and he is blest
That is so near you as jour brother is ;
But you are nought to me but a disease,
Continual torment without hope of ease.
Such an ungodly sickness I have got,
That he that undertakes my cure must first
Overthrow divinity, all moral Jaws,
And leave mankind as unconfined as beasts
Allowing them to do all actions
As freely as they drink when they desire.
Let me not hear you speak again ; yet so
I shall but languish for the want of that,
The having which would kill me.—No man her
Offer to speak for her; for I consider

As much as you can say. I will not toil
My body and my mind too ; rest thou there ,
Here's one within will labour for you both.
Pan. 1 would I were past speaking !
Gob. Fear not, madam ;
The King will alter: 'tis some sudden rage,
And you will see it end some other way.
Pan. Pray Heaven it do !
Tigr. Though she to whom I swore be here, I cannot
Stifle my passion longer; if my father
Should rise again, disquieted with this,
And charge me to forbear, yet it would out.— *[Aside.*
Madam, a stranger and a prisoner begs
To be bid welcome.
Pan. You are welcome, sir,
I think ; but if you be not, 'tis past me
To make you so; for I am here a stranger
Greater than you; we know from whence you come ;
But I appear a lost thing, and by whom
Is yet uncertain ; found here in the court,
And only suffered to walk up and down,
As one not worth the owning.
Spa. Oh, I fear
Tigranes will be caught! he looks, methinks,
As he would change his eyes with her. Some help
There is above for me, I hope ! *[Aside.*
Tigr. Why do you turn away, and weep so fast,
And utter things that misbecome your looks ?
Can you want owning ?
Spa. Oh, 'tis certain so ! *[Aside.*
Tigr. Acknowledge yourself mine.
Arb. How now ?
Tigr. And then
See if you want an owner.
Arb. They are talking !
TigTigr. Nations shall own you for their queen.
*Ar*Arb. Tigranes, art not thou my prisoner ?

Ttgr. I am.
Arb. And who is this'
Ttgr. She is your sister.
Arb. She is so.
Mar. Is she so again? that's well. *[Aside.*
Arb. And how, then, dare you offer to change words with her?
Tigr. Dare do it! why, you brought me hither, sir,
To that intent.
Arb. Perhaps I told you so:
If I had sworn it, had you so much folly
To credit it? The least word that she speaks
Is worth a life. Rule your disordered tongue,
Or I will temper it.
Spa. Blest be that brea.h I *[Aside.*
Ttgr. Temper my tongue! Such incivilities
As these no barbarous people ever knew:
You break the law of nature, and of nations;
You talk to me as if I were a prisoner
For theft My tongue be tempered! I must speak,
If thunder check me, and I will.
Arb You will!
Spa. Alas, my fortune! *[Aside.*
Tigr. Do not fear his frown.
Dear madam, hear me.
Arb. Fear not my frown! but that 'twere base in me
To fight with one I know I can o'ercome,
Again thou shouldst be conquered by me.
Mar. He has one ransom with him already; methinks,
'twere good to fight double or quit. *\Aside.*
Arb. Away with him to prison!—Now, sir, see
If my frown be regardless.—Why delay you?
Seize him, Bacurius.—You shall know my word
Sweeps like a wind, and all it grapples with
Are as the chaff before it
Tigr. Touch me not.
Arb. Help there!

Tigr. Away !
1st Gent. It is in vain to struggle.
2nd Gent. You must be forced.
Bac. Sir, you must pardon us ;
We must obey.
Arb. Wby do you dally there ?
Drag him away by any thing.
Bac. Come, sir.
Tigr. Justice, thou ought'st to give me strength enough
To shake all these off.—This is tyranny,
Arbaces, subtler than the burning bull's,
Or that filmed tyrant's bed.[1] Thou might'st as well
Search i' the deep of winter through the snow
For half-starved people, to bring home with thee
To show 'em fire, and send 'em back again,
As use me thus.
Arb. Let him be close, Bacurius.
[Exit TIGRANES, *with* BACURIUS *and two* Gentlemen.
Spa. I ne'er rejoiced at any ill to him
But this imprisonment. What shall become
Of me forsaken ? *[AstJt*
Gob. You will not let your sister
Depart thus discontented from you, sir?
Arb. By no means, Gobrias: I have done her wrong,
And made myself believe much of myself
That is not in me.—You did kneel to me,
Whilst I stood stubborn and regardless by
And, like a god incensed, gave no ear
To all your prayers. Behold, I kneel to you : *^Kneels**
Show a contempt as large as was my own.
And I will suffer it ; yet, at the last,
Forgive me.
Pan. Oh, you wrong me more in this
Than in your rage you did ! you mock me now. *[Kneels.*

[1] The brazen bull of Phalaris, and the bed of Procrustes, are here referred to.

Arb. Never forgive me, then ; which is the worst
Can happen to me.
Pan. If you be in earnest,
Stand up, and give me but a gentle look
And two kind words, and I shall be in Heaven.
4rb. Rise you, then, too. Here I acknowledge thee,
_Rising, and raising PANTHEA.
My hope, the only jewel of my life,
The best of sisters, dearer than my breath,
A happiness as high as I could think;
And when my actions call thee otherwise,
Perdition light upon me !
Pan. This is better
Than if you had not frowned ; it comes to me
Like mercy at the block : and when I leave
To serve you with my life, your curse be with me !
4rb. Then, thus I do salute thee; and again,
[Kisses her.
To make this knot the stronger.—Paradise
Is there ! — It may be you are yet in doubt;
This third kiss blots it out—I wade in sin,
And fix. vUhly entice myself along!— *[Aside.*
Take her away; see her a prisoner
In her own chamber, closely, Gobrias.
Pan. Alas, sir, why?
Arb. I must not stay the answer.-
Do it.
Gob. Good sir!
Arb. No more: do it, I say.
Mar. This is better and better *[Aside.*
Pan. Yet hear me speak.
Arb. I will not hear you speak.—
Away with her ! Let no man think to. speak
For such a creature; for sfce is a witch
A poisoner, and a traitor !
Gob. Madam, this office grieves me.

Pan. Nay, 'tis well;
The King is pleased with it
Arb. Bessus, go you too with her. I will prove
All this that I have said, if I may live
So long: but I am desperately sick ;
For she has given me poison in a kiss,—
She had it 'twixt her lips,—and with her eyes
She witcht s people. Go, without a word.
[Exeunt GOBRIAS, PANTHEA, BESSUS, *and* SPACONIA
Why should you, that have made me stand in war
Like Fate itself, cutting what threads I pleased,
Decree such an unworthy end of me
And all my glories ? What am I, alas,
That you oppose me? If my secret thoughts
Have ever harboured swellings against you,
They could not hurt you ; and it is in you
To give me sorrow, that will render me
Apt to receive your mercy : rather so
Let it be rather so, than punish me
With such unmanly sins. Incest is in me
Dwelling already ; and it[1] must be holy,
That pulls it thence.—Where art, Mardonius
Mar. Here, sir.
Arb. I prithee, bear me, if thou canst.
Am I not grown a strange weight ?
Mar. As you were.
Arb. No heavier?
Mar. No, sir.
Arb. Why, my legs
Refuse to bear my body. Oh, Mardonius,
Thou hast in field beheld me, when thou know'c'
I could have gone, though I could never run !
Mar. And so I shall again.
Arb. On, no, 'tis past!
Mar. Pray you, go rest yourself.
Arb, Wilt thou hereafter, -vhen they talk of me

[1] That power.—*Dye**.

As thou shalt hear, nothing but infamy,
Remember some of those things?

Mar. Yes, I will.

Arb. I prithee, do;
For thou shalt never see me so again.

Mar. I warrant ye. *[Exeunt.*

SCENE II.—*A Room in the House of* BESSUS.

Enter BESSUS.

Bes. They talk of fame; I have gotten it in the wars, and will afford any man a reasonable pennyworth. Some will say, they could be content to have it, but that it is to be achieved with danger: but my opinion is otherwise: for if I might stand still in cannon-proof, and have fame fall upon me, I would refuse it. My reputation came principally by thinking to run away; which nobody knows but Mardonius, and I think he conceals it to anger me. Before I went to the wars, I came to the town a young fellow, without means or parts to deserve friends; and my empty guts persuaded me to lie, and abuse people, for my meat \ which I did, and they beat me: then would I fast two days, till my hunger cried out on me, " Rail still! " then, methought, I had a monstrous stomach to abuse 'em again; and did it In this state I continued, till they hung me up by the heels, and beat me with hazel-sticks,[1] as if they would have baked me, and have cozened somebody with me for venison. After this I railed, and ate quietly; for the whole kingdom took notice of me for a baffled[2] whipped fellow, and what I said was remembered in mirth, but never in anger; of which I was glad,—I would it were at that pass again! Alter this, Heaven called an aunt of mine, that left two

[1] The punishment inflicted on recreant knights. —*Dyce*

[2] Icrnominiou&lv treated.

hundred pounds in a cousin's hand for me, who, taking me to be a gallant young spirit, raised a company for me with the money, and sent me into Armenia with 'em. Away I would have run from them, but that I could get no company; and alone I durst not run. I was never at battle but once, and there I was running, but Mardonius cudgelled me : yet I got loose at last, but was so afraid that I saw no more than my shoulders do, but fled with my whole company amongst my enemies, and overthrew 'em. Now the report of my valour is come over before me, and they say I was a raw young fellow, but now I am improved,—a plague on their e'oquence I 'twill cost me many a beating: and Mardonius might help this too, if he would; for now they think to get honour on me, and all the men I have abused call me freshly to account, (worthily, as they call it,) by the way of challenge.

Enter a Gentleman.

Gent. Good morrow, Captain Bessus.

Bes. Good morrow, sir.

Gent. I come to speak with you——

Bes. You're very welcome. •

Gent. From one that holds himself wronged by you some three years since. Your worth, he says, is famed, and he doth nothing doubt but you will do him right, as beseems a soldier.

Bes. A pox on 'em, so they cry all. *[Aside.*

Gent. And a slight note I have about me for you, for the delivery of which you must excuse me : it is an office that friendship calls upon me to do, and no way offensive to you, since I desire but right on both sides.

[Gives a letter.

Bes. 'Tis a challenge, sir, is it not ?

Gent. 'Tis an inviting to the field.

Bes. An inviting I Oh, cry you mercy !—What a compliment he delivers it with ! he might as agreeably to my nature present me poison with such a speech. *[Aside,*

ana then reads] Um, um, urn—reputation—um, urn, um—call you to account—um, um, um—forced to this —um, um, um—with my sword—um, um, um—like a gentleman—um, um, um—dear to me—um, um, um—satisfaction.—Tis very well, sir; I do accept it; but he must await an answer this thirteen weeks.

Gent. Why, sir, he would be glad to wipe off his stain as soon as he could.

Bes. Sir, upon my credit, I am already engaged to two hundred and twelve; all which must have their stains wiped off, if that be the word, before him.

Gent. Sir, if you be truly engaged but to one, he shall stay a competent time.

Bes. Upon my faith, sir, to two hundred and twelve : and I have a spent body too, much bruised in battle; so that I cannot fight, I must be plain with you, above three combats a-day. All the kindness I can show him, is to set him resolvedly in my roll the two hundredth and thirteenth man, which is something; for, I tell you, I think there will be more after him than before him ; I think so. Pray you, commend me to him, and tell him this.

Gent. I will, sir. Good morrow to you.

Bes. Good morrow, good sir. [*Exit* Gentleman.]- Certainly my safest way were to print myself a coward, with a discovery how I came by my credit, and clap it upon every post. I have received above thirty challenges within this two hours. Many, all but the first I put off with engagement; and, by good fortune, the first is no madder of fighting than I; so that that's referred : the place where it must be ended is four days' journey off, and our arbitrators are these; he has chosen a gentleman in travel, and I have a special friend with a quartan ague, like to hold him this five years, for mine ; and when his man comes home, we are to expect my friend's health. If they would send me challenges thus thick, as long as I lived, I would have no other living: I can

make seven shillings a-day o' the paper to the grocers. Yet I learn nothing by all these, but a little skill in comparing of styles: I do find evidently that there is some one scrivener in this town, that has a great hand in writing of challenges, for they are all of a cut, and six of em in a hand; and they all end, " My reputation is dear to me, and I must require satisfaction."—Who's there ? more paper, I hope. No ; 'tis my Lord Bacurius : I fear all is not well betwixt us.

Enter BACURIUS.

Bac, Now, Captain Bessus; I come about a frivolous matter, caused by as idle a report. You know you were a coward.

Bes. Very right.

Bac. And wronged me.

Bes. True, my lord.

Bac. But now people will call you valiant,—desertlessly, I think; yet, for their satisfaction, I will have you fight with me.

Bes. Oh, my good lord, my deep engagements—

Bac. Tell not me of your engagements, Captain Bessus : it is not to be put off with an excuse. For m" own part, I am none of the multitude that believe your conversion from coward.

Bes. My lord, I seek nol quarrels, and this belongs not to me; I am not to maintain it.

Bac. Who, then, pray ?

Bes. Bessus the coward wronged you.

Bac. Right

Bes. And shall Bessus the valiant maintain what jfessus the coward did ?

Bac. I prithee, leave these cheating tricks. I swear hou shalt fight with me, or thou shalt be beaten extremely and kicked.

Bes Since you provoke me thus far, my lord, I will fight with you; and, by my sword, it shall cost me

twenty pounds but I will have my leg well a week sooner purposely.

Bac. Your leg! why, what ails your leg? I'll do a cure on you. Stand up! *[Kicks him.*

Bes. My lord, this is not noble in you.

Bac. What dost thou with such a phrase in thy mouth? I will kick thee out of all good words before I leave thee. *[Kicks him.*

Bes. My lord, I take this as a punishment for the offence I did when I was a coward.

Bac. When thou wert! confess thyself a coward still, or, by this light, I'll beat thee into sponge.

Bes. Why, I am one.

Bac. Are you so, sir? and why do you wear a sword, then? Come, unbuckle; quick!

Bes. My lord!

Bac. Unbuckle, I say, and give it me; or, as I live, thy head will ache extremely.

Bes. It is a pretty hilt; and if your lordship take an affection to it, with all my heart I present it to you, for a new-year's gift.

[Gives his sword, with a knife in the scabbard?

Bac. I thank you very heartily. Sweet captain, farewell.

Bes. One word more: I beseech your lordship to render me my knife again.

Bac. Marry, by all means, captain. *[Gives back the knife.]* Cherish yourself with it, and eat hard, good captain; we cannot tell whether we shall have any more such. Adieu, dear captain. *[Exit.*

Bes. I will make better use of this than of my sword. A base spirit has this vantage of a brave one; it keeps always at a stay, nothing brings it down, not beating. I remember I promised the King, in a great audience, that I would make my backbiters eat my sword to a knife: how to get another sword I know not; nor know any

[1] A custom was prevalent of wearing a dagger or knife in a sheath attached to the scabbard of the sword.— *Webtr.*

means left for me to maintain my credit but impudence : therefore I will outswear him and all his followers, that this is all that's left uneaten of my sword. *[Exit.*

SCENE III.—*An Apartment in the Palace.*

Enter MAKDONIUS.

Mar. I'll move the King; he is most strangely altered : I guess the cause, I fear, too right; Heaven has some secret end in't, and 'tis a scourge, no question, justly laid upon him. He has followed me through twenty rooms ; and ever, when I stay to await his command, he blushes like a girl, and looks upon me as if modesty kept in his business; so turns away from me; but, if I go on, he follows me again.

Enter ARBACES.

See, here he is. I do not use this, yet, I know not how, I cannot choose but weep to see him : his very enemies, I think, whose wounds have bred his fame, if they should see him now, would find tears in their eyes. *[Aside.*

Arb. I cannot utter it Why should I keep
A. breast to harbour thoughts I dare not speak ?
Darkness is in my bosom ; and there lie
A thousand thoughts that cannot brook the light.
•How wilt thou vex me, when this deed is done
Conscience, that art afraid to let me name it !

Mar. How do you, sir ?

Arb. Why, very well, Mardonius :
How dost thou do ?

Mar. Better than you, I fear.

Arb. I hope thou art; for, to be plain with thee,
Thou art in hell else. Secret scorching flames,
That far transcend earthly material fires,
Are crept into me, and there is no cure :
It it not strange, Mardonius, there's no cure?

Alar. Sir, either I mistake, or there is something hid, that you would utter to me.

Arb. So there is : but yet I cannot do it.

Mar. Out with it, sir. If it be dangerous, I will not shrink to do you service. I shall not esteem my life a weightier matter than indeed it is : I know 'tis subject to more chances than it has hours; and I were better lose it in my king's cause than with an ague or a fall, or, sleeping, to a thief \ as all these are probable enough. Let me but know what I shall do for you.

Arb. It will not out. Were you with Gobrias,
And bade him give my sister all content
The place affords, and give her leave to send
And speak to whom she please ?

Mar. Yes, sir, I was.

Arb. And did you to Bacurius say as much
About Tigranes ?

Mar. Yes.

Arb. That's all my business.

Afar. Oh, say not so !
You had an answer of all this before :
Besides, I think this business might be uttered
More carelessly.

Arb. Come, thou shalt have it out I do beseech thee,
By all the love thou hast professed to me,
To see my sister from me.

Mar. Well; and what ?

Arb. That's all.

Mar. That's strange: shall I say nothing to her?

Arb. Not a word :
But, if thou lov'st me, find some subtle way
To make her understand by signs.

Mar. But what shall I make her understand ?

Arb. Oh, Mardonius, for that I must be pardoned

Mar. You may; but I can only see her then.

Arb. 'Tis true, *[Gives a ring.*
Bear her this ring, then; and, on more advice,

Thou shan speak to her : tell her I do love
My kindred all; wilt thou ?

Mar. Is there no more ?

Arb. Oh, yes ! And her the best;
Better than any brother loves his sister :
That's all.

Mar. Methinks, this need not have been delivered with such caution. I'll do it.

Arb. There is more yet: wilt thou be faithful to me ?

Mar. Sir, if I take upon me to deliver it,
After I hear it, I'll pass through fire to do it.

Arb. I love her better than a brother ought.
Dost thou conceive me ?

Mar. I hope I do not, sir.

Arb. No ! thou art dull. Kneel down before her,
And never rise again, till she will love me.

Mar. Why, I think she does.

Arb. But better than she does ; another way;
As wives love husbands.

Mar. Why, I think there are few wives that love their husbands better than she does you.

Arb. Thou wilt not understand me. Is it fit
This should be uttered plainly ? Take it, then,
Naked as it is: I would desire her love
Lasciviously, lewdly, incestuously,
To a sin that needs must damn us both,
And thee too. Dost thou understand me now?

Mar. Yes ; there's your ring again. What have I done
Dishonestly in my whole life, name it, *[Gives back the ring.*
That you should put so base a business to me ?

Arb. Didst thou not tell me thou wouldst do it ?

Mar. Yes, if I undertook it: but if all
My hairs were lives, I would not be engaged
In such a cause to save my last life.

Arb. O guilt, how poor and weak a thing art thou!
This man that is my servant, whom my breath
Might blow about the world, might beat me here,

Having his cause ; whilst I, pressed down with sin,
Could not resist him.—Dear Mardoniu-s,
It was a motion misbeseeming man,
And I am sorry for it.

Mar. Heaven grant you may be so 1 You must understand, nothing that you can utter can remove my love and service from my prince; but otherwise, I think I shall not love you more, for you are sinful and, if you do this crime, you ought to have no laws, for, after this, it will be great injustice in you to punish any offender for any crime. For myself, I find my heart too big; I feel I have not patience to look on, whilst you run these forbidden courses. Means I have none but your favour; and I am rather glad that I shall lose 'em both together than keep 'em with such conditions. I shall find a dwelling amongst some people, where, though -mr garments perhaps be coarser, we shall be richer far within, and harbour no such vices in 'em. The gods pisserve you, and mend you !

Arb. Mardonius ! stay, Mardonius ! for, though
My present state requires nothing but knaves
To be about me, such as are prepared
For every wicked act, yet who does know
But that my loathed fate may turn about,
And I have use for honest men again ?
I hope I may : I prithee, leave me not

Enter BESSUS.

JBes. Where is the King?

Mar. There.

Bes. An't please your majesty, there's the knife.

Arb. What knife ?

Bes. The sword is eaten.

Mar. Away you fool ! the King is serious,
And cannot now admit your vanities.

Bes. Vanities! I'm no honest man, if my enemies have not brought it to this. What, do you think I lie ?

Arb. No, no ; 'tis well, Bessus; 'tis very well:
I'm glad on't.

Mar. If your enemies brought it to that, your enemies are cutlers. Come, leave the King.

Bes. Why, may not valour approach him ?

Mar. Yes ; but he has affairs. Depart, or I shall be something unmannerly with you.

Arb. No ; let him stay, Mardonius, let him stay ;
I have occasions with him very weighty,
And I can spare you now.

Mar Sir?

Arb. Why, I can spare you now.

Bes. Mardonius, give way to the state-affairs.

Mar. Indeed, you are fitter for his present purpose. *[Exit.*

Arb. Bessus, I should employ thee: wilt thou do't ?

Bes. Do't for you ! by this air, I will do anything-without exception, be it a good, bad, or indifferent thing

Arb. Do not swear.

Bes. By this light, but I will; any thing whatsoever.

Arb. But I shall name a thing
Thy conscience will not suffer thee to do.

Bes. I would fain hear that thing.

Arb. Why, I would have thee get my sister for me,—
Thou understand'st me,—in a wicked manner,

Bes. Oh, you would have a bout with her ? I'll do't, I'll do't, i'faith.

Arb. Wilt thou ? dost thou make no more on't ?

Bes. More ! no. Why, is there any thing else ? if there be, tell me ; it shall be done too.

Arb. Hast thou no greater sense of such a sin ?
Thou art too wicked for my company,
Though I have hell within me, and mayst yet
Corrupt me further. Pray thee, answer rne,
How do I show to thee after this motion ?

Bes. Why, your majesty looks as well, in my opinion, as ever you did since you were born.

Arb. But thou appear'st to me, after thy grant.

The ugliest, loathed, detestable thing,
That I have ever met with. Thou hast eye*
Like flames of sulphur, which, methinks, do dait
Infection on me; and thou hast a mouth
Enough to take me in, where there do stand
Four rows of iron teeth.

Bes. I feel no such thing. But 'tis no matter how I look; I'll do your business as well as they that look better : and when this is dispatched, if you have a mind to your mother, tell me, and you shall see I'll set it hard.

Arb. My mother !—Heaven forgive me, to hear this I
I am inspired with horror.—Now I hate thee
Worse than my sin ; which, if I could come by,
Should suffer death eternal, ne'er to rise
In any breast again. Know, I will die
Languishing mad, as I resolve I shall,
Ere I will deal by such an instrument
Thou art too sinful to employ in this :
Out of the world, away ! *[Beats him.*

Bes. What do you mean, sir?

Arb. Hung round with curses, take thy fearful flight
Into the deserts; where, 'mongst all the monsteri,
If thou find'st one so beastly as thyself,
Thou shalt be held as innocent.

Bts. Good sir——

Arb. If there were no such instruments as thou,
We kings could never act such wicked deeds.
Seek out a man that mocks divinity,
That breaks each precept both of God and man,
And nature's too, and do~s it without lust,
Merely because it is a law and good,
And live with him ; for him thou canst not spoil;
Away, I say !— *[Exit* BESSUS
I will not do this sin :
I'll press it here till it do break my breast
It heaves to get out; but thou art a sin,
And, spite of torture. I will keep thee in, *\Exit*

ACT THE FOURTH.

SCENE I.—*A Room in the House of* GOBRIAS.

Enter GOBRIAS, PANTHEA, *and* SPACONIA.

OB. Have you written, madam?

Pan. Yes, good Gobrias.

Gob. And with a kindness and such winning words
As may provoke him, at one instant, feel
His double fault; your wrong, and his own rashness?

Pan. I have sent words enough, if words may win him
From his displeasure; and such words, I hope,
As shall gain much upon his goodness, Gobrias.
Yet fearing, since they are many, and a woman's,
A poor belief may follow, I have woven
As many truths within 'em to speak for me,
That, if he be but gracious and receive 'em——

Gob. Good lady, be not fearful: though he should not
Give you your present end in this, believe it,
You shall feel, if your virtue can induce you
To labour out this tempest (which, I know,
Is but a poor proof 'gainst your patience),
All these contents your spirit will arrive at,
Newer and sweeter to vou. Your royal brother,
When he shall once collect himself, and see
How tar he has been asunder from himself,

What a mere stranger to his golden temper,
Must, from those roots of virtue, never dying,
Though somewhat stopt with humour, shoot again
Into a thousand glories, bearing his fair branches
High as our hopes can look at, straight as justice,
Loaden with ripe contents. He loves you dearly;
I know it, and I hope I need not further
Win you to understand it

Pan. I believe it:
Howsoever, I am sure I love him dearly;
So dearly, that if any thing I write
For my enlarging should beget his anger,
Heaven be a witness with me, and my faith.
I had rather live entombed here.

Gob. You shall not feel a worse stroke than your grief;
I am sorry 'tis so sharp. I kiss your hand.
And this night will deliver this true story
With this hand to your brother.

Pan. Peace go with you !
You are a good man.— *[Exit* GOBRIAS.
My Spaconia,
Why are you ever sad thus ?

Spa. Oh, dear lady !

Pan. Prithee, discover not a way to sadness,
Nearer than I have in me. Our two sorrows
Work, like two eager hawks, who shall get highest.
How shall I lessen thine ? for mine, I fear,
Is easier known than cured.

Spa. Heaven comfort both,
And give yours happy ends, however I
Fall in my stubborn fortunes.

Pan. This but teaches
How to be more familiar with our sorrows,
That are too much our masters. Good Spaconia,
How shall I do you service ?

Spa, Noblest lady,

You make me more a slave still to your goodness,
And only live to purchase tiianks to pay you ;
For that is all the business of my life now.
I will be bold, since you will have it so,
To ask a noble favour of you.

Pan. Speak it; 'tis yours ; for from so sweet a virtue
No ill demand has issue.

Spa. Then, ever-virtuous, let me beg your will
In helping me to see the Prince Tigranes,
With whom I am equal prisoner, if not more,

Pan. Reserve me to a greater end, Spaconia ;
Bacurius cannot want so much good manners
As to deny your gentle visitation,
Though you came only with your own command.

Spa. I know they will deny me, gracious madam,
Being a stranger, and so little famed,
So utter empty of those excellences
That tame authority : but in you, sweet lady,
All these are natural; beside, a power
Derived immediate from your royal brother,
Whose least word in you may command the kingdom.

Pan. More than my word, Spaconia, you shall carry,
For fear it fail you.

Spa. Dare you trust a token ?
Madam, I fear I am grown too bold a beggar.

Pan. You are a pretty one; and, trust me, lady,
It joys me I shall do a good to you,
Though to myself I never shall be happy.
Here, take this ring, and from me as a token *\Gives ring,*
Deliver it : I think they will not stay you.
So, all your own desires go with you, lady !

Spa. And sweet peace to your grace !

Pan. Pray Heaven, I find it ! *[Exeunt.*

SCENE IL—*A Prison.*

TIGRANKS *discovered.*

Tigr. Fool that I am ! I have undone myself,
And with my own hand turned my fortune round,
That was a fair one : I have childishly
Played with my hope so long, till I have broke it,
And now too late I mourn for't. Oh, Spaconia,
Thou hast found an even way to thy revenge now !
Why didst thou follow me, like a faint shadow,
To wither my desires ? But, wretched fool,
Why did I plant thee 'twixt the sun and me,
To make me freeze thus ? why did I prefer her
To the fair princess ? Oh, thou fool, thou fool,
Thou family of fools, live like a slave still,
And in thee bear thine own hell and thy torment!
Thou hast deserved it. Could'st thou find no lady,
But she that has thy hopes, to put her to,
And hazard all thy peace ? none to abuse,
But she that loved thee ever, poor Spaconia ?
And so much loved thee, that in honesty
And honour thou art bound to meet her virtues I
She, that forgot the greatness of her griefs,
And miseries that must follow such mad passions,
Endless and wild as woman's ! she, that for thee,
And with thee, left her liberty, her name,
And country ! You have paid me, equal' Heavens,
And sent my own rod to correct me with,
A woman ! For inconstancy I'll suffer;
Lay it on, justice, till my soul melt in me,
For my unmanly, beastly, sudden doting
Upon a new face, after all my oaths,
Many and strange ones.
I feel my old fire flame again, and burn
So strong and violent, that, should I see her
Again, the grief and that would kill me.

Enter BACURIUS *and* SPACONIA.

Bac. Lady,
Your token I acknowledge ; you may pass:
There is the king.
Spa. I thank your lordship for it *[Exit* BACURIUS.
Tigr. She comes, she comes! Shame hide me ever from her!
Would I were buried, or so far removed,
Light might not find me out! I dare not see her.
Spa. Nay, never hide yourself; for, were you hid
Where earth hides all her riches, near her centre,
My wrongs, without more day, would light me to you.
I must speak ere I die. Were all your greatness
Doubled upon you, you're a perjured man,
And only mighty in the wickedness
Of wronging women. Thou art false, false prince !
I live to see him ; poor Spaconia lives
To tell thee thou art false, and then no more :
She lives to tell thee thou art more unconstant
Than all ill women ever were together;
Thy faith as firm as raging overflows,
That no bank can command ; and as lasting
As boys' gay bubbles, blown i' the air and broken *i*
The wind is fixed to thee[1] ; and sooner shall
The beaten mariner with his shrill whistle
Calm the loud murmurs of the troubled main,
And strike it smooth again, than thy soul fall
To have peace in love with any : thou art all
That all good men must hate; and if thy story
Shall tell succeeding ages what thou wert,
Oh, let it spare me in it, lest true lovers,
In pity of my wrongs, burn thy black legend,
And with their curses shake thy sleeping ashes!
Tigr. Oh I oh !
Spa. The Destinies, I hope, have pointed out

[1] *i.e.* Is fixed compared to thee, —*Dyce.*

Our ends alike, that thou mayst die for love,
Though not for me ; for, this assure thyself,
The princess hates thee deadly, and will sooner
Be won to marry with a bull, and safer,
Than such a beast as thou art.—I have struck.
I fear, too deep ; beshrew me for it!—Sir,
This sorrow works me, like a cunning friendship,
Into the same piece with it.—He's ashamed :
Alas, I have been too rugged !—Dear my lord,
I am sorry I have spoken any thing,
Indeed I am, that may add more restraint
To that too much you have. Good sir, be pleased
To think it was a fault of love, not malice,
And do as I will do,—forgive it, prince:
I do, and can, forgive the greatest sins
To me you can repent of. Pray, believe me.

Tigr. Oh, my Spaconia ! oh, thou virtuous woman !

Spa. No more, the King, sir.

Enter ARBACES, BACURIUS *and* MARDONIUS.

Arb. Have you been careful of our noble prisoner,
That he want nothing fitting for his greatness ?

Bac. I hope his grace will quit me for my care, sir.

Arb. Tis well,—Royal Tigranes, health !

Tigr. More than the strictness of this place can give, sir,
I offer back again to great Arbaces.

Arb. We thank you, worthy prince; and pray, excuse us;
We have not seen you since your being here.
I hope your noble usage has been equall
With your own person : your imprisonment,
If it be any, I dare say, is easy;
And shall not outlast two days.

Tigr, I thank you :
My usage here has been the same it was,
Worthy a royal conqueror. For my restraint,

It came unkindly, because much unlooked-for;
But I must bear it

Arb. What lady's that, Bacurius ?

Bac. One of the princess' women, sir.

Arb. I feared it.
Why comes she hither ?

Bac. To speak with the Prince Tigranes.

Arb. From whom, Bacurius ?

Bac. From the princess, sir.

Arb. I knew I had seen her.

Mar. His fit begins to take him now again:
Tis a strange fever, and 'twill shake us all
Anon, I fear. Would he were well cured of
This raging folly ! Give me the wars, where men
Are mad, and may talk what they list, and held
The bravest fellows ; this pelting,[1] prattling peace
Is good for nothing ; drinking's a virtue to't. *[Aside.*

Arb. I see there's truth in no man, nor obedience,
But for his own ends. Why did you let her in ?

Bac. It was your own command to bar none from him:
Besides, the princess sent her ring, sir, for my warrant.

Arb. A token to Tigranes, did she not ?
Sirrah, tell truth.

Bac. I do not use to lie, sir;
'Tis' no way I eat or live by ; and I think
This is no token, sir.

Mar. This combat has undone him: if he had been well beaten, he had been temperate. I shall never see him handsome again, till he have an horseman's staff poked through his shoulders, or an arm broke with a bullet. , *[Aside*

Arb. I am trifled with.

Bac. Sir?

Arb. I know it, as I know thee to be false.

Mar. Now the clap comes. *[Aside.*

[1] Paltry.

Bac. You never knew me so, sir, I dare speak it;
And durst a worse man tell me, though my better—

Mar. 'Tis well said, by my soul. *\Asidi.*

Arb. Sirrah, you answer as you had no life.

Bac. That I fear, sir, to lose nobly.

Arb. I say, sir, once again——

Bac. You may say what you please, sir.

Mar. Would I might do so ! [*Aside*

Arb. I will, sir ; and say openly,
This woman carries letters : by my life,
I know she carries letters; this woman does it.

Mar. Would Bessus were here, to take her aside and search her ! he would quickly tell you what she carried, sir.

Arb. I have found it out, this woman carries letters.

Mar. If this hold, 'twill be an ill world for bawds, chambermaids, and post-boys. I thank Heaven, I have none but his letters-patents, things of his own inditing. *[Aside.*

Arb. Prince, this cunning cannot do't

Tigr. Do what, sir ; I reach you not.

Arb. It shall not serve your turn, prince.

Tigr. Serve my turn, sir !

Arb. Ay, sir, it shall not serve your turn.

Tigr. Be plainer, good sir.

Arb. This woman shall carry no more letters back to your love, Panthea; by Heaven she shall not; I say she shall not.

Mar. This would make a saint swear like a soldier, and a soldier like Termagant.[1] *\Asidt.*

ligr. This beats me more, King, than the blows you gave me.

Arb. Take 'em away both, and together let 'em be prisoners, strictly and closely kept; or, sirrah, your life shall answer it, and let nobody speak with 'em hereafter.

[1] **A corruption of Tervagant, a Saracen deity represented in the old moralities as very violent.**

Tigr. Well, I am subject to you,
And must endure these passions.
Spa. This is th' imprisonment I have looked for always,
And the dear place I would choose. *[Aside.*
[Exeunt BACURIUS, TIGRANRS, *and* SPACONIA.
Mar. Sir, have you done well now?
Arb. Dare you reprove it?
Mar. No.
Arb. You must be crossing me.
Mar. I have no letters, sir, to anger you,
But a dry sonnet of my corporal's
To an old sutler's wife; and that I'll burn sir.
'Tis like to prove a fine age for the ignorant.
Arb. How darest thou so often forfeit thy life?
Thou knowest it is in my power to take it.
Mar. Yes, and I know you wo'not; or if you do, you'll miss it quickly.
Arb. Why?
Mar. Who shall then tell you of these childish follies,
When I am dead? who shall put-to his power
To draw those virtues out of a flood of humours,
Where they are drowned, and make 'em shine again?
No, cut my head off:
Then you may talk, and be believed, and grow worse,
And have your too self-glorious temper rocked
Into a dead sleep, and the kingdom with you,
Till foreign swords be in your throats, and slaughter
Be every where about you, like your flatterers.
Do, kill me.
Arb. Prithee, be tamer, good Mardonius.
Thou know'st I love thee; nay, I honour thee;
Believe it, good old soldier, I am all thine;
But I am racked clean from myself; bear with me
Wo't thou bear with me, good Mardonius?

Enter GOBRIAS.

Mar. There comes a good man; love him too; he's temperate;
You may live to have need of such a virtue ;
Rage is not still in fashion.

Arb. Welcome, good Gobrias.

Gob. My service and this letter to your grace.
[Gives letter.

Arb. From whom ?

Gob. From the rich mine of virtue and all beauty,
Your mournful sister.

Arb. She is in prison, Gobrias, is she not ?

Gob. [kneels.] She is, sir, till your pleasure do enlarge her,
Which on my knees I beg. Oh, 'tis not fit
That all the sweetness of the world in one,
The youth and virtue that would tame wild tigers,
And wilder people that have known no manners,
Should live thus cloistered up! For your love's sake,
If there be any in that noble heart
To her, a wretched lady and forlorn,
Or for her love to you, which is as milch
As nature and obedience ever gave,
Have pity on her beauties !

Arb. Prithee, stand up. 'Tis true, she is too fair,
[GOBRIAS *rises.*
And all these commendations but her own :
Would thou hadst never so commended her,
Or I ne'er lived to have heard it, Gobrias !
If thou but knew'st the wrong her beauty does her,
Thou would'st, in pity of her, be a liar.
Thy ignorance has drawn me, wretched man,
Whither myself nor thou canst well tell. Oh my fate !
I think she loves me, but I fear another
Is deeper in her heart: how think'st thou, Gobrias ?

Gob. I do beseech your grace, believe it not;
For, let me perish, if it be not false.
Good sir, read her letter. f ARBACES *reads*

Mar. This leve, or what a devil it is, I know not, begets more mischief than a wake. I had rather be well beaten, starved, or lousy, than live within the air on't. He that had seen this brave fellow charge through a grove of pikes but t'other day, and look upon him now, will ne'er believe his eyes again. If he continue thus but two days more, a tailor may beat him with one hand tied behind him. *[Aside.*

Arb. Alas, she would be at liberty!
And there be thousand reasons, Gobrias,
Thousands, that will deny it;
Which if she knew, she would contentedly
Be where she is, and bless her virtue for it,
And me, though she were closer : she would, Gobrias;
Good man, indeed she would.

Gob. Then, good sir, for her satisfaction,
Send for her, and with reason let her know
Why she must live thus from you.

Arb. I will. Go, bring her to me. *[Exeunt.*

SCENE III.—*A Room in the House* 0/BESSUS.

Enter BESSUS, *two* Sword Men,[1] *and* Boy.

JBes. You're very welcome, both !—Some stools there, boy;
And reach a table.—Gentlemen o* the sword,
Pray sit, without more compliment.—Begone, child.
[Exit Boy.
I have been curious in the searching of you,
Because I understand you wise and valiant persons.

1*st Sw. M.* We understand ourselves, sir.

[1] Professors of the science of arms, mostly needy bullies, who undertook to assist the timorous, and settle a quarrel according to the laws of duelling.—*Dyct.*

Bes. Nay, gentlemen, and my dear friendi o' the sword,
No compliment, I pray; but to the case
I hang upon, which, in few,[1] is my honour.
2nd Sw. M. You cannot hang too much, sir, for your honour.
But to your case : be wise, and speak the truth.
Bes. My first doubt[2] is, my beating by my prince.
1*st Sw. M.* Stay there a little, sir : do you doubt a beating ?
Or have you had a beating by your prince ?
Bes. Gentlemen o' the sword, my prince has beaten me.
2nd Sw. M. Brother, what think you of this case?
1*st Sw. M.* If he have beaten him, the case is clear.
2nd Sw. M. If he have beaten him, I grant the case.—
But how ?—we cannot be too subtle in this business.—
I say, but how ?
Bes. Even with his royal hand.
1*st Sw. M.* Was it a blow of love or indignation ?
Bes. 'Twas twenty blows of indignation, gentlemen,
Besides two blows o' the face.
2nd Sw. M. Those two blows o[1] the face have made a new case on't ;
The rest were but an honourable rudeness.
1st Sw. M. Two blows o' the face, and given by a worse man,
I must confess, as we sword-men say, had turned
The business : mark me, brother, by a worse man;
But being by his prince, had they been ten,
And those ten drawn ten teeth, besides the hazard
Of his nose for ever, all these had been but favours.
This is my flat opinion, which I'll die in,
2nd Sw. M. The King may do much, captain, believe it;

[1] i e .. In few words [2] Dread,

For had he cracked your skull through, like a bottle,
Or broke a rib or two with tossing of you,
Yet you had lost no honour. This is strange,
You may imagine, but this is truth now, captain.
Bes. I will be glad to embrace it, gentlemen.
But how far may he strike me ?
1st Sw. M. There's another,
A new case rising from the time and distance,
In which I will deliver my opinion.
He may strike, beat, or cause -to be beaten;
For these are natural to man :
Your prince, I say, may beat you so far forth
As his dominion reachetn; that's for the distance ;
The time, ten miles a-day, I take it.
2nd Sw. M. Brother, you err, 'tis fifteen miles a-day ;
His stage is ten, his beatings are fifteen.
Bes. 'Tis the longest, but we subjects must—
1st. Sw. M. Be subject to it: you are wise and virtuous.
Bes. Obedience ever makes that noble use on't,
To which I dedicate my beaten body.
I must trouble you a little further, gentlemen o[1] the sword.
2nd Sw. M. No trouble at all to us, sir, if we may
Profit your understanding : we are bound,
By virtue of our calling, to utter our opinions
Shortly and discreetly.
Bes. My sorest business is, I have been kicked
2nd Sw. M. How far, sir ?
Bes. Not to flatter myself in it, all over :
My sword lost, but not forced ; for discreetly
I rendered it, to save that imputation.
1st Sw. M. It showed discretion, the best part oi valour.
2nd Sw. M. Brother, this is a pretty case; pray, pondei on't:
Our friend here has been kicked.

1st Sw. M. He has so, brother.
2nd Sw. M. Sorely, he says. Now, had he sit down here
Upon the mere kick, 't had been cowardly.
1st Sw. M. I think it had been cowardly indeed
2nd Sw. M. But our friend has redeemed it, in delivering
His sword without compulsion ; and that man
That took it of him, I pronounce a weak one,
And his kicks nullities:
He should have kicked him after the delivery,
Which is the confirmation of a coward.
1st Sw. M. Brother, I take it you mistake the question;
For say, that I were kicked.
2nd Sw. M. I must not say so;
Nor I must not hear it spoke by the tongue of man:
You kicked, dear brother ! you are merry.
1st Sw. M. But put the case, I were kicked.
2nd Sw. M. Let them put it,
That are things weary of their lives, and know not
Honour ! put the case, you were kicked !
1st Sw. M. I do not say I was kicked.
2nd Sw. M. Nor no silly creature that wears his head
Without a case, his soul in a skin-coat:
You kicked, dear brother !
Bes. Nay, gentlemen, let us do what we shall do,
Truly and honestly ! good sirs, to the question.
1st Sw. M. Why, then, I say, suppose your boy kicked, captain.
2nd Sw. M. The boy may be supposed, he's liable :
But, kick my brother !
1st Sw. M. A foolish, forward zeal, sir, in my friend,
But to the boy : suppose the boy were kicked.
Bes. I do suppose it.
1 *st Sw. M.* Has your boy a sword ?
Bes. Surely, no ; I pray, suppose a sword too.

1st *Sw. M.* I do suppose it You grant, your boy was kicked, then.

2nd Sw. M. By no means, captain; let it be supposed still;

The word " grant " makes not for us.

1*st Sw. M.* I say, this must be granted.

2nd Sw. M. This must be granted, brother !

1*st Sw. M.* Ay, this must be granted.

2nd Sw. M. Still, the must 1

1*st Sw. M.* I say, this must be granted.

2nd Sw. M. Give me the must again ! brother, you palter.

1st Sw. M. I will not hear you, wasp.

2nd Sw. M. Brother,

I say, you palter : the must three times together !

I wear as sharp steel as another man,

And my fox[1] bites as deep : musted, my dear brother !

But to the .case again.

Bes. Nay, look you, gentlemen—

2nd Sw. M. In a word, I ha' done.

1st Sw. M. A tall[2] man, but intemperate; 'tis great pity.

Once more, suppose the boy kicked.

2nd Sw. M. Forward.

1st Sw. M. And, being thoroughly kicked, laughs at the kicker.

2nd Sw. M. So much for us. Proceed.

1st Sw. M. And in this beaten scorn, as I may call it,

Delivers up his weapon; where lies the error ?

Bes. It lies i' the beating, sir; I found it four days since.

ind Sw. M. The error, and a sore one, as I take it,

Lies in the thing kicking.

Bes. I understand that well \ 'tis sore indeed, sir.

1st Sw. M. That is, according to the man that did it

[1] A familiar term for the old English broadsword.
[2] Brave.

2nd Sw. M. There springs a new branch : whose was the foot ?

Bes. A lord's.

1stSw. M. The case is mighty; but, had it been two lords,
And both had kicked you, if you laughed, 'tis clear.

Bes. I did laugh ; but how will that help me, gentlemen ?

2nd Sw. M. Yes, it shall help you, if you laughed aloud.

Bes. As loud as a kicked man could laugh, I laughed, sir.

1st Sw. M. My reason now: the valiant man is known
By suffering and contemning; you have
Enough of both, and you are valiant.

2nd Sw. M. If he be sure he has been kicked enough;
For that brave sufferance you speak of, brother,
Consists not in a beating and away,
But in a cudgelled body, from eighteen
To eight and thirty ; in a head rebuked
With pots of all size, daggers, stools, and bed-staves :
This shows a valiant man.

Bes. Then I am valiant, as valiant as the proudest;
For these are all familiar things to me ;
Familiar as my sleep or want of money ;
All my whole body's but one bruise with beating:
I think I have been cudgelled with all nations,
And almost all religions.

2nd Sw. M. Embrace him, brother: this man is valiant;
I know it by myself, he's valiant.

1stSw. M. Captain, thou art a valiant gentleman ;
Abide [1] upon't, a very valiant man.

Bes. My equal friends o' the sword, I must request
Your hands to this.

[1] *i.e.* Depend upon it.—*Dyce.*

2nd Sw. M. 'Tis fit it should be.
Bes. Boy,
Get me some wine, and pen and ink, within.—
[To Boy *within.*
Am I clear, gentlemen?
1st Sw. M. Sir, when the world has taken notice what we have done,
Make-much of your body; for I'll pawn my steel,
Men will be coyer of their legs hereafter.
Bes. I must request you go along, and testify
To the Lord Bacurius, whose foot has struck me,
How you find my case.
2nd Sw. M. We will; and tell that lord he must be ruled,
Or there be those abroad will rule his lordship.
[Exeunt.

SCENE IV.—*An Apartment in the Palace.*

Enter on one side ARBACES, *on the other* GOBRIAS *and* PANTHEA.

Gob. Sir, here's the princess.
Arb. Leave us, then, alone;
For the main cause of her imprisonment
Must not be heard by any but herself.—
[Exit GOBRIAS.
You're welcome, sister; and I would to Heaven
I could so bid you by another name!—
If you above love not such sins as these,
Circle my heart with thoughts as cold as snow,
To quench these rising flames that harbour here.
Pan. Sir, does it please you I should speak?
Arb. Please me!
Ay, more than all the art of music can,
Thy speech doth please me; for it ever sounds

As thou brought'st joyful, unexpected news:
And yet it is not fit thou shouldst be heard;
I prithee, think so.

Pan. Be it so; I will.
I am the first that ever had a wrong
So far from being fit to have redress,
That 'twas unfit to hear it: I will back
To prison, rather than disquiet you,
And wait till it be fit.

Arb. No, do not go;
For I will hear you with a serious thought;
I have collected all that's man about me
Together strongly, and I am resolved
To hear thee largely: but I do beseech thee,
Do not come nearer to me, for there is
Something in that, that will undo us both.

Pan, Alas, sir, am 1 venom?

Arb. Yes, to me;
Though, of thyself, I think thee to be in
\s equal a degree of heat or cold
As nature can make; yet, as unsound men
Convert the sweetest and the nourishing st meats
Into diseases, so shall I, distempered,
Do thee: I prithee, draw no nearer to me.

Pan. Sir, this is that I would: I am of late
Shut from the world; and why it should be thus
ts all I wish to know.

Arb. Why, credit me,
Panthea, credit me, that am thy brother,
Thy loving brother, that there is a cause
Sufficient, yet unfit for thee to know,
That might undo thee everlastingly,
Only to hear. Wilt thou but credit this?
By Heaven, 'tis true; believe it, if thou canst

Pan. Children and fools are ever credulou^
And I am uoth I think, for I believe.
If you dissemble, be it on your head!

I'll back unto my prison. Yet, methinks,
I might be kept in some place where you are ;
For in myself I find, I know not what
To call it, but it is a great desire
To see you often.

Arb. Fie, you come in a step; what do you mean ?
Dear sister, do not do so ! Alas, Panthea;
Where I am would you be ? why, that's the cause
You are imprisoned, that you may not be
Where I am.

Pan. Then I must endure it, sir.
Heaven keep you !

Arb. Nay, you shall hear the cause in short, Panthea;
And, when thou hear'st it, thou wilt blush for me,
And hang thy head down, like a violet
Full of the morning's dew. There is a way
To gain thy freedom ; but 'tis such a one
As puts thee in worse bondage, and I know
Thou wouldst encounter fire, and make a proof
Whether the gods have care of innocence,
Rather than follow it. Know, I have lost,
The only difference betwixt man and beast,
My reason.

Pan. Heaven forbid !

Arb. Nay, it is gone;
And I am left as far without a bound
As the wild ocean, that obeys the winds;
Each sudden passion throws me where it lists,
And overwhelms all that oppose my will.
I have beheld thee with a lustful eye;
My heart is set on wickedness, to act
Such sins with thee as I have been afraid
To think of. If thou dar'st consent to this,
(Which, I beseech thee, do not,) thou mayst gain
Thy liberty, and yield me a content:
If not, thy dwelling must be dark and close,

Where I may never see thee : for Heaven knows,
That laid this punishment upon my pride,
Thy sight at some time will enforce my madness
To make a start e'en to thy ravishing.
Now spit upon me, and call all reproaches
Thou canst devise together, and at once
Hurl 'em against me; for I am a sickness,
As killing as the plague, ready to seize thee,
Pan Far be it from me to revile the King !
But it is true that I shall rather choose
To search out death, that else would search out me,
And in a grave sleep with my innocence,
Than welcome such a sin. It is my fate;
To these cross accidents I was ordained,
And must have patience; and, but that my eyes
Have more of woman in 'em than my heart,
I would not weep. Peace enter you again !
Arb. Farewell; and, good Panthea, pray for me,
(Thy prayers are pure,) that I may find a death,
However soon, before my passions grow,
That they forget what I desire is sin;
For thither they are tending. If that happen,
Then I shall force thee, though thou wert a virgin
By vow to Heaven, and shall pull a heap
Of strange yet-uninvented sin upon me.
Pan. Sir, I will pray for you ; yet you shall know
It is a sullen fate that governs us :
For I could wish, as heartily as you,
I were no sister to you ; I should then
Embrace your lawful love, sooner than health.
Arb. Couldst thou affect me, then ?
Pan. So perfectly,
That, as it is, I ne'er shall sway my neart
To like another.
Arb. Then, I curse my birth.
Must this be added to my miseries,
That thou art willing too ? is there no stop

To our full happiness but these mere sounds,
Brother and sister?
Pan. There is nothing else:
But these, alas! will separate us more
Than twenty worlds betwixt us
Arb. I have lived
To conquer men, and now am overthrown
Only by words, brother and sister. Where
Have those words dwelling? I will find 'em out,
And utterly destroy 'em; but they are
Not to be grasped: let 'em be men or beasts,
And I will cut 'em from the earth; or towns,
And I will raze 'em, and then blow 'em up:
Let 'em be seas, and I will drink 'em off,
And yet, have unquenched fire left in my breast;
Let 'em be anything but merely voice,
Pan. But 'tis not in the power of any force
Or policy to conquer them.
Arb. Panthea,
What shall we do? shall we stand firmly here,
And gaze our eyes out?
Pan. Would I could do so!
But I shall weep out mine.
Arb. Accursed man!
Thou bought'st thy reason at too dear a rate;
For thou hast all thy actions bounded in
With curious[1] rules, when every beast is free:
What is there that acknowledges a kindred
But wretched man? Who ever saw the bull
Fearfully leave the heifer that he liked,
Because they had one dam?
Pan. Sir, I disturb you
And myself too; 'twere better I were gone.
Arb. *I* will not be so foolish as I was;
Stay, we will love just as becomes our births,
No otherwise: brothers and sisters may

[1] Careful.

Walk hand in hand together; so will we.
Come nearer: is there any hurt in this?
Pan. I hope not.
Arb. Faith, there is none at all:
And tell me truly now, is there not one
You love above me?
Pan. No, by Heaven.
Arb. Why, yet
ïTou sent unto Tigranes, sister.
Pan. True,
But for another: for the truth——
Arb. No more:
I'll credit thee; I know thou canst not lie,
Thou art all truth.
Pan. But is there nothing else
That we may do, but only walk? Methinks
Brothers and sisters lawfully may kiss.
Arb. And so they may, Panthea; so will we;
And kiss again too: we were scrupulous
And /oolish, but we will be so no more.
Pan. If you have any mercy, let me go
To prison, to my death, to any thing:
I feel a sin growing upon my blood,
Worse than all these, hotter, I fear, than yours.
Arb. That is impossible: what should we do?
Pan. Fly, sir, for Heaven's sake.
Arb. So we must: away!
Sin grows upon us more by this delay.
{Exeunt severally.

ACT THE FIFTH.

SCENE *I.—Before the Palace.*

Enter MARDONIUS *and* LYGONES

MAR. Sir, the King has seen your commission, and believes it; and freely, by this warrant, gives you power to visit Prince Tigranes, your noble master.

Lyg. I thank his grace, and kiss his hand.

Mar. But is the main of all your business ended in this?

Lyg. I have another, but a worse : I am ashamed : it *is* a business——

Mar. You seem a worthy person, and a stranger I am sure you are: you may employ me, if you please, without your purse; such offices should ever be their own rewards.

Lyg. I am bound to your nobleness.

Mar. 1 may have need of you, and then this courtesy,
If it be any, is not ill bestowed.
But may I civilly desire the rest?
I shall not be a hurter, if no helper.

Lyg. Sir, you shall know I have lost a foolish daughter,
And with her all my patience ; pilfered away
By a mean captain of your King's.

Mar. Stay there, sir :
U he have reached the noble worth of captain,

He may well claim a worthy gentlewoman.
Though she were yours and noble.
-Lyg' I grant all that too. But this wretched fellow
Reaches no further than the empty name
That serves to feed him : were he valiant,
Or had but in him any noble nature,
That might hereafter promise him a good man,
My cares were so much lighter, and my grave
A span yet irom me.
Mar. I confess, such fellows
Be in all royal camps, and have and must be,
To make the sin of coward more detested
In the mean soldier, that with such a foil
Sets off much valour. By description,
I should now guess him to you; it was Bessus,
I dare almost with confidence pronounce it.
Lyg. 'Tis such a scurvy name as Bessus; and now
I think, 'tis he.
Mar. Captain do you call him ?
Believe me, sir, you have a misery
Too mighty for your age : a pox upon him !
For that must be the end of all his service.
Your daughter was not mad, sir ?
Lyg. No ; would she had been !
The fault had had more credit I would do something.
Mar. I would fain counsel you, but to what I know not.
He's so below a beating, that the women
Find him not worthy of their distaves ; and
To hang him were to cast away a rope.
He's such an airy, thin, unbodied coward,
That no revenge can catch him.
I'll tell you, sir, and tell you truth ; this rascal
Fears neither God nor man ; has been so beaten,
Sufferance has made him wainscot; he has had,
Since he was first a slave,
A.t least three hundred daggers set in's head,

As little boys do new knives in hot meat;
Theres not a rib in's body, o' my conscience,
That has not been thrice broken with dry beating;
And now his sides look like two wicker targets,
Every way bended:
Children will shortly take him for a wall,
And set their stone-bows' in his forehead. He
Is of so base a sense, I cannot in
A week imagine what should be done to him.

Lyg. Sure, I have committed some great sin,
That this strange fellow should be made my rod :
I would see him; but I shall have no patience.

Mar. 'Tis no great matter, if you have not. If a laming of him, or such a toy, may do you pleasure, sir, he has it for you ; and I'll help you to him : 'tis no news to him to have a leg broken or a shoulder out, with being turned o' the stones like a tansy. Draw not your sword, if you love it; for, on my conscience, his head will break it: we use him i' the wars like a ram, to shake a wall withal.
Here comes the very person of him; do
As you shall find your temper ; I must leave you
But if you do not break him like a biscuit,
You are much to blame, sir. *[Exit*

Enter BESSUS *and two* Sword-men.

Lyg. Is your name Bessus ?

Bes. Men call me Captain Bessus.

Lyg. Then, Captain Bessus,
You are a rank rascal, without more exordiums,
A dirty, frozen slave ! and with the favour
Of your friends here, I will beat you.

2nd Sw. M. Pray, use your pleasure, sir; you seem to be
A gentleman,,

Lyg. Thus, Captain Bessus, thus !

[1] Cross-bows which propelled stones.

Thus twinge your nose, thus kick, *[Kicks him, &c.]* and thus tread you.

Bes. I do beseech you, yield your cause, sir, quickly

Lyg. Indeed, I should have told you that first.

Bes. I take it so.

1st Sw. M. Captain, he should, indeed; he is mistaken.

Lyg. Sir, you shall have it quickly, and more beating :
You have stolen away a lady, Captain Coward,
And such a one——

Bes. Hold, I beseech you, hold, sir !
I never yet stole any living thing
That had a tooth about it.

Lyg. Sir, I know you dare lie.

Bes. With none but summer-whores, upon my life sir:
My means and manners never could attempt
Above a hedge or haycock.

Lyg. Sirrah, that quits not me. Where is this lady?
Do that you do not use to do, tell truth,
Or, by my hand, I'll beat your captain's brains out,
Wash 'em and put 'em in again, that will

Bes. There was a lady, sir, I must confess,
Once in my charge ; the Prince Tigranes gave her
To my guard, for her safety. How I used her
She may herself report; she's with the prince now :
I did but wait upon her like a groom,
Which she will testify, I am sure ; if not,
My brains are at your service, when you please, sir,
And glad I have 'em for you.

Lyg This is most likely. Sir, I ask your pardon,
And am sorry I was so intemperate.

Bes. Well, I can ask no more. You would think it strange now to have me beat you at first sight.

Lyg. Indeed I would; but I know your goodness can forget twenty beatings : you must forgive me.

Bes. Yes; there's my hand. Go where you will, I shall think you a valiant fellow, for all this.

Lyg. My daughter is a whore;
I feel it now too sensible \ yet I will see her;
Discharge myself of being father to her,
And then back to my country, and there die.— [*Aside.*
Farewell, captain.

Bes. Farewell, sir, farewell;
Commend me to the gentlewoman, I pray.

[Exit LYGONES.

1st Sw. M. How now, captain ? bear up, man.

Bes. Gentlemen o' the sword, your hands once more : I have
Been kicked again ; but the foolish fellow is penitent,
Has asked me mercy, and my honour's safe.

2nd Sw M. We knew that, or the foolish fellow had better
Have kicked his grandsire.

Bes. Confirm, confirm, I pray.

1stSw. M. There be our hands again.

2nd Sw. M. Now let him come,
And say he was not sorry, and he sleeps for it.

Bes. Alas, good, ignorant old man ! let him go,
Let him go; these courses will undo him. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE II.—*A Prison.*

Enter LYGONES *and* BACURIUS.

Bac. My lord, your authority is good, and I am glad it is so; for my consent would never hinder you from seeing your own King: I am. a minister, but not a governor of this state. Yonder is your King; I'll leave you. [*Exit.*

Enter TIORANES *and* SPACONIA.

Lyg. There he is,
Indeed, and with him my disloyal child.

Tig. I do perceive my fault so much, that yet,
Methinks, thou shouldst not have forgiven me.
Lyg. Health to your majesty !
Tigr. What, good Lygones !
Welcome : what business brought thee hither?
Lyg. Several
Businesses : my public business will appear
By this ; I have a message to deliver, [*Gives a paper**
Which, if it please you so to authorize,
Is an embassage from the Armenian state
Unto Arbaces for your liberty :
The offer's there set down ; please you to read it.
Ttgr. There is no alteration happened since
I came thence ?
Lyg. None, sir ; all is as it was.
Ttgr. And all our friends are well ? [TIGRANES *reads.*
Lyg. All very well.
Spa. Though I have done nothing but what was good,
I dare not see my father: it was fault
Enough not to acquaint him with that good. *[Aside.*
Lyg. Madam, I should have seen you.
Spa. Oh, good sir, forgive me !
Lyg. Forgive you ! why, I am no kin to you, am I ?
Spa. Should it be measured by my mean deserts,
Indeed you are not.
Lyg. Thou couldst prate unhappily [1]
Ere thou couldst go ; uould thou couldst do as well!
And how does your custom hold out here ?
Spa. Sir?
Lyg. Are you in private still, or how ?
Spa. What do you mean ?
Lyg. Do you take money ? are you come to sell sin yet? perhaps I can help you to liberal clients: or has not the King cast you off yet ? Oh, thou vile creature, whose best commendation is, that thou art a young whore ! I would thy mother had lived to see this; or,

[1] *i.e.* Mischievously.

rather, that I had died ere I had seen it! Why didst not make me acquainted when thou wert first resolved to be a whore?
I would have seen thy hot lust satisfied
More privately: I would have kept a dancer,
And a whole consort[1] of musicians,
In my own house, only to fiddle thee.
Spa. Sir, I was never whore.
Lyg. If thou couldst not
Say so much for thyself, thou shouldst be carted.
Tigr. Lygones, I have read it, and I like it;
You shall deliver it.
Lyg. Well, sir, I will:
But I have private business with you.
Tigr. Speak, what is't?
Lyg. How has my age deserved so ill of you,
That you can pick no strumpets i' the land,
But out of my breed?
Tigr. Strumpets, good Lygones!
Lyg. Yes; and I wish to have you know, I scorn
To get a whore for any prince alive;
And yet scorn will not help: methinks, my daughter
Might have been spared; there were enow besides.
Tigr. May I not prosper but she's innocent
As morning light, for me! and, I dare swear,
For all the world.
Lyg. Why is she with you, then?
Can she wait on you better than your man?
Has she a gift in plucking off your stockings?
Can she make caudles well, or cut your corns?
Why do you keep her with you? For a queen,
I know, you do contemn her; so should I;
And every subject else think much at it
Tigr. Let 'em think much; but 'tis more firm than earth.
Thou seest thy queen there.

[1] Company, band.

Lyg. Then have I made a fair hand: I called her whore. If I shall speak now as her father, I cannot choose but greatly rejoice that she shall be a queen ; but if I shall speak to you as a statesman, she were more fit to be your whore.

Tigr. Get you about your business to Arbaces;
Now you talk idly.

Lyg. Yes, sir, I will go.
And shall she be a queen ? she had more wit
Than her old father, when she ran away :
Shall she be a queen ? now, by my troth, 'tis fine.
I'll dance out of all measure at her wedding ;
Shall I not, sir ?

Tigr. Yes, marry, shalt thou.

Lyg. I'll make these withered kexes[1] bear my body
Two hours together above ground.

Tigr. Nay, go;
My business requires haste.

Lyg. Good Heaven preserve you !
You are an excellent King.

Spa. Farewell, good father.

Lyg. Farewell, sweet, virtuous daughter.
I never was so joyful in my life,
That I remember : shall she be a queen ?
Now I perceive a man may weep for joy;
I had thought they had lied that said so. *[Exit*

Tigr. Come, my dear love.

Spa. But you may see another,
May alter that again.

Tigr. Urge it no more :
I have made up a new strong constancy,
Not to be shook with eyes. I know I have
The passions of a man ; but if I meet
With any subject that should hold my eyes
More firmly than is fit, I'll think of thee,
And run away from it: let that suffice. *[Exeunt*

[1] Dry stalks.

SCENE III.—*A Room in the House of* BACURIUS.

Enter BACURIUS *and* Servant.

Bac. Three gentlemen without, to speak with me ?
Serv. Yes, sir.
Bac. Let them come in.
Serv. They are entered, sir, already.

Enter BESSUS *and two* Sword-men.

Bac. Now, fellows, your business?—Are these the gentlemen ?
Bes. My lord, I have made bold to bring these gentlemen,
My friends o' the sword, along with me.
Bac. I am
Afraid you'll fight, then.
Bes. My good lord, I will not;
Your lordship is mistaken ; fear not, lord.
Bac. Sir, I am sorry for't.
Bes. I ask no more in honour.—Gentlemen,
You hear my lord is sorry.
Bac. Not that I have
Beaten you, but beaten one that will be beaten;
One whose dull body will require a lamming,[1]
As surfeits do the diet, spring and fall.
Now, to your sword-men :
What come they for, good Captain Stockfish ?
Bes. It seems your lordship has forgot my nam^.
Bac. No, nor your nature neither ; though they are
Things fitter, 1 must confess, for any thing
Than my remembrance, or any honest man's :
What shall these billets do ? be piled up in my wood-yard?
Bes. Your lordship holds your mirth still; Heaven continue it !
But, for these gentlemen, they come—•

[1] **Beating.**

Bac. To swear
Vou are a coward : spare your book; I do believe it.
Bes. Your lordship still draws wide; they come to vouch,
Under their valiant hands, I am no coward.
Bac. That would be a show, indeed, worth seeing. Sirrah, be wise, and take money for this motion[1] ; travel with it; and where the name of Bessus has been known, or a good coward stirring, 'twill yield more than a tilting : this will prove more beneficial to you, if you be thrifty, than your captainship, and more natural.—Men of most valiant hands, is this true ?
2nd Sw. M. It is so, most renowned.
Bac. 'Tis somewhat strange.
1st *Sw. M,* Lord, it is strange, yet true.
We have examined, from your lordbhip's foot there
To this man's head, the nature of the beatings ;
And we do find his honour is come off
Clean and sufficient: this, as our swords shall help us !
Bac. You are much bound to your bilbo-men ;[2]
I am glad you are straight again, captain. 'Twere good
You would think on way to gratify them:
They have undergone a labour for you, Bessus,
Would have puzzled Hercules with all his valour.
2nd Sw. M. Your lordship must understand we are no men
O' the law. that take pay for our opinions;
It is sufficient we have cleared our friend.
Bac. Yet there is something due, which I, as touched
In conscience, will discharge.— Captain, I'll pay
This rent for you.
Bes. Spare yourself, my good lord ;
My brave friends aim at nothing but the virtue.
Bac. That's but a cold discharge, sir, for their pains.

[1] **Puppet-show.**
[2] **Sword-men. A Spanish sword was called a "bilbo," from Bilboa, its place of manufacture.**

2nd Sw. M. O, lord 1 my good lord !

Bac. Be not so modest; I will give you something.

Bes. They shall dine with your lordship; that's sufficient

Bac. Something in hand the while. You rogues, you apple-squires,[1]

Do you come hither, with your bottled valour,
Your windy froth, to limit out my beatings. *[Kicks them.*

1stSw. M. I do beseech your lordship !

2nd Sw. M. Oh, good lord !

Bac. 'Sfoot, what a bevy of beaten slaves are here !—
Get me a cudgel, sirrah, and a tough one. *[Exit* Servant.

2nd Sw. M. More of your foot, I' do beseech your lordship !

Bac. You shall, you shall, dog, and your fellow beagle.

1sf Sw. M. O' this side, good my lord.

Bac. Off with your swords ; for if you hurt my foot,
I'll have you flead, you rascals.

1stSw. M. Mine's off, my lord.

2nd Sw. M. I beseech your lordship, stay a little ; my strap's
Tied to my cod-piece point: now, when you please.
[They take off their swords.

Bac. Captain, these are your valiant friends ! you
Long for a little too ?

Bes. I am very well, I humbly thank your lordship.

Bac. What's that in your pocket hurts my toe, you mongrel ?
Thy buttocks cannot be so hard ; out with 't quickly

2nd Sw. M. [Takes out a pistol.] Here 'tis, sir;
A small piece of artillery, that a gentleman,
A dear friend of your lordship's, sent me with
To get it mended, sir; for, if you mark,
The nose is somewhat loose.

Bac. A friend of mine, you rascal !—

[1] Kept gallants, pimps.

I was never wearier of doing nothing
Than kicking these two foot-balls.

Re enter Servant, *with a cudgel.*

Serv. Here's a good cudgel, sir.

Bac. It comes too late ; I am weary ; prithee, do thou beat them.

2nd Sw. M. My lord, this is foul play, i'faith, to put
A fresh man upon us: men are but men, sir.

Bac. That jest shall save your bones.—Captain, rally up your rotten regiment, and begone.—I had rather thrash than be bound to kick these rascals till they cried ho !—Bessus, you may put your hand to them now, and then you are quit.—Farewell : as you like this, pray visit me again; 'twill keep me in good breath. *\Exit.*

2nd Sw. M. H'as a devilish hard foot; I never felt the like.

1st Sw. M. Nor I; and yet, I'm sure, I ha* felt a hundred.

2nd Sw. M. If he kick thus i' the dog-days, he will be dry-foundered.—
What cure now, captain, besides oil of bays ?

Bes. Why, well enough, I warrant you; you can go ?

2nd Sw. M. Yes, Heaven be thanked ! but I feel a shrewd ache ;
Sure, h'as sprung my huckle-bone.

1st Sw. M. I ha lost a haunch.

Bes. A little butter, friend, a little butter;
Butter and parsley is a sovereign matter;
Probatum est.

2nd Sw. M. Captain, we must request
Your hand now to our honours.

Bes. Yes, marry, shall ye;
And then let all the world come; we are valiant
To ourselves, and there's an end.

1stSw. M. Nay, then, we must
Be valiant Oh my rib '

2nd Sw. M. Oh, my small guts !
A plague upon these sharp-toed shoes ! they are murderers. *{Exeunt.*

SCENE IV.— *An Apartment in the Palace.*

Enter ARE ACES, *with his sword drawn.*

Arb. It is resolved : I bore it whilst I could;
I can no more. Hell, open all thy gates,
And I will thorough them : if they be shut,
I'll batter 'em, but I will find the place
Where the most damned have dwelling. Ere I end,
Amongst them all they shall not have a sin,
But I may call it mine: I must begin
With murder of my friend, and so go on
To that incestuous ravishing, and end
My life and sins with a forbidden blow
Upon myself!

Enter MARDONIUS.

Mar. What tragedy is near?
That hand was never wont to draw a sword.
But it cried " dead " to something.
Arb. Mardonius,
Have you bid Gobrias come ?
Mar. How do you. sir ?
Arb. Well. Is he coming?
Mar. Why, sir, are you thus ?
Why does your hand proclaim a lawless war
Against yourself ?
Arb. Thou answer'st me one question with another
Is Gobrias coming ?
Mar. Sir, he is.
Arb. Tis well :
I can forbear your questions, then ; begone.

Mar. Sir, I have marked——
Arb. Mark less; it troubles you and me.
Mar You are
More variable than you were.
Arb. It may be so.
Mar. To-day no hermit could be humbler
Than you were to us all.
Arb. And what of this?
Mar. And now you take new rage into your eyes
As you would look us all out of the land.
Arb. I do confess it; will that satisfy?
I prithee, get thee gone.
Mar. Sir, I will speak.
Arb. Will ye?
Mar. It is my duty.
I fear you will kill yourself: I am a subject,
And you shall do me wrong in't; 'tis my cause,
And I may speak.
Arb. Thou art not trained in sin,
It seems, Mardonius: kill myself! by Heaven
I will not do it yet; and when I will,
I'll tell thee; then I shall be such a creature.
That thou wilt give me leave without a word.
There is a method in man's wickedness;
It grows up by degrees: I am not come
So high as killing of myself; there are
A hundred thousand sins 'twixt me and it,
Which I must do; I shall come to't at last,
But, take my oath, not now. Be satisfied,
And get thee hence.
Mar. I am sorry 'tis so ill.
Arb. Be sorry, then:
True sorrow is alone; gr'eve by thyself.
Mar. I pray you, let me see your sword put up
Before I go; I'll leave you then.
Arb. |*Sheathing his sword.*\ Why, so,
What folly is this in thee? is it not

As apt to mischief as it was before ?
Can I not reach it, think'st thou ? These are toys
For children to be pleased with, and not men.
Now I am safe, you think : I would the book
Of Fate were here : my sword is not so sure
But I would get it out, and mangle that,
That all the Destinies should quite forget
Their fixed decrees, and baste to make us new
For other fortunes : mine could not be worse.
Wilt thou now leave me ?

Mar. Heaven put into your bosom temperate thoughts I
I'll leave you, though I fear.

Arb. Go ; thou art honest. *\Exit* MARDONIUS.
Why should the hasty errors of my youth
Be so unpardonable to draw a sin,
Helpless, upon me ?

Enter GOBRIAS.

Gob. There is the King;
Now it is ripe. *[Aside*

Arb. Draw near, thou guilty man,
That art the author of the loathed'st crime
Five ages have brought forth, and hear me speak:
Curses incurable, and all the evils
Man's body or his spirit can receive,
Be with thee !

Gob. Why, sir, do you curse me thus ?

Arb. Why do I curse thee ! If there be a man
Subtle in curses, that exceeds the rest,
His worst wish on thee ! thou hast broke my heart.

Gob. How, sir ! have I preserved you, from a child,
From all the arrows malice or ambition
Could shoot at you, and have I this for pay ?

Arb. 'Tis true, thou didst preserve me, and in that,
Wert crueller than hardened murderers
Of infants and their mothers : thou didst save me,
Only till thou hadst studied out a way

How to destroy me cunningly thyself;
This was a curious way of torturing.
Gob. What do you mean?
Arb. Thou know'st the evils thou hast done to me:
Dost thou remember all those witching letters
Thou sent'st unto me to Armenia,
Filled with the praise of my beloved sister,
Where thou extoPdst her beauty?—what had I
To do with that? what could her beauty be
To me?—and thou didst write how well she loved me,—
Dost thou remember this?—so that I doted
Something before I saw her.
Gob. This is true.
Arb. Is it? and, when I was returned, thou know'st
Thou didst pursue it, till thou wound'st me in
To such a strange and unbelieved affection
As good men cannot think on.
Gob. This I grant:
I think I was the cause.
Arb. Wert thou? nay, more,
I think thou mean'st it.
Gob. Sir, I hate a lie:
As I love Heaven and honesty, I did;
It was my meaning.
Arb. Be thine own sad judge;
A further condemnation will not need:
Prepare thyself to die.
Gob. Why, sir, to die?
Arb. Why should'st thou live? was ever yet offender
So impudent, that had a thought of mercy
After confession of a crime like this?
Get out I cannot where thou hurl'st me in;
But I can take revenge; that's all the sweetness
Left for me.
Gob. Now is the time [*Aside.*]—Hear me but speak.
Arb. No. Yet I will be far more merciful
Than thou wert to me: thou didst steal into me

And never gav'st me warning ; so much time
As I give thee now, had prevented me
For ever. Notwithstanding all thy sins,
If thou hast hope that there is vet a prayer
To save thee, turn and speak it to thyself.

Gob. Sir, you shall know your sins, before you do 'em:
If you kill me——

Arb. I will not stay, then.

Gob. Know,
7ou kill your father.

Arb. How!

Gob. You kill your father.

Arb. My father ! Though I know it for a lie,
Made out of fear, to save thy stained life,
The very reverence of the word conies 'cross me,
And ties mine arm down.

Gob. I will tell you that
Shall heighten you again : I am thy father;
I charge thee h ar me.

Arb. If it should be so,
As 'tis most false, and that I should be found
A basrard issue, the despised fruit
O lawless lust, I should no more admire[1]
All my wild passions. But another truth
Shall be wrung from thee : if I could come by
The spirit of pain, it should be poured on thee,
Till thou allow'st thyselt more lull of lies
Than he that teaches thee.

Enter ARANE.

Ara. Turn thee about:
I come to speak to thee, thou wicked man;
Hear me, thou tyrant 1

Arb. I will turn to thee :
Hear me. thou strumpet ! I have blotted out
The name of mother, as thou hast thy shame.

[1] **Wonder at**

Ara. My shame ! Thou hast less shame than any thing:
Why dost thou keep my daughter in a prison ?
Why dost thou call her sister, and do this ?
Arb. Cease, thou strange impudence, and answer quickly! *[Draws his sword.*
If thou contemn'st me, this will ask an answer,
And have it.
Ara. Help me, gentle Gobrias !
Arb. Guilt dare not help guilt: though they grow together
In doing ill, yet at the punishment
They sever, and each flies the noise of other.
Think not of help ; answer i
Ara. I will; to what ?
Arb. To such a thing, as, if it be a truth,
Think what a creature thou hast made thyself,
That didst not shame to do what I must blush
Only to ask thee. Tell me who I am,
Whose son I am, without all circumstance;
Be thou as hasty as my sword will be,
If thou refusest.
Ara. Why you are his son.
Arb. His son ! swear, swear, thou worse than woman damned !
Ara. By all that's good, you are !
Arb. Then art thou all
That ever was known bad. Now is the cause
Of all my strange misfortunes come to light
What reverence expect'st thou from a child,
To bring forth which thou hast offended Heaven,
Thy husband, and the land ? Adulterous witch,
I know now why thou wouldst have poisoned me ;
I was thy lust, which thou wouldst have forgot:
Then, wicked mother of my sins and me,
Show me the way to the inheritance
I have by thee, which is a spacious world
Of impious acts, that I nwy soon possess it

Plagues rot thee as thou liv'st, and such diseases
As use to pay lust recompense thy deed !
Gob. You do not know why you curse thus.
Arb. Too well
You are a pair of vipers; and, behold,
The serpent you have got! There is no beast,
But, if he knew it, has a pedigree
As brave as mine, for they have more descents ;
And I am every way as beastly got,
As far without the compass of a law,
As they.
Ara. You spend your rage and words in vain.
And rail upon a guess : hear us a little.
Arb. No, I will neVer hear, but talk away
My breath, and die.
Gob. Why, but you are no bastard.
Arb. How's that?
Ara. Nor child of mine.
Arb. Still you go on
In wonders to me.
Gob. Pray you, be more patient;
I may bring comfort to you.
Arb. I will kneel, *[Knech*
And hear with the obedience of a child.
Good father, speak : I do acknowledge you,
So you bring comfort.
Gob. First know, our last King, your supposed father,
Was old and feeble when he married her,
And almost all the land as she, past hope
Of issue from him.
Arb. Therefore she took leave
To play the whore, because the King was old :
Is this the comfort ?
Ara. What will you find out
To give me satisfaction, when you find
How you have injured me ? Let fire consume me,
If ever I were whore!

Got). Forbear these starts,
Or I will leave you wedded to despair,
As you are now. If you can find a tempei
My breath shall be a pleasant western wind,
That cools and blasts not.
Arb. Bring it out, good father.
I'll lie, and listen here as reverently *[Lies down.*
As to an angel: if I breathe too loud,
Tell me; for I would be as still as night.
Gob. Our King, I say, was old; and this our queen
Desired to bring an heir, but yet her husband
She thought was past it; and to be dishonest,
I think she would not: if she would nave been,
The truth is, she was watched so narrowly,
And had so slender opportunities,
She hardly could have been. But yet her cunning
Found out this way ; she feigned herself with child ;
And posts were sent in haste throughout the land,
And God was humbly thanked in every church,
That so had blessed the queen, and prayers were made
For her safe going and delivery.
She feigned now to £^ow bigger; and perceived
This hope of issue made her feared, and brought
A far more large respect from every man,
And saw her power increase, and was resolved.
Since she believed she could not have't indeed,
At least she would be thought to have a child.
Arb. Do I not hear it well ? nay, I will make
No noise at all; but, pray you, to the point,
Quick as you can.
Gob. Now when the time was full
She should be brought to bed, I had a son
Born, which was you. This the queen hearing of,
Moved me to let her have you ; and such reasons
She showed me, as she knew would tie
My secrecy ; she swore you should be King;
And, to be short, I did deliver you

Unto her, and pretended you were dead,
And in mine own house kept a funeral,
And had an empty coffin put in earth.
That night the queen feigned hastily to labour,
And by a pair of women of her own,
Whom she had charmed, she made the world believe
She was delivered of you. You grew up
As the King's son, till you were six years old :
Then did the King die, and did leave to me
Protection of the realm ; and, contrary
To his own expectation, left this queen
Truly with child, indeed, of the fair princess
Panthea. Then she could have torn her hair,
And did alone to me, yet durst not speak
In public, for she knew she should be found
A traitor, and her tale would have been thought
Madness, or any thing rather than truth.
This was the only cause why she did seek
To poison you, and I to keep you safe;
And this the reason why I sought to kindle
Some sparks of love in you to fair Panthea,
That she might get part of her right again.

Arb. And have you made an end now ? is this all ?
If not, I will be still till I be aged,
Till all my hairs be silver.

Gob. This is all.

Arb. [Rising.'] And is it true, say you too, madam?

Ara. Yes;
Heaven knows, it is most true.

Arb. Panthea, then, is not my sister?

Gob. No.

Arb. But can you prove this ?

Gob. If you will give consent,
Else who dares go about it ?

Arb. Give consent!
Why, I will have 'em all that know it rackfed
To get tnis from 'em.—All that wait without,

Come in; whatever you be, come in, and be
Partakers of my joy !—

Re-enter MARDONIUS, *with* BESSUS, *two* Gentlemen, *and* Attendants.

Oh, you are welcome !
Mardonius, the best news ! —nay, draw no nearer;
They all shall hear it,—I am found no King.
Mar. Is that so good news ?
Arb. Yes, the happiest news
That e'er was heard.
Mar. Indeed, 'twere well for you
If you might be a little less obeyed.
Arb. One call the queen.
Mar. Why, she is there.
Arb. The queen,
Mardonius ! Panthea is the queen,
And I am plain Arbaces.—Go, some one ;
She is in Gobrias' house. *[Exit* 1stGentleman
Since I saw you,
There are a thousand things delivered to me
You little dream of.
Mar. So it should seem.—My lord,
What fury's this ?
Gob. Believe me, 'tis no fury ;
All that he says is truth.
Mar. 'Tis very strange.
Arb. Why do you keep your hats off, gentlemen ?
Is it to me ? I swear, it must not be;
Nay, trust me, in good faith, it must not be:
cannot now command you; but I pray you,
For the respect you bare me when you took
Me for your Kingf, each man clap on his hat
At my desire.
Mar. We will: but you are not found
So mean a man but that you may be covered
As well as we ; may you not ?

Arb. Oh, not here !
You may, but not I, for here is my father
In presence.

Mar. Where?

Arb. Why, there. Oh, the whole story
Would be a wilderness, to lose thyself
For ever !—Oh, pardon me, dear father,
For all the idle and unreverent words
That I have spoke in idle moods to you !—
I am Arbaces ; we all fellow-subjects;
Nor is the Queen Panthea now my sister.

Bes. Why, if you remember, fellow-subject Arbaces, I told you once she was not your sister \ ay, and she looked nothing like you.

Arb. I think you did, good Captain Bessus.

Bes. Here will arise another question now amongst the sword-men, whether I be to call him to account for beating me, now he is proved no king. *[Aside.*

Enter LYGONES.

Mar. Sir, here's Lygones, the agent for the Armenian state.

Arb. Where is he?—I know your business, good Lygones.

Lyg. We must have our King again, and will.

Arb. I knew that was your business. You shall have
Your King again; and have him so again
As never King was had.—Go, one of you,
And bid Bacurius bring Tigranes hither;
And bring the lady with him, that Panthea,
The Queen Panthea, sent me word this morning
Was brave Tigranes' mistress. *Exit* 2nd Gentleman

Lyg. 'Tis Spaconia.

Arb. Ay, ay, Spaconia.

Lyg. She is my daughter.

Arb. She is so : I could now tell any thing

I never heard Your King shall go so home
As never man went.
Mar. Shall he go on's head ?
Arb. He shall have chariots easier than air,
That I will have invented; and ne'er think
He shall pay any ransom : and thyself,
That art the messenger, shalt ride before him
On a horse cut out of an entire diamond,
That shall be made to go with golden wheels,
I know not how yet.
Lyg. Why, I shall be made
For ever! They belied this King with us,
And said he was unkind. *[Aside.*
Arb. And then thy daughter;
She shall have some strange thing: well have the kingdom
Sold utterly and put into a toy,
Which she shall wear about her carelessly,
Somewhere or other.

Enter PANTHEA *with* ist Gentleman.

See, the virtuous queen !—
Behold the humblest subject that you have,
Kneel here before you. *[Kneels.*
Pan. Why kneel you to me,
That am your vassal ?
Arb. Grant me one request.
Pan. Alas ; what can I grant you ? what I can
I will.
Arb. That you will please to marry me,
If I can prove it lawful.
Pan. Is that all ?
More willingly than I would draw this air.
Arb. [Rising.] I'll kiss this hand in earnest

Re-enter 2nd Gentleman.

2nd Gent. Sir, Tigranes

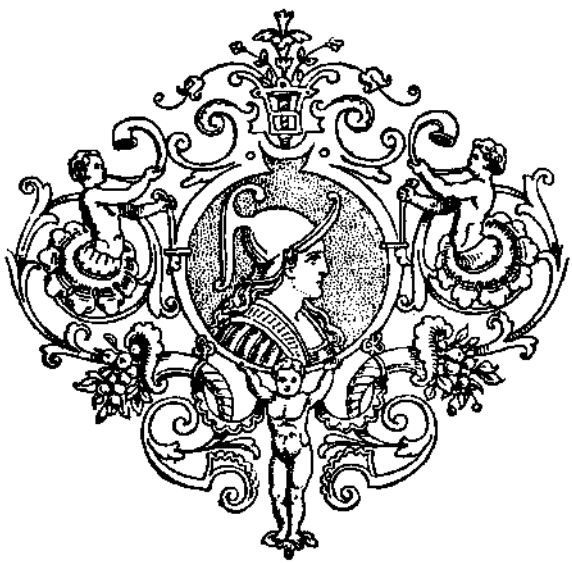
Is coming, though he made it strange[1] at first
To see the princess any more.
Arb. The queen,
Thou mean'st.

Enter TIGRANES *and* SPACONIA.

Oh, my Tigranes, pardon me !
Tread on my neck ; I freely offer it ;
And, if thou be'st so given, take revenge,
For I have injured thee.
Tigr. No ; I forgive,
And rejoice more that you have found repentanc*
Than I my liberty.
Arb. Mayst thou be happy
In thy fair choice, for thou art temperate !
You owe no ransom to the state ! Know that
I have a thousand joys to tell you of,
Which yet I dare not utter, till I pay
My thanks to Heaven for 'em. Will you go
With me, and help me ? pray you, do.
Tigr. I will.
Arb. Take, then, your fair one with you:—and you, queen
Of goodness and of us, oh, give me leave
To take your arm in mine !—Come, every one
That takes delight in goodness, help to sing
Loud thanks for me, that I am proved no King! *[Exeunt.*

[1] A matter of scruple.

BONDUCA.



IT was before March, 1619, that *Bonduca* was first produced, as Burbadge, who took a part in it, died about the middle of that month. The play was probably written by Fletcher alone. The story of Bonduca (better known as Boadicea) and Caratach (or Caractacus) is derived from the *Annals* of Tacitus (XIV., 29, *et seg.).* Fletcher used his materials with entire freedom, developing slight allusions (as the brief mention of the fate of Pcenius Postumus) into long and brilliant scenes.

Altered versions of the play were produced in 1696, in 1778 by Colman the .elder, and again, in 1837, by J. R. Planche.

The play was first published in the folio of 1647.

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

CARATACH, General of the Britons, Brother-in-law to BONDUCA.
NENNIUS, a British Commander.
HENGO, Nephew to CARATACH and BONDUCA.
SUETONIUS, General of the Roman Army in Britain.
PcENIUS,
JUNIUS,
DEMETRIUS,
DECIUS,
PETIIXIUS,
CURIUS,
} Roman Captains.
REGULUS, |ROMAN officers, subordinate to PCENIUS
[illegible],
MACER, a Lieutenant.
JUDAS, a Corporal.
Herald.
Druids.
Soldiers.
Guides, Servants.

BONDUCA, Queen of the Iceni.
Her two Daughters, by PRASUTAGUS.

SCENE.—BRITAIN.

BONDUCA.

ACT THE FIRST.

SCENE *I.—The British Camp.*

Enter BONDUCA, Daughters, HENGO, NENNIUS, *and* Soldiers.

BOND. The hardy Romans!—oh, ye gods of Britain!
The rust of arms, the blushing shame of soldiers !
Are these the men that conquer by inheritance ?
The fortune-makers ? these the Julians,

Enter CARATACH, *behind.*

That with the sun measure the end of nature,
Making the world but one Rome and one Caesar?
Shame, how they flee ! Caesar's soft soul dwells in 'em,
Their mothers got 'em sleeping, Pleasure nursed 'em;
Their bodies sweat with sweet oils, love's allurements,
Not lusty arms. Dare they send these to seek us,
These Roman girls? Is Britain grown so wanton?
Twice we have beat 'em, Nennius, scattered 'em:
And through their big-boned Germans, on whose pikes
The honour of their actions sits in triumph,

Made themes for songs to shame 'em : and a womap
A woman beat 'em, Nennius ; a weak woman,
A woman beat these Romans !
Car. (coming forward) So it seems
A man would shame to talk so.
Bond. Who's that ?
Car. I.
Bond. Cousin, do you grieve my fortunes ?
Car. No, Bonduca;
If I grieve, 'tis the bearing of your fortunes :
You put too much wind to your sail: discretion
And hardy valour are the twins of honour,
And, nursed together, make a conqueror ;
Divided, but a talker. Tis a truth,
That Rome has fled before us twice, and routed;
A truth we ought to crown the gods for, lady,
And not our tongues ; a truth is none of ours,
Nor in our ends, more than the noble bearing ;
For then it leaves to be a virtue, lady,
And we, that have been victors, beat ourselves,
When we insult upon our honour's subject.
Bond. My valiant cousin, is it foul to say
What liberty and honour bid us do,
And what the gods allow us ?
Car. No, Bonduca ;
So what we say exceed not what we do.
You call the Romans—fearful, fleeing Romans,
And Roman girls, the lees of tainted pleasures :
Does this become a doer ? are they such ?
Bond. They are no more.
Car. Where is your conquest, then ?
Why are your altars crowned with wreaths of flowers ?
The beasts with gilt horns waiting for the fire ?
The holy Druides composing songs
Of everlasting life to victory ?
Why are these triumphs, lady ? for a May-game ?
'pr hunting a poor herd of wretched Romans ?

Is it no more ? Shut up your temples, Britons,
And let the husbandman redeem his heifers ;
Put out your holy fires, no timbrel ring;
Let's home and sleep; for such great overthrows
A candle burns too bright a sacrifice,
A glow-worm's tail too full a flame.—Oh, tfennius,
Thou hadst a noble uncle knew a Roman,
And how to speak him, how to give him weight
In both his fortunes !

Bond. By the gods, I think
You dote upon these Romans, Caratach.

Car. Witness these wounds, I do; they were fairly given :
I love an enemy ; I was born a soldier;
And he that in the head on's troop defies me,
Bending my manly body with his sword,
I make a mistress. Yellow-tressed Hymen
Ne'er tied a longing virgin with more joy,
Than I am married to that man that wounds me :
And are not all these Roman ? Ten struck battles
I sucked these honoured scars from, and all Roman ;
Ten years of bitter nights and heavy marches
(When many a frozen storm sung through my cuirass,
And made it doubtful whether that or I
Were the more stubborn metal) have I wrought through,
And all to try these Romans. Ten times a-night
I have swam the rivers, when the stars of Rome
Shot at me as I floated, and the billows
Tumbled their watry ruins on my shoulders,
Charging my battered sides with troops of agues;
And still to try these Romans, whom I found
(And, if I lie, my wounds be henceforth backward,
And be you witness, gods, and all my dangers !)
As ready, and as full of that I brought,
(Which was not fear, nor flight) as valiant,
As vigilant, as wise, to do and suffer,
Ever advanced as forward as the Britons,
Their sleeps as short, their hopes as high as our*

Ay, and as subtle, lady. 'Tis dishonour,
And, followed, will be impudence, Bonduca,
And grow to no belief, to taint these Romans.
Have not I seen the Britons—

Bond What?

Car. Disheartened,
Run, run, Bonduca; not the quick rack swifter,
The virgin from the hated ravisher
Not half so fearful; not a flight[1] drawn home,
A round stone from a sling, a lover's wish,
E'er made that haste that they have. By the gods,
I have seen these Britons, that you magnify,
Run as they would have out-run time, and roaring,
Basely for mercy roaring; the light shadows,
That in a thought scur o'er the fields of corn,
Halted on crutches to 'em.

Bond. Oh, ye powers,
What scandals do I suffer!

Car. Yes, Bonduca,
I have seen thee run too; and thee, Nennius;
Yea, run apace, both; then when Pcenius
(The Roman girl!) cut thorough your armed carts,
And drove 'em headlong on ye, down the hill;
Then when he hunted ye, like Britain foxes,
More by the scent than sight; then did I see
These valiant and approved men of Britain,
Like boding owls, creep into tods[2] of ivy,
And hoot their fears to one another nightly.

Nen. And what did you then, Caratach?

Car. I fled too;
But not so fast,—your jewel had been lost then,
Young Hengo there; he trashed.? me, Nennius:
For, when your fears out-run him, then stept I,
And in the head of all the Roman fury
Took him, and with my tough belt to my back
I buckled him; behind him my sure shield;

[1] A long light-feathered **arrow.** [2] Bushes. [3] Checked,

And t'len I followed. If I say I fought
Five times in bringing off this bud of Britain,
I lie not, Nennius. Neither had you heard
Me speak this, or ever seen the child more,
But that the ron of virtue, Pcenius,
Seeing me steer tho ough all these storms of danger,
My helm still in my hand (my sword,) my prow
Turned to my foe (my face,) he cried out nobly,
Go, Biiton, bear thy lion's whelp off safely ;
Thy manly sword has ransomed thee ; grow strong,
And let me meet thee once again in arms;
Then, if thou stand'st, thou art mine" I took his [offer,
And here I am to honour him.

Bond. Oh, cousin,
From what a flight of honour hast thou checked me !
What wouldst thou make me, Caratach ?

Car. See, lady,
The noble use of others in our losses.
Does this afflict you? Had the Romans cried this,
And, as we have done theirs, sung out these fortunes,
Railed on our base condition, hooted at us,
Made marks as far as the earth was ours, to show us
Nothing but sea could stop our flights, despised us,
And held it equal whether banqueting
Or beating of the Britons were more business,
It would have galled you.

Bond. Let rje think we conquered.

[1] *Car.* Do ; but so think as we may be conquered;
And where we have found virtue, though in those
That came to make us slaves, let's cheiish it.
There's not a blow we gave since Julius landed,
That was of strength and worth, but, like records,
They file to after ages. Our registers
The Romans are for noble deeds of honour;
And shall we burn their mentions with upbraidings?

Bond. No more; I see myself. Thou hast made **me cousin,**

Morethan. my fortunes durst, for they abused me,
And wound me up so high, I swelled with glory :
Thy temperance has cured that tympany,
And given me health again, nay, more, discretion.
Shall we have peace ? for now I love these Romans.

Car. Thy love and hate are both unwise ones, lady.

Bond. Your reason ?

Wen. Is not peace the end of arms ?

Car. Not where the cause implies a general conquest •
Had we a difference with some petty isle,
Or with our neighbours, lady, for our landmarks,
The taking in of some rebellious lord,
Or making a head against commotions,
After a day of blood, peace might be argued ;
But where we grapple for the ground we live on,
The liberty we hold as dear as life,
The gods we worship, and, next those, our honours,
And with those swords that know no end of battle,
Those men, beside themselves, allow no neighbour,
Those minds that where the day is claim inheritance,
And where the sun makes ripe the fruits their harvest,
And where they march, but measure out more ground
To add to Rome, and here i' the bowels on us;
It must not be. No, as they are our foes,
And those that must be so until we tire 'em,
Let's use the peace of honour, that's fair dealing,
But in our ends our swords. That hardy Roman,
That hopes to graft himself into my stock,
Must first begin his kindred under-ground,
And be allied in ashes.

Bond. Caratach,
As thou hast nobly spoken, shall be done;
And Hengo to thy charge I here deliver:
The Romans shall have worthy wars.

Car. They shall :—
And, little sir, when your young bones grow stiffer,
And when I see you able in a morning

To beat a dozen boys, and then to breakfast,
I'll tie you to a sword.

Hengo. And what then, uncle ?

Car. Then you must kill, sir, the next valiant Roman
That calls you knave.

Hengo. And must I kill but one ?

Car. A hundred, boy, I hope*.

Hengo. I hope, five hundred.

Car. That's a noble boy !—Come, worthy lady,
Let's to our several charges, and henceforth
Allow an enemy both weight and worth. *[Exeunt.*

SCENE *II.—The Roman Camp.*

Enter JUNIUS *and* PETILLIUS.

Pet. What ail'st thou, man ? dost thou want meat ?

Jun. No.

Pet. Clothes?

Jun. Neither. For Heaven's love, leave me !

Pet. Drink?

Jun. You tire me.

Pet. Come, 'tis drink; I know 'tis drink.

Jun. 'Tis no drink.

Pet. I say, 'tis drink; for what affliction
Can light so heavy on a soldier,
To dry him up as thou art, but no drink ?
Thou shalt have drink.

Jun. Prithee, Petillius——

Pet. And, by mine honour, much drink, valiant drink :
Never tell me, thou shalt have drink. I see,
Like a true friend, into thy wants; 'tis drink ;
And when I leave thee to a desolation,
Especially of that dry nature, hang me.

Jun. Why do you do this to me ?

***Pet.* For I see,**

Although your modesty would fain conceal it,
Which sits as sweetly on a soldier
As an old side-saddle——

Jun. What do you see?

Pet. I see as fair as day, that thou want'st drink
Did I not find thee gaping, like an oyster
For a new tide? Thy very thoughts lie bare,
Like a low ebb; thy soul, that rid in sack,
Lies moored for want of liquor. Do but see
Into thyself; for, by the gods, I do:
For all thy body's chapt and cracked like timber,
For want of moisture: what is't thou want'st there, Junius,
An if it be not drink?

Jun. You have too much on't.

Pet. It may be a whore too; say it be; come, meecher,[1]
Thou shalt have both; a pretty valiant fellow
Die for a little lap and lechery?
No, it shall ne'er be said in our country,
Thou diedst o' the chin-cough.[2] Hear, thou noble Roman,
The son of her that loves a soldier,
Hear what I promised for thee; thus I said:
" Lady, I take thy son to my companion;
Lady, I love thy son, thy son loves war,
The war loves danger, danger drink, drink discipline,
Which is society and lechery;
These two beget commanders: fear not, lady;
Thy son shall lead."

Jun. 'Tis a strange thing, Petillius,
That so ridiculous and loose a mirth
Can master your affections.

Pet. Any mirth,
And any way, of any subject, Junius,
Is better than unmanly mustiness.
What harm's in drink? in a good wholesome wench?
I do beseech you, sir, what error? yet
It cannot out of my head handsomely,

[1] Skulker. [2] Hooping-cough.

But thou wouldst fain be drunk ; come, no more fooling ;
The general has new wine, new come over.
Jun. He must have new acquaintance for it too,
For I will none, I thank you.
Pet. " None, I thank you !"
A short and touchy answer : " None, I thank you ! "
You do not scorn it, do you ?
Jun. Gods defend, sir !
I owe him still more honour.
Pet. " None, I thank you ! "
No company, no drink, no wench, I thank you 1
You shall be worse entreated, sir.
Jun. Petillius,
As thou art honest, leave me.
Pet. " None, I thank you ! "
A modest and a decent resolution,
And well put on. Yes, I will leave you, Jtinius,
And leave you to the boys, that very shortly
Shall all salute you by your new sirname
Of " Junius None-I-thank-you." I would starve now,
Hang, drown, despair, deserve the forks,[1] lie open
To all the dangerous passes of a wench,
Bound to believe her tears, and wed her aches,
Ere I would own thy follies. I have found you,
Your lays, and out-leaps, Junius, haunts, and lodges;
I have viewed you, and I have found you by my skill
To be a fool o' the first head, Junius,
And I will hunt you : you are in love, I know it;
You are an ass, and all the camp shall know it,
A peevish idle boy, your dame shall know it;
A wronger of my care, yourself shall know it.

Enter JUDAS *and four* Soldiers.

Judas. A bean! a princely diet, a full banquet,
To what we compass.
1st Sold. Fight like hogs for acorns !

[1] **A wooden instrument which was fixed round the culprit's neek, and to which his hands were tied while he was being seourged**

2nd Sold. Venture our lives for pig-nuts !
Pet. What ail these rascals ?
3rd Sold. If this hold, we are starved.
Judas. For my part, friends,
Which is but twenty beans a-day, (a hard world
For officers and men of action)
And those so clipt by Master Mouse, and rotten
(For understand 'em French beans, where the fruits
Are ripened, like the people, in old tubs)—
For mine own part, I say, I am starved already,
Not worth another bean, consumed to nothing,
Nothing but flesh and bones left, miserable :
Now, if this musty provender can prick me
To honourable matters of achievement, gentlemen,
Why, there's the point.
4th Sold. *Til* fight no more.
Pet You'll hang, then ;
A sovereign help for hunger. Ye eating rascals,
Whose gods are beef and brewis ! whose brave angers
Do execution upon these and chibbals ! [2]
Ye dogs' heads i' the porridge-pot ! you fight no more !
Does Rome depend upon your resolution
For eating mouldy pie-crust ?
3rd Sold. 'Would we had it !
Judas. I may do service, captain.
Pet. In a fish-market :
You, Corporal Curry-comb, what will your fighting
Profit the commonwealth ? Do you hope to triumph ?
Or dare your vamping valour, Goodman Cobbler,
Clap a new sole to the kingdom ? 'Sdeath, ye dog-whelps,
You fight, or not fight !
Judas. Captain !
Pet. Out, ye flesh-flies !
Nothing but noise and nastiness !
Judas. Give us meat,
Whereby we may do.

[1] Broth. [2] Small onions.

Pet. Whereby hangs your valour.
Judas. Good bits afford good blows.
Pet. A good position :
How long is't since thou eat'st last ? Wipe thy mouth,
And then tell truth.
fudas. I have not eat to the purpose——
Pet. To the purpose! what's that? half a cow and garlic?
Ye rogues, my company eat turf, and talk not;
Timber they can digest, and fight upon't; [slaves—
Old mats, and mud with spoons, rare meats. Your shoes,
Dare ye cry out for hunger, and those extant ?
Suck your sword-hilts, ye slaves; if ye be valiant,
Honour will make 'em marchpane.[1] To the purpose !
A grievous penance ! Dost thou see that gentleman,
That melancholy monsieur ?
fun. Pray you, Petillius—
Pet. He has not eat these three weeks.
2nd Sold. H'as drunk the more, then.
3rd Sold. And that's all one.
Pet. Nor drunk nor slept these two mouths.
Judas. Captain, we do beseech you, as poor soldiers,
Men that have seen good days, whose mortal stomachs
May sometimes feel afflictions——— [*To]* *u*NIUS.
fun. This, Petillius,
Is not so nobly done.
Pet. 'Tis common profit.—
Urge him to the point; he'll find you out a food
That needs no teeth nor stomach, a strange furmety
Will feed ye up as fat as hens i' the foreheads,
And make ye fight like fit chocks :[2] to him !
fudas. Captain——
fun. Do you long to have your throats cut ?
Pet. See what mettle
It makes in him : two meals more of this melancholy,
And there lies Caratach.

[1] A sweet cake, the main ingredients of which were nuts and almonds.
[2] Pole-cats.

Judas. We do beseech you-
2nd Sold. Humbly beseech your valour——
fun. Am I only
Become your sport, Petillius ?
Judas. But to render
In way of general good, in preservation——
Jun. Out of my thoughts, ye slaves !
4th Sold. Or rather pity——
3rd Sold. Your warlike remedy against the maw-worms.
fudas. Or notable receipt to live by nothing.
Pet. Out with your table books ! '
Jun. Is this true friendship ?
And must my killing griefs make others' May-games ?
[Draws.
Stand from my sword's point, slaves ! your poor starved spirits
Can make me no oblations ; else, oh, Love,
Thou proudly-blind destruction, I would send thee
Whole hecatombs of hearts, to bleed my sorrows. *[Exit.*
Judas. Alas, he lives by love, sir !
Pet. So he does, sir ;
And cannot you do so too ? All my company
Are now in love ; ne'er think of meat, nor talk
Of what provant[2] is : *aye-mes* and hearty *heigh-hoes*
Are salads fit for soldiers. Live by meat !
By larding up your bodies ! 'tis lewd, and lazy,
And shows ye merely mortal, dull, and drives ye
To fight, like camels, with baskets at your noses.
Get ye in love : ye can whore well enough,
That ati the world knows ; fast ye into famine,
Yet ye can crawl, like crabs, to wenches handsomely.
Fall but in love now, as ye see example,
And follow it but with all your thoughts, *probatum,*
There's so much charge saved, and your hunger's ended. *[Drum within.*

[1] **Memorandum books.** [2] **Provision.**

Away ! I hear the general. Get ye in love all,
Up to the ears in love, that I may hear
No more of these rude murmurings ; and discreetly
Carry your stomachs, or I prophesy
A pickled rope will choke ye. Jog, and talk not! *[Exeunt.*

Enter SUETONIUS, DEMETRIUS, DECIUS, *with drum and colours.*

Suet. Demetrius, is the messenger despatched
To Pcenius, to command him to bring up
The Volans regiment ?

Dem. He's there by this time.

Suet. And are the horse well viewed we brought from Mona?

Dec. The troops are full and lusty.

Suet. Good Petillius,
Look to those eating rogues, that bawl for victuals,
And stop their throats a day or two : provision
Waits but the wind to reach us.

Pet. Sir, already
I have been tampering with their stomachs, which I find
As deaf as adders to delays : your clemency
Hath made their murmurs mutinies, nay, rebellions;
Now, an they want but mustard, they Ye in uproars;
No oil but Candy, Lusitanian figs,
And wine from Lesbos, now can satisfy 'em;
The British waters are grown dull and muddy,
The fruit disgustful; Orontes must be sought for,
And apples from the Happy Isles; the truth is,
They are more curious[1] now in having nothing,
Than if the sea and land turned up their treasures.
This lost the colonies, and gave Bonduca
(With shame we must record it) time and strength
To look into our fortunes; great discretion
To follow offered victory ; and last, full pride
To brave us to our teefh, and scorn our ruins.

[1] Fastidious.

Suet. Nay, chide not, good Petillius; I confess
My will to conquer Mona, and long stay
To execute that will, let in these losses :
All shall be right again ; and, as a pine,
Rent from Oeta by a sweeping tempest,
Jointed again and made a mast, defies
Those angry winds that split him ; so will I,
Pieced to my never-failing strength and fortune,
Steer thorough these swelling dangers, plough their prides up,
And bear like thunder through their loudest tempests.
They keep the field still ?

Dem. Confident and full.

Pet. In such a number, one would swear they grew:
The hills are wooded with their partizans,[1]
And all the valleys overgrown with darts,
As moors are with rank rushes ; no ground left us
To charge upon, no room to strike. Say fortune
And our endeavours bring us into 'em,
They are so infinite, so ever-springing,
We shall be killed with killing ; of desperate women,
That neither fear nor shame e'er found, the devil
Has ranked amongst 'em multitudes; say the men fail,
They'll poison us with their petticoats ; say they fail,
They have priests enough to pray us into nothing.

Suet. These are imaginations, dreams of nothings :
The man that doubts or fears——

Dec. I am free of both.

Dem. The self-same I.

Pet. And I as free as any ;
As careless of my flesh, of that we call life,
So I may lose it nobly, as indifferent
As if it were my diet. Yet, noble general,
It was a wisdom learned from you, I learned it,
And worthy of a soldier's care, most worthy,

[1] Short pikes.

To weigh with most deliberate circumstance
The ends of accidents, above their offers;
How to go on, and yet to save a Roman,
Whose one life is more worth in way of doing,
Than millions of these painted wasps; how, viewing,
To find advantage out; how, found, to follow it
With counsel and discretion, lest mere fortune
Should claim the victory.

Suet 'Tis true, Petillius,
And worthily remembered : the rule 's certain,
Their uses no less excellent; but where time
Cuts off occasions, danger, time and all
Tend to a present peril, 'tis required
Our swords and manhoods be best counsellors,
Our expeditions, precedents. To win is nothing,
Where reason, time, and counsel are our camp-masters;
But there to bear the field, then to be conquerors,
Where pale destruction takes us, takes us beaten,
In wants and mutinies, ourselves but handfuls,
And to ourselves our own fears, needs a new way,
A sudden and a desperate execution:
Here, how to save, is loss; to be wise, dangerous;
Only a present well-united strength,
And minds made up for all attempts, despatch it:
Disputing and delay here cools the courage;
Necessity gives no time for doubts ; things infinite,
According to the spirit they are preached to;
Rewards like them, and names for after ages,
Must steel the soldier, his own shame help to arm him;
And having forced his spirit, ere he cools,
Fling him upon his enemies : sudden and swift,
Like tigers amongst foxes, we must fight for't;
Fury must be our fortune ; shame we have lost,
Spurs ever in our sides to prick us forward :
There is no other wisdom nor discretion
Due to this day of ruin, but destruction ;
The soldier's order first, and then his anger.

Dec. No doubt, they dare redeem all.
Suet. Then, no doubt,
The da) must needs be ours. That the proud woman
Is infinite in number better likes me,
Thar if we dealt with squadrons ; half her army
Shall choke themselves, their own swords dig their graves.
I'll tell ye all my fears ; one single valour,
The virtues of the valiant Caratach,
More doubts[1] me than all Britain : he's a soldier
So forged out, and so tempered for great fortunes,
So much man thrust into him, so old in dangers,
So fortunate in all attempts, that his mere name
Fights in a thousand men, himself in millions,
To make him Roman. But no more.—Petilliug,
How stands your charge ?
Pet. Ready for all employments,
To be commanded too, sir.
Suet. 'Tis well governed ;
To-morrow we'll draw out, and view the cohort! ;
T the mean time, all apply their offices.
Where's Junius ?
Pet. In's cabin, sick o' the mumps, sir.
Suet. How!
Pet. In love, indeed in love, most lamentably loving.
To the tune of "Queen Dido."
Dec. Alas, poor gentleman !
Suet. 'Twill make him fight the nobler. With what iady?
I'll be a spokesman for him.
Pet. You'll scant speed, sir.
Suet. Whois't?
Pet. The devil's dam, Bonduca's daughter,
Her youngest, cracked i' the ring.[3]

[1] *i.e.* Renders me more mistrustful.
[2] The daughters of Bonduca had been ravithed by the Romans.—*Dyce.*

Suet. I am sorry for him:
But, sure, his own discretion will reclaim him ;
He must deserve our anger else. Good captains.
Apply yourselves in all the pleasing forms
Ye can unto the soldiers ; fire their spirits,
And set 'em fit to run this action;
Mine own provision shall be shared amongst 'em,
Till more come in ; tell 'em, if now they conquer,
The fat of all the kingdom lies before 'em,
Their shames forgot, their honours infinite,
And want for ever banished. Two days hence,
Our fortunes, and our swords, and gods be for us !

[Exeunt

ACT THE SECOND.

SCENE I.—*BeJore the Tent of* PCENIUS.

Enter PCENIUS, REGULUS, DRUSUS, *and* MACER.

PCEN. I *must* come !

Macer So the general commands, sir.

Pan. I *must* bring up my regiment!

Macer. Believe, sir,
I bring no lie.

Pan. But did he say, I *must* comer

Macer. So delivered.

Pan. How long is't, Regulus, since I commanded
In Britain here ?

Règ. About five years, great Poenius.

Pcen. The general some five months. Are all my actions
So poor and lost, my services so barren,
That I'm remembered in no nobler language
But *must* cowie up ?

Macer. I do beseech you, sir,
Weigh but the time's estate.

Pan. Yes, good lieutenant,
I do, and his that sways it. *Must* come up !
Am I turned bare centurion ? *must* and *shall*
Fit embassies to court my honour ?

Macer. Sir——

Pcen Set me to lead a handful of my men
Against a hundred thousand barbarous slaw

That have marched name by name with Rome'? best doers !
Serve 'em up some other meat; Til bring no food
To stop the jaws of all those hungry wolve ;
My regiment's mine own. I *must* my language !

Enter CURIUS

Cur. Pcenius, where lies the host ?
Pazn. Where fate may find 'em.
Cur. Are they ingirt ?
Pcen. The battle's lost.
Cur. So soon ?
Poen. No ; but 'tis lost, because it must be won /
The Britons must be victors. Whoe'er saw
A troop of bloody vultures hovering
About a few corrupted carcasses,
Let him behold the silly Roman host,
Girded with millions of fierce Britain-swains,
With deaths as many as they have had hopes;
And then go thither, he that loves his shame!
I scorn my life, yet dare not lose my name.
Cur. Do not you hold it a most famous end,
When both our names and lives are sacrificed
For Rome's increase ?
Pœn. Yes, Curius ; but mark this too :
What glory is there, or what lasting fame
Can be to Rome or us, what full example,
When one is smothered with a multitude,
And crowded in amongst a nameless press ?
Honour got out of flint, and on their heads
Whose virtues, like the sun, exhaled all valours[1]
Must not bo lost in mists and fogs of people,
Noteless and out of name, both rude and naked :
Nor can Rome task us with impossibilities,
Or bid us fight against a flood ; we serve her,
That she may proudly say she has good soldiers,

[1] " Vapours" has been suggested as the correct reading.

Not slaves to choke all hazards. Who but fools,
That make no difference betwixt certain dying
And dying well, would fling their fames and fortunes
Into this Britain-gulf, this quicksand-ruin,
That, sinking, swallows us? what noble hand
Can find a subject fit for blood there? or what sword
Room for his execution? what air to cool us,
But poisoned with their blasting breaths and curses,
Where we lie buried quick above the ground,
And are, with labouring sweat and breathless pain,
Killed like to slaves, and cannot kill again?

Dru. Pcenius, mark ancient wars, and know that then
A captain weighed a hundred thousand men.

Posn. Drusus, mark ancient wisdom, and you'll find then,
He gave the overthrow that saved his men.
I must not go.

Reg. The soldiers are desirous,
Their eagles all drawn out, sir.

Posn. Who drew up, Regulus?
Ha! speak; did you? whose bold will durst attempt this?
Drawn out! why, who commands, sir? on whose warrant
Durst they advance?

Reg. I keep mine own obedience.

Dru. 'Tis like the general cause, their love of honour,
Relieving of their wants——

Pcen. Without my knowledge!
Am I no more? my place but at their pleasures?
Come, who did this?

Dru. By Heaven, sir, I am ignorant.

Posn. What! am I grown a shadow?—Hark! they march. *[Drum within.*
I'll know, and will be myself.

Enter Soldiers, *with drum and colours.*

Stand, disobedience!

He that advances one foot higher dies for't.—
Run thorough the regiment, upon your duties,
And charge 'em, on command, beat back again;
By Heaven, I'll tithe[1] 'em all else !

Reg. We'll do our best.

[Exeunt DRUSUS *and* REGULUS.

Pœn. Back ! cease your bawling drums there ;
I'll beat the tubs about your brains else. Back !
Do I speak with less fear than thunder to ye ?
Must I stand to beseech ye ? Home, home !—Ha !
Do ye stare upon me ? Are those minds I moulded,
Those honest valiant tempers I was proud
To be a fellow to, those great discretions
Made your names feared and honoured, turned to wild-fires?
Oh, gods, to disobedience ? Command, farewell!
And be ye witness with me, all things sacred,
I have no share in these men's shames ! March, soldiers,
And seek your own sad ruins; your old Pcenius
Dares not behold your murders.

1stSold. Captain!

2nd Sold. Captain!

3rd Sold. Dear, honoured captain !

Pan. Too, too dear-loved soldiers,
Which made ye weary of me, and Heaven yet knows,
Though in your mutinies, I dare not hate you,—
Take your own wills ! 'tis fit your long experience
Should now know how to rule yourselves ; *I* wrong ye,
In wishing ye to save your lives and credits,
To keep your necks whole from the axe hangs o'er ye :
Alas, I much dishonoured ye ! go, seek the Britons,
And say ye come to glut their sacrifices ;
But do not say I sent ye. What ye have been,
How excellent in all parts, good and governed,
Is only left of my command, for story;
What now ye are, for pity. Fare ye well! [*Going.*

[1] **Decimate.**

Enter DRUSUS *and* REGULUS.

Dru. Oh, turn again, great Poenius! see the soldier
In all points apt for duty.
Reg. See his sorrow
For his disobedience, which he says was haste,
And haste he thought to please you with. See, captain,
The toughness of his courage turned to water;
See how his manly heart melts.
Pcen. Go ; beat homeward ;
There learn to eat your little with obedience;
And henceforth strive to do as I direct ye.
[Exeunt SOLDIERS.
Macer, My answer, sir.
Pcen. Tell the great general,
My companies are no faggots to fill breaches,
Myself no man that *must* or *shall* can carry :
Bid him be wise, and where he is, he's safe then ;
And, when he finds out possibilities,
He may command me. Commend me to the captains.
Macer. All this I shall deliver.
Poen. Farewell, Macer.
[Exeunt PCENIUS *and* MACER *severally.*
Cur. Pray gods this breed no mischief!
Reg. It must needs,
If stout Suetonius win; for then his anger,
Besides the soldier's loss of due and honour,
Will break together on him.
Dru. He's a brave fellow ;
And, but a little hide his haughtiness,
(Which is but sometimes neither, on some causes)
He shows the worthiest Roman this day living.
You may, good Curius, to the general
Make all things seem the best.
Cur. I shall endeavour.
Prav for our fortunes, gentlemen : if we fall,

This one farewell serves for a funeral.
The gods make sharp our swords, and steel our hearts !
Re?. We dare, alas, but cannot fight our parts
[Exeunt.

SCENE II.-*Before the Tent of* JUNIUS.

Enter JUNIUS, *followed by* PETILLIUS *and a* HERALD.

Pet. Let him go on. Stay ; now lie talks.
fun. Why,
Why should I love mine enemy ? what is beauty ?
Of what strange violence, that, like the plague,
It works upon our spirits ? Blind they feign him ;
I am sure, I find it so—
Pet. A dog shall lead you,
Jun. His fond affections blinder—
Pet. Hold you there still!
fun. It takes away my sleep—
Pet. Alas, poor chicken S
fun. My company, content, almost my fashion—
Pet. Yes, and yonr weight too, if you follow it.
fun. 'Tis sure the plague, for no man dare come near me
Without an antidote ; 'tis far worse, hell.
Pet. Thou art damned without redemption, then.
Jun. The way to't
Strewed with fair western smiles and April blushes,
Let by the brightest constellations, eyes,
And sweet proportions, envying Heaven; but from thence
No way to guide, no path, no wisdom brings us.
Pet. Yes, a smart water, Junius.
Jun. Do I fool ?
Know all this, and fool still ? Do I know further.
Then when we have enjoyed our ends we lose 'em,

And all our appetites are but as dreams
We laugh at in our ages ?—
Pet. Sweet philosopher!
fun. Do I know on still, and yet know nothing ? Mercy, gods!
Why am I thus ridiculous ?
Pet. Motley on thee 1
Thou art an arrant ass.
Jun. Can red and white,
An eye, a nose, a cheek——
Pet. But one cheek, Junius ?
A half-faced mistress ?
fun. With a little trim,
That wanton fools call fashion, thus abuse me ?
Take me beyond my reason ? Why should not I
Dote on my horse well trapped, my sword well hatched ?'
They are as handsome things, to me more useful,
And possible to rule too. Did I but love,
Yes 'twere excusable, my youth would bear it :
But to love there, and that no time can give me,
Mine honour dare not ask (she has been ravished,)
My nature must not know (she hates our nation,)
Thus to dispose my spirit!
Pet. Stay a little ; he will declaim again.
Jun. I will not love ! I am a man, have reason,
And I will use it; I'll no more tormenting,
Nor whining for a wench ; there are a thousand—
Pet Hold thee there, boy !
fun. A thousand will entreat me.
Pet. Ten thousand, Junius.
fun. I am young and lusty,
And to my fashion valiant; can please nightly.
Pet. l' ll swear thy back's *probatum,* for I have known thee
Leap at sixteen like a strong stallion.

[1] Inlaid or ornamented.

Jun. I will be nun again.
Pet. Now mark the working ;
The devil and the spirit tug for't: twenty pound
Upon the devil's head !
fun. I must be wretched—
Pet. I knew I had won.
Jun. Nor have I so much power
To shun my fortune.
Pet. I will hunt thy fortune
With all the shapes imagination breeds,
But I will fright thy devil.—Stay, he sings now.
[Song by JUNIUS, *and* PETILLIUS *after him in mockage.*
fun. Must I be thus abused?
Pet. Yes, marry must you.
Let's follow him close : oh, there he is; now read it.
Her. (Reads). " It is the general's command, that all sick persons, old and unable, retire within the trenches; he that fears has liberty to leave the field : fools, boys, and lovers, must not come near the regiments, for fear of their infections, especially those cowards they call lovers."
Jun. Ha!
Pet. Read on.
Her. (Reads). " If any common soldier love an enemy, he's whipped and made a slave; if any captain, cast, with loss of honours, flung out o' the army, and made nable ever after to bear the name of a soldier."
Jun. The pox consume ye all, rogues ! *[Exit.*
Pet. Let this work;
He has something now to chew upon. He's gone;
Come, shake no more.
Her. Well, sir, you may command me,
But not to do the like again for Europe ;
I would have given my life for a bent two-pence.
If I e'er read to lovers whilst I live again,
Or come within their confines——

Pet. There's your payment; [*Gries momy*
And keep this private.
Her. i am schooled for talking [*Exit.*

Enter DEMETRIUS.

Pet. How now, Demetrius ! are we drawn ?
Dem. 'Tis doing ;
Vour company stands fair. But, pray you, where's Junius ?
Half his command are wanting, with some forty
That Decius leads.
Pet. Hunting for victuals.
Upon my life, freebooting rogues, their stomachs
Are, like a widow's lust, ne'er satisfied.
Dem. I wonder how they dare stir, knowing the enemy
Master of all the country.
Pet. Resolute hungers
Know neither fears nor faiths; they tread on ladders,
Ropes, gallows, and overdo all dangers.
Dem. They may be hanged though.
Pet. There's their joyful supper ;
And no doubt they are at it.
Dem. But, for Heaven's sake,
How does young Junius ?
Pet. Drawing on, poor gentleman.
Dem. What, to his end ?
Pet. To the end of all flesh, woman.
Dem. This love has made him a stout soldier.
Pet. Oh, a great one,
Fit to command young goslings. But what news ?
Dem. I think the messenger's come back from Pcenius
By this time; let's go know.
Pet. What will you say now
If he deny to come, and take exceptions
At some half syllable, or sound delivered
With an ill accent, or some style left out ?
Dem. I cannot think he dare.

Pet He dare speak treason,
Dare say what no man dares believe, dares do—
But that's all one ; I'll lay you my black armour
To twenty crowns, he comes not.

Dem. Done.

Pet. You'll pay ?

Dem. I will.

Pet. Then keep thine old use, Pcenius,
Be stubborn and vain-glorious, and I thank thee.
Come, let's go pray for six hours ; most of us
I fear will trouble Heaven no more : two good blows
Struck home at two commanders of the Britons,
And my part's done.

Dem. I do not think of dying.

Pet 'Tis possible we may live ; but, Demetrius,
With what strange legs, and arms, and eyes, and noses,
Let carpenters and coppersmiths consider.
If I can keep my heart whole, and my windpipe,
That I may drink yet like a soldier——

Dem. Come, let's have better thoughts ; mine's on your armour.

Pet Mine's in your purse, sir ; let's go try the wager.

\Exeunt.

SCENE III.—*The British Camp. In the background, the Tent of* BONDUCA, *a rock on one side of the stage.*

Enter British Soldiers, *bringing in* JUDAS *and four Roman* Soldiers *with halters about their necks ,* BONDUCA, Daughters, *and* NENNIUS *following, with* Servants.

Bond. Come, hang 'em presently.

Nen. What made your rogueships
Harrying for victuals here ? are we your friends ?
Or do you come for spies ? Tell me directly,

Would you not willingly be hanged now? do not ye long for't?

Judas. What say ye? shall we hang in this vein? Hang we must,
An 'tis as good to despatch it merrily,
As pull an arse, like dogs, to't.

1stSold. Any way,
So it be handsome.

3rd Sold. I had as lief 'twere toothsome too:
But all agree, and I'll not out, boys.

4 th *Sold.* Let's hang pleasantly.

Judas. Then pleasantly be it:—Captain, the truth is,
We had as lief hang with meat in our mouths,
As ask your pardon empty.

Bond. These are brave hungers.—
What say you to a leg of beef now, sirrah?

Judas. Bring me acquainted with it, and I'll tell you.

Bond. Torment 'em, wenches;—I must back;—then hang 'em. [*Exit.*

Judas. We humbly thank your grace.

1stDaugh. The rogues laugh at us.

2nd Daugh. Sirrah, what think you of a wench now?

Judas. A wench, lady?
I do beseech your ladyship, retire;
I'll tell you presently: you see the time's short;
One crash, even to the settling of my conscience,

Nen. Why, is't no more but up, boys?

Judas. Yes, ride too, captain,
Will you but see my seat.

1 *st Daugh.* You shall be set, sir,
Upon a jade shall shake you.

Judas Sheets, good madam,
Will do it ten times better.

1stDaugh. Whips, good soldier,
Which you shall taste before you hang, to mortify you;
'Tis pity you should die thus desperate.

2nd Daugh. These are the merry Romans, the brave madcaps:
Tis ten to one we'll cool your resolutions.—
Bring out the whips.
fudas. Would your good ladyships
Would exercise 'em too !
4th *Sold.* Surely, ladies,
We'd show you a strange patience.
Nen. Hang 'em, rascals !
They'll talk thus on the wheel

Enter CARATACH.

Car. Now, what's the matter ?
What are these fellows? what's the crime committed,
That they wear necklaces ?
Nen. They are Roman rogues,
Taken a-foraging.
Car. Is that all, Nennius ?
Judas. Would I were fairly hanged ! this is the devil,
The kill-cow[1] Caratach.
Car. You would hang 'em ?
Nen. Are they not enemies ?
1stSold. My breech makes buttons.
1stDaugh. Are they not our tormentors ?
Car. Tormentors ! flea-traps.—
Pluck off your halters, fellows.
Nen. Take heed, Caratach;
Taint not your wisdom.
Car. Wisdom, Nennius ?
Why, who shall fight against us, make our honours,
And give a glorious day into our hands,
If we despatch our foes thus ? What's their offence ?
Stealing a loaf or two to keep out hunger,
A piece of greasy bacon, or a pudding ?
Do these deserve the gallows ? They are hungry,

[1] An evident allusion to Guy of Warwick and the dun cow slain by him.

Poor hungry knaves, no meat at home left, starved.—
Art thou not hungry ?

Judas. Monstrous hungry.

Car. He looks like Hunger's self. Get 'em some victuals,
And wine to cheer their hearts ; quick !

[Exeunt Servants.

Hang up poor pilchers !

2nd Sold. This is the bravest captain——

Nen. Caratach,
I'll leave you to your will.

Car. I'll answer all, sir. *{Exit* NENNIUS.

2nd Daugh. Let's up and view his entertainment of 'em!
I am glad they are shifted any way; their tongues else
Would still have murdered us.

1st Dough. Let's up and see it. *[Exeunt* Daughters.

Enter HENGO.

Car. Sit down, poor knaves.—Why, where's this wine and victuals?
Who waits there ?

Serv. [*Within.*~\ Sir, 'tis coming.

Hengo. Who are these, uncle ?

Car. They are Romans, boy.

Hengo. Are these they
That vex mine aunt so ? can these fight ? they look
Like empty scabbards all, no mettle in 'em ;
Like men of clouts, set to keep crows from orchards :
Why, I dare fight with these.

Car. That's my good chicken ! —And how do ye ?
How do ye feel your stomachs ?

Judas. Wondrous apt, sir;
As shall appear when time calls.

Re-enter Servants *with victuals and wine, and set out a table.*

Car. That's well; down with 't.—

A little grace will serve your turns. Eat softly;
You'll choke, ye knaves, else.—Give 'em wine.
Judas. Not yet, sir ;
We are even a little busy.
Jdengo. Can that fellow
Do any thing but eat ?—Thou fellow—
Judas. Away, boy,
Away ! this is no boy's play.
Hetigo. By Heaven, uncle,
If his valour lie in's teeth, he's the most valiant
Car. I am glad to hear you talk, sir.
Hengo. Good uncle, tell me,
What's the price of a couple of crammed Romans ?
Car. Some twenty Britons, boy; these are good soldiers.
Hengo. Do not the cowards eat hard too ?
Car. No more, boy.—
Come, I'll sit with you too.—Sit down by me, boy.
Judas. Piay, bring your dish, then.
Car. Hearty knaves !—More meat there.
1st Sold. That's a good hearing.
Car. Stay now, and pledge me.
Judas. This little piece, sir.
Car. By Heaven, square eaters [1] !—
More meat, I say !—Upon my conscience,
The poor rogues have not eat this month : how terribly
They charge upon their victuals !—Dare ye fight thus ?
Judas. Believe it, sir, like devils.
Car. Well said, Famine :
Here's to thy general. *\Drinks.*
Juaas. Most excellent captain,
I will now pledge thee.
Car. And to-morrow night, say to him,
His head is mine.

[1] Hearty. The term would appear to survive in the American slang phrase " a square meal."

Judas. I can assure you, captain,
He will not give it for this washing.[1]
Car. Well said.

Enter Daughters *on the rock.*

1st Daugh. Here's a strange entertainment : how the thieves drink !
2nd Daugh. Danger is dry; they looked for colder liquor.
Car. FiU'em more wine; give 'em full bowls.—Which of you all now,
In recompense of this good, dare but give me
A sound knock in the battle?
Judas. Delicate captain,
To do thee a sufficient recompense,
I'll knock thy brains out.
Car. Do it.
Htngo. Thou dar'st as well be damned : thou knock his brains out,
Thou skin of man !—Uncle, I will not hear this.
Julas. Tie up your whelp.
Hengo. Thou kill my uncle ! would I
Had but a sword for thy sake, thou dried dog f
Car. What a mettle
This little vermin carries !
Hengo. Kill mine uncle !
Car. He shall not, child.
Hengo. He cannot; he's a rogue,
An only eating rogue : kill my sweet uncle !
Oh, that I were a man !
Judas. By this wine, which I
Will drink to Captain Junius, who loves
The queen's most excellent majesty's little daughter
Most sweetly and most fearfully, I will do it.
Hengo. Uncle, I'll kill him with a great pin.

[1] Meaning this insult.

Car. No more, boy.—
I'll pledge thy captain. To ye all, good fellows !
[Drinks.
2nd JDaugh. In love with me ! that love shall cost your lives all.—
Come, sister, and advise me ; I have here
A way to make an easy conquest of 'em,
If fortune favour rne. *[Exeunt* Daughters *above.*
Car. Let's see ye sweat
To-morrow blood and spirit, boys, this wine
Turned to stern valour.
1stSold. Hark you, Judas ;
If he should hang us after all this ?
Judas. Let him :
I'll hang like a gentleman and a Roman:
Car. Take away there ;
They have enough. *[The table removed.*
Judas. Captain, we thank you heartily
For your good cheer : and, if we meet to-morrow,
One of us pays for't.
Car. Get 'em guides ; their wine
Has over-mastered 'em. *[Exit a* Servant.

Re-enter second Daughter, *and a* Servant.

2nd Daugh. That hungry fellow
With the red beard there, give it him, and this
[Giving letter and purse
To see it well delivered.
Car. Farewell, knaves:
Speak nobly of us ; keep your words to-morrow,
And do something worthy your meat.—

Enter a Guide.

Go, guidt 'em,
And see 'em fairly onward.
Judas. Meaning me, sir ?
Serv. The same.
The youngest daughter to the queen entreat* you

To give this privately to Captain Junius ;
This for your pains.
Judas. I rest her humble servant;
Commend me to thy lady.—Keep your files, boys.
Serv. I must instruct you farther.
Judas. Keep your files there;
Order, sweet friends; faces about now.
Guide. Here, sir ;
Here lies your way.
Judas. Bless the founders, I say.
Fairly, good soldiers, fairly march now; close, boys!
{Exeunt.

SCENE IV'.—*The Roman Camp.*

Enter SUETONIUS, PETIILIUS, DEMETRIUS, DECIUS, *and* MACER.

Suet. Bid me be wise, and keep me where I am,
And so be safe ! not come, because commanded!
Was it not thus ?
Macer. It was, sir.
Pet. What now think you ?
Suet. Must come so heinous to him, so distasteful J
Pet. Give me my money.
Dem. I confess 'tis due, sir,
And presently I'll pay it.
Suet His obedience
So blind at his years and experience,
It cannot find where to be tendered !
Macer. Sir,
The regiment was willing, and advanced too,
The captains at all points steeled up ; their preparations
Full of resolve and confidence ; youth and fire,
Like the fair breaking of a glorious day,

Gilded their phalanx; when the angry Poenius
Stept, like a stormy cloud, 'twixt them and hopes.
Suet. And stopt their resolutions ?
Macer. True ; his reason
To them was odds, and odds so infinite,
Discretion durst not look upon.
Suet. Well, Poenius,
I cannot think thee coward yet; and treacherous
I dare not think : thou hast lopt a limb off from me
And let it be thy glory thou wast stubborn,
Thy wisdom that thou left'st thy general naked :
Yet, ere the sun set, I shall make thee see
All valour dwells not in thee, all command
In one experience. Thou wilt too late repent this,
And wish " I *must* come up " had been thy blessing.
Pet. Let's force him.
Suet. No, by no means ; he's a torrent
We cannot easily stem.
Pet. I think, a traitor,
Suet. No ill words : let his own shame first revile him.—
That wine I have, see it, Demetrius,
Distributed amongst the soldiers,
To make 'em high and lusty ; when that's done,
Petillius, give the word through, that the eagles
May presently advance ; no man discover,
Upon his life, the enemies' full strength,
But make it of no value. Decius,
Are your starved people yet come home ?
Dec. I hope so.
Suet. Keep 'em in more obedience : this is no time
To chide ; I could be angry else, and say more to you;
But come, let's order all. Whose sword is sharpest,
And valour equal to his sword this day,
Shall be my saint.
Pet. We shall be holy all, then.
Exeunt all exaft DECIUS.

Enter JUDAS *and four* Soldiers.

Judas. Captain, captain, I have brought 'em off again;
The drunkenest slaves!

Dec. Pox confound your rogueships .
I'II call the general, and have ye hanged all.

Judas. Pray, who will you command, then ?

Dec. For you, sirrah,
That are the ringleader to these devices,
Whose maw is never crammed, I'll have an engine—

Judas. A wench, sweet captain.

Dec. Sweet Judas, even the forks,[1]
Where you shall have two lictors with two whips
Hammer your hide.

Judas. Captain, good words, fair words,
Sweet words, good captain ; if you like not us,
Farewell; we have employment.

Dec. Where hast thou been ?

Judas. There where you dare not be, with all your valour.

Dec. Where's that ?

Judas. With the best good fellow living.

1stSold. The king of all good fellows.

Dec. Who's that?

Judas. Caratach.
Shake now, and say we have done something worthy;
Mark me, with Caratach; by this light, Caratach :
Do you as much now, an you dare. Sweet Caratach !—
You talk of a good fellow, of true drinking,—
Well, go thy ways, old Caratach !—Besides the drink, captain,
The bravest running banquet[2] of black puddings,
Pieces of glorious beef!

Dec. How 'scaped ye hanging?

Judas. Hanging's a dog's death, we are gentlemen :
And I say still, old Caratach !

[1] See note *ante*, p. 121-

[3] Hasty repast.

Dec. Belike, then,
You are turned rebels all.
Judas. We are Roman boys all,
And boys of mettle. 1 must do that, captain.
This day, this very day——
Dec. Away, you rascal!
Judas. Fair words, I say again.
Dec. What must you do, sir ?
Judas. I must do that my heart-strings yearn to do ;
But my word's past.
Dec. What is it ?
Judas. Why, kill Caratach :
That's all he asked us for our entertainment.
Dec. More than you'll pay.
Judas. 'Would I had sold myself
Unto the skin, I had not promised it!
For such another Caratach——
Dec. Come, fool,
Have you done your country service ?
Judas. I have brought that
To Captain Junius——
Dec. How!
Judas. I think will do all:
I cannot tell; I think so.
Dec. How ! to Junius !—
I'll more enquire of this *[Aside.}*—You'll fight now?
Judas. Promise,
Take heed of promise, captain !
Dec Away, and rank, then.
Judas. But,hark you,captain; there is wine distributing;
I would fain know what share I have.
Dec. Be gone;
ifou have too much.
Judas. Captain, no wine, no fighting :
There's one called Caratach that has wine.
Dec. Well, sir,
If you'll be ruled now, and do well——

Judas. Do excellent.

De You shall have wine, or any thing : go file ;
I'll see you have your share. Drag out your dormice,
And stow 'em somewhere, where they may sleep handsomely ;
They'll hear a hunt's-up[1] shortly.

Judas. Now I love thee;
But no more forks nor whips !

Dec. Deserve 'em not, then.
Up with your men; I'll meet you presently;
And get 'em sober quickly. [*Exit.*

Jttdas. Arm, arm, bullies !
ATs light again and straight; and, which is more,
More wine, more wine. Awake, ye men of Memphis ![2]
Be sober an I discreet; we have much to do, boys.
[Exeunt.

[1] A tune on the horn, commonly played to awaken sportsmen and summon them to the chase.

[2] A quotation from Marlowe's *Tamburlaine,* Part I., Act IV., SC. i.

ACT THE THIRD.

SCENE I.—*A Temple of the Druids.*

Enter a Messenger.

MESS. Prepare there for the sacrifice! the queen comes. *[Music.*

Enter in solemnity the Druids *singing; second* Daughter *strewing flowers ; then* BONDUCA, *first* Daughter, CARATACH, NENNIUS, *and others.*

Bond. Ye powerful Gods of Britain, hear our prayers;
Hear us, you great revengers; and this day
Take pity from our swords, doubt from our valours ;
Double the sad remembrance of our wrongs
In every breast; the vengeance due to those
Make infinite and endless ! On our pikes
This day pale Terror sit, horrors and ruins
Upon our executions ; claps of thunder
Hang on our armed carts ; and 'fore our troops
Despair and Death; Shame beyond these attend 'em !
Rise from the dust, ye relics of the dead,
Whose noble deeds our holy Druids sing;
Oh, rise, ye valiant bones ! let not base earth
Oppress your honours, whilst the pride of Rome
Treads on your stocks, and wipes out all your stories!

Nen. Thou great Tiranes, whom our sacred priests.
Armed with dreadful thunder, place on high

Above the rest of the immortal gods,
Send thy consuming fires and deadly bolts,
And shoot 'em home; stick in each Roman heart
A fear fit for confusion ; blast their spirits,
Dwell in 'em to destruction; thorough their phalanx
Strike, as thou strik'st a proud tree ; shake their bodies,
Make their strength tottef, and their topless fortunes
Unroot, and reel to ruin !

1st Daugh. Oh, thou god,
Thou feared god, if ever to thy justice
Insulting wrongs and ravishments of women
(Women derived from thee) their shames, the sufferings
Of those that daily filled thy sacrifice
With virgin incense, have access, now hear me !
Now snatch thy thunder up, now on these Romans,
Despisers of thy power, of us defacers,
Revenge thyself; take to thy killing anger,
To make thy great work full, thy justice spoken,
An utter rooting from this blessed isle
Of what Rome is or has been !

Bond. Give more incense :
The gods are deaf and drowsy, no happy flame
Rises to raise our thoughts : pour on.

2nd Daugh. See, Heaven,
And all you powers that guide us, see, and shame,
We kneel so long for pity ! Over your altars,
Since 'tis no light oblation that you look for,
No incense-offering, will I hang mine eyes;
And as I wear these stones with hourly weeping,
So will I melt your powers into compassion:
This tear for Prasutagus, my brave father;
(Ye gods, now think on Rome !) this for my mother
And all her miseries; yet see, and save us !
But now ye must be open-eyed. See, Heaven,
Oh, see thy showers stol'n from thee; our dishonours,—•
Oh, sister, our dishonours !—can ye be gods,
And thcst sins smothered ? *[A smoke from the atfar.*

Bond. The fire takes.
Car. It does so,
But no flame rises. Cease your fretful prayers,
Your whinings, and your tame petitions ;
The gods love courage armed with confidence,
And prayers fit to pull them down : weak tears
And troubled hearts, the dull twins of cold spirits,
They sit and smile at. Hear how I salute 'em,—
Divine Andate, thou who hold'st the reins
Of furious battles and disordered war,
And proudly roll'st thy swarty chariot-wheels
Over the heaps of wounds and carcasses,
Sailing through seas of blood; thou sure-steeled sternness,
Give us this day good hearts, good enemies,
Good blows o* both sides, wounds that fear or flight
Can claim no share in ; steel us both with angers
And warlike executions fit thy viewing ;
Let Rome put on her best strength, and thy Britain,
Thy little Britain, but as great in fortune,
Meet her as strong as she, as proud, as daring!
And then look on, thou red-eyed god; who does best,
Reward with honour ; who despair makes fly,
Unarm for ever, and brand with infamy !
Grant this, divine Andate ! 'tis but justice ;
And my first blow thus on thy holy altar
I sacrifice unto thee. [*A flame arises.*
Bond. It flames out. *[Music.*
Car. Now sing, ye Druides. *[Music and song.*
Bond. Tis out again.
Car. H'as given us leave to fight yet; we ask no more;
The rest hangs in our resolutions :
Tempt him no more.
Bond. I would know further, cousin.
Car. His hidden meaning dwells in our endeavours,
Our valours are our best gods. Cheer the soldier,
And let him eat.
Mess. He's at it, sir.

Car. Away, then;
When he has done, let's march.—Come, fear not, lady;
This day the Roman gains no more ground here,
But what his body lies in.

Bond. Now I am confident.

\Exeunt; recorders[1] playing.

SCENE II.—*The Roman Camp.*

Enter JUNIUS, CURIUS, *and* DECIUS.

Dec. We dare not hazard it; beside our lives,
It forfeits all our understandings.

fun. Gentlemen,
Can you forsake me in so just a service,
A service for the commonwealth, for honour?
Read but the letter; you may love too.

Dec. Read it
If there be any safety in the circumstance,
Or likelihood 'tis love, we will not fail you.
Read it, good Curius.

Cur. Willingly.

Jun. Now mark it.

Cur. \Reads " Health to thy heart, my honoured Junius,
And all thy love requited! 1 am thine,
Thine everlastingly; thy love has won me;
And let it breed no doubt, our new acquaintance
Compels this; 'tis the gods decree to bless us.
The times are dangerous to meet; yet fail not;
By all the love thou bear'st me I conjure thee,
Without distrust of danger to come to me;
For I have purposed a delivery
Both of myself and fortune this blest day
Into thy hands, if thou think'st good. To show thee

[1] **Flageolets.**

How infinite my love is, even my mother
Shall be thy prisoner, the day yours without hazard:
For I beheld your danger like a lover,
A just affecter of thy faith : thy goodness,
I know, will use us nobly ; and our marriage,
If not redeem, yet lessen Rome's ambition :
I am weary of these miseries. Use my mother
(If you intend to take her) with all honour ;
And let this disobedience to my parent
Be laid on love, not me. Bring with thee, Junius,
Spirits resolved to fetch me off, the noblest;
Forty will serve the turn, just at the joining
Of both the battles ; we will be weakly guarded,
And for a guide, within this hour, shall reach thee
A faithful friend of mine. The gods, my Junius,
Keep thee, and me to serve thee ! Young Bonvica "
This letter carries much belief, and most objections
Answered, we must have doubted.

Dec. Is that fellow
Come to you for a guide yet ?

fun. Yes.

Dec. And examined ?

fun. Far more than that; he has felt tortures, yet
He vows he knows no more than this truth.

Dec. Strange !

Cur. If she mean what she writes, as 't may be probable,
Twill be the happiest vantage we can lean to.

fun. I'll pawn my soul she means truth.

Dec. Think an hour more ;
Then, if your confidence grow stronger on you,
We'll set in with you.

fun. Nobly done : I thank ye.
Ye know the time.

Cur. We will be either ready
To give you present counsel, or join with you.

fun. No more, as ye are gentlemen. The general!

Enter SUETONIUS, PETILLIUS, DEMETRIUS, *and* MACER.

Suet. Draw out apace ; the enemy waits for us.
Are ye all ready ?
Jun. All our troops attend, sir.
Suet I am glad to hear you say so, Junius :
I hope you are dispossessed.
Jun. I hope so too, sir.
Suet. Continue so. And, gentlemen, to you now:
To bid you fight is needless ; ye are Romans
The name will fight itself: to tell ye who
You go to fight against, his power and nature,
But loss of time; ye know it, know it poor,
And oft have made it so : to tell ye further,
His body shows more dreadful than it has done,
To tell him that fears less possible to deal with,
Is but to stick more honour on your actions,
Load ye with virtuous names, and to your memories
Tie never-dying Time and Fortune constant.
Go on in full assurance : draw your swords
As daring and as confident as justice;
The gods of Rome fight for ye ; loud Fame calls ye,
Pitched on the topless Apennine, and blows
To all the under-world, all nations, the seas,
And unfrequented deserts where the snow dwells ;
Wakens the ruined monuments \ and there,
Where nothing but eternal death and sleep is,
Informs again the dead bones with your virtues.
Go on, I say : valiant and wise rule Heaven,
And all the great aspects[1] attend 'em : do but blow
Upon this enemy, who, but that we want foes,
Cannot deserve that name ; and like a mist,
A lazy fog, before your burning valours
You'll find him fly to nothing. This is all,
We have swords, and are the sons of ancient Romans,
Heirs to their endless valours ; fight and conquer !

[1] **An astrological allusion.**

Dec. Dem. Tis done.
Pet. That man that loves not this day,
And hugs not in his arms the noble danger,
May he die fameless and forgot !
Suet. Sufficient.
Up to your troops, and let your drums beat thunder;
March close and sudden, like a tempest: all executions
{March.
Done without sparkling[1] of the body ; keep your phalanx
Sure lined and pieced together, your pikes forward,
And so march like a moving fort. Ere this day run,
We shall have ground to add to Rome, well won. *{Exeunt.*

SCENE *III.—The Country between the Camps. A Hilton one side of the Stage.*

Enter CARATACH *and* NENNIUS.

Nen. The Roman is advanced; from yond hill's brow
We may behold him, Caratach.
Car. Let's thither;
{They ascend the hill; drums at one place afar off.
I see the dust fly. Now I see the body;
Observe 'em, Nennius; by Heaven, a handsome body,
And of a few strongly and wisely jointed :
Suetonius is a soldier.
Nen. As I take it,
That's he that gallops by the regiments,
Viewing their preparations.
Car. Very likely;
He shows no less than general: see how bravely
The body moves, and in the head how proudly
The captains stick like plumes : he comes apace on.
Good Nennius, go, and bid my stout lieutenant

[1] ***i.e.*** **Dispersing, scattering.**

Bring on the first square body to oppose 'em,
And, as he charges, open to enclose 'em ;
The queen move next with hers, and wheel about,
To gain their backs, in which I'll lead the vanguard.
We shall have bloody crowns this day, I see by't.
Haste thee, good Nenmus \ I'll follow instantly.
[Exit NENNIUS.
How close they march, as if they grew together,
\March sounded within.
No place but lined alike, sure from oppression !
They will not change this figure ; we mubt charge 'em,
And charge 'em home at both ends, van and rear;
They never totter else. *[Drums in another place afar off.*
I hear our music,
And must attend it. Hold, good sword, but this day,
And bite hard where I hound thee; and hereafter
I'll make a relic of thee, for young soldiers
To come like pilgrims to, and kiss for conquests. *[Exit.*

SCENE IV.—*Before the Roman Camp.*

Enter JUNIUS, CURIUS, *and* DECIUS.

jun. Now is the time ; the fellow stays.
Dec. What think you ?
Cur. I think 'tis true.
Jun. Alas, if 'twere a question,
If any doubt or hazard fell into't,
Do ye think mine own discretion so self-blind,
My care of you so naked, to run headlong?
Dec. Let's take Petillius with us.
Jun. By no means ;
He's never wise but to himself, nor courteous
But where the end's his own : we are strong enough,
li not too many. Behind yonder hill,

The fellow tells me, she attends, weak guarded,
Her mother and her sister.
Cur. I would venture.
Jun. We shall not strike five blows for't. Weigh the good,
The general good may come.
Dec. Away ! I'll with ye ;
But with what doubt——
Jun. Fear not : my soul for all!

[Exeunt. Alarms, drums and trumpets in several places afar off, as at a main battle.

SCENE *V.—Near the Field of Battle. A Hill on one side of the Stage.*

Enter DRUSUS *and* PCENIUS *above.*

Dru. Here you may see 'em all, sir; from this hill
The country shows off level.
Pæn. Gods defend me,
What multitudes they are, what infinites !
The Roman power shows like a little star
Hedged with a double halo.—Now the knell rings:
[Loud shouts within,
Hark, how they shout to the battle ! how the air
Totters, and reels, and rends a-pieces, Drusus,
With the huge-vollied clamours !
Dru. Now they charge
(Oh, gods !) of all sides, fearfully.
Pcsn. Little Rome,
Stand but this growing Hydra one short hour,
And thou hast outdone Hercules I
Dru. The dust hides 'era ;
We cannot see what follows.
Pan. They are gone,

Gone, swallowed, Drusus; this eternal SUP
Shall never see 'em march more.
Dru. Oh, turn this way,
And see a model of the field ! some forty
Against four hundred !
Pcen. Well fought, bravely followed !
Oh, nobly charged again, charged home too ! Drusus,
They seem to carry it. Now they charge all;
[Loud shouts within
Close, close, I say ! they follow it. Ye gods,
Can there be more in men ? more daring spirits ?
Still they make good their fortunes. Now they are gone too,
For ever gone : see, Drusus, at their backs
A fearful ambush rises. Farewell, valours,
Excellent valours l oh, Rome, where's thy wisdom ?
Dru. They are gone indeed, sir.
Pan. Look out toward the army ;
I am heavy with these slaughters.
Dru. 'Tis the same still,
Covered with dust and fury.

Enter Daughters *with* JUNIUS, CURIUS, DECIUS, *ana* Soldiers.

2nd Daugh. Bring 'em in ;
Tie 'em, and then unarm 'em.
1stDaugh. Valiant Romans,
Ye are welcome to your loves !
2nd Daugh. Your deaths, fools !
Dec. We deserve 'em ;
And, women, do your worst.
1stDaugh. Ye need not beg it.
2nd Daugh. Which is kind Junius ?
1stSold. This.
2nd Daugh. Are you my sweetheart ?
It looks ill on't! How long is't, pretty soul,
Since you and I first loved ? had we not reason

To dote extremely upon one another ?
How does my love ? This is not he ; my chicken
Could prate finely, sing a love-song.
Jun. Monster——
2nd Daugh. Oh, now it courts !
Jun. Armed with more malice
Than he that got thee has, the devil.
2nd Daugh. Good :
Proceed, sweet chick.
Jun. I hate thee ; that's my last.
2nd Daugh. Nay, an you love me, forward !—No — Come, sister,
Let's prick our answers on our arrows' points,
And make 'em laugh a little.—Ye damned lechers,
Ye proud improvident fools, have we now caught ye r
Are ye i' the noose ? Since ye are such loving creatures
We'll be your Cupids : do ye see these arrows ?
We'll send 'em to your wanton livers, goats.
1sfDaugh. Oh, how I'll trample on "your hearts, ye villains,
Ambitious salt-itched slaves, Rome's master-sins !
The mountain-rams topped your hot mothers.
2nd Daugh. Dogs,
To whose brave founders a salt whore gave suck
Thieves, honour's hangmen, do ye grin ? Perdition
Take me for ever, if in my fell anger,
I do not outdo all example !

Enter CARATACH.

Car. Where,
Where are these ladies Ye keep noble quarter !
Your mother thinks ye dead or taken, upon which
She will not move her battle.—Sure, these faces
I have beheld and known ; they are Roman leaders:
How came they here ?
2nd Daugh. A trick, sir, that we used;
A certain policy conducted 'em

Unto our snare : we have done you no small service.
These used as we intend, we are for the battle.
Car. As you intend ! taken by treachery !
1stDaugh. Is't not allowed?
Car. Those that should gild our conquest,
Make up a battle worthy of our winning,
Catched up by craft!
2nd Daugh. By anv means that's lawful.
Car. A woman's wisaom in our triumphs ! Out!
Out, ye sluts, ye follies ! From our swords
Filch our revenges basely !—Arm again, gentlemen.—
Soldiers, I charge ye help 'em.
2nd Daugh. By Heaven, uncle,
We will have vengeance for our rapes.
Car. By Heaven,
You should have kept your legs close then.—Despatch there.
1sfDaugh. I will not off thus.
Car. He that stirs to execute,
Or she, though it be yourselves, by him that got me,
Shall quickly feel mine anger! One great day given us
Not to be snatched out of our hands but basely,
And must we shame the gods from whence we have it,
With setting snares for soldiers ? I'll run away first,
Be hooted at, and children call me coward,
Before I set up stales[1] for victories.
Give 'em their swords.
2nd Daugh. Oh, gods !
Car. Bear off the women
Unto their mother.
2nd Daugh. One shot, gentle uncle !
Car. One cut her fiddle-string !—Bear 'em off, I say !
Daugh. The devil take this fortune !
Car. Learn to spin ;
And curse your knotted hemp !

[Exeunt Daughters *and* Soldiers.

[1] Decoys.

Go, gentlemen,
Safely go off, up to your troops ; be wiser;
There thank me like tall[1] soldiers ; I shall seek ye. *[Exit.*

Cur. A noble worth !

Dec. Well, Junius ?

fun. Pray ye, nc more I

Cur. He blushes; do not load him.

Dec. Where's your love now ? *[Drums loud within.*

Jun. Puff, there it flies! Come, let's redeem our follies.
[*Exeunt* JUNIUS, CURIUS, *and* DECIUS.

Dru. Awake, sir; yet the Roman body's whole ;
I see 'em clear again.

Pan. Whole ! 'tis not possible ;
Drusus, they must be lost.

Dru. By Heaven, they are whole, sir,
And in brave doing; see, they wheel about
To gain more ground.

Pan. But see there, Drusus, see,
See that huge battle moving from the mountains !
Their gilt coats shine like dragons' scales, their march
Like a rough tumbling storm; see them, and view 'em,
And then see Rome no more. Say they fail, look,
Look where the armed carts stand, a new army !
Look how they hang like falling rocks, as murdering !
Death rides in triumph, Drusus, fell Destruction
Lashes his fiery horse, and round about him
His many thousand ways to let out souls.
Move me again when they charge, when the mountain
Melts under their hot wheels, and from their ax'trees
Huge claps of thunder plough the ground before 'em;
Till then, I'll dream what Rome was.

Enter SUETONIUS, PETILLIUS, DEMETRIUS, MACER, *and* Soldiers.

Suet. Oh, bravely fought! honour 'till now ne'er showed
Her golden face i' the field : like lions, gentlemen,

[1] Brave.

You've held your heads up this day. Where's young Junius,
Curius, and Decius ?

Pet. Gone to Heaven, I think, sir.

Suet. Their worths go with 'em ! Breathe a while. How do ye ?

Pet. Well; some few scurvy wounds; my heart's whole yet.

Dem. 'Would they would give us more ground I

Suet. Give ! we'll have it.

Pet. Have it 1 and hold it too, despite the devil.

Re-enter JUNIUS, DECIUS, *and* CURIUS.

fun. Lead up to the head, and line sure : the queen's battle
Begins to charge like wildfire. Where's the general ?

Suet. Oh, they are living yet! — Come, my brave soldiers,
Come, let me pour Rome's blessing on ye : live,
Live, and lead armies all! Ye bleed hard.

Jun. Best;
We shall appear the sterner to the foe.

Dec. More wounds, more honour.

Pet. Lose no time.

Suet. Away, then;
And stand this shock, ye have stood the world.

Pet We'll grow to't.
Is not this better now than lousy loving ?

Jun. I am myself, Petillius.

Pet. Tis I love thee.

[Exeunt all, except DRUSUS *and* PCENIUS *above.*

Enter BONDUCA, Daughters, CARATACH, NENNIUS, *and* Soldiers.

Car. Charge 'em i' the flanks ! Oh, you have played the fool,
The fool extremely, the mad fool 1

Bond. Why, cousin ?

Car. The woman-fool! why did you give the word
Unto the carts to charge down, and our people
In gross before the enemy ? we pay for't;
Our own swords cut our throats ! why, a pox on't!
Why do you offer to command ? the devil,
The devil and his dam too, who bid you
Meddle in men's affairs ?

Bond. I'll help all.

Car. Home,
Home and spin, woman, spin, go spin ! you trifle.

[Exeunt BONDUCA *and* Daughters.

Open before there, or all's ruined !—How !

[Shouts within,

Now comes the tempest—on ourselves, by Heaven !

Within. Victoria I

Car. Oh, woman, scurvy woman, beastly woman !

[Exit with NENNIUS *and* Soldiers.

Dru. Victoria, victoria !

Pan. How's that, Drusus?

Dru. They win, they win, they win ! Oh, look, look, look, sir,
For Heaven's sake, look !
The Britons fly, the Britons fly ! *Victoriȧ I*

Re-enter SUETONIUS, JUNIUS, PETILLIUS, *&c. and* Soldiers.

Suet. Soft, soft, pursue it soft, excellent soldiers !
Close, my brave fellows, honourable Romans !
Oh, cool ihy mettle, Junius ! they are ours,
The world cannot redeem 'em. Stern Petillius,
Govern the conquest nobly. Soft, good soldiers!

[Exeunt all except DRUSUS *and* PCENIUS *above.*

Enter BONDUCA *and* Daughters *with* Soldiers.

Bond. Shame ! whither fly ye, ye unlucky Britons ?

Will ye creep into your mothers' wombs again ?
Back, cowards!
Hares, fearful hares, doves in your angers! leave me ?
Leave your queen desolate ? her hapless children
To Roman rape again and fury ?

Re-enter CARATACH *with* HENGO.

Car. Fly, ye buzzards !
Ye have wings enough, ye fear !—Get thee gone, woman,
[Loud shout within.
Shame tread upon thy heels ! All's lost, all's lost! Hark,
Hark how the Romans ring our knells !
[Exeunt BONDUCA, Daughters, *and* Soldiers.
Hengo. Good uncle,
Let me go too.
Car. No, boy; thy fortune's mine ;
I must not leave thee. Get behind me, *[Takes* HENGO *on his back[* shake not;
l'll breech you, if you do, boy.—

Re-enter PETILLIUS, JUNIUS, *and* DECIUS.

Come, brave Romans;
All is not lost yet.
fun. Now I'll thank thee, Caratach.
Car. Thou art a soldier; strike home, home ! have at you! *[They fight. Drums.*
Pcen. His blows fall like huge sledges on an anvil.
Dec. I am weary.
Pef. So am I.
Car. Send more swords to me. *[Exit with* HENGO.
fun. Let's sit and rest. [JuN., PET., *and DEC. sit down.*
Dru. What think you now ?
Pan. Oh, Drusus,
I have lost mine honour, lost my name,
Lost all that was my light! These are true Romans,
And I a Briton-coward, a base coward !
Guide me where nothing is but desolation,

That I may never more behold the face
Of man, or mankind know me ! Oh, blind Fortune,
Hast thou abused me thus ?

Dru Good sir, be comforted ;
It was your wisdom ruled you. Pray you, go home;
Your day is yet to come, when this great fortune
Shall be but foil unto it. *[Retreat sounded within,*

Poen. Fool, fool, coward !

[.Exeunt PCENIUS *and* DRUSUS *above.*

Re-enter SUETONIUS, DEMETRIUS, MACER, *and* Soldiers, *with drum and colours.*

Suet. Draw in, draw in !—Well have ye fought, and worthy
Rome's noble recompense. Look to your wounds;
The ground is cold and hurtful. The proud queen
Has got a fort, and there she and her daughters
Defy us once again : to-morrow morning
We'll seek her out, and make her know our fortunes
Stop at no stubborn walls. Come, sons of Honour,
True Virtue's heirs, thus hatched[1] with Britain-blood,
Let's march to rest, and set in gules like suns.
Beat a soft march, and each one ease his neighbours.

[Rxeunt.

[1] Adorned.

ACT THE FOURTH,

SCENE I.—*The Roman Camp, Before the Tent of* JUNIUS.

Enter Petillius Junius , DECIUS, and DEMETRIUS, *singing.*

PET. Smooth was his cheek,
Dec. And his chin it was sleek,
Dun. With, whoop, he has done wooing !
Dem. Juniuswas this captain's name,
A lad for a lass's viewing.
Pet. Full black his eye, and plump his tuigh,
Dec. Made up for love's pursuing.
Dem. Smooth was his cheek,
Pet. And his chin it was sleek,
Dun. With, whoop, he has done wooing !
Pet. Oh, my vexed thief, art thou come home again ? Are thy brains perfect ?
Jun. Sound as bells.
Pet. Thy back-worm Quiet, and cast his sting, boy ?
Jun. Dead, Petillius, Dead to all folly, and now my anger only.
Pet. Why, that's well said ; hang Cupid and his quiver, A drunken brawling boy ! Thy honoured saint Be thy ten shillings, Junius; there's the money, [thee And there's the ware; square dealing: this but sweats

Like a nesh [1]nag, and makes thee look puvbuttocked;
The other runs thee whining up and down
Like a pig in a storm, fills thy brains full of ballads,
And shows thee like a long Lent, thy brave body
Turned to a tail of green-fish[2] without butter.
Dec. When thou lov'st next, love a good cup of wine,
A mistress for a king; she leaps to kiss thee ;
Her red and white's her own ; she makes good blood;
Takes none away; what she heats sleep can help,
Without a groping surgeon.
Jun, I am counselled;
And henceforth, when I dote again——
Dem. Take heed;
Ye had almost paid fort.
Pet. Love no more great ladies;
Thou canst not step amiss, then; there's no delight in 'em:
All's in the whistling of their snatcht-up silks ;
They're only made for handsome view, not handling;
Their bodies of so weak and wash a temper,
A rough-paced bed will shake 'em all to pieces;
A tough hen pulls their teeth out, tires their souls;
Plena rimarum sunt they are full of rennet,
And take the skin off where they're tasted : shun 'em :
They live in cullises[3] like rotten cocks,
Stewed to a tenderness that holds no tack :
Give me a thing I may crush.
Jun. Thou speak'st truly :
The wars shall be my m1stress now.
Pet. Well chosen,
For she's a bouncing lass; she'll kiss thee at night, boy,
And break thy pate i' the morning.
Jun. Yesterday
I found those favours infinite.
Dem. Wench good enough,
But that she talks too loud.
Pet. She talks to the purpose,

[1] Poor-spirited. [2] Cod-fish. [3] Stroiuz broths

Which never woman did yet; she'll hold grappling,
And he that lays on best is her best servant:
All other loves are mere catching of dotterels'[1]
Stretching of legs out only, and trim laziness.
Here comes the general.

Enter SUETONIUS, CURIUS, *and* MACER.

Suet. I am glad I have found ye :
Are those come in yet that pursued bold Caratach ?
Pet. Not yet, sir, for I think they mean to lodge him ;
Take him I know they dare not, 'twill be dangerous.
Suet. Then haste, Petillius, haste to Poenius:
I fear the strong conceit of what disgrace
He 'as pulled upon himself will be his ruin;
I fear his soldiers' fury too : haste presently; [lius——
I would not lose him for all Britain. Give him, Petil-
Pet. That that shall choke him. *[Aside.*
Suet. All the noble counsel,
His fault forgiven too, his place, his honour——
Pet. For me, I think, as handsome————*[AsiJe.*
Suet. All the comfort;
And tell the soldier, 'twas on our command
He drew not to the battle.
Pet. I conceive, sir,
And will do that shall cure all.
Suet. Bring him with you
Before the queen's fort, and his forces with him;
There you shall find us following of our conquest.
Make haste.
Pet. The best I may. *[Exit.*
Suet. And, noble gentlemen,
Up to your companies : we'll presently
Upon the queen's pursuit. There's nothing done
Till she be seized ; without her, nothing won.
[Exeunt. Short flourish.

[1] Birds " said to be so foolishly fond of imitation as to be easily caught. —*Halliwell.*

SCENE II.—*Open Country between the Camps.*

Enter CARATACH *and* HENGO.

Car. How does my boy?
Hengo. I would do well; my heart's well j
I do not fear.
Car. My good boy!
Hengo. I know, uncle,
We must all die; my little brother died,
I saw him die, and he died smiling; sure,
There's no great pain in't, uncle. But, pray, tell me,
Whither must we go when we are dead?
Car. Strange questions!— *[Aside.*
Why, the blessed'st place, boy! ever sweetness
And happiness dwells there.
Hengo. Will you come to me?
Car. Yes, my sweet boy.
Hengo. Mine aunt too, and my cousins?
Car. All, my good child.
Hengo. No Romans, uncle?
Car. No, boy.
Hengo. I should be loth to meet them there.
Car. No ill men,
That live by violence and strong oppression,
Come thither; 'tis for those the gods love, good men.
Hengo. Why, then, I care not when I go, for surely
I am persuaded they love me: I never
Blasphemed 'em, uncle, nor transgressed my parents;
I always said my prayers.
Car. Thou shalt go, then,
Indeed thou shalt.
Hengo. When they p[ease.
Car. That's my good boy!.
Art thou not weary, Hengo?
llengo. Weary, uncle!
I have heard you say you have marched all day in armour.

Car. **I have, boy.**

Hengo. Am not I your kinsman ?

Car. **Yes.**

Hengo. And am not I as fully allied unto you
In those brave things as blood ?

Car. Thou art too tender.

Hengo. To go upon my legs ? they were made to bear **me.**
I can play twenty mile a-day; I see no reason,
But, to preserve my country and myself,
I should march forty.

Car. What wouldst thou be, living
To wear a man's strength !

Hengo. Why, a Caratach,
A Roman hater, a scourge sent from Heaven
To whip these proud thieves from our kingdom. Hark !
[Drum within.
Hark, uncle, hark ! I hear a drum.

Enter JUDAS *and* Soldiers, *and remain at the side of the stage.*

Judas. Beat softly,
Softly, I say ; they are here. Who dare charge ?

1stSold. He
That dares be knocked o' the head : I'll not come near him.

Judas. Retire again, and watch, then. How he stares!
He 'as eyes would kill-a dragon. Mark the boy well *[*
If we could take or kill him—A pox on you,
How fierce you look ! See, how he broods[1] the boy !
The devil dwells in's scabbard. Back, I say !
Apace, apace ! he 'as found us.

Car Do ye hunt us ?

Hengo. Uncle, good uncle, see! the thin starved rascal,
The eating Roman, see where he thrids the thickets !
Kill him, dear uncle, kill him ! one good blow

[1] **Cherishes.**

To knock his brains into his breech; strike's head off
That I may piss in's face.
Car. Do ye make us foxes ?—
Here, hold my charging-staff, and keep the place, boy.
I am at bay, and like a bull I'll bear me.—
Stand, stand, ye rogues, ye squirrels ! *[Exit.*
Hengo. Now he pays 'em ;
Oh, that I had a man's strength!

Re-enter JUDAS.

Judas. Here's the boy ;
Mine own, I thank my fortune.
Hengo. Uncle, uncle !
Famine[1] is fall'n upon me, uncle !
Judas. Come, sir,
Yield willingly, (your uncle's out of hearing,)
I'll tickle your young tail else.
Hengo. I defy thce,
Thou mock-made man of mat! charge home, sirrah !
Hang thee, base slave, thou shak'st.
Judas. Upon my conscience,
The boy will beat me : how it looks, how bravely I
How confident the worm is ! a scabbed boy
To handle me thus !—Yield, or I cut thy head off.
Hengo. Thou dar'st not cut my finger; here 'tis, touch it.
Judas. The boy speaks sword and buckler.—Prithee, yield, boy;
Come, here's an apple ; yield.
Hengo. By Heaven, he fears me !
I'll give you sharper language :—when, you coward.
When come you up ?
Judas. If he should beat me—
Hengo. When, sir ?
I long to kill thee : come, thou canst not scape me;
I have twenty ways to charge thee, twenty deaths
Attend my bloody statf.

[1] Meaning Judas. See *ante* p. 143.—*Car.* Well said, Famine.

Judas. Sure, 'tis the devil,
A dwarf-devil in a doublet!
Hengo. I have killed a captain, sirrah, a brave captain.
And, when I have done, I have kicked him thus. Look here ;
See how I charge this staff!
Judas. Most certain
This boy will cut my throat yet.

Re-enter two Soldiers *running.*

1st Sold. Flee, flee ! he kills us !
2nd Sotd. He comes, he comes !
Judas. The devil take the hindmost !
[Exeunt JUDAS *and* Soldiers.
Hengo. Run, run, ye rogues, ye precious rogues, ye rank rogues !
'A comes, 'a comes, 'a comes, 'a comes ! that's he, boys !—
What a brave cry they make !

Re-enter CARATACH, *with a soldier's head.*

Car. How does my chicken ?
Hengo. Faith, uncle, grown a soldier, a great soldier;
For, by the virtue of your charging-staff,
And a strange fighting face I put upon't,
I have out-braved Hunger.[1]
Car. That's my boy, my sweet boy !
Here, here's a Roman's head for thee.
Hengo. Good provision :
Before I starve, my sweet-faced gentleman,
I'll try your favour.
Car. A right complete soldier !
Come, chicken, let's go seek some place of strength
(The country's full of scouts) to rest a while in ;
Thou wilt not else be able to endure
The journey to my country. Fruits and water
Must be your food a while, boy.

[1] Again alluding to Judas.

Hengo. Any thing;
I can eat moss, nay, I can live on anger,
To vex these Romans. Let's be wary, uncle.
Car. I warrant thee; come cheerfully.
Hengo. And boldly. *[Exeunt.*

SCENE *III.—The Tent of* PCENIUS.

Enter PCENIUS, DRUSUS, *and* REGULUS.

Reg. The soldier shall not grieve you.
Pan. Pray ye, forsake me ;
Look not upon me, as ye love your honours !
I am so cold a coward, my infection
Will choke your virtues like a damp else.
Dru. Dear captain !
Reg. Most honoured sir !
Pasn. Most hated, most abhorred !
Say so, and then ye know me, nay, ye please me.
Oh, my dear credit, my dear credit !
Reg. Sure,
His mind is dangerous.
Dru. The good gods cure it!
Pan. My honour got through fire, through stubborn breaches,
Through battles that have been as hard to win as Heaven,
Through Death himself in all his horrid trims,
Is gone for ever, ever, ever, gentlemen !
And now I am left to scornful tales and laughters,
To hootings at, pointing with fingers, " That's he,
That's the brave gentleman forsook the battle,
The most wise Pcenius, the disputing coward !"
Oh, my good sword, break from my side, and kill me ;
Cut out the coward from my heart I

Reg. You are none.

Pæn. He lies that says so; by Heaven, he lies. Ues basely,
Baser than I have done ! Come, soldiers, seek me ;
I have robbed ye of your virtues ! Justice seek me ;
I have broke my fair obedience ! lost ! Shame take me,
Take me, and swallow me, make ballads of me,
Shame, en Hess shame ! — and, pray, do you forsake me.

Dnt. What shall we do ?

Pcen. Good gentlemen, forsake me ;
You were not wont to be commanded ; friends, pray do it :
And do not fear ; for, as I am a coward,
I will not hurt myself (when that mind takes me,
I'll call to you, and ask your help,) I dare not.
[Throws himself upon the ground.

***Enter* PETILLIUS.**

Pet. Good-morrow, gentlemen. Where's the tribune ?

Reg. There.

Dru. Whence come you, good Petillius ?

Pet. From the general.

Dru. With what, for Heaven's sake ?

Pet. With good counsel, Drusus,
And love, to comfort him.

Dru. Good Regulus,
Step to the soldier and allay his anger ;
For he is wild as winter.
[Exeunt DRUSUS *and* REGULUS.

Pet. Oh, are you there ? have at you ! *[Aside']* — Sure he's dead, *[Half aside*
It cannot be he dare outlive this fortune ;
He must die, 'tis most necessary ; men expect it,
And thought of life in him goes beyond coward.
Forsake the field so basely, fie upon't !
So poorly to betray his worth ! so coldly
To cut all credit from the soldier ! sure
If this man mean to live (as I should think it

Beyond relief,) he must retire where never
The name of Rome, the voice of arms, or honour,
Was known or heard of yet. He's certain dead,
Or strongly means it; he's no soldier else,
No Roman in him ; all he has done but outside,
Fought either drunk or desperate. [PCENIUS *rises] Now* he rises.—
How does Lord Poenius ?

Pœn. As you see.

Pet. I am glad on't;
Continue so still. The lord general,
The valiant general, great Suetonius——

Pcen. No more of me is spoken ; my name's perished *[Aside.*

Pet. He that commanded fortune and the day
By his own valour and discretion,
(When, as some say, Poenius refused to come,
But I believe 'em not,) sent me to see you.

Pœn. You are welcome; and pray, see me, see me well;
You shall not see me long.

Pet, I hope so, Poenius.—
The gods defend,[1] sir !

Pan. See me, and understand me. This is he,
Left to fill up your triumph; he that basely
Wh1stled his honour off to the wind, that coldly
Shrunk in his politic head, when Rome, like reapers,
Sweat blood and spirit for a glorious harvest,
And bound it up, and brought it off *[* that fool,
That having gold and copper offered him,
Refused the wealth, and took the waste; that soldier,
That being courted by loud Fame and Fortune,
Labour in one hand that propounds us gods,
And in the other glory that creates us,
Yet durst doubt and be damned !

Pet. It was an error.

Pcen. A foul one, and a black one.

[1] Forbid.

Pet. Yet the blackest
May be washed white again.
Pœn. Never.
Pet. Your leave, sir ;
And I beseech you note me, for I love you,
And bring along all comfort. Are we gods,
Allied to no infirmities ? are our natures
More than men's natures ? when we slip a little
Out of the way of virtue, are we lost ?
Is there no medicine called sweet mercy ?
Pcsn. None, Petillius;
There is no mercy in mankind can reach me,
Nor is it fit it should ; I have sinned beyond it.
Pet. Forgiveness meets with all faults
Pcsn. 'Tis all faults,
All sins I can commit, to be forgiven ;
'Tis loss of whole man in me, my discretion,
To be so stupid, to arrive at pardon.
Pet. Oh, but the general——
Pan. He's a brave gentleman,
A valiant, and a loving; and I dare say
Pie would, as far as honour durst direct him,
Make even with my fault; but 'tis not honest,
Nor in his power : examples that may nourish
Neglect and disobedience in whole bodies,
And totter the estates and faiths of armies,
Must not be played withal; nor out of pity
Make a general forget his duty ;
Nor dare I hope more from him than is worthy.
Pet. What would you do ?
Pan. Die.
Pet. So would sullen children,
Women that want their wills, slaves disobedient
That fear the law. Die ! fie, great captain ! you
A man to rule men, to have thousand lives
Under your regiment,[1] and let your passion

[1] Command.

Betray your reason ! I bring you all forgiveness,
The noblest kind commends, your place, your honour——
Pan. Prithee, no more ; 'tis foolish. Didst not thou—
By Heaven thou didst ! I overheard thee, there,
There where thou stand'st now—deliver me for rascal,
Poor, dead, cold, coward, miserable, wretched,
If I outlived this ruin ?
Pet. I!
Pœn. And thou didst it nobly,
Like a true man, a soldier; and I thank thee,
I thank thee, good Petillius, thus I thank thee.
Pet. Since you are so justly made up, let me tell you,
'Tis fit you die indeed.
Pan. Oh, now thou lov'st me !
Pet. For say he had forgiven you, say the people's whispers
Were tame again, the time run out for wonder,
What must your own command think, from whose swords
You have taken off the edges, from whose valours
The due and recompense of arms; nay, made it doubtful
Whether they knew obedience ? must not these kill you ?
Say they are won to pardon you, by mere miracle
Brought to forgive you, what old valiant soldier,
What man that loves to fight, and fight for Rome,
Will ever follow you more? Dare you know these ventures ?
If so, I bring you comfort; dare you take it ?
Pan. No, no, Petillius, no.
Pet. If your mind serve you,
You may live still; but how ?—yet pardon me :
You may out-wear all too;—but when ?—and certain
There is a mercy for each fault, if tamely
A man will take't upon conditions.
Pan. No, by no means : I am only thinking now, sir,
(For I am resolved to go) of a most base death,
Fitting the baseness of my fault. I'll hang.
Pet. You shall not: you're a gentleman I honour,

I would else flatter you, and force you live,
Which is far baser. Hanging ! 'tis a dog's death,
An end for slaves.

Pan. The fitter for my baseness.

Pet. Besides, the man that's hanged preaches his end,
And sits a sign for all the world to gape at.

Pan. That's true ; I'll take a fitter,—poison.

Pet. No.
'Tis equal ill; the death of rats and women,
Lovers, and lazy boys that fear correction.
Die like a man.

Pcen. Why, my sword, then.

Pet. Ay, if your sword be sharp, sir :
There's nothing under Heaven that's like your sword;
Your sword's a death indeed.

Pan. It shall be sharp, sir.

Pet. Why, Mithridates was an arrant ass
To die by poison[1] if all Bosphorus
Could lend him swords. Your sword must do the deed :
'Tis shame to die choked, fame to die and bleed.

Pcen. Thou hast confirmed me; and, my good Petillius,
Tell me no more I may live.

Pet. 'Twas my commission ;
But now I see you in a nobler way,
A way to make all even.

Pan. Farewell, captain :
Be a good man, and fight well; be obedient;
Command thyself, and then thy men. Why shak'st thou ?

Pet. I do not, sir.

Pcen. I would thou had'st, Petillius !
I would find something to forsake the world with,
Worthy the man that dies : a kind of earthquake
Thorough all stern valours but mine own.

Pet I feel now
A kind of trembling in me.

[1] This is MI error. Sympson pointed out that Mithridates did not die by poison.

Posn. Keep it still ;
As thou lov'st virtue, keep it.
Pet. And, brave captain,
Tae great and honoured Pcenius,—
Posn. That again !
Oh, how it heightens me ! again, Petillius!
Pet. Most excellent commander !
Pcsn. Those were mine !
Mine, only mine !
Pet. They are still.
Pan. Then, to keep 'em
For ever falling more, have at you !—Heavens,
Ye everlasting powers, I am yours !
[Falls upon his sword.
The work's done,
That neither fire, nor age, nor melting envy,
Shall ever conquer. Carry my last words
To the great general : kiss his hands, and say,
My soul I give to Heaven, my fault to justice,
Which I have done upon myself; my virtue
If ever there was any in poor Pcenius,
Made more and happier, light on him !—I faint—
And where there is a foe, I wish him fortune.—
I die :
Lie lightly on my ashes, gentle earth ! *[Dies.*
Pet. And on my sin !—Farewell, great Poenius !—
The soldier is in fury ; now I am glad *[Noise within.*
'Tis done before he comes. This way for me,
The way of toil,—for thee, the way of honour ! *[Exit.*

Pe-enter, and remain at the side on the stage, DRUSUS *and* REGULUS, *with* Soldiers *who are pressing in.*

Soldiers. Kill him, kill him, kill him !
Dru. What will ye do ?
Reg. Good soldiers, honest soldiers——
Soldiers. Kill him, kill him, kill him !
Dru. Kill us first; we command too.

Reg. Valiant soldiers,
Consider but whose life you seek.—Oh, Drusus,
Bid him be gone! he dies else [DRUSUS *advances]*—
Shall Rome say,
Ye most approved soldiers, her dear children
Devoured the father of the fights? shall rage
And stubborn fury guide those swords to slaughter,
To slaughter of their own, to civil ruin?
Dru. Oh, let 'em in! all's done, all's ended, Regulus;
Pcenius has found his last eclipse [REGULUS *advances}*—
Come, soldiers,
Come, and behold your miseries; come bravely,
Full of your mutinous and bloody angers,
[Soldiers *advance.*
And here bestow your darts.—Oh, only Roman,
Oh, father of the wars!
Reg. Why stand ye stupid?
Where be your killing furies? whose sword now
Shall first be sheathed in Pcenius? do ye weep?
Howl out, ye wretches, ye have cause; howl ever:
Who shall now lead ye fortunate? whose valour
Preserve ye to the glory of your country?
Who shall march out before ye, coyed and courted
By all the m1stresses of war, care, counsel,
Quick-eyed experience, and victory twined to him?
Who shall beget ye deeds beyond inheritance
To speak your names, and keep your honours living,
When children fail, and Time, that takes all with him,
Builds houses for ye to oblivion?
Dru. Oh, ye poor desperate fools, no more now soldiers,
Go home, and hang your arms up; let rust rot 'em;
And humble your stern valours to soft prayers *I*
For ye have sunk the frame of all your virtues;
The sun that warmed your bloods is set for ever.—
J7I kiss thy honoured cheek. Farewell, great Po?nius,

Thou thunderbolt, farewell !—Take up the body :
To-morrow morning to the camp convey it,
There to receive due ceremonies. That eye,
That blinds himself with weeping, gets most glory.
[Exeunt^ with a dead march, bearing the body.

SCENE *IV.—Before the Fort of* BONDUCA.

Enter SUETONFUS, JUNIUS, DECIUS, DEMETRIUS, CURIUS, *and* Soldiers, *with drums and colours :* BONDUCA, Daughters, *and* NENNIUS *on the ramparts.*

Suet. Bring up the catapults, and shake the wall;
We will not be out-braved thus.
Nen. Shake the earth ;
Ye cannot shake our souls. Bring up your rams,
And with their armed heads make the fort totter ;
Ye do but rock us into death. *[Exit**
Jun. See, sir,
See the Icenian queen in all her glory,
From the strong battlements proudly appearing,
As if she meant to give us lashes !
Dec. Yield, queen.
Bond. I am unacquainted with that language, Roman
Suet. Yield, honoured lady, and expect our mercy .
We love thy nobleness. *[Exit* DECIUS.
Bond. I thank ye; ye say well;
But mercy and love are sins in Rome and hell.
Suet. You cannot scape our strength; you must vield, lady;
You must adore and fear the power of Rome.
Bond. If Rome be earthly, why should any knee
With bending adoration worship her ?
She's vicious ; and, your partial selves confess,
Aspires the height of all impiety;

Therefore 'tis fitter I should reverence
The thatched houses where the Britons dwell
In careless mirth ; where the blest household gods
See nought but chaste and simple purity.
'Tis not high power that makes a place divine,
Nor that the men from gods derive their line;
But sacred thoughts, in holy bosoms stored,
Make people noble, and the place adored.

Suet. Beat the wall deeper !

Bond. Beat it to the centre,
We will not sink one thought.

Suet I'll make ye.

Bond. No.

Enter PETILLIUS, *who whispers* SUETONIUS.

2nd Daugh. Oh, mother, these are fearful hours; speak gently
To these fierce men; they will afford you pity.

Bond. Pity, thou fearful girl ! 'tis for those wretches
That misery makes tame. Wouldst thou live less ?
Wast not thou born a princess ? can my blood,
And thy brave father's spirit, suffer in thee
So base a separation from thyself
As mercy from these tyrants ? Thou lov'st lust, sure
And long'st to prostitute thy youth and beauty
To common slaves for bread. Say they had mercy,
The devil a relenting conscience,
The lives of kings rest in their diadems,
Which to their bodies lively souls do give,
And, ceasing to be kings, they cease to live.
Show such another fear, and, by the gods,
I'll fling thee to their fury !

Suet. He is dead, then ?

Pet. I think so certainly; yet all my means, sir
Even to the hazard of my life——

Suet. No more:
We must not seem to mourn here.

Re-enter DECIUS.

Dec. There's a breach made;
Is it your will we charge, sir ?
Suet. Once more, mercy,
Mercy to all that yield!
Bond. I scorn to answer:—
Speak to him, girl,—and hear thy s1ster.
1stDaugh. General,
Hear me, and mark me well, and look upon me,
Directly in my face, my woman's face
Whose only beauty is the hate it bears ye;
See with thy narrowest eyes, thy sharpest wishes,
Into my soul, and see what there inhabits ;
See if one fear, one shadow of a terror,
One paleness dare appear but from my anger,
To lay hold on your mercies. No, ye fools,
Poor fortune's fools, we were not born for triumphs,
To follow your gay sports, and fill your slaves
With hoots and acclamations.
Pet. Brave behaviour!
1stDaugh. The children of as great as Rome, as noble,
Our names before her, and our deeds her envy,
Must we gild o'er your conquest, make your state,
That is not fairly strong, but fortunate ?
No, no, ye Romans, we have ways to scape ye,
To make ye poor again, indeed our prisoners,
And stick our triumphs full,——
Pet 'Sdeath, I shall love her !
1st*Daugh.* To torture ye with suffering like our slaves.
To make ye curse our patience, wish the world
Were lost again, to win us only, and esteem it
The end of all ambitions.
Bond. Do ye wonder ?
We'll make our monuments in spite of fortune;
In spite of all your eagle's wing, we'll work

A pitch above ye ; and from our height we'll stoop
As fearless of your bloody seres,[1] and fortunate,
As if we preyed on heartless doves.
Suet. Strange stiffness !—
Decius, go charge the breach. *[Exit* DECIUS.
Bond. Charge it home, Roman ;
We shall deceive thee else.—Where's Nennius ?

Re-enter NENNIUS, *above.*

Nen. They have made a mighty breach.
Bond. Stick in thy body,
And make it good but half an hour.
Nen. I'll do it.
1stDaugh. And then be sure to die.
Nen. It shall go hard else.
Bond. Farewell, with all my heart! we shall meet yonder,
Where few of these must come.
Nen. God take thee, lady ! *{Exit.*
Bond. Bring up the swords and poison.

Enter above, an Attendant *with Swords and a great Cup.*

2nd Daugh. Oh, my fortune !
Bond. How, how, you whore ?
2nd Daugh. Good mother, nothing to offend you.
Bond. Here, wench.—
Behold us, Romans!
Suet. Mercy yet!
Bond. No talking !
Puff, there goes all your pity !—Come, short prayers,
And let's despatch the business. You begin;
Shrink not, I'll see you do't.
2nd Daugh. Oh, gentle mother !—
Oh, Romans !—Oh, my heart! I dare not.
Suet. Woman, woman,
Unnatural woman !

[1] Taloni. **Fr.** ***Serres.***

2nd Daugh. Oh, persuade her, Romans !
Alas, I am young, and would live,—Noble mother
Can you kill that you gave life ? Are my years
Fit for destruction ?
Suet. Yield, and be a queen still,
A mother, and a friend.
Bond. Ye talk !—Come, hold it,
And put it home.
1st Daugh. Fie, s1ster, fie 1
What would you live to be ?
Bond. A whore still ?
2nd Daugh. Mercy !
Suet Hear her, thou wretched woman !
2nd Daugh. Mercy, mother !
Oh, whither will you send me ? I was once
Your darling, your delight.
Bond. Oh, gods,
Fear in my family !—Do it, and nobly.
2nd Daugh. Oh, do not frown, then !
1stDaugh. Do it, worthy s1ster;
Tis nothing; 'tis a pleasure : we'll go with you
2nd Daugh. Oh, if I knew but whither !
1stDaugh. To the blessed;
Where we shall meet our father——
Suet. Woman!
Bond. Talk not.
1stDaugh. Where nothing but true joy is——
Bond. That's a good wench !
Mine own sweet girl! put it close to thee.
2nd Daugh. Oh,
Comfort me still, for Heaven's sake !
i*st Daugh.* Where eternal
Our youths are, and our beauties; where no wars come,
Nor lustful slaves to ravish us.
2nd Daugh. That steels me;
A long farewell to this world

Bond. Good; Til help thee.

[2nd Daugh. stabs herself and dies.

1stDaugh. The next is mine.——
Show me a Roman lady, in all your stories,
Dare do this for her honour; they are cowards,
Eat coals like compelled cats ;[1] your great saint Lucrece,
Died not for honour; Tarquin topped her well;
And, mad she could not hold him, bled.

Pet. By Heaven,
I am in love: I would give an hundred pound now
But to lie with this woman's behaviour. Oh, the devil!

1stDaugh. Ye shall see me example : all your Rome,
If I were proud and loved ambition,
If I were lustful, all your ways of pleasure,
If I were greedy, all the wealth ye conquer——

Bond. Make haste.

1st Daugh. I will—could not entice to live,
But two short hours, this frailty. Would ye learn
How to die bravely, Romans, to fling off
This case of flesh, lose all your cares for ever ?
Live, as we have done, well, and fear the gods;
Hunt honour, and not nations, with your swords ;
Keep your minds humble, your devotions high ;
So shall ye learn the noblest part, to die.

1stabs herself and die.*

Bond. I come, wench.—To ye all, Fate's hangmen, you
That ease the aged Destinies, and cut
The threads of kingdoms as they draw 'em ! here,
Here is a draught would ask no less than Caesar
To pledge it for the glory's sake !

Cur. Great lady!

Suet. Make up your own conditions.

Bond. So we will.

Suet. Stay!

[1] Mason, quoted by Dyce, says, " It was a vulgar notion that cats when angry would eat coals."

Dem. Stay!
Suet. Be any thing.
Bond. A saint, Suetonius, *[Drinks.*
When thou shalt iear, and die like a slave. Ye fools ;
Ye should have tied up Death first, when ye conquered ;
Ye sweat for us in vain else : see him here !
He's ours still, and our friend; laughs at your pities;
And we command him with as easy reins
As do our enemies.—I feel the poison.—
Poor vanquished Romans, with what matchless tortures
Could I now rack ye ! but I pity ye,
Desiring to die quiet: nay, so much
I hate to prosecute my victory,
That I will give ye counsel ere I die,—
If you will keep your laws and empire whole,
Place in your Roman flesh a Briton soul. *[Dies.*
Suet. Desperate and strange !

Re-enter DECIUS.

Dec. Tis won, sir, and the Britons
All put to the sword.
Suet. Give her fair funeral;
She was truly noble, and a queen.
Pet. Pox take it,
A love-mange grown upon me ! what a spirit!
fun. I am glad of this; I have found you. *[Aside.*
Pet. In my belly,
Oh, how it tumbles !
Jun. Ye gooc(gods, I thank ye! *(Aside.}* *[Exeunt.*

ACT THE FIFTH.

SCENE *I.—The Woods.*

CARATACH *discovered upon a rock in the back-ground, and* HENGO *by him sleeping.*

CAR. Thus we afflicted Britons climb for safeties.
And, to avoid our dangers, seek destructions ;
Thus we awake to sorrows.—Oh, thou woman,
Thou agent for adversities, what curses
This day belong to thy improvidence !
To Britanie, by thy means, what sad millions
Of widows' weeping eyes ! The strong man's valour
Thou hast betrayed to fury, the child's fortune
To fear, and want of friends, whose pieties
Might wipe his mournings off, and build his sorrows
A house of rest by his blest ancestors :
The virgins thou hast robbed of all their wishes,
Blasted their blowing hopes, turned their songs.
Their mirthful marriage-songs, to funerals;
The land thou hast left a wilderness of wretches.—
The boy begins to stir; thy safety made,
Would my soul were in Heaven !

Hengo. Oh, noble uncle,
Look out! I dreamed we were betrayed.

Car. No harm, boy; *[A soft dead march within,*
'Tis but thy emptiness that breeds these fancies :
Thou shalt have meat anon.

Htngo. A little, uncle,
And I shall hold out bravely.—What are those,
(Look, uncle, look!) those multitudes that march there
They come upon us stealing by.
Car, I see 'em ;
And prithee, be not fearful.
Hengo. Now you hate me ;
Would I were dead !
Car. Thou know'st I love thee dearly.
Hengo. Did I e'er shrink yet, uncle ? were I a man now,
I should be angry with you.

Enter DRUSUS, REGULUS, *and* Soldiers, *with* PCENIUS'S *Hearse, Drums, and Colours.*

Car. My sweet chicken !—
See, they have reached us ; and, as it seems, they bear
Some soldier's body, by their solemn gestures,
And sad solemnities ; it well appears, too,
To be of eminence.—Most worthy soldiers,
Let me entreat your knowledge to inform me
What noble body that is, which you bear
With such a sad and ceremonious grief,
As if ye meant to woo the world and nature
To be in love with death ? most honourable
Excellent Romans, by your ancient valours,
As ye love fame, resolve[1] me !
u/ *Sold. Tis* the body
Of the great Captain Pcenius, by himself
Made cold and spiritless.
Car. Oh, stay, ye Romans,
By the religion which you owe those gods
That lead ye on to victories ! by those glories
Which made even pride a virtue in ye !
JDru. Stay.—
What's thy will, Caratach ?

[1] Satisfy.

Car. Set down the body,
The body of the noblest of all Romans ;
As ye expect an offering at your graves
From your friends' sorrows, set it down a while,
That with your griefs an enemy may mingle,
(A noble enemy that loves a soldier,)
And lend a tear to virtue : even your foes,
Your wild foes, as you called us, are yet stored
With fair affections, our hearts fresh, our spirits,
Though sometimes stubborn, yet, when virtue dies,
Soft and relenting as a virgin's prayers :
-Oh, set it down !

Dru. Set down the body, soldiers.

Car. Thou hallowed relic, thou rich diamond
Cut with thine own dust; thou, for whose wide fame
The world appears too narrow, man's all thoughts,
Had they all tongues, too silent j thus I bow
To thy most honoured ashes, though an enemy,
Yet friend to all thy worths : sleep peaceably;
Happiness crown thy soul, and in thy earth
Some laurel fix his seat, there grow and flourish,
And make thy grave an everlasting triumph !
Farewell all glorious wars, now thou art gone,
And honest arms adieu ! all noble battles,
Maintained in thirst of honour, not of blood,
Farewell for ever!

Hengo. Was this Roman, uncle,
So good a man ?

Car. Thou never knew'st thy father.

Hengo. He died before I was born.

Car. This worthy Roman
Was such another piece of endless honour,
Such a brave soul dwelt in him ; their proportions
And faces were not much unlike, boy.—Excellent nature 1
See how it works into his eyes !—mine own boy !

fftngo. The multitudes of these men, and their fortunes,
Could never make me fear yet; one man's goodness—

Car. Oh, now thou pleasest me ! weep still, my child,
As if thou saw'st me dead! with such a flux
Or flood of sorrow, still thou pleasest me.—
And. worthy soldiers, pray receive these pledges,
These hatchments of our griefs, and grace us so much
To place 'em on his hearse. Now, it ye please,
Bear off the noble burden ; raise his pile
High as Olympus, making Heaven to wonder
To see a star upon earth out-shining theirs:
And ever-loved, ever-living be
Thy honoured and most sacred memory !

Dru. Thou hast done honestly, good Caratach;
And when thou diest, a thousand virtuous Romans
Shall sing thy soul to Heaven.—Now march on, soldiers.
[Exeunt Romans with a dead march.

Car. Now dry thine eyes, my boy.

Ifengo. Are they all gone?
I could have wept this hour yet.

Car. Come, take cheer,
And raise thy spirit, child ; if but this day
Thou canst bear out thy faintness, the night coming
I'll fashion our escape.

ffen^o. Pray, fear me not;
Indeed I am very hearty.

Car. Be so still:
His mischiefs lessen, that controls his ill. *[Exeunt.*

SCENE II.— *The Roman Camp.*

Enter PETILLIUS.

Pet. What do I ail, i' the name of Heaven? I did but see her,
And see her die ; she stinks by this time strongly,
Abominably stinks. She was a woman,

A thing I never cared for; but to die so,
So confidently, bravely, strongly—oh, the devil,
I have the bots![1]—by heaven, she scorned us strangely,
All we could do, or durst do; threatened us
With such a noble anger, and so governed
With such a fiery spirit—the plain bots!
A pox upon the bots, the love-bots! Hang me.
Hang me even out o' the way, directly hang me!
Oh, penny-pipers, and most painful penners
Of bountiful new ballads, what a subject,
What a sweet subject for your silver sounds,
Is crept upon ye!

Enter JUNIUS.

fun. Here he is; have at him! *[Aside.*

(Sings) She set the sword unto her breast,
Great pity it was to see,
That three drops of her life-warm blood,
Run trickling down her knee,

Art thou there, bonny boy? and, i' faith, how dost thou?

Pet. Well, gramercy; how dost thou?—He 'as found me,
Scented me out; the shame the devil owed me,
H'as kept his day with *[Aside]*.—And what news, Junius?

fun. (Sings)

It was an old tale, ten thousand times told,
Of a young lady was turned into mould,
Her-life it was lovely, her death it was bold.

Pet. A cruel rogue, now h'as drawn, pursue on me!
He hunts me like a devil *[Aside']*—No more singing;
Thou hast got a cold: come, let's go drink some sack, boy.

Jun. Ha, ha, ha, ha, ha, ha!

Pet. Why, dost thou laugh?
What mare's nest hast thou found?

[1] Worms which trouble cattle in the intestines.

fun. Ha, ha, ha !
I cannot laugh alone :—Decius ! Demetrius !
Curius !—oh, my sides; ha, ha, ha, ha!—
The strangest jest !
Pet. Prithee, no more.
fun. The admirablest fooling !
Pet. Thou art the prettiest fellow I
fun. Sirs !
Pet. Whyjunius,
Prithee, away, sweet Junius !
Jun. Let me sing, then.
Pet, Whoa, here's a stir now! sing a song of sixpence !
By Heaven, if—prithee—pox on't, Junius !
Jun. I must either sing or laugh.
Pet. And what's your reason ?
Jun. What's that to you ?
Pet. And I must wh1stle.
Jun. Do so.
Oh, I hear 'em coming
Pet. I have a little business.
Jun, Thou shalt not go, believe it. What! a gentleman
Of thy sweet conversation !
Pet. Captain Junius,
Sweet captain, let me go with all celerity :
Things are not always one; and do not question,
Nor jeer, nor gibe : none of your doleful ditties,
Nor your sweet conversation; you will find then
I may be angered.
Jun. By no means, Petillius ;
Anger a man that never knew passion !
'Tis most impossible : a noble captain,
A wise and generous gentleman ?
Pet. Tom Puppy,
Leave this way to abuse me: I have found you;
But, for your mother's sake, I will forgive you.
Your subtle understanding may discover,

As you think, some trim toy to make you merry,
Some straw to tickle you ; but do not trust to't;
You're a young man, and may do well; be sober,
Carry yourself discreetly.

Jun. Yes, forsooth.

Enter DECIUS, DEMETRIUS, *and* CURIUS.

Dem. How does the brave Petillius ?

Jnn. Monstrous merry :
We two w^re talking what a kind, of thing
I was when I was in love; what a strange monster
For little boys and girls to wonder at;
How like a fool I looked.

Dec. So they do all,
Like great dull slavering fools.

Jun. Petillius saw too.

Pet. No more of this j 'tis scurvy; peace.

fun. How nastily,
Indeed how beastly, all I did became me !
How I forgot to blow my nose. There he stands,
An honest and a wise man ; if himself
(I dare avouch it boldly, for I know it)
Should find himself in love——

Pet. I am angry.

Jun. Surely his wise self would hang his beastly self,
His understanding self so mawl his ass self——

Dec. He's bound to do it; for he knows the follies,
The poverties, and baseness that belongs to't;
H'as read upon the reformations long.

Pet. He has so.

Jun. 'Tis true, and he must do't: nor is it fit indeed
Any such coward——

Pet. You'll leave prating?

Jun. Should dare come near the regiments, especially
Those curious puppies (for believe there are such)
That only love behaviours : those are dog-whelps,
Dwindle away because a woman dies well;

Commit with passions only ; fornicate •
With the free spirit merely. You, Petillius,
For you have long observed the world——
Pet. Dost thou hear ?
I'll beat thee damnably within these three hours :
Go pray ; may be I'll kill thee. Farewell, jackdaws !
[Exit
Dec. What a strange thing he's grown 1
Jun. I am glad he is so;
And stranger he shall be before I leave him.
Cur. I'st possible her mere death——
Jun. I observed him,
And found him taken, infinitely taken,
With her bravery ; I have followed him,
And seen him kiss his sword since, court his scabbard,
Call dying " dainty dear," her brave mind " m1stress ";
Casting[1] a thousand ways to give those forms,
That he might lie with 'em, and get old armours.
He had got me o' the hip once *[* it shall go hard, friends,
But he shall find his own coin.

Enter MACER.

Dec. How now, Macer !
Is Judus yet come in ?
Macer. Yes, and has lost
Most of his men too. Here he is.

Enter JUDAS.

Cur. What news ?
Judas. I have lodged him ; rouse him, he that dares.
Dem. Where, Judas ?
Judas. On a steep rock i[j] the woods, the boy too with him;
And there he swears he will keep his Chr1stmas, gentlemen,
But he will come away with full conditions,

[1] **Contriving.**

Bravely, and like a Briton. He paid part of us;
Yet I think we fought bravely : for mine own part,
I was four several times at half-sword with him,
Twice stood his partizan *; but the plain truth is,
He's a mere devil, and no man. I' th' end, he swinged us,
And swinged us soundly too : he fights by witchcraft;
Yet for all that I saw him lodged.

Jun. Take more men,
And scout him round. Macer, march you along.—
What victuals has he ?

Judas. Not a piece of biscuit,
Not so much as will stop a tooth, nor water
More than they make themselves : they lie
Just like a brace of bear-whelps, close and crafty,
Sucking their fingers for their food

Dec. Cut off, then,
All hope of that way; take sufficient forces.

Jun. But use no foul play, on your lives : that man
That does him mischief by deceit, I'll kill him.

Macer. He shall have fair play; he deserves it.

Judas. Hark ye;
What should I do there, then ? You are brave captains,
Most valiant men : go up yourselves; use virtue ;
See what will come on't; pray the gentleman
To come down, and be taken. Ye all know him,
I think ye have felt him too : there ye shall find him,
His sword by his side, plums of a pound weight by him
Will make your chops ache : you*!! find it a more labour
To win him living, than climbing of a crow's nest.

Dec. Away, and compass him ; we shall come up,
I am sure, within these two hours. Watch him close.

Macer. He shall flee through the air, if he escape us.

[A sad noise within.

Jun. What's this loud lamentation ?

* Pike.

Macer. The dead body
Of the great Pcenius is new come to the camp, sir.
.Dem. Dead!
Macer. By himself, they say.
fun. I feared that fortune.
Cur. Peace guide him up to Heaven !
fun. Away, good Macer. *[Exeunt* MACER *and* JUDAS.

Enter SUETONIUS, DRUSUS, REGULUS, *and* PETILLIUS.

Suet. If thou beest guilty,
Some sullen plague, thou hat'st most, light upon thee !
The regiment return on Junius ;
He well deserves it.
Pet. So !
Suet, Draw out three companies,—
Yours, Decius, Junius, and thou, Petillius,—
And make up instantly to Caratach;
He's in the wood before ye : we shall follow,
After due ceremony done to the dead,
The noble dead. Come, let's go burn the body.
[Exeunt all except PETILLIUS.
Pet. The regiment given from me ! disgraced openly !
In love too with a trifle to abuse me !
A merry world, a fine world ! served seven years
To be an ass o' both sides ! sweet Petillius,
You have brought your hogs to a fine market: you are wise, sir,
Your honourable brain-pan full of crotchets,
An understanding gentleman, your projects
Cast[1] with assurance ever. Wouldst not thou now
Be banged about the pate, Petillius ?
Answer to that, sweet soldier : surely, surely,
I think you would; pulled by the nose, kicked: hang [thee,
Thou art the arrant'st rascal! trust thy wisdom
With any thing of weight ? the wind with feathers.

[1] Contrived.

Out, you blind puppy ! you command ? you govern ?
Dig for a groat a-day, or serve a swineherd ;
Too noble for thy nature too !—I must up ;
But what I shall do there, let time discover. *{Exit.*

SCENE *III.—The Woods, with a rock in the back-ground as before.*

Enter MACER *and* JUDAS, *with meat and a bottle.*

Macer. Hang it o' the side o' the rock, as though the Britons
Stole hither to relieve him : who first ventures
To fetch it off is ours. I cannot see him.
Judas. He lies close in a hole above, I know it,
Gnawing upon his anger.—Ha ! no ; 'tis not he.
Macer. 'Tis but the shaking of the boughs.
Judas. Pox shake 'em !
I am sure they shake me soundly.—There !
Macer. 'Tis nothing.
Judas. Make no noise; if he stir, a deadly tempest
Of huge stones fall upon us. 'Tis done ! away, close !
[Exeunt.

Enter CARATACH *on the rock.*

Car. Sleep still, sleep sweetly, child; 'tis all thou feed'st on !
No gentle Briton near, no valiant charity,
To bring thee food! Poor knave, thou art sick, extreme sick.
Almost grown wild for meat; and yet thy goodness
Will not confess, nor show it. All the woods
Are double lined with soldiers; no way left us
To make a noble scape. I'll sit down by thee,
And, when thou wak'st, either get meat to save thee,
Or lose my life i' the purchase. Good gods comfort thee I *{Exit above.*

SCENE IV.—*Another part of the Woods.*

Enter JUNIUS, DECIUS, PETILLIUS, *and* Guide.

Guide. You are not far off now, sir.
Jun. Draw the companies
The closest way through the woods; we'll keep on this way.
Guide. I will, sir. Half a furlong more you'll come
Within the sight o' the rock : keep on the left side ;
You'll be discovered else : I'll lodge your companies
In the wild vines beyond ye. *[Exit.*
Dec. Do you mark him ? *[Pointing to* PETILLIUS.
Jun. Yes, and am sorry for him.
Pet. Junius,
Pray let me speak two words with you.
Jun. Walk afore;
I'll overtake you straight.
Dec. I will. *[Exit.*
Jun. Now, captain ?
Pet. You have oft told me, you have loved me, Junius.
Jun. Most sure I told you truth then.
Pet. And that love
Should not deny me any honest thing.
Jun. It shall not.
Pet. Dare you swear it ?
I have forgot all passages between us
That have been ill, forgiven too, forgot you.
Jun. What would this man have? *[Aside.]*—By the gods, I do, sir,
So it be fit to grant you.
Pet. Tis most honest.
Jun. Why, then I'll do it.
Pet. Kill me.
Jun. How !
Pet. Pray, kill me.
Jun. Kill you!
Pet. Ay, kill me quickly, suddenly ;
Now kill me.

fun. On what reason? you amaze me.
Pet. If you do love me, kill me; ask me not why:
I would be killed, and by you.
Jun. Mercy on me!
What ails this man? *{Aside.}*—Petillius!
Pet. Pray you, despatch me;
You are not safe whilst I live: I am dangerous,
Troubled extremely, even to mischief, Junius,
An enemy to all good men. Fear not; 'tis justice;
I shall kill you else.
fun. Tell me but the cause,
And I will do it.
Pet. I am disgraced, my service
Slighted and unrewarded by the general,
My hopes left wild and naked; besides these,
I am grown ridiculous, an ass, a folly
I dare not trust myself with: prithee, kill me.
Jun. All these may be redeemed as easily
As you would heal your finger.
Pet. Nay——
Jun. Stay, I'll do it;
You shall not need your anger: but first, Petillius.
You shall unarm yourself; I dare not trust
A man so bent to mischief.
Pet. There's my sword, *[_Gives his sword.*
And do it handsomely.
Jun. Yes, I will kill you;
Believe that certain; but first I'll lay before you
The most extreme fool you have played in this.
The honour purposed for you, the great honour
The general intended you.
Pet. How!
Jun. And then I'll kill you,
Because you shall die miserable. Know, sir,
The regiment was given me, but till time
Called you to do some worthy deed might stop
The people's ill thoughts of you for Lord Pceniug,

I mean, his death. How soon this time's come to you,
And hasted by Suetonius! " Go," says he,
" Junius and Decius, and go thou, Petillius,"
(D1stinctly, " thou, Petillius,") " and draw up,
To take stout Caratach : " there's the deed purposed,
A deed to take off all faults, of all natures :
" And thou, Petillius," mark it, there's the honour;
And that done, all made even.
Pet. Stay!
fun. No, I'll kill you.
He knew thee absolute, and full in soldier,
Daring beyond all dangers, found thee out,
According to the boldness of thy spirit,
A subject, such a subject——
Pet. Hark you, Junius;
I will live now.
fun. By no means—wooed thy worth,
Held thee by the chin up, as thou sank'st, and showed thee
How Honour held her arms out. Come, make ready,
Since you will die an ass.
Pet. Thou wilt not kill me ?
fun. By Heaven, but I will, sir. I'll have no man dangerous
Live to destroy me afterward : besides, you have gotten
Honour enough ; let young men rise now. Nay,
I do perceive too by the general, (which is
One main cause you shall die,) howe'er he carry it,
Such a strong doting on you, that I fear
You shall command in chief: how are we paid, then?
Come, if you will pray, despatch it.
Pet. Is there no way ?
fun. Not any way to live.
Pet. I will do any thing,
Redeem myself at any price : good Junius,
Let me but die upon the rock, but offer
My life up like a soldier!

fun. You will seek then
To outdo every man.
Pet. Believe it, Junius,
You shall go stroke by stroke with me.
Jun. You'll leave off too,
As you are noble and a soldier,
For ever these mad fancies ?
Pet. Dare you trust me ?
By all that's good and honest——
fun. There's your sword, then ;
And now, come on a new man : virtue guide thee !

[Exeunt.

SCENE *V.—The Woods, with a rock in the background.*

Enter CARATACH *and* HENGO *on the rock.*

Car. Courage, my boy! I have found meat: look,Hengo,
Look where some b'essed Briton, to preserve thee,
Has hung a little food and drink : cheer up, boy *[*
Do not forsake me now.
Hengo. Oh, uncle, uncle,
I feel I cannot stay long I yet Pli fetch it,
To keep your noble life. Uncle, I am heart-whole,
And would live
Car. Thou shalt, long I hope.
Hengo. But my head, uncle !
Methinks the rock goes round.

Enter MACER *ana* JUDAS, *and remain at the side of the stage.*

Macer. Mark 'em well, Judas.
Judas. Peace, as you love your life.
Hengo. Do not you hear
The noise of bells ?

Car. Of bells, boy ! 'tis thy fancy ;
Alas, thy body's full of wind 1
Hengo. Methinks, sir,
They ring a strange sad knell, a preparation
To some near funeral of state : nay, weep not,
Mine own sweet uncle ; you will kill me sooner.
Car. Oh, my poor chicken !
Hengo. Fie, faint-hearted uncle !
Come, tie me in your belt, and let me down.
Car. I'll go myself, boy.
Hengo. No, as you love me, uncle :
I will not eat it, if I do not fetch it;
The danger only I desire ; pray, tie me.
Car. I will, and all my care hang o'er thee! C®me, child,
My valiant child !
Hengo. Let me down apace, uncle,
And you shall see how like a daw I'll whip it
From all their policies; for 'tis most certain
A Roman tram :[1] and you must hold me sure too ;
You'll spoil all else. Wheu I have brought it, uncle,
We'll be as merry——
Car. Go, i' the name of Heaven, boy !
[Lets HENGO *down by his belt.*
Hengo. Quick, quick, uncle ! I have it.
[JUDAS *shoots* HENGO *with an arrow.]*—Oh !
Car. What ail'st thou ?
Hengo. Oh, my best uncle, I am slain !
Car. I see you,
And Heaven direct my hand ! destruction
Gc with thy coward soul!
[Kills JUDAS *with a stone, and then draws up* HENGO.
Exit MACER.] How dost thou, boy ?—
Oh, villain, pocky villain !
Hengo. Oh, uncle, uncle,
Oh, how it pricks me !—am I preserved for this ?—
Extremely pricks me !

[1] Stratagem.

Car. Coward, rascal coward !
Dogs eat thy flesh !
Hengo. Oh, I bleed hard ! I faint too; out upon't
How sick I am !—The lean rogue, uncle !
Car. Look, boy;
I have laid him sure enough.
Hengo. Have you knocked his brains out ?
Car. I warrant thee for stirring more : cheer up, child.
Hengo. Hold my sides hard; stop, stop; oh, wretched fortune,
Must we part thus ? Still I grow sicker, uncle.
Car. Heaven look upon this noble child !
Hengo. I once hoped
I should have lived to have met these bloody Romans
At my sword's point, to have revenged my father,
To have beaten 'em,—oh, hold me hard !—but, uncle—
Car. Thou shalt live still, I hope, boy. Shall I draw it?
Hengo. You draw away my soul, then. I would live
A little longer—spare me, Heavens !—but only
To thank you for your tender love : good uncle,
Good noble uncle, weep not.
Car. Oh, my chicken,
My dear boy, what shall I lose ?
Hengo. Why, a child,
That must have died however; had this scaped me,
Fever or famine—I was born to die, sir.
Car. But thus unblown, my boy ?
Hengo. I go the straighter
My journey to the gods. Sure, I shall know you
When you come, uncle.
Car. Yes, boy.
Hengo. And I hope
We shall enjoy together that great blessedness
You told me of.
Car. Most certain, child.
Hengo. I grow cold ;
Mine eyes are going.

Car. Lift 'em up.
Hengo. Pray for me ;
And, noble uncle, when my bones are ashes,
Think of your little nephew !—Mercy !
Car. Mercy !
You blessed angels, take him !
Hengo. Kiss me : so,
Farewell, farewell ! *[Dies.*
Car. Farewell the hopes of Britain !
Thou royal graft, farewell for ever!— Time and Death,
Ye have done your worst Fortune, now see, now proudly
Pluck off thy veil, and view thy triumph; look,
Look what thou hast brought this land to !—Oh, fair flower,
How lovely yet thy ruins show, how sweetly
Even death embraces thee ! the peace of Heaven,
The fellowship of all great souls, be with thee !

Enter PETILLIUS *and* JUNIUS *on the rock.*

Ha ! dare ye, Romans ? ye shall win me bravely.
Thou art mine ! *[They fight.*
Jun. Not yet, sir.
Car. Breathe ye, ye poor Romans,
And come up all, with all your ancient valours;
Like a rough wind I'll shake your souls, and send 'em—

Enter SUETONIUS, DEMETRIUS, DECIUS, CURIUS, REGULUS, DRUSUS, MACER, *and* Soldiers.

Suet. Yield thee, bold Caratach ! By all the gods,
As I am soldier, as I envy thee,
I'll use thee like thyself, the valiant Briton.
Pet. Brave soldier, yield, thou stock of arms and honour,
Thou filler of the world with fame and glory !
Jun. Most worthy man, we'll woo thee, be thy prisoners.
Suet. Excellent Briton, do me but that honour,

That more to me than conquests, that true happiness,
To be my friend !
Car. Oh, Romans, see what here is !
Had this boy lived—
Suet. For fame's sake, for thy sword's sake,
As thou desirest to build thy virtues greater !
By all that's excellent in man, and honest——
Car. I do believe. Ye have had me a brave foe ,
Make me a noble friend, and from your goodness
Give this boy honourable earth to lie in.
Suet. He shall have fitting funeral.
Car. I yield, then ;
Not to your blows, but your brave courtesies.
[Comes down with PETILLIUS *and* JUNIUS.
Pet. Thus we conduct, then, to the arms of peace
The wonder of the world.
Suet. Thus I embrace thee : *[Flourish.*
And let it be no flattery that I tell thee,
Thou art the only soldier.
Car. How to thank ye,
I must hereafter find upon your usage.
I am for Rome ?
Suet. You must
Car. Then Rome shall know
The man that makes her spring of glory grow.
Suet. Petillius,
You have shown much worth this day, redeemed much error :
You have my love again ; preserve it.—Junius,
With you I make him equal in the regiment.
fun. The elder and the nobler; I'll give place, sir.
Suet. You show a friend's soul.—
March on, and through the camp, in every tongue,
The virtues of great Caratach be sung ! *[Exeunt.*

THE

SPANISH CURATE.

THE *Spanish Curate* was first acted in 1622 at the Blackfriars Theatre. It has been generally regarded as the work of Fletcher, possibly with the co-operation of Massinger. Both the comic and serious portions of the plot are taken directly (as Dyce has shown) from an English translation of a Spanish novel by G. de Cespedes, published in 1622 under the title of *Gerardo, the Unfortunate Spaniard.* It is evident from the long extract given by Mr. Dyce, that this translation furnished Fletcher not only with the incidents of the play, but that the spirit of the conversation regarding the " wars " and " handsome women " in the first act, of the dialogue between Leandro and the Curate in the act following, and of most of the scene relating to the game at chess, has been derived from the English version of Ce'spedes' novel

The Spanish Curate was very popular after the Restoration, but later on (1763) Colman speaks of it as one of those early plays which have " within these few years encountered the severity of the pit, and received sentence of condemnation." An adaptation (said to have proved very attractive) was produced at Covent Garden Theatre in 1840.

PROLOGUE.

To tell ye, gentlemen, we have a play,
A new one too, and that 'tis launched to-day,—
The name ye know, that's nothing to my story ;—
To tell ye, 'tis familiar, void of glory,
Of state, of bitterness—of wit, you'll say,
For that is now held wit that tends that way,
Which we avoid ;—to tell ye too, 'tis merry,
And meant to make ye pleasant, and not weary ;
The stream that guides ye, easy to attend ;
To tell ye that 'tis good, is to no end,
If you believe not ; nay, to go thus far,
To swear it, if you swear against, is war :
To assure you any thing, unless you see,
And so conceive, is vanity in me ;
Therefore I leave it to itself; and pray,
Like a good bark, it may work out to-day,
And stem all doubts ; 'twas built for such a proof,
And we hope highly : if she lie aloof
For her own vantage, to give wind at will,
Why, let her work, only be you but still
And sweet-opinioned ; and we are bound to say,
You are worthy judges, and you crown the play.

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

DON HENRIQUE, a Grandee.
DON JAMIE, his younger Brother.
ASCANIO, Son of DON HENRIQUE by JACINTHA.
BARTOLUS, a Lawyer,
LEANDRO, a young Gentleman of good estate.
ANGELO,
MILANES, his Friends.
ARSENIO,
OCTAVIO, a disbanded Captain, supposed Husband of JACINTHA.
LOPEZ, a Curate.
DIEGO, his Sexton.
Assistant, or Judge.
ANDREA, Servant to DON HENRIQUE.
Algazeirs, Paritor, Parishioners, Singers, Officers, Witnesses, and Servants.

VIOLANTE, supposed Wife of DON HENRIQUE.
JACINTHA, supposed Wife of OCTAVIO.
AMARANTA, Wife of BARTOLUS.
EGLA, a Moor, Servant to AMARANTA.

SCENE—CORDOVA.

THE SPANISH CURATE.

ACT THE FIRST.

SCENE I.— *A Street.*

Enter ANGELO, MILANES, *and* ARSENIC.

ARS. Leandro paid all.

Mil. Tis his usual custom,
And requisite he should: he has now put off
The funeral black your rich heir wears with joy,
When he pretends to weep for his dead father.
Your gathering sires so long heap muck together,
That their kind sons, to rid them of their care,
Wish them in heaven; or, if they take a taste
Of purgatory by the way, it matters not,
Provided they remove hence. What is befalln
To his father in the other world, I ask not;
I am sure his prayer is heard : would I could use one
For mine, in the same method !

Ars. Fie upon thee !
This is profane.

Mil. Good doctor, do not school me
For a fault you are not free from. On my life,

Were all heirs in Corduba[1] put to their oaths,
They would confess, with me, 'tis a sound tenet:
I am sure Leandro does.

Ars. He is the owner
Of a fair estate.

Mil. And fairly he deserves it;
He's a royal fellow; yet observes a mean
In all his courses, careful too on whom
He showers his bounties: he that's liberal
To all alike, may do a good by chance,
But never out of judgment: this invites
The prime men of the city to frequent
All places he resorts to, and are happy
In his sweet converse.

Ars. Don Jamie, the brother
To the grandee Don Henrique, appears much taken
With his behaviour.

Mil. There is something more in't:
He needs his purse, and knows how to make u*e on't.
'Tis now in fashion for your Don that's poor
To vow all leagues of friendship with a merchant
That can supply his wants; and howsoe'er
Don Jamie's noble born, his elder brother
Don Henrique rich, and his revenues long since
Encreased by marrying with a wealthy heir,
Called Madam Violante, he yet holds
A hard hand o'er Jamie, allowing him
A bare annuity only.

Ars. Yet, 'tis said,
He hath no child; and, by the laws of Spain,
If he die without issue, Don Jamie
Inherits his estate.

Mil. Why, that's the reason
Of their so many jars. Though the young lord
Be sick of the elder brother, and in reason

[1] **Cordova.**

Should flatter and observe him, he's of a nature
Too bold and fierce to stoop so, but bears up,
Presuming on his hopes.

Ars. What's the young lad
That all of 'em make so much of?

Mil. 'Tis a sweet one,
And the best-conditioned youth I ever saw yet;
So humble, and so affable, that he wins
The love of all that know him; and so modest,
That, in despite of poverty, he would starve
Rather than ask a courtesy. He's the son
Of a poor cast captain, one Octavio;
And she, that once was called the fair Jacintha,
Is happy in being his mother. For his sake,
Though in their fortunes fain, they are esteemed of
And cherished by the best. Oh, here they come :
I now may spare his character; but observe him,
He'll justify my report.

Enter DON JAMIE, LEANDRO, *and* ASCANIO

Jam. My good Ascanio,
Repair more often to me; above women
Thou ever shalt be welcome.

Asc. My lord, your favours
May quickly teach a raw untutored youth
To be both rude and saucy.

Lean. You cannot be
Too frequent where you are so much desired :—
And give me leave, dear friend, to be your rival
In part of his affection; I will buy it
At any rate.

Jam. Stood I but now possessed
Of what my future hope presages to me,
I then would make it clear thou hast a patron
That would not say, but do. Yet, as I am,
Be mine: I'll not receive thee as a servarv,

But as my son ; and, though I want myself,
No page attending in the court of Spain
Shall find a kinder master.
Asc. I beseech you
That my refusal of so great an offer
May make no ill construction; 'tis not pride
(That common vice is far from my condition)
That makes you a denial to receive
A favour I should sue for; nor the fashion
Which the country follows, in which to be a servant
In those that groan beneath the heavy weight
Of poverty, is held an argument
Of a base abject mind. I wish my years
Were fit to do you service in a nature
That might become a gentleman : give me leave
To think myself one. My father served the king
As a captain in the field; and, though his fortune
Returned him home a poor man, he was rich
In reputation, and wounds fairly taken ;
Nor am I by his ill success deterred;
I rather feel a strong desire that sways me
To follow his profession ; and, if Heaven
Hath marked me out to be a man, how proud,
In the service of my country, should I be,
To trail a pike under your brave command !
There I would follow you as a guide to honour,
Though all the horrors of the war made up
To stop my passage.
Jam. Thou art a hopeful boy,
And it was bravely spoken : for this answer
I love thee more than ever.
Mil. Pity, such seeds
Of promising courage should not grow and prosper!
Ang. Whatever his reputed parents be,
He hath a mind that speaks him right and noble.
Lecn. You make him blush:—it needs not, sweet Ascanio;

We may hear praises when they are deserved,
Our modesty unwounded. By my life,
I would add something to the building up
So fair a mind ; and, if, till *you* are fit
To bear arms in the field, you'll spend some years
In Salamanca, I'll supply your studies
With all conveniences.

Asc. Your goodness, signiors,
And charitable favours, overwhelm me:
If I were of >our blood, you could not be
More tender of me: what, then, can I pay,
A poor boy and a stranger, but a heart
Bound to your service ? With what willingness
I would receive, good sir, your noble offer,
Heaven can bear witness lor me : but, alas,
Should I embrace the means to raise my fortunes,
I must destroy the lives of my poor parents,
To whom I owe my being; they in me
Place all their comforts, and, as if I were
The light of their dim eyes, are so indulgent,
They cannot brook one short day's absence from me;
And, what will hardly win belief, though young,
I am their steward and their nurse : the bounties
Which others bestow on me serve to sustain 'em;
And to forsake them in their age, in me
Were more than murder.

Enter DON HENRIQUE.

Ang. This is a kind of begging
Would make a broker charitable.

Mil. Here, sweetheart,
I wish that it were more. *[Gives* ASCANIO *money.*

Lean. When ihis is spent,
Seek for supply from me.

Jam. Thy piety
For ever be remembered 1 Nay, take all.

Though 'twere my exhibition [1] to a royal[2]
For one whole year. [*Gives* ASCANIO *money.*
Asc. High Heavens reward your goodness !
Hen. So, sir, is this a slip of your own grafting,
You are so prodigal?
Jam. A slip, sir !
Hen. Yes,
A slip ; or call it by the proper name,
Your bastard.
Jam. You are foul-mouthed. Do not provoke me •
I shall forget your birth, if you proceed,
And use you, as your manners do deserve,
Uncivilly.
Hen. So brave ! pray you, give me hearing:
Who am I, sir ?
Jam. My elder brother : one
That might have been born a fool, and so reputed,
But that you had the luck to creep into
The world a year before me.
Lean. Be more temperate.
Jam. I neither can nor will, unless I learn it
By his example. Let him use his harsh
Unsavoury reprehensions upon those
That are his hinds, and not on me. The land
Our father left to him alone, rewards him
For being twelve months elder : let that be
Forgotten, and let his parasites remember
One quality of worth or virtue in him,
That may authorise him to be a censurer
Of me or of my manners, and I will
Acknowledge him for a tutor; till then, never.
Hen. From whom have you your means, sir ?
Jam. From the will .
Of my dead father ; I am sure I spend not,
Nor give't, upon your purse.

[1] Allowance of money.
[3] *i.e.* A spur-royal, a gold coin worth **15s.**

Hen. But will it hold out
Without my help ?
Jam. I am sure it shall; I'll sink else;
For sooner I will seek aid from a whore,
Than a courtesy from you.
Hen. Tis well; you are proud of
Your new exchequer; when you have cheated him,
And worn him to the quick, I may be found
In the l1stof your acquaintance.
Lean. Pray you, hold ;
And give me leave, my lord, to say thus much,
And in mine own defence : I am no gull
To be wrought on by persuasion ; nor no coward
To be beaten out of my means ; but know to whom
And why I give or lend, and will do nothing
But what my reason wanants. You may be
As sparing as you please; I must be bold
To make use of mine own, without your licence.
Jam. Pray thee, let him alone; he is not worth thy anger.
All that he does, Leandro, is for my good :
I think there's not a gentleman of Spain
That has a better steward than I have of him.
Hen. Your steward, sir!
Jam. Yes, and a provident one.
Why, he knows I am given to large expence,
And therefore lays up for me : could you believe else,
That he, that sixteen years hath worn the yoke
Of barren wedlock, without hope of issue,
His coffers full, his lands and vineyards fruitful,
Could be so sold to base and sordid thrift
As almost to deny himself the means
And necessaries of life ? Alas, he knows
The laws of Spain appoint me for his heir;
That all must come to me, if I outlive him,
Which sure I must do, by the course of nature,
And the ass1stance of good mirth and sack,
However you prove melancholy.

Hen. If I live,
Thou dearly shalt repent this.
Jam. When thou art dead,
I am sure I shall not
Mil. Now they begin to bum
Like opposed meteors.
Ars. Give them line and way;
My life for Don Jamie !
Jam. Continue still
The excellent husband, and join farm to farm ;
Suffer no lordship, that in a clear day
Falls in the prospect of your covetous eye,
To be another's; forget you are a grandee;
Take use upon use ;[1] and cut the throats of heirs
With cozening mortgages ; rack your poor tenants,
Till they look like so many skeletons
For want of food ; and, when that widows' curses,
The ruins of ancient families, tears of orphans,
Have hurried you to the devil, ever remember
All was raked up for me, your thankful brother,
That will dance merrily upon your grave,
And, perhaps, give a double p1stolet[2]
To some poor needy friar, to say a mass
To keep your ghost from walking.
Hen. That the law
Should force me to endure this !
Jam. Verily,
When this shall come to pass, as sure it will,
If you can find a loop-hole, though in hell,
To look on my behaviour, you shall see me
Ransack your iron chests; and, once again
Pluto's flame-coloured daughter shall be free
To domineer in taverns, masques, and revels,
As she was used, before she was your captive.
Methinks, the mere conceit of it should make you

[1] **Interest upon interest** [2] **P1stole, a Spanish coin.**

Go home sick and d1stempered; if it does,
I'll send you a doctor of mine own, and after
Take order for your funeral.
Hen. You have said, sir:
I will not fight with words, but deeds, to tame you;
Rest confident I will; and thou shalt wish
This day thou hadst been dumb ! *[Exit.*
Mil. You have given him a heat,
But with your own d1stemper,
Jam. Not a whit;
Now he is from mine eye, I can be merry,
Forget the cause and him : all plagues go with him!
Let's talk of something else. What news is stirring ?
Nothing to pass the time ?
Mil. Faith, it is said
That the next summer will determine much
Of that we long have talked of, touching the wars.
Lean. What have we to do with them? let us dis course
Of what concerns ourselves. 'Tis now in fashion
To have your gallants set down, in a tavern,
What the Archduke's purpose is the next spring, and what
Defence my lords the States prepare ; what course
The Emperor takes against the encroaching Turk;
And whether his moony standards are designed
For Persia or Polonia : and all this
The wiser sort of state-worms seem to know
Better than their own affairs. This is discourse
Fit for the council it concerns : we are young,
And, if that I might give the theme, 'twere better
To talk of handsome women.
Mil. And that's one
Almost as general.
Ars. Yet none agree
Who are the fairest.
Lean. Some prefer the Frencft,

For their conceited dressings; some the plump
Italian bona-robas [1] some the state
That ours observe; and I have heard one swear
A merry friend of mine, that once in London
He did enjoy the company of a gamester,
A common gamester[2] too, that in one night
Met him th' Italian, French, and Spanish ways,
And ended in the Dutch ; for, to cool herself,
She kissed him drunk in the morning.

Jam. We may spare
The travel of our tongues in foreign nations,
When in Corduba, if you dare give credit
To my report (for I have seen her, gallants),
There lives a woman, of a mean birth too,
And meanly matched, whose all-excelling form
Disdains comparison with any she
That puts in for a fair one ; and, though you borrow
From every country of the earth the best
Of those perfections which the climate yields,
To help to make her up, if put in balance,
This will weigh down the scale.

Lean. You talk of wonders.

Jam. She is, indeed, a wonder, and so kept;
And, as the world deserved not to behold
What curious Nature made without a pattern,
Whose copy she hath lost too, she's shut up,
Sequestered from the world.

Lean. Who is the owner
Of such a gem ? I am fired.

Jam. One Bartolus,
A wrangling advocate.

Ars. A knave on record.

MiL I am sure he cheated me of the best part
Of my estate.

Jam. Some business calls me hence,
And of importance, which denies me leisure

[1] Courtesans. [2] Strumpet

To give you his full character : in few words,
Though rich, he's covetous beyond expression ;
And, to increase his heap, will dare the devil
And all the plagues of darkness ; and, to these,
So jealous, as, if you would parallel
Old Argus to him, you must multiply
His eyes an hundred times; of these none sleep;
He, that would charm the heaviest lid, must hire
A better Mercury than Jove made use of.
Bless yourselves from the thought of him and her,
For 'twill be labour lost So, farewell, signiors. *[Exit.*

Ars. Leandro ! in a dream ? wake, man, for shame !

Mil. Trained into a fool's paradise with a tale
Of an imagined form ?

Lean. Jamie is noble,
And with a forged tale would not wrong his friend :
Nor am I so much fired with lust as envy,
That such a churl as Bartolus should reap
So sweet a harvest: half my state[1] to any.
To help me to a share !

Ars. Tush, do not hope for
Impossibilities.

Lean. I must enjoy her;
And my prophetic love tells me I shall,
Lend me but your ass1stance.

Ars. Give it o'er.

Mil. I would not have thee fooled.

Lean. I have strange engines
Fashioning here, and Bartolus on the anvil:
Dissuade me not, but help me.

Mil. Take your fortune :
If you come off well, praise your wit; if not,
Expect to be the subject of our laughter. *[Exeunt*

[1] Estate.

SCENE II.—*A Room in the House of* OCTAVIO,

Enter OCTAVIO *and* JACINTHA.

Jac. You met Don Henrique ?
Oct. Yes.
Jac. What comfort bring you ?
Speak cheerfully : how did my letter work
On his hard temper? I am sure I wrote it
So feelingly, and with the pen of sorrow,
That it must force compunction.
Oct. You are cozened :
Can you wuh one hand prop a falling tower,
Or with the other stop the raging main
When it breaks in on the usurped shore,
Or any thing that is impossible ?
And then conclude that there is some way left
To move him to compassion.
Jac. Is there a justice,
Or thunder, my Octavio, and he
Not sunk unto the centre P[1]
Oct. Good Jacintha,
With your long practised patience bear afflictions ;
And, by provoking, call not on Heaven's anger.
He did not only scorn to read your letter,
But, most inhuman as he is, he cursed you,
Cursed you most bitterly.
Jac. The bad man's charity.
Oh, that I could forget there were a tie
In me upon him ! or the relief I seek,
If given, were bounty in him, and not debt,
Debt of a dear account!
Oct. Touch not that string,
'Twill but increase your sorrow ; and tame silence
The balm of the oppressed, which hitherto
Hath eased your grieved soul, and preserved your fame,
Must be your surgeon still.

[1] Meaning the centre of the earth.

fac. If the contagion
Of my misfortunes had not spread itself
Upon my son Ascanio, though my wants
Were centuplied upon myself, I could be patient:
But he is so good, I so miserable,
His pious care, his duty, and obedience,
And all that can be wished tor from a son,
Discharged to me, and I barred of all means
To return any scruple of the debt
I owe him as a mother, is a torment
Too painful to be borne.

Oct. I suffer with you
In that; yet find in this assurance comfort,—
High Heaven ordains. Whose purposes cannot alter,
Children, that pay obedience to their parents,
Shall never beg their bread.

Jac. Here comes our joy.

Enter ASCANIO.

Where has my dearest been ?

Asc. I have made, mother,
A fortunate voyage, and brought home rich prize
In a few years : the owners too contented,
From whom I took it. See, here's gold ; good store too ;
Nay, pray you, take it.

Jac. Men's charities are so cold,
That, if I knew not thou wert made of goodness,
'Twould breed a jealousy[1] in me, by what means
Thou cam'st by such a sum.

Asc. Were it ill got,
I am sure it could not be employed so well
As to relieve your wants. Some noble friends,
Raised by Heaven's mercy to me, not my merits,
Bestowed it on me.

Oct. It were a sacrilege
To rob thee of their bounty, since they gave it
To thy use only.

[1] Suspicion.

Jac. Buy thee brave[1] clothes with it,
And fit thee for a fortune, and leave us
To our necessities. Why dost thou weep ?
Jsc. Out of my fear I have offended you;
For, had I not, I am sure you are too kind
Not to accept the offer of my service,
In which I am a gainer. I have heard
My tutor say, of all aerial fowl,
The stork's the emblem of true piety;
Because, when age hath seized upon his dam,
And made unfit for flight, the grateful young one
Takes her upon hi-, back, provides her iood.
Repaying so her tender c«»re of him
Ere he was fit to fly, by bearing her.
Shall I, then, that have reason and discourse,
That tell me all 1 can do is too little,
Be more unnatural than a silly bird ?
Or feed or clothe myself superfluously,
And know, nay, see, you want ? Holy saints keep me'.
Jac, Can I be wretched,
And know myself the mother to such goodness ?
Oct Come, let us dry our eyes ; we'll have a feast,
Thanks to our little steward.
Jac. And, in him,
Believe that we are rich.
Asc. I am sure I am,
While I have power to comfort you and serve you.

[Exeunt.

SCENE *III.—An Apartment in the House of* DON HENRIQUE.

Enter DON HENRIQUE *and* VIOLANTE.

Viol. Is it my fault, Don Henrique, or my fate ?
What's my offence ? I came young to your bed,

[1] Fiae.

I had a fruitful mother, and you met me
With equal ardour in your May of blood;
And why, then, am I barren ?
Hen. 'Tis not in man
To yield a reason for the will of Heaven,
Which is inscrutable.
Viol. To what use serve
Full fortunes, and the meaner sort of blessings,
When that, which is the crown of all our wishes,
The period of human happiness,
One only child, that may possess what's ours,
Is cruelly denied us ?
Hen. 'Tis the curse
Of great estates, to want those pledges which
The poor are happy in : they, in a cottage,
With joy behold the models of their youth ;
And, as their root decays, those budding branches
Sprout forth and flourish, to renew their age.
But this is the beginning, not the end,
Of misery to me, that, 'gainst my will,
Since Heaven denies us issue of our own,
Must leave the fruit of all my care and travail
To an unthankful brother, that insults
On my calamity.
Viol. I will rather choose
A bastard from the hospital, and adopt him,
And nourish him as mine own.
Hen. Such an evasion,
My Violante, is forbid to us.
Happy the Roman state, where it was lawful,
If our own sons were vicious, to choose one
Out of a virtuous stock, though of poor parents,
And make him noble. But the laws of Spain,
Intending to preserve all ancient houses,
Prevent such free elections : with this my brother's
Too well acquainted, and this makes him bold
To reign o'er me as a master

Viol. I will fire
The portion I brought with me, ere he spend
A-royal[1] of it. No quirk left, no quiddit,*
That may defeat him ?
Hen. Were I but confirmed
That you would take the means I use with patience,
As I must practise it with my dishonour,
I could lay level with the earth his hopes,
That soar above the clouds with expectation
To see me in my grave.
Viol Effect but this,
And our revenge shall be to us a son,
That shall inherit for us.
Htn. Do not repent
When 'tis too late.
Viol. I fear not what may fall,
He dispossessed, that does usurp on all. *[Exeunt.*

[1] See note, *ante,* p. 218.
[3] Quiddity, *i.e.* subtilty.

ACT THE SECOND.

SCENE *I.—The Street, before the House of* LOPEZ.

Enter LEANDRO *disguised,* MILANES, *and* ARSENIO.

IL. Can any thing but wonder——
Lean. Wonder on ;
I am as ye see ; and what will follow, gentlemen——
Ars. Why dost thou put on this form ? what can this do ?
Thou look'st most sillily.
Mil. Like a young clerk,
A half-pined puppy, that would write for a royal.
Is this a commanding shape to win a beauty ?
To what use, what occasion ?
Lean. Peace ! ye are fools,
More silly than my outside seems ; ye are ignorant,
They that pretend to wonders must weave cunningly.
Ars. What manner of access can this get? or, if gotten,
What credit in her eyes ?
Lean. Will ye but leave me ?
Mil. Methmks, a young man, and a handsome gentleman,
(But, sure, thou art lunatic,) methinks, a brave man,
That would catch cunningly the beams of beauty,
And so d1stribute 'em unto his comfort,
Should like himself appear, young, high, and buxom,
And in the brightest form.
Lean. Ye are cozened, gentlemen ;
Neither do I believe this, nor will follow it:

Thus as I am, I will begin my voyage.
When you love, launch it out in silks and velvets;
I'll love in serge, and will out-go your satins.
To get upon my great-horse[1] and appear
The sign of such a man, and trot my measures,
Or fiddle out whole frosty nights, my friends,
Under the window, while my teeth keep tune,
I hold no handsomeness. Let me get in,
There trot and fiddle, where I may have fair play.

Ars. But how get in?

Lean. Leave that to me; your patience;
I have some toys here that I dare well trust to:
I have smelt a vicar out, they call him Lopez.
Ye are ne'er the nearer now.

Mil We do confess it.

Lean. Weak simple men! this vicar to this lawyer
Is the most inward[2] Damon.

Ars. What can this do?

Mil. We know the fellow, and he dwells there.

Lean. So.

Ars. A poor thin thief. He help! be! hang the vicar!

Can reading of a homily prefer thee?
Thou art dead-sick in love, and he'll pray for thee.

Lean. Have patience, gentlemen. I say this vicar,
This thing, I say, is all one with the close Bartolus,
For so they call the lawyer. On his nature,
(Which I have studied by relation,
And make no doubt I shall hit handsomely)
Will I work cunningly and home: understand me:
Next, I pray, leave me, leave me to my fortune;
Diffidlia pulchra, that's my motto, gentlemen:
I'll win this diamond from the rock, and wear her,
Or——

[1] "The great-horse is the tournament and war-hone, in opposition to the palfrey and hunting-nag."—*Weber.*
[1] Intimate.

Enter LOPEZ *and* DIEGO.

Mil Peace ! the vicar. Send you a full sail, sir!

Ars. There's your confessor; but what shall be your penance——

Lean. A fool's head, if I fail; and so, forsake me ;
You shall hear from me daily.

Mil. We will be ready.

[.Exeunt MILANES *and* ARSENIO.

Lop. Thin world, indeed.

Lean. I'll let him breathe, and mark him.
No man would think a stranger, as I am,
Should reap any great commodity from his pig-belly.

[Aside, and then retires,

Lop. Poor stirring for poor vicars.

Die. And poor sextons.

Lop. We pray, and pray, but to no purpose;
Those that enjoy our lands choke our devotions;
Our poor thin stipends make us arrant dunces.

Die. If you live miserably, how shall we do, master,
That are fed only with the sound of prayers ?
We rise and ring the bells to get good stomachs,
And must be fain to eat the ropes with reverence.

Lop. When was there a chr1stening, Diego ?

Die. Not this ten weeks :
Alas, they have forgot to get children, master !
The wars, the seas, and usury undo us;
Take off our minds, our edges, blunt our plough-shares.
They eat nothing here but herbs, and get nothing but green sauce :
There are some poor labourers, that, perhaps,
Once in seven years with helping one another,
Produce some few pined butter-prints * that scarce hold
The chr1stening neither.

Lop. Your gallants, they get honour,

[1] A cant term for children.

A strange fantastical birth, to defraud the vicar;
And the camp chr1stens their issues, or the courtezans;
Tis a lewd time.
Die. They are so hard-hearted here too,
They will not die ; there's nothing got by burials.
Lop. Diego, the air's too pure, they cannot perish :
To have a thin stipend, and an everlasting parish,
Lord, what a torment 'tis !
Die. Good bensible master,
You are allowed *to* pray against all weathers,
Both loul and fair, as you shall find occasion;
Why not against all airs ?
Lop. That's not i' the canons :
I would it had , 'tis out of our way forty pence.
Die. 'Tis strange; they are starved too, yet they will not die here,
They will not earth. A good stout plague amongst 'em.
Or half a dozen new fantastical fevers,
That would turn up their heels by wholesale, master,
And take the doctors, too, in their grave counsels,
That there might be no natural help for money,
How merrily would my bells go then !
Lop. Peace, Diego !
The doctors are our friends ; let's please them well;
For, though they kill but slow, they are certain, Diego.
We must remove into a muddy air,
A most contagious climate.
L ie. We must, certain ;
An air that is the nursery of agues;
Such agues, master, that will shake men's souls out,
Ne'er stay for possets, nor good old wives' plasters.
Lop. Gouts and dead palsies.
Die. The dead does well at all times,
Yet gouts will hang an arse a long time, master.
The pox, or English surfeits, if we had 'em ;
Those are rich marl, they make a church-yard fat;
And make the sexton sing; they never miss, sir.

Lop. Then wills and funeral sermons come in season
And feasts that make us frolic.
Die. Would I could see 'em !
Lop. And, though I weep i' the pulpit for my brother,
Yet, Diego, here I laugh,
Die. The cause requires it.
Lop. Since people left to die, I am a dunce, Diego.
Die. 'Tis a strange thing, I have forgot to dig too.
Lean. A precious pair of youths ! I must make toward 'em *[Aside, and then comes forward.*
Lop. Who's that ? look out; it seems he would speak to us.
I hope a marriage, or some will to make, Diego.
Die. My friend, your business ?
Lean. 'Tis to that grave gentleman.—
Bless your good learning, sir !
Lop. And bless you also !—
He bears a promising face; there's some hope toward.
Lean. I have a letter to your worship. *[Gives letter.*
Lop. Well, sir;
From whence, I pray you ?
Lean. From Nova Hispania, sir,
And from an ancient friend of yours.
Lop. Tis well, sir;
'Tis very well.—The devil a one I know there.
Die. Take heed of a snap, sir; h'as a cozening countenance.
I do not like his way.
Lop. Let him go forward :
Cantabit vacuus ; they that have nothing, fear nothing.
All I have to lo^e, Diego, is my learning;
And, when he has gotten that, he may put it in a nut shell. *[Reads.*

" Signior Lopez, since my arrival from Cordova to these parts, I have written divers letters unto you, but as yet received no answer of any "—Good and very good—v and, although so great a forgetfulness might cause a

want in my due correspondence, yet the desire I have still to serve you must more prevail with me "—Better and better: the devil a man know I yet—" and therefore, with the present occasion offered, I am willing to crave a continuance of the favours which I have heretofore received from you, and do recommend my son Leandro, the bearer, to you, with request that he may be admitted in that university, till such time as I shall arrive at home; his studies he will make you acquainted withal. This kindness shall supply the want of your slackness: and so, Heaven keep you! Yours, Alonzo Tiveria." [1]
Alonzo Tiveria I very well.
A very ancient friend of mine, I take it;
For, till this hour, I never heard his name yet
Lean. You look, sir, as if you had forgot my father.
Lop. No, no, I look as I would remember him;
For that I never remembered, I cannot forget, sir.
Alonzo Tiveria?
Lean. The same, sir.
Lop. And now i' th' Indies?
Lean. Yes.
Lop. He may be anywhere,
For aught that I consider.
Lean. Think again, sir;
You were students both at one time in Salamanca,
And, as I take it, chamber-fellows.
Lop. Ha!
Lean. Nay, sure, you must remember.
Lop. Would I could!
Lean. I have heard him say you were gossips too.
Lop. Very likely;
You did not hear him say to whom? for we students
May oft-times over-reach our memories:—
Dost thou remember, Diego, this same signior?
Thou hpst been mine these twenty years.

[1] Dyce points out that this letter is taken almost verbatim from the English version of Cespecles' novel *Gerardo.*

Die. Remember !
Why, this fellow would make you mad. Nova Hispania !
And Signior Tiveria! what are these ?
He may as well name you friends out of Cataia[1] !
Take heed, I beseech your worship.—Do you hear, my friend,
You have no letters for me ?
Lean. Not any letter ;
But I was charged to do my father's love
To the old honest sexton, Diego. Are you he, sir ?
Die. Ha ! have I friends, and know 'em not ? My name is Diego;
But, if either I remember you or your father,
Or Nova Hispania (I was never there, sir,)
Or any kindred that vou have — For Heaven-sake, master,
Let's cast about a little, and consider;
We may dream out our time.
Lean. It seems I am deceived, sir :
Yet, that you are Don Lopez all men tell me,
The curate here, and have been some time, sir,
And you the sexton Diego, such I am sent to ;
The letter tells as much. May be, they are dead,
And you of the like names succeed. I thank ye, gentlemen;
Ye have done honestly in telling truth;
I might have been forward else; for to that Lopez,
That was my father's friend, I had a charge,
A charge of money, to deliver, gentlemen ;
Five hundred ducats, a poor small gratuity :
But since you are not he——
Lop. Good sir, let me think;
I pray you, be patient; pray you, stay a little :
Nay, let me remember; I beseech you, stay, sir.
Die. An honest noble friend, that sends so lovingly ;
An old friend too; I shall remember, sure, sin

[1] The ancient name for China, used by the old travellers.

Lop. Thou say'st true, Diego.
Die. Pray you, consider quickly;
Do, do, by any means. Methinks, already
A grave staid gentleman comes to my memory.
Lean. He's old indeed, sir.
Die. With a goodly white beard
(For now he must be so; I know he must be)
Signior Alonzo, master.
Lop. I begin to have him.
Die. H'as been from hence about some twenty years, sir.
Lean. Some five-and-twenty, sir.
Die. You say most true, sir;
Just to an hour, 'tis now just five-and-twenty:
A fine straight-timbered man, and a brave soldier.
He married—let me see——
Lean. De-Castro's daughter.
Die. The very same.
Lean. Thou art a very rascal!
De-Castro is the Turk to thee, or any thing.
The money rubs 'em into strange remembrances;
For as many ducats more they would remember Adam.
{Aside.
Lop. Give me your hand; you are welcome to your country;
Now I remember plainly, manifestly,
As freshly as if yesterday I had seen him:
Most heartily welcome! Sinful that I am,
Most sinful man, why should I lose this gentleman?
This loving old companion? we had all one soul, sir.
He dwelt here hard by, at a handsome——
Lean. Farm, sir:
You say most true.
Lop. Alonzo Tiveria!
Lord, Lord, that time should play the treacherous knave thus!
Why, he was the only friend I had in Spain, sir.

I knew your mother too, a handsome gentlewoman;
She was married very young ; I married 'em ;
I do remember now the masques and sports then,
The fire-works, and the fine delights. Good faith, sir,
Now I look in your face—whose eyes are those, Diego ?
Nay, if he be not just Alonzo's picture——

Lean. Lord, how I blush for these two impudents !
[Aside.

Die. Well, gentleman, I think your name's Leandro.

lean. It is, indeed, sir.—

Gra'-mercy, letter ! thou hadst never known else. *[Aside.*

Die. I have dandled you, and kissed you, and played with you,
A hundred and a hundred times, and danced you,
And swung you in my bell-ropes—you loved swinging.

Lop. A sweet boy—

Lean. Sweet lying knaves ! what would these do for thousands ? *[Aside.*

Lop. A wondrous sweet uoy then it was. See now,
Time, that consumes us, shoots him up still sweeter !—
How does the noble gentleman ? how fares he ?
When shall we see him ? when will he bless his country ?

Lean. Oh, very shortly, sir. Till his return,
He has sent me over to your charge.

Lop. And welcome;
Nay, you shall know you are welcome to your friend, sir.

Lean. And to my study, sir, which must be the law.
To further which, he would entreat your care
To plant me in the favour of some man
That's expert in that knowledge : for his pains
I have three hundred ducats more ; for my diet,
Enough, sir, to defray me; which I am charged
To take still, as I use it, from your custody:
I have the money ready, and I am weary.

Lop. Sit down, sit down; and, once more, you are most welcome.
The law you have hit upon most happily:

Here is a master in that art, Bartolus,
A neighbour by ; to him I will prefer you ;
A learned man, and my most loving neighbour.
I'll do you faithful service, sir.

Die. He's an ass,
And so well use him ; he shall be a lawyer.

[Aside to LOPEZ.

Lop. But, if ever he recover this money again—Before, Diego,
And get some pretty pittance; my pupil's hungry.

[Exit DIEGO.

Lean. Pray you, sir, unlade me.

Lop. I'll refresh you, sir :
When you want, you know your exchequer.

Lean. If all this get me but access, I am happy. *[Aside.*

Lop. Come ; I am tender of you.

Lean. I'll go with you.—
To have this fort betrayed, these fools must fleece me.

[Aside.] *[Exeunt.*

SCENE II.—*A Room in the House of* BARTOLUS.

Enter BARTOLUS *and* AMARANTA.

Bar. My Amaranta, a retired sweet life,
Private, and close, and still, and housewifely,
Becomes a wife, sets off the grace^of woman.
At home to be believed both young and handsome,
As lilies that are cased in crystal glasses,
Makes up the wonder; show it abroad, 'tis stale,
And still, the more eyes cheapen it, 'tis more slubbered.
And what need windows open to inviting,
Or evening terraces, to take opinions,[1]
When the most wholesome air, my wife, blows inward,

[1] *i.e.* Obtain general admiration.

When good thoughts are the noblest companions,
And old chaste stories, wife, the best discourses ?—
But why do I talk thus, that know thy nature ?
Ama. You know your own disease, d1strust and jealousy:
And those two give these lessons, not good meaning.
What trial is there of my honesty,
When I am mewed at home ? To what end, husband,
Serve all the virtuous thoughts, and chaste behaviours,
Without their uses ? Then they are known most excellent,
When by their contraries they are set off and burnished.
If you both hold me fair, and chaste, and virtuous,
Let me go fearless out, and win that greatness :
These seeds grow not in shades and concealed places :
Set 'em i' th' heat of all, then they rise glorious.
Bar. Peace ! you are too loud.
Ama. You are too covetous ;
If that be ranked a virtue, you have a rich one.
Set me, like other lawyers' wives, off handsomely,
Attended as I ought, and, as they have it,
My coach, my people, and my handsome women,
My will in honest things.
Bar. Peace, Amaranta !
Ama. They have content, rich clothes; and that secures 'em,
Binds to their careful husbands their observance; [1]
They are merry, ride abroad, meet, laugh——
Bar. Thou shalt too.
Ama, And freely may converse with proper[2] gentlemen,
Suffer temptations daily to their honour.
Bar. You are now too far again : thou shalt have any thing,
Let me but lay up for a handsome office,
And then, my Amaranta——

[1] **Respect** [2] **Handsome**

Enttr EGLA.

Ama. Here's a thing now,
You place as pleasure to me ; all my retinue,
My cha Tiber maid, my kitchenmaid, my friend;
And what she fails in I must do myself:
A foil to set my beauty off; I thank you.
You will place the devil next for a companion.

Bar. No more such words, good wife.—What would you have, maid ?

Egla. Master Curate, and the sexton, and a stranger, sir,
Attend to speak with your worship.

Bar. A stranger!

Ama. You had best to be jealous of the man you know not.

Bar. Prithee, no more of that.

Ama. Pray you, go out to 'em;
That will be safest for you ; I am well here ;
I only love your peace, and serve like a slave for it.

Bar. No, no, thou shalt not; 'tis some honest client,
Rich and litigious, the curate has brought to me.
Prithee, go in, my duck : I'll but speak to 'em,
And return instantly.

Ama. I am commanded.
One day you will know my sufferance. *[Exit with* EGLA.

Bar. And reward it. *[Locks the door.*
So, so; fast bind, fast find.—Come in, my neighbours ;
My loving neighbours, pray ye, come in; ye are welcome!

Enter LOPEZ, LEANDRO, *and* DIEGO.

Lop. Bless your good reverence !

Bar. Good day, good Master Curate;
And, neighbour Diego, welcome. What's your business ?
And, pray ye, be short, good friends; the time is precious.—
Welcome, good sir.

Lop. To be short, then, with your mastership,
For, I know, your several hours are full of business,
We have brought you this young man, of honest parents,
And of an honest face——
Bar. It seems so, neighbours :
But to what end ?
Lop. To be your pupil, sir ;
Your servant, if you please.
Lean. I have travelled far, sir,
To seek a worthy man.
Bar. Alas, good gentleman,
I am a poor man, and a private too,
Unfit to keep a servant of your reckoning;
My house a little cottage, and scarce able
To hold myself and those poor few live under it:
Besides, you must not blame me, gentleman,
If I were able to receive a servant,
To be a little scrupulous of his dealing;
For in these times——
Lop. Pray, let me answer that, sir :
Here is three hundred ducats, to secure him;
He cannot want, sir, to make good his credit,
Good gold and coin.
Bar. And that's an honest pledge :
Yet, sure, that needs not; for his face and carriage
Seem to declare an in-bred honesty.
Lean. And (for I have a ripe mind to the law, sir,
In which, I understand, you live a master)
The least poor corner in your house, poor bed, sir,
(Let me not seem intruding to your worship,)
With some books to instruct me, and your counsel,
Shall I rest most content with : other acquaintance
Than your grave presence, and the grounds of law,
I dare not covet, nor I will not seek, sir;
For, surely, mine own nature desires privacy.
Next, for your monthly pains, to show my thanks,
I do proportion out some twenty ducats;

As I grow riper, more : three hundred now, sir,
To show my love to learning and my master :
My diet I'll defray too, without trouble.
Lop. Note but his mind to learning.
Bar. I do strangely ;
Yes, and I like it too—thanks to his money. *[Aside.*
Uie. Would he would live with me, and learn to dig too!
Lop. A wondrous modest man, sir.
Bar. So it seems.
His dear love to his study must be nourished,
Neighbour : he's like to prove——
Lop. With your good counsel,
And with your diligence, as you will ply him.
His parents, when they know your care——
Bar. Come hither.
Die. An honester young man your worship ne'er kept;
But he is so bashful——
Bar. Oh, I like him better.—
Say I should undertake you, which, indeed, sir,
Will be no little straitness to my living,
Considering my affairs and my small house, sir,
(For I see some promises that pull me to you,)
Could you content yourself, at first, thus meanly,
To lie hard, in an out-part of my house, sir ?
For I have not many lodgings to allow you,
And study should be still remote from company;
A little fire sometimes too, to refresh you ;
A student must be frugal; sometimes lights too,
According to your labour.
Lean. Any thing, sir,
That's dry and wholesome: I am no bred wanton.[1]
Bar. Then I receive you : but I must desire you
To keep within your confines.
Lean. Ever, sir ;—
There is the gold ;—and ever be your servant;—

[1] Meaning not one delicately brought up.

Take it, and give me books : may I but prove, sir,
According to my wish, and these shall multiply.
Lop. Do, study hard.—Pray you, take him in, and settle him ;
He's only fit for you : show him his cell, sir.
Die. Take a good heart; and, when you are a cunning lawyer,
I'll sell my bells, and you shall prove it lawful.
Bar. Come, sir, with me.—Neighbours, I thank your diligence.
Lop. I'll come sometimes, and crack a case with you.
Bar. Welcome. *[Exeunt* BARTOLUS *and* LEANDRO.
Lop. Here's money got with ease : here, spend that jovially,
And pray for the fool, the founder.
Die. Many more fools,
I heartily pray, may follow his example !
Lawyers, or lubbers, or of what condition,
And many such sweet friends in Nova Hispania!
Lop. It will do well: let 'em but send their moneys,
Come from what quarter of the world, I care not,
I'll know 'em instantly; nay, I'll be akin to 'em ;
I cannot miss a man that sends me money.
Let him law there: long as his ducats last, boy,
I'll grace him, and prefer him.
Die. I'll turn trade, master,
And now live by the living; let the dead stink,
'Tis a poor stinking trade
Lop. If the young fool now
Should chance to chop[1] upon his fair wife, Diego ?
Die. And handle her case, master; that s a law-point,
A point would make him start, and put on his spectacles.
A hidden point were worth the canvassing.
Lop. Now, surely, surely ; I should love him, Diego,
And love him heartily : nay, I should love myself,
Or any thing that had but that good fortune ;

[1] **Meet by chance.**

For, to say truth, the lawyer is a dog-bolt,[1]
An arrant worm ; and, though I call him worshipful,
I wish him a canonized cuckold, Diego.
Now, if my youth do dub him——
Die. He is too demure, sir.
Lop. If he do sting her home——
Die. There's no such matter;
The woman was not born to so much blessedness:
He has no heat; study consumes his oil, master.
Lop. Let's leave it to the will of fate, and presently,
Over a cup of lusty sack, let's prophesy.
I am like a man that dreamed he was an emperor.
Come, Diego, hope : and, whilst he lasts, we'll lay it on.
[Exeunl

SCENE III.—*A Street.*

Enter DON JAMIE, MILANES, ARSENIO, *and* ANGELO.

Jam. Angelo, Milanes, did you see this wonder?
Mil. Yes, yes.
Jam. And you, Arsenio ?
Ars. Yes ; he's gone, sir,
Strangely disguised; he's set upon his voyage.
Jam. Love guide his thoughts ! he's a brave honest fellow.
Sit close, Don Lawyer! Oh, that arrant knave now,
How he will stink, will smoke again, will burst!
He's the most arrant beast !
Mil. He may be more beast.
Jam. Let him bear six and six, that all may blaze him![2]
The villainy he has sowed into my brother,

[1] **A term of reproach.**
[2] **The allusion is to the branches of a stag's horns, and also to the terms of heraldry.—*Mason.***

And from his state,[1] the revenue he has reached at,
Pay him, my good Leandro ! take my prayers !

Ars. And all our wishes! plough with his fine white heifer!

Jam. Mark him, my dear friend, for a famous cuckold !
Let it out-live his books, his pains ; and, hear me,
The more he seeks to smother it with justice,
Let it blaze out the more!

Enter ANDREA.

What news, Andrea?

And. News I am loth to tell you; but I am charged, sir.
Your brother lays a strict command upon you,
No more to know his house, upon your danger.
I am sorry, sir.

Jam. Faith, never be : I am glad on'L
He keeps the house of pride and foolery:
I mean to shun it; so return my answer :
Twill shortly spew him out. *[Exit* ANDREA.
Come, let's be merry,
And lay our heads together carefully,
How we may help our friend ; and let's lodge near him,
Be still at hand : I would not for my patrimony,
But he should crown his lawyer a learned monster:
Come, let's away; I am stark mad till I see him.

[Exeunt.

SCENE IV.—*A Room in the House* 0/BARTOLUS,

Enter BARTOLUS *and* AMARANTA.

Ama. Why will you bring men in, and yet be jealous ?
Why will you lodge a young man, a man able,
And yet repine ?

[1] **Estatt.**

Bar. He shall not trouble thee, sweet;
A modest poor slight thing ! Did I not tell thee
He was only given to the book, and for that
How royally he pays ? finds his own meat too ?
Ama. I will not have him here : I know your courses,
And what fits you will fall into of madness.
Bar. *V* faith, I will not, wife.
Ama. I will not try you.
Bar. He comes not near thee, shall not dare to tread
Within thy lodgings : in an old out-room,
Where logs and coals were laid——
Ama. Now you lay fire ;
Fire to consume your quiet.
Bar. Didst thou know him,
Thou wouldst think as I do. He disquiet thee!
Thou mayst wear him next thy heart, and yet not warm him.
His mind, poor man, 's o' the law, how to live after,
And not on lewdness. On my conscience,
He knows not how to look upon a woman,
More than by reading what sex she is.
Ama. I do not like it, sir.
Bar. Dost thou not see, fool,
What presents he sends hourly in his gratefulness ?
What delicate meats ?
Ama. You had best trust him at your table;
Do, and repent it, do !
Bar. If thou be'st willing,
By my troth, I think he might come ; he's so modest,
He never speaks : there's part of that he gave me :
He'll eat but half a dozen bits, and rise immediately;
Even as he eats, he studies : he'll not disquiet thee.
Do as thou pleasest, wife.
Ama. What means this woodcock ?[1] *[Aside.*
[Knocking within.

[1] Simpleton.

Bar. Retire, sweet; there's one knocks.
[Exit AMARANTA.
Come in !

Enter Servant.

Your business ?

Scrv. My lord Don Henrique would entreat you, sir,
To come immediately, and speak with him;
He has business of some moment

Bar. I'll attend him [*Exit* Servant.
I must be gone : I prithee, think the best, wife;
[To AMARANTA, *within.*
At my return, I'll tell thee more : good morrow.—
Sir, keep you close, and study hard: an hour hence
I'll read a new case to you. *[To* LEANDRO, *within.*

Lean. (Within.) I'll be ready. *[Exit* BARTOLUS.

Re enter AMARANTA.

Ama. So many hundred ducats, to lie scurvily,
And learn the pelting[1] law ? This sounds but slenderly,
But very poorly. I would see this fellow,
Very fain see him, how he looks : I will find
To what end, and what study——There's the place :
I'll go o' th' other side, and take my fortune;
I think there is a window. *[Exit.*

Enter LEANDRO.

Lean. He's gone out.
Now, if I could but see her ! she is not this way.
How nastily he keeps his house ! my chamber,
If I continue long, will choke me up,
It is so damp : I shall be mortified
For any woman, if I stay a month here.
I'll in, and strike my lute : that sound may call her.
[Exit

[1] **Paltry.**

SCENE V.-*Another Room in the Same.*

Enter AMARANTA.

Ama. He keeps very close. Lord, how I long to see him!—
A lute struck handsomely ! a voice too ! I'll hear that.

SONG *to the lute by* LEANDRO *within.*

Dearest, do not you delay me,
Since, thou know'st, I must be gone;
Wind and tide, 'tis thought, doth stay me,
But 'tis wind that must be blown
From that breath, whose native smell
Indian odours far excel

Oh, then, speak, thou fairest fair!
Kill not him that vows to serve thee;
But perfume this neighbouring air,
Else dull silence, sure, will starve me :
'Tis a word that's quickly spoken,
Which being restrained, a heart is broken.

These verses are no law, they sound too sweetly.
Now I am more desirous.
Lean. (Peeping in) 'Tis she, certain. *[Aside.*
Ama. What's that that peeps ? *[Aside.*
Lean. Oh, admirable face ! *[Aside.*
Ama. Sure, 'tis the man. *[Aside*
Lean. I will go out a little. *[Aside, and then advances.*
Ama. He looks not like a fool ; his face is noble.
How still he stands ! *[Aside.*
Lean. I am struck en dumb with wonder:
Sure, all the excellence of earth dwells here ! *[Aside.*
Ama. How pale he looks ! yet, how his eyes, like torches,
Fling their beams round ! how manly his face shows !

He comes on : surely, he will speak. He is made most handsomely.
This is no clerk-behaviour. Now I have seen you,
I'll take my time. Husband, you have brought home tinder. *[Aside, then drops her glove, and exit.*
Lean. Sure, she has transformed me; I had forgot my tongue clean.
I never saw a face yet, but this rare one,
But I was able boldly to encounter it,
And speak my mind : my lips were locked upon me:
This is divine, and only served with reverence.
Oh, most fair cover of a hand far fairer,
[Takes up the glove.
Thou blessed innocence, that guards that whiteness,
Live next my heart! I am glad I have got a relic;
A relic, when I pray to it, may work wonders.
[_A noise within.
Hark ! there's some noise: I must retire again.
This blessed apparition makes me happy :
I'll suffer, and I'II sacrifice my substance,
But I'II enjoy. Now, softly to my kenneL *{.Exit.*

ACT THE THIRD.

SCENE I.—*An Apartment in the House of* DON HENRIQUE.

Enter DON HENRIQUE *and* BARTOLUS.

HEN. You know my cause sufficiently?

Bar. I do, sir.

Hen. And/ though it will impair my honesty,
And strike deep at my credit, yet, my Bartolus,
There being no other evasion left to free me
From the vexation of my spiteful brother,
That most insultingly reigns over me,
I must and will go forward.

Bar. Do, my lord,
And look not after credit; we shall cure that;
Your bended honesty we shall set right, sir;
We surgeons of the law do desperate cures, sir;
And you shall see how heartily I'll handle it;
Mark, how I'll knock it home. Be of good cheer, sir;
You give good fees, and those beget good causes;
The prerogative of your crowns will carry the matter,
Carry it sheer: the Ass1stant[1] sits to-morrow,
And he's your friend: your monied men love naturally,
And as your loves are clear, so are your causes.

Hen. He shall not want for that.

Bar. No, no, he must not:
Line your cause warmly, sir (the times are agueish);

[1] Sp. *As1stcntei* the chief officer of justice at Seville.—*Dyce.*

That holds a plea in heart Hang the penurious
Their causes, like their purses, have poor issues.
Hen. That way I was ever bountiful.
Bar. 'Tis true, sir;
That makes you feared, forces the snakes [1] to kneel to you.
Live full of money, and supply the lawyer,
And take your choice of what man's lands you please, sir,
What pleasures, or what profits, what revenges;
They are all your own. I must have witnesses
Enough, and ready.
Hen. You shall not want, my Bartolus.
Bar. Substantial, fearless souls, that will swear suddenly,
That will swear any thing.
Hen. They shall swear truth too.
Bar. That's no great matter : for variety,
They may swear truth ; else 'tis not much looked after.
I will serve process, presently and strongly,
Upon your brother, and Octavio,
Jacintha, and the boy. Provide your proofs, sir,
And set 'em fairly off be sure of witnesses ;
Though they cost money, want no store of witnesses :
I have seen a handsome cause so foully lost, sir,
So beastly cast away, for want of witnesses——
Hen. There shall want nothing.
Bar. Then begone : be provident;
Send to the judge a secret way,—you have me?—
And let him understand the heart——
Hen. I shall, sir.
Bar. And feel the pulses strongly beat. I'll study ;
And at my hour but mark me ! Go ; be happy ;
Go, and believe i' the law.
Hen. I hope 'twill help me. *[Exeunt severally*

[1] *i.e.* Reptiles.

SCENE II.—*An open space in the City, near the House of* LOPEZ.

Enter LOPEZ, DIEGO, *four* Parishioners, *and* Singers.

Lop. Ne'er talk to me ; I will not stay amongst ye :
Debauched and ignorant lazy knaves I found ye,
And fools I leave ye. I have taught these twenty years,
Preached spoon-meat to ye, that a child might swallow;
Yet ye are blockheads still. What should I sa[v] to ye ?
Ye have neither faith nor money left to save ye :
Am I a fit companion for such beggars ?

1stPar. If the shepherd will suffer the sheep to be scabbed, sir——

Lop. No, no; ye are rotten,

Die. Would they were, for my sake ! *[Aside.*

Lop. I have 'nointed ye and tarred ye with my doctrine,
And yet the murrain sticks to ye, yet ye are mangy :
I will avoid ye.

2nd Par. Pray you, sir, be not angry
In the pride of your new cassock ; do not part with us.
We do acknowledge you a careful curate,
And one that seldom troubles us with sermons;
A short slice of a reading serves us, sir;
We do acknowledge you a quiet teacher;
Before you'll vex your audience, you'll sleep with 'em •
And that's a loving thing.

3rd Par. We grant you, sir,
The only benefactor to our bowling,
To all our merry sports the first provoker;
And, at our feasts, we know there is no reason
But you, that edify us most, should eat most.

Lop. I will not stay, for all this : ye shall know me
A man born to a more beseeming fortune
Than ringing all-in to a rout of dunces.

4th Par. We will increase your tithes ; you shall have eggs too,
Though they may prove most dangerous to our issues.

1stPar. I am a smith ; yet thus far, out of my love,
You shall have the tenth horse I prick, to pray for:
I am sure, I prick five hundred in a year, sir.
2nd Par. I am a cook, a man of a dried conscience *[*
Yet thus far I relent,—you shall have tithe porridge.
yd Par. Your stipend shall be raised too, good neighbour Diego.
Die. Would ye have me speak for ye ? I am more angry,
Ten times more vexed ; not to be pacified :
No, there be other places for poor sextons,
Places of profit, friends, fine stirring places,
And people that know how to use our offices,
Know what they were made for : I speak for such capons !
Ye shall find the key o' the church under the door, neighbours;
You may go in, and drive away the daws.
Lop. My surplice with one sleeve you shall find there,
For to that dearth of linen you have driven me;
And the old cutwork [1] cope that hangs by geometry
Pray ye, turn 'em carefully, they are very tender.
The remnant of the books lie where they did, neighbours,
Half puft away with the churchwardens' pipings,
Such smoky zeals they have against hard places.
The poor-man's box is there too: if ye find any thing
Beside the posy, and that half rubbed out too,
For fear it should awake too much charity,
Give it to pious uses, that is, spend it.
Die. The bell-ropes, they are strong enough to hang ye;
So we bequeath ye to your destiny.
1stPar. Pray ye, be not so hasty.
Die. I'll speak a proud word to ye :
Would ye have us stay ?
2nd Par. We do most heartily pray ye.
yd Par. I'll draw as mighty drink, sir——
Lop. A strong motive ;
The stronger still, the more ye come unto me.

[1] Open work cut out with the scissors.

yd Par. And I'll send for my daughter.
Lop. This may stir too :
The maiden is of age, and must be edified.
4th Par. You shall have any thing. Lose our learned vicar!
And our most constant friend, honest, dear Diego !
Die. Yet all this will not do. I'll tell ye, neighbours,
And tell ye true : if you will have us stay,
If you will have the comforts of our companies,
You shall be bound to do us light in these points,
You shall be bound, and this the obligation ;—
Die when 'tis fit, that we may have fit duties,
And do not seek to draw out our undoings ;
Marry tried women, that are free and fruitful;
Get children in abundance, for your chr1stenings,
Or suffer to be got, 'tis equal justice.
Lop. Let weddings, chr1stenings, churchings, funerals,
And merry gossipings, go round, go round still;
Round as a pig, that we may find the profit.
Die. And let your old men fall sick handsomely,
And die immediately, their sons may shoot up.
Let women die o' the sullens too; 'tis natural ;
But be sure their daughters be of age first,
That they may stock us still. Your queasy young wives,
That perish undelivered, I am vexed with,
And vexed abundantly ; it much concerns me ;
There's a child's burial lost; look that be mended.
Lop. Let 'em be brought to bed, then die when th.y please.
These things considered, countrymen, and sworn to——
2nd Par. All these, and all our sports again, and gambols.
3rd Par. We must die, and we must live, and we'll be merry;
Every man shall be rich by one another.
ind Par. We are here to-morrow, and gone to-day. For my part,

If getting children can befriend my neighbours,
I'll labour hard but I will fill your font, sir.
1stPar. I have a mother now, and an old father;
They are as sure your own, within these two months——
4th Par. My s1ster must be prayed for too; she is desperate,
Desperate in love.
Die. Keep desperate men far from her,
Then 'twill go hard. Do you see how melancholy?
Do you mark the man? Do you profess ye love him,
And would do anything to stay his fury?
And are ye unprovided to refresh him;
To make him know your loves? fie, neighbours!
2nd Par. We'll do any thing.
We have brought music to appease his spirit;
And the best song we'll give him.
Die. Pray you, sit down, sir;
They know their duties now, and they stand ready
To tender their best mirth.
Lop. 'Tis well.—Proceed, neighbours:
I am glad I have brought ye to understand good manners;
Ye had Puritan hearts a while, spurned at all pastimes;
But I see some hope now.
Die. We are set: proceed, neighbours.

SONG.

Let the bells ring, and let the boys sing,
The young lasses skip and play;
Let the cups go round, till round goes the ground;
Our learned old vicar will stay.

Let the pig turn merrily, merrily, ah,
And let the fat goose, swim:
For verily, verily, verily, ah,
Our vicar this day shall be trim*

The stewed cock shall crow, cock-a-loodle-loo,
A loud cock-a-loodle shall he crow;
The duck and the drake shall swim in a lake
Of onions and claret below.

Our wives shall be neat, to bring in our meat
To thee our most noble adviser;
Our pains shall be great, and bottles shall sweat,
And we ourselves will be wiser.

We'll labour and swink,[1] we'll kiss and we'll drink,
And tithes shall come thicker and thicker;
We'll fall to our plough, and get children enow,
And thou shalt be learned old vicar.

Enter ARSENIC *and* MILANES.

Ars. What ails this priest? how highly the thing takes it I
Mil. Lord, how it looks! has he not bought some prebend?
Leandro's money makes the rascal merry,
Merry at heart. He spies us.
Lop. Begone, neighbours;
Here are some gentlemen: begone, good neighbours,
Begone, and labour to redeem my favour;
No more words, but begone. These two are gentlemen;
No company for crusty-handed fellows.
Die. We will stay for a year or two, and try ye.
Lop. Fill all your hearts with joy; we will stay with ye.
Begone; no more: I take your pastimes graciously.
[Exeunt Parishioners *and* Singers.
Would ye with me, my friends?
Ars. We would look upon you;
For, methinks, you look lovely.
Lop. Ye have no letters?
Nor any kind remembrances?
Mil. Remembrances!

[1] Toil

Lop. From Nova Hispania, or some part remote, sir ;
You look like travelled men : may be, some old friends,
That happily I have forgot; some signiors
In China or Cataia[1]; some companions——
Die. In the Mogul's court, or elsewhere.
Ars. They are mad, sure.
Lop. Ye came not from Peru ?—Do they look, Diego,
As if they had some mystery about 'em ?
Another Don Alonzo, now !
Die. Ay, marry,
And so much money, sir, from one you know not,
Let it be who it will !
Lop. They have gracious favours.[2]—
Would ye be private ?
Mil. There's no need on't, sir;
We come to bring you a remembrance from a merchant
Lop. 'Tis very well; 'tis like I know him.
Ars. No, sir,
I do not think you do.
Lop. A new m1stake, Diego ;
Let's carry it decently.
Ars. We come to tell you,
You have received great sums from a young factor
They call Leandro, that has robbed his master,
Robbed him, and run away.
Die. Let's keep close, master;
This news comes from a cold country.
Lop. By my faith, it freezes.
Mil. Is not this true ? do you shrink now, Goodman Curate ?
Do I not touch you ?
Lop. We have a hundred ducats
Yet left: we do beseech you, sir——
Mil. You'll hang, both.

[1] The curate is here made to display his ignorance, Cataia being the ancient name by which China was known in Europe.—*Weber.*
[3] **Countenances.**

Lop. One may suffice.
Die. I will not hang alone, master ;
I had the least part, you shall hang the highest.
Plague o' this Tiveria, and the letter !
The devil sent it post, to pepper us,
From Nova Hispania: we shall hang at home now.
Ars. I see ye are penitent, and I have compassion:
Ye are secure both, do but what we charge ye;
Ye shall have more gold too, and he shall give it,
Yet ne'er endanger ye.
Lop. Command us, master,
Command us presently, and see how nimbly——
Die. And, if we do not handsomely endeavour—
Ars. Go home, and, till ye hear more, keep private ;
Till we appear again, no words, vicar :
There's something added. *[Gives money to* LOPEZ.
Mil. For you too. *[Gives money to* DIEGO.
Lop. We are ready.
Mil. Go, and expect us hourly : if ye falter,
Though ye had twenty lives——
Die. We are fit to lose 'em.
Lop. 'Tis most expedient that we should hang both.
Die. If we be hanged, we cannot blame our fortune.
Mil. Farewell, and be your own friends.
Lop. We expect ye.

[Exeunt, on one side, LOPEZ *and* DIEGO ; *on the other,* ARSENIO *and* MILANES.

SCENE III.—*A Court of Justice.*

Enter OCTAVIO, JACINTHA, *and* ASCANIO.

Oct. We cited to the court!
Jac. It is my wonder.
Oct. But not our fear, Jacintha. Wealthy men,
That have estates to lose, whose conscious thoughts

Are full of inward guilt, may shake with horror
To have their actions sifted, or appear
Before the judge : but we, that know ourselves
As innocent as poor, that have no fleece
On which the talons of the griping law
Can take sure hold, may smile with scorn on all
That can be urged against us.

Jac. I am confident
There is no man so covetous that desires
To ravish our wants from us ; and less hope
There can be so much justice left on earth,
Though sued and called upon, to ease us of
The burden of our wrongs.

Oct. What thinks Ascanio ?
Should we be called in question, or accused
Unjustly, what would you do to redeem us
From tyrannous oppression ?

Asc. I could pray
To him that ever has an open ear
To hear the innocent, and right their wrongs;
Nay, by my troth, I think I could out-plead
An advocate, and sweat as much as he
Does for a double fee, ere you should suffer
In an honest cause.

Oct. Happy simplicity !

Jac. My dearest and my best one !

Enter DON JAMIE *and* BARTOLUS.

Don Jamie.

Oct. And the advocate that caused us to be summoned.

Asc. My lord is moved; I see it in his looks :
And that man in the gown, in nay opinion,
Looks like a proguing [1] knave.

Jac. Peace ! give them leave.

Jam. Serve me with process !

Bar. My lord, you are not lawless.

[1] Filching.

Jam. Nor thou honest;
One that not long since was the buckram scribe,
That would run on men's errands for an asper,[1]
And, from such baseness having raised a stock
To bribe the covetous judge, called to the bar:
So poor in practice, too, that you would plead
A needy client's cause for a starved hen,
Or half a little loin of veal, though fly-blown;
And these the greatest fees you could arrive at
For just proceedings. But, since you turned rascal—
Bar. Good words, my lord.
Jam. And grew my brother's bawd
In all his vicious courses, soothing him
In his dishonest practices, you are grown
The rich and eminent knave. In the devil's name,
What am I cited for?
Bar. You shall know anon;
And then too late repent this bitter language,—
Or I'll miss of my ends. [*Astde.*
Jam. Were't not in court,
I would beat that fat of thine, raised by the food
Snatched from poor clients' mouths, into a jelly;
I would, my man of law: but I am patient,
And would obey the judge.
Bar. 'Tis your best course.—
Would every enemy I have would beat me!
I would wish no better action. *[_Aside.*
Oct. Save your lordship!
Asc. My humble service.
Jam. My good boy, how dost thou?
Why art thou called into the court?
Asc. I know not,
But 'tis my lord the Ass1stant's pleasure
I should attend here.
Jam. He will soon resolve[2] us.

[1] A Turkish coin worth about three farthings. [2] Inform.

Enter Officer, *the* Ass1stant, DON HENRIQUE, *and* Witnesses.

Offi. Make way there for the judge !

Jam. How ! my kind brother !
Nay, then, 'tis rank, there is some villainy towards.
[Aside.

Ass1st. This sessions, purchased at your suit, Don Henrique,
Hath brought us hither to hear and determine
Of what you can prefer.

Hen. I do beseech
The honourable court I may be heard
In my advocate.

Ass1st. 'Tis granted.

Bar. Hum, hum—

Jam. That preface,
If left out in a lawyer, spoils the cause,
Though ne'er so good and honest. *[Aside.*

Bar. If I stood here
To plead in the defence of an ill man,
Most equal[1] judge, or to accuse the innocent,
(To both which I profess myself a stranger,)
It would be requisite I should deck my language
With tropes and figures, and all flourishes
That grace a rhetorician ; 'tis confessed
Adulterate metals need the goldsmith's art
To set 'em off; what in itself is perfect
Contemns a borrowed gloss. This lord, my client,
Whose honest cause, when 'tis related truly,
Will challenge justice, finding in his conscience
A tender scruple of a fault long since
By him committed, thinks it not sufficient
To be absolved of't by his confessor,
If that in open court he publish not
What was so long concealed.

1 Just.

Jam. To what tends this ?
Bar. In his young years (it is no miracle
That youth and heat of blood should mix together)
He looked upon this woman, on whose face
The ruins yet remain of excellent form ;
He looked on her, and loved her.
Jac. You good angels,
What an impudence is this !
Bar. And used all means
Of service, courtship, presents, that might win her
To be at his devotion : but in vain ;
Her maiden fort, impregnable, held out
Until he promised marriage ; and before
These witnesses a solemn contract passed,
To take her as his wife,
Assist. Give them their oath.
Jam. They are incompetent witnesses, his own creatures,
And will swear anything for half a royal.
Offi. Silence!
Ass1st. Proceed.
Bar. Upon this strong assurance,
He did enjoy his wishes to the full;
Which satisfied, and then, with eyes of judgment,
Hood-winked with lust before, considering duly
The inequality of the match, he being
Nobly descended and allied, but she
Without a name or family, secretly
He purchased a divorce, to disannul
His former contract, marrying openly
The Lady Violante.
Jac. As you sit here
The deputy of the great king, who is
The substitute of that impartial judge,
With whom or wealth or titles prevail nothing,
Grant to a much-wronged widow, or a wife,
Your patience, with liberty to speak

In her own cause ; and let me, face to face
To this bad man, deliver what he is :
And, if my wrongs, with his ingratitude balanced.
Move not compassion, let me die unpitied.
His tears, his oaths, his perjuries, I pass o'er;
To think of them is a disease ; but death,
Should I repeat them. I dare not deny
(For innocence cannot justify what's false),
But all the advocate hath alleged concerning
His falsehood, and my shame in my consent,
To be most true. But now I turn to thee,
To thee, Don Henrique [and, if impious acts
Have left thee blood enough to make a blush,
I'll paint it on thy cheeks. Was not the wrong
Sufficient, to defeat me of mine honour,
To leave me full of sorrow as of want,
The witness of thy lust left in my womb,
To testify thy falsehood and my shame ?
But, now so many years I had concealed
Thy most inhuman wickedness, and won
This gentleman to hide it from the world,
To father what was thine (for yet, by Heaven,
Though in the city he passed for my husband,
He never knew me as his wife)——
Assist. 'Tis strange.
Give him an oath.
Oct. I gladly swear, and truly.
Jac. After all this, I say, when I had borne
These wrongs with saint-like patience, saw another
Freely enjoy what was in justice mine,
Yet still so tender of thy rest and quiet,
I never would divulge it, to d1sturb
Thy peace at home; yet thou, most barbarous,
To be so careless of me and my fame,
(For all respect of thine, in the first step
To thy base lust, was lost) in open court
To publish my disgrace, and on record

To write roe up an easy-yielding wanton,
I think can find no precedent! In my extremes
One comfort yet is left, that though the law
Divorced me from thy bed, and made free way
To the unjust embraces of another,
It cannot yet deny that this thy son—
Look up, Ascanio, since it is come out—
Is thy legitimate heir.

Jam, Confederacy!
A trick, my lord, to cheat me ! Ere you give
Your sentence, grant me hearing.

Ass1st. New chimeras?

Jam. I am, my lord, since he is without issue,
Or hope of any, his undoubted heir:
And this forged by the advocate, to defeat me
Of what the laws of Spain confer upon me,
A mere imposture, and conspiracy
Against my future fortunes.

Ass1st. You are too bold.—
Speak to the cause, Don Henrique.

Hen. I confess
(Though the acknowledgment must wound mine honour)
That all the court hath heard touching this cause,
Or with me or against me, is most true;
The later part my brother urged excepted;
For what I now do is not out of spleen,
As he pretends, but from remorse of conscience,
And to repair the wrong that I have done
To this poor woman : and I beseech your lordship
To think I have not so far lost my reason,
To bring into my family, to succeed me,
The stranger issue of another's bed.
By proof, this is my son ; I challenge him,
Accept him, and acknowledge him, and desire,
By a definitive sentence of the court,
He may be so recorded, and full power
To me to take him home.

Jac. A second rape
To the poor remnant of content that's left me,
If this be granted; and all my former wrongs
Were but beginnings to my miseries,
But this the height of all. Rather than part
With my Ascanio, I'll deny my oath,
Profess myself a strumpet, and endure
What punishment so'er the court decrees
Against a wretch that hath forsworn herself,
Or played the impudent whore.

Ass1st. This tastes of passion,
And that must not divert the course of justice.
Don Henrique, take your son, with this condition,
You give him maintenance as becomes his birth;
And 'twill stand with your honour to do something
For this wronged woman : I will compel nothing,
But leave it to your will.—Break up the court!—
It is in vain to move me; my doom is passed,
And cannot be revoked. *[Exit with* Officer.

Hen. [Giving money to BARTOLUS.] There's your reward.

Bar. More causes, and such fees ! Now to my wife;
I have too long been absent. [*Aside."]* Health to your lordship ! *[Exit. Exeunt* Witnesses.

Asc. You all look strangely, and, I fear, believe
This unexpected fortune makes me proud :
Indeed it does not.—I shall ever pay you
The duty of a son, and honour you
Next to my father.—Good my lord, for yet
I dare not call you uncle, be not sad :
I never shall forget those noble favours
You did me, being a stranger; and, if ever
I live to be the master of a fortune,
You shall command it

Jam. Since it was determined
I should be cozened, I am glad the profit
Shall fall on thee. I am too tough to melt;
But something I will do.

Hen. Pray you, take leave
Of your steward, gentle brother, the good husband
That rakes up all for you.
Jam. Very well; mock on :
It is your turn : I may have mine. *[Exit*
Oct. But do not
Forget us, dear Ascanio.
Asc. Do not fear it:
I every day will see you ; every hour
Remember you in my prayers.
Jac. My griefs too great
To be expressed in words !
Hen. [Giving money to JACINTHA.] Take that, and leave us;
Leave us without reply.
{Exeunt JACINTHA *and* OCTAVIO. ASCANIO *offers to follow them.*
Nay, come back, sirrah;
And study to forget such things as these,
As are not worth the knowledge.
Asc. Oh, good sir,
These are bad principles !
Hen. Such as you must learn,
Now you are mine; for wealth and poverty
Can hold no friendship : and what is my will
You must observe and do, though good or ill. *[Exeunt.*

SCENE IV.—*A Room in the House of* BARTOLUS.

Enter BARTOLUS.

Bar. Where is my wife ? Tore Heaven, I have done wonders,
Done mighty things to-day.—My Amaranta !—
My heart rejoices at my wealthy gleanings :

A rich litigious lord *I* love to follow,
[lord that builds his happiness on brawlings-.
Oh, 'tis a blessed thing to have rich clients !—
Why, wife, I say !—How fares my studious pupil ?
Hard at it still ? you are too violent;
All things must have their rests, they will not last else;
Come out and breathe.
Lean. [*Within}* I do beseech you, pardon me;
I am deeply in a sweet point, sir.
Bar. I'll instruct you :
I say, take breath ; seek health first, then your study.

Enter AMARANTA.

Oh, my sweet soul, I have brought thee golden birds home,
Birds in abundance ! I have done strange wonders :
There's more a-hatching too.
Ama. Have you done good, husband?
Then 'tis a good day spent.
Bar. Good enough, chicken :
I have spread the nets o' the law, to catch rich boobies,
And they come fluttering in. How does my pupil,
My modest thing ? hast thou yet spoken to him ?
Ama. As I passed by his chamber, I might see him;
But he is so bookish !
Bar. And so bashful too ;
I' faith, he is; before he will speak, he will starve there.
Ama. I pity him a little.
Bar. So do I too.
Ama. And, if he please to take the air o' the gardens,
Or walk i' th' inward rooms, so he molest not——
Bar. He shall not trouble thee ; he dare not speak to thee.—
Bring out the chess-board I—Come, let's have a game, wife.

Enter EGLA, *with a Chess-board, and then exit.*

I'll try your mastery; you say you are cunning.

Ama. As learned as you are, sir, I shall beat you.

Enter LEANDRO.

Bar. Here he steals out; put him not out of countenance;
Prithee, look another way; he will be gone else.—
Walk and refresh yourself; I'll be with you presently.

Lean. Ill take the air a little.

Bar. 'Twill be healthful.

[LEANDRO *goes to the door, and stands there peeping at them, while they play at chess.*

Ama. Will you be there? then, here, I'll spare you that man.

Lean. Would I were so near too, and a mate fitting. *{Aside.*

Ama. What think you, sir, to this? have at your knight now!

Bar. 'Twas subtly played Your queen lies at my service—
Prithee, look off; he is ready to pop in again;
Look off, I say; dost thou not see how he blushes?

Ama. I do not blast him.

Lean. But you do, and burn too.
What killing looks she steals! *[Aside.*

Bar. I have you now close;
Now for a mate!

Lean. You are a blessed man,
That may so have her. Oh, that I might play with her! *[Aside.*

[Knocking within.

Bar. Who's there? I come.—You cannot 'scape me now, wife.— *[Knocking again.*
I come, I come!

Lean. Most blessed hand, that calls him! *[Aside.*

Bar. Play quickly, wife.
Ama. Tray you, give leave to think, sir.

Re-enter EGLA.

Eg/a. An honest neighbour that dwells hard by, sir,
Would fain speak with your worship about business. *[Exit.*
Lean. The devil blow him off! *[Aside.*
Bar. Play.
Ama. I will study :
For, if you beat me thus, you will still laugh at me.
{Knocking again.
Bar. He knocks again ; I cannot stay.—Leandro,
Pray thee, come near.
Lean. I am well, sir, here.
Bar. Come hither :
Be not afraid, but come.
Ama. Here's none will bite, sir.
Lean. [Comingforward God forbid, lady!
Ama. Pray, come nearer.
Lean. Yes, forsooth.
Bar. Prithee, observe these men, just as they stand here,
And see this lady do not alter 'em;
And be not partial, pupil.
Lean. No, indeed, sir.
Bar. Let her not move a pawn : I'll come back presently.—
Nay, you shall know I am a conqueror.—
Have an eye, pupil. *[Exit.*
Ama. Can you play at chess, sir?
Lean. A little, lady.
Ama. But you cannot tell me
How to avoid this mate, and win the game too ?—
He has noble eyes. *[Aside."]*—You dare not friend me so far?
Lean. I dare do any thing that's in man's power, lady,
To be a friend to such a noble beauty.

Ama. This is no lawyer's language *[Aside."}*—I pray you, tell me
Whither may I remove (you see I am set rourr
To avoid my husband ?
Lean. I shall tell you happily ;
But happily you will not be instructed.
Ama. Yes, and I'll thank you too : shall I move this man?
Lean. Those are unseemly: move one can serve you,
Can honour you, can love you.
Ama. Pray you tell quickly ;
He will return, and then——
Lean. I'll tell you instantly :
Move me, and I'll move any way to serve you;
Move your heart this way, lady.
Ama. How !
Lean. Pray you, hear me :
Behold the sport of love, when he is imperious !
Behold the slave of love !
Ama. Move my queen this way ?—
Sure, he's some worthy man *[Aside.]*—Then, if he hedge me,
Or here to open him——
Lean. Do but behold me ;
If there be pity in you, do but view me ;
But view the misery I have undertaken
For you, the poverty——
Ama. He will come presently.
Now play your best, sir: though I lose this rook here,
Yet I get liberty.
Lean. I'll seize your fair hand,
And warm it with a hundred, hundred kisses :
The god of love warm your desires but equal I
That shall play my game now.
Ama. What do you mean, sir ?
Why do you stop me ?
Lean. That you may intend[1] me.

[1] *i.e.* Attend to.

The time has blest us both : Love bids us use it
I am a gentleman nobly descended,
Young to invite your love, rich to maintain it :
I bring a whole heart to you ; thus I give it,
And to those burning altars thus I offer,
And thus, divine lips, where perpetual spring grows—
{Kisses her.

Ama. Take that! you are too saucy !
{Throws the chess-board at his head.

Lean. How, proud lady !
Strike my deserts !

Ama. I was to blame.

Re-enter BARTOLUS.

Bar. What, wife, there 1
Heaven keep my house from thieves !

Lean. I am wretched !
Opened, discovered, lost to my wishes !
I shall be hooted at. *{Aside.*

Bar. What noise was this, wife ?
Why dost thou smile ?

Lean. This proud thing will betray me. *{Aside.*

Bar. Why lie these here ? what anger, dear ?

Ama. Why, none, sir,
Only a chance; your pupil said he played well,
And so, indeed, he does ; he undertook for you,
Because I would not sit so long time idle :
I made my liberty, avoided your mate,
And he again as cunningly endangered me ;
Indeed, he put me strangely to it : when presently,
Hearing you come, and having broke his ambush too,
Having the second time brought off my queen fair,
I rose o' th' sudden smilingly to show you;
My apron caught the chess-board and the men,
And there the noise was.

Bar Thou art grown a master :
For all this I shall beat you.

Lean. Or I you, lawyer;
For now I love her more : 'twas a neat answer,
And by it hangs a mighty hope ; I thank her :
She gave my pate a sound knock, that it rings yet;
But you shall have a sounder, if I live, lawyer:
My heart aches yet; I would not be in that fear—
[Aside.

Bar. I am glad you are a gamester, sir; sometimes,
For recreation, we too shall fight hard at it.

Ama. He will prove too hard for me.

Lean. I hope he shall do:
But your chess-board is too hard for my head; line that, good lady. *[Aside.*

Bar. I have been atoning[1] two most wrangling neighbours ;
They had no money, therefore I made even.
Come, let*s go in and eat ; truly, I am hungry.

Lean. I have eaten already; I must entreat your pardon.

Bar. Do as you please : we shall expect you at supper —
He has got a little heart now; it seems handsomely.

Ama. You'll get no little head, if I do not look to you.
{Aside.

Lean. If ever I do catch thee again, thou vanity—

Ama. I was to blame to be so rash ; I am sorry.
[Exeunt.

[1] Reconciling.

ACT THE FOURTH.

SCENE I.—*An Apartment in the House of* DON HENRIQUE.

Enter DON HENRIQUE, VIOLANTE, *and* ASCANIO.

EN. Hear but my reasons.

Vio. Oh, my patience ! hear 'em !
Can cunning falsehood colour an excuse
With any seeming shape of borrowed truth,
T' extenuate this woful wrong, not error ?

Hen. You gave consent that, to defeat my brother,
I should take any course.

Vio. But not to make
The cure more loathsome than the foul disease.
Was't not enough you took me to your bed,
Tired with loose dalliance, and with empty veins,
All those abilities spent before and wasted,
That could confer the name of mother on me,
But that (to perfect my account of sorrow
For my long barrenness) you must heighten it
By showing to my face that you were fruitful,
Hugged in the base embraces of another ?
If solitude, that dwelt beneath my roof,
And want of children, was a torment to me^
What end of my vexation, to behold
A bastard to upbraid me with my wants,
And hear the name of father paid to you.
Yet know myself no mother ?

Hen. What can I say?
Shall I confess my fault, and ask your pardon?
Will that content you?
Vio. If it could make void
What is confirmed in court. No, no, Don Henrique,
You shall know that I find myself abused;
And add to that, I have a woman's anger;
And, while I look upon this basilisk,
Whose envious eyes have blasted all my comforts,
Rest confident I'll study my dark ends,
And not your pleasures.
Asc. Noble lady, hear me;
Not as my father's son, but as your servant,
Vouchsafe to hear me; for such in my duty
I ever will appear: and far be it from
My poor ambition ever to look on you,
But with that reverence which a slave stands bound
To pay a worthy m1stress. I have heard
That dames of highest place, nay, queens themselves
Disdain not to be served by such as are
Of meanest birth; and I shall be most happy
To be employed, when you please to command me,
Even in the coarsest office. As your page,
I can wait on your trencher, fill your wine,
Carry your pantofles,[1] and be sometimes blest
In all humility to touch your feet:
Or, if that you esteem that too much grace,
I can run by your coach, observe your looks,
And hope to gain a fortune by my service,
With your good favour; which now, as a son,
I dare not challenge.
Vio. As a son!
Asc. Forgive me:
I will forget the name; let it be death
For me to call you mother.
Vio. Still upbraided!

[1] Slippers. Fr. *JantoufUs.*

Hen. No way left to appease you ?
Vio. None. Now hear me;
Hear what I vow before the face of Heaven,
And, if I break it, all plagues in this life,
And those that after death are feared, fall on me 1
While that this bastard stays under my roof,
Look for no peace at home, for I renounce
All offices of a wife.
Hen. What am I fallen to .
Vio. I will not eat nor sleep with you: and those hours
Which I should spend in prayers for your health
Shall be employed in curses.
Hen. Terrible!
Vio. All the day long, I'll be as tedious to you
As lingering fevers, and I'll watch the nights,
To ring aloud your shame, and break your sleeps ;
Or, if you do but slumber, I'll appear
In the shape of all my wrongs, and, like a Fury,
Fright you to madness : and, if all this fail
To work out my revenge, I have friends and kinsmen,
That will not sit down tame with the disgrace
That's offered to our noble family
In what I suffer.
Hen. How am I divided
Between the duties I owe as a husband,
And piety of a parent!
Asc. I am taught, sir,
By the instinct of nature, that obedience
Which bids me to prefer your peace of mind
Before those pleasures that are dearest to me :
Be wholly hers, my lord ; J quit all parts
That I may challenge : May you grow old together,
And no d1staste e'er find you ; and before
The characters of age are printed on you,
May you see many images of yourselves,
Though I, like some false glass that's never looked in

Am cast aside and broken ! From this hour,
Unless invited, which I dare not hope for,
I never will set my forbidden ieet
Over your threshold : only give me leave,
Though cast off to the world, to mention you
In my devotions ; 'tis all I sue for :
And so, I take my last leave.

Hen. Though I am
Devoted to a wife, nay, almost sold
A slave to serve her pleasures, yet I cannot
So part with all humanity, but I must
Show something of a father. Thou shalt not go
Unfurnished and unfriended too : take that
To guard thee from necessities. *[Gives a purse,*
May thy goodness
Meet many favours, and thine innocence
Deserve to be the heir of greater fortunes
Than thou wert born to !—Scorn me not, Violante :
This banishment is a kind of civil death ;
And now, as it were at his funeral,
To shed a tear or two is not unmanly :—
And so, farewell for ever ! One word more;
Though I must never see thee, my Ascanio,
When this is spent, for so the judge decreed,
Send to me for supply. *[Exit* ASCANIO.
Are you pleased now ?

Vio. Yes; I have cause, to see you howl and blubber
At the parting of my torment and your shame.
'Tis well: proceed ; supply his wants; do, do;
Let the great dower I brought serve to maintain
Your bastard's riots ; send my clothes and jewels
To your old acquaintance, your dear dame, his mother :
Now you begin to melt, I know 'twill follow.

Hen. Is all I do misconstrued ?

Vio. I will take
A course to right myself, a speeding one;
By the blest saints, I will 1 If I prove cruel,

The shame to see thy foolish pity taught me
To lose my natural softness. Keep off from me:
Thy flatteries are infectious, and I'll flee thee
As I would do a leper.

Hen. Let not fury
Transport you so : you know I am your creature ;
All love, but to yourself, with him, hath left me.
I'll join with you in any thing.

Vio. In vain :
I'll take mine own ways, and will have no partners.

Hen. I will not cross you,

Vio. Do not—They shall find,
That, to a woman of her hopes beguiled,
A viper trod on, or an aspic, 's mild. *[Aside.*

[Exeunt severally.

SCENE II.—,4 *Street.*

Enter LOPFZ, MILANES, *and* ARSENIO.

Lop. Sits the game there ? I have you. By mine order,
I love Leandro for't.

Mil. But you must show it
Cn lending him your help, to gain him means
And opportunity.

Lop. He shall want nothing.
I know my advocate to a hair, and what
Will fetch him from his prayers, if he use any.
I am honeyed with the project: I would have him horned
For a most precious beast.

Ars. But you lose time.

Lop. I am gone. Instruct you Diego: you will find him
A sharp and subtle knave ; give him but hints,
And he will amplify. See all things ready.
I'll fetch him with a vengeance. *{Exit.*

Ars. If he fail now,
We'll give him over too.
Mil Tush, he is fleshed,[1]
And knows what vein to strike for his own credit
Ars. All things are ready.
Mil. Then we shall have a merry scene, ne'er fear it.
[Exeunt.

SCENE III.—*A Room in the House* 0/BARTOLUS.

Enter AMARANTA *with a note, and* EGLA.

Ama. Is thy master gone out ?
Egla. Even now the curate fetched him,
About a serious business, as it seemed,
For he snatched up his cloak, and brushed his hat straight,
Set his band handsomely, and out he galloped.
Ama. 'Tis well, 'tis very well: he went out, Egla,
As luckily as one would say, " Go, husband : "
He was called by Providence. Fling this short paper
Into Leandro's cell, and waken him :
He is monstrous vexed and musty at my chess-play;
But this shall supple him, when he has read it.
Take your own recreation for two hours,
And hinder nothing.
Egla. If I do, Til hang fort. *[Exeunt severally.*

SCENE IV,— *A Street, near the House of* OCTAVIO.

Enter OCTAVIO *and* JACINTHA.

Oct. If that you loved Ascanio for himself,
And not your private ends, you rather should
Bless the fair opportunity that restores him

[1] Inured.

To his birth-right and the honours he was born to,
Than grieve at his good fortune.
Jac. Grieve, Octavio!
I would resign my essence, that he were
As happy as my love could fashion him,
Though every blessing that should fall on him
Might prove a curse to me. My sorrow springs
Out of my fear and doubt he is not safe.
I am acquainted with Don Henrique's nature,
And I have heard too much the fiery temper
Of Madam Violante* can you think
That she, that almost is at war with Heaven
For being barren, will with equal[1] eyes
Behold a son of mine ?
Oct. His father's care,
That, for the want of issue, took him home,
Though with the forfeiture of his own fame,
Will took unto his safety.
Jac. Stepmothers
Have many eyes to find a way to mischief,
Though blind to goodness.
Oct. Here comes Don Jamie,
And with him our Ascanio.

Enter DON JAMIE *and* ASCANIO.

Jam. Good youth, leave me :
I know thou art forbid my company,
And only to be seen with me, will call on
Thy father's anger.
Asc. Sir, if that to serve you
Could lose me any thing, as indeed it cannot
I still would follow you. Alas, I was born
To do you hurt, but not to help myself!
I was, for some particular end, took home,,
But am cast off again.
Jam. Is't possible ?

[1] Just.

Asc. The lady, whom my father calls his wife,
Abhors my sight, is sick of me, and forced him
To turn me out of doors.
Jac. By my best hopes,
I thank her cruelty; for it comes near
A saving charity.
Asc. I am only happy
That yet I can relieve you; pray you, share:
My father's wondrous kind, and promises
That I should be supplied : but, sure, the lady
Is a malicious woman, and I fear *
Means me no good.
Jam. I am turned a stone with wonder,
And knew not what to think.

Enter Servant.

Serv. [*To* DON JAMIE] From my lady,
Your private ear, and this——
Jam. New miracles!
Serv. She says, if you dare make yourself a fortune,
She will propose the means. My lord Don Henrique
Is now from home, and she alone expects you:
If you dare trust her, so ; if not, despair of
A second offer. *[Exit*
Jam. Though there were an ambush
Laid for my life, I'll on, and sound this secret.— *[Aside.*
Retire thee, my Ascanio, with thy mother;
But stir not forth ; some great design's on foot:
Fall what can fall, if, ere the sun be set,
I see you not, give me dead.
Asc. We will expect you ;
And those blest angels that love goodness guard you !

[Exeunt, on one side, OCTAVIO, JACINTHA, *anh* ASCANIO ; *on the other,* DON JAMIE.

SCENE V.—*A Room in the House oj* DlEGO. *Table with writing materials.*

Enter LOPEZ *and* BARTOLUS.

Bar. Is't possible he should be rich ?
Lop. Most possible;
He hath been long, though he had but little gettings,
Drawing together, sir.
Bar. Accounted a poor sexton ;
Honest, poor Diego.
Lop. I assure you, a close fellow;
Both close and scraping, and that fills the bags, sir.
Bar. A notable good-fellow [1] too.
Lop. Sometimes, sir j
When he hoped to drink a man into a surfeit,
That he might gain by his grave.
Bar. So many thousands ?
Lop. Heaven knows what.
Bar. 'Tis strange,
'Tis very strange : but, we see, by endeavour,
And honest labour——
Lop. Milo, by continuance,
Grew from a silly calf (with your worship's reverence)
To carry a bull. From a penny to a pound, sir,
And from a pound to many: 'tis the progress.
Bar. You say true : but he loved to feed well also,
And that, methinks——
Lop. From another man's trencher, sir,
And there he found it seasoned with small charge ;
There he would play the tyrant, and would devour ye
More than the graves he made: at home he lived
Like a chameleon, sucked the air of misery,
And grew fat by the brewis [2] of an egg-shell;
Would smell a cook's shop, and go home and surfeit,
And be a month in fasting out that fever.

[1] i.e. Boon companion. [2] Broth.

Bar. These are good symptoms. Does he he so sick, say you?
Lop. Oh, very sick!
Bar. And chosen me executor?
Lop. Only your worship.
Bar. No hope of his amendment?
Lop. None that we find.
Bar. He hath no kinsmen neither?
Lop. 'Truth, very few.
Bar. His mind will be the quieter.
What doctors has he?
Lop. There's none, sir, he believes in.
Bar. They are but needless things in such extremities.
Who draws the good man's will?
Lop. Marry, that do I, sir;
And to my grief.
Bar. Grief will do little now, sir:
Draw it to your comfort, friend, and as I counsel you.
An honest man: but such men live not always.
Who are about him?
Lop. Many, now he is passing,
That would pretend to his love; yes, and some gentlemen
That would fain counsel him, and be of his kindred:
Rich men can want no heirs, sir.
Bar. They do ill,
Indeed they do, to trouble him; very ill, sir:
But we shall take a care.
Lop. Will you come near, sir?
Pray you bring him out.

[DIEGO *is brought in on a bed attended by* MILANES, ARSENIC, *and* Parishioners.

Now you may see in what state-
Give him fresh air.
Bar. I am sorry, neighbour Diego,
To find you in so weak a state.
JDu. You are welcome *[*
But I am fleeting, sir.

Bar. Methinks he looks well;
His colour fresh and strong; his eyes are cheerful.
Lop. A glimmering before death; 'tis nothing else, sir.
Do you see how he fumbles with the sheet? do you note that?
Die. My learned sir, 'pray you, sit. I am bold to send for you,
To take a care of what I leave.
Lop. Do you hear that?
Ars. Play the knave finely! *[Aside to* DIEGO.
Die. So I will, I warrant you,
And carefully.
Bar. Pray ye, do not trouble him:
You see he's weak, and has a wandering fancy.
Die. My honest neighbours, weep not I must leave ye;
I cannot always bear ye company:
We must drop still *[* there is no remedy.—
Pray you, Master Curate, will you write my testament,
And write it largely it may be remembered?—
And be witness to my legacies, good gentlemen.—
Your worship I do make my full executor;
[To BARTOLUS.
You are a man of wit and understanding.—
Give me a cup of wine to raise my spirits,
For I speak low *[Drinks]*.—I would, before these neighbours,
Have you to swear, sir, that you will see it executed,
And what I give let equally[1] be rendered,
For my soul's health.
Bar. I vow it truly, neighbours:—
Let not that trouble you; before all these,
Once more I give my oath.
Die. Then set me higher;
And, pray ye, come near me all.
Lop. We are ready for you.
Mil Now spur the ass, and get our friend time.
[Aside to DIEGO.

[1] Justly.

Die. First, then,
After I have given my body to the worms
(For they must be served first, they are seldom cozened)——
Lop. Remember your parish, neighbour.
Die. You speak truly;
I do remember it, a lewd vile parish,
And pray it may be mended. To the poor of it,
(Which is to all the parish), I give nothing;
For nothing unto nothing is most natural:
Yet leave as much space as will build an hospital,
That children may pray for me.
Bar. What do you give to it ?
Die. Set down two thousand ducats,
jBar. 'Tis a good gift,
And will be long remembered.
Die. To your worship,
Because you must take pains to see all finished,
I give two thousand more—it may be three, sir—
A poor gratuity for your pains-taking.
Bar. These are large sums.
Lop. Nothing to him that has 'em.
Die. To my old master vicar I give five hundred;
Five hundred and five hundred are too few, sir;
But there be more to serve.
Bar. This fellow coins, sure. *[Aside.*
Die. Give me some more drink *[Drinks'].*—Pray you, buy books, buy books,
You have a learned head, stuff it with libraries,
And understand 'em when you have done, 'tis justice
Run not the parish mad with controversies,
Nor preach not abstinence to longing women,
'Twill purge the bottoms of their consciences.
I would give the church new organs, but I prophesy
The churchwardens would quickly pipe 'em out o' the parish.
Two hundred ducats more to mend the chancel;

And, to paint true orthography, as many;
They write *sunt* with a *c*, which is abominable :
Pray you, set that down. To poor maidens' marriages——
Lop. Ay, that's well thought of; what's your will in that point ?
A meritorious thing.
Bar. No end of this will ?
Die. I give *per annum* two hundred ells of lockram*.
That there be no strait dealings in their linens,
But the sails cut according to their burdens.
To all bell-ringers I bequeathe new ropes,
And let them use 'em at their own discretions.
Ars. You may remember us.
Die. I do, good gentlemen ;
And I bequeath ye both good careful surgeons,
A legacy you have need of more than money;
I know you want good diets, and good lotions,
And, in your pleasures, good take-heed.
Lop. He raves now;
But 'twill be quickly off.
Die. I do bequeathe ye
Commodities of pins, brown papers, packthreads,
Roast pork, and puddings, gingerbread, and Jews-trumps,
Of penny-pipes, and mouldy pepper ; take 'em,
Take 'em even where you please, and be cozened with 'em:
I should bequeathe ye executions also;
But those I'll leave to the law.
Lop. Now he grows temperate.
Bar. You will give no more ?
Die. I am loth to give more from you,
Because I know you will have a care to execute:
Only, to pious uses, sir, a little.
Bar. If he be worth all these, I am made for ever. *{Aside,*
Die. I give to fatal dames that spin men's threads out;

[1] A cheap kind of linen.

And poor d1stressed damsels that are militant
As members of our own afflictions,
A hundred crowns to buy warm tubs to work[1] in.
1 give five hundred pounds to buy a church-yard,
A spacious church-yard, to lay thieves and knaves in :
Rich men and honest men take all the room up.

Lop. Are you not weary ?

Die. Never of well-doing.

Bar. These are mad legacies.

Die. They were got as madly ;
My sheep, and oxen, and my moveables,
My plate, and jewels, and five hundred acres;—
I have no heirs—

Bar. This cannot be ; 'tis monstrous. *[Aside.*

Die. Three ships at sea too.

Bar. You have made me full executor ?

Die. Full, full, and total; would I had more to give you!
But these may serve an honest mind.

Bar. You say true,
A very honest mind ; and make it rich too,
Rich, wondrous rich. But where shall I raise these moneys?
About your house I see no such great promises :
Where shall I find these sums ?

Die. Even where you please, sir ;
You are wise and provident, and know business :
Even raise 'em where you shall think good; I am reasonable.

Bar. Think good ! will that raise thousands ? what do you make me ?

Die. You have sworn to see it done; that's all my comfort.

Bar. Where I please! This is packed,[2] sure, to disgrace me.

1 This refers to the sweating of patients in hot tubs as a cure for the venereal disease.

2 *i.e.* Conspired.

Die. You are just and honest, and I know you will do it;
Even where you please, for you know where the wealth is.
Bar. I am abused, betrayed ! I am laughed at, scorned,
Baffled, and bored,[1] it seems !
Ars. No, no ; you are fooled.
Lop. Most finely fooled, and handsomely, and neatly :
Such cunning masters must be fooled sometimes, sir,
And have their worships' noses wiped[2]; 'tis healthful.
We are but quit: you fool us of our moneys
In every cause, in every quiddit[3] wipe us.
Die. Ha, ha, ha, ha !—some more drink, for my heart, gentlemen !— *{Drinks.*
This merry lawyer—ha, ha, ha, ha ! this scholar—
I think this fit will cure me—this executor——
I shall laugh out my lungs!
Bar. This is derision above sufferance; villainy
Plotted and set against me !
Die. Faith, tis knavery;
In troth, I must confess thou art fooled indeed, lawyer.
Mil. Did you think, had this man been rich——
Bar. 'Tis well, sir.
Mil. He would have chosen such a wolf, a canker,
A maggot-pate, to be his whole executor ?
Lop. A lawyer, that entangles all men's honesties,
And lives like a spider in a cobweb lurking,
And catching at all flies that pass his pit-fall
Puts powder to all states[4] to make 'em caper,—
Would he trust you ? do you deserve——
Die. I find, gentlemen,
This cataplasm of a well-cozened lawyer,
Laid to my stomach, lenifies my fever:
Methinks I could eat now, and walk a little.
Bar. I am ashamed to feel how flat I am cheated,

[1] Insultingly imposed upon.—*Dyce.* [2] Gulled, cheated.
[3] Quiddity, legal subtilty. [4] Estates.

How grossly and maliciously made a May-game !
A damned trick !—My wife, my wife !—some rascal——
My credit, and my wife !—some lustful villain,
Some bawd, some rogue, some crafty——
Ars. Fool, has found you :
This 'tis, sir, to teach you to be too busy,
To covet all the gains, and all the rumours,
To have a stirring oar in all men's actions.
Lop. We did this but to vex your fine officiousness.
Bar. God yield[1] ye, and God thank ye ! I am fooled, gentlemen !
The lawyer is an ass, I do confess it,
A weak, dull, shallow ass ! Good even to your worships!—
Vicar, remember, vicar i—Rascal, remember,
Thou notable rich rascal! . . . .
Die. I do remember, sir.
Pray you, stay a little ; I have even two legacies
To make your mouth up, sir.
Bar. Remember, varlets;
Quake, and remember, rogues, I have brine for your buttocks! *[Exit.*
Lop. Oh, how he frets, and fumes now, like a dunghill!
Die. His gall contains fine stuff now to make poisons,
Rare damned stuff!
Ars. Let's after him, and still vex him,
And take my friend off. By this time he has prospered ;
He cannot lose this dear time, 'tis impossible.
Mil Well, Diego, thou hast done.
Lop. Hast done it daintily.
Mil. And shalt be as well paid, boy.
Ars. Go; let's crucify him. *[Exeunt*

[1] Reward.

SCENE VI.—*A Street.*

Enter AMARANTA *and* LEANDRO.

Lean. I have told you all my story, and how desperately——

Ama. I do believe. Let's walk on; time is precious,
Not to be spent in words; here no more wooing;
The open air's an enemy to lovers.
Do as I tell you.

Lean. I'll do anything:
I am so over-joyed, I'll fly to serve you.

Ama. Take your joy moderately, as it is ministered,
And as the cause invites: that man's a fool,
That at the sight o' the bond, dances and leaps;
Then is the true joy when the money comes.

Lean. You cannot now deny me.

Ama. Nay, you know not;
Women have crochets and strange fits.

Lean. You shall not.

Ama. Hold you to that, and swear it confidently,
Then I shall make a scruple to deny you.
Pray you, let's step in, and see a friend of mine;
The weather's sharp: we'll stay but half an hour,
We may be missed else: a private fine house 'tis, sir,
And we may find many good welcomes.

Lean. Do, lady;
Do, happy lady!

Ama. All your mind's of doing:
You must be modester.

Lean. I will be any thing. *[Exeunt.*

SCENE VII.— *A Street before the House of* BARTOLUS.

Enter BARTOLUS, *who knocks at the door.*

Bar. Open the doors, and give me room to chafe in,
Mine own room, and my liberty! Why, maid there!
Open, I say, and do not anger me!
I am subject to much fury. When, you dish-clout,
When do you come? asleep, you lazy hell-hound?
Nothing intended but your ease and eating?—
Nobody here?—Why, wife! why, wife! why, jewel!—
No tongue to answer me?—Prithee, good pupil,
Dispense a little with thy careful study,
And step to the door, and let me in.—Nor he neither?
Ha! not at's study? nor asleep? nor nobody?
I'll make ye hear! *[Knocks violently.]* The house of ignorance!
No sound inhabits here. I have a key yet,
That commands all. I fear I am metamorphosed I
[*Unlocks the door, and exit into the house.*

Enter LOPEZ, ARSENIO, MILANES, *and* DIEGO.

Lop. He keeps his fury still, and may do mischief.

Mil. He shall be hanged first; well be sticklers there, boys.

Die. The hundred thousand dreams now that possess him,
Of jealousy, and of revenge, and frailty,
Of drawing bills against us, and petitions!

Lop. And casting what his credit shall recover.

Mil. Let him cast[1] till his maw come up; we care not. You shall be still secured.

Die. We'll pay him home, then. *[A great noise within.* Hark, what a noise he keeps within!

Lop. Certain,
H'as set his chimneys o' fire, or the devil roars there.

Die. The codexes 'o the law are broke loose, gentlemen.

[1] Vomit

Ars. He's fighting, sure.

Die. I'll tell you that immediately.

{Exit into the house.

Mil. Or doing some strange outrage on himself.

Ars. Hang him ! he dares not be so valiant.

Re-enter DIEGO.

Die. There's nobody at home, and he chafes like a lion,
And stinks withal. *[Noise still.*

Lop. Nobody!

Die. Not a creature :
Nothing within, but he and his law-tempest:
The ladles, dishes, kettles, how they fly all,
And how the glasses, through the rooms!

Ars. My friend, sure,
Has got her out, and now he has made an end on't.

Lop. See, where the sea comes ! how it foams and brustles !
The great leviathan o' the law, how it tumbles !

Re-enter BARTOLUS.

Bar. Made every way an ass ? abused on all sides ?
And from all quarters people come to laugh at me ?
Rise like a comet, to be wondered at ?
A horrid comet, for boys' tongues and ballads ?
I will run from my wits !

Ars. Do, do, good lawyer,
And from thy money too : then thou wilt be quiet.

Mil. Here she comes home : now mark the salutations.
How like an ass my friend goes!

Ars. She has pulled his ears down.

Enter AMARANTA *and* LEANDRO.

Bar. Now, what sweet voyage ? to what garden, lady ?
Or to what cousin's house ?

Ama. Is this my welcome ?
I cannot go to church, but thus I am scandaled;
Use no devotion for my soul, but, gentlemen——
Bar. To church!
Ama. Yes; and you keep sweet youths to wait upon me,
Sweet bred-up youths, to be a credit to me !
There's your delight again ; pray, take him to you;
He never comes near me more to debase me.
Bar. How's this ? how's this ? Good wife, how has he wronged you ?
Ama. I was fain to drive him like a sheep before me:
I blush to think how people fleered and scorned me.
Others have handsome jnen, that know behaviour,
Place, and observance :[1] this silly thing knows nothing,
Cannot tell ten, let every rascal justle me;
And still I pushed him on, as he had been conning.*[2]
Bar. Ha ! did you push him on ? is he so stupid ?
Ama. When others were attentive to the priest,
Good devout gentleman, then fell he fast,
Fast, sound asleep : then first began the bagpipes,
The several stops on's nose made a rare music,
A rare and loud, and those played many an anthem :
Put out of that, he fell straight into dreaming.
Ars. As cunning as she is sweet! I like this carriage. *{Aside.*
Bar. What did he then ?
Ama. Why, then he talked in his sleep too,—
Nay, I'll divulge your moral virtues, sheeps-face !—
And talked aloud, that every ear was fixed to him;—
Did not I suffer, do you think, in this time ?—
Talked of your bawling law, of appellations,
Of declarations and excommunications,
Warrants and executions, and such devils,
That drove all the gentlemen out o' the churcn by hurries,

[1] Respect [2] Absorbed in study.

With execrable oaths they would never come there again.
Thus am I served and manned ![1]
Lean. I pray you, forgive me :
I must confess I am not fit to wait upon you.
Alas, I was brought up——
Ama. To be an ass,
A lawyer's ass, to carry books and buckrams !
Bar. But what did you at church ?
Lop. At church, did you ask her ?—
Do you hear, gentlemen ? do you mark that question ?—•
Because you are half an heretic yourself, sir,
Would you breed her too? This shall to the Inquisition.
A pious gentlewoman reproved for praying!
I'll see this filed; and you shall hear further, sir.
Ars. You have an ill heart.
Lop. It shall be found out, gentlemen ;
There be those youths will search it.
Die. You are warm, signior,
But a faggot will warm you better: we are witnesses
Lop. Enough to hang him, do not doubt
Mil. Nay certain,
I do believe h'as rather no religion.
Lop. That must be known too. Because she goes to church, sir!
0 monstrum, informe, ingens !
Die. Let him go on, sir;
His wealth will build a nunnery, a fair one,
And this good lady, when he is hanged and rotten,
May there be abbess.
Bar. You are cozened, honest gentlemen :
1 do not forbid the use, but the form, mark me.
Lop. Form ! what do you make of form ?
Bar. They will undo me;

[1] **Esquired.**

Swear, as I oft have done, and so betray me :
I must make fair way, and hereafter—*[Asidc[.*—Wife,
You're welcome home; and henceforth take your pleasure;
Go when you shall think fit, I will not hinder you;
My eyes are open now, and I see my error—
My shame, as great as that, but I must hide it:
The whole conveyance now I smell: but basta:[1]
Another time must serve *[Aside].*—You see us friends now,
Heartily friends, and no more chiding, gentlemen;
I have been too foolish, I confess.—No more words,
No more, sweet wife.

Ama. You know my easy nature. *[Exit into the house.*

Bar. Go, get you in. You see she has been angry :
Forbear her sight a while, and time will pacify ;
And learn to be more bold.

Lean. I would I could !
I will do all I am able. *{Exit* LEANDRO *into the house.*

Bar. Do, Leandro.
We will not part but friends of all hands.

Lop. Well said!
Now you are reasonable, we can look on you.

Bar. Ye have jerked me; but, for all that, I forgive ye,
Forgive ye heartily, and do invite ye
To-morrow to a breakfast; I make but seldom,
But now we will be merry.

Ars. Now you are friendly,
Your doggedness and niggardize flung from you,
And now we will come to you.

Bar. Give me your hands, all:
You shall be welcome heartily.

Lop. We will be,
For we'll eat hard.

[1] Sp. Enough.

Bar. The harder, the more welcome :
And, till the morning, farewell. I have business.
Mil. Farewell, good bountiful Bartolus !
{Exit BARTOLUS *tnto the house.*
Tis a brave wench,
A sudden witty thief, and worth all service.
Go, we'll all go, and crucify the lawyer.
Die. I'll clap four tire [1] of teeth into my mouth more,
But I will grind his substance.
Ars. Well, Leandro,
Thou hast had a strange voyage ; but I hope
Thou rid'st now in safe harbour.
Mil. Let's go drink, friends,
And laugh aloud at all our merry May-games.
Lop. A match, a match ! 'twill whet our stomachs better. *{Exeunt.*

[1] **Tiers.**

ACT THE FIFTH.

SCENE I.—*An Apartment in the House* ***of*** DON HENRIQUE.

Enter VIOLANTE *and* Servant

SERV. Madam, he's come.
VioL 'Tis well. How did he look
When he knew from whom you were sent ? was he not startled ?
Or confident ? or fearful ?
Serv. As appeared,
Like one that knew his fortune at the worst,
And cared not what could follow.
Viol. 'Tis the better.
Reach me a chair. So : bring him in ; be careful
That none d1sturb us *[Exit* Servant].—I will try his [temper;
And, if I find him apt for my employments,
I'll work him to my ends; if not, I shall
Find other engines.

Re-enter Servant *with* DON JAMIE.

Serv. There's my lady.
Viol. Leave us. *[Exit* Servant.
Jam. You sent for me ?
Viol. I did : and does the favour,
Your present state considered, and my power,
Deserve no greater ceremony?
Jam. Ceremony !
I use to pay that where I do owe duty,
Not to my brother's wife : I cannot fawn;

If you expect it from me, you are cozened :
And so farewell.
Vtol. He bears up still; I like it.— *[Aside.*
Pray y6u, a word.
Jam. Yes ; I will give you hearing
On equal terms, and sit by you as a friend,
But not stand as a suitor. Now, your pleasure.
Viol. You are very bold.
Jam. 'Tis fit, since you are proud :
I was not made to feed that foolish humour
With flattery and observance.[1]
VioL Yet, with your favour,
A little form, joined with respect, to her
That can add to your wants, or free you from 'em,
Nay, raise you to a fate beyond your hopes,
Might well become your wisdom.
Jam. It would rather
Write me a fool, should I but only think
That any good to me could flow from you,
Whom for so many years I have found and proved
My greatest enemy. I am still the same ;
My wants have not transformed me : I dare tell you,
To your new-cerused face, what I have spoken
Freely behind your back, what I think of you.
You are the proudest thing, and have the least
Reason to be so, that ever I read of.
In stature you are a giantess ; and your tailor
Takes measure of you with a Jacob's staff,
Or he can never reach you : this, by the way,
For your large size. Now, in a word or two,
To treat of your complexion were decorum :[3]
You are so far from fair, I doubt your mother
Was too familiar with the Moor that served her.
Your limbs and features I pass briefly over,
As things not worth description; and come roundly
To your soul,—if you have any; for 'tis doubtful.

[1] Obsequiousness. [2] *i.e.* Seemly.

Viol. I laugh at this. Proceed.
Jam. This soul I speak of,
Or rather salt to keep this heap of flesh
From being a walking stench, like a large inn,
Stands open for the entertainment of
All impious practices : but there's no corner
An honest thought can take up : and, as it were not
Sufficient in yourself to comprehend
All wicked plots, you have taught the fool my brother,
By your contagion, almost to put off
The nature of the man, and turned him devil,
Because he should be like you; and I hope
You'll march to hell together. I have spoken;
And, if the limning you in your true colours
Can make the painter gracious, I stand ready
For my reward ; or, if my words d1staste you,
I weigh it not, for, though your grooms were ready
To cut my throat fort, be assured I cannot
Use other language.
Viol. You think you have said now
Like a brave fellow. In this woman's war
You ever have been trained; spoke big, but suffered
Like a tame ass ; and, when most spurred and galled,
Were never master of the spleen or spirit
That could raise up the anger of a man,
And force it into action.
Jam. Yes, vile creature,
Wert thou a subject worthy of my sword,
Or that thy death, this moment, could call home
My banished hopes, thou now wert dead ; dead, woman!
But, being as thou art, it is sufficient
I scorn thee and contemn thee.
Viol. This shows nobly,
I must confess it: I am taken with it;
For, had you kneeled, and whined, and showed a base
And low dejected mind, I had despised you.

This bravery, in your adverse fortune, conquers
And does command me; and, upon the sudden,
I feel a kind of pity growing in me
For your misfortunes : pity, some say, is the parent
Of future love; and I repent my part
So far in what you have suffered, that I could
(But you are cold) do something to repair
What your base brother (such, Jamie, I think him)
Hath brought to ruin.

Jam. Ha!

VioL Be not amazed :
Our injuries are equal in his bastard :
You are familiar with what I groan for;
And, though the name of husband holds a tie
Beyond a brother, I, a poor weak woman,
Am sensible and tender of a wrong,
And, to revenge it, would break through all lets[1]
That durst oppose me.

Jam. Is it possible ?

VioL [kissing him.] By this kiss! Start not. Thus much, as a stranger,
You may take from me; but, if you were pleased
I should select you as a bosom friend,
I would print 'em thus, and thus. *[Kisses him.*

Jam. Keep off!

VioL Come near,
Nearer, into the cabinet of my counsels :
Simplicity and patience dwell with fools,
And let them bear those burdens which wise men
3oldly shake off: be mine, and join with me;
And when that I have raised you to a fortune,—
Do not deny yourself the happy means,—
You'll look on me with more judicious eyes,
And swear I am most fair.

Jam. What would this woman ?— *[Aside.*
The purpose of these words ? speak not in riddles;

[1] **Hindrances.**

And, when I understand what you would counsel.
My answer shall be sudden.
Viol. Thus, then, Jamie:
The objects of our fury are the same ;
For young Ascanio, whom you snake-like hugged
(Frozen with wants to death) in your warm bosom,
Lives to supplant you in your certain hopes,
And kills in me all comfort.
Jam. Now 'tis plain;
I apprehend you : and, were he removed——
Viol. You once again were the undoubted heir.
Jam. 'Tis not to be denied : I was ice before
But now you have fired me.
Viol I'll add fuel to it:
And, by a nearer cut, do you but steer
As I direct you, we'll bring our bark into
The port of happiness.
Jam. How?
Viol. By Henrique's death.
But, you'll say, he's your brother : in great fortunes,
Which are epitomes of states and kingdoms,
The politic brook no rivals.
Jam. Excellent!
For, sure, I think, out of a scrupulous fear,
To feed in expectation, when I may,
Dispensing but a little with my conscience,
Come into full possession, would not argue
One that desired to thrive.
Viol. Now you speak like
A man that knows the world.
Jam. I needs must learn,
That have so good a tut'ress. And what think you,
(Don Henrique and Ascanio cut off)
That none may live that shall desire to trace us
In our black paths, if that Octavio
His foster-father, and the sad Jacintha
(Faith, pity her, and free her from her sorrows)

Should fall companions with 'em ? When we are red
With murder, let us often bathe in blood;
The colour will be scarlet.
Vioi. And that's glorious,
And will protect the fact.
Jam. Suppose this done :
If undiscovered, we may get for money
(As that, you know, buys any thing in Rome)
A dispensation.
Viol. And be married?
Jam. True.
Or, if it be known, truss up our gold and jewels,
And fly to some free state, and there with scorn—
Viol. Laugh at the laws of Spain. [7]Twere admirable !
Jam. We shall beget rare children. I am rapt with
The mere imagination.
Viol. Shall it be done?
Jam. Shall! 'tis too tedious. Furnish me with means
To hire the instruments, and to yourself
Say it is done already. I will show you,
Ere the sun set, how much you have wrought upon me;
Your province is only to use some means
To send my brother to the grove that's neighbour
To the west port of the city ; leave the rest
To my own practice. I have talked too long,
But now will do. This kiss, with my confession,
To work a fell revenge a man's a fool,
If not instructed in a woman's school. *{.Exeunt severally.*

SCENE II.— *A Room in the House of* BARTOLUS.
A Table Jor Breakfast, and Stools.

Enter BARTOLUS *with* Algazeirs,[1] *and a* Paritor' *in disguise.*

Bar. You are well enough disguised; furnish the table;
Make no show what ye are, till I discover;

[1] A corruption for Alguazils, constables. * Apparitor.

Not a soul knows ye here : be quick and diligent
These youths I have invited to a breakfast,
But what the sauce will be—I am of opinion
I shall take off the edges of their appetites,
And grease their gums[1] for eating heartily
This month or two : they have played their prizes * with me,
And with their several flurts they've lighted dangerously ;
But, sure, I shall be quit. I hear 'em coming.
Go off, and wait the bringing-in your service,
And do it handsomely : you know where to have it.—
[Exeunt Algazeirs *and* Paritor.

Enter MILANES, ARSENIC, LOPEZ, *and* DIEGO.

Welcome i'faith.
Ars. That's well said, honest lawyer.
Lop. Said like a neighbour.
Bar. Welcome, all; all's over !
And let's be merry.
Mil. To that end we came, sir :
An hour of freedom's worth an age of jugglings.
Die. I am come too, sir, to specify my stomach
A poor retainer to your worship's bounty.
Bar. And thou shalt have it filled, my merry Diego,
My liberal and my bonny bounteous Diego,
Even filled till it groan again.
Die, Let it have fair play,
And, if it founder then——
Bar. I'll tell ye, neighbours;
Though I were angry yesterday with ye all,
And very angry, for methought ye bobbed * me—
Lop. No, no, by no means.
Bar. No; when I considered
It was a jest, and carried off so quaintly,

[1] An allusion to a common trick of ostlers—the greasing of a horse's gums to prevent it from eating.—*Weber.*
[1] Pranks. > Befooled.

It made me merry, very merry, gentlemen.
I do confess I could not sleep to think on't;
The mirth so tickled me, I could not slumber.
Lop. Good mirth does work so, honest mirth.
Now, should we have meant in earnest——
Bar. You say true, neighbour.
Lop. It might have bred such a d1staste and sourness.,
Such fond[1] imaginations in your brains, sir,
For things thrust home in earnest——
Bar. Very certain;
But I know ye all for merry wags, and, ere long,
You shall know me too in another fashion ;
Though ye're pampered, ye shall bear part o' the burden.

Enter AMARANTA *and* LEANDRO.

Come, wife; come, bid 'em welcome; come, my jewel:—
And, pupil, you shall come too; ne'er hang backward ;—
Come, come, the woman's pleased, her anger's over;
Come, be not bashful.
Ama. What does he prepare here ?
Sure, there's no meat i' th' house, at least none dressed.
Does he mean to mock 'em ? or some new-bred crotchet
Come o'er his brains ? I do not like his kindness ;
But silence best becomes me. If he mean foul play,
Sure, they are enough to right themselves ; and let 'em ;
I'll sit by, so they beat him not to powder. *[Aside.*
Bar. Bring in the meat there, ha !—Sit down, dear neighbours;
A little meat needs little compliment;
Sit down, I say.
Ama. What do you mean by this, sir ?
Bar. Convey away their weapons handsomely.
Ama. You know there's none i' th' house to answer you,
But the poor girl; you know there's no meat neither.

[1] Foolish.

Bar. Peace, and be quiet; I shall make you- smoke else :
There's men and meat enough.

Re-enter Algazeirs *with covered dishes^ which they place on the table, and* Paritor.

Set it down formally.

Ama. I fear some lewd[1] trick, yet I dare not speak on't *[Aside, and removes their swords.*

jBar. I have no dainties for ye, gentlemen,
Nor loads of meat to make the room smell of 'em:
Only a dish to every man I have dedicated;
And, if I have pleased his appetite——

Lop. Oh, a capon,
A bird of grace, an't be thy will! I honour it

Die. For me some forty pound of lovely beef,
Placed in a Mediterranean sea of brewis.[2]

Bar. Fall to, fall to, that we may drink and laugh after.—
Wait diligently, knaves.

Mil. {lifting the cover."} What rare bit's this ?
An execution ! bless me !

Bar. Nay, take it to you,
There's no avoiding it: 'tis somewhat tough, sir,
But a good stomach will endure[8] it easily ;
The sum is but a thousand ducats, sir.

Ars. [lifting the cover.] A capias from my surgeon, and my silk-man !

Bar. Your careful makers; but they have marred your diet
Stir not; your swords are gone; there's no avoiding me;
And these are algazeirs,—do you hear that passing-bell ?

Lop. [lifting the cover.] A strong citation ! bless me i

[1] Vile. [2] Broth.
* A common term in falconry signifying to digest.

Bar. Out with your beads, curate,—
The devil's in your dish,—bell, book, and candle ![1]
Die. [Lifting the cover.,] A warrant to appear before the
I must needs rise, and turn to the wall. [judges i
&ar. You need not;
Your fear, I hope, will make you find your breeches.
All. We are betrayed!
Bar. Invited : do not wrong me.
Fall to, good guests; you have diligent men about ye j
Ye shall want nothing that may persecute ye ;
These will not see ye start. Have I now found ye ?
Have I requited ye ? You fooled the lawyer,
And thought it meritorious to abuse him,
A thick ram-headed knave; you rid, ye spurred him,
And glorified your wits, the more ye wronged him :
Within this hour ye shall have all your creditors,
A second dish of new debts, come upon ye,
And new invitements to the whip, Don Diego,
And excommunications for the learned curate;
A masque of all your Furies shall dance to ye.
Ars. You dare not use us thus ?
Bar. You shall be bobbed, gentlemen.
Stir, and, as I have a life, ye go to prison,
To prison, without pity, instantly;
Before ye speak another word, to prison.
I have a better guard without, that waits.—
Do you see this man, Don Curate ? 'tis a paritor,
That comes to tell you a delightful story
Of an old whore you have, and then to teach you
What is the penalty. " Laugh at me now, sir!
What legacy would you bequeathe me now,
(And pay it on the nail,) to fly my fury ?
Lop. Oh, gentle sir—
Bar. Dost thou hope I will be gentle,
Thou foolish unconsi derate curate ?
Lop. Let me go, sir——

[1] **In order to drive away the devil with them.**

Bar. I'll see thee hang first.
Lop. And, as I am a true vicar——
Hark in your ear, hark softly.
Bar. No, no bribery ;
I'll have my swinge upon thee.—Sirrah rascal,
You lenten-chaps ! you that lay sick, and mocked me,
Mocked me abominably, abused me lewdly,[1]
I'll make thee sick at heart, before I leave thee,
And groan, and die indeed, and be worth nothing,
Not worth a blessing, nor a bell to knell for thee,
A sheet to cover thee, but that thou steal'dst,
SteaFdst from the merchant, and the ring he was buried with,
Steal'dst from his grave : do you smell me now ?
Die. Have mercy on me ! [thee.—
Bar. No psalm of mercy shall hold me from hanging
How do ye like your breakfast ? 'tis but short, gentlemen,
But sweet and healthful.—Your punishment, and yours, sir, *[To* AMARANTA *and* LEANDRO.
For some near reasons that concern my credit,
I will take to myself.
Ama. Do, sir, and spare not:
I have been too good a wife, and too obedient;
But, since you dare provoke me to be foolish——
Lean. She has, yes, and too worthy for your usage :
Before the world I justify her goodness ;
[Draws his sword.
And turn that man, that dares but taint her virtues,
To my sword's point,—that lying man, that base man,—
Turn him but face to face, that I may know him!
Bar. What have I here ?
Lean. A gentleman, a free man ;
One that made trial of this lady's constancy,
And found it strong as fate. Leave off your fooling;
For, if you* follow this course, you will be chronicled
For a devil, whilst a saint she is mentioned.
You know my name, indeed : I am now no lawyer.

[1] Vilely.

Enter DON JAMIE *and* Ass1stant.

Die. Some comfort now, I hope; or else, wc.uld I were hanged up !
And yet, the judge ! he makes me sweat. *{Aside.*
Bar. What news now ?
Jam. I will justify, upon my life and credit,
What you have heard for truth; and will make proof of.
Ass1st. I will be ready at the appointed hour there :
And so, I leave you.
Bar. Stay, I beseech your worship,
And do but hear me.
Jam. Good sir, intend[1] this business,
And let[3] this bawling fool.—No more words, lawyer,
And no more angers; for I guess your reasons :
This gentleman I'll justify in all places,
And that fair lady's worth, let who dare cross it.
The plot was cast[8] by me, to make thee jealous,
But not to wrong your wife ; she is fair and virtuous.
Die. Take us to mercy too, we beseech your honour ;
We shall be justified the way of all flesh else.
Jam. No more talk, nor no more dissension, lawyer;
I know your anger ; 'tis a vain and slight one;
For, if you do, I'll lay your whole life open,
A life that all the world shall—I'll bring witness,
And rip before a judge the ulcerous villanies——
You know I know you, and I can bring witness.
Bar. Nay, good sir, noble sir——
Jam. Be at peace, then, presently;
Immediately take honest and fair truce
With your good wife, and shake hands with that gentle man,—
H'as honoured you too much,—and do it cheerfully.
Lop. Take us along, for Heaven-sake, too !
Bar. I am friends—
There is no remedy; I must put up all,

[1] ***i.e.*** **Attend to.** [2] **Heed not** [3] **Contrived.**

And, like my neighbours, rub it out by the shoulders—
[Aside.
And perfect friends.—Leandro, now I thank you,
And there's my hand; I have no more grudge to you;
But I am too mean henceforward for your company.

Lean. I shall not trouble you.

Ars. We will be friends too.

Mil. Nay, lawyer, you shall not fright us farther,
For all your devils, we will bolt.

Bar. I grant ye ;
The gentleman's your bail, and thank his coming :
Did not he know rne too well, you should smart for't.
Go all in peace; but, when ye fool next, gentlemen,
Come not to me to breakfast.

Die. I'll be baked first. [merry,

Bar. And, pray ye, remember, when ye are bold and
The lawyer's banquet, and the sauce he gave ye.

Jam. Come, go along; I have employment for you,—
Employment for your lewd brains too, to cool you,—
For all, for every one.

All. We are all your servants.

Die. All, all, for any thing. From this day forward,
I'll hate all breakfasts, and depend on dinners.

Jam. I am glad you come off fair.

Lean. The fair has blest me. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE III.—*A Grove near the West Port of the City.*

Enter OCTAVIC, JACINTHA, *and* ASCANIO.

Oct. This is the place ; but why we are appointed
By Don Jamie to stay here, is a depth
I cannot sound.

Asc. Believe't, he is too noble
To purpose any thing but for our good.
Had I assurance of a thousand lives,

And with them perpetuity of pleasure,
And should lose all, if he proved only false,
Yet I durst run the hazard.
Jac. Tis our comfort,
We cannot be more wretched than we are;
And death concludes all misery.
Oct. Undiscovered,
We must attend him.

Enter DON HENRIQUE *and* DON JAMIE.

Asc. Our stay is not long.
With him Don Henrique !
Jac. Now I fear : be silent

Retires with OCTAVIO *and* ASCANIO.

Hen. Why dost thou follow me ?
Jam. To save your life ;
A plot is laid fort : all my wrongs forgot,
I have a brother's love.
Hen. But[1] thy false self,
I fear no enemy.
Jam. You have no friend,
But what breathes in me. If you move a step
Beyond this ground you tread on, you are lost.
Hen. 'Tis by thy practice,[2] then. I am sent hither
To meet her that prefers my life and safety
Before her own.
Jam. That you should be abused thus
With weak credulity ! She, for whose sake
You have forgot we had one noble father,
Or that one mother bear us; for whose love
You brake a contract to which Heaven was witness ;
To satisfy whose pride and wilful humour
You have exposed a sweet and hopeful son
To all the miseries that want can bring him

[1] *i.e.* Except. [2] Stratagem.

(And such a son, though you are most obdurate,
To give whom entertainment savages
Would quit their caves themselves, to keep him from
Bleak cold and hunger) ; this dissembling woman,
This idol whom you worship, all your love
And service trod under her feet, designs you
To fill a grave, or, dead, to lie a prey
For wolves and vultures.

Hen. 'Tis false. 1 defy thee,
And stand upon my guard.

Jam. Alas, 'tis weak !
Come on!

Enter, disguised, LEANDRO, MILANES, ARSENIO, BARTOLUS, LOPEZ, *and* DIEGO *with* Servants. *They seize* DON HENRIQUE.

Since you will teach me to be cruel
By having no faith in me, take your fortune.—
Bring the rest forth, and bind them fast

[*They seize and bind* OCTAVIO, ASCANIO, *and* JACINTHA.

Oct. My lord!

Asc. In what have we offended ?

Jam. I am deaf;
And, following my will, I do not stand
Accountable to reason.—See her ring.
The first pledge of your love and service to her,
Delivered as a warrant for your death !
These bags of gold you gave up to her trust,
The use of which you did deny yourself,
Bestowed on me (and with a prodigal hand),
Whom she picked forth to be the architect
Of her most bloody building ! and to fee
These instruments, to bring materials
To raise it up, she bade me spare no cost
And, as a surplusage, offered herself
To **be** at my devotion.

Hen. Oh, accursed 1

Jam. But be incredulous still; think this my plot;
Fashion excuses to yourself, and swear
That she is innocent, that she dotes on you;
Believe this as a fearful dream, and that
You lie not at my mercy, which in this
I will show only,—she herself shall give
The dreadful sentence, to remove all scruple
Who 'tis that sends you to the other world.

Enter VIOLANTE.

Appears my Violante ? speak, my dearest,
Does not the object please you ?
Viol. More than if
All treasure that's above the earth, with that
That lies concealed in both the Indian mines,
Were laid down at my feet. Oh, bold Jamie,
Thou only canst deserve me !
Jam. I am forward ;
And, as you easily may perceive, I sleep not
On your commands.

Enter Ass1stant *and* Officers.

Viol. But yet they live : I looked
To find them dead.
Jam. That was deferred, that you
Might triumph in their misery, and have the power
To say " they are not."
Viol. Twas well thought upoa
This kiss, and all the pleasures of my bed
This night, shall thank thee.
Hen. Monster!
Viol. You, sir, that
Would have me mother bastards, being unable
To honour me with one child of mine own ;
That underneath my roof kept your cast strumpet,
And out of my revenues would maintain
Her riotous issue; now you find what 'tis

To tempt a woman. With as little feeling
As *1* turn off a slave that is unfit
To do me service, or a horse or dog
That have out-lived their use, I shake thee off,
To make thy peace with Heaven.
Hen. I do deserve this;
And never truly felt before, what sorrow
Attends on wilful dotage.
Viol. For you, m1stress,
That had the pleasure of his youth before me,
And triumphed in the fruit that you had by him,
But that I think, to have the bastard strangled
Before thy face, and thou with speed to follow
The way he leads thee, is sufficient torture,
I would cut off thy nose, put out thine eyes,
And set my foot on these bewitching lips,
That had the start of mine: but as thou art,
Go to the grave unpitied.
Ass1st. Who would believe
Such rage could be in woman ?
Viol. For this fellow,
He is not worth my knowledge,
Jam. Let him live, then,
Since you esteem him innocent
Viol. No, Jamie,
He shall make up the mess. Now strike together,
And let them fall so.
Ass1st. Unheard-of cruelty !
I can endure no longer.—Seize on her !
Viol. Am I betrayed? *[They seize* VIOLANTE,
Is this thy faith, Jamie ?
Jam. Could your desires
Challenge performance of a deed so horrid ?
Or, though that you had sold yourself to hell,
I should make up the bargain ?—Live, dear brother,
Live long and happy! I forgive you freely :
To have done you this service, is to me

A fair inheritance ; and, howe'er harsh language,
Called on by your rough usage, passed my lips,
In my heart I ever loved you. All my labours
Were but to show how much your love was cozened,
When it beheld itself in this false glass,
That did abuse you; and I am so far
From envying young Ascanio his good fortune,
That, if your state[1] were mine, I would adopt him.
These are the murderers, my noble friends;
Which, to make trial of her bloody purpose,
I won to come disguised thus.

Hen. I am too full
Of grief and shame to speak : but what I'll do,
Shall to the world proclaim my penitence ;
And, howsoever I have lived, I'll die
A much-changed man.

Jam. Were it but possible
You could make satisfaction to this woman,
Our joys were perfect,

Hen. That's my only comfort,
That it is in my power: I ne'er was married
To this bad woman, though I doted on her,
But daily did defer it, still expecting
When grief would kill Jacintha.

Ass1st. All is come out,
And finds a fair success. Take her, Don Henrique ;
And once again embrace your son.

Hen Most gladly.

Ass1st. Your brother hath deserved welL

Hen. And shall share
The moity of my state.

Ass1st. I have heard, advocate,
What an ill instrument you have been to him :
From this time strengthen him with honest counsels,
As you'll deserve my pardon.

Bar. I'll change my copy :

[1] **Estate.**

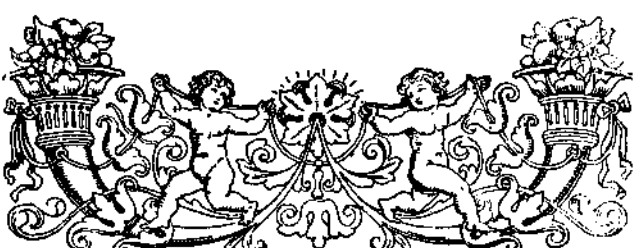
But I am punished, for I fear I have had
A smart blow, though unseen.
*Ass1st*Curate, and Sexton,
I have heard of you too ; let me hear no more,
And what's past is forgotten. For this woman,
Though her intent were bloody, yet our law
Calls it not death ; yet, that her punishment
May deter others from such bad attempts,
The dowry she brought with her shall be employed
To build a nunnery, where she shall spend
The remnant of her life.
Viol. Since I have missed my ends,
I scorn what can fall on me.
Ass1st. The strict discipline
Of the church will teach you better thoughts.—And,
You that are bachelors, if you ever marry, [signiors,
In Bartolus you may behold the issue
Of covetousness and jealousy, and of dotage
And falsehood in Don Henrique. Keep a mean, then ;
For be assured, that weak man meets all ill,
That gives himself up to a woman's will. *[Exeunt.*

EPILOGUE.

THE play is done, yet our suit never ends,
Still when you part, you would still part our friends,
Our noblest friends. If aught have fallen amiss,
Oh, let it be sufficient that it is,
And you have pardoned it. (In buildings great,
All the whole body cannot be so neat*
But something may be mended.) Those are fair,
And worthy love, that may destroy, but spare.

THE

FAITHFUL SHEPHERDESS.



THE *FAITHFUL SHEPHERDESS* was the work of Fletcher alone. The first edition of it has no date, but it was certainly published before the spring of 1610, as Sir William Skipwith, one of the persons to whom it is dedicated, died in May, 1610.

In style and treatment *The Faithful Shepherdess* shows the influence of the Italian pastoral drama, especially of Guarini's *Pastor Fido.* That it was not well received on its first representation is evident from the commendatory verses by Ben Jonson, Chapman, Beaumont, and others, which were prefixed to the play when it was printed. On its subsequent revival (after being performed before the Court at Somerset House on Twelfth Night, 1633) with an addition by D'Avenant, it was several times acted at the Blackfriars Theatre. "A most simple thing," Pepys wrote of it in 1663, "and yet much thronged after, and often shown, but it is only for the scene's sake, which is very fine indeed, and worth seeing."

Jonson, in the lines which he addressed to the author of *The Faithful Shepherdess,* makes no disguise of his contempt for the audiences of the period. He writes :—

> " The wise and many-headed bench, that sits
> I pon the life and death of plays and wits,
> (Composed of gamester, captain, knight, knight's man,
> Lady or pusill,[1] that wears mask[2] or fan,
> Velvet or taffata cap, cauked in the dark
> With the shop's foreman, or some such brave spark,

[1] Virgin. Fr. *pucelle.* The word is here used ironically.
[1] Masks were worn by women in theatres down to about the middle of the 18th century.

That may judge for his sixpence [1]) had, before
They saw it half, damned the whole play and more :
Their motives were, since it had not to do
With vices, which they looked for and came to.
I, that am glad thy innocence was thy guilt,
And wish that all the Muses' blood were spilt
In such a martyrdom, to vex their eyes,
Do crown thy murdered poem : which shall rise
A glorified work to time, when fire
Or moths shall eat what all these fools admire."

Many passages in Milton's *Comus* were suggested by Fletcher's " delightful pastoral" as Charles Lamb calls it, " If," remarks Lamb, " all its parts had been in unison with its many innocent scenes and sweet lyric intermixtures, it had been a poem fit to vie with *Comus* or *The Arcadia,* to have been put into the hands of boys and v rgins, to have made matter for young dreams like the loves of Hermia and Lysander. But a spot is on the face of this Diana. Nothing short of infatuation could have drive n Fletcher upon mixing with this * blessedness' such an ugly deformity as Cloe, the wanton shepherdess. If Cloe was meant to set off Clorin by contrast, Fletcher should have known that such weeds, by juxtaposition, do not set off but kill sweet flowers."

[1] The lowest price charged for admission to the theatres.

TO THAT NOBLE AND TRUE LOVEU OF LEAKN'NG,

SIR WALTER ASTON,[1]

KNIGHT OF THE BATH.

Sir, I must ask your patience and be true ;
This play was never liked, unless by few
That brought their judgments with 'em ; for, of late,
First the infection, then the common prate
Of common people, have such customs got,
Either to silence plays or like them not :
Under the last of which this interlude
Had fallen for ever, pressed down by the rude,
That like a torrent, which the mo1stsouth feeds,
Drowns both before him the ripe corn and weeds,
Had not the saving sense of better men
Redeemed it from corruption. Dear sir, then,
Among the better souls, be you the best,
In whom, as in a centre, I take rest
And proper being ; from whose equal eye
And judgment nothing grows but purity.
Nor do I flatter, for, by all those dead,
Great in the Muses, by Apollo's head,
He that adds anything to you, 'tis done
Like his that lights a candle* to the sun ;
Then be, as you were ever, yourself still,
Moved by your judgment, not by love or will;
And when I sing again, (as who can tell
My next devotion to that holy well ?)
Your goodness to the Muses shall be all
Able to make a work heroical.

Given to your service,

JOHN FLETCHER.

[1] One of the fi1stcreated baronets, and made a knight of the Bath At the coronation of James I.

TO THE INHERITOR OF ALL WORTHINESS,

SIR WILLIAM SKIPVVITH.[1]

ODE.

If, from servile hope or love,
I may prove
But so happy to be thought for
Such a one, whose greatest ease
Is to please,
Worthy sir, Fve all I sought for:

For no itch of greater name,
Which some claim
By their verses, do I show it
To the world ; nor to protest
'Tis the best ;—
These are lean faults in a poet ;—

Nor to make it serve to feed
At my need,
Nor to gain acquaintance by it,
Nor to ravish kind attornies
In their journies
Nor to read it after diet.

Far from me are all these aims,
Fittest frames
To build weakness on and pity.
'Only to yourself, and such
Whose true touch
Makes all good, let me seem witty.

The admirer of your virtues,

JOHN FLETCHER.

[1] " Celebrated among his friends," says Burton, " for his witty conceits in making fit and acute epigram?, poesies, mottoes, and devices."

TO THE PERFECT GENTLEMAN,

SIR ROBERT TOWNSHEND.*

If the greatest faults may crave
Pardon where contrition is,
Noble sir, I needs must have
A long one for a long amiss.[2]
If you ask me, how is this ?
Upon my faith, I'll tell you frankly.
You love above my means to thank ye.

Yet, according to my talent,
As sour fortune loves to use me,
A poor shepherd I have sent
In home-spun gray for to excuse me ;
And may all my hopes refuse me,
But when better comes ashore,
You shall have better, newer, more !

Till when, like our desperate debtors,
Or our three-piled[3] sweet protesters,
I must please you in bare letters,
And so pay my debts, like jesters ;
Yet I oft have seen good feasters,
Only for to please the pallet,
Leave great meat and choose a sallet.

All yours,

JOHN FLETCHER.

[1] Youngest son of Sir Roger Townshend, 'the ancestor of the present noble family of that name. He served as member for Castle Rising and Oxford in all parliaments from the 42ml Elizabeth to the last of James I.— *Wiber.*

[2] *i.e. A* fault of long continuance.—*Dyce.*

[3] Wearers of the finest velvet.

TO THE READER.

IF you be not reasonably assured of your knowledge in this kind o poem, lay down the book, or read this, which 1 would wish had been the prologue. It is a pastoral tragi-comedy, which the people seeing when it was played, having ever had a singular gift in defining, concluded to be aplav of country hired shepherds in gray cloaks, with curtailed dogs in strings, sometimes laughing together, and sometimes killing one another; and, missing Whitsun-ales, cream, wassail, and morns-dances, began to be angry. In iheir error I would not have you fall, kst you incur their censure. Understand, therefore, a pastoral to be a representation of shepherds and shepherdesses with their actions and passions, which must be such as may agree with their natures, at least not exceeding former fictions and vulgar traditions •, they are not to be adorned with any art, but such improper[1] ones as nature is said to bestow, as singing and poetry ; or such as experience may teach them, as the virtues of herbs and fountains, the ordinary course of the sun, moon, and stars, and such like. But you are ever to remember shepherds to be such as all the ancient poets, and modern, of understanding, have received them ; that is, the owners of flocks, and not hirelings. A tragi-comedy is not so called in respect of mirth and killing, but in respect it wants deaths, which is enough to make it no tragedy, yet brings some near it, which is enough to make it no comedy, which must be a representation of familiar people, with such kind of trouble as no life be questioned ; so that a god is as lawful in this as m a tragedy, and mean people as in a comedy. Thus much I hope will serve to justify my poem, and make you understand it ; to teach you more for nothing, I do not know that I am in conscience bound.

JOHN FLETCHER.

[1] *t.e.* Common.

DRAMATIS PERSONS.

PERIGOT.
THENOT.
DAPHNIS.
ALEXIS.
Sullen Shepherd.
Old Shepherd.
Priest of Pan.
God of the River.
Satyr.
Shepherds.

Ci ORIN,
AMORET.
AMARILLIS.
CLOE.
Shepherdesses.

SCENE.—THESSALY,

THE FAITHFUL SHEPHERDESS.

ACT THE FIRST.

SCENE I.—*The Wood before* CLORIN'S *Bower.*

Enter CLORIN.

CLORIN. Hail, holy earth, whose cold arms do embrace
The truest man that ever fed his flocks
By the fat plains of fruitful Thessaly 1
Thus I salute thy grave [thus do I pay
My early vows and tribute of mine eyes
To thy still-loved ashes • thus I free
Myself from all ensuing heats and fires
Of love ; all sports, delights, and jolly games,
That shepherds hold full dear, thus put I off:
Now no more shall these smooth brows be begirt
With youthful coronals, and lead the dance ;
No more the company of fresh fair maids
And wanton shepherds be to me delightful,
Nor the shrill pleasing suiind of merry pipes
Under some shady dell, when the cool wind
Plays on the leaves: all be far away,
Since thou art far away, by whose dear bide

How often have I sat crowned with fresh flowers
For summer's queen, whilst every shepherd's boy
Puts on his lusty green, with gaudy hook,
And hanging scrip of finest cordevan.[1]
But thou art gone, and these are gone with thee,
And all are dead but thy dear memory;
That shall outlive thee, and shall ever spring,
Whilst there are pipes or jolly shepherds sing.
And here will I, in honour of thy love,
Dwell by thy grave, forgetting all those joys
That former times made precious to mine eyes;
Only remembering what my youth did gain
In the dark, hidden virtuous use of herbs :
That will I practise, and as freely give
All my endeavours as I gained them free.
Of all green wounds I know the remedies
In men or cattle, be they stung with snakes,
Or charmed with powerful words of wicked art,
Or be they love-sick, or through too much heat
Grown wild or lunatic, their eyes or ears
Thickened with m1sty film of dulling rheum;
These I can cure, such secret virtue lies
In herbs applied by a virgin's hand.
My meat shall be what these wild woods afford,
Berries and chesnuts, plantains, on whose cheeks
The sun sits smiling, and the lofty fruit
Pulled from the fair head of the straight-grown pine
On these I'll feed with free content, and rest,
When night shall blind the world, by thy side blest.

Enter Satyr *with a Basket of Fruit.*

Sat. Through yon same bending plain,
That flings his arms down to the main,
And through these thick woods, have I run,
Whose bottom never kissed the sun
Since the lusty spring began ;

[1] Spanish leather.

All to please my master Pan,
Have I trotted without rest
To get him fruit; for at a feast
He entertains, this coming night,
His paramour, the Syrinx bright —
But, behold, a fairer sight !
[Seeing CLORIN, *he stands amazed**
By that heavenly form of thine.
Brightest fair, thou art divine,
Sprung from great immortal race
Of the gods ; for in thy face
Shines more awful majesty
Than dull weak mortality
Dare with m1sty eyes behold,
And live : therefore on this mould
Lowly do I bend my knee
In worship of thy deity.
Deign it, goddess, from my hand
To receive whate'er this land
From her fertile womb doth send
Of her choice fruits ; and but lend
Belief to that the Satyr tells :
Fairer by the famous wells
To this present day ne'er grew,
Never better nor more true.
Here be grapes, whose lusty blood
Is the learned poets' good,
Sweeter yet did never crown
The head of Bacchus; nuts more browD
Than the squirrel's teeth that crack them .
Deign, O fairest fair, to take their '
For these black-eyed Dryope
Hath oftentimes commanded me
With my clasped knee to climb;
See how well the lusty time
Hath decked their rising cheeks in red.
Such as on your lips is sptead 1

Here be berries for a queen,
Some be red, some be green;
These are of that luscious meat,
The great god Pan himself doth eat:
All these, and what the woods can yield,
The hanging mountain or the field,
I freely offer, and ere long
Will bring you more, more sweet and strong;
Till when, humbly leave I take,
Lest the great Pan do awake,
That sleeping lies in a deep glade,
Under a broad beech's shade.
I must go, I must run
Swifter than the fiery sun. , *[Exit.*

Clo. And all my fears go with thee !
[What greatness, or what private hidden power,
lls there in me, to draw submission
.From this rude man and beast ? Sure I am mortal,
The daughter of a shepherd; he was mortal,
And she that bore me mortal: prick my hand,
And it will bleed; a fever shakes me, and
The self-same wind that makes the young lambs shrink
Makes me a-cold : my fear says I am mortal.
Yet I have heard (my mother told it me,
&And now I do believe it), if I keep
My virgin-flower uncropt, pure, chaste, and fair,
No goblin, wood-god, fairy, elf, or fiend,
Satyr, or other power that haunts the groves,
Shall hurt my body, or by vain illusion
Draw me to wander after idle fires ;
Or voices calling me in dead of night,
To make me follow, and so tole[1] me on,
Through mire and standing pools, to find my ruin:
Else why should this rough thing, who never knew
Manners nor smooth humanity, whose heats
Are rougher than himself and more mis-shapen*

[1] Entice.

Thus mildly kneel to me? Sure there is a power
In that great name of virgin, that binds fast
All rude uncivil bloods, all appetites
That break their confines: then, strong chastity
Be thou my strongest guard, for here I'll dwell
In opposition against fate and hell!

[Retires into the bower.

SCENE *[[.-IntheNeighbotirhoodofa Village.*

Enter Old Shepherd, *with four couples of* Shepherds *and* Shepherdesses, *among whom are* PERIGOT *and* AMORET.

Old Shep. Now we have done this holy festival
In honour of our great god, and his rites
Performed, prepare yourselves for chaste
And uncorrupted fires; that as the priest
With powerful hand shall sprinkle on your brows
His pure and holy water, ye may be
From all hot flames of lust and loose thoughts free.
Kneel, shepherds, kneel; here comes the priest of Pan.

Enter Priest *of* Pan.

Priest Shepherds, thus I purge away

[Sprinkling them with watt

Whatsoever this great day,
Or the past hours, gave not good,
To corrupt your maiden blood.
From the high rebellious heat
Of the grapes, and strength of meat,
From the wanton quick desires
They do kindle by their fires
I do wash you with this water;
Be you pure and fair hereafter!
From your livers and your veins
Thus I take away the stains:

All your thoughts be smooth and fair [
Be ye fresh and free as air !
Never more let lustful heat
Through your purged conduits beat,
Or a plighted troth be broken,
Or a wanton verse be spoken
In a shepherdess's ear :
Go your ways, ye are all clear. *[They rise and sing-*

Sing his praises that doth keep
Our flocks from harm,
Pan, the father of our sheep;
And arm in arm
Tread we softly in a round,
Whilst the hollow neighbouring ground
Fills the music with her sound.

Pan, O great god Pan, to thee
Thus do we sing !
Thou that keep'st us chaste and free
As the young spring ;
Ever be thy honour spoke,
From that place the Morn is broke
To that place Day doth unyoke !
[Exeunt all except PERIGOT *and* AMORET.

Peri. [Detaining her.] Stay, gentle Amoret, thou fair-browed maid;
Thy shepherd prays thee stay, that holds thee dear,
Equal with his soul's good.
Amo. Speak ; I give
Thee freedom, shepherd; and thy tongue be still
The same it ever was, as free from ill
As he whose conversation never knew
The court or city; be thou ever true !
Peri. When I fall off from my affection,
Or mingle my clean thoughts with foul desires.
First, let our great god cease to keep my flocks,

That, being left alone without a guard,
The wolf, or winter's rage, summer's great heat
And want of water, rots, or what to us
Of ill is yet unknown, fall speedily,
And in their general ruin let me go!

Amo. I pray thee, gentle shepherd, wish not so:
[do believe thee; 'tis as hard for me
To think thee false, and harder, than for thee
To hold me foul.

Peri. Oh, you are fairer far
Than the chaste blushing morn, or that fair star
That guides the wandering seaman through the xieep ;
Straighter than straightest pine upon the steep
Head of an aged mountain ; and more white
Than the new milk we strip before day-light
From the full-freighted bags of our fair flocks ;
Your hair more beauteous than those hanging locks
Of young Apollo !

Amo. Shepherd, be not lost;
You are sailed too far already from the coast
Of your discourse.

Peri. Did you not tell me once
I should not love alone, I should not lose
Those many passions, vows, and holy oaths,
I have sent to heaven ? did you not give your hand,
Even that fair hand, in hostage ? Do not, then,
Sive back again those sweets to other men,
You yourself vowed were mine.

Amo. Shepherd, so far as maiden's modesty
May give assurance, I am once more thine,
Once more I give my hand : be ever free
From that great foe to faith, foul jealousy !

Peri. I take it as my best good; and desire,
For stronger confirmation of our love,
To meet this happy night in that fair grove,
Where all true shepherds have rewarded been
For their long service : say, sweet, shall it hold ?

Amo. Dear friend, you must not blame me, if I make
A doubt of what the silent night may do,
Coupled with this day's heat, to move your blood :
Maids must be fearful. Sure you have not been
Washed white enough, for yet I see a stain
Stick in your liver : go and purge again.

Pert. Oh, do not wrong my honest simple truth !
Myself and my affections are as pure
As those chaste flames that burn before the shrine
Of the great Dian : only my intent
To draw you thither was to plight our troths,
With interchange of mutual chaste embraces,
And ceremonious tying of our souls.
For to that holy wood is ponsecrate
A virtuous well, about whose flowery banks
The nimble-footed fairies dance their rounds
By the pale moonshine, dipping oftentimes
Their stolen children, so to make them free
From dying flesh and dull mortality :
By this fair fount hath many a shepherd sworn,
And given away his freedom, many a troth
Been plight, which neither envy nor old time
Could ever break, with many a chaste kiss given,
In hope of coming happiness;
By this fresh fountain many a blushing maid
Hath crowned the head of her long-loved shepherd
With gaudy flowers, whilst he happy sung
Lays of his love and dear captivity ;
There grow all herbs fit to cool looser flames
Our sensual parts provoke, chiding our bloods,
And quenching by their power those hidden sparks
That else would break out, and provoke our sense
To open fires; so virtuous is that place.
Then, gentle shepherdess, believe, and grant:
In troth, it fits not with that face to scant
Your faithful shepherd of those chaste desires
He ever aimed at, and——

Amo. Thou hast prevailed: farewell. This coming night
Shall crown thy chaste hopes with long-wished delight
Peri. Our great god Pan reward thee for that good
Thou hast given thy poor shepherd ! Fairest bud
Of maiden virtues, when I leave to be
The true admirer of thy chastity,
Let me deserve the hot polluted name
Of a xvild woodman, or affect[1] some dame
Whose often prostitution hath begot
More foul diseases than e'er yet the hot
Sun bred thorough his burnings, whilst the Dog
Pursues the raging Lion, throwing fog
And deadly vapour from his angry breath,
Filling the lower world with plague and death!
[Exit AMORET.

Enter AMARILLIS.

Amar. Shepherd, may I desire to be believed,
What I shall blushing tell ?
Peri. Fair maid, you may.
Amar. Then, softly thus : I love thee, Perigot;
And would be gladder to be loved again
Than the cold earth is in his frozen arms
To clip[2] the wanton spring. Nay, do not start,
Nor wonder that I woo thee; thou that art
The prime of our young grooms, even the top
Of all our lusty shepherds. What dull eye,
That never was acquainted with desire,
Hath seen thee wrestle, run, or cast the stone
With nimble strength and fair delivery,
And hath not sparkled fire, and speedily
Sent secret heat to all the neighbouring veins ?
Who ever heard thee sing, that brought again
That freedom back was lent unto thy voice ?
Then, do not blame me, shepherd, if I be

[1] **Love.** [2] **Embrace.**

One to be numbered in this company,
Since none that ever saw thee yet were free.
Peri. Fair shepherdess, much pity I can lend
To your complaints; but sure I shall not love :
All that is mine, myself and my best hopes,
Are given already. Do not love him, then.
That cannot love again ; on other men
Bestow those heats, more free, that may return
You fire for fire, and in one flame equal burn.
Amar. Shall I rewarded be so slenderly
For my affection, most unkind of men ?
If I were old, or had agreed with art
To give another nature to my cheeks,
Or were l common m1stress to the love
Of every swam, or could I with such ease
Call back my love as many a wanton doth,
Thou mightst refuse me, shepherd ; but to thee
I am only fixed and set; let it not be
A sport, thou gentle shepherd, to abuse
The love of silly maid.
Peri. Fair soul, you use
These words to little end: for, know, I may
Better call back that time was yesterday,
Or stay the coming night, .than bring my love
Home to myself again, or recreant prove.
I will no longer hold you with delays:
This present night I have appointed been
To meet that chaste fair that enjoys my soul,
In yonder grove, there to make up our loves
Be not deceived no longer, choose again :
These neighbouring plains have many a comely swain,
Fresher and freer far than 1 e'er was ;
Bestow that love on them, and let me pass.
Farewell : be happy in a better choice ! *{Exit.*
Amar. Cruel, thou hast struck me deader with thy voice
Than if the angry heavens with their quick flames

Had shot me through. I must not leave to love,
I cannot; no, I must enjoy thee, boy,
Though the great dangers 'twixt my hopes and thai
Be infinite. There is a shepherd dwells
Down by the moor, whose life hath ever shown
More sullen discontent than Saturn's brow
When he sits frowning on the births of men ;
One that doth wear himself away in loneness,
And never joys, unless it be in breaking
The holy plighted troths of mutual souls;
One that lusts after every several beauty,
But never yet was known to love or like,
Were the face fairer or more full of truth
Than Phoebe in her fulness, or the youth
Of smooth Lyaeus; whose nigh-starved flocks
Are always scabby, and infect all sheep
They feed withal [whose lambs are ever last,
And die before their weaning ; and whose dog
Looks, like his master, lean and full of scurf,
Not caring for the pipe or wh1stle. This man may,
If he be well wrought, do a deed of wonder,
Forcing me passage to my long desires:
And here he comes, as fitly to my purpose
As my quick thoughts could wish for.

Enter Sullen Shepherd.

Sull. Shep. Fresh beauty, let me not be thought uncivil,
Thus to be partner of your loneness : 'twas
My love (that ever-working passion) drew
Me to this place, to seek some remedy
For my sick soul. Be not unkind and fair,
For such the mighty Cupid in his doom
Hath sworn to be avenged on ; then, give room
To my consuming fires, that so I may
Enjoy my long desires, and so allay
Those flames that else would burn my life away.

Amar. Shepherd, were I but sure thy heart were sound

As thy words seem to be, means might be found
To cure thee of thy long pains; for to me
That heavy youth-consuming misery
The love-sick soul endures never was pleasing :
I could be well content with the quick easing
Of thee and thy hot fires, might it procure
Thy faith and farther service to be sure.

Sull. Shep. Name but that great work, danger, or what can
Be compassed by the wit or art of man.
And, if I fail in my performance, may
I never more kneel to the rising day!

Amar. Then, thus I try thee, shepherd. This same night
That now comes stealing on, a gentle pair
Have promised equal love, and do appoint
To make yon wood the place where hands and hearts
Are to be tied for ever : break their meeting
And their strong faith, and I am ever thine.

Sull. Shep. Tell me their names, and if I do not move
By my great power, the centre of their love
From his fixed being, let me never more
Warm me by those fair eyes I thus adore.

Amar. Come; as we go, I'll tell thee what they are,
And give thee fit directions for thy work. *[Exeunt.*

SCENE III.—*Another part of the Wood.*

Enter CLOE.

Cloe. How have I wronged the times or men, that thus,
After this holy feast, I pass unknown
And unsaluted ? 'Twas not wont to be
Thus frozen with the younger company
Of jolly shepherds; 'twas not then held good

For lusty grooms to mix their quicker blood
With that dull humour, most unfit to be
The friend of man, cold and dull chastity.
Sure I am held not fair, or am too old,
Or else not free enough, or from my fold
Drive not a flock sufficient great to gain
The greedy eyes of wealth-alluring swain.
Yet, if I may believe what others say,
My face has foil enough; nor can they lay
Justly too strict a coyness to my charge;
My flocks are many, and the downs as large
They feed upon : then, let it ever be
Their coldness, not my virgin-modesty
Makes me complain.

Enter THENOT.

Tfo. Was ever man but I
Thus truly taken with uncertainty?
Where shall that man be found that loves a mind
Made up in constancy, and dares not find
His love rewarded? Here, let all men know,
A wretch that lives to love his m1stress so.

Cloe. Shepherd, I pray thee stay. Where hast thou been?

Or whither goest thou? Here be wooas as green
As any; air likewise as fresh and sweet
As where smooth Zephyrus plays on the fleet
Face of the curled streams; with flowers as many
As the young spring gives, and as choice as any;
Here be all new delights, cool streams and wells,
Arbours o'ergrown with woodbines, caves, and dells;
Choose where thou wilt, whilst I sit by and sing,
Or gather rushes, to make many a ring
For thy long fingers; tell thee tales of love,—
How the pale Phoebe, hunting in a grove,
First saw the boy Endymion, from whose eyes.
She took eternal tire that never dies;

How she conveyed him softly in a sleep,
His temples bound with poppy, to the steep
Head of old Latmus, where she stoops each nighf
Gilding the mountain with her brothers light,
To kiss her sweetest.

The. Far from me are these
Hot flashes, bred from wanton heat and ease ;
I have forgot what love and loving meant;
Rhymes, songs, and merry rounds,[1] that oft are sent
To the soft ear of maid, are strange to me :
Only I live to admire a chastity,
That neither pleasing age,[2] smooth tongue, nor gold,
Could ever break upon,[3] so sure the mould
Is that her mind was cast in ; 'tis to her
I only am reserved ; she is my form I stir
By, breathe and move; 'tis she, and only she,
Can make me happy, or give misery.

Cloe. Good shepherd, may a stranger crave to know
To whom this dear observance you do owe ?

The. You may, and by her virtue learn to square
And level out your life ; for to be fair,
And nothing virtuous, only fits the eye
Of gaudy youth and swelling vanity.
Then, know, she's called the Virgin of the Grove,
She that hath long since buried her chaste love,
And now lives by his grave, for whose dear soul
She hath vowed herself into the holy roll
Of strict virginity : 'tis her I so admire,
Not any looser blood or new desire. *[.Exit*

Cloe. Farewell, poor swain! thou art not for my bend;[4]
I must have quicker souls, whose words may tend
To some free action : give me him dare love
At first encounter, and as soon dare prove !

[1] Roundelays.
[2] *i.e.* Break in upo*-
[3] *i.e.* Youth. Ed. 1778.
[4] *i.e.* Bent, purpose.

Sttigf. Come, shepherds, come !
Come away
Without delay,
Whilst the gentle time doth stay.
Green woods are dumb,
And will never tell to any
Those dear kisses, and those many
Sweet embraces that are given;
Dainty pleasures, that would even
Raise in coldest age a fire,
And give virgin-blood desire.
Then, if ever,
Now or never,
Come and have it :
Think not I
Dare deny,
If you crave it.

Enter DAPHNIS.

Here comes another. Better be my speed,
Thou god of blood ! But certain, if I read
Not false, this is that modest shepherd, he
That only dare salute, but ne'er could be
Brought to kiss any, hold discourse, or sing,
Whisper, or boldly ask that wished thing
We all are born for; one that makes loving faces.
And could be well content to covet graces,
Were they not got by boldness. In this thing
My hopes are frozen; and, but fate doth bring
Him hither, I would sooner choose
A man made out of snow, and freer use
An eunuch to my ends ; but since he's here,
Thus 1 attempt him.—[Astile.] Thou, of men most dear,
Welcome to her that only for thy sake
Hath been content to live ! Here, boldly take
My hand in pledge, this hand, that never yet
Was given away to any ; and but sit

Down on this rushy bank, whilst I go pull
Fresh blossoms from the boughs, or quickly cull
The choicest delicates from yonder mead,
To make thee chains or chaplets, or to spread
Under our fainting bodies, when delight
Shall lock up all our senses. How the sight
Of those smooth rising cheeks renew the story
Of young Adonis, when in pride and glory
He lay infolded 'twixt the beating arms
Of willing Venus! Methinks stronger charms
Dwell in those speaking eyes, and on that brow
More sweetness than the painters can allow
To their best pieces. Not Narcissus, he
That wept himself away in memory
Of his own beauty, nor Silvanus' boy,
Nor the twice-ravished maid, for whom old Troy
Fell by the hand of Pyrrhus, may to thee
Be otherwise compared, than some dead tree
To a young fruitful olive.

Daph. I can love,
But I am loath to say so, lest I prove
Too soon unhappy.

Cloe. Happy, thou wouldst say.
My dearest Daphnis, blush not; if the day
To thee and thy soft heats be enemy,
Then take the coming night; fair youth, 'tis free
To all the world. Shepherd, I'll meet thee then
When darkness hath shut up the eyes of men,
In yonder grove: speak, shall our meeting hold?
Indeed you are too bashful; be more bold,
And tell me ay.

Daph. I am content to say so,
And would be glad to meet, might I but pray so
Much from your fairness, that you would be true.

Cloe. Shepherd, thou hast thy wish.

Daph. Fresh maid, adieu.
Yet one word more: since you have drawn me on

To cpme this night, fear not to meet alone
That man that will not offer to be ill,
Though your bright self would ask it, for his fill
Of this world's goodness ; do not fear him, then,
But keep your 'pointed time. Let other men
Set up their bloods to sale, mine shall be ever
Fair as the soul it carries, and unchaste never. *[Exit.*

Cloe. Yet am I poorer than I was before.
Is it not strange, among so many a score
Of lusty bloods, I should pick out thebe things,
Whose veins, like a dull river far from springs,
Is still the same, slow, heavy, and unfit
For stream or motion, though the strong winds hit
With their continual power upon his sides ?
Oh, happy be your names that have been brides,
And tasted those rare sweets for which I pine !
And far more heavy be thy grief and tine[1],
Thou lazy swain, that mayst relieve my needs,
Than his, upon whose liver always feeds
A hungry vulture !

Enter ALEXIS.

Alex. Can such beauty be
Safe in his own guard, and not draw the eye
Of him that passeth on, to greedy gaze
Or covetous desire, whilst in a maze
The better part contemplates, giving rein,
And wished freedom to the labouring vein ?
Fairest and whitest, may I crave to know
The cause of your retirement, why you go
Thus all alone? Methinks the downs are sweeter,
And the young company of swains more meeter,
Than tHese forsaken and untrodden places.
Give not yourself to loneness, and those graces
Hide from the eyes of men, that were intended
To live amongst us swains.

[1] The same as "teen" which sanities sorrow, anger, injury, & c. *Weber.*

Cloe. Thou art befriended,
ihepherd : in all my life I have not seen
A man, in whom greater contents have been,
Than thou thyself art. I could tell thee more,
Were there but any hope left to restore
My freedom lost Oh, lend me all thy red,
Thou shame-faced Morning, when from Tithon's bed
Thou risest ever-maiden!

Alex. If for me,
Thou sweetest of all sweets, these flashes be,
Speak, and be satisfied Oh, guide her tongue,
My better angel; force my name among
Her modest thoughts, that the first word may be—

Cloe. Alexis, when the sun shall kiss the sea,
Taking his rest by the white Thetis' side,
Meet me in the holy wood, where I'll abide
Thy coming, shepherd

Alex. If I stay behind,
An everlasting dulness, and the wind,
That as he passeth by shuts up the stream
Of Rhine or Volga, whilst the sun's hot beam
Beats back again, seize me, and let me turn
To coldness more than ice ! Oh, how I burn
And rise in youth and fire ! I dare not stay.

Cloe. My name shall be your word.

Alex. Fly, fly, thou day ! *[Exit.*

Cloe. My grief is great, if both these boys should fail:
He that will use all winds must shift his sail. *[_Exit.*

ACT THE SECOND.

SCENE I.— *A Pasture..*

Enter Old Shepherd *ringing a bel*[7] *and* Priest of Pan *following.*

PRIES F. Shepherds all, and maidens fair,
Fold your flocks up, for the air
'Gins to thicken, and the sun
Already his great course hath run.
See the dew-drops how they kiss
Every little flower that is;
Hanging on their velvet heads,
Like a rope of crystal beads :
See the heavy clouds low falling,
And bright Hesperus down calling
The dead Night from under ground;
At whose rising m1sts unsound,
Damps and vapours fly apace,
Hovering o'er the wanton face
Of these pastures, where they come,
Striking dead both bud and bloom:
Therefore, from such danger lock
Every one his loved flock;
And let your dogs lie loose without,
Lest the wolf come as a scout
From the mountain, and, ere day,
Bear a lamb or kid away ;
Or the crafty thievish fox

Break upon your simple flocks.
To secure yourselves from these,
Be not too secure in ease ;
Lei one eye his watches keep,
Whilst the other eye doth sleep ;
So you shall good shepherds prove,
And for ever hold the love
Of our great god. Sweetest slumbers,
And soft silence, fall in numbeis
On your eyelids ! So, farewell:
Thus I end my evening's knell. ^*Exeunt.*

SCENE II.—*The Wood before* CLORIN'S *Bower.*

Enter CLORIN, *sorting herbs.*

Clo. Now let me know what my best art hath done,
Helped by the great power of the virtuous moon
In her full light. Oh, you sons of earth,
You only brood, unto whose happy birth
Virtue was given, holding more of nature
Than man, her first-born and most perfect creature,
Let me adore you ! you, that only can
Help or kill nature, drawing out that span
Of life and breath even to the end of time ;
You, that these hands did crop long before prime
Of day, give me your names, and, next, your hidden
This is the clote,[1] bearing a yellow flower; [power
And this, black horehound ; both are very good
For sheep or shepherd bitten by a wood"[2]
Dog's venomed tooth : these rhamnus'[3] branches are,
Which, stuck in entries, or about the bar

[1] The yellow water-lily is still so called in Dorset; in Barnes? poems there is frequent mention of the "goolden zummer clote."
[2] Mad. [3] Buckthorn.

That holds the door, kill all enchantments, charms,
(Were they Medea's verses,) that do harms
To men or cattle : these for frenzy be
A speedy and a sovereign remedy,
The bitter wormwood, sage, and marigold ;
Such sympathy with man's good they do hold :
This tormentil, whose virtue is to part
All deadly killing poison from the heart:
And, here, narcissus root, for swellings best :
Yellow lysimachus,[1] to give sweet rest
To the faint shepherd, killing, where it comes,
All busy gnats, and every fly that hums :
For leprosy, darnel and celandine,
With calamint, whose virtues do refine
The blood of man, making it free and fair
As the first hour it breathed, or the best air:
Here, other two ; but your rebellious use
Is not for me, whose goodness is abuse ;
Therefore, foul standergrass, from me and mine
I banish thee, with lustful turpentine;
You that entice the veins and stir the heat
To civil mutiny, scaling the seat
Our reason moves in, and deluding it
With dreams and wanton fancies, till the fit
Of burning lust be quenched, by appetite
Robbing the soul of blessedness and light:
And thou, light vervain, too, thou must go after,
Provoking easy souls to mirth and laughter ;
No more shall I dip thee in water now,
And sprinkle every post and every bough
With thy well-pleasing juice, to make the grooms
Swell with high mirth, and with joy all the rooms,

Enter THENOX.

The, This is the cabin where the best of all
Her sex that ever breathed, or ever shall

[1] Willow-herb, or loose-strife.

Give heat or happiness to the shepherd's side,
Doth only to her worthy self abide.
Thou blessed star, I thank thee for thy light,
Thou by whose power the darkness of sad night
Is banished from the earth, in whose dull place
Thy chaster beams play on the heavy face
Of all the world, making the blue sea smile,
To see how cunningly thou dost beguile
Thy brother of his brightness, giving day
Again from chaos ; whiter than that way
That leads to Jove's high court, and chaster far
Than chastity itself, you blessed star
That nightly shines ! thou, all the constancy
That in all women was or e'er shall be;
From whose fair eye-balls flies that holy fire
That poets style the mother of desire,
Infusing into every gentle breast
A soul of greater price, and far more blest,
Than that quick power which gives a difference
'Twixt man and creatures of a lower sense !

Clo. Shepherd, how cam'st thou hither to this place ?
No way is trodden ; all the verdant grass
The spring shot up stands yet unbruised here
Of any foot; only the dappled deer,
Far from the feared sound of crooked horn,
Dwells in this fastness.

The. Chaster than the morn,
I have not wandered, or by strong illusion
Into this virtuous place have made intrusion :
But hither am I come (believe me, fair,)
To seek you out, of whose great good the air
Is full, and strongly labours, whilst the sound
Breaks against heaven, and drives into a stound
Th' amazed shepherd, that such virtue can
Be resident in lesser than a man.

Go. If anv art T have, or hidden skill,
May cure thee of disease or festered ill

Whose grief or greenness to another's eve
May seem unpossible of remedy,
I dare yet undertake it.
The. 'Tis no pain
I suffer through disease, no beating vein
Conveys infection dangerous to the heart,
No part imposthumed, to be cured by art,
This body holds ; and yet a fuller grief
Than ever skilful hand did give relief
Dwells on my soul, and may be healed by you,
Fair, beauteous virgin.
Clo. Then, shepherd, let me sue
To know thy grief: that man yet never knew
The way to health that durst not show his sore.
The. Then, fairest, know, I love you.
Clo. Swain, no more !
Thou hast abused the strictness of this place,
And offered sacrilegious foul disgrace
To the sweet rest of these interred bones ;
For fear of whose ascending, fly at once,
Thou and thy idle passions, that the sight
Of death and speedy vengeance may not fright
Thy very soul with horror.
The. Let me not,
Thou all perfection, merit such a blot
For my true zealous faith.
Clo. Dar'st thou abide
To see this holy earth at once divide,
And give her body up ? for sure it will,
If thou pursu'st with wanton flames to fill
This hallowed place : therefore repent and go,
Whilst I with prayers appease his ghost below,
That else would tell thee what it were to be
A rival in that virtuous love that he
Embraces yet.
The. 'Tis not the white or red
Inhabits in your cheek that thus can wed

My mind to adoration ; nor your eye,
Though it be full and fair, your forehead high
And smooth as Pelops' shoulder; not the smile
Lies watching in those dimples to beguile
The easy soul; your hands and fingers long,
With veins enamelled richly ; nor your tongue,
Though it spoke sweeter than Arion's harp;
Vour hair woven into many a curious warp,
Able in endless error to enfold
The wandering soul; not the true perfect mould
Of all your body, which as pure doth show
In maiden-whiteness as the Alpen-snow :
All these, were but your constancy away,
Would please me less than a black stormy day
The wretched seaman toiling through the deep.
But, whilst this honoured strictness you do keep,
Though all the plagues that e'er begotten were
In the great womb of air were settled here,
In opposition, I would, like the tree,
Shake off those drops of weakness, and be free
Even in the arm of danger.

Clo. Wouldst thou have'
Me raise again, fond [1] man, from silent grave
Those sparks, that long ago were buried here
With my dead friend's cold ashes ?

The. Dearest dear,
I dare not ask it, nor you must not grant:
Stand strongly to your vow, and do not faint.
Remember how he loved you, and be still
The same opinion speaks you : let not will,
And that great god of women, appetite,
Set up your blood again ; do not invite
Desire and fancy[2] from their long exile,
To seat them once more in a pleasing smile :
Be, like a rock, made firmly up 'gainst all
The power of angry heaven, or the strong fall

[1] **Foolish.** [2] **Love.**

Of Neptune's battery. If you yield, I die
To all affection ; 'tis that loyalty
You tie unto this grave I so admire :
And yet there's something else I would desire,
If you would hear me, but withal deny.
Oh, Pan, what an uncertain destiny
Hangs over all my hopes ! I will retire ;
For, if I longer stay, this double fire
Will lick my life up.

Clo. Do ; and let time wear out
What art and nature cannot bring about.

The. Farewell, thou soul of virtue, and be blest
For ever, whilst that here I wretched rest
Thus to myself! Yet grant me leave to dwell
In kenning of this arbour : yon same dell,
O'ertopped with mourning cypress and sad yew,
Shall be my cabin, where I'll early rue,
Before the sun hath kissed this dew away,
The hard uncertain chance which fate doth lay
Upon this head.

Clo. The gods give quick release
And happy cure unto thy hard disease !

[Exit THENOT, CLORIN *retiring into the Bower.*

SCENE *III.—Another part of the Wood.*

Enter SULLEN SHEPHERD.

Sull. Shep. I do not love this wench that I should meet;
For ne'er did my unconstant eye yet greet
That beauty, were it sweeter or more fair
Than the new blossoms when the morning-air
Blows gently on them, or the breaking light,
When many maiden-blushes to our sight
Shoot from his early face : were all these set
In some neat form before me, 'twould not get

The least love from me; some desire it might,
Or present burning. All to me in sight
Are equal; be they fair, or black, or brown,
Virgin, or careless wanton, I can crown
My appetite with any; swear as oft,
And weep, as any; melt my words as soft
Into a maiden's ears, and tell how long
My heart has been her servant, and how strong
My passions are; call her unkind and cruel;
Offer her all I have to gain the jewel
Maidens so highly prize; then loathe, and fly:
This do I hold a blessed destiny.

Enter AMARILLIS.

Amar. Hail, shepherd! Pan bless both thy flock and thee,
For being mindful of thy word to me!

Sull. Shep. Welcome, fair shepherdess! Thy loving swain
Gives thee the self-same wishes back again;
Who till this present hour ne'er knew that eye
Could make me cross mine arms, or daily die
With fresh consumings. Boldly tell me, then,
How shall we part their faithful loves, and when?
Shall I belie him to her? shall I swear
His faith is false and he loves every where?
I'll say he mocked her th'other day to you;
Which will by your confirming show as true,
For she is of so pure an honesty,
To think, because she will not, none will lie.
Or else to him I'll slander Amoret,
And say, she but seems chaste; I'll swear she met
Me 'mongst the shady sycamores last night,
And loosely offered up her flame and sprite
Into my bosom; made a wanton bed
Of leaves and many flowers, where she spread
Her willing body to be pressed by me;

There have I carved her name on many a tree,
Together with mine own. To make this show
More full of seeming,—Hobinal, you know,
Son to the aged shepherd of the glen,
Him I have sorted out of many men,
To say he found us at our private sport,
And roused us Yore our time by his resort ;
This to confirm, I've promised to the boy
Many a pretty knack and many a toy ;
As gins to catch him birds, with bow and bolt[1]
To shoot at nimble squirrels in the holt[2];
A pair of painted buskins, and a lamb
Soft as his own locks or the down of swan.
This have I done to win you ; which doth give
Me double pleasure : discord makes me live.

Amar. Loved swain, I thank you. These tricks might prevail
With other rustic shepherds, but will fail
Even once to stir, much more to overthrow,
His fixed love from judgment, who doth know
Your nature, my end, and his chosen's merit;
Therefore some stronger way must force his spirit,
Which I have found : give second, and my love
Is everlasting thine.

Suit. Shep. Try me, and prove.

Amar. These happy pair of lovers meet straightway
Soon as they fold their flocks up with the day,
In the thick grove bordering upon yon hill,
In whose hard side nature hath carved a well,
And, but that matchless spring which poets know,
Was ne'er the like to this : by it doth grow,
About the sides, all herbs which witches use,
All simples good for medicine or abuse,
All sweets that crown the happy nuptial day,
With all their colours ; there the month of May
Is ever dwelling, all is young and green ;

[1] *i.e.* **Arrow.** [2] **Grove.**

There's not a grass on which was ever seen
The falling autumn or cold winter's hand;
So full of heat and virtue is the land
About this fountain, which doth slowly break,
Below yon mountain's foot, into a creek
That waters all the valley, giving fish
Of many sorts to fill the shepherd's dish.
This holy well, my grandame that is dead,
Right wise in charms, hath often to me said,
Hath power to change the form of any creature,
Being thrice dipped o'er the head, into what feature
Or shape 'twould please the letter-down to crave,
Who must pronounce this charm too, which she gave
[Showing a scroll.
Me on her death-bed; told me what, and how,
I should apply unto the patients' brow
That would be changed, casting them thrice asleep,
Before I trusted them into this deep :
All this she showed me, and did charge me prove
This secret of her art, if crost in love.
I'll this attempt now, shepherd ; I have here
All her prescriptions, and I will not fear
To be myself dipped. Come, my temples bind
With these sad herbs, and when I sleep, you find,
As you do speak your charm, thrice down me let,
And bid the water raise me Amoret;
Which being done, leave me to my affair,
And ere the day shall quite itself outwear,
I will return unto my shepherd's arm;
Dip me again, and then repeat this charm,
And pluck me up myself, whom freely take,
And the hott'st fire of thine affection slake.

SulL Shep. And if I fit thee not, then fit not me.
I long the truth of this well's power to see. *[Exeunt*

SCENE IV.—*Another part of the Wood.*

Enter DAPHNIS.

Daph. Here will I stay, for this the covert is
Where I appointed Cloe. Do not miss,
Thou bright-eyed virgin; come, oh come, my fair!
Be not abused with fear, or let coid care
Of honour stay thee from thy shepherd's arm,
Who would as hard be won to offer harm
To thy chaste thoughts, as whiteness from the day,
Or yon great round to move another way :
My language shall be honest, full of truth,
My flames as smooth and spotless as my youth ;
I will not entertain that wandering thought,
Whose easy current may at length be brought
To a loose vastness.

Alexis { Within.] Cloe t

Daph. 'Tis her voice,
And I must answer.—Cloe !—Oh, the choice
Of dear embraces, chaste and holy strains
Our hands shall give ! I charge you, all my veins,
Through which the blood and spirit take their way,
Lock up your disobedient heats, and stay
Those mutinous desires that else would grow
To strong rebellion; do not wilder show
Than blushing modesty may entertain.

Alexis {Within] Cloe!

Daph. There sounds that blessed name again,
And I will meet it. Let me not m1stake;

Enter ALEXIS.

This is some shepherd. Sure, I am awake :
What may this riddle mean ? I will retire,
To give myself more knowledge. *{Retires.*

Alexis. Oh, my fire,
How thou consum'st me !—Cloe, answer me!
Alexis, strong Alexis, high and free-

Calls upon Cloe. See, mine arms are full
Of entertainment, ready for to pull
That golden fruit which too, too long hath hung
Tempting the greedy eye. Thou stay'st too long [
I am impatient of these mad delays :
I must not leave unsought those many ways
That lead into this centre, till I find
Quench for my burning lust. I come, unkind ! ^*Exit.*

Daph. {Comingforward.] Can my imagination work me so much ill,
That I may credit this for truth, and still
Believe mine eyes? or shall I firmly hold
Her yet untainted, and these sights but bold
Illusion? Sure, such fancies oft have been
Sent to abuse true love, and yet are seen
Daring to blind the virtuous thought with error •
But be they far from me with their fond[1] terror!
I am resolved my Cloe yet is true.

Cloe. [*Within.]* Cloe !

Daph. Hark ! Cloe ! Sure, this voice is new,
Whose shrillness, like the sounding of a bell,
Tells me it is a woman.—Cloe, tell
Thy blessed name again.

Cloe. [*Within.]* Cloe ! here !

Daph. Oh, what a grief is this, to be so near,
And not encounter!

Enter CLOE.

Cloe. Shepherd, we are met:
Draw close into the covert, lest the wet,
Which falls like lazy m1sts upon the ground,
Soak through your startups[2].

Daph. Fairest, are you found ?
How have we wandered, that the better part
Of this good night is perished ? Oh, my heart!
How have I longed to meet you, how to kiss

[1] Foolish. [2] Rusti< boots with high tops.

Those lily hands, how to receive the bliss
That charming tongue givec to the happy ear
Of him that drinks your language ! But I fear
I am too much unmannered, far too rude,
And almost grown lascivious, to intrude
These hot behaviours ; where regard of fame
Honour and modesty, a virtuous name,
And such discourse as one fair s1ster may
Without offence unto the brother say,
Should rather have been tendered. But, believe.
Here dwells a better temper : do not grieve,
Then, ever-kindest, that my first salute
Seasons so much of fancy [1]; I am mute
Henceforth to all discourses but shall be
Suiting to your sweet thoughts and modesty.
Indeed, I will not ask a kiss of you,
No, not to wring your fingers, nor to sue
To those blest pair of fixed stars for smiles;
All a young lover's cunning, all his wiles,
And pretty wanton dyings, shall to me
Be strangers ; only to your chastity
I am devoted ever.

Cloe. Honest swain,
First let me thank you, then return again
As. much of my love.—No, thou art too cola,
Unhappy boy, not tempered to my mould;
Thy blood falls downward. 'Tis not fear
To offend in boldness wins; they never wear
Deserved favours that deny to take
When they are offered freely. Do J wake,
To see a man of his youth, years, and feature,
And such a one as we call goodly creature,
Thus backward ? What a world of precious art
Were merely[2] lost, to make him do his part!
But I will shake him off, that dares not hold:
Let men that hope to be beloved be bold. *[Astdc.*

[1] Love. [3] Utterly.

Daphnis, I do desire, since we are met
So happily, our lives and fortunes set
Upon one stake, to give assurance now,
By interchange of hands and holy vow,
Never to break again. Walk you that way,
Whilst I in zealous meditation stray
A little this way : when we both have ended
These rites and duties, by the woods befriended
And secrecy of night, retire and find
An aged oak, whose hollowness may bind
Us both within his body ', thither go;
It stands within yon bottom.

Daph. Be it so. *[Exit.*

Cloe. And I will meet there never more witli thee,
Thou idle shamefacedness !

Alexis [*Within.]* Cloe !

Cloe. 'Tis he !
That dare, I hope, be bolder.

Alexis [*Within.]* Cloe !

Cloe. Now,
Great Pan, for Syrinx[1] sake, bid speed our plough !

[Exit.

ACT THE THIRD.

SCENE *I.—Part of the Wood with the holy Well.*

Enter Sullen Shepherd, *carrying* AMARILLIS *asleep.*

SULL. SHEP. From thy forehead thus I take
These herbs, and charge thee not awake
Till in yonder holy well
Thrice, with powerful magic spell
Filled with many a baleful word,
Thou hast been dipped. Thus, with my cord
Of blasted hemp, by moonlight twined
I do thy sleepy body bind.
I turn thy head unto the east,
And thy feet unto the west,
Thy left arm to the south put forth,
And thy right unto the north.
I take thy bodv from the ground,
In this deep and deadly swound[1],
And into this holy spring
I let thee slide down by my string.—
[Lets her down into the well.
Take this maid, thou holy pit
To thy bottom ; nearer yet;
In thy water pure and sweet
By thy leave I dip her feet;
Thus I let her lower yet,

[1] *i.e.* Swoon.

That her ankles may be wet;
Yet down lower, let her knee
In thy waters washed be;
There stop.—Fly away,
Every thing that loves the day !
Truth, that hath but one face,
Thus I charm thee from this place.
Snakes that cast your coats for new,
Chameleons that alter hue,
Hares that yearly sexes change,
Proteus altering oft and strange,
Hecate with shapes three,
Let this maiden changed be,
With this holy water wet,
To the shape of Amoret!
Cynthia, work thou with my charm I—-
Thus I draw thee, free from harm,

[Draws her out of the welly in the shape of AMORET.

Up out of this blessed lake :
Rise both like her and awake!

Amar. Speak, shepherd, am I Amoret to sight ?
Or hast thou missed in any magic rite,
For want of which any defect in me
May make our practices discovered be ?

SulL Shep. By yonder moon, but that I here do stand,
Whose breath hath thus transformed thee, and whose hand
Let thee down dry, and plucked thee up thus wet,
f should myself take thee for Amoret !
Thou art, in clothes, in feature, voice and hue,
So like, that sense can not d1stinguish you.

Amar. Then, this deceit, which cannot crossed be,
At once shall lose her him, and gain thee me.
Hither she needs must come, by promise made;
And, sure, his nature never was so bad,
To bid a virgin meet him in the wood,

When night and fear are up, but understood
'Twas his part to come first. Being come, I'll say,
My constant love made me come first and stay ;
Then will I lead him further to the grove :
But stay you here, and, if his own true love
Shall seek him here, set her in some wrong patl.
Which say her lover lately trodden hath;
I'll not be far from hence. If need there be,
Here is another charm, whose power will free
[Gives a scroll.
The dazzled sense, read by the moonbeams clear,
And in my own true shape make me appear.

Enter PERIGOT.

Suit. Shep. Stand close : here's Perigot; whose constant heart
Longs to behold her in whose shape thou art.
{Retires with AMARILLIS.

Per. This is the place.—Fair Amoret!—The hour
Is yet scarce come. Here every sylvan power
Delights to be, about yon sacred well,
Which they have blessed with many a powerful spell;
For never traveller in dead of night,
Nor strayed beasts have fall'n in ; but when sight
Hath failed them, then their right way they have found
By help of them, so holy is the ground.
But I will farther seek, lest Amoret
Should be first come, and so stray long unmet.—
My Amoret, Amoret! *{Exit.*

Amar. [Coming forward.] Perigot!

Per. [Withinl[My love !

Amar. I come, my love ! *[Exit.*

Sull. Shep. Now she hath got
Her own desires, and I shall gainer be
Of my long-looked-for hopes, as well as she.
How bright the moon shines here, as if she strove
To show her glory in this little grove

Enter AMORET.

To some new-loved shepherd ! Yonder is
Another Amoret. Where differs this
From that ? but that she Perigot hath met,
I should have ta'en this for the counterfeit.
Herbs, woods, and springs, the power that in you lies,
If mortal men could know your properties ! *[Aside.*

Amo. Methinks it is not night; I have no fear,
Walking this wood, of lion or of bear,
Whose names at other times have made me quake,
When any shepherdess in her tale spake
Of some of them, that underneath a wood
Have torn true lovers that together stood ;
Methinks there are no goblins, and men's talk,
That in these woods the nimble fairies walk,
Are fables : such a strong heart I have got,
Because I come to meet with Perigot.—
My Perigot! Who's that ? my Perigot ?

SulL Shep. [Coming forward] Fair maid !

Amo. Aye me, thou art not Perigot ?

SulL Shep. But I can tell you news of Perigot:
An hour together under yonder tree
He sat with wreathed arms, and called on thee,
And said, " Why, Amoret, stay'st thou so long ? "
Then starting up, down yonder path he flung,
Lest thou hadst missed thy way. Were it daylight
He could not yet have borne him out of sight.

Amo. Thanks, gentle shepherd ; and beshrew my stay,
That made me fearful I had lost my way
As fast as my weak legs (that cannot be
Weary with seeking him) will carry me,
I'll follow ; and, for this thy care of me,
Pray Pan thy love may ever follow thee ! *[Exit.*

Sull. Shep. How bright she was, how lovely did she show!
Was it not pity to deceive her so ?

She plucked her garments up, and tripped away,
And with a virgin-innocence did pray
For me that perjured her.[1] Whilst she was here,
Methought the beams of light that did appear
Were shot from her; methought the moon gave none
But what it had from her. She was alone
With me; if then her presence did so move,
Why did I not assay to win her love?
She would not sure have yielded unto me;
Women love only opportunity,
And not the man; or if she had denied,
Alone, I might have forced her to have tried
Who had been stronger: oh, vain fool, to let
Such blessed occasion pass! I'll follow yet;
My blood is up; I cannot now forbear.

Enter ALEXIS *and* CLOE.

I come, sweet Amoret!—Soft, who is here?
A pair of lovers? He shall yield her me:
Now lust is up, alike all women be. *{Aside and retires.*

Alexis. Where shall we rest? But for the love of me,
Cloe, I know, ere this would weary be.

Cloe. Alexis, let us rest here, if the place
Be private, and out of the common trace
Of every shepherd; for, I understood,
This night a number are about the wood:
Then, let us choose some place, where, out of sight,
We freely may enjoy our stol'n delight.

Alexis. Then, boldly here, where we shall ne'er be found:
No shepherd's way lies here, 'tis hallowed ground;
No maid seeks here her strayed cow or sheep;
Fairies and fawns and satyrs do it keep.[2]
Then, carelessly rest here, and clip[3] and kiss,
And let no fear make us our pleasures miss.

[1] Perjured myself to her-

[2] Frequent.

[3] Embrace.

Cloe. Then, lie by me : the sooner we begin,
The longer ere the day descry our sin. [*They lie down.*

SulL Shep. {Coming forward.] Forbear to touch my Jove; or, by yon flame,[1]
The greatest power that shepherds dare to name,
Here where thou sit'st, under this holy tree,
Her to dishonour, thou shalt buried be!

Alexis. If Pan himself should come out of the lawns,
With all his troops of satyrs and of fawns,
And bid me leave, I swear by her two eyes,
(A greater oath than thine) I would not rise !

Sull. Shep. Then, from the cold earth never thou shalt move,
But lose at one stroke botkthy life and love.
[*Wounds him with his spear.*

Cloe. Hold, gèntle shepherd !

Sull. Shep. Fairest shepherdess,
Come you with me; I do not love you less
Than that fond[2] man, that would have kept you there
From me of more desert.

Alexis. Oh, yet forbear
To take her from me ! Give me leave to die
By her!

Enter Satyr; Sullen Shepherd *runs one way, and* CLOK *another.*

Sat. Now, whilst the moon doth rule the sky,
And the stars, whose feeble light
Gives a pale shadow to the night,
Are up, great Pan commanded me
To walk this grove about, whilst he,
In a corner of the wood,
Where never mortal foot hath stood,
Keeps dancing, music, and a feast,
To entertain a lovely guest;
Where he gives her many a rose,

[1] The moon. [2] Foolish, vain.

Sweeter than the breath that blows
The leaves, grapes, berries of the best;
I never saw so great a feast.
But, to my charge. Here must I stay
To see what mortals lose their way,
And by a false fire, seeming bright,
Train them in and leave them right,
Then must I watch if any be
Forcing of a chastity ;
If I find it, then in haste
Give my wreathed horn a blast,
And the fairies all will run,
Wildly dancing by the moon,
And will pinch him to the bone,
Till his lustful thoughts be gone.

Alexis. Oh, death !

Sat. Back again about this ground *[*
Sure, I hear a mortal sound.—
I bind thee by this powerful spell,
By the waters of this well,
By the glimmering moonbeams bright,
Speak again, thou mortal wight !

Alexis. Oh !

Sat. Here the foolish mortal iies,
Sleeping on the ground.—Arise !—
The poor wight is almost dead ;
On the ground his wounds have bled,
And his clothes fouled with his blood:
To my goddess in the wood
Will I lead him, whose hand pure
Will help this mortal wight to cure.

[Exit carrying ALEXIS.

Re-enter CLOE

Clot. Since I beheld yon shaggy man, my breast
Doth pant; each bush, methinks, should hide a beast
Yet my desire keeps still above my fear:

I would fain meet some shepherd, knew I where;
For from one cause of fear I am most free,
, It is impc ssible to ravish me,
' I am so willing. Here upon this ground
I left my love, all bloody with his wound ;
Yet, till that fearful shape made me begone,
Though he were hurt, I furnished was of one;
But now both lost.—Alexis, speak or move,
If thou hast any life; thou art yet my love !—
He's dead, or else is with his little might
Crept from the bank for fear of that ill sprite.—
Then, where art thou that struck'st my love ? Oh, stay !
Bring me thyself in change, and then I'll say
Thou hast some justice : I will make thee trim
With flowers and garlands that were meant for him;
I'll clip thee round with both mine arms, as fast
As I did mean he should have been embraced.
But thou art fled.—What hope is left for me ?
Fll run to Daphnis in the hollow tree,
Whom I did mean to mock; though hope be small
To make him bold, rather than none at all,
I'll try him; his heart, and my behaviour too,
Perhaps may teach him what he ought to do. *[Exit.*

Re-enttr Sullen Shepherd.

Still. Shep. This was the place. 'Twas but my feeble sight,
Mixed with the horror of my deed, and night,
That shaped these fears, and made me run away,
And lose my beauteous hardly-gotten prey.—
Speak, gentle shepherdess ! I am alone,
And tender love for love.—But she is gone
From me, that, having struck her lover'dead,
For silly fear left her alone, and fled.
And see, the wounded body is removed
By her of whom it was so well beloved.
But all these fancies must be Quite forgot

I must lie close; here comes young Perigot,
With subtle Amarillis in the shape
Of Amoret Pray love, he may not 'scape ! *{Retires.*

Enter PERIGOT, *and* AMARILLIS *in the shape of* AMORET.

Amar. Beloved Perigot, show me some place,
Where I may rest my limbs, weak with the chase
Of thee, an hour before thou cam'st at least.
Peri. Beshrew my tardy steps ! Here shalt thou rest
Upon this holy bank : no deadly snake
Upon this turf herself in folds doth make ;
Here is no poison for the toad to feed ;
Here boldly spread thy hands; no venomed weed
Dares bl1ster them ; no slimy snail dare creep
Over thy face when thou art fast asleep;
Here never durst the dabbling cuckoo spit;
No slough of falling star did ever hit
Upon this bank : let this thy cabin be;
This other, set with violets, for me. *[They he down*
Amar. Thou dost not love me, Perigot.
Peri. Fair maid,
You only love to hear it often said;
You do not doubt.
Amar. Believe me, but I do.
Peri. What, shall we now begin again to woo ?
'Tis the best way to make your lover last,
To play with him when you have caught him fast
Amar. By Pan I swear, beloved Perigot,
And by yon moon, I think thou lov'st me not.
Peri. By Pan I swear,—and, if I falsely swear,
Let him not guard my flocks ; let foxes tear
My earliest lambs, and wolves, whilst I do sleep,
Fall on the rest; a rot among my sheep,—
I love thee better than the careful ewe
The new-yeaned lamb that is of her own hue;
I dote upon thee more than that young lamb
Doth on the bag that feeds him from his dam!

Were there a sort[1] of wolves got in my fold,
And one ran after thee, both young and old
Should be devoured, and it should be my strife
To save thee, whom I love above my life.
Amar. How should I trust thee, when I see thee choose
Another bed, and dost my side refuse ?
Peri. 'Twas only that the chaste thoughts might be shown
'Twixt thee and me, although we were alone.
Amar. Come, Perigot will show his power, that he
Can make his Amoret, though she weary be,
Rise nimbly from her couch, and come to his.
Here, take thy Amoret; embrace and kiss.
[Lies down beside kirn.
Pert. What means my love ?
Amar. To do as lovers should,
That are to be enjoyed, not to be wooed.
There's ne'er a shepherdess in all the plain
Can kiss thee with more art; there's none can feign
More wanton tricks.
Peri. Forbear, dear soul, to try
Whether my heart be pure ; I'll rather die
Than nourish one thought to dishonour thee.
Amar. Still think'st thou such a thing as chastity
Is amongst women ? Perigot, there's none
That with her love is in a wood alone,
And would come home a maid : be not abused
With thy fond first belief; let time be used.
[PERIGOT *rises.*
Why dost thou rise ?
Peri. My true heart thou hast slain !
Amar. Faith, Perigot, I'll pluck thee down agair
Peri. Let go, thou serpent, that into my breast
Hast with thy cunning dived !—Art not in jest ?
Amar. Sweet love lie down.

[1] **Herd.**

Pert. Since this I live to see,
Some bitter north wind blast my flocks and me I
Amar. You swore you loved, yet will not do my will
Pert. Oh, be as thou wert once, I'll love thee still
Amar. I am as still I was, and all my kind ;
Though other shows we have, poor men to blind.
Peri. Then, here I end all love; and, lest my vain
Belief should ever draw me in again,
Before thy face, that hast my youth misled,
I end my life 1 my blood be on thy head 1
[Offers to kill himself with his spear.
Amar. [Rising.'] Oh, hold thy hands, thy Amoret doth cry !
Peri. Thou counsePst well; first, Amoret shall die,
That is the cause of my eternal smart !
Amar. Oh, hold ! *{Exit.*
Peri. This steel shall pierce thy lustful heart !
[Exit) running after her.
Sull. Shep. [Coming forward.} Up and down, every where,
I strew the herbs, to purge the air:
Let your odour drive hence
All m1sts that dazzle sense.
Herbs and springs, whose hidden might
Alters shapes, and mocks the sight,
Thus I charge ye to undo
All before I brought ye to !
Let her fly, let her 'scape;
Give again her own shape ! *[Retires.*

Re-enter AMARILLIS *in her own shape, and* PERIGOT *following with his spear.*

Amdr. Forbear, thou gentle swain! thou dost m 1 s t **take ;**
She whom thou foliow'dst fled into the brake,
And as I crossed thy way, I met thy wrath ;
The only fear of which near slain me hath.

Peri. Pardon, fair shepherdess : my rage and night
Were both upon me, and beguiled my sight •
But far be it from me to spill the blood
Of harmless maids that wander in the wood !
{*.Exit* AMARILLIS.

Enter AMORET.

Amo. Many a weary step, in yonder path,
Poor hopeless Amoret twice trodden hath,
To seek her Perigot; yet cannot hear
His voice.—My Perigot! She loves thee dear
That calls.
Peri. See yonder where she is ! how fair
She shows ! and yet her breath infects the air.
Amo. My Perigot !
Peri. Here.
Amo. Happy!
Peri. Hapless! first
It lights on thee : the next blow is the worst.
[*Wounds her.*
Amo. Stay, Perigot ! my love, thou art unjust. *[Falls.*
Peri. Death is the best reward that's due to lust. *[Exit.*
bull. Shep. Now shall their love be crossed; for, being struck,
I'll throw her in the fount, lest being took
By some night-traveller, whose honest care
May help to cure her. *[Aside, and then comes forward^—*
Shepherdess, prepare
Yourself to die !
Amo. No mercy do I crave *[*
Thou canst not give a worse blow than I have.
Tell him that gave me this; who loved him too,
He struck my soul, and not my body through;
Tell him, when I am dead, my soul shall be
At peace, if he but think he injured me.
Sull Shep. In this fount be thy grave. Thou wert not meant

Sure for a woman, thou art so innocent.—
[Flings her into the well.
She cannot 'scape, for, underneath the ground,
In a long hollow the clear spring is bound,
Till on yon side, where the morn's sun doth look,
The struggling water breaks out in a brook. *[Exit.*

The God of the River *rises with* AMORET *in his arms.*

God of the R. What powerful charms my streams do bring
Back again unto their spring,
With such force that I their god,
Three times striking with my rod,
Could not keep them in their ranks?
My fishes shoot into the banks ;
There's not one that stays and feeds,
All have hid them in the weeds.
Here's a mortal almost dead,
FalPn into my river-head,
Hallowed so with many a spell,
That till now none ever fell.
'Tis a female young and clear,
Cast in by some ravisher :
See, upon her breast a wound,
On which there is no plaster bound.
Yet, she's warm, her pulses beat,
'Tis a sign of life and heat.—
If thou be'st a virgin pure,
I can give a present cure :
Take a drop into thy wound,
From my watery locks, more round
Than orient pearl, and far more pure
Than unchaste flesh -may endure.—
See, she pants, and from her flesh
The warm blood gusheth out afresh.
She is an unpolluted maid;
I must have this bleeding stayed.

From my banks I pluck this flower
With holy hand, whose virtuous power
Is at once to heal and draw.
The blood returns. I never saw
A fairer mortal. Now doth break
Her deadly slumber.—Virgin, speak.
Amo. Who hath restored my sense, given me new breath,
And brought me back out of the arms of death ?
God of the R. I have healed thy wounds.
Amo. Aye, me !
God of the R. Fear not him that succoured thefc.
I am this tountain's god : below,
My waters to a river grow,
And 'twixt two banks with osiers set,
That only prosper in the wet,
Through the meadows do they glide,
Wheeling still on every side,
Sometimes winding round about,
To find the evenest channel out.
And if thou wilt go with me,
Leaving mortal company,
In the cool streams shalt thou lie,
Free from harm as well as I :
I will give thee for thy food
No fish that useth in tne mud;
But trout and pike, that love to swim
Where the gravel from the brim
Through the pure streams may be seen t
Orient pearl fit for a queen,
Will I give, thy love to win,
And a sh, 11 to keep them in;
Not a fish in all my brook
That shall disobey thy look,
But, when thou wilt, come sliding by.
And from thy white hand take a fly :

And, to make thee understand
How I can my waves command,
They shall bubble, whilst I sing,
Sweeter than the silver string. *[Sings*

Do not fear to put thy feet
Naked in the river sweet;
Think not leech, or newt, or toad,
Will bite thy foot, when thou hast trod ;
Nor let the water rising high,
As thou wad'st in, make thee cry
And sob ; but ever live with me,
And not a wave shall trouble thee.

Amo. Immortal power, that rul'st this holy flood,
I know myself unworthy to be wooed
By thee, a god ; for ere this, but for thee,
I should have shown my weak mortality :
Besides, by holy oath betwixt us twain,
I am betrothed unto a shepherd-swain,
Whose comely face, I know, the gods above
May make me leave to see, but not to love.

God of the R. May he prove to thee as true !
Fairest virgin, now adieu :
I must make my waters fly,
Lest they leave their channels dry,
&nd beasts that come unto the spring
Miss their morning's watering;
Which I would not; for of late
All the neighbour-people sate
On my banks, and from the fold
Two white lambs of three weeks old
Offered to my deity;
For which this year they shall be free
From raging floods, that as they pass
Leave their gravel in the grass ;
Nor shall their meads be overflown
When their grass is newly mown.

Amo. For thy kindness to me shown,
Never from thy banks be blown
Any tree, with windy force,
Cross thy streams, to stop thy course *[*
May no beast that comes to drink,
With his horns cast down thy brink *[*
May none that for thy fish do look,
Cut thy banks to dam thy brook *',*
Barefoot may no neighbour wade
In thy cool streams, wife nor maid,
When the spawns on stones do lie,
To wash their hemp, and spoil the fry !

God of the R. Thanks, virgin. I must down again.
Thy wound will put thee to no pain :
Wonder not so soon 'tis gone ;
A holy hand was laid upon. *[Descends.*

Amo. And I, unhappy born to be,
Must follow him that flies from me. *[Exit.*

ACT THE FOURTH.

SCENE *I.-Partofthe Wood.*

Enter PKKIGOT.

PERI. She is untrue, unconstant, and unkind ;
She's gone, she's gone! Blow high, thou north-west wind,
And raise the sea to mountains, let the trees
That dare oppose thy raging fury leese[1]
Their firm foundation; creep into the earth,
And shake the world, as at the monstrous birth
Of some new prodigy ; whilst I constant stand,
Holding this trusty boar-spear in my hand,
^nd falling thus upon it. *[Offers to fall on his spear.*

Enter AMARILLIS *running.*

Amar. Stay thy dead-doing hand ! thou arc too hot
Against thyself. Believe me, comely swain,
If that thou diest, not all the showers of rain
The heavy clouds send down can wash away
That foul unmanly guilt the world will lay
Upon thee. Yet thy love untainted stands :
Believe me, she is constant; not the sands
Can be so hardly[2] numbered as she won.
I do not trifle, shepherd ; by the moon,

[1] Lose. [2] Difficultly.

And all those lesser lights our eyes do view,
All that I told thee, Perigot, is true :
Then, be a free man ; put away despair
And will to die ; smooth gently up that fair,
Dejected forehead ; be as when those eyes
Took the first heat.

Peri. Alas, he double dies
That would believe, but cannot ! 'Tis not well
You keep me thus from dying, here to dwell
With many worse companions. But, oh, death !
I am not yet enamoured of this breath
So much but I dare leave it; 'tis not pain
In forcing of a wound, nor after-gain
Of many days, can hold me from my will:
'Tis not myself, but Amoret, bids kill.

Amar. Stay but a little, little; but one hour;
And if I do not show thee, through the power
Of herbs and words I have, as dark as night,
Myself turned to thy Amoret, in sight,
Her very figure, and the robe she wears,
With tawny buskins, and the hook she bears
Of thine own carving, where your names are set,
Wrought underneath with many a curious fret,
The primrose-chaplet, tawdry-lace,[1] and ring,
Thou gav'st her for her singing, with each thing
Else that she wears about her, let me feel
The first fell stroke of that revenging steel!

Peri. I am contented, if there be a hope,
To give it entertainment for the scope
Of one poor hour. Go ; you shall find me next
Under yon shady beech, even thus perplext,
And thus believing.

Amar. Bind, before I go,
Thy soul by Pan unto me, not to do
Harm or outrageous wrong upon thy life,
Till my return.

[1] A rural necklace, sold at the St. Awdry, or St. Ethelred, fairs.

Peri. By Pan, and by the strife
He had with Phoebus for the mastery,
When golden Midas judged their minstrelsy,
I will not i *{Exeunt severally.*

SCENE II.—*The Wood before* CLORIN'S *Bower;*—CLORIN *discovered in the Bower.*

Enter SATYR *carrying* ALEXIS.

Sat. Softly gliding as I go,
With this burthen full of woe,
Through still silence of the night,
Guided by the glow-worm's light,
Hither am I come at last.
Many a thicket have I past;
Not a twig that durst deny me,
Not a bush that durst descry me
To the little bird that sleeps
On the tender spray ; nor creeps
That hardy worm with pointed tail,
But if I be under sail,
Flying faster than the wind,
Leaving all the clouds behind,
But doth hide her tender head
In some hollow tree, or bed
Of seeded nettles ; not a hare
Can be started from his fare
By my footing; nor a wish
Is more sudden, nor a fish
Can be found with greater ease
Cut the vast unbounded seas,
Leaving neither print nor sound,
Than I, when nimbly on the ground
I measure many a league an hour.
But, behold, the happy power

That must ease me of my charge,
And by holy hand enlarge
The soul of this sad man, that yet
Lies fast bound in deadly fit:
Heaven and great Pan succour it !—
Hail, thou beauty of the bower,
[Vhiter than the paramour
Of my master ! Let me crave
Thy virtuous help, to keep from grave
This poor mortal, that here lies,
Waiting when the Destinies
Will undo his thread of life :
View the wound, by cruel knife
Trenched into him.

Clo. [Comingfrom the bower.'] What art thou call'st me from my holy rites,
And with the feared name of death affrights
My tender ears ? speak me thy name and will.

Sat. I am the Satyr that did fill
Your lap with early fruit; and will,
When I hap to gather more,
Bring you better and more store.
Yet I come not empty How :
See, a blossom from the bough ;
But beshrew his heart that pulled it,
And his perfect sight that culled it
From the other springing blooms !
For a sweeter youth the grooms
Cannot show me, nor the downs,
Nor the many neighbouring towns.
Low in yonder glade I found him ;
Softly in mine arms I bound him ;
Hither have I brought him sleeping
In a trance, his wounds fresh weeping,
In remembrance such youth may
Spring and perish in a day.

Clo. Satyr, they wrong thee that do term thee rude;

Though thou be'st outward-rough and tawny-hued,
Thy manners are as gentle and as fair
As his who brags himself born only heir
To all humanity. Let me see the wound :
This herb will stay the current, being bound
Fast to the orifice, and this restrain
Ulcers and swellings, and such inward pain
As the cold air hath forced into the sore;
This to draw out such putrefying gore
As inward falls.

Sat. Heaven grant it may do good !

Clo. Fairly wipe away the blood :
Hold him gently, till I fling
Water of a virtuous spring
On his temples ; turn him twice
To the moonbeams ; pinch him thrice ;
That the labouring soul may draw
From his great eclipse.

Sat I saw
His eyelids moving.

Clo. Give him breath ;
All the danger of cold death
Now is vanished ; with this plaster.
And this unction do I master
All the festered ill that may
Give him grief another day.

Sat. See, he gathers up his sprite,
And begins to hunt for light;
Now he gapes and breathes again :
How the blood runs to the vein
That erst was empty !

Alexis. O my heart!
My dearest, dearest Cloe! Oh, the snuu.
Runs through my side ! I feel some pointed thing
Pass through my bowels, sharper than the sting
Of scorpion.——
Pan, preserve me !—What arc you ?

Do not hurt me : I am true
To my Cloe, though she fly,
And leave me to this destiny :
There she stands, and will not lend
Her smooth white hand to help her friend.
But I am much m1staken, for that face
Bears more austerity and modest grace,
More reproving and more awe,
Than these eyes yet ever saw
In my Cloe. Oh, my pain
Eagerly renews again !
Give me your help for his sake you love best
Clo. Shepherd, thou canst not possibly take rest,
Till thou hast laid aside all heats, desires,
Provoking thoughts that stir up lusty fires,
Commerce with wanton eyes, strong blood, and will
To execute; these must be purged until
The vein grow whiter; then repent, and pray
Great Pan to keep you from the like decay,
And I shall undertake your cure with ease;
Till when, this virtuous plaster will displease
Your tender sides. Give me your hand, and rise !
Help him a little, Satyr ; for his thighs
Yet are feeble.
Alexis. [Rising^[Sure, I have lost much blood.
Sat. 'Tis no matter; 'twas not good.
Mortal, you must leave your wooing:
Though there be a joy in doing,
Yet it brings much grief behind it;
They best feel it, that do find it.
T/0. Come, bring him in ; I will attend his sore.—
When you are well, take heed you lust no more.
[ALEXIS *is led into the bower**
Sat. Shepherd, see, what comes of kissing ;
By my head, 'twere better missing.
Brightest, if there be remaining
Any service, without feigning

I will do it; were I set
To catch the nimble wind, or get
Shadows gliding on the green,
Or to steal from the great queen
Of fairies all her beauty ;
I would do it, so much duty
Do I owe those precious eyes.

Clo. I thank thee, honest Satyr. If the cries
Of any other, that be hurt or ill,
Draw thee unto them, prithee, do thy will
To bring them hither.

Sat. I will; and when the weather
Serves to angle in the brook,
I will bring a silver hook,
With a line of finest silk,
And a rod as white as milk,
To deceive the little fish .
So I take my leave, and wish
On this bower may ever dwell
Spring arid summer !

Clo. Friend, farewell. *[Exit* SATYR. *Scene ctoses.*

SCENE *III.—Part of the Wood with the Holy Well.*

Enter AMORET.

Amo. This place is ominous ; for here I lost
My love and almost life, and since have crost
All these woods over ; ne'er a nook or dell,
Where any little bird or beast doth dwell,
But I have sought it; ne'er a bending brow
Of any hill, or glade the wind sings through,
Nor a green bank, or shade where shepherds use
To sit and riddle, sweetly pipe, or choose
Their valentines, that I have missed, to find

My love in. Perigot! Oh, too unkind,
Why hast thou fled me? whither art thou gone?
How have I wronged thee? was my love alone
To thee worthy this scorned recompense? 'Tis well;
I am content to feel it. But I tell
Thee, shepherd, and these lusty woods shall hear,
Forsaken Amoret is yet as clear
Of any stranger fire, as heaven is
From foul corruption, or the deep abyss
From light and happiness; and thou mayst know
All this for truth, and how that fatal blow
Thou gav'st me, never from desert of mine
Fell on my life, but from suspect of thine,
Or fury more than madness: therefore here,
Since I have lost my life, my love, rny dear,
Upon this cursed place, and on this green
That first divorced us, shortly shall be seen
A sight of so great pity, that each eye
Shall daily spend his spring in memory
Of my untimely fall.

Enter AMARILLIS.

Amar. I am not blind,
Nor is it through the working of my mind
That this shows Amoret. Forsake me, all
That dwell upon the soul, but what men call
Wonder, or, more than wonder, miracle!
For, sure, so strange as this, the oracle
Never gave answer of; it passeth dreams,
Or madmen's fancy, when the many streams
Of new imaginations rise and fall:
'Tis but an hour since these ears heard her call
For pity to young Perigot; whilst he
Directed by his fury, bloodily
Lanched[1] up her breast, which bloodless fell and cold;
And, if belief may credit what was told,

[1] *i.e.* Lanced.

After all this, the Melancholy Swain
Took her into his arms, being almost slain,
And to the bottom of the holy well
Flung her, for ever with the waves to dwell.
Tis she, the very same; 'tis Amoret,
And living yet; the great powers will not let
Their virtuous love be crossed. *[Aside.]*—Maid, wipe away
Those heavy drops of sorrow, and allay
The storm that yet goes high, which, not deprest,
Breaks heart and life and all before it rest.
Thy Perigot——

Amo. Where, which is Perigot?

Amar. Sits there below, lamenting much, God wot,
Thee and thy fortune. Go, and comfort him;
And thou shalt find him underneath a brim
Of sailing pines, that edge yon mountain in.

Amo. I go, I run. Heaven grant me I may win
His soul again! *[Exit.*

Enter Sullen Shepherd.

SulL Shep. Stay, Amarillis, stay!
You are too fleet; 'tis two hours yet to day.
I have performed my promise; let us sit
And warm our bloods together, till the fit
Come lively on us.

Amar. Friend, you are too keen;
The morning riseth, and we shall be seen;
Forbear a litde.

SulL Shep. I can stay no longer.

Amar. Hold, shepherd, hold! learn not to be a wronger
Of your word. Was not your promise laid,
To break their loves first?

SulL Shep. I have done it, maid

Amar. No; they are yet uubroken, met again,
And are as hard to part yet as the stain
Is from the finest lawn.

Still. Shep. I say, they are
Now at this present parted, and so far
That they shall never meet.
Amar. Swain, 'tis not so;
For do but to yon hanging mountain go,
And there believe your eyes.
SulL Shep. You do but hold
Off with delays and trifles.—Farewell, cold
And frozen bashfulness, unfit for men !—
Thus I salute thee, virgin ! *{Attempts to seize her.*
Amar. And thus, then,
I bid you follow: catch me if you can ! *[Exit running.*
SulL Shep. And, if I stay behind, I am no man !
[Exit, running after her.

SCENE IV.—*A Dale in the Wood.*

Enter PERIGOT.

Peri. Night, do not steal away; I woo thee yet
To hold a hard hand o'er the rusty bit
That guides thy lazy team. Go back again,
Bootes, thou that driv'st thy frozen wain
Round as a ring, and bring a second night,
To hide my sorrows from the coming light *[*
Let not the eyes of men stare on my face,
And read my falling ; give me some black place
Where never sunbeam shot his wholesome light,
That I may sit and pour out my sad sprite
Like running water, never to be known
After the forced fall and sound is gone.

Enter AMORET.

Amo. This is the bottom.—Speak, if thou be here,
My Perigot! Thy Amoret, thy dear,
Calls on thy loved name.

Peri. What art thou dare
Tread these forbidden paths, where death and can
Dwell on the face of darkness ?
Amo. 'Tis thy friend,
Thy Amoret, come hither, to give end
To these consumings. Look up, gentle boy :
I have forgot those pains and dear annoy
I suffered for thy sake, and am content
To be thy love again. Why hast thou rent
Those curled locks, where I have often hung
Ribbons and damask-roses, and have flung
Waters d1stilled, to make thee fresh and gay,
Sweeter than nosegays on a bridal day ?
Why dost thou cross thine arms, and hang thy face
Down to thy bosom, letting fall apace
From those two little heavens, upon the ground,
Showers of more price, more orient, and more round,
Than those that hang upon the moon's pale brow?
Cease these complainings, shepherd : I am now
The same I ever was, as kind and free,
And can forgive before you ask of me;
Indeed, I can and will.
Peri. So spoke my fair !
Oh, you great working powers of earth and air,
Water and forming fire, why have you lent
Your hidden virtues of so ill intent ?
Even such a face, so fair, so bright of hue,
Had Amoret; such words, so,smooth and new,
Came flowing from her tongue ; such was her eye,
And such the pointed sparkle that did fly
Forth like a bleeding shaft; all is the same,
The robe and buskins, painted hook, and frame
Of all her body. Oh me, Amoret!
Amo. Shepherd, what means this riddle ? who hath set
So strong a difference 'twixt myself and me,
That I am grown another ? Look, and see
The ring thou gav'st me, and about my wr1st

Thatcuriousbraceletthouthyselfdidstt w 1 s t F
From those fair tresses. Know'st thou Amoret?
Hath not some newer love forced thee forget
Thy ancient faith?
Peri. Still nearer to my love!
These be the very words she oft did prove
Upon my temper; so she still would take
Wonder into her face, and silent make
Signs with her head and hand, as who would say,
" Shepherd, remember this another day."
*Amo** Am I not Amoret? where was I lost?
Can there be heaven, and time, and men, and most
Of these inconstant? Faith, where art thou fled?
Are all the vows and protestations dead,
The hands held up, the wishes and the heart?
Is there not one remaining, not a part
Of all these to be found? Why, then, I see
Men never knew that virtue, constancy.
Peri. Men ever were most blessed, till cross fate
Brought love and woman forth, unfortunate
To all that ever tasted of their smiles [
Whose actions are all double, full of wiles;
Like to the subtle hare, that 'fore the hounds
Makes many turnings, leaps and many rotinds,
This way and that way, to deceive the scent
Of her pursuers.
Amo. 'Tis but to prevent
Their speedy coming on, that seek her fall;
The hands of cruel men, more bestial,
And of a nature more refusing good
Than beasts themselves or fishes of the flood.
Peri. Thou art all these, and more than nature meant
When she created all; frowns, joys, content;
Extreme fire for an hour, and presently
Colder than sleepy poison, or the sea
Upon whose face sits a continual frost;
Your actions ever driven to the most,

Then down again as low, that none can find
The rise or falling of a woman's mind
Amo. Can there be any age, or days, or time,
Or tongues of men, guilty so great a crime
As wronging simple maid? Oh, Perigot,
Thou that wast yesterday without a blot;
Thou that wast every good and every thing
That men called blessed; thou that wast the spring
From whence our looser grooms drew all their best;
Thou that wast always just and always blest
In faith and promise; thou that hadstthe name
Of virtuous given thee, and made good the same
Even from thy cradle; thou that wast that all
That men delighted in! Oh, what a fall
Is this, to have been so, and now to be
The only best in wrong and infamy!
And I to live to know this! and by me,
That loved thee dearer than mine eyes, or that
Which we esteemed our honour, virgin-state!
Dearer than swallows love the early morn,
Or dogs of chase the sound of merry horn;
Dearer than thou can'st love thy new love, if thou hast
Another, and far dearer than the last;
Dearer than thou can'st love thyself, though all
The self-love were within thee that did fall
With that coy swain that now is made a flower,
For whose dear sake Echo weeps many a shower!
And am I thus rewarded for my flame?
Loved worthily to get a wanton's name?
Come, thou forsaken willow, wind my head,
And noise it to the world, my love is dead!
I am forsaken, I am cast away,
And left for every lazy groom to say
I was unconstant, light, and sooner lost
Than the quick clouds we see, or the chill frost
When the hot sun beats on it 1 Tell me yet,
Canst thou not love again thy Amoret r*

Peri. Thou art not worthy of that blessed name :
I must not know thee : fling thy wanton flame
Upon some lighter blood that may be hot
With words and feigned passions ; Perigot
Was ever yet unstained, and shall not now
Stoop to the meltings of a borrowed brow.

Amo. Then hear me, Heaven, to whom I call for right,
And you, fair twinkling stars, that crown the night;
And hear me, woods, and silence of this place,
And ye, sad hours, that move a sullen pace;
Hear me, ye shadows, that delight to dwell
In horrid darkness, and ye powers of hell,
Whilst I breathe out my last! I am that maid,
That yet-untainted Amoret, that played
The careless prodigal, and gave away
My soul to this young man that now dares say
I am a stranger, not the same, more wild ;
And thus with much belief I was beguiled :
I am that maid, that have delayed, denied,
And almost scorned the loves of all that tried
To win me, but this swain ; and yet confess
I have been wooed by many with no less
Soul of affection ; and have often had
Rings, belts, and cracknels, sent me from the lad
That feeds his flocks down westward; lambs and doves
By young Alexis ; Daphnis sent me gloves;
All which I gave to thee : nor these nor they
That sent them did I smile on, or e'er lay
Up to my after-memory. But why
Do I resolve to grieve, and not to die ?
Happy had been the stroke thou gav'st, if home;
By this time had I found a quiet room*,
Where every slave is free, and every breast,
That living bred new care, now lies at rest;
And thither will poor Amoret.

Perl Thou must

Was ever any man so loath to trust
His eyes as I ? or was there ever yet
Any so like as this to Amoret ?
For whose dear sake I promise, if there be
A living soul within thee, thus to free
Thy body from it ! [*Wounds her with his spear*
Amo. [Falling.] So, this work hath end.
Farewell, and live ; be constant to thy friend
That loves thee next

Enter SATYR ; PERIGOT *runs off.*

Sat. See, the day begins to break,
And the light shoots like a streak
Of subtle fire; the wind blows cold,
Whilst the morning doth unfold;
Now the birds begin to rouse,
And the squirrel from the boughs
Leaps, to get him nuts and fruit:
The early lark, that erst was mute,
Carols to the rising day
Many a note and many a lay:
Therefore here I end my watch,
Lest the wandering swain should catch
Harm, or lose himself.
Amo. Ah me !
Sat. Speak again, whate'er thou be;
I am ready ; speak, I say;
By the dawning of the day,
By the power of night and Pan,
I enforce thee speak again !
Amo. Oh, I am most unhappy
Sat. Yet more blood !
Sure, these wanton swains are wood.[1]
Can there be a hand or heart
Dare commit so vile a part
As this murder ? By the moon,

[1] **Mad.**

That hid herself when this was done
Never was a sweeter face :
I will bear her to the place
Where my goddess keeps,[1] and crave
Her to give her life or grave. *[Exit, carrying* AMORET.

SCENE V.—*The Wood before* CLORIN'S ***Bower.***

Enter CLORIN.

Clo. Here whilst one patient takes his rest secure,
I steal abroad to do another cure.—
Pardon, thou buried body of my love,
That from thy side I dare so soon remove;
I will not prove unconstant, nor will leave
Thee for an hour alone : when I deceive
My first-made vow, the wildest of the wood
Tear me, and o'er thy grave let out my blood!
I go by wit to cure a lover's pain,
Which no herb can; being done, I'll come again. *[Exit.*

Enter THENOT.

The. Poor shepherd, in this shade for ever lie,
And seeing thy fair Clorin's cabin, die ! *[Lying down.*
Oh, hapless love, which being answered, ends !
And, as a little infant cries and bends
His tender brows, when, rolling of his eye,
He hath espied something that gl1sters nigh,
Which he would have, yet, give it him, away
He throws it straight, and cries afresh to play
With something else ; such my affection, set
On that which I should loathe, if I could get

Re-enter CLORIN.

Clo. See, where he lies ! Did ever man but he
Love any woman for her constancy

[1] **Dwells.**

To her dead lover, which she needs must end
Before she can allow him for her friend,
And he himself must needs the cause destroy
For which he loves, before he can enjoy?
Poor shepherd, Heaven grant I at once may free
Thee from thy pain, and keep my loyalty !— *[Asidc.*
Shepherd, look up.

The. Thy brightness doth amaze ;
So Phoebus may at noon bid mortals gaze;
Thy glorious constancy appears so bright,
I dare not meet the beams with my weak sight

Clo. Why dost thou pine away thyself for me?

The. Why dost thou keep such spotless constancy?

Clo. Thou holy shepherd, see what for thy sake
Clorin, thy Clorin, now dare undertake.

The. [Starting up.] Stay there, thou constant Clorin ! if there be
Yet any part of woman left in thee,
To make thee light, think yet before thou speak.

Clo. See, what a holy vow for thee I break;
I, that already have my fame far spread
For being constant to my lover dead.

The. Think yet, dear Clonn, of your love; how true,
If you had died, he would have been to you.

Clo. Yet, all I'll lose for thee——

The. Think but how blest
A constant woman is above the rest!

Clo. And offer up myself, here on this ground,
To be disposed by thee.

The. Why dost thou wound
His heart with malice against women more,
That hated all the sex but thee before?
How much more pleasant had it been to me
To die than to behold this change in thee !
Yet, yet return; let not the woman sway !

Clo. Insult not on her now, nor use delay,
Who for thy sake hath ventured all her fame.

The. Thou hast not ventured, but bought certain shame :
Your sex's curse, foul falsehood, must and shall,
I see, once in your lives, light on you all.
I hate thee now. Yet turn I
Clo. Be just to me :
Shall I at once lose both my fame and thee ?
The. Thou hadst no fame ; that which thou didst like good
Was but thy appetite that swayed thy blood
For that time to the best: for as a blast
That through a house comes, usually doth cast
Things out of order, yet by chance may come,
And blow some one thing to his proper room,
So did thy appetite, and not thy zeal,
Sway thee by chance to do some one thing well
Yet turn!
Clo. Thou dost but try me, if I would
Forsake thy dear embraces for my old
Love's, though he were alive : but do not fear.
The. I do contemn thee now, and dare come near.
And gaze upon thee ; for methinks that grace,
Austerity, which sate upon that face,
Is gone, and thou like others. False maid, see,
This is the gain of foul inconstancy! *[Exit.*
Clo. 'Tis done :—great Pan, I give thee thanks for it!—
What art could not have healed is cured by wit

Re-enter THENOT.

The. Will you be constant yet ? will you remove
Into the cabin to your buried love ?
Clo. No, let me die, but by thy side remain.
2he. There's none shall know that thou didst evei stain
Thy worthy strictness, but shalt honoured be,
And I will lie again under this tree,

And pine and die for thee with more delight
Than I have sorrow now to know thee light.

Clo. Let me have thee, and I'll be where thou wilt

The. Thou art of women's race, and full of guilt;
Farewell all hope of that sex ! Whilst I thought
There was one good, I feared to find one naught:
But since their minds I all alike espy,
Henceforth I'll choose, as others, by mine eye. *[Exit.*

Clo. Blest be ye powers that gave such quick redress,
And for my labours sent so good success!
I rather choose, though I a woman be,
He should speak ill of all than die for me.

[Exit into the bower.

ACT THE FIFTH.

SCENE I.—*A Village.*

Enter Priest of Pan *and* Old Shepherd.

PRIEST. Shepherds, rise, and shake
`off sleep !
See, the blushing morn doth peep
Through the windows, whilst the sun
To the mountain-tops is run,
Gilding all the vales below
With his rising flames, which grow
Greater by his climbing still,
Up, ye lazy grooms, and fill
Bag and bottle fpr the field !
Clasp your cloaks fast, lest they yield
To the bitter north-east wind.
Call the maidens up, and find
Who lay longest, that she may
Go without a friend all day;
Then reward your dogs, and pray
Pan to keep you from decay :
So unfold, and then away !
What, not a shepherd stirring ? Sure, the grooms
Have found their beds too easy, or the rooms
Filled with such new delight and heat, that they
Have both forgot their hungry sheep and day.
Knock, that they may remember what a shame
Sloth and neglect lays on a shepherd's name*

.Old Shep. [After knocking at several doors.] It is to little purpose ; not a swain
This night hath known his lodging here, or lain
Within these cotes : the woods, or some near town
That is a neighbour to the bordering down,
Hath drawn them thither, 'bout some lusty sport,
Or spiced wassail bowl, to which resort
All the young men and maids of many a cote,
Whilst the trim minstrel strikes his merry note.

Priest. God pardon sin !—Show me the way that leads
To any of their haunts.

Old Shep. This to the meads,
And that down to the woods.

Priest. Then, this for me.
Come, shepherd, let me crave your company, *[Exeunt.*

SCENE II.—*The Wood before* CLORIN'S *Bower:* CLORIN *and* ALEXIS *discovered in the bowerj at the side of the stage^ a hollow tree, in which are* CLOE *and* DAPHNIS.

Clo. Now your thoughts are almost pure,
And your wound begins to cure;
Strive to banish all that's vain,
Lest it should break out again.

Alexis. Eternal thanks to thee, thou holy maid !
I find my former wandering thoughts well staid
Through thy wise precepts ; and my outward pain
By thy choice herbs is almost gone again:
Thy sex's vice and virtue are revealed
At once ; for what one hurt another healed.

Clo. May thy grief more appease !
Relapses are the worst disease.
Take heed how you in thought offend ;
So mind and body both will mend.

Enter Satyr, *carrying* AMORET.

Amo. Be'st thbu the wildest creature of the wood.;
That bear'st me thus away, drowned in my blood
And dying, know I cannot injured be;
I am a maid ; let that name fight for me.
Sat. Fairest virgin, do not fear
Me, that doth thy body bear,
Not to hurt, but healed to be ;
Men are ruder far than we.—
See, fair goddess, in the wood
They have let out yet more blood :
Some savage man hath struck her breast,
So soft and white, that no wild beast
Durst have touched, asleep or 'wake;
So sweet, that adder, newt, or snake,
Would have lain, from arm to arm,
On her bosom to be warm
All a night, and, being hot,
Gone away, and stung her not.
Quickly clap herbs to her breast.
A man, sure, is a kind of beast.
Clo. With spotless hand on spotless breast
I put these herbs, to give thee rest:
Which till it heal thee, there will bide,
If both be pure ; if not, off slide.—
See, it falls off from the wound !
Shepherdess, thou art not sound,
Full of lust.
Sat. Who would have thought it ?
So fair a face !
Clo. Why, that hath brought it.
Amo. For aught I know or think, these words my last,
Yet, Pan so help me as my thoughts are chaste '
Clo. And so may Pan bless this my cure,
As all my thoughts are just and pure !
Some uncleanness nigh doth lurk,

That will not let my medicines work.—
Satyr, search if thou canst find it.
Sat. Here away methinks I wind it:
Stronger yet.—Oh, here they be ;
Here, here, in a hollow tree,
Two fond[1] mortals have I found.
do. Bring them out; they are unsound.
Sat. *[Bringing out* CLOE *and* DAPHNIS.] By the fingers thus I wring ye,
f o my goddess thus I bring ye;
Strife is vain, come gently in.—
I scented them ; they're full of sin.
Clo. Hold, Satyr; take this glass,
Sprinkle over all the place,
Purge the air from lustful breath,
To save this shepherdess from death:
And stand you still whilst I do dress
Her wound, for fear the pain increase.
Sat. From this glass I throw a drop
Of crystal water on the top
Of every grass, on flowers a pair :
Send a fume, and keep the air
Pure and wholesome, sweet and blest,
Till this virgin's wound be drest.
Clo. Satyr, help to bring her in.
Sat. By Pan, I think she hath no sin,
[Carrying AMORET *into the bower.*
She is so light.—Lie on these leaves.
Sleep, that mortal sense deceives,
Crown thine eyes and ease thy pain;
May'st thou soon be well again!
Clo. Satyr, bring the shepherd near;
Try him, if his mind be clear.
Sat. Shepherd, come.
Daph. My thoughts are pure.
Sat. The better trial to endure.

[1] Foolish.

Clo. In this flame his finger thrust,
Which will burn him if he lust;
But if not, away will turn,
As loath unspotted flesh to burn.—
[Satyr *applies* DAPHNIS'S finger *to the taper.*
See, it gives back; let him go.
Sat. Farewell, mortal: keep thee so. *[Exit* DAPHNIS
Stay, fair nymph ; fly not so fast;
We must try if you be chaste.—
Here's a hand that quakes for fear;
Sure, she will not prove so clear.
Clo. Hold her finger to the flame ;
That will yield her praise or shame.
Sat. To her doom she dares not stand,
[Applies CLOE"s *finger to the taper.*
But plucks away her tender hand;
And the taper darting sends
His hot beams at her fingers' ends.—
Oh, thou art foul within, and hast
A mind, if nothing else, unchaste !
Alex. Is not that Cloe *?* 'Tis my love, 'tis she!
Cloe, fair Cloe!
Cloe. My Alexis !
Alex. He.
Cloe. Let me embrace thee,
Clo. Take her hence,
Lest her sight d1sturb his sense.
Alex. Take not her ; take my life first!
Clo. See, his wound again is burst:
Keep her near, here in the wood,
Till I have stopt these streams of blood.
[Satyr *leads of CLOE.*
Soon again he ease shall find,
If I can but still his mind.
This curtain thus I do display,
To keep the piercing air away.
[Draws a Curtain before the Bower. Sane closes.

SCENE III.—*A Pasture.*

Enter Old Shepherd *and* Priest of Pan.

Priest. Sure, they are lost for ever: 'tis in vain
To find them out with trouble and much pain,
That have a ripe desire and forward will
To fly the company of all but ill.
What shall be counselled now ? shall we retire,
Or constant follow still that first desire
We had to find them ?

Old Shep. Stay a little while;
For, if the morning's m1stdo not beguile
My sight with shadows, sure I see a swain ;
One of this jolly troop's come back again.

Enter THENOT.

Priest. Dost thou not blush, young shepherd, to be known
Thus without care leaving thy flocks alone,
And following what desire and present blood
Shapes out before thy burning sense for good;
Having forgot what tongue hereafter may
Tell to the world thy falling off, and say
Thou art regardless both of good and shame*
Spurning at virtue and a virtuous name ?
And like a glorious [x] desperate man, that buys
A poison of much price, by which he dies,
Dost thou lay out for lust, whose only gain
Is foul disease, with present age and pain,
And then a grave ? These be the fruits that grow
In such hot veins, that only beat to know
Where they may take most ease, and grow ambitious
Through their own wanton fire and pride delicious.

The. Right holy sir, I have not known this night
What the smooth face of mirth was, or the sight

[1] Proud.

Omany looseness ; music, joy, and ease,
Have been to me as bitter drugs to please
A stomach lost with weakness, not a game
That I am skilled at thoroughly : nor a dame,
Went her tongue smoother than the feet of time,
Her beauty ever-living like the rhyme
Our blessed Tityrus did sing of yore ;
No, were she more enticing than the store
Of fruitful summer, when the loaden tree
Bids the faint traveller be bold and free ;
'Twere but to me like thunder 'gainst the bay,
Whose lightning may enclose, but never stay
Upon his charmed branches ; such am I
Against the catching flames of woman's eye.

Priest. Then, wherefore hast thou wandered ?

The. 'Twas a vow
That drew me out last night, which I have now
Strictly performed, and homewards go to give
Fresh pasture to my sheep, that they may live.

Priest. 'Tis good to hear you, shepherd, if the heart
In this well-sounding music bear his part.
Where have you left the rest ?

The. 1 have not seen,
Since yesternight we met upon this green
To fold our flocks up, any of that train ;
Yet have I walked those woods round, and have lain
All this long night under an aged tree;
Yet neither wandering shepherd did I see,
Or shepherdess ; or drew into mine ear
The sound of living thing, unless it were
The nightingale, among the thick-leaved spring
That sits alone in sorrow, and doth sing
Whole nights away in mourning; or the owl,
Or our great enemy,[1] that still doth howl
Against the moon's cold beams.

[1] *i.e.* The wolt

Priest. Go, and beware
Of after-falling.
The. Father, 'tis my care. *[Exit*

Enter DAPHNIS.

Old Shep. Here comes another straggler; sure I see
A shame in this young shepherd.—Daphnis ?
Daph. He.
Priest. Where hast thou left the rest, that should have been
Long before this grazing upon the green
Their yet-imprisoned flocks ?
Daph. Thou holy man,
Give me a little breathing, till I can
Be able to unfold what I have seen ;
Such horror, that the like hath never been
Known to the ear of shepherd. Oh, my heart
Labours a double motion to impart
So heavy tidings ! You all know the bower
Where the chaste Clorin lives, by whose great power
Sick men and cattle have been often cured;
There lovely Amoret, that was assured
To lusty Perigot, bleeds out her life,
Forced by some iron hand and fatal knife ;
And, by her, young Alexis.

Enter AMARILLIS, *running.*

Amar. If there be
Ever a neighbour-brook or hollow tree,
Receive my body, close me up from lust
That follows at my heels ! Be ever just,
Thou god of shepherds, Pan, for her dear sake
That loves the rivers* brinks, and still doth shake
In cold remembrance of thy quick pursuit;
Let me be made a reed, and, ever mute,
Nod to the waters' fall, whilst every blast
Sings through my slender leaves that I was chaste!

Priest. This is a night of wonder.—Amarill,
Be comforted : the holy gods are still
Revengers of these wrongs.
Amar. Thou blessed man,
Honoured upon these plains, and loved of Pan,
Hear me, and save from endless infamy
My yet-unblasted flower, virginity !
By all the garlands that have crowned that head,
By thy chaste office, and the marriage-bed
That still is blessed by thee; by all the rites
Due to our god, and by those virgin-lights
That burn before his altar; let me not
Fall from my former state, to gain the blot
That never shall be purged ! I am not now
That wanton Amarillis: here I vow
To Heaven, and thee, grave father, if I may
Scape this unhappy night, to know the day
A virgin, never after to endure
The tongues or company of men unpure!
I hear him come ; save me !
Priest. Retire a while
Behind this bush, till we have known that vile
Abuser of young maidens. *[They retire.*

Enter Sullen Shepherd.

SulL Shep. Stay thy pace,
Most loved Amarillis ; let the chase
Grow calm and milder ; fly me not so fast:
I fear the pointed brambles have unlaced
Thy golden buskins. Turn again, and see
Thy shepherd follow, that is strong and free,
Able to give thee all content and ease :
I am not bashful, virgin ; I can please
At first encounter, hug thee in mine arm,
And give thee many kisses, soft and warm
As those the sun prints on the smiling cheek
Of plums or mellow peaches ; I am sleek

And smooth as Neptune when stern ^Eolus
Lock's up his surly winds, and nimbly thus
Can show my active youth. Why dost thou fly?
Remember, Amanllis, it was I
That killed Alexis for thy sake, and set
An everksting hate 'twixt Amoret
And her beloved Perigot; 'twas I
That drowned her in the well, where she must lie
Till time shall leave[1] to be. Then, turn again,
Turn with thy open arms, and clip[2] the swain
That hath performed all this; turn, turn, I say;
I must not be deluded.

Priest. [Comifig forward.] Monster, stay!
Thou that art like a canker to the state
Thou liv'st and breath'st in, eating with debate[3]
Through every honest bosom, forcing s.ill
The veins of any that may serve thy will;
Thou that hast offered with a sinful hand
To seize upon this virgin, that doth stand
Yet trembling here!

Suh. Shep. Good holiness, declare
What had the danger been, if being bare
I had embraced her; tell me, by your art,
What coming wonders would that sight impart

Priest. Lust and a branded soul.

Sull. Shep. Yet, tell me more;
Hath not our mother Nature, for her store
And great encrease, said it is good and just,
And willed that every living creature must
Beget his like?

Priest. You're better read than I,
I must confess, in blood and lechery.—
Now to the bower, and bring this beast along,
Where he may suffer penance for his wrong. *[Exeunt.*

[1] **Cease.** [2] Embrace. [3] Discord.

SCENE *[V.—Part of the Wood.*

Enter PERIGOT, *with his hand bloody.*

Peri. Here will I wash it in the morning's dew,
Which she on every little grass doth strew
In silver drops against the sun's appear:
'Tis holy water, and will make me clear.
"My hand will not be cleansed —My wronged love,
If thy chaste spirit in the air yet move,
Look mildly down on him that yet doth stand
All full of guilt, thy blood upon his hand;
And though I struck thee undeservedly,
Let my revenge on her that injured thee
Make less a fault which. I intended not,
And let these dew-drops wash away my spot!—
It will not cleanse. Oh, to what sacred flood
Shall I resort, to wash away this blood ?
Amidst these trees the holy Clorin dwells,
In a low cabin of cut boughs, and heals
All wounds : to her I will myself address,
And my rash faults repentantly confess ;
Perhaps she'll find a means, by art or prayer,
To make my hand, with chaste blood stained fair.
That done, not far hence, underneath some tree
I'll have a little cabin built, since she
Whom I adored is dead; there will I give
Myself to strictness, and, like Clorin, live. *[Exit.*

SCENE *V.—The Wood before* CLORIN'S *Bower:* CLORIN *discovered sitting in the Bower,* AMORET *sitting on one side of her,* ALEXIS *and* CLOE *on the other; the* Satyr *standing by.*

Clo. Shepherd, once more your blood is staid:
Take example by this maid,

Who is healed ere you be pure;
So hard it is lewd lust to cure.
Take heed, then, how you turn your eye
On this other lustfully.—
And, shepherdess, take heed lest you
Move his willing eye thereto :
Let no wring, nor pinch, nor smile
Of yours, his weaker sense beguile.—
Is your love yet true and chaste,
And for ever so to last ?
Alexis. I have forgot all vain desires,
All looser thoughts, ill-tempered fires :
True love I find a pleasant fume,
Whose moderate heat can ne'er consume.
Cloe. And I a new fire feel in me,
Whose chaste flame is not quenched to be.
Clo. Join your hands with modest touch,
And for *ever* keep you such.

Enter PERIGOT.

Peri. Yon is her cabin : thus far off I'll stand,
And call her forth; for my unhallowed hand
I dare not bring so near yon sacred place.— *[Aside.*
Clorin, come forth, and do a timely grace
To a poor swain.
Clo. What art thou that dost call ?
Clorin is ready to do good to all:
Come near.
Peri. I dare not.
Clo. Satyr, see
Who it is that calls on me.
Sat. {Coming from the bower.] There, at hand, some swain doth stand,
Stretching out a bloody hand.
Peri. Come, Clorin, bring thy holy waters clear,
To wash my hand.
Clo. [Coming out.} What wonders have been here

To-night I Stretch forth thy hand, young swain;
Wash and rub it. whilst I rain
Holy water,
Peri. Still you pour,
But my hand will never scour.
Clo. Satyr, bring him to the bower:
We will try the sovereign power
Of other waters.
Sat. Mortal, sure,
'Tis the blood of maiden pure
That stains thee so.

The Satyr *leads him to the tower, where, seeing* AMORET, *he kneels down before her.*

Peri. Whatever thou be,
Be'st thou her sprite, or some divinity,
That in her shape thinks good to walk this grove,
Pardon poor Perigot!
Amo. I am thy love,
Thy Amoret, for evermore thy love :
Strike once more on my naked breast, I'll prove
As constant still. Oh, couldst thou love me yet,
How soon could I my former griefs forget I
Peri. So over-great with joy that you live, now
I am, that no desire of knowing how
Doth seize me. Hast thou still power to forgive ?
Amo. Whilst thou hast power to love, or I to live :
More welcome now than hadst thou never gone
Astray from me !
Peri. And when thou lov'st alone,
And not I thee, death, or some lingering pain
That's worse, light on me!
Clo. Now your stain
Perhaps will cleanse thee; once again.
See, the blood that erst did stay,
With the water drops away.
All the powers again are pleased,.

And .with this new knot are appeased.
Join your hands, and rise together:
Pan be blessed that brought you hither !

Enter Priest of Pan *and* Old Shepherd

Go back again, whate'er thou art; unless
Smooth maiden-thoughts possess thee, do not press
This hallowed ground.—Go, Satyr, take his hand,
And give him present trial.

Sat. Mortal, stand,
Till by fire I have made known
Whether thou be such a one
That mayst freely tread this place.
Hold thy hand up.—Never was
[_Applying the Priest's *hand to the taper.*
More untainted flesh than this.
Fairest, he is full of bliss.

Clo. Then boldly speak, why dost thou seek this place?

Priest. First, honoured virgin, to behold thy face,
Where all good dwells that is; next, for to try
The truth of late report was given to me,—
Those shepherds that have met with foul mischance
Through much neglect and more ill governance,
Whether the wounds they have may yet endure
The open air, or stay a longer cure ;
And lastly, what the doom may be shall light
Upon those guilty wretches, through whose spite
All this confusion fell; for to this place,
Thou holy maiden, have I brought the race
Of these offenders, who have freely told
Both why and by [[hat means they gave this bold
Attempt upon their lives.

Clo. Fume all the ground,
And sprinkle holy water, for unsound
And foul infection 'gins to fill the air :
It gathers yet more strongly ; take a pair

I The Satyr fumes the Around, &c.

Of censers filled with frankincense and myrrh,
Together with cold camphire : quickly stir
Thee, gentle Satyr, for the place begins
To sweat and labour with th' abhorred sins
Of those offenders : let them not come nigh,
For full of itching flame and leprosy
Their very souls are, that the ground goes back,
And shrinks to feel the sullen weight of black
And so unheard-of venom.—Hie thee fast,
Thou holy man, and banish from the chaste
These manlike monsters ; let them never more
Be known upon these downs, but, long before
The next sun's rising, put them from the sight
And memory of every honest wight:
Be quick in expedition, lest the sores
Of these weak patients break into new gores.
{Exit Priest of Pan.

Peri. My dear, dear Amoret, how happy are
Those blessed pairs, in whom a little jar
Hath bred an everlasting love, too strong
For time, or steel, or envy to do wrong
How do you feel your hurts ? Alas, poor heart,
How much I was abused ! Give me the smart,
For it is justly mine.

Amo. I do believe :
It is enough, dear friend ; leave off to grieve,
And let us once more, in despite of ill,
Give hands and hearts again.

Peri. With better will
Than e'er I went to find in hottest day
Cool crystal of the fountain, to allay
My eager thirst. May this band never break I
Hear us, oh, Heaven !

Amo. Be constant.

Peri. Else Pan wreak
With double vengeance my disloyalty[

Let me not dare to know the company
Of men, or any more behold those eyes !
Amo. Thus, shepherd, with a kiss all envy[1] dies.

Re-enter Priest of Pan.

Priest. Bright maid, I have performed your will. The swain
In whom such heat and black rebellions reign
Hath undergone your sentence and disgrace :
Only the maid I have reserved, whose face
Shows much amendment; many a tear doth fall
In sorrow of her fault: great fair, recall
Your heavy doom, in hope of better days,
Which I dare promise; once again upraise
Her heavy spirit, that near drowned lies
In self-consuming care that never dies.
Clo. I am content to pardon ; call her in.—
[Priest of Pan *brings in* AMARILLIS.
The air grows cool again, and doth begin
To purge itself: how bright the day doth show
After this stormy cloud !—Go, Satyr, go,
And with this taper boldly try her hand :
If she be pure and good, and firmly stand
To be so still, we have performed a work
Worthy the gods themselves.
Sat Come forward, maiden; do not lurk,
Nor hide your face with grief and shame;
Now or never get a name
That may raise thee, and re-cure
All thy life that was impure.
Hold your hand unto the flame ;
If thou be'st a perfect dame,
Or hast truly vowed to mend,
This pale fire will be thy friend.—
[Applies her hand to the taper.

[1] **Hatred.**

See, the taper hurts her not!
Go thy v/ays ; let never spot
Henceforth seize upon thy blood :
Thank the gods, and still be good.

Clo. Young shepherdess, now you are brought again
To virgin-state, be so, and so remain
To thy last day, unless the faithful love
Of some good shepherd force thee to remove;
Then labour to be true to him, and live
As such a one that ever strives to give
A blessed memory to after-time ;
Be famous for your good, not for your crime.—
Now, holy man, I offer up again
These patients, full of health and free from pain :
Keep them from after-ills ; be ever near
Unto their actions ; teach them how to clear
The tedious way they pass through from suspect;
Keep them from wronging others, or neglect
Of duty in themselves ; correct the blood
With thrifty bits and labour; let the flood,
Or the next neighbouring spring, give remedy
To greedy thirst and travail, not the tree
That hangs with wanton clusters ; let not wine,
Unless in sacrifice or rites divine,
Be ever known of shepherds ; have a care,
Thou man of holy life ! Now do not spare
Their faults through much remissness, nor forget
To cherish him whose many pains and sweat
Hath given increase and added to the downs;
Sort all your shepherds from the lazy clowns
That feed their heifers in the budded brooms;
Teach the young maidens strictness, that the grooms
May ever fear to tempt their blowing youth ;
Banish all compliment, but single truth,
From every tongue and every shepherd's heart;
Let them still use persuading, but no art

Thus, holy priest, I wish to thee and these
All the best goods and comforts that may please.
AIL And all those blessings Heaven did ever give,
We pray upon this bower may ever live.
Priest. Kneel, every shepherd, while with powerful hand
I bless your after-labours, and the land
You feed your flocks upon. Great Pan defend you
From misfortune, and amend you ;
Keep you from those dangers still
That are followed by your will;
Give ye means to know at length,
All your riches, all your strength,
Cannot keep your foot from tailing
To lewd lust, that still is calling
At your cottage, till his power
Bring again that golden hour
Of peace and rest to every soul;
May his care of you controul
All diseases, sores, or pain,
That in after-time may reign
Either in your flocks or you ;
Give ye all affections new,
New desires, and tempers new,
That ye may be ever true !
Now rise, and go; and, as ye pass away,
Sing to the God of Sheep that happy lay
That honest Dorus taught ye,—Dorus, he
That was the soul and god of melody.
[They sing and strew the ground with flowets.

All ye woods, and trees, and bowers,
All ye virtues and ye powers
That inhabit in the lakes,
Tn the pleasant springs or brakes,
Move your feet
To our sound,

Whilst we greet
All this ground
With his honour and his name
That defends our flocks from blame.

He is great, and he is just,
He is ever good, and must
Thus be honoured. Daffadillies,
Roses, pinks, and loved lilies,
Let us fling,
Whilst we sing,
Ever holy,
Ever holy,
Ever honoured, ever young !
Thus great Pan is ever sung !
[Exeunt all except CLORIN *and* Satyr.

Sat. Thou divinest, fairest, brightest,
Thou most powerful maid and whitest,
Thou most virtuous and most blessed,
Eyes of stars, and golden-tressed
Like Apollo; tell me, sweetest,
What new service now is meetest
For the Satyr ? Shall I stray
In the middle air, and stay
The sailing rack, or nimbly take
Hold by the moon, and gently make
Suit to the pale queen of night
For a beam to give thee light ?
Shall I dive into the sea,
And bring thee coral, making way
Through the rising waves that fall
In snowy fleeces ? Dearest, shall
I catch thee wanton fawns, or flies
Whose woven wings the summer dyes
Of many colours ? get thee fruit,
Or steal from Heaven and Orpheus' lute ?

All these I'll venture for, and more,
To do her service all these woods adore.

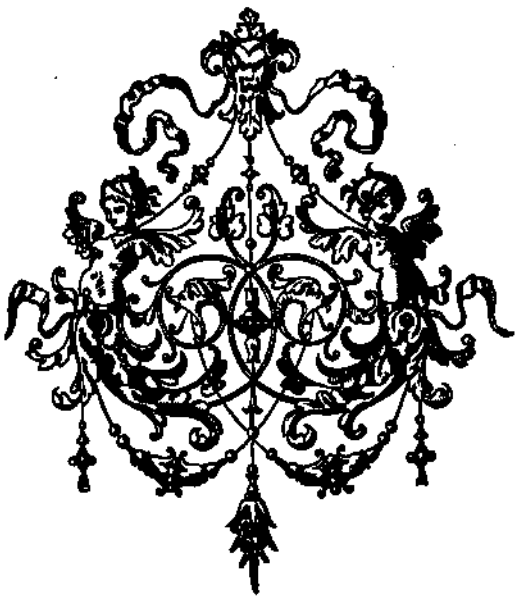
Clo. No other service, Satyr, but thy watch
About these thicks,[1] lest harmless people catch
Mischief or sad mischance.

Sat. Holy virgin, I will dance
Round about these woods as quick
As the breaking light, and prick[2]
Down the lawns and down the vales
Faster than the windmill-sails.
So I take my leave, and pray
All the comforts of the day,
Such as Phoebus' heat doth send
On the earth, may still befriend
Thee and this arbour !

Clo. And to thee
All thy master's love be free ! *[Exeunt.*

[1] Thickets. [2] Speed.

VALENTINIAN.



AS Burbage acted one of the principal characters in *Valentinian*, this play, like *Bonduca must* have been produced before March, 1619, when Burbage died. It was written chiefly (if not entirely) by Fletcher. The story of Valentinian III. is told by Procopius and, at a later day, by Gibbon in the 24th chapter of the *Decline and Fall.*

Valentinian, like *Bonduca*, was first published in the folio of 1647. A version of the play, as altered by the Earl of Rochester and acted at the Theatre Royal, was published in 1685.

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

VALENTINIAN, Emperor of Rome.
AEcius, a General.
MAXIMUS, a distinguished Warrior.
PONTIUS, AFRANIUS } Captains.
FULVIUS, Lucius, SEMPRONIUS } Senators.
BALBUS, PROCULUS, CHILAX, a Greek, LICINIUS } Courtiers, and Panders to the Emperor.
LYCIAS, a Eunuch, servant to the Emperor.
PHIDIAS, ARETUS } Eunuchs, originally servants to Aecius, and promoted by him to the service of the Emperor.
PAULUS, a Poet.
LiClPPUS, a Courtier.
Senators, Physicians, Courtiers, Gentlemen, Soldiers, Boy, Messenger, Attendants.

EUDOXIA, Empress, Wife of VALENTINIAN.
LUCINA, Wife of MAXIMUS.
CLAUDIA, MARCELLINA, } Her Waiting-Women.
ARDELIA, PHORBA, } Ladies, Panderesses to the Empero*
Ladies.

SCENE—ROME.

VALENTINIAN.

ACT THE FIRST.

SCENE *I.—The Court of the Palace.*

Enter BALBUS, PROCULUS, CHILAX, *and* LICINIUS

BAL. I never saw the like; she's no more stirred,
No more another woman, no more altered
With any hopes or promises laid to her,
Let 'em be ne'er so weighty, ne'er so winning,
Than I am with the motion of my own legs.

Proc. Chilax,
You are a stranger yet in these designs,
At least in Rome. Tell me, and tell me truth,
Did you e'er know, in all your course of practice,
In all the ways of woman you have run through—
(For I presume you have been brought up, Chilax,
As we, to fetch and carry)——

Iht. True; I have so.

Proc. Did you, I say again, in all this progress,
Ever discover such a piece of beauty,
Ever so rare a creature, (and, no doubt,

One that must know her worth too, and affect it,
Ay, and be flattered, else 'tis none,) and honest?
Honest against the tide of all temptations?
Honest to one man, to her husband only,
And yet not eighteen, not of age to know
Why she is honest?

Chi. I confess it freely,
I never saw her fellow, nor e'er shall:
For all our Grecian dames, all I have tried,
(And, sure, I have tried a hundred, if I say two,
I speak within my compass,) all these beauties,
And all the constancy of all these faces,
Maids, widows, wives, of what degree or calling,
(So they be Greeks and fat, for there's my cunning,)
I would undertake, and not sweat for it, Proculus,
Were they to try again, say twice as many,
Under a thousand pound, to lay 'em bed-rid:
But this wench staggers me.

Ltcin. Do you see these jewels?
You would think these pretty baits; now, I'll assure you
Here's half the wealth of Asia.

BaL These are nothing
To the full honours I propounded to her:
I bid her think, and be, and presently,
Whatever her ambition, what the counsel
Of others would add to her, what her dreams
Could more enlarge, what any precedent
Of any woman rising up to glory,
And standing certain there, and in the highest,
Could give her more; nay, to be empress.

Proc. And cold at all these offers?

BaL Cold as crystal,
Never to be thawed again.

Chi. I tried her further,
And so far, that I think she is no woman,
At least, as women go now.

Licin. Why, what did you?
Chi. I offered that, that, had she been but m1stress
Of as much spleen as doves have, I had reached her;
A safe revenge of all that ever hate her,
The crying-down for ever of all beauties
That may be thought come near her.
Proc. That was pretty.
Chi. I never knew that way fail; yet I'll tell ye
I offered her a gift beyond all yours,
That, that had made a saint start, well considered;
The law to be her creature, she to make it,
Her mouth to give it, every creature living
From her aspect to draw their good or evil,
Fixed in 'em, spite of fortune; a new Nature
She should be called, and mother of all ages;
Time should be hers; and what she did, lame Virtue
Should bless to all posterities; her air
Should give us life, her earth and water feed us;
And last, to none but to the Emperor,
(And then but when she pleased to have it so,)
She should be held for mortal
Licin. And she heard you?
Chi. Yes, as a sick man hears a noise, or he
That stands condemned his judgment. Let me perish,
But, if there can be virtue, if that name
Be any thing but name and empty title,
If it be so as fools have been pleased to feign it,
A power that can preserve us after ashes,
And make the names of men out-reckon ages,
This woman has a god of virtue in her.
Bal. I would the Emperor were that god!
Chi. She has in her
All the contempt of glory and vain seeming
Of all the Stoics, all the truth of Chr1stians
And all their constancy: modesty was made
When she was first intended. When she blushei,
It is the holiest thing to look upon,

The purest temple of her sect[1] that ever
Made Nature a blest founder.
Proc. Is there no way
To take this phenix ?
Licin. None but in her ashes.
Chi. If she were fat, or any way inclining
To ease or pleasure, or affected glory,
Proud to be seen and worshipped, t'were a venture ;
But, on my soul, she is chaster than cold camphire.[2]
Bal. I think so too; for all the ways of woman,
Like a full sail, she bears against. I asked her,
After my many offers, walking with her,
And her as many down-denials, how
If th' Emperor, grown mad with love, should force her ?
She pointed to a Lucrece that hung by,
And with an angry look, that from her eyes
Shot vestal fire against me, she departed.
Proc. This is the first wench I was ever posed in;
Yet I have brought young loving things together
This two-and-thirty year.
Chi. I find, by this wench,
The calling of a bawd to be a strange,
A wise, and subtle calling, and for none
But staid, discreet, and understanding people :
And, as the tutor to great Alexander
Would say, a young man should not dare to read
His moral books, till after five-and-twenty ;
So must that he or she, that will be bawdy,
(I mean discreetly bawdy, and be trusted,)
If they will rise and gain experience,
Well steeped in years and discipline, begin it;
I take it, 'th no boys' play.
Bal. Well, what's thought of?
Proc. The Emperor must know it.
Licin. If the women
Should chance to fail too ?

[1] *i.e.* Sex. [2] Camphor

-Chi. As 'tis ten to one.

Pros. Why, what remains, but new nets for the purchase P[1]

Chi. Let's go consider, then ; and, if all fail,
This is the first quick eel that saved her tail. *[Exeunt.*

SCENE II.—*A Room in the House of* MAXIMUS.

Enter LUCINA, ARDELIA, *and* PHORBA.

Ard. You still ins1stupon that idol, honour:
Can it renew your youth ? can it add wealth
That takes off wrinkles ? can it draw men's eyes
To gaze upon you in your age ? can honour
(That truly is a saint to none but soldiers,
And, looked into, bears no reward but danger)
Leave you the most respected person living ?
Or can the common kisses of a husband
(Which to a sprightly lady is a labour)
Make you almost immortal ? You are cozened ;
The honour of a woman is her praises ;
The way to get these, to be seen and sought to,[2]
And not to bury such a happy sweetness
Under a smoky roof.

Lucina. I'll hear no more. [beauty,

Phorba. That white and red, and all that blessed
Kept from the eyes that make it so, is nothing :
Then you are rarely fair, when men proclaim it
The phenix, were she never seen, were doubted;
That most unvalued[3] horn the unicorn
Bears to oppose the huntsman, were it nothing
But tale and mere tradition, would help no man;

[1] Prey. [7] Solicited.

[3] Invaluable. The unicorn's horn was supposed to have important medicinal properties. It was really (Sir Thomas Browne remarks) the narwhal's tusk

But when the virtue's known, the nonour's doubled.
Virtue is either lame, or not at all,
And love a sacrilege, and not a saint,
When it bars up the way to men's petitions.

Ard. Nay, you shall love your husband too ; we come
To make a monster of you. [not

Lucina. Are ye women ?

Ard. You'll find us so; and women you shall thank
If you have grace to make your use. [too,

Lucina. Fie on ye !

Pkorba. Alas, poor bashful lady ! by my soul,
Had you no other virtue but your blushes,
And I a man, I should run mad for those :—
How daintily they set her'off, how sweetly !

Ard. Come, goddess, come; you move too near the earth;
It must not be ; a better orb stays for you :
Here; be a maid, and take 'em. *[Offers her jewels.*

Lucina. Pray, leave me.

Phorba. That were a sin, sweet lady, and a way
To make us guilty of your melancholy;
You must not be alone; in conversation
Doubts are resolved, and what sticks near the conscience
Made easy and allowable.

Lucina. Ye are devils !

Ard. That you may one day bless for your damnation.

Lucina. I charge ye, in the name of chastity,
Tempt me no more ! How ugly ye seem to me !
There is no wonder men defame our sex,
And lay the vices of all ages on us,
When such as you shall bear the names of women.
If ye had eyes to see yourselves, or sense
Above the base rewards ye play the bawds for :
If ever in your lives ye heard of goodness,
Though many regions off, as men hear thunder;
If ever ye had fathers, and they souls;
If ever mothers, and not such as you are ;

If ever any thing were constant in you,
Beside your sins, or common but your curses ;
If ever any of your ancestors
Died worth a noble deed that would be cherished
Soul-frighted with this black infection,
You would run from one another to repentance,
And from your guilty eyes drop out those sins
That made ye blind and beasts.

Phor. You speak well, lady;
A sign of fruitful education,
If your religious zeal had wisdom with it.

Ard. This lady was ordained to bless the empire,
And we may all give thanks fort.

Phor. I believe you.

Ard. If any thing redeem the Emperor
From his wild-flying courses, this is she :
She can instruct him, if you mark; she is wise too.

Phor. Exceeding wise, which is a wonder in her;
And so religious, that I well believe,
Though she would sin, she cannot.

Ard. And besides,
She has the empire's cause in hand, not love's;
There lies the main consideration,
For which she is chiefly born.

Phor. She finds that point
Stronger than we can tell her; and, believe it,
I look by her means for a reformation,
And such a one, and such a rare way carried,
That all the world shall wonder at.

Ard. 'Tis true.
I never thought the Emperor had wisdom,
Pity, or fair affection to his country,
'Till he professed this love: gods give 'em children
Such as her virtues merit, and his zeal I
I look to see a Numa from this lady,
Or greater than Octavius.

Phor. **Do** you mark, too,

(Which is a noble virtue) how she blushes,
And what a flowing modesty runs through her
When we but name the Emperor?
Ard. But mark it!
Yes, and admire it too; for she considers,
Though she be fair as Heaven, and virtuous
As holy truth, yet to the Emperor
She is a kind of nothing but her service,
Which she is bound to offer, and she'll do it;
And when her country's cause commands affection,
She knows obedience is the key of virtues;
Then fly the blushes out, like Cupid's arrows;
And though the tie of marriage to her lord
Would fain cry "Stay, Luciqa!" yet the cause,
And general wisdom of the prince's love,
Makes her find surer ends and happier;
And, if the first were chaste, this is twice doubled.
Phor. Her tartness unto us too——
Ard. That's a wise one——
Phor. I rarely like; it shows a rising wisdom,
That chides all common fools as dare inquire
What princes would have private.
Ard, What a lady
Shall we be blest to serve!
J.ucina. Go, get ye from me!
Ye are your purses' agents, not the prince's.
Is this the virtuous lure[1] ye trained me out to?
Am I a woman fit to imp[2] your vices?
But that I had a mother, and a woman,
Whose ever-living fame turns all it touches
Into the good itself is, I should now
Even doubt myself, I have been searched so near
The very soul of honour. Why should you two,
That happily have been as chaste as I am,
(Fairer I think by much, for yet your faces,

[1] A term in falconry applied to a sham bird with which young hawks were decoyed. [2] Graft.

Like ancient well-built piles, show worthy ruins,)
After that angel-age, turn mortal devils ?
For shame, for womanhood, for what ye have been,
(For rotten cedars have borne goodly branches,)
If ye have hope of any Heaven, but court,
Which, like a dream, you'll find hereafter vanish,
Or, «at the best, but subject to repentance
Study no more to be ill spoken of:
Let women live themselves ; if they must fall,
Their own destruction find 'em, not your fevers

Ard. Madam, you are so excellent in all,
And, I must tell it you with admiration,
So true a joy you have, so sweet a fear,
And, when you come to anger, 'tis so noble,
That, for mine own part, I could still offend,
To hear you angry : women that want that,
And jour way guided (else I count it nothing),
Are either fools or cowards.

Phor. She were a m1stress for no private greatness,
Could she not frown. A ravished kiss from anger,
And such an anger as this lady learns us,
Stuck with such pleasing dangers, gods, I ask ye,
Which of ye all could hold from ?

Lucina. I perceive ye :
Your own dark sins dwell with ye ! and that price
You sell the chastity of modest wives at,
Run to diseases with your bones ! I scorn ye,
And all the nets ye have pitched to catch my virtues,
Like spiders' webs, I sweep away before me.
Go, tell the Emperor, ye have met a woman,
That neither his own person which is godlike,
The world he rules, nor what that world can purchase.
Nor all the glories subject to a Caesar,
The honours that he offers for my body,
The hopes, gifts, everlasting flatteries,
Nor any thing that's his and apt to tempt me.
No, not to be the mother of the empire,

And queen of all the holy fires he worships,
Can make a whore of.

Ard. You m1stake us, lady.

Lucina. Yet, tell him, this has thus much weakened me
That I have heard his knaves, and you his matrons
(Fit nurses for his sins), which gods forgive me !
But, ever to be leaning to his folly,
Or to be brought to love his lust, assure him,
And from her mouth whose life shall make it certain,
I never can: I have a noble husband
(Pray, tell that too), yet a noble name,
A noble family, and, last, a conscience.
Thus much for your answer : for yourselves,
Ye have lived the shame of^women, die the better 1 *[Exit.*

Phor. What's now to do ?

Ard. Even as she said, to die;
For there's no living here, and women thus,
I am sure, for us two.

Phor. Nothing stick upon her 1

Ard. We have lost a mass of money Well, Dame Virtue,
Yet you may halt, if good luck serve.

Phor. Worms take her!
She has almost spoiled our trade.

Ard. So godly!
This is ill-breeding, Phorba

Phor. If the women
Should have a longing now to see this monster,
And she convert 'em all!

Ard. That may be, Phorba ;
But, if it be, I'll have the young men gelded.
Come, let's go think; she must not 'scape us thus :
There is a certain season, if we hit,
That women may be rid without a bit. *[Exeunt,*

SCENE III.—*An Apartment in the Palace.*

Enter MAXIMUS *and* AECIUS.

Max. I cannot blame the nations, noble friend,
That they fall off so fast from this wild man;
When (under our allegiance be it spoken,
And the most happy tie of our affections)
The world's weight groans beneath him. Where lives virtue,
Honour, discretion, wisdom ? who are called
And chosen to the steering of the empire,
But bawds and singing-girls ? Oh, my Aecius !
The glory of a soldier, and the truth
Of men made up for goodness' sake, like shells,
Grow to the ragged walls for want of action :
Only your happy self, and I that love you,
Which is a larger means to me than favour——

Aecius. No more, my worthy friend ; though these be truths,
And though these truths would ask a reformation,
At least, a little squaring, yet remember,
We are but subjects, Maximus ; obedience
To what is done, and grief for what is ill done
Is all we can call ours. The hearts of princes
Are like the temples of the gods; pure incense,
Until unhallowed hands defile those offerings,
Burns ever there [we must not put 'em out,
Because the priests that touch those sweets are wicked;
We dare not, dearest friend, nay, more, we cannot,—
Whilst we consider who we are, and how,
To what laws bound, much more to what lawgiver;
Whilst majesty is made to be obeyed,
And not inquired into; whilst gods and angels
Make but a rule as we do, though a stricter,—
Like desperate and unseasoned fools, let fly
Our killing angers, and forsake our honours.

Max. My noble friend (from whose instructions
I never yet took surfeit), weigh but thus much :—
Nor think I speak it with ambition,
For, by the gods, I do not !—why Aecius,
Why are we thus, or how become thus wretched ?
Aecius. You'll fall again into your fit
Max. I will not:—
Or are we now no more the sons of Romans,
No more the followers of their happy fortunes,
But conquered Gauls, or quivers for the Parthians ?
Why is this Emperor, this man we honour,
This god that ought to be——
Aecius. You are too curious.
Max. Good, give me leave:—why is this author of us——
Aecius. I dare not hear you speak thus.
Max. I'll be modest:—
Thus led away, thus vainly led away,
And we beholders ?—Misconceive me not;
I sow no danger in my words.—But wherefore,
And to what end, are we the sons of fathers
Famous, and fast to Rome ? why are their virtues
Stamped in the dangers of a thousand battles,
For goodness' sake ? their honours time-out-daring ?
I think, for our example.
Aecius. You speak nobly.
Max. Why are we seeds of these, then, to shake hands
With bawds and base informers, kiss discredit,
And court her like a m1stress ?—Pray, your leave yet—
You'll say, the Emperor is young, and apt
To take impression rather from his pleasures,
Than any constant worthiness : it may be :
But why do these, the people call his pleasures
Exceed the moderation of a man ?
Nay, to say justly, friend, why are they vices,
And such as shake our worths with foreign nations ?

Atcius. You search the sore too deep ; and I must tell
In any other man this had been boldness, [you,
And so rewarded- Pray, depress your spirit:
For, though I constantly believe you honest
(You were no friend for me else), and what now
You freely spake, but good you owe to th' empire,
Yet take heed, worthy Maximus; all ears
Hear not with that d1stinction mine do ; few
You'll find admonishers, but urgers of your actions,
And to the heaviest, friend : and pray, consider
We are but shadows, motions others give us;
And though our pities may become the times,
Justly our powers cannot. Make me worthy
To be your ever-friend in fair allegiance, •
But not in force: for, durst mine own soul urge me
(And by that soul I speak my just affections)
To turn my hand from truth, which is obedience,
And give the helm my virtue holds to anger,
Though I had both the blessings of the Bruti,
And both their instigations, though my cause
Carried a face of justice beyond theirs,
And, as I am, a servant to my fortunes,
That daring soul, that first taught disobedience,
Should feel the first example. Say the prince,
As I may well believe, seems vicious,
Who justly knows 'tis not to try our honours *
Or, say he be an ill prince, are we therefore
Fit fires to purge him ? No, my dearest friend;
The elephant is never won with anger,
Nor must that man, that would reclaim a lion,
Take him by the teeth.

Max. I pray, m1stake me not.

Aerius. Our honest actions, and the light that breaks
Like morning from our service, chaste and blushing,
Is that that pulls a prince back ; then he sees,
And not till then truly repents his errors,
When subjects' crystal souls are glasses to him.

Max. My ever-honoured friend, I'll take your counsel.
The Emperor appears; I'll leave you to him ;
And, as we both affect him, may he flourish ! *[Exit.*

Enter VALENTINIAN *and* CHILAX.

Val. Is that the best news ?
Chi. Yet the best we know, sir.
Val. Bid Maximus come to me, and be gone then.
[Exit CHILAX.
Mine own head be my helper ; these are fools.— *[Aside.*
How now, Aecius ! are the soldiers quiet ?
Aecius. Better, I hope, sir, than they were.
Val. They are pleased, I hear,
To censure me extremely for my pleasures ;
Shortly they'll fight against me.
Aecius. Gods defend, sir !
And, for their censures, they are such shrewd judgers,
A donative of ten sesterties,
I'll undertake, shall make 'em ring your praises,
More than they sang your pleasures.
Val. I believe thee.
Art thou in love, Aecius, yet ?
Aecius. Oh, no, sir !
I am too coarse for ladies ; my embraces,
That only am acquainted with alarums,
Would break their tender bodies.
Val. Never fear it;
They are stronger than you think; they'll hold the hammer.
My empress swears thou art a lusty soldier;
A good one, I believe thee.
Aecius. All that goodness
Is but your grace's creature.
Val. Tell me truly ;—
For thou dar'st tell me——
Aecius. Any thing concerns you,
That's fit for me to speak, and you to pardon.

Val. What say the soldiers of me? and the same words;
Mince 'em not, good Aecius, but deliver
The very forms and tongues they talk withal.
Aecius. I'll tell your grace; but with this caution,
You be not stirred: for, should the gods live with us,
Even those we certainly believe are righteous,
Give 'em but drink, they would censure them too.
Val. Forward.
Aecius. Then, to begin, they say you sleep too much,
By which they judge your majesty too sensual,
Apt to decline your strength to ease and pleasures;
And when you do not sleep, you drink too much,
From which they fear suspicions first, then ruins;
And when you neither drink nor sleep, you wench much,
Which, they affirm, first breaks your understanding,
Then takes the edge off honour, makes us seem
(That are the ribs and rampires of the empire)
Fencers and beaten fools, and so regarded.
But I believe 'em not; for, were these truths,
Your virtue can correct them.
Val. They speak plainly.
Aecius. They say moreover (since your grace will have it;
For they will talk their freedoms, though the sword
Were in their throat) that of late time, like Nero,
And with the same forgetfulness of glory,
You have got a vein of fiddling—so they term it;—
Val. Some drunken dreams, Aecius.
Aecius. So I hope, sir;—
And that you rather study cruelty,
And to be feared for blood, than loved for bounty,
(Which makes the nations, as they say, despise you,)
Telling your years and actions by their deaths
Whose truth and strength of duty made you Caesar:
They say besides, you nourish strange devourers,
Fed with the fat o' th' empire, they call bawds,

Lazy and lustful creatures, that abuse you ;
And people, as they term 'em, made of paper,
In which the secret sins of each man's moneys
Are sealed and sent a-working.
Val. What sin's next ?
For I perceive they have no mind to spare me.
Aecius. Nor hurt you o' my soul, sir : but such people
(Nor can the power of man restrain it,) when
They are full of meat and ease, must prattle.
Val. Forward.
Aecius. I have spoken too much, sir,
Val. I'll have all.
Aecius. It fits not
Your ears should hear their vanities ; no profit
Can justly rise to you from their behaviour,
Unless you were guilty of those crimes.
Val. It may be
I am so ; therefore forward.
Aecius. I have ever
Learned to obey, nor shall my life res1stit
Val. No more apologies.
Aecius. They grieve besides, sir,
To see the nations, whom our ancient virtue
With many a weary march and hunger conquered,
With loss of many a daring life subdued,
Fall from their fair obedience, and even murmur
To see the warlike eagles mew * their honours
In obscure towns, that wont to prey on princes.
They cry for enemies, and tell the captains,
" The fruits of Italy are luscious ; give us Egypt
Or sandy Afric, to display our valours
There where our swords may make us meat, and danger
Digest our well-got viands : here our weapons,
And bodies that were made for shining brass,
Are both unedged, and old with ease and women;
And then they cry again, " Where are the Germans,

[1] Moult, or shed.

Lined with hot Spain or Gallia ? bring 'em on.
And let the son of war, steeled Mithridates,
Lead up his winged Parthians like a storm,
Hiding the face of heaven with showers of arrows
Yet we dare fight like Romans." Then, as soldiers^
Tired with a weary march, they tell their wounds,
Even weeping-ripe they were no more nor deeper
And glory in those scars that make 'em lovely :
And, sitting where a camp was, like sad pilgrims,
They reckon up the times and living labours,
Of Julius or Germanicus ; and wonder
That Rome, whose turrets once were topt with honours,.
Can now forget the custom of her conquests :
And then they blame your grace, and say, " Who leads us ?
Shall we stand here like statues ? were our fathers
The sons of lazy Moors ? our princes Persians,
Nothing but silks and softness ? Curses on 'em
That first taught Nero wantonness and blood,
Tiberius doubts, Caligula all vices !
For, from the spring of these, succeeding princes "—
Thus they talk, sir.

Val. Well,
Why do you hear these things ?

Aecius. Why do you do 'em ?
I take the gods to witness, with more sorrow
And more vexation do I hear these taintures,
Than were my life dropt from me through an hour-glass !

Val. Belike, then, you believe 'em, or at least
Are glad they should be so. Take heed : you were better
Build your own tomb, and run into it living,
Than dare a prince's anger.

Aecius. I am old, sir,
And ten years more addition is but nothing :
Now, if my life be pleasing to you, take it. *[Kneet*.*
Upon my knees, if ever any service
(As, let me brag, some have been worthy notice),
If ever any worth, or trust you gave me,

Deserved a fair respect; if all my actions,
The hazards of my youth, colds, burnings, wants,
For you and for the empire, be not vices;
By that style you have stamped upon me, soldier;
Let me not fall into the hands of wretches !

VaL I understand you not.

Aecius. Let not this body,
That has looked bravely in his blood for Caesar,
And covetous of wounds, and for your safety,
After the scape of swords, spears, slings, and arrows,
('Gainst which my beaten body was mine armour,)
The seas, and thirsty deserts, now be purchase [1]
For slaves and base informers ! I see anger
And death look through your eyes; I am marked for slaughter,
And know the telling of this truth has made me
A man clean lost to this world : I embrace it;
Only my last petition, sacred Caesar,
Is, I may die a Roman !

VaL Rise, my friend still, [AECIUS *rises.*
And worthy of my love. Reclaim the soldier ;
*'ll study to do so upon myself too. Go :
Keep your command, and prosper.

Aecius. Life to Caesar ! *[Exit.*

Re-enter CHILAX.

Chi. Lord Maximus attends your grace.

VaL Go tell him
I'll meet him in the gallery. *{Exit* CHILAX.
The honesty of this Aecius
(Who is indeed the bulwark of the empire)
Has dived so deep into me, that of all
The sins I covet, but this woman's beauty;
With much repentance now I could be quit of:
But she is such a pleasure, being good,
That, though I were a god, she'd fire my blood. *[Exfc*

[1] **Booty.**

ACT THE SECOND.

SCENE *I.—An Apartment in the Palace.*

VALENTINIAN, MAXIMUS, LICINIUS, PROCULUS, *and* CHILAX, *discovered playing at Dice.*

[AL. Nay, ye shall set my hand out; 'tis not just
I should neglect my fortune, now 'tis prosperous.

Licin. If I have any thing to set, your grace,
But clothes or good conditions,[1] let me perish I
You have all my money, sir.

Proc. And mine.

Chi. And mine too.

Max. Unless your grace will credit us.

Val. No bare board.

Licin. Then, at my garden-house.

Val. The orchard too?

Licin. An't please your grace

Val. Have at 'em.

Proc. They are lost.

Licin. Why, farewell, fig-trees!

Val. Who sets more?

Chi. At my horse, sir.

Val. The dappled Spaniard?

[1] **Qualities.**

CM. He,
VaL He's mine. *{Throws.*
Chi. He is so.
Max Your short horse is soon curried.
Chi. So it seems, sir:
So may your mare be too, if luck serve.
Max. Ha!
Chi Nothing, my lord, but grieving at my fortune.
VaL Come, Maximus, you were not wont to flinch thus.
Max. By Heaven, sir, I have lost all!
VaL There's a ring yet.
Max. This was not made to lose, sir.
VaL Some love-token?.
Set it, I say.
Max. I do beseech your grace,
Rather name any house I have.
VaL How strange
And curious you are grown of toys! Redeem *[*
If so I win it, when you please; to-morrow.
Or next day, as you will, I care not;
But only for my luck' sake: 'tis not rings
Can make me richer.
Max. Will you throw, sir? there 'tis.
VaL Why, then, have at it fairly. *[Throws]* —Mine.
Max. Your grace
Is only ever fortunate. To-morrow,
Aji't be your pleasure, sir, I'll pay the price on't.
VaL To-morrow you shall have it without price, sir,
But this day 'tis my victory. Good Maximus,
Now I bethink myself, go to Aecius,
And bid him muster all the cohorts presently
(They mutiny for pay, I hear); and be you
Assistant to him. When you know their numbers,
Ye shall have moneys for 'em, and, above,
Something to stop their tongues withal

Max. I will, sir;
And gods preserve you in this mind still!
Val. Shortly,
I'll see 'em march myself.
Max. Gods ever keep you ! *[Exit.*
Val. To what end do you think this ring shall serve now ?
For you are fellows only know by rote,
As birds record[1] their lessons.
Chi. For the lady.
Val. But how for her?
Chi. That I confess I know not.
Val. Then pray for him that does. Fetch me a eunuch
That never saw her yet; and you two see
The court made like a paradise. *[_Exit* CHILAX.
Licin. We will, sir.
Val. Full of fair shows and musics ; all your arts
(As I shall give instructions) screw to th' highest,
For my main piece is now a-doing : and, for fear
You should not take, I'll have another engine,
Such as, if virtue be not only in her,
She shall not choose but lean to. Let the women
Put on a graver show of welcome.
Proc. Well, sir.
Val. They are a thought too eager.

Re-enter CHILAX *with* LYCIAS.

Chi. Here's the eunuch.
Lycias. Long life to Caesar !
Val. I must use you, Lycias.
Come, let's walk in, and then I'll show ye all:
If women may be frail, this wench shall fall. *[Exeunt.*

[1] Sing.

SCENE II.—*A Room in the House of* MAXIMUS.

Enter CLAUDIA *and* MARCELLINA.

Clau. Sirrah, what ails my lady, that of late
She never cares for company?
Marc. I know not,
Unless it be that company causes cuckolds.
Clau. That were a childish fear.
Marc. What were those ladies
Came to her lately? from the court?
Clau. The same, wench:
Some grave instructors, on my life; they look
For all the world like old hatched[1] hilts.
Marc. Tis true, wench;
For here and there (and yet they painted well too)
One might discover, where the gold was worn,
Their iron ages.
Clau. If my judgment fail not,
They have been sheathed like rotten ships——
Marc. It may be.
Clau. For, if you mark their rudders, they hang weakly.
Marc. They have past the line, belike. Wouldst live,
Till thou wert such as they are? [Claudia,
Clau. Chimney-pieces!
Now, Heaven have mercy on me, and young men!
I had rather make a drollery till thirty,
While I were able to endure a tempest,
And bear my fights[3] out bravely, till my tackle
Whistled i' the wind, and held against all weathers,
While I were able to bear with my tires,
And so discharge 'em, I would willingly
Live, Marcellina; not till barnacles
Bred in my sides.
Marc. Thou art i' the right, wench:

[1] Inlaid, ornamented. [2] *i.e.* A puppet-show.
[3] Cloths hung about a ship to prevent the men from being seen when the vessel went into action.

For who would live, whom pleasures had forsaken,
To stand at mark, and cry, " A bow short, signior!"
Were there not men came hither too ?
Clau. Brave fellows;
T fear me, bawds of five i' the pound.
Marc. How know you ?
Clau. They gave me great lights to it
Marc. Take heed, Claudia.
Clau. Let them take heed; the spring comes on.
Marc. To me, now,
They seemed as noble visitants.
Clau. To me, now,
Nothing less, Marcellina; for I marked 'em,
And, by this honest light (for yet 'tis morning),
Saving the reverence of their gilded doublets
And Milan skins[1]——
Marc. Thou art a strange wench, Claudia.
Clau. You are deceived,—they showed to me directly
Court-crabs, that creep a side-way for their living :
I know 'em by the breeches that they begged last.
Marc. Peace;
My lady comes. What may that be ?

Enter LUCINA *and* LYCIAS.

Clau. A sumner,[5]
That cites her to appear.
Marc. No more of that, wench.
Lycias. Madam, what answer to your lord ?
Lucina. Pray tell him
I am subject to his will.
Lycias. Why weep you, madam ?
Excellent lady, there are none will hurt you.
Lucina. I do beseech you, tell me, sir——
Lycias. What, lady ?
Lucina. Serve you the Emperor?
Lycias. I do.

[1] **Gloves from Milan.** [2] **Summoner.**

Lucina. In what place?
Lycias. In's chamber, madam.
Lucina. Do you serve his will too?
Lycias. In fair and just commands.
Lucina. Are you a Roman?
Lycias. Yes, noble lady, and a Mantuan.
Lucina. What office bore your parents?
Lycias. One was praetor.
Lucina. Take heed, then, how you stain his reputation.
Lycias. Why, worthy lady?
Lucina. If you know, I charge you,
Aught in this message but what honesty,
The trust and fair obedience of a servant,
May well deliver, yet tak$ heed, and help me.
Lycias. Madam, I am no broker-——
Ciau. I'll be hanged, then. *[Aside.*
Lycias. Nor base procurer of men's lusts. Your husband
Prayed me to do this office; I have done it:
It rests in you to come, or no.
Lucina. I will, sir.
Lycias. If you mistrust me, do not.
Lucina. You appear
So worthy, and to all my sense so honest,
And this is such a certain sign you have brought rne,
That I believe.
Lycias. Why should I cozen you?
Or, were I bribed to do this villainy,
Can money prosper, or the fool that takes it,
[when such a virtue falls?
Lucina. You speak well, sir:
Would all the rest that serve the Emperor
'Had but your way!
Clau. And so they have, *ad unguem.* *[Aside.*
Lucina. Pray, tell my lord I have received his token,
And will not fail to meet him. Yet, good sir, thus muck
Before you go; I do beseech you too,

As little notice as you can, deliver
Of my appearance there.
Lyaas. It shall be, madam;
And so I wish you happiness.
Lucina. I thank you. *[Exeunt.*

SCENE *III.—An Open Place in the City.*

Tumult and noise within. Enter AECIUS, *with his sword drawn, pursuing* PONTIUS; MAXIMs *following.*

Max. Temper yourself, Aecius!
font Hold, my lord !
I am a Roman and a soldier.
Max. Pray, sir—
Aecius. Thou art a lying villain and a traitor !—
[MAXIMUS *holds him.*
Give me myself,[1] or, by the gods, my friend,
You'll make me dangerous !—How dar'st thou pluck
The soldiers to sedition, and I living ?
And sow rebellion in 'em, and even then
When 1 am drawing out to action ?
Pont. Hear me.
Max. Are you a man ?
Aecius. I am a true-hearted, Maximus,
And, if the villain live, we are dishonoured.
Max But hear him what he can say.
Aecius. That's the way
To pardon him : I am so easy-natured,
That, if he speak but humbly, I forgive him.
Pont. I do beseech you, noble general——
Aecius. H'as found the way already ! Give me room :
One stroke ; and, if he 'scape me then, h'as mercy.
Pont. I do not call you noble, that I fear you :
I never cared for death. If you will kill me,

[1] **Leave me at liberty.**

Consider first for what, not what you can do :
'Tis true, I know you for my general,
And by that great prerogative may kill;
But do it justly, then.
Aecius. He argues with me;
By Heaven, a made-up rebel!
Max. Pray, consider
What certain grounds you have for this.
Aecius. What grounds !
Did I not take him preaching to the soldiers
How lazily they lived ? and what dishonours
It was to serve a prince so full of woman ?
Those were his very words, friend.
Max. These, Aecius, ,
Though they were rashly spoke,—which was an error,
A great one, Pontius,—yet, from him, that hungers
For wars and brave employment, might be pardoned.
The heart, and harboured thoughts of ill, make traitors
Not spleeny speeches.
Aecius. Why should you protect him?
Go to; it shows not honest.
Max, Taint me not;
For that shows worse, Aecius : all your friendship,
And that pretended love you Jay upon me,
Hold back my honesty, is like a favour
You do your slave to-day, to-morrow hang him.
Was I your bosom-piece for this ?
Aldus. Forgive me :
The nature of my zeal, and for my country,
Makes me sometimes forget myself; for know,
Though I most strive to be without my passions,
I am no god.—For you, sir, whose infection
Has spread itself like poison through the army,
And cast a killing fog on fair allegiance,
First thank this noble gentleman,—you had died else;
Next, from your place and honour of a soldier,
I here seclude you;—

Pont. May I speak yet ?
'Max. Hear him.
Aecius. And, while Aecius holds a reputation,
At least command, you bear no arms for Rome, sir.
Pont. Against her I shall never. The condemned man
Has yet that privilege to speak, my lord;
Law were not equal else.
Max. Pray, hear, Aecius j
For happily the fault he has committed,
Though I believe it mighty, yet, considered
(If mercy may be thought upon), will prove
Rather a hasty sin than heinous.
Aecius. Speak.
Pont. 'Tis true, my lord, you took me tired with peace,
My words almost as ragged as my fortunes;
'Tis true, I told the soldier whom we served,
And then bewailed, we had an Emperor
Led from us by the flourishes of fencers;
I blamed him too for women.
Aecius. To the rest, sir.
Pont. And, like enough, I blessed him then as soldiers
Will do sometimes : 'tis true I told 'em too.
We lay at home, to show our country
We durst go naked, durst want meat and money,
And, when the slave drinks wine, we durst be thirsty;
I told 'em this too, that the trees and roots
Were our best pay-masters [the charity
Of longing women, that had bought our bodies,
Our beds, fires, tailors, nurses ; nay, I told 'em,
(For you shall hear the greatest sin I said, sir,)
By that time there be wars again, our bodies,
Laden with scars, and aches, and ill lodgings,
Heats, and perpetual wants, were fitter prayers,
And certain graves, than cope the foe on crutches ;
'Tis likely too, I counselled 'em to turn
Their warlike pikes o plough-shares, their sure targets,
And swords hatched [1] with the blood of many nations,

[1] Coloured, adorned.

To spades and pruning-knives (for those get money),
Their warlike eagles into daws or starlings,
To give an *Ave, Ccesar* as he passes,
And be rewarded with a thousand drachmas;
For thus we get but years and heats.
Aecius. What think you?
Were these words to be spoken by a captain,
One that should give example?
Max. 'Twas too much.
Pont. My lord, I did not woo 'em from the empire,
Nor bid 'em turn their daring steel 'gainst Caesar;
The gods for ever hate me, if that motion
Were part of me! Give me but employment, sir,
And way to live; and where you hold me vicious,
Bred up in mutiny, my sword shall tell you,
(And, if you please, that place I held maintain it
'Gainst the most daring foes of Rome,) I'm honest,
A lover of my country, one that holds
His life no longer his than kept for Caesar *[Kneels.*
Weigh not (I thus low on my knee beseech you)
What my rude tongue discovered; 'twas my want,
No other part of Pontius. You have seen me,
And you, my lord, do something for my country,
And both beheld the wounds I gave and took,
Not like a backward traitor.
Aecius. All this language
Makes but against you, Pontius: you are cast,
And, by mine honour and my love to Caesar,
By me shall never be restored: in my camp
I will not have a tongue, though to himself,
Dare talk but near sedition; as I govern,
All shall obey; and when they want, their duty
And ready service shall redress their needs,
Not prating what they would be.
Pont. [Rising] Thus I leave you;
Yet shall my prayers still, although my fortunes

Must follow you no more, be still about you :
Gods give you, where you fight, the victory!
You cannot cast my wishes. *[Exit.*

Aecius. Come, my lord;
Now to the field again.

Max. Alas, poor Pontius ! *[Exeunt.*

SCENE IV.—*A Hall in the Palace.*

Enter, on one side, CHILAX, *on the other^* LICINIUS *and* BALBUS.

Licin. How now ?

Chi. She's come.

BaL Then I'll to the Emperor.

Chi. Do, *[Exit* BALBUS.
Is the music placed well ?

Licin. Excellent.

Chi. Licinius, you and Proculus receive her
In the great chamber; at her entrance,
Let me alone ; and, do you hear, Licinius ?
Pray, let the ladies ply her further off,
And with much more discretion. One word more.

Licin. Well?

Chi. Are the jewels, and those ropes of pearl,
Laid in the way she passes ?

Licin. Take no care, man.

Enter VALENTINIAN, *with* BALBUS *and* PROCULU&

Vol. What, is she come ?

Chi. She is, sir; but 'twere best
ITour grace were seen last to her.

Val. So I mean.—
Keep the court empty, Proculus.

Proc. 'Tis done, sir

Val. Be not too sudden to her.

Chi. Good your grace,
Retire, and man yourself; let us alone ;
We are no children this way. Do you hear, sir?
'Tis necessary that her waiting-women
Be cut off in the lobby by some ladies;
They'd break the business else.
VaL *'Tis* true; they shall.
Chi. Remember your place, Proculus.
Proc. I warrant you. *[Exeunt* VAL , BAL., *and* PROC.
Chi. She enters.

Enter LUCINA, CLAUDIA, *and* MARCELLINA.

Who are waiters there ? the Emperor
Calls for his horse to air himself.
Lucina. I am glad
I come so happily to take him absent;
This takes away a little fear. I know him ;
Now I begin to fear again. Oh, Honour,
If ever thou hadst temple in weak woman,
And sacrifice of modesty burnt to thee,
Hold me fast now, and help me! *[Aside.*
Chi. Noble madam,
You are welcome to the court, most nobly welcome:
You are a stranger, lady.
Lucina. I desire so.
Chi. A wondrous stranger here ; nothing so strange;
And therefore need a guide, I think.
Lucina. I do, sir,
And that a good one too.
Chi. My service, lady,
Shall be your guide in this place. But, pray you, tell me,
Are you resolved a courtier ?
Lucina. No, I hope, sir.
Clau. You are, sir.
Chi. Yes, my fair one.
Clau. So it seems,
You are so ready to bestow yourself.
Pray, what might cost those breeches ?

Chi. Would you wear 'em ?—
Madam, you have a witty woman.
Marc. Two, sir,
Or else you underbuy us.
Lucina. Leave your talking.—
But is my lord here, I beseech you, sir?
Chi. He is, sweet lady, and must take this kindly,
Exceeding kindly of you, wondrous kindly,
You come so far to visit him. I'll guide you.
Lucina. Whither ?
Chi. Why, to your lord.
Lucina. Is it so hard, sir,
To find him in this place without a guide ?
For I would willingly not trouble you.
Chi. It will be so for you, that are a stranger:
Nor can it be a trouble to do service
To such a worthy beauty; and besides——
Marc. I see he will go with us.
Clau. Let him amble.
Chi. It fits not that a lady of your reckoning,
Should pass without attendants.
Lucina. I have two, sir.
Chi. I mean, without a man. You'll see the Emperor?
Lucina. Alas, I am not fit, sir !
Chi. You are well enough ;
Hell take it wondrous kindly. Hark ! [*Whispers.*
Lucina. You flatter:
Good sir, no more of that.
Chi. Well, I but telj you—
Lucina. Will you go forward ? since I must be manned,[1]
Pray, take your place.
Clau. Cannot you man us too, sir ?
Chi. Give me but time.
Marc. And you'll try all things.
Chi. No;
['ll make you no such promise.

[1] Attended on.

Clau. If you do, sir,
Take heed you stand to't
Chi. Wondrous merry ladies !
JLucina. The wenches are disposed !——Pray, keep your way, sir. *[Exeunt*

SCENE V.—*Another Apartment in the same. A Recess behind a Curtain.*

Enter LICINIUS, PROCULUS, *and* BALBUS.

Licin. She is coming up the stairs. Now, the music; And, as that stirs her, let's set on. Perfumes there !
Proc. Discover all the jewels !
Licin. Poace. *[Music.*

Enter CHILAX, LUCINA, CLAUDIA, *and* MARCELLINA.

FIRST SONG.

Now the lusty spring is seen;
Golden yellow, gaudy blue,
Daintily invite the view.
Every where on every green,
Roses blushing as they blow,
And enticing men to pull,
Lilies whiter than the snow,
Woodbines of sweet honey full:
All love's emblems, and all cry,
" Ladies, if not plucked, we die,"

Yet the lusty spring hath stayed;
Blushing red and purest white
Daintily to love invite
Every woman, every maid.
Cherries kissing as they grow,
And inviting men to taste,

Apples even ripe below,
Winding gently to the waist:
All love's emblems, and all cry,
" Ladies, if not plucked, we die."

SECOND SONG.

Hear, ye ladies that despise,
What the mighty Love has done;
Fear examples, and be wise :
Fair Calisto was a nun ;
Leda, sailing on the stream
To deceive the hopes of man,
Love accounting but a dream,
Doted on a silver swan;
Danae, in a brazen tower,
Where no love was, loved a shower.

Hear, ye ladies that are coy,
What the mighty Love can do ;
Fear the fierceness of the boy :
The chaste moon he makes to woo;
Vesta, kindling holy fires,
Circled round about with spies,
Never dreaming loose desires,
Doting at the altar dies ;
Ilion, in a short hour, higher
He can build, and once more fire.

Lucina. Pray Heaven my lord be here! for now I fear it.
Well, ring, if thou be'st counterfeit or stoln,
As by this preparation I suspect it,
Thou hast betrayed thy m1stress.—*[AsideI[* Pray, sir, forward;
I would fain see my lord.
Chi. But tell me, madam,
How do you like the song?
Lucina. I like the air well;

But for the words, they are lascivious,
And over-light for ladies.
Chi. All ours love 'em.
Lucina. 'Tis like enough, for yours are loving ladies.
Lirin. Madam, you are welcome to the court.—Who
Attendants for this lady! [waits ?
Lucina. You mistake, sir;
I bring no triumph with me.
Licin. But much honour.
Proc. Why, this was nobly done, and like a neighbour,
So freely of yourself to be a visitant:
The Emperor shall give you thanks for this.
Lucina. Oh no, sir!
There's nothing to deserve-'em.
Proc. Yes, your presence.
Lucina. Good gentlemen, be patient, and believe
1 come to see my husband, on command too;
I were no courtier else.
Licin. That's all one, lady;
Now you are here, you're welcome: and the Emperor,
Who loves you but too well——
Lucina. No more of that, sir;
I came not to be catechized.
Proc. Ah, sirrah![1]
And have we got you here? faith, noble lady,
We'll keep you one month courtier.
Lucina. Gods defend, sir!
I never liked a trade worse.
Proc. Hark you. [*Whispers.*
Lucina. No, sir.
Proc. You are grown the strangest lady [[*Whispers.*
Luctna. How!
Proc. By Heaven,
'Tis true I tell you; and you'll find it.
Lucina. I!
I'll rather find my grave; and so inform him.

- The term was formerly applied to women as well as to men.

Proc. Is it not pity, gentlemen, this lady
(Nay, I'll deal rougtily with you, yet not hurt you,}
Should live alone, and give such heavenly beauty
Only to walls and hangings ?
Lucina. Good sir, patience :
I am no wonder, neither come to that end
You do my lord an injury to stay me,
Who, though you are the prince's, yet dare tell you,
He keeps no wife for your ways.
BaL Well, well, lady,
However you are pleased to think of us,
You are welcome, and you shall be welcome.
Lucina. Show it
In that I come for, then, in leading me
Where my loved lord is, not in flattery.
[BALBUS *draws the curtain ; caskets with jewels set out in the recess.*
Nay, you may draw the curtain; I have seen 'em,
But none worth half my honesty.
Clau. Are these, sir,
Laid here to take ?
Proc. Yes, for your lady, gentlewoman.
Marc. We had been doing else.
Bal. Meaner jewels
Would fit your worths.
Clau. And meaner clothes your bodies.
Lucina. The gods shall kill me first!
Licin. There's better dying
I' th' Emperor's arms ! go to : but be not angry;
These are but talks, sweet lady.

Enter PHORBA, ARDELIA, *and* Ladies *strewing the floor with rushes.*

Phor. Where is this stranger ? Rushes,[1] ladies, rushes .
Rushes as green as summer, for this stranger!

[1] It was the custom to strew fresh rushes on the floon of rooms at the arrival of d1stinguished visitors.

Proc. Here's ladies come to see you.
Lucina. You are gone, then ?
I take it, 'tis your cue.
Proc. Or rather manners :
You are better fitted, madam ; we but tire you,
Therefore we'll leave you for an hour, and bring
Your much-loved lord unto you.
Lucina. Then I'll thank ye.
[Exeunt CHILAX, LICINIUS, *and* PROCULUS.
I am betrayed, for certain : well, Lucina,
If thou dost fall from virtue, may the earth,
That after death should shoot up gardens of thee,
Spreading thy living goodness into branches,
Fly from thee, and the hot sun find thy vices !
Phor. You are a welcome woman.
Ard. Bless me, Heaven !
How did you find the way to court ?
Lucina. I know not;
Would I had never trod it!
*Phor. p*rithee, tell me,
Good noble lady, (and, good sweetheart, love us,
For we love thee extremely,) is not this place
A paradise to live in ?
Lucina. To those people
That know no other paradise but pleasure :
That little I enjoy contents me better.
Ard. What, heard you any music yet ?
Lucina. Too much.
Phor. You must not be thus froward. What! this gown
Is one o' the prettiest, by my troth, Ardelia,
I ever saw yet: 'twas not to frown in, lady,
You put this gown on when you came.
Ard. How do you ?
Alas, poor wretch, how cold it is!
Lucina. Content you ;
1 am as well as may be, and as temperate,

If you will let me be so. Where's my lord ?
For there's the business that I came for, ladies.
Phor. We'll lead you to him ; he's i' the gallery,
Ard. We'll show you all the court too.
Lucina. Show me him,
And you have showed me all I come to look on.
Phor. Come on; we'll be your guides, and, as you go,
We have some pretty tales to tell you, lady,
Shall make you merry too. You come not here
To be a sad Lucina.
Lucina. Would I might not! *[Exeunt.*

SCENE *VI.—Another Apartment in the same.*

Enter CHILAX *and* BALBUS.

Chi. Now the soft music; Balbus, run.
Bal. I fly, boy. *[Exit.*
Chi. The women by this time are worming of her;
If she can hold out them, the Emperor *[Music.*
Takes her to task. He has her : hark, the music !
[Exit.

Enter VALENTINIAN *and* LUCINA.

Lucina. Good your grace 1
Where are my women, sir ?
Val. They are wise, beholding
What you think scorn to look on, the court's braverv.[1]
Would you have run away so slily, lady,
And not have seen me ?
Lucina. I beseech your majesty,
Consider what I am, and whose.
Val. I do so.
Lucina. Believe me, I shall never make a whore, sir.

[1] Splendour.

Val. A friend you may, and to that man that loves you
More than you love your virtue.

Lucina. Sacred Caesar ! *[Kneels*

Val. You shall not kneel to me, sweet

Lucina. Look upon me,
And, if you be so cruel to abuse me,
Think how the gods will take it! Does this beauty
Afflict your soul ? I'll hide it from you ever ;
Nay, more, I will become so leperous,
That you shall curse me from you. My dear lord
Has served you ever truly, fought your battles,
As if he daily longed to die for Caesar;
Was never traitor, sir, nor ever tainted
In all the actions of his life.

Val. I know it

Lucina. His fame and family have grown together,
And spread together, like two sailing cedars,
Over the Roman diadem : oh, let not
(As you have any flesh that's human in you)
The having of a modest wife decline * him !
Let not my virtue be the wedge to break him !
I do not think you are lascivious ;
These wanton men belie you : you are Caesar,
Which is, the father of the empire's honour ;
You are too near the nature of the gods,
To wrong the weakest of all creatures, women.

Val. I dare not do it here *{Aside[.*—Rise, fair Lucina;
[Raising her.
I did but try your temper: you are honest;
And, with the commendations wait on that,
I'll lead you to your lord, and give you to him.
Wipe your fair eyes.—He that endeavours ill,
May well delay, but never quench his hell. *[Exeunt*

[1] **Lower.**

ACT THE THIRD.

SCENE I.—*An Antechamber in the Palace.*

Enter CHILAX, LICINIUS, PROCULUS, *and* BALBUS.

CHI. Tis done, Licinius.

Licin. How ?

Chi. I shame to tell it.
If there be any justice, we are villains,
And must be so rewarded.

Bal. If it be done,
I take it, 'tis no time now to repent it
Let's make the best o' the trade.

Proc. Now vengeance take it!
Why should not he have settled on a beauty,
Whose honesty stuck in a piece of tissue,
Or one a ring might rule, or such a one
That had an itching husband to be honourable,
And ground to get it ? If he must have women,
And no allay without 'em, why not those
That know the mystery, and are best able
To play a game with judgment ? Such as she is,
Grant they be won with long siege, endless travail,
And brought to opportunity with millions,
Yet, when they come to motion, their cold virtue
Keeps 'em like cakes of ice : I'll melt a crystal,
And make a dead flint fire himself, ere they
Give greater heat than now-departing embers
Give to old men that watch 'em.

Licin. A good whore

Had saved all this, and happily as wholesome,
Ay, and the thing once done too, as well thought of;
But this same chastity, forsooth——
Proc. A pox on't!
Why should not women be as free as we are /
They are (but not in open), and far freer,
And the more bold you bear yourself, more welcome.
And there is nothing you dare say, but truth,
But they dare hear.
Chi. The Emperor : away !
And, if we can repent, let's home and pray. *[.Exeunt.*

Enter VALENTINIAN *and* LUCINA.

Val. Your only virtue now is patience ;
Take heed, and save your honour. If you talk—
Lucina. As long as there is motion in my body,
And life to give me words, I'll cry for justice !
Val. Justice shall never hear you *[* I am justice.
Lucina. Wilt thou not kill me, monster, ravisher ?
Thou bitter bane o' the empire, look upon me,
And, if thy guilty eyes dare see these ruins
Thy wild lust hath laid level with dishonour,
The sacrilegious razing of this temple,
The mother of thy black sins would have blushed at,
Behold, and curse thyself! The gods will find thee,
(That's all my refuge now,) for they are righteous;
Vengeance and horror circle thee; the empire,
In which thou liv'st a strong continued surfeit,
Like poison will disgorge thee; good men raze thee
For ever being read again but vicious ;[1]
Women and fearful maids make vows against thee;
Thine own slaves, if they hear of this, shall hate thee ;
And those thou hast corrupted, first fall from thee;
And, if thou let'st me live, the soldier,
Tired with thy tyrannies, break through obedience,
And shake his strong steel at thee!

[1] *i.e.* Prevent your being recorded except as a vicious example.

VaL This prevails not,
Nor any agony you utter, lady.
If I have done a sin, curse her that drew me,
Curse the first cause, the witchcraft that abused me,
Curse those fair eyes, and curse that heavenly beauty,
And curse your being good too.
Lucina. Glorious thief,
What restitution canst thou make to save me?
VaL I'll ever love and honour you.
Lucina. Thou canst not,
For that which was mine honour thou hast murdered;
And can there be a love in violence?
VaL You shall be only mine.
Lucina. Yet I like better
Thy villainy than flattery; that's thine own,
The other basely counterfeit. Fly from me;
Or, for thy safety-sake and wisdom, kill me,
For I am worse than thou art: thou mayst pray,
And so recover grace; I am lost for ever;
And, if thou let'st me live, thou'rt lost thyself too.
VaL I fear no loss but love; I stand above it.
Lucina. Call in your lady-bawds and gilded panders,
And let them triumph too, and sing to Caesar,
" Lucina's fallen, the chaste Lucina's conquered ! "—
Gods, what a wretched thing has this man made me!
For I am now no wife for Maximus,
No company for women that are virtuous;
No family I now can claim, nor country,
Nor name but Caesar's whore.—Oh, sacred Csesar,
(For that should be your title,) was your empire,
Your rods and axes that are types of justice,
Those fires that ever burn to beg you blessings,
The people's adoration, fear of nations,
What victory can bring you home, what else
The useful elements can make your servants,
Even light itself, and sons of light, truth, justice.
Mercy, and star-like piety, sent to you,

And from the gods themselves, to ravish women ?
The curses that I owe to enemies,
Even those the Sabines sent, when Romulus
(As thou hast me) ravished their noble maids,
Made more and heavier, light on thee!

VaL This helps not

Lucina. The sins of Tarquin be remembered in thee!
And where there has a chaste wife been abused,
Let it be thine, the shame thine, thine the slaughter,
And last, for ever thine the feared example !
Where shall poor Virtue live, now I am fall'n ?
What can your honours now and empire make me,
But a more glorious whore ?

VaL A better woman : ,
But, if you will be blind and scorn it, who can help it?
Come, leave these lamentations ; they do nothing
But make a noise. I am the same man still:
Were it to do again, (therefore be wiser,)
By all this holy light, I should attempt it!
You are so excellent, and made to ravish,
(There were no pleasure in you else,)——

Lucina. Oh, villain !

VaL So bred for man's amazement, that my reason,
And every help to hold me right, has lost me :
The god of love himself had been before me,
Had he but power to see you : tell me justly,
How can I choose but err, then ? If you dare
Be mine and only mine, (for you are so precious,
I envy any other should enjoy you,
Almost look on you ; and your daring husband
Shall know h/as kept an offering from the empire,
Too holy for his altars) be the mightiest *[*
More than myself, I'll make it If you will not,
Sit down -with this and silence ; for which wisdom,
You shall have use of me, and much honour ever,
And be the same you were : if you divulge it,
Know I am far above the faults I do;

And those I do I am able to forgive too;
And where your credit, in the knowledge of it,
May be with gloss enough suspected, mine
Is as mine own command shall make it: princes,
Though they be sometime subject to loose whispers,
Fet wear they two-edged swords for open censures :
Your husband cannot help you, nor the soldier;
Your husband is my creature, they my weapons,
And only where I bid 'em, strike ; I feed 'em :
Nor can the gods be angry at this action;
For, as they make me most, they mean me happiest,
Which I had never been without this pleasure.
Consider, and farewell: you'll find your women
At home before you ; they have had some sport too,
But are more thankful for it. *[Exit* VALENT.

Lucina. Destruction find thee !
Now which way must I go ? my honest house
Will shake to shelter me ; my husband fly me;
My family,
Because they are honest, and desire to be so,
Must not endure me ; not a neighbour know me :
What woman now dare see me without blushes,
And, pointing as I pass, " There, there, behold her;
Look on her, little children ; that is she,
That handsome lady, mark ? " Oh, my sad fortunes 1
Is this the end of goodness ? this the price
Of all my early prayers to protect me ?
Why, then, I see there is no god but power,
Nor virtue now alive that cares for us,
But what is either lame or sensual;
How had I been thus wretched else!
{Throws herself on a couch

Enter MAXIMUS *and* AECIUS.

Aedus. [To those without.] Let Titius
Command the company that Pontius lost,
And see the fosses deeper.

Max. How now, sweetheart!
What make you here, and thus ?
Aecius. Lucina weeping!
This must be much offence.
Max. Look up, and tell me,
Why are you thus ?—my ring ! Oh, friend, I have found it!——
You are at court, sweet.
Lucina. Yes; this brought me hither.
Max. Rise, and go home.—I have my fears, Aecius:
Oh, my best friend, I am ruined !—Go, Lucina ;
Already in thy tears I have read thy wrongs,
Already found a Caesar : go, thou lily,
Thou sweetly-drooping flower ; go, silver swan.
And sing thine own sad requiem; go, Lucina,
And, if thou dar'st, out-live this wrong !
Lucina. I dare not.
Aecius. Is that the ring you lost ?
Max. That, that, Aecius,
That cursed ring, myself, and all my fortunes !
'T has pleased the Emperor, my noble master,
For all my services and dangers for him,
To make me mine own pander. Was this justice ?
Oh, my Aecius, have I lived to bear this ?
Lucina. Farewell for ever, sir !
Max. That's a sad saying ;
But such a one becomes you well, Lucina:
And yet, methinks, we should not part so lightly;
Our loves have been of longer growth, more rooted,
Than the sharp word of one farewell can scatter.
Kiss me. I find no Caesar here; these lips
Taste not of ravisher, in my opinion.
Was it not so ?
Lucina. Oh, yes !
Max. I dare believe thee ;
For thou wert ever truth itself, and sweetness :—
Indeed she was, Aecius.

Aędus. So she is still

Max. [Kissing her again.] Once more.—Oh, my Lucina, oh, my comfort,
The blessing of my youth, the life of my life!

Aedus. I have seen enough to stagger my obedience:
Hold me, ye equal gods! this is too sinful.

Max. Why wert thou chosen out to make a whore of?
To me thou wert too chaste. Fall, crystal fountains,
And ever feed your streams, you rising sorrows,
Till you have dropt your m1stress into marble!
Now, go for ever from me.

Ludna. Long farewell, sir!
And, as I have been loyal, gods, think on me!

Max. Stay; let me once more bid farewell, Lucina.
Farewell, thou excellent example of us!
Thou starry virtue, fare thee well! seek Heaven,
And there by Cassiopeia shine in glory!
We are too base and dirty to preserve thee.

Aedus. Nay, I must kiss too. Such a kiss again,
And from a woman of so ripe a virtue,
Aecius must not take. Farewell, thou phenix,
If thou wilt die, Lucina! which, well weighed,
If you can cease a while from these strange thoughts,
I wish were rather altered.

Ludna. No.

Aedus. Mistake not.
I would not stain your honour for the empire,
Nor any way decline you to discredit;
'Tis not my fair profession, but a villain's:
I find and feel your loss as deep as you do,
And am the same Aecius, still as honest;
The same life I have still for Maximus,
The same sword wear for you, where justice wills me,
A.nd 'tis no dull one. Therefore, misconceive not;
Only I would have you live a little longer,
But a short year.

Max. She must not

Lucina. Why so long, sir ?
Am I not grey enough with grief already ?
Aecius. To draw from that wild man a sweet repentance,
A.nd goodness in his days to come.
Max. They are so,
And will be ever coming, my Aecius.
Aecius. For who knows, but the sight of you, presenting
His swoll'n sins at the full, and your fair virtues,
May, like a fearful vision, fright his follies,
And once more bend him right again ? which blessing
(If your dark wrongs would give you leave to read)
Is more than death, and the reward more glorious:
Death only eases you ; this, the whole empire.
Besides, compelled and forced with violence
To what you have done, the deed is none of yours,
No, nor the justice neither : you may lire,
And still a worthier woman, still more honoured;
For are those trees the worse we tear the fruits from ?
Or should the eternal gods desire to perish,
Because we daily violate their truths,
Which is the chastity of Heaven ? No, lady;
If you dare live, you may : and as our sins
Make them more full of equity and justice,
So this compulsive wrong makes you more perfect:
The empire too will bless you.
Max. Noble sir,
If she were any thing to me but honour,
knd that that's wedded to me too, laid in,
Not to be worn away without my being:
Or could the wrongs be hers alone, or mine,
Dr both our wrongs, not tied to after-issues,
Not born anew in all our names and kindreds,
I would desire her live; nay more, compel her :
But, since it was not youth, but malice did it,
And not her own, nor mine, but both our losses ;
Nor stays it there, but that our names must find it,

Even those to come, and when they read she lived,
Must they not ask how often she was ravished,
And make a doubt she loved that more than wedlock?
Therefore she must not live.

Aecius. Therefore she must live,
To teach the world such deaths are superstitious.

Lucina. The tongues of angels cannot alter me;
For, could the world again restore my credit,
As fair and absolute as first I bred it,
That world I should not trust again. The empire
By my life can get nothing but my story,
Which, whilst I breathe, must be but his abuses:
And where you counsel me to live, that Caesar
May see his errors and repent, I'll tell you,
His penitence is but increase of pleasures,
His prayers never said but to deceive us;
And when he weeps, as you think for his vices,
'Tis but as killing drops from baleful yew-trees,
That rot their honest neighbour. If he can grieve,
As one that yet desires his free conversion,
And almost glories in his penitence,
I'll leave him robes to mourn in, my sad ashes.

Aecius. The farewells, then, of happy souls be with thee,
And to thy memory be ever sung
The praises of a just and constant lady!
This sad day, whilst I live, a soldier's tears
I'll offer on thy monument, and bring,
Full of thy noble self, with tears untold yet,
Many a worthy wife, to weep thy ruin.

Max. All that is chaste upon thy tomb shall flourish,
All living epitaphs be thine: time, story,
And what is left behind to piece our lives,
Shall be no more abused with tales and trifles,
But, full of thee, stand to eternity.

Aecius. Once more, farewell! go, find Elysium,
There where the happy souls are crowned with blessings,
There where 'tis ever spring and ever summer I

Max. There where no bed-rid justice comes ! Truth
Honour,
Are keepers of that blessed place : go thither;
For here thou liv'st chaste fire in rotten timber.
Aecius. And so, our last farewells !
Max. Gods give thee justice ! *[Exit* LUCINA.
Aecius. His thoughts begin to work; I fear him : yet
He ever was a noble Roman ; but
I know not what to think on't; he hath suffered
Beyond a man, if he stand this. *[Aside.*
Max. Aecius,
Am I alive, or has a dead sleep seized me ?
It was my wife the Emperor abused thus ;
And I must say, " I am glad I had her for him,—"
Must I not, my Aecius ?
Aecius. I am stricken
With such a stiff amazement, that no answer,
Can readily come from me nor no comfort.
Will you go home, or go to my house ?
Max. Neither;
I have no home ; and you are mad, Aecius,
To keep me company: I am a fellow
My own sword would forsake, not tied unto me ;
A pandar is a prince to what I am fall'n :
By Heaven, I dare do nothing.
Aedus. You do better.
Max. I am made a branded slave, Aecius,
And yet I bless the maker.
Death o' my soul! must I endure this tamely ?
Must Maximus be mentioned for his tameness ?
I am a child too ; what should I do railing ?
I cannot mend myself; 'tis Caesar did it,
And what am I to him ?
Aecius, 'Tis well considered;
However you are tainted, be no traitor:
Time may out-wear the first, the last lives ever.
Max. Oh, that thou wert not living, and my friend !

Aedus. I'll bear a wary eye upon your actions :
I fear you, Maximus ; nor can I blame thee
If thou break'st out; for, by the gods, thy wrong
Deserves a general ruin ! *[Aside.']*—Do you love me ?
Max. That's all I have to live on.
Aedus. Then go with me ;
You shall not to your own house.
Max. Nor to any ;
My griefs are greater far than walls can compass :
And yet I wonder how it Happens with me,
I am not dangerous ; and, o' my conscience,
Should I now see the Emperor i' th' heat on't,
I should not chide him for't: an awe runs through me,
I feel it sensibly, that binds me to it;
'Tis at my heart now, there it sits and rules,
And methinks 'tis a pleasure to obey it.
Aedus. This is a mask to cozen me : I know you,
And how far you dare do ; no Roman farther,
Nor with more fearless valour ; and I'll watch you.—
[Aside.
Keep that obedience still.
Max. Is a wife's loss
(For her abuse, much good may do his grace !
I'll make as bold with his wife, if I can)
More than the fading of a few fresh colours?
More than a lusty spring lost ?
Aedus. No more, Maximus,
To one that truly lives.
Max. Why, then, I care not;
I can live well enough, Aecius :
For look you, friend, for virtue and those trifles,
They may be bought, they say.
Aedus. He's crazed a little ;
His grief has made him talk things from his nature.
[Aside.
Max. But chastity is not a thing, I take it,
To get in Rome, unless it be bespoken

A hundred years before,—is it, Aecius?—
By'r lady, and well handled too i' the breeding.
Aecius. Will you go any way?
Max. I'll tell thee, friend;
If my wife, for all this, should be a whore now,
A kind of kicker-out of sheets, 'twould vex me;
For I am not angry yet: the Emperor *
Is young and handsome, and the woman flesh,
And may not these two couple without scratching?
Aecius. Alas, my noble friend!
Max. Alas not me;
I am not wretched [for there's no man miserable
But he that makes himself so.
Aecius. Will you walk yet?
Max. Come, come, she dare not die, friend; that's the truth on't;
She knows the enticing sweets and delicacies
Of a young prince's pleasures, and, I thank her,
She has made a way for Maximus to rise by:
WilPt not become me bravely? Why do you think
She wept, and said she was ravished? keep it here,
And 111 discover to you.
Aecius. Well?
Max. She knows
I love no bitten flesh, and out of that hope
She might be from me, she contrived this knavery.
Was it not monstrous, friend?
Aecius. Does he but seem so,
Or is he mad indeed? *[Aside.*
Max. Oh, gods, my heart!
Aecius. Would it would fairly break! *[Aside.*
Max. Methinks I am somewhat wilder than I was.
And yet, I thank the gods, I know my duty,

Enter CLAUDIA.

Clau. Nay, you may spare your tears; she's dead, she is so.

Max. Why, so it should be. How?
Clau. When first she entered
Into her house, after a world of weeping,
And blushing like the sun-set, as we saw her,
" Dare I," said she, " defile this house with whore,
In which his noble family has flourished? "
At which she fell, and stirred no more. We rubbed her——
Max. No more of that; be gone. *{Exit* CLAUDIA.
Now, my Aecius,
If thou wilt do me pleasure, weep a little;
I am so parched I cannot. Your example
Has brought the rain down now: now lead me, friend;
And as we walk together, let's pray together truly,
I may not fall from faith.
Aecius. That's nobly spoken.
Max. Was I not wild, Aecius?
Aeaus. Somewhat troubled.
Max. I felt no sorrow then. Now Til go with you;
But do not name the woman. Fie, what fool
Am I to weep thus! Gods, Lucina, take thee,
For thou wert even the best and worthiest lady!
Aecius. Good sir, no more; I shall be melted with it.
Max. I have done; and, good sir, comfort me. Would there were wars now!
Aecius. Settle your thoughts; come.
Max. So I have now, friend:
Of my deep lamentations here's an end *[Exeunt*

SCENE *ll.—A Street.*

Enter PONTIUS, PHIDIAS, *and* ARETUS.

Phid. By my faith, Captain Pontius, besides pity
Of your fall'n fortunes, what to say I know not;

For 'tis too true the Emperor desires not,
But my best master, any soldier near him.
Are. And when he understands, he cast your fortunes
For disobedience, how can we incline him
(That are but under-persons to his favours)
To any fair opinion? Can you sing?
Pont. Not to please him, Aretus; for my songs
Go not to the lute or viol, but to the trumpet.
My tune kept on a target, and my subject
The well-struck wounds of men, not love or women.
Phid. And those he understands not.
Pont. He should, Phidias.
Are. Could you not leave this killing way a little,
(You must, if here you would plant yourself,) and rather
Learn, as we do, to like what those affect
That are above us? wear their actions,
And think they keep us warm too? what they say,
Though oftentimes they speak a little foolishly,
Not stay to construe, but prepare to execute?
And think, however the end falls, the business
Cannot run empty-handed?
Phtd. Can you flatter,
And, if it were put to you, lie a little?
Pont. Yes, if it be a living.
Are. That's well said, then.
Pont. But must these lies and flatteries be believed, then?
Phid. Oh, yes, by any means.
Ptmt. By any means, then,
I cannot lie nor flatter.
Are. You must swear too,
If you be there.
Pont. I can swear, if they move me.
Phid. Cannot you forswear too?
Pont. The court for ever,
If it be grown so wicked.

Are. **You should procure a little too.**
Pont. What's that ?
Men's honest sayings for my truth ?
Are. **Oh, no, sir,**
But women's honest actions for your trial.
Pont. Do you do all these things ?
Phid. Do you not like 'em ?
Pont. **Do you ask me seriously, or trifle with me ?**
I am not so low yet, to be your mirth.
Are. You do m1stake us, captain j for sincerely
We ask you how you like 'em ?
Pont. Then sincerely
I tell you I abhor 'em : they are ill ways,
And I will starve before I fall into 'em;
The doers of 'em wretches, their base hungers
Care not whose bread they eat, nor how they get it.
Are. What then, sir ?
Pont. If you profess this wickedness,
Because ye have been soldiers and borne arms.,
The servants of the brave Aecius,
And by him put to th'Em peror, give me leave
(Or I must take it else) to say ye are villains,
For all your golden coats, deboshed,[1] base villains !
Yet I do wear a sword to tell ye so.
Is this the way you mark out for a soldier,
A man that has commanded for the empire,
And borne the reputation of a man ?
Are there not lazy things enough, called fools and cowards,
And poor enough to be preferred for pandars,
But wanting soldiers must be knaves too ? ha !
This the trim course of life ? Were not ye born bawds,
And so inherit but your rights ? I am poor,
And may expect a worse ; yet digging, pruning,
Mending of broken ways, carrying of water,
Planting of worts and onions, any thing
That's honest and a man's, I'll rather choose,

[1] **Debauched.**

Ay, and live better on it, which is juster ;
Drink my well-gotten water with more pleasure,
When my endeavour's done, and wages paid me,
Than you do wine ; eat my coarse bread not cursed
And mend upon't (your diets are diseases) ;
And sleep as soundly, when my labour bids me,
As any forward pandar of ye all,
And rise a great deal honester : my garments,
Though not as yours, the soft sins of the empire,
Yet may be warm, and keep the biting wind out,
When every single breath of poor opinion
Finds you through all your velvets.

Are. You have hit it;
Nor are we those we seem : the lord Aecius
Put good men to th' Emperor, so we have served him,
Though much neglected for it; so dare be still :
Your curses are not ours. We have seen your fortune,
But yet know no way to redeem it: means,
Such as we have, you shall not want, brave Pontius;
But pray, be temperate : if we can wipe out
The way of your offences, we are yours, sir;
And you shall live at court an honest man too.

Phid, That little meat and means we have, we'll share it.
Fear not to be as we are; what we told you
Were but mere trials of your truth : you're worthy,
And so we'll ever hold you ; suffer better,
And then you are a right man, Pontius.
If my good master be not ever angry,
You shall command again.

Pont. I have found two good men. Use my life,
For it is yours, and all I have to thank ye ! *[Exeunt.*

SCENE III.—*A Room in the House of* MAXIMUS.

Enter MAXIMUS.

Max. There's no way else to do it; he must die;
This friend must die, this soul of Maximus,
Without whom I am nothing but rny shame ;
This perfectness, that keeps me from opinion,
Must die, or I must live thus branded ever:
A hard choice, and a fatal ! Gods, ye have given me
A way to credit, but the ground to go on
Ye have levelled with that precious life I love most.
Yet I must on, and through ; for, if I offer
To take my way without him, like a sea
He bears his high command 'twixt me and vengeance,
And in my own road sinks me. He is honest,
Of a most constant loyalty to Caesar,
And when he shall but doubt I dare attempt him,
But make a question of his ill, but say
" What is a Caesar, that he dare do this ? "
Dead sure he cuts me off: Aecius dies,
Or I have lost myself—Why should I kill him ?
Why should I kill myself? for 'tis my killing *[*
Aecius is my root, and, wither him,
Like a decaying branch I fall to nothing.
Is he not more to me than wife ? than Caesar,
Though I had now my safe revenge upon him ?
Is he not more than rumour, and his friendship
Sweeter than the love of women ? What is honour,
We all so strangely are bewitched withal ?
Can it relieve me, if I want ? he has ;
Can honour, 'twixt the incensed prince and envy,
Bear up the lives of worthy men ? he has ;
Can honour pull the wings of fearful cowards,
And make 'em turn again like tigers ? he has;
And I have lived to see this, and preserved so.
Why should this empty word incite me, then,

To what is ill and cruel ? Let her perish :
A friend is more than all the world, than honour:
She is a woman, and her loss the less,
And with her go my griefs !—But, hark you, Maxi mus,
Was she not yours ? did she not die to tell you
She was a ravished woman ? did not justice
Nobly begin with her that not deserved it ?
And shall he live that did it ? Stay a little :
Can this abuse die here ? shall not men's tongues
Dispute it alterward, and say I gave
(Affecting dull obedience and tame duty,
And led away with fondness of a friendship)
The only virtue of the world to slander ?
Is not this certain, was not she a chaste one,
And such a one that no compare dwelt with her?
One of so sweet a virtue that Aecius,
(Even he himself, this friend that holds me from it,)
Out of his worthy love to me and justice,
Had it not been on Caesar, had revenged her ?
By Heaven, he told me so ! What shall I do, then ?
Can other men affect it, and I cold ?
I fear he must not live.

Enter a Servant.

Serv. My lord, the general
Is come to seek you.

Max. Go, entreat him to enter. *[Exit* Servant.
Oh, brave Aecius, I could wish thee now
As far from friendship to me as from fears,
That I might cut thee off like that I weighed not!
Is there no way, without him, to come near it ?
For out of honesty he must destroy me, •
If I attempt it. He must die, as others,
And I must lose him ; 'tis necessity ;
Only the time and means is all the difference.
But yet I would not make a murder of him,

Take him directly for my doubts : he shall die;
I have found a way to do it, and a safe one;
It shall be honour to him too. I know not
What to determine certain, I am so troubled
And such a deal of conscience presses me:
Would I were dead myself!

Enter AECIUS.

Atcius. You run away well;
How got you from me, friend ?
Max. That that leads madmen,
A strong imagination, made me wander.
Aecius. I thought you had been more settled.
Max. I am well;
But you must give me leave a little sometimes
To have a buzzing in my brains.
Aecius. You are dangerous ;
But I'll prevent it if I can. *[Aside.]*—You told me
You would go to th' army.
Max. Why ? to have my throat cut ?
Must he not be the bravest man, Aecius,
That strikes me first ?
Aecius. You promised me a freedom
From all these thoughts. And wh, should any strike you?
Max. I am an enemy, a wicked one,
Worse than the foes o[r] Rome; I am a coward,
A cuckold, and a cov .,. d; that's two causes
Why every one should beat me.
Aecius. You are neither ;——
And durst another tell me so, he died fort ;—
For thus far on mine honour I'll ass re you,
No man more loved than you ; and, for your valour,
And what you may be fair, no man more followed.
Max. A doughty man, indeed 1 But that's all one;
The Emperor, nor all the princes living,

Shall find a flaw in my coat: I have suffered,
And can yet *[* let them find inflictions,
I'll find a body for 'em, or I'll break it.
'Tis not a wife can thrust me out; some looked for't,
Bui let 'em look till they are blind with looking;
They are but fools. Yet there is anger in me,
That I would fain disperse ; and, now I think on't,
You told me, friend, the provinces are stirring;
We shall have sport, I hope, then, and what's dangerous
A battle shall beat from me.
Aedus. Why do you eye me
With such a settled look ?
Max. Pray, tell me this,
Do we not love extremely ? I love you so.
Aedus. If I should say I loved not you as truly,
I should do that I never durst do,—lie.
Max. If I should die, would it not grieve you much?
Aedus. Without all doubt.
Max. And could you live without me ?
Aedus. It would much trouble me to live without you,
Our loves and loving souls have been so used
But to one household in us : but to die
Because I could not make you live, were woman,
Far much too weak; were it to save your worth,
Or to redeem your name from rooting out,
To quit you bravely fighting from the foe,
Or fetch you off, where honour had engaged you,
I ought, and would die for you.
Max Truly spoken !—
What beast but I, that must, could hurt this man now
Would he had ravished me ! I would'have paid him ;
I would have taught him such a trick his eunuchs
Nor all his black-eyed boys dreamed of yet.
By all the gods, I am mad now ! now were Caesar
Within my reach, and on his glorious top

The pile of all the world, he went to nothing I
The Destinies, nor all the dames of hell,
Were I once grappled with him, should relieve him,
No, not the hope of mankind, more ; all perished !
But this is words and weakness. *[Aside*

Aedus. You look strangely.

Max. I look but as I am ; I am a stranger.

Aedus. To me ?

Max. To every one; I am no Roman,
Nor what I am do I know.

Aedus. Then I'll leave you.

Max. I find I am best so. If you meet with Maximus,
Pray, bid him be an honest man, for my sake :
You may do much upon him : for his shadow,
Let me alone.

Aedus. You were not wont to talk thus,
And to your friend; you have some danger in you,
That willingly would run to action :
Take heed, by all our love, take heed !

Max. I danger !
I willing to do any thing ? I die !
Has not my wife been dead two days already ?
Are not my mournings by this time moth-eaten?
Are not her sins dispersed to other women,
And many one ravished to relieve her ?
Have I shed tears these twelve hours?

Aedus. Now you weep.

Max. Some lazy drops that stayed behind

Aedus. Ill tell you,
(And I must tell you truth) were it not hazard,
And almost certain loss of all the empire,
I would join with you : weie it any man's
But his life that is life of us, he lost it
For doing of this mischief: I would take it,
And to your rest give you a brave revenge :
But, as the rule now stands, and as he rules,

And as the nations hold, in disobedience,
One pillar failing, all must fall, I dare not:
Nor is it just you should be suffered in it;
Therefore again take heed. On foreign foes
vVe are our own revengers ; but at home,
Dn princes that are eminent and ours,
Tis lit the gods should judge us. Be not rash,
Nor let your angry steel cut those you know not;
For by this fatal blow, if you dare strike it
(As I see great aims in you), those unborn yet,
And those to come of them, and those succeeding,
Shall bleed the wrath of Maximus. For me,
As you now bear yourself, I am your friend still;
If you fall off, (I will not flatter you,)
And in my hands, were you my soul, you perished.
Once more be careful, stand, and still be worthy:
I'll leave you for this hour.

Max. Pray, do. *[Exit* AECIUS.]—'Tis done :
And, friendship, since thou canst not hold in dangers,
Give me a certain ruin ! I must through it 1 *[Exit.*

ACT THE FOURTH.

SCENE I.—*An Apartment in the Palac**.

F-nter VALTTNTINIAN, LICINIUS, CHILAX, *and* BALBUS.

AL. Dead!

ChL So 'tis thought, sir.

VaL How?

Licin. Grief and disgrace,
As people say.

Val. No more; I have too much on't,
Too much by you, you whetters of my follies,
Ye angel-formers of my sins, but devils !
Where is your cunning now? you would work wonders,
There was no chastity above your practice,[1]
You would undertake to make her love her wrongs,
And dote upon her rape i Mark what I tell ye;
If she be dead——

Chi. Alas, sir !

Val. Hang ye, rascals,
Ye blasters of my youth, if she be gone,
"Twere better ye had been your father's camels,
Groaned under daily weights of wood and water—
Am I not Caesar?—

Licin. Mighty, and our maker.

Val. Than thus have given my pleasures to destruction !
Look she be living, slaves !

[1] **Stratagem.**

Licin. We are no gods, sir,
If she be dead, to make her new again.
Val. She cannot die; she must not die : are those
I plant my love upon but common livers ?
Their hours, as others', told 'em ?* can they be ashes ?
Why do ye flatter a belief into me,
That I am all that is,—" The world's my creature ;
The trees bring forth their fruits when I say *summer ;*
The wind, that knows no limit but his wildness,
At my command moves not a leaf; the sea,
With his proud mountain-waters envying Heaven,
When I say *still,* run into crystal mirrors ? "
Can I do this, and she die ? Why, ye bubbles,
That with my least breath break, no more remembered,
Ye moths, that fly about my flame and perish,
Ye golden canker-worms, that eat my honours,
Living no longer than my spring of favour,
Why do ye make me god, that can do nothing ?
Is she not dead ?
Chi. All women are not with her.
VaL A common whore serves you, and far above ye,
The pleasures of a body lamed with lewdness;
A mere perpetual motion makes ye happy.
Am I a man to traffic with diseases ?
Can any but a chastity serve Caesar?
And such a one the gods would kneel to purchase ?
You think, because you have bred me up to pleasures,
And almost run me over all the rare ones,
Your wives will serve the turn : I care not for 'em,
Your wives are fencers' whores, and shall be footmen's :
Though sometimes my nice will, or rather anger,
Have made ye cuckolds for variety,
I would not have ye hope, nor dream, ye poor ones,

[1] i.e. Measured out to them.

Always so great a blessing from me. Go,
Get your own infamy hereafter, rascals !
I have done too nobly for ye; ye enjoy
Each one an heir, the royal seed of Caesar:
And I may curse ye for *[:* your wanton jennets,
That are so proud the wind gets 'em with fillies,
Taught me this foul intemperance. Thou, Licinius,
Hast such a Messalina, such a Lais,
The backs of bulls cannot content, nor stallions;
The sweat of fifty men a-night does nothing.
Licin. Your grace but jests, I hope.
Val. 'Tis oracle.
The sins of other women, put by hers,
Show off like sanctities.—Thine's a fool, Chilax,
Yet she can tell to twenty, and all lovers,
And all lien with her too, and all as she is,
Rotten and ready for an hospital.—
Yours is a holy whore, friend Balbus,-
Bal. Well, sir.
VaL One that can pray away the sins she suffers,
But not the punishments : she has had ten bastards,
Five of 'em now are lictors, yet she prays ;
She has been the song of Rome, and common pasquil;
Since I durst see a wench, she was camp-m1stress,
And mustered all the cohorts, paid 'em too
(They have it yet to show), and yet she prays;
She is now to enter old men that are children.
And have forgot their rudiments. Am I
Left for these withered vices ? and but one,
But one of all the world that could content me,
And snatched away in showing ? If your wives
Be not yet witches, or yourselves, now be so,
And save your lives ; raise me this noble beauty.
As when I forced her, full of constancy,
or, by the gods——
Licin. Most sacred Caesar——
VaL Slaves——

Enter PROCULUS.

Licin. Good Proculus—

Proc. By Heaven, you shall not see it;
It may concern the empire.

Val. Ha ! what saidst thou ?
Is she not dead ?

Proc. Not any one I know, sir :
I come to bring your grace a letter here,
Scattered belike i' the court: 'tis sent to Maximus,
And bearing danger in it.

Val. Danger ! where ?
Double our guard !

Proc. Nay, no where, but i' the letter.

Val. What an afflicted conscience do I live with,
And what a beast I am grown ! I had forgotten
To ask Heaven mercy for my fault, and was now
Even ravishing again her memory.
I find there must be danger in this deed :
Why do I stand disputing, then, and whining
For what is not the gods' to give ? they cannot,
Though they would link, their powers in one, do mischief.
This letter may betray me. *[Aside.}*—Get ye gone,
Ai?d wait me in the garden; guard the house well,
And keep this from the Empress.

[Exeunt all except VALENTINIAN.

The name Maximus
Runs through me like a fever. This may be
Some private letter, upon private business,
Nothing concerning me : why should I open 't ?
I have done him wrong enougn already. Yet,
It may concern me too ; the time so tells me;
The wicked deed I have done assures me 'tis so.
Be what it will, I'll see it; if that be not
Part of my fears, among my other sins,
I'll purge it out in prayers.—How ! what's this ? ***[Reads.***
" Lord Maximus, you love Aecius,
And are his noble friend too : bid him be less,

I mean less with the people; times are dangerous,
The army's his, the Emperor in doubts,
And, as some will not stick to say, declining:
You stand a constant man in either fortune :
Persuade him ; he is lost else. Though ambition
Be the last sin he touches at, or never,
Yet, what the people, mad with loving him,
And as they willingly desire another,
May tempt him to, or rather force his goodness,
Is to be doubted mainly. He is all
(As he stands now) but the mere name of Caesar,
And should the Emperor enforce him lesser,
Not coming from himself, it were more dangerous :
He is honest, and will hear you. Doubts are scattered.
And almost come to growth in every household;
Yet, in my foolish judgment, were this mastered,
The people, that are now but rage and his,
Might be again obedience. You shall know me
When Rome is fair again ; till when, I love you."
No name ! This may be cunning ; yet it seems not
For there is nothing in it but is certain,
Besides my safety. Had not good Germanicus,
That was as loyal and as straight as he is.
If not prevented by Tiberius,
Been by the soldiers forced their Emperor ?
He had, and 'tis my wisdom to remember it:
And was not Corbulo (even that Corbulo,
That ever-fortunate and living Roman,
That broke the heart-strings of the Parthians,
And brought Arsaces' line upon their knees,
Chained to the awe of Rome), because he was thought
(And but in wine once) fit to make a Caesar,
Cut off by Nero ? I must seek my safety;
For 'tis the same again, if not beyond it.
I know the soldier loves him more than Heaven,
And will adventure all his gods to raise him ;
Me he hates more than peace : what this may breed,

If dull security and confidence
Let him grow up, a fool may find, and laugh at.
But why Lord Maximus, I injured so,
Should be the man to counsel him, I know not,
More than he has been friend, and loved allegiance :
What now he is, I fear; for his abuses,
Without the people, dare draw blood.—Who waits there?

Enter a Servant.

Serv. Your grace ?

VaL Call Phidias and Aretus hither.— *{Exit* Servant
111 find a day for him too. " Times are dangerous,
The army his, the Emperor in doubts : "
I find it is too true. Did Jie not tell me,
As if he had intent to make me odious,
And to my face, and by a way of terror,
What vices I was grounded in, and almost
Proclaimed the soldiers' hate against me? Is not
The sacred name and dignity of Caesar
(Were this Aecius more than man) sufficient
To shake off all his honesty ? he's dangerous,
Though he be good ; and, though a friend, a feared one ;
And such I must not sleep by.—Are they come yet ? —
I do believe this fellow, and I thank him.
'Twas time to look about: if I must perish,
Yet shall my fears go foremost.

Enter PHIDIAS *and* ARETUS.

PhieL Life to Caesar !

VaL Is Lord Aecius waiting ?

Phid. Not this morning ;
I rather think he's with the army.

Vol. Army!
I do not like that " army." *{Aside.}*—Go unto him,
And bid him straight attend me, and—do you hear ?—
Come private without any; I have business
Only for him.

Phid. Your grace's pleasure.
Pat. Go.— *[Exit* PHIDIAS.
What soldier is the same (I have seen him often)
That keeps you company, Aretus ?
Are. Me, sir ?
Val. Ay, you, sir.
Are. One they call Pontius,
An't please your grace.
Val. A captain ?
Are. Yes, he was so;
But speaking something roughly in his want,
Especially of wars, the noble general,
Out of a strict allegiance, cast his fortunes.
Val. H'as been a valiant fellow.
Are. So he's still.
Val. Alas, the general might have pardoned follies !
Soldiers will talk sometimes.
Are. I am glad of this. *[Astde.*
Val. He wants preferment, as I take it.
Are. Yes, sir;
And for that noble grace his life shall serve.
Val. I have a service for him j
I shame a soldier should become a beggar :
I like the man, Aretus.
Are. Gods protect you !
Val. Bid him repair to Proculus, and there
He shall receive the business, and reward fort :
I'll see him settled too, and as a soldier;
We shall want such.
Are. The sweets of Heaven still crown you ! *{Exit.*
Val. I have a fearful darkness in my soul,
And, till I be delivered, still am dying. *{Exit.*

SCENE II.—*Before the Palace.*

Enter MAXIMUS.

Max. My way has taken : all the court's in guard,
And business every where, and every corner
Full of strange whispers. I am least in rumour,
And so I'll keep myself. Here comes Aecius;
I see the bait is swallowed : if he be lost,
He is my martyr, and my way stands open;
And, Honour, on thy head his blood is reckoned.

Enter AECIUS *with a bandage round his arm, and* PHIDIAS.

Aecius. Why how now, friend? what make you her< unarmed?
Are you turned merchant?
May. By your fair persuasions ;
And such a merchant traffics without danger.
I have forgotten all, Aecius,
And, which is more, forgiven.
Aecius. Now I love you,
Truly I do ; you are a worthy Roman.
Max. The fair repentance of my prince, to me
Is more than sacrifice of blood and vengeance :
No eyes shall weep her ruins, but mine own.
Aecius. Still you take more love from me. Virtuous - friend,
The gods make poor Aecius worthy of thee !
Max. Only in me you're poor, sir, and I worthy
Only in being yours. But why your arm thus ?
Have you been hurt, Aecius ?
Aecius. Bruised a little ;
My horse fell with me, friend, which, till this morning,
I never knew him do.
Max. Pray gods it bode well!

And, now I think on't better, you shall back;
Let my persuasions rule you.
Aedus. Back! why, Maximus
The Emperor commands me come.
Max. I like not
At this time his command.
Aedus. I do at all times,
And all times will obey it; why not now, then?
Max. I'll tell you why, and, as I have been governed,
Be you so, noble friend: the court's in guard,
Armed strongly; for what purpose let me fear;
I do not like your going.
Aedus. Were it fire,
And that fire certain to consume this body,
If Caesar sent, I would go. Never fear, man;
If he take me, he takes his arms away:
I am too plain and true to be suspected.
Max. Then I have dealt unwisely. *[Aside.*
Aedus. If the Emperor,
Because he merely may, will have my life,
That's all he has to work on, and all shall have;
Let him; he loves me better. Here I wither,
And happily may live, till ignorantly
I run into a fault worth death; nay, more, dishonour.
Now all my sins, I dare say those of duty,
Are printed here; and, if I fall so hippy,
I bless the grave I lie in; and the gods,
Equal as dying on the enemy,
Must take me up a sacrifice.
Max. Go on, then;
And I'll go with you.
Aedus. No, you may not, friend.
Max. He cannot be a friend bars me, Aecius:
Shall I forsake you in my doubts?
Aedus. You must.
Max. I must not, nor I will not Have I lived

Only to be a carpet-friend [1] for pleasure?
I can endure a death as well as Cato.
Aecius. There is no death nor danger in my going,
Nor none must go along.
Max. I have a sword too,
And once I could have used it for my friend.
Aecius. I need no sword nor friend in this: pray, leave me;
And, as you love me, do not over-love me.
I am commanded none shall come. At supper
I'll meet you, and we'll drink a cup or two;
You need good wine, you have been sad. Farewell.
Max. Farewell, my noble friend: let me embrace you
Ere you depart; it may be, one of us
Shall never do the like again,
Aecius. Yes, often.
Max. Farewell, good dear Aecius.
Aecius. Farewell, Maximus,
Till night: indeed you doubt too much.
[Exit AECIUS *with* PHIDIAS
Max. I do not
Go, worthy innocent, and make the number
Of Caesar's sins so great, Heaven may want mercy!
I'll hover hereabout, to know what passes;
And, if he be so devilish to destroy thee,
In thy blood shall begin his tragedy. *[Exit.*

SCENE III.—*A Street.*

Enter PROCULUS *and* PONTIUS.

Proc. Besides this, if you do it, you enjoy
The noble name patrician; more than that too,

[1] An allusion to the carpet-knights created on occasion of public festivities, &c., instead 01 on the field of battle.

The friend of Caesar you are styled : there's nothing
Within the hopes of Rome, or present being,
But you may safely say is yours.
Pont. Pray, stay, sir :
What has Aecius done, to be destroyed ?
At least, I would have a colour.
Proc. You have more,
Nay, all that may be given; he is a traitor,
One any man would strike that were a subject
Pont. Is he so foul ?
Proc. Yes, a most fearful traitor.
Pont. A fearful plague upon thee, for thou liest !—— *[Aside.*
I ever thought the soldier would undo him
With his too much affection.
Proc. You have hit it;
They have brought him to ambition.
Pont. Then he is gone.
Proc. The Emperor, out of a foolish pity,
Would save him yet.
Pont. Is he so mad ?
Proc. He's madder,—
Would go to th' army to him.
Pont. Would he so ?
Proc. Yes, Pontius; but we consider——
Pont. Wisely.
Proc. How else, man ?—that the state lies in it
Pont. And your lives too.
Proc. And every man's.
Pont. He did me
All the disgrace he could.
Proc. And scurvily.
Pont. Out of a mischief merely : did you mark it ?
Proc. Yes, well enough : now you have means to quit[1] it.
The deed done, take his place.

[1] **i.e. Requite.**

Pont. Pray, let me think on't;
'Tis ten to one I do it.
Prof. Do, and be hippy. *[Exit.*
Pont. This Emperor is made ot nought but mischief;
Sure, Murder was his mother. None to lop,
But the main link he had ? Upon my conscience,
The man is truly honest, and that kills him;
For, to live here, and study to be true,
Is all one to be traitors. Why should he die ?
Have they not slaves and rascals for their offerings,
In full abundance ? bawds more than beasts for slaughter?
Have they not singing whores enough, and knaves too,
And millions of such martyrs, to sink Charon,
But the best sons of Rome must sail too ? I will show him
(Since he must die) a way to do it truly:
And, though he bears me hard, yet shall he know,
I am born to make him bless me for a blow. *[Exit.*

SCENE IV.—*The Court of the Palace.*

Enter AEcius, PHIDIAS, *and* ARETUS.

Phid. Yet you may scape for the camp; we'll hazard with you.
Are. Lose not your life so basely, sir : you are armed;
A.nd many, when they see your sword out, and know why,
Must follow your adventure.
A'ecius. Get ye from me :
Is not the doom of Caesar on this body ?
Do not I bear my last hour here, now sent me ?
Am I not old Aecius, ever dying ?
You think this tenderness and love you bring me :
Tis treason, and the strength of disobedience,
And, if ye tempt me further, ye shall feel it
I seek the camp for safety, when my death

(Ten times more grious than my life, and lasting)
Bids me be happy ! Let the fool fear dying,
Or he that weds a woman for his humour,
Dreaming no other life to come but kisses:
Aecius is not now to learn to suffer.
If ye dare show a just affection, kill me ;
I stay but those that must. Why do ye weep ?
Am I so wretched to deserve men's pities ?
Go, give your tears to those that lose their worths,
Bewail their miseries : for me, wear garlands,
Drink wine, and much : sing paeans to my praise ;
I am to triumph, friends; and more than Caesar,
For Cæsar fears to die, I love to die.

Phid. Oh, my dear lord !

Aecius. No more: go, go, I say !
Show me not signs of sorrow; I deserve none.
Dare any man lament I should die nobly ?
Am I grown old, to have such enemies ?
When I am dead, speak honourably of me,
That is, preserve my memory from dying;
There, if you needs must weep your ruined master,
A tear or two will seem well. This I charge ye,
(Because ye say you yet love old Aecius,)
See my poor body burnt, and some to sing
About my pile, and what I have done and suffered,
If Caesar kill not that too: at your banquets,
When I am gone, if any chance to number •
The times that have been sad and dangerous,
Say how I fell, and 'tis sufficient.
No more, I say ! he that laments my end,
By all the gods, dishonours me ! be gone,
A.nd suddenly and wisely, from my dangers;
My death is catching else.

Phid. We fear not dying.

Aecius. Yet fear a wilful death; the just gods hate it:
I need no company to that, that children
Dare do alone, and slaves are oroud to purchase.

Live till your honesties, as mine has done,
Make this corrupted age sick of your virtues;
Then die a sacrifice, and then ye know
The noble use of dying well, and Roman.
Are. And must we leave you, sir?
Aecius. We must all die,
All leave ourselves; it matters not where, when,
Nor how, so we die well: and can that man that does so
Need lamentation for him? Children weep
Because they have offended, or for fear;
Women for want of will, and anger: is there
In noble man, that truly feels both poises
Of life and death, so much of this wet weakness
To drown a glorious death in child and woman *t*
I am ashamed to see ye: yet ye move me,
And, were it not my manhood would accuse me
For covetous to live, I should weep with ye
Phid. Oh, we shall never see you more!
Aecius. 'Tis true;
Nor I the miseries that Rome shall suffer,
Which is a benefit life cannot reckon.
But what I have been, which is just and faithful,
One that grew old for Rome, when Rome forgot him,
And, for he was an honest man, durst die,
Ye shall have daily with ye: could that die too,
And I return no traffic of my travails,
No pay to have been soldier but this silver,
No annals of Aecius but " he lived,"
My friends ye had cause to weep, and bitterly:
The common overflows of tender women,
And children new-born crying, were too little
To *how me then most wretched. If tears must be,
I should in justice weep 'em, and for yŏu;
You are to live, and yet behold those slaughters
The dry and withered bones of Death would bleed at:
But, sooner than I have time to think what must be,
I fear you'll find what shall be. If ye love me

(Let that word serve for all), be gone and leave me:
I have some little practice with my soul,
And then the sharpest sword is welcomest.
Go, pray, be gone; ye have obeyed me living,
Be not, for shame, now stubborn. So, I thank ye,
And fare ye well; a better fortune guide ye !
[Exeunt PHIDIAS *and* ARETUS.
I am a little thirsty; not for fear,
And yet it is a kind of fear I say so :
Is it to be a just man now again,
And leave my flesh unthought of? 'tis departed.
I hear 'em come.—Who strikes first ? I stay for ye !

Enter BALBUS, CHILAX, *and* LICINIUS.

Yet I will die a soldier, my sword drawn;
[Draws his sword.
But against none.—Why do ye fear ? come forward.
Bal. You were a soldier, Chilax.
Chi. Yes, I mustered,
But never saw the enemy.
Licin. He's drawn;
By Heaven, I dare not do it!
Aecius. Why do ye tremble ?
I am to die : come ye not now from Caesar,
To that end ? speak.
Bal. We do, and we must kill you;
'Tis Caesar's will
Chi. I charge you put your sword up,
That we may do it handsomely.
A'tcius. Ha, ha, ha !
My sword up ! handsomely ! Where were ye bred ?
Ye are the merriest murderers, my masters,
I ever met withal. Come forward, fools :
Why do ye stare ? upon mine honour, bawds,
I will not strike ye.
Licin. I'll not be first.
Bal. Nor I.

Chi. You had best die quietly : the Emperor
Sees how you bear yourself.
A'ecius. I would die, rascals,
If you would kill me, quietly.
Bal. Pox of Proculus,
He promised us to bring a captain hither,
That has been used to kill.
Aectus. I'll call the guard,
Unless you will kill me quickly, and proclaim
What beastly, base, and cowardly companions
The Emperor has trusted with his safety :
Nay, ,I'll give out, ye fell of my side, villains.
Strike home, ye bawdy slaves !
Chi. By Heaven, he will kill us !
I marked his hand; he waits but time to reach us.
Now do you offer.
Aecius. If ye do mangle me,
And kill me not at two blows, or at three,
Or not so stagger me my senses fail me,
Look to yourselves !
Chi. I told ye.
Aecius. Strike me manly,
And take a thousand strokes.
Bal. Here's Pontius.

Enter PONTIUS.

Pont. Not killed him yet!
Is this the love ye bear the Emperor ?
Nay, then, I see ye are traitors all: have at ye !
[*Wounds* CHILAX *and* BALBUS, LICIN. *runs away.*
Chi. Oh, I am hurt!
Bol. And I am killed !
Pont. Die bawds,
As ye have lived and flourished !
{Exeunt CHILAX *and* BALBUS.
Aecius. Wretched fellow,
What hast thou done ?

Pont Killed them that durst not kill;
And you are next.
Aecius. Art thou not Pontius ?
Pont. I am the same you cast, Aecius,
And in the face of all the camp disgraced.
Aecius. Then so much nobler, as thou wert a soldier,
Shall my death be. Is it revenge provoked thee,
Or art thou hired to kill me ?
Pont. Both.
Aecius. Then do it.
Pont. Is that all ?
Aecius. Yes.
Pont. Would you not live ?
Aecius. Why should I ?
To thank thee for my life ?
Pont. Yes, if I spare it.
Aecius. Be not deceived ; I was not made to thank,
For any courtesy but killing me,
A fellow of thy fortune. Do thy duty.
Pont. Do not you fear me ?
Aecius. No.
Pont. Nor love me for it.
Aecius. That's as thou dost thy business.
Pont. When you are dead,
Your place is mine, Aecius.
Aecius. Now I fear thee ;
And not alone thee, Pontius, but the empire.
Pont. Why, I can govern, sir.
Aecius. I would thou couldst,
And first thyself! Thou canst fight well, and bravely,
Thou canst endure all dangers, heats, colds, hungers ;
Heaven's angry flashes are not suddener
Than I have seen thee execute, nor more mortal;
The winged feet of flying enemies
I have stood and viewed thee mow away like rushes,
And still kill the killer : were thy mind
But half so sweet in peace as rough in dangers,

I died to leave a happy heir behind me.
Come, strike, and be a general.
Pont. Prepare, then :
And, for I see your honour cannot lessen,
And 'twere a shame for me to strike a dead man,
Fight your short span out.
Aecius. No, thou know'st I must not;
I dare not give thee so much Vantage of me
As disobedience.
Pont. Dare you not defend you
Against your enemy ?
Aecius. Not sent from Caesar;
I have no power to make such enemies;
For, as I am condemned, my naked sword
Stands but a hatchment by me, only held
To show I was a soldier. Had not Caesar
Chained all defence in this doom, " Let him die,"
Old as I am, and quenched with scars and sorrows,
Yet would I make this withered arm do wonders,
And open in an enemy such wounds
Mercy would weep to look on.
Pont. Then have at you !
And look upon me, and be sure you fear not.
Remember who you are, and why you live,
And what I have been to you • cry not " Hold,"
Nor think it base injustice I should kill you.
Aecius. I am prepared for all.
Pont. For now, Aecius,
Thou shalt behold and find I was no traitor,
And, as I do it, bless me. Die as I do! *[_Stabs himself.*
Aecius. Thou hast deceived me, Pontius, and I thank thee:
By all my hopes in Heaven, thou art a Roman !
Pont. To show you what you ought to do, this is not;
For Slander's self would shame to find you coward,
Or willing to out-live your honesty :
But, noble sir, you have been jealous of me,

And held me in the rank of dangerous persons:
And I must dying say, it was but justice,
You cast me from my credit: yet, believe me,
(For there is nothing now but truth to save me,
And your forgiveness,) though you held me heinous,
And of a troubled spirit, that like fire
Turns all to flames it meets with, you m1stook me;
If I were foe to any thing, 'twas ease,
Want of the soldier's due, the enemy;
The nakedness we found at home and scorn,
Children of peace and pleasures ; no regard
Nor comfort for our scars, but how we got 'em;
To rusty time, that eat our bodies up,
And even began to prey upon our honours;
To wants at home, and, more than wants, abuses;
To them that, when the enemy invaded,
Made us their saints, but now the sores of Rome;
To silken flattery, and pride plumed over,
Forgetting with what wind their feathers sail,
And under whose protection their soft pleasures
Grow full and numberless : to this I am foe,
Not to the state or any point of duty.
And, let me speak but what a soldier may,
(Truly I ought to be so,) yet I erred,
Because a far more noble sufferer
Showed me the way to patience, and I lost it:
This is the end I die, sir : to live basely,
And not the follower of him that bred me
Jn full account and virtue, Pontius dare not,
Much less to out-live what is good, and flatter.

Aedus. I want a name to give thy virtue, soldier,
For only *good* is far below thee, Pontius *[*
The gods shall find thee one : thou hast fashioned death
In such an excellent and beauteous manner,
I wonder men can live. Canst thou speak once more ?
For thy words are such harmony a soul
Would choose to fly to w>*ven i$_n$,

Pont. A farewell.
Good noble general, your hand : forgive me,
And think whatever was displeasing you,
Was none of mine. You cannot live
A'ecius. I will not.
Yet one word more.
Pont. Die nobly.—Rome, farewell!
And, Valentinian, fall! thou hast broke thy basis.
In joy you have given me a quiet death,
I would strike more wounds, if I had more breath. *[Dies.*
Aecius. Is there an hour of goodness beyond this ?
Or any man would out-live such a dying ?
Would Caesar double all my honours on me,
And stick me o'er with favours like a m1stress,
Yet would I grow to this man : I have loved,
But never doted on a face till now.
Oh, death, thou art more than beauty, and thy pleasure
Beyond posterity !—Come, friends, and kill me :
Caesar, be kind, and send a thousand swords;
The more, the greater is my fall. Why stay ye ?
Come, and I'll kiss your weapons : fear me not;
By all the gods, I'll honour ye for killing !
Appear, or through the court and world I'll search ye !
My sword is gone *[Throws itfrom himl[:* ye are traitors,
if ye spare me,
And Caesar must consume ye !—All base cowards ?
I'll follow ye, and, ere I die, proclaim ye
The weeds of Italy, the dross of nature !
Where are ye, villains, traitors, slaves ? *[Exit.*

Enter PROCULUS, *and three* Courtiers, *running over the Stage.*

Proc. I knew
He had killed the captain.
First Court. Here's his sword.
Proc. Let it alone ; 'twill fight itself else, friends.
An hundred men are not enough to do it:
I'll to the Emperor, and get more aid.

Aecius. [Within.} None strike a poor condemned man ?
Proc. He is mad :
Shift for yourselves, my masters ! *[Exeunt*

Enter AECIUS.

Aecius. Ther, Aecius, *[Takes up his sword.*
See what thou dar'st thyself.—Hold, my good sword ;
Thou hast been kept from blood too long: I'll kiss thee,
For thou art more than friend now, my preserver:
Show me the way to happiness; I seek it.
And all you great ones that have fallen as I do,
To keep your memories and honours living,
Be present in your virtues, and ass1stme,
That, like strong Cato, I may put away
All promises, but what shall crown my ashes.
Rome, fare thee well ! stand long, and know to conquer,
Whilst there is people and ambition.—
Now for a stroke shall turn me to a star:
I come, ye blessed spirits; make me room
To live for ever in Elysium ! *[Falls on his sword.*
Do men fear this ? oh, that posterity
Could learn from him but this, that loves his wound,
There is no pain at all in dying well,
Nor none are lost, but those that make their hell! *[Dies.*

First Court. [Within.~[He's dead ; draw in the guard again.

Re-enter PROCULUS, *and* Second *and* Third Courtier.

Proc. He's dead indeed,
And 1 am glad he's gone : he was a devil.
His body, if his eunuchs come, is theirs ;
The Emperor, out of his love to virtue,
Has given 'em that: let no man stop their entrance.
[Exeunt.

Enter PHIDIAS *and* ARETUS.

Phid. Oh, my most noble lord !—Look here, Aretus,
Here's a sad sight!

Are. Oh, cruelty ! Oh, Caesar !
Oh, times that bring forth nothing but destruction
And overflows of blood !—Why wast thou killed ?
Is it to be a just man now again,
As when Tiberius and wild Nero reigned
Only assurance of his overthrow ?

Phid. It is, Aretus : he that would live now,
Must, like the toad, feed only on corruptions,
And grow with those to greatness. Honest virtue,
And the true Roman honour, faith and valour,
That have been all the riches of the empire,
Now, like the fearful tokens of the plague,
Are mere fore-runners of their ends that owe[1] 'em.

Are. Never-enough-lamented lord, dear master !
Of whom now shall we learn to live like men ?
From whom draw out our actions just and worthy ?
Oh, thou art gone, and gone with thee all goodness,
The great example of all equity,
(Oh, thou alone a Roman, thou art perished !)
Faith, fortitude, and constant nobleness !
Weep, Rome ! weep, Italy! weep, all that knew him !
And you that feared him as a noble foe,
(If enemies have honourable tears,)
Weep this decayed Aecius, falPn and scattered
By foul and base suggestion I

, *Enter* MAXIMUS.

Phid. Oh, Lord Maximus,
This was your worthy friend !

Max. The gods forgive me !— *[Aside*
Think not the worse, my friends, I shed not tears ;
Great griefs lament within : yet, now I have found 'em.
Would I had never known the world, nor women,
Nor what that cursed name of honour was,
So this were once again Aecius !
Put I am destined to a mighty action,

[1] Own.

And beg my pardon, friend : my vengeance taken,
I will not be long from thee.—Ye have a great loss,
But bear it patiently : yet, to say truth,
In justice 'tis not sufferable. I am next,
And were it now, I would be glad on't. Friends,
Who shall preserve you now ?
Are. Nay, we are lost too.
Max. I fear ye are ; for likely such as love
The man that's fall'n, and have been nourished by him,
Do not stay long behind : 'tis held no wisdom.
I know what I must do.—Oh, my Aecius,
Canst thou thus perish, plucked up by the roots,
And no man feel thy worthiness ?—From boys
He bred you both, I think.
Phid. And from the poorest.
Max. And loved ye as his own ?
Arc. We found it, sir.
Max. Is not this a loss, then ?
Phid. Oh, a loss of losses !
Our lives, and ruins of our families,
The utter being nothing of our names,
Were nothing near it.
Max. As I take it too,
He put ye to the Emperor ?
Are. He did so.
Max. And kept ye still in credit ?
Phid. 'Tis most true, sir.
Max. He fed your fathers too, and made them means;
Your s1sters he preferred to noble wedlocks;
Did he not, friends ?
Are. Oh, yes, sir.
Max. As I take it,
This worthy man would not be now forgotten.
I tell ye, to my grief, he was basely murdered;
And something would be done by those that loved him >
And something may be. Pray, stand off a little ;

Let me bewail him private.—Oh, my dearest!

[Kneels by the body of AEcius.

Phid. Aretus, if we be not sudden, he out does us;
I know he points at vengeance; we are cold
And base ungrateful wretches, if we shun it.
Are we to hope for more rewards or greatness,
Or any thing but death, now he is dead?
Dar'st thou resolve?

Are. I am perfect.

Phid. Then, iike flowers
That grew together all, we'll fall together,
'And with us that that bore us: when 'tis done,
The world shall style us two deserving servants.
I fear he will be before us.

Are. This night, Phidias——

Phid. No more.

Max. [Rising.] Now, worthy friends, I have done my mournings.
Let's burn this noble tyody: sweets as many
As sun-burnt Meroe breeds I'll make a flame of,
Shall reach his soul in Heaven: he that shall live
Ten ages hence, but to rehearse this story,
Shall, with the sad discourse on't, darken Heaven,
And force the painful burdens from the wombs,
Conceived a-new with sorrow: even the grave
Where mighty Sylla sleeps shall rend asunder,
And give her shadow up, to come and groan
About our piles; which will be more and greater
Than green Olympus, Ida, or old Latmus
Can feed with cedar, or the east with gums,
Greece with her wines, or Thessaly with flowers,
Or willing Heaven can weep for in her showers.

[Exeunt with the body.

ACT THE FIFTH.

SCENE I.—*A Gallery in the Palace.*

Enter PHIDIAS *with his dagger in him, and* ARETUS *poisoned.*

ARE. He has his last

Phid. Then come the worst of danger!—
Ae'cius, to thy soul we give a Caesar.—
How long is't since you gave it him?

Are. An hour; [it boils me J
Mine own two hours before him—how

Phid. It was not to be cured, I hope.

Are. No, Phidias;
I dealt above his antidotes: physicians
May find the cause, but where the cure?

Phid. Done bravely;
We are got before his tyranny, Aretus.

Are. We had lost our worthiest end else, Phidias.

Phid. Canst thou hold out a while?

Are. To torture him,
Anger would give me leave to live an age yet:
That man is poorly spirited, whose life
Runs in his blood alone, and not in his wishes,
And yet I swell and burn like flaming ^Etna;
A thousand new-found fires are kindled in me;
But yet I must not die this four hours, Phidias.

Phid. Remember who dies with thee, and despise

Are. I need no exhortation: the joy in me, [death.
Of what I have done and why, makes poison pleasure,

And my most killing torments mistresses ;
For how can he have time to die, or pleasure,
That falls as fools unsatisfied and simple ?

Phid. This that consumes my life, yet keeps it in me,
Nor do I feel the danger of a dying ;
And, if I but endure to hear the curses
Of this fell tyrant dead, I have half my Heaven.

Are. Hold thy soul fast but four hours, Phidias,
And thou shalt see to wishes beyond ours,
Nay, more, beyond our meanings.

Phid. Thou hast steeled me.
Farewell, Aretus ; and the souls of good men,
That, as ours do, have left their Roman bodies
In brave revenge for virtue, guide our shadows !
I would not faint yet.

Are. Farewell, Phidias ;
And, as we have done nobly, gods look on us !

[Exeunt severally.

SCENE II.—*An Apartment in the same.*

Enter LYCIAS *and* PROCULUS.

Lydas. Sicker and sicker, Proculus !

Proc. Oh, Lycias,
What shall become of us ? would we had died
With happy Chilax, or with Balbus bed-rid
And made too lame for justice !

Enter LICINIUS.

Licin. The soft music,
And let one sing to fasten sleep upon him !—
Oh, friends, the Emperor !

Proc. What say the doctors ?

Licin. For us a most sad saying ; he is poisoned,
Beyond all cure too.

Lycias. Who?
'Lictn. The wretch Aretus,
That most unhappy villain.
Lycias. How do you know it?
Licin. He gave him drink last. Let's disperse, and find him;
And, since he has opened misery to all,
Let it begin with him first. Softly; he slumbers.
[Exeunt.

VALENTINIAN *brought in in a chair, with* EUDOXIA, Physicians, *and* Attendants. *[Music.*

SONG.

Care-charming Sleep, thou easer of all woe*,
Brother to Death, sweetly thyself dispose
On this afflicted prince; fall, like a cloud,
In gentle showers; give nothing that is loud
Or painful to his slumbers; easy, light,
And as a purling stream, thou son of Night.
Pass by his troubled senses; sing his pain,
Like hollow murmuring wind or silver rain;
Into this prince gently, oh, gently slide,
And kiss him into slumbers like a bride!

Val. Oh, gods, gods! Drink, drink! colder, colder
Than snow on Scythian mountains! Oh, my heart-strings 1
Eud. How does your grace?
i*st Phys.* The Empress speaks, sir.
Val. Dying,
Dying, Eudoxia, dying.
1st Phys. Good sir, patience.
Eud. What have ye given him?
1stPhys. Precious things, dear lady,
We hope shall comfort him.
Val. Oh, flattered fool,
See what thy god-head's come to!—Oh, Eudoxia J
Eud. Oh, patience, patience, sir 1

Val. Danubius
I'll have brought through my body——
Eud. Gods give comfort!
Val. And Volga, on whose face the north wind freezes
I am an hundred hells ! an hundred piles
Already to my funeral are flaming !
Shall I not drink?
1stPhys. You must not, sir.
Val. By Heaven,
I'll let my breath out, that shall burn ye all,
If ye deny me longer ! Tempests blow me,
And inundations that have drunk up kingdoms,
Flow over me, and quench me ! Where's the villain ?—
Am I immortal now, ye slaves ?—by Numa,
If he do scape—Oh ! ho !—
Eud. Dear sir !——
VaL Like Nero,
But far more terrible and full of slaughter,
I' the midst of all my flames, I'll fire the empire!
A thousand fans, a thousand fans to cool me !
Invite the gentle winds, Eudoxia.
Eud. Sir!——
Val. Oh, do not flatter me! I am but flesh,
A man, a mortal man.—Drink, drink, ye dunces !
What can your doses now do, and your scrapings,
Your oils, and mithridates[1] ? if I do die,
You only words of health, and names of sickness,
Finding no true disease in man but money,
That talk yourselves into revenues—oh !—
And> ere ye kill your patients, beggar 'em,
I'll have ye flayed and dried !

Enter PROCULUS *and* LICINIUS, *with* ARETUS.

Proc. The villain, sir,
The most accursed wretch.

[1] Mithridates, a medicine made of a vast number of ingredients was supposed to have been invented by the King of Pontus.

VaL Be gone, my queen;
This' is no sight for thee: go to the Vestals,
Cast holy incense in the fire, and offer
One powerful sacrifice t o free thy Caesar.
Proc. Go, go, and be happy !
Are. Go ; but give no ease.— *[Exit* EUDOXIA.
The gods have set thy last hour, Valentinian ;
Thou art but man, a bad man too, a beast,
And, like a sensual bloody thing, thou diest.
Proc. Oh, damned traitor !
Are. Curse yourselves, ye flatterers,
And howl your miseries to come, ye wretches !
You taught him to be poisoned.
Val. Yet no comfort ?
Are, Be not abused with priests nor 'pothecaries;
They cannot help thee: thou hast now to live
A short half-hour, no more, and I ten minutes'
I gave thee poison for Aecius' sake,
Such a destroying poison would kill nature;
And, for thou shalt not die alone, I took it.
If mankind had been in thee at this murder,
No more to people earth again, the wings
Of old Time dipt for ever, reason lost,
In what I had attempted, yet, oh, Caesar,
To purchase fair revenge, I had poisoned them too!
Vs.L Oh, villain !—I grow hotter, hotter.
Are. Yes;
But not near my heat yet: what thou feel'st now
(Mark me with horror, Caesar,) are but embers
Of lust and lechery thou hast committed;
But there be flames of murder!
VaL Fetch out tortures !
Are. Do, and I'll flatter thee; nay, more, I'll love *bee
Thy tortures, to what now I suffer, Caesar,
At which thou must arrive too, ere thou diest,
Are lighter and more full of mirth than laughter.
Val. Let 'em alone. I must drink.

Arc. Now be mad;
But not near me yet-
Val. Hold me, hold me, hold me!
Hold me, or I shall burst else !
Are. See me, Caesar,
And see to what thou must come for thy murder.
Millions of women's labours, all diseases——
Val. Oh, my afflicted soul too !
Are. Women's fears, horrors,
Despairs, and all the plagues the hot sun breeds——
Val. Aecius, oh, Aecius ! Oh, Lucina !
Are. Are but my torments' shadows !
Val. Hide me, mountains !
The gods have found my sins. Now break !
Are. Not yet, sir;
Thou hast a pull beyond all these.
Val. Oh, hell!
Oh villain, cursfcd villain !
Are. Oh, brave villain !
My poison dances in me at this deed.
Now, Caesar, now behold me; this is torment,
And this is thine before thou diest: I am wild-fire !
The brazen bull of Phalaris was feigned,
The miseries of souls despising heaven,
But emblems of my torments,——
Val. Oh, quench me, quench me, quench me !
Are. Fire a flattery,
And all the poets' tales of sad Avernus,
To my pains, less than fictions : yet to show thee
What constant love I bore my murdered master,
Like a south wind, I have sung through all these tempests.—
My heart, my withered heart!—Fear, fear, thou monster I
Fear the just gods 1—I have my peace ! *{Dies*
Val. More drink!
A thousand April showers fall in my bosom!
How dare ye let me be tormented thus ?

Away with that prodigious * body !
[Attendants *carry out the body of* ARETUS.
Gods,
Gods, let me ask ye what I am, ye lay
All your inflictions on me ? hear me, hear me !
I do confess I am a ravisher,
A murderer, a hated Caesar : oh,
Are there not vows enough, and flaming altars,
The fat of all the world for sacrifice,
And, where that fails, the blood of thousand captives,
To purge those sins, but I must make the incense ?
I do despise ye all! ye have no mercy,
And wanting that, ye are no gods ! your parole
Is only preached abroad to make fools fearful,
And women, made of awe, believe your Heaven !—
Oh, torments, torments, torments ! pains above pains!—
If ye be any thing but dreams and ghosts,
And truly hold the guidance of things mortal;
Have in yourselves times past, to come, and present;
Fashion the souls of men, and make flesh for 'em,
Weighing our fates and fortunes beyond reason ;
Be more than all, ye gods, great in forgiveness !
Break not the goodly frame ye build in anger,
For you are things, men teach us, without passions:
Give me an hour to know ye in j oh, save me !
But so much perfect time ye make a soul in,
Take this destruction from me !—No ; ye cannot *j*
The more I would believe, the more I suffer.
My brains are ashes ! now my heart, my eyes !—friends,
I go, I go ! more air, more air !—I am mortal! *[.Dies.*

Proc. Take in the body.

[Attendants *carry out the body of* VALENTINIAN *followed by* Physicians.

Oh, Licinius,
The misery that we are left to suffer !
No pity shall find us.

[1] **FearfuL**

Lictn. Our lives deserve none.
Would I were chained again to slavery,
With any hope of life 1
Proc. A quiet grave,
Or a consumption now, Licinius,
That we might be too poor to kill, were something.
Licin. Let's make our best use; we have money, Procu-
And, if that cannot save us, we have swords. [lus,
Proc. Yes, but we dare not die.
Licin. I had forgot that.
There's other countries, then.
Proc. But the same hate still
Of what we are.
Licin. Think any thing'; I'll follow.

Enter a Messenger.

Proc. How now? what news?
Mess. Shift for yourselves; ye are lost else.
The soldier is in arms for great Aecius,
And their lieutenant-general, that stopped 'em,
Cut in a thousand pieces: they march hither:
Beside, the women of the town have murdered
Phorba and loose Ardelia, Caesar's she-bawds.
Licin. Then here's no staying, Proculus.
Proc. Oh, Caesar,
That we had never known thy lusts !—Let's fly,
And where we find no woman's man let's die. *[Exeunt.*

SCENE *III.—A Street.*

Enter MAXIMUS.

Max. Gods, what a sluice of blood have I let opem!
My happy ends are come to birth; he's dead,
And I revenged; the empire's all a-fire,
And desolation every where inhabits:

And shall I live, that am the author of it,
To know Rome, from the awe o' the world, the pity?
My friends are gone before too, of my sending;
And shall I stay? is aught else to be lived for?
Is there another friend, another wife,
Or any third holds half their worthiness,
To linger here alive for? is not virtue,
In their two everlasting souls, departed,
And in their bodies' first flame fled to Heaven?
Can any man discover this, and love me?
For, though my justice were as white as truth,
My way was crooked to it; that condemns me;
And now, Aecius, and my honoured lady,
That were preparers to my rest and quiet,
The lines to lead me to Elysium;
You that but stept before me, on assurance
I would not leave your friendship unrewarded;
.first smile upon the sacrifice I have sent ye,
Then see me coming boldly !—Stay; I am foolish,
Somewhat too sudden to mine own destruction;
This great end of my vengeance may grow greater;
Why may not I be Caesar, yet no dying?
Why should not I catch at it? fools and children
Have had that strength before me, and obtained it,
And, as the danger stands, my reason bids me:
I will, I dare. My dear friends, pardon me;
I am not fit to die yet, if not Caesar.
I am sure the soldier loves me, and the people,
And I will forward; and, as goodly cedars,
Rent from Oeta by a sweeping tempest,
Jointed again and made tall masts, defy
Those angry winds that split 'em, so will I$_f$
New pieced again, above the fate of women,
And made more perfect far than growing private,
Stand and defy bad fortunes. If I rise,
My wife was ravished well; if then I fall,
My great attempt honours my funeral. *[Exit.*

SCENE IV.—*An open Place in the City.*

Enter FULVIUS, Lucius, SEMPRONIUS, AND AFRANIUS.

Fulv. Guard all the posterns to the camp, Afranius,
And see 'era fast; we shall be rifled else.
Thou art an honest and a worthy captain.
Luc, Promise the soldier any thing.
Semp. Speak gently,
And tell 'em we are now in council for 'em,
Labouring to choose a Caesar fit for them,
A soldier and a giver.
Fulv. Tell 'em further,
Their free and liberal voices shall go with us.
Luc. Nay, more, a negative, say, we allow 'em.
Semp. And, if our choice displease 'em, they shall name him.
Fulv. Promise three donatives, and large, Afranius.
And, Caesar once elected, present foes,
With d1stribution of all necessaries,
Corn, wine, and oil.
Semp. New garments, and new arms,
And equal portions of the provinces
To them and to their families for ever.
Fulv. And see the city strengthened
Afr. I shall do it *[Exit.*
Luc. Sempronius, these are woful times.
Semp. Oh, Brutus,
We want thy honesty again : these Caesars,
What noble consuls got with blood, in blood
Consume again and scatter.
Fulv. Which way shall we?
Luc. Not any way of safety I can think on.
Semp. Now go our wives to ruin, and our daughters,
And we beholders, Fulvius.
Fulv. Every thing
Is every man's that will

Luc. The Vestals now
Must only feed the soldier's fire of lust,
And sensual gods be glutted with those offerings;
Age, like the hidden bowels of the earth,
Opened with swords for treasure. Gods defend us !
We are chaff before their fury, else.
Pulv. Away !
Let's to the temples.
Luc. To the Capitol;
'Tis not a time to pray now : let's be strengthened.

Rt-enter AFRANIUS.

Semp. How now, Afranius ? what good news ?
Afr. A Caesar!
Fulv. Oh, who?
Afr. Lord Maximus is with the soldier,
And all the camp rings, " Caesar, Caesar, Caesar! '*
He forced the Empress with him, for more honour.
Luc. A happy choice : let's meet him.
Semp. Blessed fortune!
Fulv. Away, away!—Make room there, room there, room!

[Exeunt all except AFRANIUS. *Flourish within.*

[Within.~[Lord Maximus is Caesar, Caesar, Caesar !
Hail, Caesar Maximus!
Afr. Oh, turning people !
Oh, people excellent in war, and governed 1
In peace more raging than the furious North,
When he ploughs up the sea and makes him brine,
Or the loud falls of Nile. I must give way,
Although I neither love nor hopfcd this;
Or, like a rotten bridge that dares a current
When he is swelled and high, crack and farewell.

Flourish within, and cries of " Caesar." *Then enter* MAXIMUS, EUDOXIA, FULVIUS, Lucius, SEMPRONIUS, *and other* Senators *and* Soldiers.

Sen. Room for the Emperor!
Sold. Long life to Caesar !
Afr. Hail, Caesar Maximus !
Max. Your hand, Afranius.—
Lead to the palace; there my thanks, in general,
I'll shower among ye all. Gods give me life,
First to defend the empire, then you, fathers.—
And, valiant friends, the heirs of strength and virtue,
The rampires of old Rome, of us the refuge,
To you I open this day all I have,
Even all the hazard that my youth hath purchased *[*
Ye are my children, family, and friends,
And ever so respected shall be.—Forward.—
There's a proscription, grave Sempronius,
'Gainst all the flatterers and lazy bawds
Led loose-lived Valentinian to his vices:
See it effected. *[Flourish.*

Sen. Honour wait on Caesar !
Sold. Make room for Caesar there !
[Exeunt all except AFRANIUS.

Afr. Thou hast my fears.
But Valentinian keeps my vows. Oh, gods !
Why do we like to feed the greedy raven*
Of these blown men, that must, before they stand,
And fixed in eminence, cast life on life,
And trench their safeties in with wounds and bodies ?
Well, froward Rome, thou wilt grow weak with changing,
And die without an heir, that loVst to breed
Sons for the killing hate of sons. For me,
I only live to find an enemy. *[Exit.*

[1] Ravenousness.

SCENE *V.—A Street.*

Enter PAULUS *and* LICIPPUS.

Pan. When is the inauguration?
Licip. Why, to-morrow.
Pau. 'Twill be short time.
Licip. Any device that's handsome,
A Cupid, or the god o' the place, will do it,
Where he must take the fasces.
Pau. Or a Grace.
Licip. A good Grace has no fellow.
Pau. Let me see;
Will not his name yield something? Maximus,
By the way of anagram? I have found out *axis;*
You know he bears the empire.
Licip. Get him wheels too;
'Twill be a cruel carriage else.
Pau. Some songs too.
Licip. By any means, some songs; but very short ones,
And honest language, Paulus, without bursting,
The air will fall the sweeter.
Pau. A Grace must do it.
Licip. Why, let a Grace, then.
Pau. Yes, it must be so;
And in a robe of blue too, as I take it.
Licip. This poet is a little kin to the painter
That could paint nothing but a ramping lion;
So all his learned fancies are blue Graces. *[Aside.*
Pau. What think you of a sea-nymph and a heaven?
Licip. Why, what should she do there, man? there's no water.
Pau. By the mass, that's true; it must be a Grace;
Methinks, a rainbow - [and yet,
Licip. And in blue?
Pau. Oh, yes, —
Hanging in arch above him, and i' the middle——

Licip. A shower of rain ?
Pau. No, no ; it must be a Grace.
Licip. Why, prithee, grace him, then.
Pau. Or Orpheus,
Coming from hell——
Liap. In blue, too ?
Pau. 'Tis the better,——
And, as he rises, full of fires————
Licip. Now bless us !
Will not that spoil his lute-strings, Paulus?
Pau. Singing,
And crossing of his arms——
Licip. How can he play, then ?
Pau. It shall be a Grace; I'll do it
Licip. Prithee, do,
And with as good a grace as thou canst possible,
Good Fury Paulus, be i' the morning with me;
And, pray, take measure of his mouth that speaks it
[Exeunt severally.

SCENE VI.—*An Apartment in the Palace.*

Enter MAXIMUS, EUDOXIA, *and* Messenger.

Max. Come, my best-loved Eudoxia.——Let the soldier
Want neither wine nor any thing he calls for;
And, when the senate's ready, give us notice;
In the mean time, leave us.————*{Exit* Messenger.
Oh, my dear sweet!
Eud. Is't possible your grace
Should undertake such dangers for my beauty.
If it were excellent ?
Max. By Heaven, 'tis all
The world has left to brag of I

Eud. Can a face
Long since bequeathed to wrinkles with my sorrows,
Long since razed out o* the book of youth and pleasure,
Have power to make the strongest man o* the empire,
Nay, the most staid, and knowing what is woman,
The greatest aim of perfectness men live by,
The most true, constant lover of his wedlock[1]
Such a still-blowing beauty earth was proud of,
Lose such a noble wife, and wilfully?
Himself prepare the way? nay, make the rape?
Did you not tell me so?

Max. 'Tis true, Eudoxia.

Eud. Lay desolate his dearest piece of friendship,
Break his strong helm he steered by, sink that virtue,
That valour, that even all the gods can give us,
Without whom he was nothing, with whom worthiest;
Nay more, arrive at Caesar, and kill him too,
And for my sake? Either you love too dearly,
Or deeply you dissemble, sir.

Max. I do so;
And, till I am more strengthened, so I must do:
Yet would my joy and wine had fashioned out
Some safer lie! *[Aside.']*—Can these things be, Eudoxia,
And I dissemble? can there be but goodness,
And only thine, dear lady; any end,
Any imagination but a lost one,
Why I should run this hazard? Oh, thou virtue!
Were it to do again, and Valentinian
Once more to hold thee, sinful Valentinian,
In whom thou wert set as pearls are in salt oysters,
As roses are in rank weeds, I would find
Yet to thy sacred self a dearer danger:
The gods know how I honour thee!

Eud. What love, sir,
Can I return for this, but my obedience?
My life, if so you please, and 'tis too little.

[1] Wife.

Max. 'Tis too much to redeem the world.
Eud. From this hour,
The sorrows for my dead lord, fare ye well !
My living lord has dried ye. And, in token
As Emperor this day I honour you,
And the great caster-new of all my wishes,
The wreath of living laurel, that must compass
That sacred head, Eudoxia makes for Caesar.
I am methinks, too much in love with fortune;
But with you, ever royal sir, my maker,
The once-more-summer of me, mere *in love*
Is poor expression of my doting.
Max. Sweetest!
Eud. Now, of my troth, you have bought me dear, sir.
Max. No,
Had I at loss of mankind.

Enter a Messenger,

Eud. Now you flatter.
Mess. The senate waits your grace.
Max. Let 'em come on,
And in a full form bring the ceremony.—
This day I am your servant, dear, and proudly
I'll wear your honoured favour
Eud. May it prove so ! *[Exeunt.*

SCENE VII.—*The Court of the Palace.*

Enter PAULUS *and* LICIPPUS.

Licip. Is your Grace done ?
Pau. Tis done.
Licip. Who speaks ?
Pau. A boy.
Licip. A dainty blue boy, Paulus ?

Pau. Yes.

Licip. Have you viewed
The work above?

Pau. Yes; and all up and ready.

Lidp. The Empress does you simple honour, Paulus;
The wreath your blue Grace must present she made.
But hark you,—for the soldiers?

Pau. That's done too:
I'll bring 'em in, I'll warrant you.

Licip. A Grace too?

Pau. The same Grace serves for both.

Lidp. About it, then;—
I must to the cupboard;—and be sure, good Paulus,
Your Grace be fasting, that he may hang cleanly.
If there should need another voice, what then?

Pau. I'll hang another Grace in.

Lidp. Grace be with you! *[Exeunt severally.*

SCENE VIII.—*The Presence-Chamber in the Palace. A Banquet laid out. A Synnet? with Trumpets.*

Enter[9] *in state,* MAXIMUS, EUDOXIA, Gentlemen *and* Soldiers, *then* FULVIUS, Lucius, SEMPRONIUS, *and other* Senators, Lictors *bearing rods and axes before them.*

Semp. Hail to thy imperial honour, sacred Caesar!
And from the old Rome take these wishes:
You holy gods, that hitherto have held,
As Justice holds her balance, equal poised,
This glory of our nation, this full Roman,
And made him fit for what he is, confirm him!
Look on this son, oh, Jupiter, our helper!

[1] A particular set of musical notes, on either the cornet or the trumpet.

And Romulus, the father of our honour,
Preserve him like thyself, just, valiant, noble,
A lover and encreaser of his people !
Let him begin with Numa, stand with Cato,
The first five years of Nero be his wishes,
Give him the age and fortune of Emylius,
And his whole reign renew a great Augustus !

[A Boy *descends from the clouds habited like one of the* Graces, *and sings.*

Honour, that is ever living,
Honour, that is ever giving,
Honour, that sees all, and knows
Both the ebbs of man and flows;
Honour, that rewards the best,
Sends thee thy rich labour's rest;
Thou hast studied still to please her,
Therefore now she calls thee Caesar.

Chorus. Hail, hail, Caesar, hail and stand,
And thy name outlive the land !
Noble fathers, to his brows
Bind this wreath with thousand vows !

[The Boy *gives a wreath, which the* Senators *place on the head of* MAXIMUS.

AIL Stand to eternity !
Max. I thank ye, fathers ;
And, as I rule, may it still grow or wither !
Now to the banquet; ye are all my guests ;
This day be liberal, friends ; to wine we give it,
And smiling pleasures.—Sit, my queen of beauty.—
Fathers, your places.—These are fair wars, soldiers,
And thus I give the first charge to ye all.— *[Drinks*
You are my second, sweet—To every cup,
I add unto the senate a new honour,
And to the sons of Mars a donative

Boy *sings.*

God Lyaeus, ever young,
Ever honoured, ever sung,
Stained with blood of lusty grapes,
In a thousand lusty shapes,
Dance upon the mazer's[1] brim,
In the crimson liquor swim ;
From thy plenteous hand divine,
Let a river run with wine.
God of youth, let this day here
Enter neither care nor fear!

Bellona's seed, the glory of old Rome,
Envy of conquered nations, nobly come,
And to the fulness of your warlike noise,
Let your feet move; make up this hour of joys :
Come, come, I say ; range your fair troop at large,
And your high measure turn into a charge.

[A martial dance by the Soldiers, *during which* MAXIMUS *falls back upon his couch.*

Semp. The Emperor's grown heavy with his wine.

Afr. The senate stays, sir, for your thanks.

Semp. Great Caesar !

Eud. I have my wish. *[Aside*

Afr. WilPt please your grace speak to him ?

Eud. Yes ; but he will not hear, lords.

Semp. Stir him, Lucius ;
The senate must have thanks.

Luc. Your grace ! sir ! Caesar !

Eud. Did I not tell you he was well ? he's dead.

Semp. Dead !—Treason ! guard the court! let no man pass.
Soldiers, your Caesar's murdered.

Eud. Make no tumult,
Nor arm the court; ye have his killer with ye,

[1] Bowl's.

And Romulus, the father of our honour,
Preserve him like thyself, just, valiant, noble,
A lover and encreaser of his people !
Let him begin with Numa, stand with Cato,
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Semp. The Emperor's grown heavy with his wine.
Afr. The senate stays, sir, for your thanks.
Semp. Great Caesar !
Eud. I have my wish. *[Asid**
Afr. Will't please your grace speak to him ?
Eud. Yes ; but he will not hear, lords.
Semp. Stir him, Lucius ;
The senate must have thanks.
Luc. Your grace ! sir ! Caesar !
Eud. Did I not tell you he was well ? he's dead
Semp. Dead !—Treason ! guard the court! let no man pass.
Soldiers, your Caesar's murdered.
Eud. Make no tumult,
Nor arm the court; ye have his killer with ye,

[1] Bowl's.

And the just cause, if ye can stay the hearing:
I was his death; that wreath, that made him Csesar,
Has made him earth.

Sold. Cut her in thousand pieces !

{Drawing their swords.

Eud. Wise men would know the reason first. To die
Is that I wish for, Romans, and your swords
The easiest way of death : yet, soldiers, grant me
(That was your Empress once, and honoured by ye)
But so much time to tell ye why I killed him,
And weigh my reasons well, if man be in you;
Then, if ye dare do cruelly, condemn me.

Afr. Hear her, ye noble Romans ! 'tis a woman;
A subject not for swords, but pity. Heaven,
If she be guilty of malicious murder,
Has given us laws to make example of her *[*
If only of revenge, and blood hid from us,
Let us consider first, then execute.

Semp. Speak, bloody woman !

Ettd. Yes. This Maximus,
That was your Caesar, lords and noble soldiers,
(And if I wrong the dead, Heaven perish me,
Or speak, to win your favours, but the truth !)
Was to his country, to his friends, and Caesar,
A most malicious traitor.

Semp. Take heed, woman.

Eud. I speak not for compassion. Brave Aecius,
(Whose blessed soul, if I lie, shall afflict me,)
The man that all the world loved, you adored,
That was the master-piece of arms and bounty,
(Mine own grief shall come last,) this friend of his,
This soldier, this your right arm, noble Romans,
By a base letter to the Emperor,
Stuffed full of fears and poor suggestions,
And by himself unto himself directed,
Was cut off basely, basely, cruelly :—

Oh, loss ! oh, innocent! can ye now kill me ?—
And the poor stale,[1] my noble lord, that knew not
More of this villain than his forced fears,
Like one foreseen to satisfy, died for it:
There was a murder too, Rome would have blushed at:
Was this worth being Caesar ? or my patience,
Nay his wife——
By Heaven, he told it me in wine and joy,
And swore it deeply——he himself prepared
To be abused ; how, let me grieve, not tell ye,
And weep the sins that did it: and his end
Was only me and Caesar : but me he lied in.
These are my reasons, Romans, and my soul
Tells me sufficient; and my deed is justice :
Now, as I have done well or ill, look on me.

Afr. What less could nature do ? what less had we done,
Had we known this before ? Romans, she is righteous;
And such a piece of justice Heaven must smile on :
Bend all your swords on me, if this displease ye;
For I must kneel, and on this virtuous hand
Seal my new joy and thanks.—Thou hast done truly.

Semp. Up with your arms; ye strike a saint else, Romans.——
Mayst thou live ever spoken our protector !—
Rome yet has many noble heirs : let's in,
And pray before we choose ; then plant a Caesar
Above the reach of envy, blood, and murder.

Afr. Take up the body nobly to his urn;
And may our sins and his together burn !

[Exeunt with the body: a dead march.

[1] Dupe.

WE would fain please ye, and as fain be pleased;
Tis but a little liking, both are eased :
We have your money, and you have our ware,
And, to our understanding, good and fair.
For your own wisdom's sake, be not so mad
To acknowledge ye have bought things dear and bad.
Let not a brack[1] i' ttie stuff, or here and there
The fading gloss, a general loss appear:
We know ye take up worse commodities,
And dearer pay, yet think your bargains wise;
We know, in meat and wine ye fling away
More time and wealth, which is but dearer pay,
And with the reckoning all the pleasure lost
We bid ye not unto repenting cost:
The price is easy, and so light the play,
That ye may new-digest it every day.
Then, noble friends, as ye would choose a miss,
Only to please the eye a while and kiss,
Till a good wife be got; so let this play
Hold ye awhile, until a better may.

[1] Flaw.