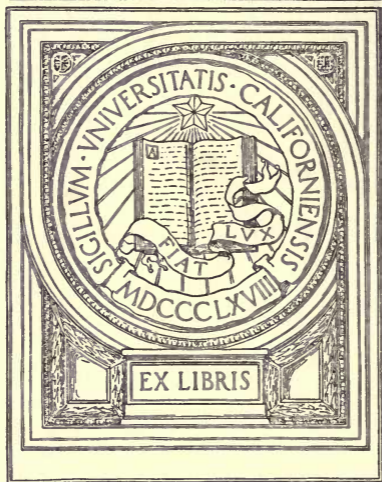


A
0
0
0
0
4
0
5
5
0



UC SOUTHERN REGIONAL LIBRARY FACILITY

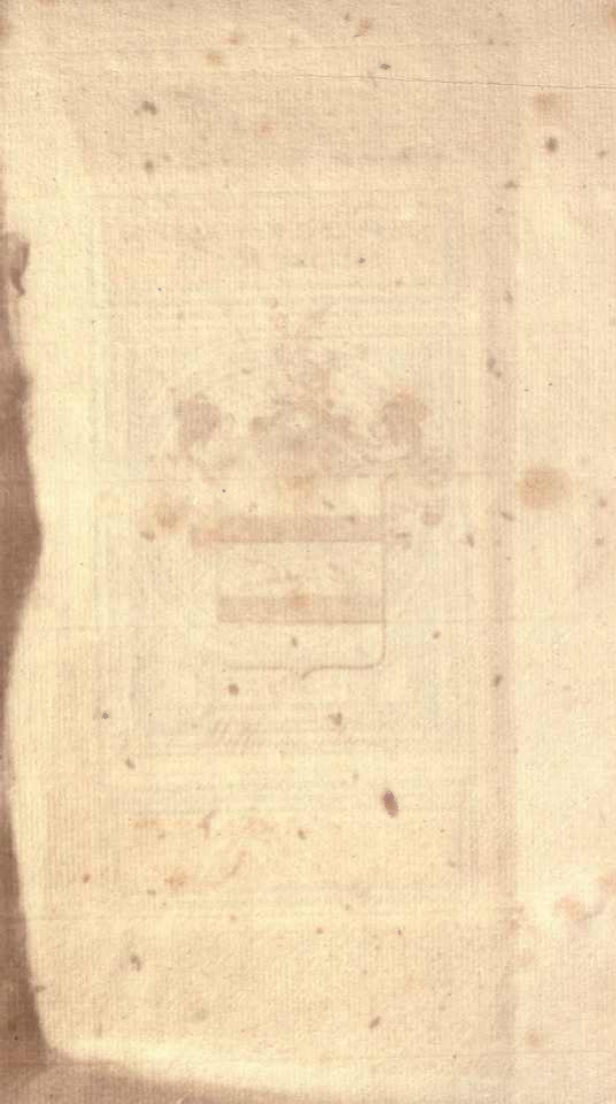
UNIVERSITY OF CALIFORNIA
AT LOS ANGELES



EX LIBRIS



William Pitt



W O R K S

PHILIP MASSINGER.

VOLUME THE SECOND.

BY RICHARD
THE PICTURES
THE PRINCE OF BOWEN
THE PRINCE OF THE EAST
IN MEDALS OF HONOUR

LONDON



T H E
W O R K S

O F

PHILIP MASSINGER.

VOLUME the SECOND.

C O N T A I N I N G,

The RENEGADO.

The PICTURE.

The FATAL DOWRY.

The EMPEROR OF THE EAST.

The MAID OF HONOUR.

L O N D O N :

Printed for T. DAVIES, in *Russel-Street, Covent-Garden.*

M D C C L X I.

W O R K S

OF

PHILIP MASSINGER.

VOLUME THE SECOND.

CONTAINING

THE RENEGADO.

THE PICTURE.

THE FATAL DOWRY.

THE EMPEROR OF THE EAST.

THE MAID OF HONOUR.

LONDON.

Printed by T. BARNES, in Strand, near Chancery Lane.

MDCCLXII.

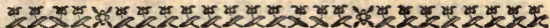
Printed by T. BARNES, in Strand, near Chancery Lane.

2701

C83

v. 2

GEORGE HARDING



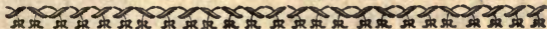
T H E
R E N E G A D O.

A

T R A G I - C O M E D Y.

As it hath been often Acted, by the Queen's
Majesty's Servants, at the private Play-house in
Drury-Lane, in the Year 1630.

By P H I L I P M A S S I N G E R.



VOL. II.

A

426881

THE HISTORY OF THE REIGN OF KING CHARLES THE SECOND

THE

REVENGE

A

TRAGIC-COMEDY.

As it hath been often Acted, by the Queen's Majesty's Servants at the private Play-houſe in Drury-lane, in the Year 1630.

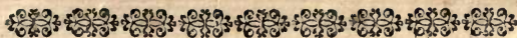
BY PHILIP MASSINGER.

THE HISTORY OF THE REIGN OF KING CHARLES THE SECOND

A

Vol. II.

420881



TO THE
RIGHT HONOURABLE
GEORGE HARDING,

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

My good Lord,

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

Your Honour's commanded Servant,

PHILIP MASSINGER.

Dramatis Personæ.

The Original Actors.

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

The Scene, Tunis.

T H E



THE
RENEGADE.

A
TRAGI-COMEDY.

ACT I. SCENE I.

Enter Vitelli and Gazet.

Vitelli.

YOU'VE hir'd a Shop, then?

Gaz. Yes, Sir; and our Wares
(Though brittle as a Maidenhead at sixteen)
Are safe unladen; not a Chrystal crack'd,
Or China Dish needs sod'ring; our choice Pictures,
As they came from the Workman, without Blemish;
And I have studied Speeches for each Piece,
And in a thrifty Tone, to sell 'em off,
Will swear by *Mahomet*, and *Termagant*,
That this is Mistress to the great Duke of *Florence*,
That Neice to old King *Pepin*, and a Third
An *Austrian* Princess by her *Roman* Nose,
How e'er my Conscience tells me they are Figures
Of Bawds and common Courtesans in *Venice*.

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

Gaz. Eye, Sir!

'Tis out of my Indentures; I'm bound there

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

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

Gaz. 'Troth, to answer truly,
 I would not be of one that should command me
 To feed upon poor *John*, when I see Pheasants
 And Partridges on the Table: Nor do I like
 The other that allows us to eat Flesh
 In Lent though it be rotten, rather than be
 Thought superstitious, as your zealous *Cobler*,
 And learned *Botcher* preach at *Amsterdam*¹
 Over a Hotchpotch. I'd not be confin'd
 In my Belief, when all your Sects, and Sectaries
 Are grown of one Opinion; if I like it,
 I will profess myself,—in the mean Time
 Live I in *England, Spain, France, Rome, Geneva*,
 I'm of that Country's Faith.

Vitel. And what in *Tunis*?
 Will you turn *Turk* here?

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

Vitel. You're a Knave, Sir;
 Leaving your Roguery, think upon my Business:
 It is no Time to fool now——

¹ ———— *As your zealous Cobler
 And learned Botcher preach at Amsterdam*

Much about this Time the Low Countries were infested with a superstitious Crew of Puritans and Fanatics, and the Persons here alluded to, were perhaps the most noted: A Cobler and a Taylor.

Remember

Remember where you are too: Though this Mart-time,
We are allowed free Trading, and with Safety.
Temper your Tongue and meddle not with the *Turks*,
Their Manners, nor Religion.

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

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

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

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

Enter Francisco.

Vitel. I believe thee.
O welcome, Sir! Stay of my Steps in this Life,
And Guide to all my blessed Hopes hereafter!
What Comfort, Sir? Have your Endeavours prosper'd?
Have we tir'd Fortune's Malice with our Sufferings?
Is she at length, after so many Frowns,
Pleas'd to vouchsafe one cheerful Look upon us?

Fran. You give too much to Fortune, and your
Passions,
O'er which a wise Man, if religious, triumphs.
That Name Fool's Worship, and those Tyrants, which
We arm against our better Part, our Reason,
May add, but never take from our Afflictions.

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

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

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

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

Vitel. Dear Sir, what is it?

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

Vitel. I find not
How this may profit us.

Sir, as I am a sinful Man, I cannot

But like one suffer.

In *Macbeth* we have a fine Expression like this.

Dispute it (says *Malcolm*) like a Man.

Malcolm, I shall do so:

But I must also feel it as a Man.

The Rev. Mr. Dodd.

Fran.

Fran. Pray you, give me Leave.

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

Vitel. Ha! his Name
Is Poison to me.

Fran. Yet again?

Vitel. I've done, Sir!

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

Vitel. 'Tis my Sister:

It must be she; my better Angel tells me
'Tis poor *Paulina*. Farewell all Disguises!
I'll show in my Revenge that I am Noble.

Fran. You are not mad?

Vitel. No, Sir; my virtuous Anger
Makes ev'ry Vein an Artery, I feel in me
The Strength of twenty Men; and, being arm'd
With my good Cause to wreak wrong'd Innocence,
I dare alone run to the Viceroy's Court
And with this Poignard, before his Face,
Dig out *Grimaldi's* Heart.

Fran. Is this religious?

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

Mew'd up in his Seraglio, and in Danger
Not alone to lose her Honour, but her Soul?
The Hell-bred Villain by too, that has sold both
To black Destruction, and not haste to send him

To the Devil his Tutor? To be patient now,
 Were, in another Name, to play the Pander
 To th' Viceroy's loose Embraces, and cry Aim
 While he by Force, or Flattery compels her
 To yield her fair Name up to his foul Lust,
 And after turn *Apostate* to the Faith
 That she was bred in.

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

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

Fran. And excuse it.
 Be cheerful, Man; for know that good Intents
 Are, in the End, Crown'd with as fair Events.

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE II.

*A Room.**Enter Donusa, Manto, Carazie.*

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

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

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

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

Don. Come, you flatter me;
But I forgive it. We, that are born great,
Seldom distaste our Servants, though they give us
More than we can pretend to. I have heard
That Christian Ladies live with much more Freedom
Than such as are born here. Our jealous *Turks*
Never permit their fair Wives to be seen
But at the public Bagnios, or the Mosques;
And even then veil'd, and guarded. Thou, *Carazie*,
Wert born in *England*; what's the Custom there
Among your Women? Come, be free and merry:
I'm no severe Mistress; nor hast thou met with
A heavy Bondage.

Car. Heavy? I was made lighter
By two Stone Weight, at least, to be fit to serve you.
But to your Question, Madam; Women in *England*,

For the most Part, live like Queens. Your Country Ladies

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

Don. But your Court-Lady?

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

Don. What's that, I pr'thee?

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

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

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

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

³ Take my Chapins off.

Chapin (*Spanish*) a high Cork-heel'd Shoe.

Enter Mustapha, puts off his yellow Pantofles. *

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

Don. Rise, the Sign of my should be
That we vouchsafe your Presence.

[*The Eunuch takes up the Pantofles.*

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

[*Delivers a Letter.*

This Letter, sign'd by his victorious Hand,
And made authentic by th' imperial Seal.
There when you find me mention'd, far be it from you
To think it my Ambition to presume
At such a Happiness, which his pow'ful Will
From his great Mind's Magnificence, not my Merit
Hath shower'd upon me. But, if your Consent
Join with his good Opinion and Allowance
To perfect what his Favours have begun,
I shall in my Obsequiousness and Duty
Endeavour to prevent all just Complaints,
Which Want of Will to serve you may call on me.

Don. His sacred Majesty writes here that your Valour
Against the *Persian* hath so won upon him,
That there's no Grace, or Honour in his Gift
Of which he can imagine you unworthy;

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

And, what's the greatest you can hope, or aim at,
 It is his Pleasure you should be receiv'd
 Into his Royal Family—Provided,
 (For so far I am unconfin'd) that I
 Affect and like your Person. I expect not
 The Ceremony which he uses in
 Bestowing of his Daughters, and his Neices.
 As that he should present you for my Slave,
 To love you, if you pleas'd me; or deliver
 A Poignard on my least Dislike to kill you.
 Such Tyranny and Pride agree not with
 My softer Disposition. Let it suffice
 For my first Answer, that thus far I grace you.

[Gives him her Hand to kiss.]

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

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

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

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

Don. I know not.—
 I feel a Virgin's Longing, to descend
 So far from my own Greatness, as to be,
 Though not a Buyer, yet a Looker on
 Their strange Commodities.

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

Don.

Don. I embrace it.

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

Mista. It is my Happiness you deign to command me.
[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE III.

A Shop discovered, Gazet in it.

Francisco and Vitelli walking by.

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

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

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

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

Vitel.

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

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

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

Vitel. We must be patient.

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

Enter Grimaldi, Master, Boatswain, Sailors, Turks.

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

Gaz. What do you lack? What do you lack? Pure
Cbina Dishes, clear Chrystal Glasses, a dumb Mistres
to make Love to? What do you lack, Gentlemen?

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

Vitel. —Old *Grimaldi*?

Grim. 'Zounds, wherefore do we put to Sea, or stand
The raging Winds aloft, or piss upon
The foamy Waves, when they rage most? Deride
The Thunder of the Enemy's Shot, board boldly
A Merchant's Ship for Prize, though we behold
The desperate Gunner ready to give Fire
And blow the deck up? Wherefore shake we off
Those scrupulous Rags of Charity, and Conscience,
Invented only to keep Churchmen warm,
Or feed the hungry Mouths of famish'd Beggars;
But, when we touch the Shore, to wallow in
All sensual Pleasures.

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

Grim.

Grim. Hang Consideration :

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

Gaz. Do you hear, Sir ?

We have paid for our Ground.

Grim. Hum !

Gaz. And hum too,

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

Grim. What will you do ?

Gaz. Nothing, Sir — But pray
 Your Worship to give me Handsel.

Grim. By the Ears ;

Thus, Sir ; by the Ears.

Master. Hold, hold ! ———

Vitel. You'll still be prating ?

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

—'Slight, how you look ! you had best go find a Corner

To pray in, and repent. Do, do, and cry.

It will shew fine in Pirates.

[Exit Grimaldi.

Master. We must follow ;

Or he will spend our Shares.

Boatsw. I fought for mine.

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

We will not sit out, for our Parts.

Boatsw. Agreed. [Exeunt *Master, Boatswain, Sailors.*

Gaz. The Devil gnaw off his Fingers! If he were

In *London* among the Clubs, up went his Heels

For striking of a 'Prentice. What do you lack ?

What do you lack, Gentlemen ?

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

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

Enter Mustapha, Donusa, veil'd.

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

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

Vitel. Peace, Sirrah ! Make no Noise : These are not
People
To be jested with.

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

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

Don. Yes, for Variety's Sake. Pray you shew us,
Friends,
The chiefest of your Wares.

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

Don. He speaks well.

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

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

Don. Poetical too!

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

Don. Are you amaz'd ?

I'll bring you to yourself.

[*Breaks the Glasses.*]

Musta. Ha ! what's the Matter !

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

A Lady to turn Roarer, and break Glasses !

'Tis Time to shut up Shop, then.

Musta. You seem mov'd.

If any Language of these Christian Dogs

Have call'd your Anger on, in a Frown shew it,

And they are dead already.

Don. The Offence

Looks not so far. The foolish paltry Fellow

Shew'd me some Trifles, and demanded of me,

For what I valu'd at so many Aspers,

A thousand Ducats. I confess he mov'd me ;

Yet I should wrong myself, should such a Beggar

Receive least Loss from me.

Musta. Is it no more ?

Don. No, I assure you. Bid him bring his Bill

To-morrow to the Palace, and enquire

For one *Donusa* : That Word gives him Passage

Through all the Guard ; say there he shall receive

Full Satisfaction. Now when you please —

Musta. I wait you.

[*Exeunt Mustapha, Donusa, 2 Turks.*]

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

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

Vitel. Is she gone ?

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

Vitel. No Matter :

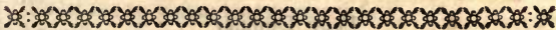
Said she aught else ?

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

Vitel. How ! remove the Wares.

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

The End of the First Act.



ACT II. SCENE I.

A Room.

Enter Carazie, Manto.

Car. **I**N the Name of Wonder, *Manto*, what hath my
 Lady
 Done with herself since Yesterday?

Manto. I know not.

Malicious Men report we are all guided
 In our Affections by a wand'ring Planet:
 But such a sudden Change, in such a Person,
 May stand for an Example to confirm
 Their false Assertion.

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

Manto. She slept not the last Night; and yet prevented
 The rising Sun, in being up before him.
 Call'd for a costly Bath, then will'd the Rooms

^s ————— *To die*
Is a full Period to Calamity.

Massinger makes use of these Words on a similar Occasion in the
Roman Actor. See the latter Part of the first Scene, in Act 5.

Should be perfum'd; ranfack'd her Cabinets
 For her choicest, richeft Jewels; and appears now
 Like *Cynthia* in full Glory, waited on
 By the faireft of the Stars.

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

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

Enter Donufa.

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

Manto. Forbear.

Car. I pity her.

Don. What Magick hath transform'd me from my-
 Where is my Virgin Pride? How have I loſt [ſelf?
 My boaſted Freedom? What new Fire burns up
 My ſcorched Entrails? What unknown Deſires
 Invade, and take Poſſeſſion of my Soul,
 All virtuous Objects vaniſh'd? Have I ſtood
 The Shock of fierce Temptations, ſtop'd mine Ears
 Againſt all *Syren* Notes Luſt ever ſung,
 To draw my Bark of Chſtity (that with Wonder
 Hath kept a conſtant and an honour'd Courſe)
 Into the Gulf of a deſerv'd ill Fame?
 Now fall unpitied? And, in a Moment
 With mine own Hands dig up a Grave to bury
 The monumental Heap of all my Years,
 Employ'd in noble Actions? O my Fate!
 —But there is no reſiſting. I obey thee,
 Imperious God of Love, and willingly
 Put mine own Fetters on, to grace thy Triumph:
 'Twere therefore more than Cruelty in thee
 To uſe me like a Tyrant. What poor Means

Muſt

Must I make use of now? And flatter such,
 To whom, till I betray'd my Liberty,
 One gracious Look of mine would have erected
 An Altar to my Service. How now, *Manto!*
 My ever careful Woman, and *Carazie*
 Thou hast been faithful too.

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

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

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

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

Manto. Do not hinder
 Yourself by these Delays.

Don. Thus then I whisper
 My own Shame to you. O that I should blush
 To speak what I so much desire to do!
 And further— [*Whispers, and uses vehement Actions.*]

Manto. Is this all?

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

Car. Coarse? 'Tis but procuring
 A Smock Employment, which has made more Knights,
 In a Country I could name, then twenty Years

Of Service in the Field.

Don. You have my Ends.

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

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

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

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

S C E N E II.

Enter Aga, Capiaga, Janizaries!

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

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

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

Cap. And mine—provided
He give the Word.

Enter Vitelli.

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

Aga. Stand—the Word—
Or, being a Christian, to press thus far,
Forfeits thy Life.

Vitel. *Donusa.*

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

Vitel. What a Privilege her Name bears!
'Tis wond'rous strange!
If the great Officer
The Guardian of the inner Port deny not.—

Cap.

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

Vitel. Donusa.

Cap. That protects thee; without Fear, enter.
So—Discharge the Watch. [Exit Vitelli, Capiaga.

SCENE III.

Enter Carazie, Manto.

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

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

Car. O Women, Women!

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

Manto. Pish! thou hast none.

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

Enter Vitelli.

Manto. Sir! you're welcome:
Think what 'tis to be happy, and possess it.

Car. Perfume the Rooms there, and make Way.
Let Music's choice Notes entertain the Man,
The Princess now purposes to honour.

Vitel. I am ravish'd. [Exeunt.

SCENE IV.

A Room of State.

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

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

Don. Sing o'er the Ditty, that I last compos'd
Upon my Love-sick Passion: Suit your Voice

To the Music that's plac'd yonder, we shall hear you
With more Delight and Pleasure.

Car. I obey you.

[*Song.*

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

[*Stands amaz'd.*

Car. He is daunted.

Manto. Speak to him, Madam! cheer him up, or you
Destroy what you have built.

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

Vitel. That I might ever dream thus.

[*Kneels.*

Don. Banish Amazement:

You wake; your Debtor tells you so, your Debtor:
And to assure you that I am Substance,
And no aerial Figure, thus I raise you.
Why do you shake? My soft Touch brings no Ague;
No biting Frost is in this Palm; nor are
My Looks like to the *Gorgon's* Head, that turn
Men into Statues: Rather they have Power
(Or I have been abus'd) where they bestow
Their Influence (let me prove it Truth in you)
To give to dead Men Motion.

Vitel. Can this be?

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

Don. I am She.

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

Don. I am the same.

Vitel.

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

Don. The Tender of
 Myself.—Why dost thou start! and in that Gift
 Full Restitution of that Virgin Freedom
 Which thou hast rob'd me of. Yet, I profess,
 I so far prize the lovely Thief that stole it,

That,

That, were it possible thou couldst restore
 What thou unwittingly hast ravish'd from me,
 I should refuse the Present.

Vitel. How I shake

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

Don. Thou an *Italian*?

Nay more, I know't, a natural *Venetian*,
 Such as are Courtiers born to please fair Ladies,
 Yet come thus slowly on?

Vitel. Excuse me, Madam,

What Imputation soe'er the World
 Is pleas'd to lay upon us: In myself
 I am so innocent, that I know not what 'tis
 That I should offer.

Don. By Instinct I'll teach thee,

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

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

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

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

Don. Say she points to
 Some private Room, the Sun Beams never enters,
 Provoking Dishes passing by to heighten
 Declined Appetite, active Music ushering
 Your fainting Steps, the Waiters too as born dumb,
 Not daring to look on you. [*Exit, inviting him to follow.*]

Vitel. Though the Devil
 Stood by, and roar'd, I follow: Now I find,

That

That Virtue's but a Word, and no sure Guard,
If set upon by Beauty, and Reward. [Exeunt.

S C E N E V.

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

Aga. The Devils in him, I think.

Grim. Let him be damn'd too.

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

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

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

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

Enter Afambeg, Mustapha, Aga.

Aga. Here he comes.

Cap. How terrible he looks?

Grim. To such as fear him:

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

Afam. Mahomet's Hell

Light

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

Aga. The odds

I' th' Men and Shipping, and the suddenness
Of their Departure yielding us no Leisure
To send forth others to relieve our own,
Deter'd us, mighty Sir.

Asam. Deter'd you; Cowards?

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

o ————— *If this Moment.*

I charg'd you from yon hanging Cliff, &c.

In *Hamlet* we have an Image that bears some Resemblance to this,

————— The dreadful Summit of the Cliff
That beetles o'er his Base into the Sea;

Act 1. Scene 4.

And in the *Lady Errant*, a Tragi-Comedy, by Mr. *William Cartwright*, I remember a Passage, which though not similar to the above, I shall for its Beauty and Elegance here transcribe.

————— Hast thou read
Of any Mountain, whose cold frozen Top
Sees Hail i' th' Bed, not yet grown round, and Snow
I' th' Eeccc, not carded yet, whose hanging Weight
Archeth some still deep River, that for Fear
Steals by the Foot of't without Noise.

Act 1. Scene 4.

To

To throw yourselves down headlong? Or like Faggots
To fill the Ditches of defended Forts,
While on your Backs we march'd up to the Breach?

Grim. That would not I.

Asam. Ha?

Grim. Yet I dare, as much

As any of the Sultan's boldest Sons,
(Whose Heaven, and Hell, hang on his Frown, or Smile,)
His warlike *Janisaries*.

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

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

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

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

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

Grim. Think not, therefore, Sir,

That

That you alone are Giants ; and such Pigmies
You war upon.

Asam. Villain, I'll make thee know
Thou hast blasphem'd the *Ottoman* Power, and safer
At Noon-day might have given Fire to *St. Mark's*,
Your proud *Venetian* Temple.—Seize upon him;—
I am not so near reconcil'd to him,
To bid him die: That were a Benefit
The Dog's unworthy of, to our Use confiscate
All that he stands possess'd of: Let him taste
The Misery of Want, and his vain Riots,
Like to so many walking Ghosts, affright him
Where e'er he sets his desperate Foot. Who is't
That does command you?

Grim. Is this the Reward
For all my Service, and the Rape I made
On fair *Paulina*?

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

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

Grimaldi, drag'd off, his Head covered.

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

[Exeunt Master and Boatswain.]

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

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

Asam. At *Aleppo*

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

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

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

Transformed *Asambeg*. Why should I hug

[*Plucks out a gilt Key.*

So near my Heart, what leads me to my Prison?
 Where she, that is inthral'd, commands her Keeper,
 And robs me of the Fierceness I was born with.
 Stout Men quake at my Frowns; and, in Return,
 I tremble at her Softness. *Base Grimaldi*
 But only nam'd *Paulina*, and the Charm
 Had almost choak'd my Fury, e'er I could
 Pronounce his Sentence. Would, when first I saw her,
 Mine Eyes had met with Lightning, and, in Place
 Of hearing her enchanting Tongue, the Shrieks
 Of Mandrakes had made Music to my Slumbers:
 For now I only walk a loving Dream,
 And, but to my Dishonour, never wake;
 And yet am blind, but when I see the Object,
 And madly dote on it. Appear bright Spark

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

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

Pau. I despise thy Flatteries:

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

Asam. If these bitter Taunts

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

Pau. Thou art false;

Falser than thy Religion. Do but think me
 Something above a Beast; nay more, a Monster,

Would

Would fright the Sun to look on, and then tell me,
 If this base Usage, can invite Affection.
 If to be mew'd up, and excluded from
 Human Society; the Use of Pleasures;
 The necessary, not superfluous, Duties
 Of Servants to discharge those Offices,
 I blush to name.

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

Pau. What is't?

Asam. Your Husband.

Pau. My Hangman, when thou pleasest.

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

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

[*Puts too the Door, and locks it.*]

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

[*Exit Asambeg.*]

SCENE VI.

Enter Francisco, Gazet.

Fran. I think he's lost.

Gaz. 'Tis ten to one of that;

I ne'er knew Citizen turn Courtier yet,

But he lost his Credit, though he fav'd himself.

Why, look you, Sir! there are so many Lobbies,

Out-offices, and Disputations here

Behind these *Turkish* Hangings, that a Christian

Hardly gets off but circumcised.

Enter Vitelli, Carazie, Manto.

Fran. I'm troubl'd

Troubled exceedingly.—Ha! what are these?

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

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

Fran. Peace!—be not seen.

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

You may return.

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

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

Vitel. Do not doubt me; [*Exeunt Carazi, Manto.*]
I shall not live till then.

Gaz. The Train is vanish'd:

They've done him some good Office, he's so free
And liberal of his Gold. Ha! do I dream?

Or is this mine own natural Master?

Fran. 'Tis he;

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

Gaz. You make him blush.

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

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

Gaz. Rivo then.

Vitel. Dear Sir!

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

Fran. 'Tis strange.

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

Gaz. Pray you a Word, Sir!

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

Vitel. What is't? Speak freely.

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

I will endure it with Patience.

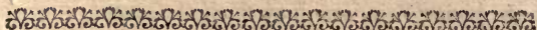
Vitel. Leave your prating.

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

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

[*Exeunt.*]

The End of the Second Act.



ACT III. SCENE I.

Enter Donusa, Manto.

Don. **W**HEN said he, he would come again?

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

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

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

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

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

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

Don. How now?

Enter

Enter Carazie.

Car. Madam, the Bashaw
Humbly desires Access.

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

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

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

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

Enter Mustapha.

Musta. All Happiness.

Don. Be sudden.

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

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

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

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

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

Musta. Not of your Angers,

But with erected Ears, I should hear from you
The Story of your good Opinion of me
Confirm'd by Love, and Favours.

Don. How deserv'd?

I have consider'd you from Head to Foot,
And can find nothing in that Wainscot Face,⁷
That can teach me to dote; nor am I taken
With your grim Aspect, or toadpole-like Complexion.
Those Scars you glory in, I fear to look on;
And had much rather hear a merry Tale
Than all your Battles won with Blood and Sweat,
Though you belch forth the Stink too, in the Service,
And swear by your Mustachios all is true.
You're yet too rough for me: Purge and take Physick,
Purchase Perfumers; get me some *French* Taylor,
To new-create you; the first Shape you were made with
Is quite worn out: Let your Barber wash your Face too,
You look, yet, like a Bugbear to fright Children;
Till when I take my Leave—Wait me, *Carazie*.

[*Exeunt Donusa and Carazie.*

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

Manto. How's this, Sir?

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

⁷ *And can find nothing in that Wainscot Face.*

The abusive Terms contained in this Speech, and its Impropriety in the Mouth of a Princess, must render it very disgusting to every Reader conversant with the more refined Language of our modern Poets.

However, in some measure to defend *Massinger*: he is not the only Poet guilty of such ill Manners: *Homer* makes his "Heroes of Old, in rating each other, very free with the mutual Terms of *Dogs, Cowards, Villains, &c.* In the *Odyssey* we have *impudent Bitch*; and *Jupiter*, if I mistake not, pays exactly the same Compliment to his Royal Consort in the *Iliad*." *The Rev. Mr. SPENCE.*

And but resolve me (not of what I doubt,
 But bring Assurance to a Thing believ'd)
 Thou mak'st thyself a Fortune; not depending
 On the uncertain Favours of a Mistress,
 But art thyself one. I'll not so far question
 My Judgment, and Observance, as to ask
 Why I am slighted, and contemn'd; but in
 Whose Favour it is done. I, that have read
 The copious Volumes of all Women's Falshood,
 Commented on by the Heart-breaking Groans
 Of abus'd Lovers; all the Doubts wash'd off
 With fruitless Tears, the Spider's Cobweb Veil
 Of Arguments, alledg'd in their Defence,
 Blown off with Sighs of desperate Men, and they
 Appearing in their full Deformity:
 Know that some other hath displanted me,
 With her Dishonour. Has she giv'n it up?
 Confirm it in two Syllables.

Manto. She has.

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

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

Manto. By all —

Musta. Enough; I dare not doubt thee. O Land-
 Crocodiles,

Made of *Ægyptian* Slime, accursed Women!

But 'tis no Time to rail: Come, my best *Manto*.

[*Exeunt.*

SCENE II.

Enter Vitelli, Francisco.

Vitel. Sir, as you are my Confessor, you stand bound
 Not to reveal whatever I discover

In that Religious Way: Nor dare I doubt you.

Let it suffice, you've made me see my Follies,

And wrought, perhaps, Compunction; for I would not

Appear an Hypocrite: But, when you impose

A Pe-

A Penance on me, beyond Flesh and Blood
 To undergo, you must instruct me how
 To put off the Condition of a Man;
 Or, if not pardon, at the least, excuse
 My Disobedience. Yet, despair not, Sir;
 For, though I take mine own Way, I shall do
 Something that may hereafter, to my Glory,
 Speak me your Scholar.

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

Vitel. That were a petty Trial;
 Not worth one, so long taught, and exercis'd
 Under so grave a Master. Reverend *Francisco!*
 My Friend, my Father! in that Word, my All!
 Rest confident, you shall hear something of me
 That will redeem me in your good Opinion,
 Or judge me lost for ever. Send *Gazet*
 (She shall give Order that he may have Entrance)
 To acquaint you with my Fortunes. [*Exit Vitelli.*]

Fran. Go, and prosper.
 Holy Saints guide and strengthen thee! Howsoever,
 As my Endeavours are, so may they find
 Gracious Acceptance.

Enter Gazet, Grimaldi, in Rags.

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

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

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

Gaz. O save me, Sir!

Grim. Fear nothing!
 I'm tame, and quiet; there's no Wrong can force me

To remember what I was. I have forgot,
I e'er had ireful Fiercenefs, a steel'd Heart,
Inſenſible of Compaſſion to others:
Nor is it fit that I ſhould think myſelf
Worth mine own Pity.—Oh!

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

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

Fran. Does that torment him?

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

Fran. You'll be whip'd, Sir!
If you bridle not your Tongue, Haſte to the Palace,
Your Maſter looks for you.

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

Fran. Out, Rascal!

Gaz. I feel ſome Inſurrections.

Fran. Hence!

Gaz. I vaniſh.

[Exit Gazet.]

Grim. Why ſhould I ſtudy a Defence, or Comfort,
In whom black Guilt, and Miſery, if balanc'd,
I know not which would turn the Scale? Look upward
I dare not; for, ſhould it but be believ'd

That

That I (dy'd deep in Hell's most horrid Colours)
Should dare to hope for Mercy, it would leave
No Check or Feeling, in Men innocent
To catch at Sins, the Devil ne'er taught Mankind yet.
No! I must downward, downward; tho' Repentance⁸
Could borrow all the glorious Wings of Grace,
My mountainous Weight of Sins would crack their Pi-
And sink them to Hell with me. [nions,

Fran. Dreadful! hear me,
Thou miserable Man!

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

Enter Master and Boatswain.

Master. Yonder he is: I pity him.

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

Grim. Serve me? I am a Devil already.—Leave me!⁹
Stand farther off! you're blasted, else, I've heard
Schoolmen affirm, Man's Body is compos'd
Of the four Elements; and, as in League together
They nourish Life, so each of them affords
Liberty to the Soul, when it grows weary
Of this fleshy Prison.—Which shall I make Choice of?

⁸ No, I must downward, downward, though Repentance
Could borrow all the glorious Wings, &c.

⁹ The Beauty of this Passage is inimitable, and truly original:
Shakespear has, indeed many that are similar to it; but none that can
be brought in Competition.

⁹ ————— Leave me:
Stand farther off! you're blasted else,

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

The Rev. Mr. SMITH.

The Fire? No; I shall feel that hereafter.
 The Earth will not receive me.—Should some Whirl-
 Snatch me into the Air, and I hang there, [wind
 Perpetual Plagues would dwell upon the Earth,
 And those superior Bodies, that pour down
 Their cheerful Influence, deny to pass it
 Through those vast Regions I have infected.
 The Sea, I, that is Justice, there I plow'd up
 Mischief as deep as Hell: There, there I'll hide
 This cursed Lump of Clay: May it turn Rocks
 Where Plummer's Weight could never reach the Sands! ¹⁰
 And grind the Ribs of all such Barks as press
 The Ocean's Breast in my unlawful Course.
 I haste then to thee: Let thy rav'nous Womb,
 Whom all Things else deny, be now my Tomb!
 [Exit Grimaldi.

Master. Follow him, and restrain him.

Fran. Let this stand

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

S C E N E III.

Enter Asambeg, Mustapha, Aga, Capiaga.

Asam. Your Pleasure?

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

Asam. Leave the Room; but be

¹⁰ *Where Plummer's Weight could never reach the Sands!*
 So in *Shakespear*,

“Where Fathom-Line could never touch the Ground.”

HENRY IVth, 1st Part, Act 1. Scene 3.

Within our Call.—Now, Sir, what burning Secrets
brings you

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

Musta. The Fire

Will rather reach you.—

Asam. Me ?

Musta. And consume both ;

For 'tis impossible to be put out,

But with the Blood of those that kindle it :

And yet one Vial of it is so precious,

It being borrow'd from the *Ottoman* Spring,

That better 'tis, I think, both we should perish

Than prove the desp'rate Means, that must restrain it
From spreading farther.

Asam. To the Point, and quickly :

These winding Circumstances in Relations
Seldom environ Truth.

Musta. Truth, *Asambeg* ?

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

Musta. You then understand

Who 'tis I aim at.

Asam. Take Heed, *Mustapha* ;

Remember what she is, and whose we are.

'Tis her Neglect, perhaps, that you complain of ;

And, should you practise to revenge her Scorn,

With any Plot to taint her in her Honour,—

Musta. Hear me.

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

Musta. Well, take your Way.

Asam. I then again repeat it,

If *Mustapha* dares with malicious Breath

(On jealous Suppositions) presume

To blast the Blossom of *Donusa's* Fame,

Because he is deny'd a Happiness

Which Men of equal, nay, of more Desert,

Have

Have su'd in vain for—

Musta. More?

Asam. More. 'Twas I spake it,
The Bashaw of *Natolia*, and myself
Were Rivals for her; either of us brought
More Victories, more Trophies, to plead for us
To our great Master, than you dare lay claim to;
Yet still, by his Allowance, she was left
To her Election: Each of us ow'd Nature
As much for outward Form, and inward Worth,
To make Way for us to her Grace and Favour,
As you brought with you. We were heard, repuls'd;
Yet thought it no Dishonour to sit down
With the Disgrace; if not to force Affection
May merit such a Name.

Musta. Have you done, yet?

Asam. Be, therefore, more than sure, the Ground, on
which

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

Musta. I will not dwell upon
Much Circumstance; yet cannot but profess,
With the Assurance of a Loyalty
Equal to yours, the Reverence I owe
The Sultan, and all such his Blood makes sacred:
That there is not a Vein of mine, which yet is
Unemptied in his Service, but this Moment
Should freely open, so it might wash off
The Stains of her Dishonour. Could you think?
Or, though you saw it, credit your own Eyes?
That She, the Wonder and Amazement of

Her Sex, the Pride, and Glory of the Empire,
 That hath disdain'd you, slighted me, and boasted
 A frozen Coldness, which no Appetite,
 Or Height of Blood could thaw, should now so far
 Be hurry'd with the Violence of her Lust,
 As, in it burying her high Birth and Fame,
 Basely descend to fill a Christian's Arms?
 And to him yield her Virgin Honour up?
 Nay, sue to him to take't.

Asam. A Christian?

Musta. Temper

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

Asam. He?

Musta. Nay, more;

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

Asam. Never yet

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

[*Exeunt.*]

S C E N E

SCENE IV.

Enter Carazie, Manto, Gazet.

Car. They're private to their Wishes.

Manto. Doubt it not!

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

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

Manto. I am out of Tune,
But do as you please. My Conscience.—Tush! the Hope Of Liberty does throw that Burthen off;
I must go watch, and make Discovery. [Exit.

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

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

Car. How he surveys himself.

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

Car. No, Sir; why do you ask?

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

Car. O, Sir! many;
And, howfoe'r you are a Citizen born,
Yet if your Mother were a handsome Woman,

And ever long'd to see a Mask at Court,
It is an even Lay, but that you had
A Courtier to your Father; and I think so,
You bear yourself so sprightly.

Gaz. It may be;

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

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

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

Car. There's your *Beglerbeg*.¹¹

Gaz. By no Means that; it comes too near the Beg-
gar;

And most prove so that come there.

Car. Or your *Sangiack*.¹²

Gaz. Saucy Jack? Fie! none of that.

Car. Your *Chiaus*.¹³

Gaz. Nor that.

Car. Chief Gardener!

Gaz. Out upon't!

'Twill put me in Mind my Mother was an Herb-woman,
What is your Place, I pray you?

Car. Sir! an Eunuch.

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

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

¹¹ *There's your Beglerberg.*

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

¹² Or your *Sangiack*.

A *Turkish* Governor of a City or Province.

¹³ Your *Chiaus*.

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

Gaz. How? Her Bedfellow?

And lie with her?

Car. Yes, and lie with her.

Gaz. O rare!

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

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

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

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

Gaz. I am made! an Eunuch!

Enter Manto.

Manto. *Carazie*, quit the Room!

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

Gaz. Excellent! an Eunuch!

[*Exeunt.*]

S C E N E. V.

Enter Donusa, Vitelli.

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

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

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

Don. Whom do you fear ?

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

Don. If you mean, Sir !

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

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

Don. Gentle Sir ;

Though you deny to hear me, yet vouchsafe
To look upon me. Though I use no Language
The Grief for this unkind Repulse will print
Such a dumb Eloquence upon my Face,
As will not only plead, but prevail for me.

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

From the alluring Cup of your Enticements,
 As now I do deliver back the Price, [*Returns the Casket.*
 And Salary of your Lust! or thus uncloth me
 Of Sin's gay Trappings, (the proud Livery
 [*Throws off his Cloak and Doublet.*
 Of wicked Pleasure) which but worn, and heated
 With the Fire of Entertainment and Consent,
 Like to *Alcides'* fatal Shirt, tears off
 Our Flesh, and Reputation both together,
 Leaving our ulcerous Follies bare, and open
 To all malicious Censure.

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

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

Musta. By *Mahomet* she courts him!

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

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

A Taste of Happiness in your Embraces,
That the Remembrance of the Sweetness of it
Might leave perpetual Bitterness behind it?
Or shew'd me what it was to be a Wife,
To live a Widow ever?

Enter Capiaga, Aga, with others,

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

Enter Asambeg, Mustapha,

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

Vitel. What Punishment
So e'er I undergo, I'm still a Christian [*Exit with Vitel.*

Don. What bold Presumption's this? Under what Law
Am I to fall, that set my Foot upon
Your Statutes and Decrees?

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

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

Asam.

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

Don. I do appeal to *Amuratb.*

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

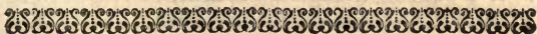
Don. Shall?

Afam. I have said it.

Don. We shall remember this.

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

The End of the Third Act.



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

Enter Master, Boatswain.

Master. HE does begin to eat?

Boatsf. A little, Master:

But our best Hope for his Recovery is, that
His Raving leaves him; and those dreadful Words,
Damnation, and Despair, with which he ever
Ended all his Discourses are forgotten.

Master. This Stranger is a most religious Man, sure
And I am doubtful, whether his Charity

In the relieving of our Wants, or Care
To cure the wounded Conscience of *Grimaldi*
Deserves more Admiration.

Boats. Can you guess

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

Master. I have heard him

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

Boats. Pray you, let me understand it.

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

Boats. How escap'd he?

It being a Deed deserving Death with Torture.

Master. The general Amazement of the People
Gave him Leave to quit the Temple, and a Gondola,¹⁴
(Prepar'd, it seems, before) brought him aboard,
Since which he ne'er saw *Venice*. The Remembrance
Of this, it seems, torments him; aggravated

¹⁴ ———— *And a Gondola.*

A Venetian Wherry-Boat.

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

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

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

Enter Grimaldi with a Book.

Grim. For Theft, he that restores treble the Value,¹⁵
Makes Satisfaction; and, for want of Means,
To do so, as a Slave, must serve it out,
'Till he hath made full Payment.—There's Hope left
here;

Oh! with what Willingness would I give up
My Liberty to those that I have pillag'd;
And with the Numbers of my Years, though wasted
In the most sordid Slavery, might equal
The Rapines I have made; 'till with one Voice,
My Patient Sufferings might exact from my
Most cruel Creditors, a full Remission,
An Eye's Loss with an Eye, Limbs with a Limb;¹⁶
A sad Account!—yet, to find Peace within here,
Though all such as I have maim'd, and dismember'd

¹⁵ For Theft, he that restores treble the Value, makes Satisfaction, &c.

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

Cap. 22. Ver. 1, 3.

¹⁶ An Eye's Loss with an Eye, Limbs with a Limb.

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

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

Enter Francisco in a Cope like a Bishop.

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

Fran. 'Tis forgiven;

I with his Tongue (whom in these sacred Vestments
 With impure Hands thou did'st offend) pronounce it;
 I bring Peace to thee; see, that thou deserve it
 In thy fair Life hereafter.

Grim. Can it be?

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

Fran. Purchase it

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

Grim. What celestial Balm

I feel now pour'd into my wounded Conscience!
 What Penance is there I'll not undergo;
 Though ne'er so sharp and rugged, with more Pleasure
 Than Flesh and Blood e'er tasted! shew me true Sorrow,
 Arm'd with an Iron Whip, and I will meet
 The Stripes she brings along with her, as if

They

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

Fran. You will reap

The comfort of it; live yet undiscover'd,
 And with your holy Meditations strengthen
 Your Christian Resolution; e'er long,
 You shall hear further from me.

Grim. I'll attend

[*Exit Francisco.*

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

[*Exeunt Grimaldi, Master, Boatswain.*

Enter

Enter Francisco.

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

Enter Gazet.

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

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

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

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

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

Fran.

Fran. Is that all?

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

Gaz. I am sad too;

But, had I been an Eunuch —

Fran. Think not on it.

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE II.

Enter Asambeg, unlocks the Door, leads forth Paulina.

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

Paul. This is wond'rous strange!
Whence flows this Alteration?

Asam. From true Judgment,
And strong Assurance: Neither Grates of Iron,
Hem'd in with Walls of Brass, strict Guards, high Birth,
The Forfeiture of Honour, nor the Fear
Of Infamy, or Punishment, can stay
A Woman slav'd to Appetite from being
False, and unworthy.

Paul. You are grown satyrical
Against our Sex. Why, Sir, I durst produce
Myself in our Defence, and from you challenge
A Testimony that's not to be denied;
All fall not under this unequal Censure.
I, that have stood your Flatteries, your Threats,
Bore up against your fierce Temptations; scorn'd
The cruel Means you practis'd to supplant me,
Having no Arms to help me to hold out,

But

But Love of Piety, and constant Goodness,
 If you are unconfirm'd, dare again boldly
 Enter into the Lists, and combat with
 All Opposites Man's Malice can bring forth
 To shake me in my Chastity, built upon
 The Rock of my Religion.

Asam. I do wish

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

Paul. I would see this Wonder;
 'Tis, Sir, my first Petition.

Asam. And thus granted;—
 Above you shall observe all.

[*Paulina steps aside.*]

Enter Mustapha.

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

Asam. Had he suffer'd poorly,
 It had call'd on my Contempt; but manly Patience

And

And all-commanding Virtue, wins upon
An Enemy. I shall think upon him. Ha!

Enter Aga with a Black Box.

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

Aga. 'Tis inclos'd here.

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

Asam. Bring her in

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

*A solemn Musick. A Guard. The Aga, and Capi-Aga,
leading in Donusa in Black; her Train borne up by Ca-
razie and Manto.*

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

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

[*Aside.*

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

My

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

Asam. See here!

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

Don. Give me Leave

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

Asam. 'Tis in vain!

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

Don. I would thus then

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

Asam. But suppose

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

Don.

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

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

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

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

Asam. Mark that! then tax our Justice.

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

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

Musta. What will you do ?

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

Musta. O base !

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

Asam. This is worse

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

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

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

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

Asam. Base Woman !

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

Unloose

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

[*Exeunt.*]

S C E N E III.

Enter Francisco, Jailor.

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

And be no more remember'd.

Vitel. This Applause,
 Confirm'd in your Allowance, joys me more
 Than if a thousand full-cram'd Theatres
 Should clap their eager Hands, to witness that
 The Scene I act did please, and they admire it.

But these are, Father, but Beginnings, not
 The Ends, of my high Aims. I grant t' have master'd
 The rebel Appetite of Flesh and Blood,
 Was far above my Strength; and still owe for it
 To that great Power that lent it. But, when I
 Shall make't apparent, the grim Looks of Death
 Affright me not; and that I can put off
 The fond Desire of Life (that, like a Garment
 Covers, and cloaths our Frailty) hast'ning to
 My Martyrdom, as to a heavenly Banquet,
 To which I was a choice invited Guest.
 Then you may boldly say, you did not plough,
 Or trust the barren and ungrateful Sands
 With the fruitful Grain of your religious Counsels.

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

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

Enter Aga and Jailor.

Aga. Sir, by your Leave (nay stare not) I bring
 Comfort;

The Viceroy, taken with the constant Bearing
 Of your Afflictions; and presuming too
 You will not change your Temper, does command
 Your Irons should be ta'en off. Now arm yourself
 With your old Resolution: Suddenly

[*The Chains taken off.*

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

Fran. There's no contending:
 Be still thyself, my Son!

[*Exit Francisco.*

Vitel.

Vitel. 'Tis not in Man

Enter Donufa, Afambeg, Mustapha, Paulina.

To change or alter me.

Paul. Whom do I look on? —

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

[*Aside.*]

Afam. Let us hear this Temptress:

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

Paul. He is undone else.

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

Don. I come, Sir!

[*Bows herself.*]

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

Vitel. What strong Poison
Is wrap'd up in these sugar'd Pills?

Don. My Suit is,

That you would quit your Shoulders of a Burthen
Under whose pond'rous Weight you wilfully
Have too long groan'd, to cast those Fetters off,
With which, with your own Hands, you chain your
Freedom:

Forsake a severe, nay, imperious Mistress,
Whose Service does exact perpetual Cares,
Watchings, and Troubles; and give Entertainment

To one that courts you, whose least Favours are
Variety, and Choice of all Delights
Mankind is capable of.

Vitel. You speak in Riddles.

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

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

Vitel. Ha!

Paul. How bravely
That virtuous Anger shows!

[*Aside.*

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

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

Asam. How he eyes her!

Musta. As if he would look through her.

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

Vitel. But that I know
The Devil, thy Tutor fills each Part about thee,
And that I cannot play the Exorcist
To dispossess thee, unless I should tear
Thy Body Limb by Limb, and throw it to
The Furies that expect it, I would now

Pluck out that wicked Tongue, that hath blasphem'd
That great Omnipotency, at whose Nod
The Fabrick of the World shakes. Dare you bring
Your juggling Prophet in Comparison with
That most inscrutable, and infinite Essence
That made this All, and comprehends his Work?
The Place is too prophane to mention him
Whose only Name is sacred. O *Donusa!*

How much in my Compassion I suffer,
That thou, on whom this most excelling Form,
And Faculties of Discourse, beyond a Woman,
Were by his liberal Gift confer'd, should'st still
Remain in Ignorance of him that gave it!
I will not foul my Mouth to speak the Sorceries
Of your Seducer, his base Birth, his Whoredoms,
His strange Impostures; nor deliver how
He taught a Pigeon to feed in his Ear;
Then made his credulous Followers believe
It was an Angel that instructed him
In the framing of his *Alcoran*. Pray you mark me.—

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

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

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

I err in my Opinion.

Vitel. Cherish it!

It is a heavenly prompter; entertain
This holy Motion, and wear on your Forehead
The sacred Badge he arms his Servants with,
You shall, like me, with Scorn look down upon
All Engines Tyranny can advance to batter
Your constant Resolution: Then you shall
Look truly fair, when your Mind's Pureness answers
Your outward Beauties.

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

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

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

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

Don. Then thus I spit at *Mabomet*.

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

The End of the Fourth Act.

ACT V. SCENE I.

Enter Vitelli, Francisco.

Fran. YOU'RE wond'rous brave, and jocund,

Vitel. Welcome, Father!
Should I spare Cost, or not wear chearful Looks
Upon my Wedding Day, it were ominous,
And shew'd I did repent it; which I dare not,
It being a Marriage, howsoever sad

In the first Ceremonies that confirm it,
That will for ever arm me against Fears,
Repentance, Doubts, or Jealousies, and bring
Perpetual Comforts, Peace of Mind, and Quiet
To the glad Couple.

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

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

Fran. What is't?

Vitel. This, Sir; my Bride,
Whom I first courted, and then won (not with
Loose Lays, poor Flatteries, apish Compliments,
But sacred, and religious Zeal) yet wants
The holy Badge that should proclaim her fit
For these celestial Nuptials: Willing she is,
I know, to wear it, as the choicest Jewel
On her fair Forehead; but to you, that well
Could do that Work of Grace, I know the Viceroy
Will never grant Access. Now, in a Case
Of this Necessity, I would gladly learn,
Whether in me a Layman, without Orders,
It may not be religious, and lawful
As we go to our Deaths to do that Office?

Fran. A Question, in itself, with much Ease answer'd;
Midwives upon Necessity perform't;
And Knights that in the holy Land fought for
The Freedom of *Jerusalem*, when full
Of sweat, and Enemy's Blood, have made their Helmets
The Fount, out of which with their holy Hands
They drew that heavenly Liquor: 'Twas approved then
By the holy Church, nor must I think it now
In you a Work less pious.

Vitel.

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

Fran. They shall ever
Be present with you.

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

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

Vitel. That's my End, my All.

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE II.

Enter Grimaldi, Master, Boatswain, Sailors.

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

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

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

Boatsf. This Religion
Will keep us Slaves and Beggars.

Master.

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

Enter Francisco.

Boatsf. Mum. See, who is here ?

Grim. My Father !

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

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

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

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

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

Master. I am obedient.

[*Exeunt Grimaldi, Master, Boatswain.*]

Boatsf. And I :—There's no contending.

Fran. Peace to you all.

Prosper thou great Existence, my Endeavours,
As they religiously are undertaken,
And distant equally from servile Gain,

Enter

Enter Paulina, Carzi, and Manto.

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

Paul. Farther off!

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

Car. Note this, *Manto.*

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

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

[*Aside.*]

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

To all the Miseries that since have follow'd.

Fran. Be charitable, and forgive him, gentle Daughter!

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

Paul. You are still the same good Counsellor.

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

[*Delivers a Paper.*

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

And give *Vitelli* Patience; then I doubt not
But he will have a glorious Day, since some
Hold truly, such as suffer, overcome.

[*Exeunt.*

S C E N E III.

Enter Asambeg, Mustapha, Aga, Capiaga.

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

In all Things to be punctual.

Aga. We shall, Sir!

[*Exeunt* Aga, Capiaga.

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

To a Delinquent of so mean Condition!

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

Musta.

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

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

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

Asam. There weigh the Difference
In the true Temper of their Minds. The one,
A Pirate sold to Mischiefs, Rapes, and all
That make a Slave relentless and obdurate;
Yet, of himself wanting the inward Strengths
That should defend him, sinks beneath Compassion,
Or Pity of a Man; whereas this Merchant,
Acquainted only with a civil Life,
Arm'd in himself, intrench'd, and fortify'd
With his own Virtue, valuing Life and Death
At the same Price, poorly does not invite
A Favour, but commands us do him right;
Which unto him, and her (we both once honour'd)

As a just Debt I gladly pay 'em—they enter ;
Now sit equal Hearers. [*A dreadful Musick at one Door.*]

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

Musta. I shall hear,
And see, Sir! without Passion; my Wrongs arm me.
Vitel. A joyful Preparation! to whose bounty
Owe we our Thanks for gracing thus our Hymen?
The Notes, though dreadful to the Ear, sound here
As our *Epithalamium* were sung
By a Cælestial Choir, and a full Chorus
Assur'd us future Happiness. These that lead me
Gaze not with wanton Eyes upon my Bride,
Nor for their Service are repaid by me
With Jealousies, or Fears; nor do they envy
My Passage to those Pleasures from which Death
Cannot deter me. Great Sir, pardon me!
Imagination of the Joys I hasten to
Made me forget my Duty; but, the Form
And Ceremony past, I will attend you,
And with our constant Resolution feast you,
Not with course Cates, forgot as soon as tasted,
But such as shall, while you have Memory,
Be pleasing to the Palate.

Fran. Be not lost
In what you purpose. [*Exit Francisco.*]

Gaz. Call you this a Marriage?
It differs little from Hanging; I cry at it.

Vitel. See, where my Bride appears! in what full Lu-
stre!
As if the Virgins, that bear up her Train,
Had long contended to receive an Honour
Above their Births, in doing her this Service.
Nor comes she fearful to meet those Delights,
Which, once past o'er, immortal Pleasures follow.
I need not, therefore, comfort, or encourage
Her forward Steps; and I should offer Wrong

To her Mind's Fortitude, should I but ask
 How she can brook the rough high going Sea,
 Over whose foamy Back our Ship, well rig'd
 With Hope and strong Assurance, must transport us.
 Nor will I tell her, when we reach the Haven
 (Which Tempests shall not hinder) what loud Welcome
 Shall entertain us; nor commend the Place,
 To tell whose least Perfection would strike dumb
 The Eloquence of all boasted in Story,
 Though join'd together.

Don. 'Tis enough, my dearest?
 I dare not doubt you; as your humble Shadow,
 Lead where you please, I follow.

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

Asam. Speak; 'tis granted.

Vitel. We being now to take our latest Leave
 And grown of one Belief, I do desire
 I may have your Allowance to perform it,
 But in the Fashion which we Christians use,
 Upon the like Occasions.

Asam. 'Tis allow'd of.

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

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

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

Vitel. Great Sir! I'll tell you.
 Each Country hath it's own peculiar Rites:
 Some, when they are to die, drink Store of Wine,
 Which pour'd in liberally does oft beget
 A bastard Valour, with which arm'd they bear
 The not to be declined Charge of Death
 With less Fear, and Astonishment: Others take
 Drugs to procure a heavy Sleep, that so

They may insensibly receive the Means
That casts them in an everlasting Slumber;
Others—O welcome!

Enter Gazet with Water.

Asam. Now the Use of yours?

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

If thankfully receiv'd.

Asam. 'Tis a strange Custom!

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

Don. I am another Woman,—till this Minute
I never liv'd, nor durst think how to die.
How long have I been blind! yet on the sudden,
By this blest Means I feel the Films of Error,
Ta'en from my Soul's Eyes. O divine Physician!
That hast bestow'd a Sight on me, which Death,
Though ready to embrace me in his Arms,
Cannot take from me. Let me kiss the Hand
That did this Miracle, and seal my Thanks
Upon those Lips from whence these sweet Words va-
nish'd

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

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

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

Paul. Ha! ha! ha!

Asam. What means my Mistress?

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

Asam. This is strange!

Paul. That which hath fool'd her in her Death, wins
me,
That hitherto have bar'd myself from Pleasure,
To live in all Delight.

Asam. There's Musick in this.

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

Vitel. O Devil!

Paul. Nay more; for there shall be no odds betwixt
us,
I will turn *Turk*.

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

[*Aside.*

Asam. You are serious Lady?

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

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

[*Aside.*

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

Paul. But twelve short Hours reprieve for this base
Couple.

Asam. The Reason, since you hate them?

Paul.

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

Asam. Enjoy it.

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

Paul. I do contemn him.

Don. Peace in Death deny'd me?

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

Musta. A terrible little Tyranness.

Asam. No more;

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

[*Exeunt.*]

S C E N E IV.

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

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

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

Master. We will stand the Hazard.

Fran. What's the best Hour?

Boatsf. After the second Watch.

Fran. Enough;—each to his Charge.

Grim. We will be careful.

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE V.

Enter Paulina, Donusa, Carazie, Manto.

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

Don. I believe you.

Paul. You will, when you shall understand I may
Receive the Honour to be known unto you
By a nearer Name.—And, not to rack you further,
The Man you please to favour is my Brother ;
No Merchant, Madam, but a Gentleman
Of the best Rank in *Venice*.

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

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

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

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

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

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

Paul.

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

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

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

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

Don. Good Fortune with thee!

Paul. You cannot eat.

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

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

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

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

Don. Heaven be gracious to us. [Exeunt.

S C E N E VI.

Enter Vitelli, Aga, and a Guard.

Vitel. *Paulina* to fall off thus! 'tis to me
More terrible than Death; and, like an Earthquake
Totters this walking Building (such I am)
And in my sudden Ruin would prevent,
By choking up at once my vital Spirits,
This pompous Preparation for my Death.

But I am lost; that good Man, good *Francisco*,
 Deliver'd me a Paper, which till now
 I wanted Leisure to peruse.

[*Reads the Paper.*]

Aga. This Christian
 Fears not, it seems, the ne'er approaching Sun
 Whose second Rise he never must salute.

Enter Manto with the bak'd Meat.

1 *Guard.* Who's that?

2 *Guard.* Stand!

Aga. *Manto*?

Manto. Here's the Viceroy's Ring
 Gives Warrant to my Entrance. Yet you may
 Partake of any Thing I shall deliver;
 'Tis but a Present to a dying Man
 Sent from the Princess that must suffer with him.

Aga. Use your own Freedom.

Manto. I would not disturb
 This his last Contemplation,

Vitel. O, 'tis well!

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

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

Vitelli. I will not dispute
 What she commands, but serve it. [Exit *Vitelli.*]

Aga. Pr'ythee, *Manto*!

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

Manto. With such Patience
 As it o'ercomes the other's Insolence;
 Nay, triumphs o'er her Pride. My much Haste now
 Commands

Commands me hence; but, the sad Tragedy past,
 I'll give you Satisfaction to the full
 Of all hath pass'd, and a true Character
 Of the proud Christian's Nature. [Exit Manto.

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

SCENE VII.

Enter Vitelli, with the bak'd Meats above.

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

A hungry Appetite,—which I must discover.
 She will'd me search the midst.—Thus, thus I pierce it:
 —Ha! what is this? A Scroll bound up in Pack-thread?
 What may the Mystery be? [He reads the Scroll.

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

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

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

SCENE *the last.*

Asambeg, Mustapha, Janizaries.

Asam. Excuse me *Mustapha*, though this Night to me
Appear as tedious as that treble one
Was to the World, when *Jove* on fair *Alcmena*
Begot *Alcides*. Were you to encounter
Those ravishing Pleasures, which the slow-pac'd Hours
(To me they are such) bar me from, you would
With your continu'd Wishes strive to imp
New Feathers to the broken Wings of Time,
And chide the amorous Sun, for too long Dalliance
In *Thetis'* wat'ry Bosom.

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

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

Enter Aga.

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

Asam. Ha!

Aga.

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

Asam. No more.—

Musta. Now note your Confidence!

Asam. No more.—

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

[*Exeunt.*]

F I N I S.



... and the ...
... and the ...
... and the ...
... and the ...

... and the ...

... and the ...

... and the ...

... and the ...

... and the ...

... and the ...

... and the ...

... and the ...

... and the ...

... and the ...

... and the ...

... and the ...

... and the ...

... and the ...

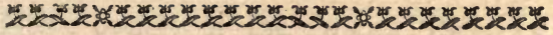
... and the ...

... and the ...

... and the ...

... and the ...

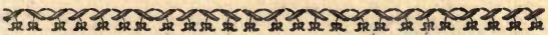
... and the ...



T H E
P I C T U R E.
A
T R A G I - C O M E D Y.

As it was often presented with good Allowance,
at the *Globe*, and *Black-Friers* Playhouses, by
the King's Majesty's Servants. 1630.

W R I T T E N
By P H I L I P M A S S I N G E R.





T O

My Honoured and Selected Friends

O F T H E

Noble Society of the INNER TEMPLE.

I may be objected, my not inscribing their Names, or Titles, to whom I dedicate this Poem, proceedeth either from my Diffidence of their Affection to me, or their Unwillingness to be published the Patrons of a Trifle. To such as shall make so strict an Inquisition of me, I truly answer, The Play, in the Presentment, found such a general Approbation, that it gave me Assurance of their Favour to whose Protection it is now sacred; and they have professed they so sincerely allow of it, and the Maker, that they would have freely granted that in the Publication, which, for some Reasons, I denied myself. One, and that is a main one; I had rather enjoy (as I have done) the real Proofs of their Friendship, than Mountebank-like boast their Numbers in a Catalogue. Accept it, noble Gentlemen, as a Confirmation of his Service, who hath nothing else to assure you, and witness to the World how much he stands engaged for your so frequent Bounties, and in your charitable Opinion of me believe, that you now may, and shall ever command,

Your Servant,

PHILIP MASSINGER.

Dramatis

Dramatis Personæ.

The Original Actors.

<i>Ladislaus</i> , King of Hungary.	ROBERT BENFIELD.
<i>Eubulus</i> , an old Counsellor.	JOHN LEWIN.
<i>Ferdinand</i> , General of the Army.	RICHARD SHARPE.
<i>Mathias</i> , a Knight of Bohemia.	JOSEPH TAYLOR.
<i>Ubaldo</i> , } Two wild Cour-	THOMAS POLLARD.
<i>Ricardo</i> , } tiers.	EYLARDT SWANSTONE.
<i>Hilario</i> , Servant to <i>Sophia</i> .	JOHN SHANUCKE.
<i>Julio Baptista</i> , a great Scholar.	WILLIAM PEN.
<i>Honorio</i> , the Queen.	JOHN TOMSON.
<i>Acantbe</i> , a Maid of Honour.	ALEXANDER GOFFE.
<i>Sophia</i> , Wife to <i>Mathias</i> .	JOHN HUNNIEMAN.
<i>Corisca</i> , <i>Sophia</i> 's Woman.	WILLIAM TRIGGE.
Six Masquers.	
Six Servants to the Queen.	
Attendants.	




T H E
P I C T U R E.
A True HUNGARIAN HISTORY.

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

Enter Mathias in Armour, Sophia in a riding Suit, Corisca, Hilario, with other Servants.

Mathias.

 SINCE we must part, *Sophia*, to pass further
S Is not alone impertinent, but dangerous.
We are not distant from the *Turkish* Camp
Above five Leagues, and who knows but
some Party

Of his Timariots, that scour the Country,
May fall upon us?—Be now, as thy Name
Truly interpreted, hath ever spoke thee,
Wife, and discreet, and to thy Understanding
Marry thy constant Patience.

Soph. You put me, Sir,
To the utmost Trial of it.

Math. Nay, no Melting;
Since the Necessity that now separates us,
We have long since disputed, and the Reasons
Forcing me to it, too oft wash'd in Tears.
I grant that you in Birth were far above me,
And great Men, my Superiors, Rivals for you;
But mutual Consent of Heart, as Hands
Join'd by true Love, hath made us one, and equal:

Nor

Nor is it in me mere Desire of Fame,
 Or to be cry'd up by the publick Voice
 For a brave Soldier, that puts on my Armour ;
 Such airy Tumours take not me. You know
 How narrow our Demeans are, and what's more,
 Having as yet no Charge of Children on us,
 We hardly can subsist.

Soph. In you alone, Sir, ¹
 I have all Abundance.

Math. For my Mind's content,
 In your own Language I could answer you ;
 You have been an obedient Wife, a right one ;
 And to my Power, though short of your Desert,
 I have been ever an indulgent Husband.
 We have long enjoy'd the Sweets of Love, and though
 Not to Satiety, or Loathing, yet
 We must not live such Dotards on our Pleasures,
 As still to hug them to the certain Loss
 Of Profit and Preferment. Competent Means
 Maintains a quiet Bed ; Want breeds Dissention,
 Even in good Women.

Soph. Have you found in me, Sir,
 Any Distaste, or Sign of Discontent,
 For want of what's superfluous ?

Math. No, *Sophia* ;
 Nor shalt thou ever have Cause to repent
 Thy constant Course in Goodness, if Heaven bless
 My honest Undertakings. 'Tis for thee
 That I turn Soldier, and put forth, Dearest,
 Upon this Sea of Action as a Factor,
 To trade for rich Materials to adorn
 Thy noble Parts, and shew 'em in full Lustre.
 I blush that other Ladies, less in Beauty

¹ I am apt to think this Speech of *Sophia* ought to be read thus :

Soph. In you alone, Sir,
 I have all Abundance ; for my Mind's content.

Math. In your own Language I could answer you ;
 You have, &c.

And outward Form (but in the Harmony
Of the Soul's ravishing Musick, the same Age
Not to be nam'd with thee) should so out-shine thee.
In Jewels and Variety of Wardrobes ;
While you (to whose sweet Innocence both *Indies*
Compar'd are of no Value) wanting these
Pass unregarded:

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

Math. Why!—I should be censur'd
Of Ignorance, possessing such a Jewel
Above all Price, if I forbear to give it
The best of Ornaments. Therefore, *Sophia*;
In few Words know my Pleasure, and obey me,
As you have ever donè. To your Discretion
I leave the Government of my Family,
And our poor Fortunes, and from these command
Obedience to you as to myself :
To the utmost of what's mine live plentifully ;
And e'er the Remnant of our Store be spent,
With my good Sword, I hope, I shall reap for you
A Harvest in such still Abundance, as
Shall make a merry Winter.

Soph. Since you are not
To be diverted, Sir, from what you purpose,
All Arguments to stay you here are useles.
Go when you please, Sir : Eyes, I charge you waste not
One Drop of Sorrow, look you hoard all up
Till in my widow'd Bed I call upon you,
But then be sure you fail not. You blest Angels,
Guardians of human Life, I at this Instant
Forbear t' invoke you, at our parting ; 'twere
To personate Devotion. My Soul
Shall go along with you, and when you are
Circled with Death and Horror, seek and find you ;
And then I will not leave a Saint unflu'd to
For your Protection. To tell you what
I will do in your Absence, would shew poorly ;

My Actions shall speak me; 'twere to doubt you,
 To beg I may hear from you where you are;
 You cannot live obscure, nor shall one Post
 By Night, or Day, pass unexamined by me.
 If I dwell long upon your Lips, consider
 After this Feast the griping Fast that follows,
 And it will be excusable; Pray turn from me,
 All that I can is spoken.²

Exit Sophia,

Math. Follow your Mistress.

Forbear your Wishes for me; let me find 'em
 At my Return, in your prompt Will to serve her.

Hil. For my Part, Sir, I will grow lean with Study
 To make her merry.

Coris. Though you are my Lord,
 Yet being her Gentlewoman, by my Place
 I may take my Leave; your Hand, or if you please
 To have me fight so high, I'll not be coy,
 But stand a tip-toe for't.

Math. O! farewell, Girl.

Hil. A Kiss well begg'd, *Corisca.*

Coris. 'Twas my Fee;

Jove, how he melts! I cannot blame my Lady's
 Unwillingness to part with such Marmulade Lips.
 There will be scrambling for 'em in the Camp;
 And were it not for my Honesty, I cou'd wish now
 I were his leager Landress, I would find
 Soap of mine own, enough to wash his Linnen,
 Or I would strain hard for't.

Hil. How the Mammet twitters!
 Come, come, my Lady stays for us.

Coris. Would I had been
 Her Ladyship the last Night.

² ————— Pray turn from me;
 All that I can is spoken.

The foregoing Scene between *Mathias* and *Sophia*, though short, is very beautiful: The Assemblage of Love and Grief at their parting, must be very pleasing to every Heart that is capable of being touched with Tenderness.

Hil.

Hil. No more of that, Wench

[*Exeunt Hilario and Corisca.*]

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

A Fury here, and with imagin'd Food?
Having no real Grounds on which to raise
A Building of Suspicion she ever was,
Or can be false hereafter? I in this
But foolishly inquire the Knowledge of
A future Sorrow, which, if I find out,
My present Ignorance were a cheap Purchase,
Though with my Loss of Being. I have already
Dealt with a Friend of mine, a general Scholar,
One deeply read in Nature's hidden Secrets,
And (though with much Unwillingness) have won him
To do as much as Art can to resolve me
My Fate that follows — To my Wish he's come.

Enter Baptista.

Julio Baptista, now I may affirm
Your Promise and Performance walk together;
And therefore, without Circumstance to the Point,
Instruct me what I am.

Bapt. I could wish you had
Made Trial of my Love some other Way.

Math. Nay, this is from the Purpose.

Bapt. If you can,
Proportion your Desire to any Mean,
I do pronounce you happy: I have found,
By certain Rules of Art, your matchless Wife
Is to this present Hour from all Pollution
Free and untainted.

Math. Good.

Bapt. In reason therefore
You should fix here, and make no farther Search
Of what may fall hereafter.

Math. O *Baptista*!

'Tis not in me to master so my Passions;

I must know farther, or you have made good
 But half your Promise.—While my Love stood by,
 Holding her upright, and my Presence was
 A Watch upon her, her Desires being met too
 With equal Ardour from me, what one Proof
 Could she give of her Constancy, being untempted?
 But when I am absent, and my coming back
 Uncertain, and those wanton Heats in Women
 Not to be quench'd by lawful Means, and she
 The absolute Disposer of herself,
 Without Controul or Curb; nay more, invited
 By Opportunity and all strong Temptations,
 If then she hold out ——

Bapt. As no doubt she will.

Matb. Those Doubts must be made Certainties, *Bap-*
 By your Assurance, or your boasted Art *[tista,*
 Deserves no Admiration. How you trifle —
 And play with my Affliction? I'm on
 The Rack, till you confirm me.

Bapt. Sure, *Matbias,*
 I am no God, nor can I dive into
 Her hidden Thoughts, or know what her Intents are;
 That is deny'd to Art, and kept conceal'd
 E'en from the Devils themselves: They can but guess,
 Out of long Observation, what is likely;
 But positively to foretel that this shall be,
 You may conclude impossible; all I can
 I will do for you, when you are distant from her
 A thousand Leagues, as if you then were with her;
 You shall know truly when she is solicted,
 And how far wrought on.

Matb. I desire no more.

Bapt. Take then this little Model of *Sophia,*
 With more than human Skill limb'd to the Life;
 Each Line and Lineament of it in the Drawing
 So punctually observ'd, that, had it Motion,
 In so much 'twere herself.

Matb. It is, indeed,
 An admirable Piece; but if it have not

Some hidden Virtue that I cannot guess at,
In what can it advantage me ?

Bapt. I'll instruct you,
Carry it still about you, and as oft
As you desire to know how she's affected,
With curious Eyes peruse it : While it keeps
The Figure it now has entire and perfect,
She is not only innocent in Fact,
But unattempted ; but if once it vary
From the true Form, and what's now white and red
Incline to yellow, rest most confident
She's with all Violence courted, but unconquer'd.
But if it turn all black, 'tis an Assurance
The Fort, by Composition or Surprize,
Is forc'd, or with her free Consent, surrender'd.

Matb. How much you have engag'd me for this Fa-
vour,

The Service of my whole Life shall make good.

Bapt. We will not part so ; I'll along with you,
And it is needful, with the rising Sun
The Armies meet ; yet, e'er the Fight begin,
In spite of Opposition I will place you
In the Head of the *Hungarian* General's Troop,
And near his Person.

Matb. As my better Angel
You shall direct and guide me.

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

Matb. In all Things I'll obey you. [Exeunt.]

S C E N E II.

Enter Ubaldo and Ricardo.

Ric. When came the Post ?

Ubal. The last Night.

Ric. From the Camp ?

Ubal. Yes, as 'tis said, and the Letter writ and sign'd
By the General *Ferdinand*.

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

Ubal. It concerns the Lives
Of two great Armies.

Ric. Was it chearfully
Received by the King?

Ubal. Yes, for being assured
The Armies were in View of one another;
Having proclaim'd a public Fast and Prayer
For the good Success, he dispatch'd a Gentleman
Of his Privy Chamber to the General,
With absolute Authority from him
To try the Fortune of a Day.

Ric. No doubt then
The General will come on, and fight it bravely,
Heaven prosper him: This military Art
I grant to be the noblest of Professions;
And yet (I thank my Stars for't) I was never
Inclin'd to learn it, since this bubble Honour,³
(Which is indeed the Nothing Soldiers fight for,
With the Loss of Limbs or Life) is in my Judgment
Too dear a Purchase.

Ubal. Give me our Court-warfare:
The Danger is not great in the Encounter
Of a fair Mistress.

Ric. Fair and sound together
Do very well, *Ubaldo*. But such are
With Difficulty to be found out; and when they know
Their Value, priz'd too high. By thy own Report
Thou wast at Twelve a Gamester, and since that
Studied all Kinds of Females, from the Night-trader
I'the Street, with certain Danger to thy Pocket,

³ ——— *This Bubble Honour.*

In speaking of *Honour*, *Massinger* seems to have had *Shakespeare* in his Eye: Thus, in *As you like it*,

Seeking the *Bubble*, Reputation,
Even in the Cannon's Mouth,

And in *Falstaff's* Catechism, See the First Part of *Henry IV.* Act 5. Scene 2.

To the great Lady in her Cabinet,
That spent upon thee more in Cullises,
To strengthen thy weak Back, than would maintain
Twelve *Flanders* Mares, and as many running Horses;
Besides Apothecaries and Chirurgeons Bills,
Paid upon all Occasions, and those frequent.

Ubal. You talk *Ricardo*, as if yet you were
A Novice in those Mysteries.

Ric. By no Means;
My Doctor can assure the contrary,
I lose no Time. I have felt the Pain and Pleasure,
As he that is a Gamester, and plays often,
Must sometimes be a loser.

Ubal. Wherefore then
Do you envy me?

Ric. It grows not from my Want,
Nor thy Abundance, but being as I am
The likelier Man, and of much more Experience,
My good Parts are my Curses: There's no Beauty
But yields e'er it be summon'd; and as Nature
Had sign'd me the Monopolies of Maidenheads,
There's none can buy till I have made my Market:
Satiety cloyes me: As I live, I would part with
Half my Estate, nay, travel o'er the World,
To find that only *Phoenix* in my Search
That could hold out against me.

Ubal. Be not rap'd so:
You may spare that Labour, as she is a Woman,
What think you of the Queen?

Ric. I dare not aim at
The Petticoat royal; that is still excepted:
Yet were she not my King's, being the Abstract
Of all that's rare, or to be wish'd in Woman,
To write her in my Catalogue, having enjoy'd her,
I would venture my Neck to a Halter. But we talk of
Impossibilities; as she hath a Beauty
Would make old *Nestor* young, such Majesty
Draws forth a Sword of Terror to defend it,
As would fright *Paris*, though the Queen of Love

Vow'd her best Furtherance to him.

Ubal. Have you observ'd

The Gravity of her Language mix'd with Sweetness?

Ric. Then, at what Distance she reserves herself

When the King himself makes his Approaches to her?

Ubal. As she were still a Virgin, and his Life⁴

But one continued Wooing.

Ric. She well knows

Her Worth; and values it.

Ubal. And so far the King is

Indulgent to her Humours, that he forbears

The Duty of a Husband, but when she calls for't.

Ric. All his Imaginations and Thoughts

Are buried in her; the loud Noise of War

Cannot awake him.

Ubal. At this very Instant,

When both his Life and Crown are at the Stake,

He only studies her Content, and when

She's pleas'd to shew herself, Music and Masques

Are with all Care and Cost provided for her.

Ric. This Night she promis'd to appear.

Ubal. You may believe it by the Diligence of the King,

As if he were her Harbinger.

Enter Ladislaus, Eubulus, and Attendants with Perfumes.

Ladis. These Rooms

Are not perfum'd, as we directed.

Eub. Not Sir.

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

Cost treble the Price of the whole Week's Provision

Spent in your Majesty's Kitchens.

Ladis. How! I scorn

Thy gross Comparifon. When my *Honorio*,

⁴ *As she were still a Virgin and his Life*

But one, &c.

This Passage I think would read better thus.

As she were still a Virgin—His Life's

But one continued Wooing.

Th' Amazement of the present Time, and Envy
 Of all succeeding Ages, does descend
 To sanctify a Place, and in her Presence
 Makes it a Temple to me, can I be
 Too curious, much less Prodigal to receive her?
 But that the Splendour of her Beams of Beauty
 Hath struck thee blind.

Eub. As Dotage hath done you.

Ladis. Dotage, O Blasphemy! is it in me
 To serve her to her Merit? Is she not
 The Daughter of a King?

Eub. And you the Son
 Of ours I take it, by what Priviledge else
 Do you reign over us? For my Part, I know not
 Where the Disparity lies.

Ladis. Her Birth, old Man,
 Old in the Kingdom's Service which protects thee,
 Is the least Grace in her: And though her Beauties
 Might make the Thunderer a Rival for her,
 They are but superficial Ornaments,
 And faintly speak her. From her heavenly Mind,⁵
 Were all Antiquity and Fiction lost,
 Our modern Poets could not in their Fancy
 But fashion a *Minerva* far transcending
 Th' imagin'd one, whom *Homer* only dream't of:
 But then add this, she's mine, mine *Eubulus*.
 And though she knows one Glance from her fair Eyes
 Must make all Gazers her Idolaters,
 She is so sparing of their Influence,
 That to shun Superstition in others,
 She shoots her powerful Beams only at me.
 And can I then, whom she desires to hold
 Her kingly Captive above all the World,
 Whose Nations and Empires if she pleas'd

⁵ From her heavenly Mind
 Were all Antiquity, &c.

Massinger abounds in these Allusions, and is very happy in them:
 They must be very pleasing to every Reader of a poetical Turn.

She

She might command as Slaves, but gladly pay
The humble Tribute of my Love and Service?
Nay, if I said of Adoration to her,
I did not err.

Eub. Well, since you hug your Fetters,
In Love's Name wear 'em. You are a King, and that
Concludes you wise. Your Will a powerful Reason,
Which we that are foolish Subjects must not argue.
And what in a mean Man I should call Folly,
Is in your Majesty remarkable Wisdom.
But for me I subscribe.

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

*Loud Musick, Honoria in State under a Canopy, her Train
born up by Sylvia and Acanthe.*

Ric. Wonder? It is more Sir.

Ubal. A Rapture, an Astonishment.

Ric. What think you, Sir?

Eub. As the King thinks, that is the surest Guard
We Courtiers ever lie at. Was ever Prince
So drown'd in Dotage? Without Spectacles
I can see a handsome Woman, and she is so;
But yet to Admiration look not on her.
Heaven, how he fawns! and as it were his Duty,
With what assured Gravity she receives it!
Her Hand again! O she at length vouchsafes
Her Lip, and as he had suck'd Nectar from it,
How he's exalted! Women in their Natures
Affect Command, but this Humility
In a Husband and a King, marks her the Way
To absolute Tyranny. So, *Juno's* plac'd
In *Jove's* Tribunal, and like *Mercury*
(Forgetting his own Greatness,) he attends
For her Employments. She prepares to speak,
What Oracles shall we hear now?

Hon. That you please, Sir,
With such Assurances of Love and Favour,

To grace your Handmaid, but in being yours, Sir,
 A matchless Queen, and one that knows herself so,
 Binds me in Retribution to deserve.
 The Grace conferr'd upon me.

Ladis. You transcend
 In all Things excellent, and it is my Glory,
 (Your Worth weigh'd truly) to depose myself
 From absolute Command, surrendering up
 My Will and Faculties to your Disposure:
 And here I vow, not for a Day or Year,
 But my whole Life, which I wish long, to serve you:
 That whatsoever I in Justice may
 Exact from these my Subjects, you from me
 May boldly challenge. And when you require it,
 In Sign of my Subjection, as your Vassal,
 Thus I will pay my Homage.

Hon. O forbear, Sir,
 Let not my Lips envy my Robe: On them
 Print your Allegiance often. I desire
 No other Fealty.

Ladis. Gracious Sovereign,
 Boundless in Bounty!

Eub. Is not here fine fooling?
 He's questionless bewitch'd. Would I were gelt
 So that would disenchant him. Though I forfeit
 My Life for it I must speak.—By your good Leave, Sir,
 I have no Suit to you, nor can you grant one,
 Having no Power. You are like me, a Subject,
 Her more then serene Majesty being present.
 And I must tell you, 'tis ill Manners in you,
 Having depos'd yourself, to keep your Hat on,
 And not stand bare as we do, being no King,
 But a fellow Subject with us. Gentlemen Ushers,
 It does belong to your Place, see it reform'd,
 He has given away his Crown, and cannot challenge
 The Privilege of his Bonnet.

Ladis. Do not tempt me.

Eub. Tempt you, in what? In following your Ex-
 ample?

If you are angry, question me hereafter,
 As *Ladislaus* should do *Eubulus*,
 On equal Terms. You were of late my Sovereign,
 But weary of it, I now bend my Knee
 To her Divinity, and desire a Boon
 From her more then Magnificence.

Hon. Take it freely.

Nay, be not mov'd, for our Mirth Sake let us hear him.

Eub. 'Tis but to ask a Question: have you ne'er read
 The Story of *Semiramis* and *Ninus*?

Hon. Not as I remember.

Eub. I will then instruct you,
 And 'tis to the Purpose. This *Ninus* was a King,
 And such an impotent loving King, as this was,
 But now he's none. This *Ninus* (pray you observe me)
 Doted on this *Semiramis*, a Smith's Wife,
 (I must confess, there the Comparifon holds not,
 You are a King's Daughter, yet, under your Correction,
 Like her, a Woman) this *Assyrian* Monarch
 (Of whom this is a Pattern) to express
 His Love and Service, seated her, as you are,
 In his regal Throne, and bound by Oath his Nobles,
 Forgetting all Allegiance to himself,
 One Day to be her Subjects, and to put
 In Execution whatever she
 Pleas'd to impose upon 'em. Pray you command him
 To minister the like to us, and then
 You shall hear what follow'd.

Ladis. Well, Sir, to your Story.

Eub. You have no Warrant, stand by; let me know
 Your Pleasure, Goddess.

Hon. Let this Nod assure you,

Eub. Goddess like, indeed; as I live, a pretty Idol!
 She knowing her Power, wisely made Use of it;
 And fearing his Inconstancy, and Repentance
 Of what he had granted (as in Reason Madam,
 You may do his) that he might never have
 Power to recall his Grant, or question her
 For her short Government, instantly gave Order
 To have his Head struck off.

Ladis.

Ladis. It possible?

Eub. The Story says so, and commends her Wisdom
For making Use of her Authority:

And it is worth your Imitation, Madam,
He loves Subjection, and you are no Queen,
Unless you make him feel the Weight of it.

You are more than all the World to him, and that,⁶

He may be Foe to you, and not seek change,
When his Delights are fated, mew him up

In some close Prison if you let him live,
(Which is no Policy) and there diet him

As you think fit to feed your Appetite,
Since there ends his Ambition.

Ubal. Devillish Counsel.

Ric. The King's amaz'd.

Ubal. The Queen appears too, full
Of deep Imaginations, *Eubulus*
Hath put both to it.

Ric. Now she seems resolv'd:

I long to know the Issue [Honorias descends.

Hon. Give me Leave,

Dear Sir, to reprehend you for appearing
Perplex'd with what this old Man, out of Envy
Of your unequal'd Graces show'd upon me,
Hath in his fabulous Story saucily

Apply'd to me. Sir, that you only nourish

One Doubt, *Honorias* dares abuse the Power

With which she is invested by your Favour,

Or that she ever can make Use of it

To the Injury of you the great Bestower,

Takes from your Judgment. It was your Delight

To seek to me with more Obsequiousness,

Then I desir'd; and stood it with my Duty

⁶ You are more than all the World to him, and that
He may be Foe to you,

This is the reading of all the old Copies, but most certainly false.
It ought to be

You are more than all the World to him, and that
He may be so to you.

Not to receive what you were pleas'd to offer?
 I do but act the Part you put upon me,
 And though you make me personate a Queen,
 And you my Subject, when the Play, your Pleasure,
 Is at a Period, I am what I was
 Before I enter'd, still your humble Wife,
 And you my royal Sovereign.

Ric. Admirable!

Hon. I have heard of Captains taken more with Dan-
 gers

Then the Rewards, and if in your Approaches
 To those Delights which are your own, and freely
 To heighten your Desire, you make the Passage
 Narrow and difficult, shall I prescribe you?
 Or blame your Fondness? Or can that swell me
 Beyond my just Proportion?

Ubal. Above Wonder!

Ladis. Heaven make me thankful for such Goodness.

Hon. Now, Sir,

The State I took to satisfy your Pleasure,
 I change to this Humility; and the Oath
 You made to me of Homage, I thus cancel,
 And seat you in your own.

Ladis. I am transported
 Beyond myself.

Hon. And now to your wise Lordship,
 Am I prov'd a *Semiramis*? Or hath
 My *Ninus*, as maliciously you made him,
 Cause to repent th' Excess of Favour to me,
 Which you call Dotage?

Ladis. Answer Wretch.

Eub. I dare, Sir,
 And say, however the Event may plead
 In your Defence, you had a guilty Cause;
 Nor was it Wisdom in you (I repeat it)
 To teach a Lady, humble in herself,
 With the ridiculous Dotage of a Lover,
 To be ambitious.

Hon. *Eubulus*, I am so,
 'Tis rooted in me, you mistake my Temper,
 I do profess myself to be the most
 Ambitious of my Sex, but not to hold
 Command over my Lord, such a proud Torrent
 Would sink me in my Wishes; not that I
 Am ignorant how much I can deserve,
 And may with Justice challenge.

Eub. This I look'd for;
 After this seeming humble Ebb, I knew,
 A gushing Tide would follow.

Hon. By my Birth,
 And liberal Gifts of Nature, as of Fortune,
 From you, as Things beneath me, I expect
 What's due to Majesty, in which I am
 A Sharer with your Sov'reign.

Eub. Good again!

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

Ladis. You need not fear a Rival.

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

Ladis. You are above it, Madam.

Hon. For Beauty without Art, Discourse, and free
 From Affectation, with what Graces else
 Can in the Wife and Daughter of a King
 Be wish'd, I dare prefer myself.

Eub. As I

Blush for you, Lady, trumpet your own Praises! ⁷—

⁷ *As I*

Blush for you, Lady, trumpet your own Praises—

Mr Doddsley, in his Collection of Old Plays, reads this Passage thus:

As I

Blush for you, Lady, trumpet not your own Praise.

I think that the old Reading should stand. He means, that she herself having lost all Sense of Shame, he undertakes to blush for her; and therefore ironically bids her proceed.

This

This spoken by the People, had been heard
With Honour to you; does the Court afford
No Oil-tongu'd Parasite, that you are forc'd
To be your own gross Flatterer?

Ladis. Be dumb,
Thou Spirit of Contradiction.

Hon. The Wolf
But barks against the Moon, and I contemn it.
The Masque you promis'd,

A Horn. Enter a Post.

Ladis. Let 'em enter. How!

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

Ladis. From the Camp?

Post. The General, victorious in your Fortune,
Kisses your Hand in this, Sir.

Ladis. That great Power,
Who at his Pleasure does dispose of Battles,
Be ever prais'd for't. Read, Sweet, and partake it:
The *Turk* is vanquish'd, and with little Loss
Upon our Part, in which our Joy is doubl'd.

Eub. But let it not exalt you; bear it, Sir,
With Moderation, and pay what you owe for't.

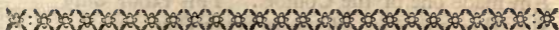
Ladis. I understand thee, *Eubulus*. I'll not now
Enquire Particulars. Our Delights deferr'd,
With Rev'rence to the Temples, there we'll tender
Our Soul's Devotions to his dread Might,
Who edg'd our Swords, and taught us how to fight. *

[*Exeunt omnes.*]

The End of the First Act.

* *Who edg'd our Swords, and taught us how to fight.*

Massinger, as well as *Shakespear*, has greatly enriched himself from the Holy Scriptures: Thus in the 144th Psalm, *David* says, *Blessed be the Lord my Strength, which teacheth my Hands to war, and my Fingers to fight.* And in many other Places we find several Passages similar to the above.



ACT II. SCENE I.

Enter Hilario, Corisca.

Hil. YOU like my Speech?

Corif. Yes, if you give it Action
In the Delivery.

Hil. If? — I pity you.

I have play'd the Fool before; this is not the first Time,
Nor shall be, I hope, the last.

Corif. Nay, I think so too.

Hil. And if I put her not out of her Dumps with
Laughter,
I'll make her howl for Anger.

Corif. Not too much

Of that, good Fellow *Hilario*. Our sad Lady
Hath drank too often of that bitter Cup,
A pleasant one must restore her. With what Patience
Would she endure to hear of the Death of my Lord;
That merely out of Doubt he may miscarry,
Afflicts herself thus?

Hil. Um; 'tis a Question

A Widow only can resolve. There be some
That in their Husband's Sickness have wept
Their Pottle of Tears a Day; but being once certain
At Midnight he was dead, have in the Morning
Dry'd up their Handkerchiefs, and thought no more on't.

Corif. Tush, she is none of that Race; if her Sorrow
Be not true and perfect, I against my Sex
Will take my Oath, Woman ne'er wept in Earnest.
She has made herself a Prisoner to her Chamber,
Dark as a Dungeon, in which no Beam
Of Comfort enters. She admits no Visits;
Eats little, and her nightly Musick is
Of Sighs and Groans, tun'd to such Harmony

Of feeling Grief, that I, against my Nature,
Am made one of the Consort. This Hour only
She takes the Air, a Custom every Day
She solemnly observes, with greedy Hopes,
From some that pass by, to receive Assurance
Of the Success and Safety of her Lord.

Now, if that your Device will take —

Hil. Ne'er fear it :

I am provided cap-a-pee, and have
My Properties in Readiness.

Sophia within. Bring my Veil, there.

Coris. Be gone, I hear her coming.

Hil. If I do not

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

[*Exit* Hilario.]

Enter Sophia.

Soph. I was flatter'd once, I was a Star, but now
Turn'd a prodigious Meteor; and, like one,
Hang in the Air between my Hopes and Fears,
And every Hour (the little Stuff burnt out
That yields a waning Light to dying Comfort)
I do expect my Fall, and certain Ruin.
In wretched Things more wretched is Delay;⁹
And Hope, a Parasite to me, being unmasq'd,
Appears more horrid than Despair, and my
Distraction worse than Madness. E'en my Prayers,
When with most Zeal sent upward, are pull'd down
With strong imaginary Doubts and Fears,
And in their sudden Precipice o'erwhelm me.
Dreams and fantastick Visions walk the Round¹⁰

⁹ *In wretched Things more wretched is Delay.*

This, I think should be read,

To wretched Things, &c.

¹⁰ *Dreams and fantastick Visions walk the Round.*

'Tis thus in the old Copies; but I am inclin'd to think it should be,

Dreams and fantastick Visions walk their Round.

About my widow'd Bed, and every Slumber
Broken with loud Alarms: Can these be then
But sad Prefages, Girl?

Coris. You make 'em so,
And antedate a Loss shall ne'er fall on you.
Such pure Affection, such mutual Love,
A Bed, and undefil'd on either Part,
A House without Contention, in two Bodies
One Will and Soul (like to the Rod of Concord)
Kissing each other, cannot be short-liv'd,
Or end in Barrenness.—If all these, dear Madam,
(Sweet in your Sadness) should produce no Fruit,
Or leave the Age no Models of yourselves,
To witness to Posterity what you were,
Succeeding Times, frighted with the Example,
But hearing of your Story, would instruct
Their fairest Issue to meet sensually,
Like other Creatures, and forbear to raise
True Love, or *Hymen* Altars.

Sophia. O *Corisca!*
I know thy Reasons are like to thy Wishes,
And they are built upon a weak Foundation,
To raise me Comfort. Ten long Days are past,
Ten long Days, my *Corisca*, since my Lord
Embark'd himself upon a Sea of Danger,
In his dear Care of me. And if his Life
Had not been shipwreck'd on the Rock of War,
His Tendernefs of me (knowing how much
I languish for his Absence) had provided
Some trusty Friend from whom I might receive
Assurance of his Safety.

Coris. Ill News, Madam,
Are Swallow-wing'd, but what's good walks on Crutches:
With Patience expect it; and e'er long,
No Doubt, you shall hear from him.

*A Sow-gelder's Horn blown. A Post.*¹¹

Soph. Ha! What's that?

Coris. The Fool has got a Sow-gelder's Horn,
As I take it, Madam.

Soph. It makes this Way still,
Nearer and nearer.

Coris. From the Camp, I hope.

*Enter Hilario, with long white Hair and Beard, in an
antick Armour, one with a Horn before him.*

Soph. The Messenger appears, and in strange Armour.
Heaven, if it be thy Will!

Hil. It is no Boot

To strive; our Horses tir'd, let's walk on Foot,
And that the Castle which is very near us,
To give us Entertainment, may soon hear us,
Blow lustily, my Lad, and drawing nigh,
Ask for a Lady which is clep'd *Sophia*.

Coris. He names you, Madam.

¹¹ *A Sow-gelder's Horn blown. A Post.*

I have here followed the old Copies, not chusing to make any absolute Alteration, though the Passage is evidently corrupt: I take it should be as follows:

A Sow gelder's Horn blown.

Soph. Ha! What's that?

Coris. The Fool has got a Sow-gelder's Horn. [Aside.
A Post, as I take it Madam.

Soph. It makes this Way still,
Nearer and nearer.

Coris. From the Camp, I hope.

If *Corisca* had told her Mistress, that the Fool had got a *Sow-gelder's Horn*, she would not so readily have believed that he came from the *Camp*: nor does there seem to be any Necessity for a *Post* to be mentioned at all, when the Horn is blown. I imagine in the written Copy there was not Room for the Transcriber to write it in the same Line, and therefore he placed it over the Word *Horn*, which occasioned this Mistake in the Printing.

Hil.

Hil. For to her I bring,
Thus clad in Arms, News of a pretty Thing,
By Name *Matbias*.

Soph. From my Lord? O Sir!
I am *Sophia*, that *Matbias*'s Wife.
So may *Mars* favour you in all your Battles,
As you with Speed unload me of the Burthen
I labour under, till I am confirm'd
Both where and how you left him.

Hil. If thou art,
As I believe, the Pigsney of his Heart,
Know he's in Health, and what's more, full of Glee;
And so much I was will'd to say to thee.

Soph. Have you no Letters from him?

Hil. No, meer Words.
In the Camp we use no Pens, but write with Swords:
Yet as I am enjoind, by Word of Mouth
I will proclaim his Deeds from North to South.
But tremble not while I relate the Wonder,
Though my Eyes like Lightning shine, and my Voice
thunder.

Soph. This is some counterfeit Bragart.

Coris. Hear him, Madam.

Hil. The Rear march'd first, which follow'd by the Van,
And wing'd with the Battalia, no Man
Durst stay to shift a Shirt, or louse himself;
Yet ere the Armies join'd, that hopeful Elf,
Thy Dear, thy dainty Duckling, bold *Matbias*,
Advanc'd, and star'd like *Hercules* or *Golias*.
A hundred thousand *Turks* (it is no Vaunt)
Affail'd him; every one a Termagant:
But what did he then? with his keen edge Spear
He cut, and carbonaded 'em: Here and there
Lay Legs and Arms; and, as 'tis said truly
Of *Bevis*, some he quarter'd all in three.

Soph. This is ridiculous.

Hil. I must take Breath:
Then, like a Nightingale, I'll sing his Death.

Soph. His Death!

Hil. I am out.

Coris. Recover, Dunder-head.

Hil. How he escap'd, I should have fung, not dy'd;
For, though a Knight, when I said so, I ly'd!
Weary he was, and scarce could stand upright,
And looking round for some courageous Knight
To rescue him, as one perplex'd in Woe,
He call'd to me, Help! help, *Hilario!*
My valiant Servant, help.

Coris. He has spoil'd all.

Soph. Are you the Man of Arms? Then I'll make
bold

To take of your martial Beard; you had Fool's Hair
Enough without it. Slave! how durst thou make
Thy Sport of what concerns me more than Life,
In such an antick Fashion? Am I grown
Contemptible to those I feed? You, Minion,
Had a Hand in it too, as it appears,
Your Petticoat serves for Bases to this Warrior,

Coris. We did it for your Mirth,

Hil. For myself, I hope,
I have spoke like a Soldier.

Soph. Hence, you Rascal.

I, never but with Reverence name my Lord,
And can I hear it by thy Tongue prophan'd,
And not correct thy Folly? But you are
Transform'd, and turn'd Knight-errant; take you Courte,
And wander where you please; for here I vow
By my Lord's Life (an Oath I will not break)
'Till his Return, or Certainty of his Safety,
My Doors are shut against thee. [Exit Sophia.

Coris. You have made

A fine Piece of Work on't: How do you like the Qua-
You had a foolish Itch to be an Actor, [lity?
And may now stroll where you please.

Hil. Will you buy my Share?

Coris. No, certainly, I fear I have already
Too much of mine own: I'll only as a Damsel

(As

(As the Book says) thus far help to disarm you ;
 And so, dear Don *Quixote*, taking my Leave,
 I leave you to your Fortune. [Exit Corisca.

Hil. Have I sweat
 My Brains out for this quaint and rare Invention,
 And I am thus rewarded? I could turn
 Tragedian, and roar now, but that I fear
 'Twould get me too great a Stomach, having no Meat
 To pacify *Colon*,¹² what will become of me?
 I cannot beg in Armour, and steal I dare not :
 My End must be to stand in a Corn Field,
 And fright away the Crows, for Bread and Cheese,
 Or find some hollow Tree in the Highway,
 And there, until my Lord return, sell Switches.
 No more *Hilario*, but *Dolorio* now :
 I'll weep my Eyes out, and be blind of Purpose
 To move Compassion; and so I vanish. [Exit *Hilario*.

S C E N E II.

Enter Eubulus, Ubaldo, Ricardo, and others.

Eub. Are the Gentlemen sent before, as it was order'd
 By the King's Direction, to entertain
 The General?

Ric. Long since; they by this have met him,
 And given him the Beinvenue.

Eub. I hope I need not
 Instruct you in your Parts.

Ubal. How! us, my Lord?
 Fear not; we know our Distances and Degrees,
 To the very Inch, where we are to salute him.

Ric. The State were miserable, if the Court had none
 Of her own Breed, familiar with all Garbs.

¹² *To pacify Colon, &c.*

In the *Unnatural Combat*, I find this Word, spelt *Calon*, used in
 the same Sense by *Belgard*, in the First Scene, where he says to
Beaufort, junior,

“ But how shall I do to satisfy *Calon*, Monsieur ? ”

Gracious in *England, Italy, Spain or France,*
 With Form and Punctuality to receive
 Stranger Embassadors. For the General,
 He's a mere Native, and it matters not
 Which Way we do accost him.

Ubal. 'Tis great Pity

That such as sit at the Helm provide no better
 For the training up of the Gentry. In my Judgment
 An Academy erected, with large Pensions
 To such as in a Table could set down
 The Congees, Cringes, Postures, Methods, Phrase,
 Proper to every Nation —

Ric. O, it were

An admirable Piece of Work.

Ubal. And yet rich Fools

Throw away their Charity on Hospitals,
 For Beggars and lame Soldiers, and ne'er study
 The due Regard to Compliment and Courtship,
 Matters of more Import, and are indeed
 The Glories of a Monarchy.

Eub. These, no doubt,

Are State Points, Gallants, I confess; but sure,
 Our Court needs no Aids this Way, since it is
 A School of nothing else. There are some of you,
 Whom I forbear to name, whose coining Heads
 Are the Mint of all new Fashions, that have done
 More Hurt to the Kingdom by superfluous Bravery,
 Which the foolish Gentry imitate, than a War,
 Or a long Famine; all the Treasure, by
 This foul Excess, is got into the Merchants,
 Embroiderers, Silkman, Jewellers, Taylors Hands,
 And the third Part of the Land too, the Nobility
 Engrossing Titles only.

Ric. My Lord, you are bitter.

Enter a Servant.

[*A Trumpet.*

Serv. The General is alighted, and now enter'd.

Ric. Were he ten Generals, I am prepar'd,
 And know what I will do.

Eub.

Eub. Pray you what, *Ricardo*?

Ric. I'll fight at Compliment with him.

Ubal. I'll charge home too.

Eub. And that's a desperate Service, if you come off well.

Enter Ferdinand, Mathias, Baptista, two Captains.

Ferd. Captain, command the Officers to keep
The Soldier as he march'd in Rank and File,
'Till they hear farther from me.

Eub. Here's one speaks
In another Key: This is no canting Language
Taught in your Academy.

Ferd. Nay, I will present you
To the King myself.

Math. A Grace beyond my Merit.

Ferd. You undervalue what I cannot set
Too high a Price on.

Eub. With a Friend's true Heart
I gratulate your Return.

Ferd. Next to the Favour
Of the great King, I am happy in your Friendship.

Ubal. By Courtship, coarse on both Sides.

Ferd. Pray you receive
This Stranger to your Knowledge, on my Credit,
At all Parts he deserves it.

Eub. Your Report
Is a strong Assurance to me.—Sir, most welcome.

Math. This said by you, the Reverence of your Age
Commands me to believe it.

Ric. This was pretty.
But second me now.—I cannot stoop too low
To do your Excellence that due Observance
Your Fortune claims.

Eub. He ne'er thinks on his Virtue.

Ric. For being, as you are, the Soul of Soldiers,
And Bulwark of *Bellona*.

Ubal. The Protection

Both

Both of the Court and King.

Ric. And the sole Minion
Of mighty *Mars*.

Ubal. One that with Justice may
Increase the Number of the Worthies.

Eub. Hoy day.

Ric. It being impossible in my Arms to circle
Such Giant Worth,

Ubal. At Distance we presume
To kiss your honour'd Gauntlet.

Eub. What Reply now
Can he make to this Foppery?

Ferd. You have said,
Gallants, so much, and hitherto done so little,
That, 'till I learn to speak, and you to do,
I must take Time to thank you.

Eub. As I live,
Answer'd as I could wish. How the Fops gape now!

Ric. This was harsh, and scurvy.

Ubal. We will be reveng'd
When he comes to court the Ladies, and laugh at him.

Eub. Nay, do your Offices, Gentlemen, and conduct
The General to the Presence.

Ric. Keep your Order.

Ubal. Make Way for the General.

[*Exeunt all but Eubulus.*]

Eub. What wise Man,
That with judicious Eyes looks on a Soldier,
But must confess that Fortune's Swing is more
O'er that Profession, than all Kinds else
Of Life pursu'd by Man? They, in a State,
Are but as *Chirurgeons* to wounded Men;¹³
E'en desp'rate in their Hopes, while Pain and Anguish
Make them blaspheme, and call in vain for Death:
Their Wives and Children kiss the Chirurgeon's Knees;

¹³ *Are but as Chirurgeons to wounded Men.*

This, I think, would read better thus:

Are but as Chirurgeons *are* to wounded Men:

Promise

Promise him Mountains, if his saving Hand
 Restore the tortur'd Wretch to former Strength.
 But when grim Death, by *Æsculapius'* Art,
 Is frighted from the House, and Health appears
 In sanguine Colours on the sick Man's Face,
 All is forgot; and asking his Reward,
 He's paid with Curses, often receives Wounds
 From him whose Wounds he cur'd; so Soldiers,
 Though of more Worth and Use, meet the same Fate,
 As it is too apparent. I have observ'd
 In one Hue,
 When horrid *Mars*, the Touch of whose rough Hand
 With Palsies shakes a Kingdom, hath put on
 His dreadful Helmet, and with Terror fills
 The Place where he, like an unwelcome Guest,
 Resolves to revel; how the Lords of her, like
 The Tradesman, Merchant, and litigious Pleader,
 (And such like *Scarabs* bred i' th' Dung of Peace)
 In Hope of their Protection, humbly offer
 Their Daughters to their Beds, Heirs to their Service,
 And wash with Tears their Sweat, their Dust, their Scars:
 But when those Clouds of War that menac'd
 A bloody Deluge to th' affrighted State,
 Are by their Breath dispers'd, and overblown,
 And Famine, Blood, and Death, *Bellona's* Pages,
 Whip'd from the quiet Continent to *Thrace*¹⁴
 Soldiers, that like the foolish Hedge Sparrow
 To their own Ruin hatch this Cuckow Peace,
 Are straight Thought burdensome, since want of Means,
 Growing from want of Action, breeds Contempt,
 And that the worst of Ills fall to their Lot,
 Their Service with the Danger's soon forgot.

Enter a Servant.

Serv. The Queen, my Lord, hath made Choice of
 this Room,

¹⁴ Whip'd from the quiet Continent to *Thrace*.

Massinger is here mistaken, for *Thrace* is upon the Continent.

To

To see the Masque.

Eub. I'll be Looker on,
My dancing Days are past.

Loud Musick as they pass, a Song in the Praise of War;
Ubaldo, Ricardo, Ladislaus, Ferdinand, and Hon-
noria, Mathias, Sylva, Acanthe, Baptista, and others.

Ladis. This Courtesy

To a Stranger, my *Honoria*, keeps fair Rank
With all your Rarities. After your Travel
Look on our Court Delights; but first from your
Relation, with erected Ears I'll hear
The Musick of your War, which must be sweet,
Ending in Victory.

Ferd. Not to trouble

Your Majesties with Description of a Battle,
Too full of Horror for the Place, and to
Avoid Particulars which I should deliver,
I must trench longer on your Patience than
My Manner will give Way to; in a Word Sir,
It was well fought on both Sides, and almost
With equal Fortune, it continuing doubtful
Upon whose Tents plum'd Victory would take
Her glorious Stand: Impatient of Delay,
With the Flower of our prime Gentlemen, I charg'd
Their main Battalia, and with their Assistance
Broke in; but when I was almost assur'd
That they were routed, by a Stratagem
Of the subtil *Turk*, who opening his gross Body,
And rallying up his Troops on either Side,
I found myself so far engag'd (for I
Must not conceal my Errors) that I knew not
Which Way with Honour to come off.

Eub. I like

A General that tells his Faults, and is not
Ambitious to ingross unto himself
All Honour, as some have, in which with Justice
They could not claim a Share.

Ferd.

Ferd. Being thus hemm'd in,
 Their Scymitars rag'd among us, and my Horse
 Kill'd under me, I every Minute look'd for
 An honourable End, and that was all
 My Hope could fashion to me; circl'd thus
 With Death and Horror, as one sent from Heaven
 This Man of Men, with some choice Horse that follow'd
 His brave Example, did pursue the Tract
 His Sword cut for 'em, and but that I see him,
 Already blush to hear what he being present,
 I know would wish unspoken, I should say, Sir,
 By what he did, we boldly may believe
 All that is writ of *Hector*.

Math. General,
 Pray spare these strange Hyperboles.

Eub. Do not blush
 To hear a Truth; here are a Pair of Monsieurs,
 Had they been in your Place, would have run away
 And ne'er chang'd Countenance.

Ubal. We have your good Word still.

Eub. And shall while you deserve it.

Ladis. Silence, on.

Ferd. He, as I said, like dreadful Lightning thrown
 From *Jupiter's* Shield, dispersed the armed Gire
 With which I was environed, Horse and Man,
 Shrunk under his strong Arm: More with his Looks
 Frighted the valiant fled, with which encourag'd,
 My Soldiers (like young Eglets preying under¹⁵
 The Wings of their fierce Dame) as if from him
 They took both Spirit and Fire, bravely came on.
 By him I was remounted, and inspir'd
 With treble Courage; and such as fled before,
 Boldly made head again; and to confirm 'em,
 It suddenly was apparent, that the Fortune
 Of the Day was ours; each Soldier and Commander
 Perform'd his Part; but this was the great Wheel
 By which the lesser mov'd, and all Rewards

¹⁵ In the *Unnatural Combat* Massinger has this same Simile again.

And Signs of Honour, as the *Civic* Garland,
The mural Wreath, the Enemies prime Horse,
With the Generals Sword, and Armour, (the old Ho-
nours

With which the *Romans* crown their several Leaders)
To him alone are proper.

Ladis. And they shall
Deservedly fall on him. Sit, 'tis our Pleasure,
Ferd. Which I must serve, not argue.

Hon. You are a Stranger,
But in your Service for the King, a Native.
And though a free Queen, I am bound in Duty
To cherish Virtue wherefoe'er I find it:
This Place is yours.

Math. It were Presumption in me
To sit so near you.

Hon. Not having our Warrant.

Ladis. Let the Masquers enter: By the Preparation
'Tis a *French* Brawl, an apish Imitation
Of what you really perform in Battle;
And *Pallas* bound up in a little Volume,
Apollo with his Lute attending on her [Song and Dance.
Serve for the Induction.

Enter the two Boys, one with his Lute, the other like Pallas.
*A Song in the Praise of Soldiers, especially being victo-
rious: The Song ended the King goes on.*

Song by Pallas.

*Though we contemplate to express
The Glory of your Happiness,
That by your powerful Arm have been
So true a Victor, that no Sin
Could ever taint you with a Blame
To lessen your deserved Fame.*

*Or though we contend to set
Your Worth in the full Height, or get
Celestial*

*Cælestial Singers (crown'd with Bays
With flourishes to dress your Praise :)
You know your Conquest, but your Story
Lives in your triumphant Glory.*

Ladis. Our Thanks to all.
To the Banquet that's prepar'd to entertain 'em.
What would my best *Honoria*?

Hon. May it please
My King, that I who by his Suffrage ever
Have had Power to command, may now intreat
An Honour from him.

Ladis. Why should you desire
What is your own? What e'er it be, you are
The Mistress of it.

Hon. I am happy in
Your Grant: My Suit, Sir, is, that your Commanders,
Especially this Stranger, may as I
In my Discretion shall think good, receive
What's due to their Deserts.

Ladis. What you determine
Shall know no Alteration.

Eub. The Soldier
Is like to have good Usage when he depends
Upon her Pleasure: Are all the Men so bad,
That to give Satisfaction we must have
A Woman Treasurer. Heaven help all.

Hon. With you, Sir,
I will begin, and as in my Esteem
You are most eminent, expect to have
What's fit for me to give, and you to take;
The Favour in the quick Dispatch being double.
Go fetch my Casket, and with Speed.

Eub. The Kingdom [Exit Acanthe.
Is very bare of Money, when Rewards
Issue from the Queen's Jewel House, give him Gold
And Store, no Question the Gentleman wants it.
Good Madam, what shall he do with a Hoop Ring,
And a Spark of Diamond in it? Though you took it,

Enter

Enter Acanthe.

(For the greater Honour) from your Majesty's Finger,
'Twill not increase the Value. He must purchase
Rich Suits, the gay Caparison of Courtship,
Revel, and Feast, which, the War ended, is
A Soldier's Glory; and 'tis fit that Way
Your Bounty should provide for him.

Hon. You are rude,
And by your narrow Thoughts proportion mine.
What I will do now, shall be worth the Envy
Of *Cleopatra*, open it, see here [Honorio descends,
The Lapidaries Idol.—Gold is Traffi
And a poor Salary fit for Grooms; wear these
As studded Stars in your Armour, and make the Sun
Look dim with Jealousy of a greater Light
Than his Beams gild the Day with: when it is
Expos'd to View, call it *Honorio's Gift*,
The Queen *Honorio's Gift*, that loves a Soldier;
And to give Ornament and Lustre to him,
Parts freely with her own. Yet not to take
From the Magnificence of the King, I will
Dispense his Bounty too, but as a Page
To wait on mine; for other Losses take ¹⁶
A hundred thousand Crowns, your Hand, dear Sir,
And this shall be thy Warrant.

[Takes off the King's Signet.]

Eub. I perceive
I was cheated in this Woman: Now she is
I' th' giving Vein to Soldiers, let her be proud,
And the King doat, so she go on, I care not. [*Aside.*

Hon. This done, our Pleasure is, that all Arrears
Be paid unto the Captains, and their Troops,

¹⁶ ——— For other Losses take
A hundred thousand Crowns, &c.

This I am apt to think should be read thus: *

————— For other Uses take
A hundred thousand Crowns, &c.

With

With a large Donative to increase their Zeal
For the Service of the Kingdom.

Eub. Better still;

Let Men of Arms be us'd thus: If they do not
Charge desperately upon the Cannons Mouth,
Though the Devil roar'd, and fight like Dragons, hang
me.

(Now they may drink Sack, but small Beer, with a
Passport

To beg with as they Travel, and no Money,
Turns their red Blood to Butter-milk.)

Hon. Are you pleas'd, Sir,
With what I have done?

Ladis. Yes, and thus confirm it
With this Addition of mine own: You have, Sir,
From our lov'd Queen received some Recompence
For your Life hazarded in the late Action;
And that we may follow her great Example¹⁷
In cherishing Valour, without Limit ask
What you from us can wish.

Matb. If it be true,
Dread Sir, as 'tis affirm'd, that every Soil,
Where he is well, is to a valiant Man
His natural Country; Reason may assure me
I should fix here, where Blessings beyond Hope,
From you, the Spring, like Rivers flow unto me.
If Wealth were my Ambition, by the Queen
I am made rich already, to the Amazement
Of all that see, or shall hereafter read
The Story of her Bounty; if to spend
The Remnant of my Life in Deeds of Arms,
No Region is more fertile of good Knights,
From whom my Knowledge that Way may be better'd;

¹⁷ *And that we may follow her great Example
In cherishing Valour, &c.*

This Passage Mr. Doddsley reads thus:

And that you may follow, &c.

Which I think must be wrong, and that the old Reading is the
right.

Then this your warlike Hungary; if Favour,
 Or Grace in Court could take me, by your Grant,
 Far, far beyond my Merit, I may make
 In your's a free Election; but alas! Sir,
 I am not mine own, but by my Destiny
 (Which I cannot resist) forc'd to prefer
 My Country's Smoak before the glorious Fire
 With which your Bounties warm me. All I ask, Sir,
 Though I cannot be ignorant it must relish
 Of foul Ingratitude, is your gracious Licence
 For my Departure.

Ladis. Whither?

Math. To my own home, Sir,¹⁸
 My own poor home; which will at my Return
 Grow rich by your Magnificence: I am here
 But a Body without a Soul, and till I find it
 In the Embraces of my constant Wife, and to set off
 that Constancy
 In her Beauty and matchless Excellencies without a Rival
 I am but half myself.

Hon. And is she then
 So chaste and fair as you infer?

Math. O, Madam,
 Tho' it must argue Weakness in a rich Man
 To show his Gold before an armed Thief,
 And I in praising of my Wife, but feed
 The Fire of Lust in others to attempt her;
 Such is my full fail'd Confidence in her Virtue,

¹⁸ *To my own home, Sir,
 My own poor home, &c.*

I have printed this Passage after the old Copies, which I always follow; but in my Opinion it would read much better thus:

Math. To my own home, Sir
 My own poor home: *That* will at my Return
 Grow rich by your Magnificence. I'm here
 A Body without Soul, *which* till I find
 In the Embraces of my constant Wife
 (And to set off that Constancy; in Beauty
 And matchless Excellence without a Rival)
 I am but half myself.

Though

Though in my Absence she were now besieg'd
 By a strong Army of lascivious Wooers,
 (And every one more expert in his Art,
 Then those that tempted chaste *Penelope*;) *]*
 Though they rais'd Batteries by prodigal Gifts,
 By amorous Letters, Vows made for her Service,
 With all the Engines wanton Appetite
 Could mount to shake the Fortrefs of her Honour,
 Here, here is my Assurance she holds out,

[Kisses the Picture]

And is impregnable.

Hon. What's that?

Matb. Her fair Figure.

Ladis. As I live an excellent Face!

Hon. You have seen a better.

Ladis. I, ne'er except yours; nay frown not sweetest;
 (The *Cyprian* Queen compared to you, in my
 Opinion, is a Negro;) as you order'd,
 I'll see the Soldiers paid, and in my Absence
 Pray you use your powerful Arguments to stay
 This Gentleman in our Service.

Hon. I will do

My Part.

Ladis. On to the Camp.

*[Exeunt Ladislaus, Ferdinand, Eubulus, Bap-
 tista, Captains.]*

Hon. I am full of Thoughts.

And something there is here I must give Form to,
 Tho' yet an Embrion, you, Signiors,
 Have no Business with the Soldier, as I take it,
 You are for other Warfare; quit the Place,
 But be within call.

Ric. Employment on my Life, Boy.

Ubal. If it lie in our Road, we are made forever.

[Exeunt Ubaldo, Ricardo.]

Hon. You may perceive the King is no Way tainted
 With the Disease of Jealousy, since he leaves me
 Thus private with you.

Matb. It were in him, Madam,

A Sin unpardonable to distrust such Pureness,
Though I were an *Adonis*.

Hon. I presume

He neither does, nor dares: And yet the Story
Delivered of you by the General,
With your Heroick Courage (which sinks deeply
Into a knowing Woman's Heart) besides
Your promising Presence, might beget some Scruple,
In a meaner Man: But more of this hereafter;
I'll take another Theme now, and conjure you
By the Honours you have won, and by the Love
Sacred to your dear Wife, to answer truly
To what I shall demand.

Matb. You need not use
Charms to this Purpose, Madam.

Hon. Tell me then,
Being yourself assur'd 'tis not in Man
To fully with one Spot th' immaculate Whiteness
Of your Wife's Honour, if you have not since
The Gordion of your Love was tied by Marriage,
Play'd false with her?

Matb. By the Hopes of Mercy, never.

Hon. It may be, not frequenting the Converse
Of handsome Ladies, you were never tempted,
And so your Faith's untried yet.

Matb. Surely, Madam,
I am no Woman Hater, I have been
Received to the Society of the best
And fairest of our Climate, and have met with
No common Entertainment, yet ne'er felt
The least Heat that Way.

Hon. Strange! and do you think still,
The Earth can show no Beauty that can drench
In *Lethe* all Remembrance of the Favour
Your now bear to your own?

Matb. Nature must find out
Some other Mould to fashion a new Creature
Fairer than her *Pandora*, e'er I prove
Guilty or in my Wishes, or my Thoughts,
To my *Sophia*.

Hon.

Hon. Sir, consider better;
Not one in our whole Sex?

Matb. I am constant to
My Resolution.

Hon. But dare you stand
The Opposition, and bind yourself
By Oath for the Performance?

Matb. My Faith else
Had but a weak Foundation.

Hon. I take hold
Upon your Promise, and enjoin your Stay
For one Month here——

Matb. I am caught.

Hon. And if I do not
Produce a Lady in that Time that shall
Make you confess your Error, I submit
Myself to any Penalty you shall please
T' impose upon me: In the mean Space write
To your chaste Wife, acquaint her with your Fortune;
The Jewels that were mine you may send to her,
For better Confirmation, I'll provide you
Of trusty Messengers: But how far distant is she?

Matb. A Day's hard riding.

Hon. There's no retiring,
I'll bind you to your Word.

Matb. Well, since there is
No Way to shun it, I will stand the Hazard,
And instantly make ready my Dispatch:
—'Till then, I'll leave your Majesty.

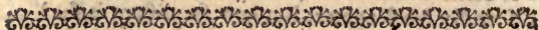
[Exit *Matbias*.]

Hon. How I burst
With Envy, that there Lives, besides myself,
One fair and loyal Woman, 'twas the End
Of my Ambition, to be recorded
The only Wonder of the Age; and shall I
Give way to a Competitor? Nay more,
To add to my Affliction, the Assurances
That I plac'd in my Beauty have deceiv'd me:
I thought one amorous Glance of mine could bring
All Hearts to my Subjection; but this Stranger,

Unmov'd as Rocks, contemns me. But I cannot
 Sit down so with my Honour: I will gain
 A double Victory, by working him
 To my Desire, and taint her in her Honour
 Or lose myself. I have read, that some Time Poison
 Is useful; to supplant her I'll employ
 With any Cost, *Ubaldo* and *Ricardo*,
 Two noted Courtiers, of approved Cunning
 In all the Windings of Lusts Labyrinth;
 (And in corrupting him I will outgo
Nero's Poppæa: If he shut his Ears,
 Against my Syren Notes, I'll boldly swear
Ulysses lives again; or that I have found
 A frozen Cynic, cold in Spite of all
 Allurements; one, whom Beauty cannot move,
 Nor softest Blandishments entice to Love.

[*Exit Honoria,*

The End of the Second Act,



ACT III. SCENE I.

Enter Hilario,

THIN, thin, Provision! I am dieted
 Like one set to watch Hawks; and to keep me
 waking,
 My croaking Guts make a perpetual 'Larum.
 Here I stand Centinel; and though I fright
 Beggars from my Lady's Gate, in Hope to have
 A greater Share, I find my Commons mend not.
 (I look'd this Morning in my Glass, the River;
 And there appear'd a Fish, call'd a poor *John*,
 Cut with a lenten Face in my own Likeness;
 And it seem'd to speak, and say, Goodmorrow Couzen!
 No Man comes this Way but has a Fling at me:

A Chirurgeon passing by ask'd, at what Rate
 I would sell myself? I answered, for what Use?
 To make, said he, a living Anatomy,
 And set thee up in our Hall, for thou art transparent
 Without Dissection) and indeed he had Reason;
 For I am scour'd with this poor Porridge to nothing.
 They say that Hunger dwells in the Camp; but till
 My Lord returns, or certain Tidings of him,
 He will not part with me.—But Sorrow's dry,
 And I must drink howsoever.

Enter Ubaldo, and Ricardo, Guide.

Guide. That is her Castle
 Upon my certain Knowledge.

Ubal. Our Horses held out
 To my Desire. I am a Fire to be at it.

Ric. Take the Jades for thy Reward; before I part
 hence,
 I hope to be better carried. Give me the Cabinet:
 So, leave us now.

Guide. Good Fortune to you Gallants. [*Exit Guide.*

Ubal. Being joint Agents in a Design, of Trust too,
 For the Service of the Queen and our own Pleasure,
 Let us proceed with Judgment.

Ric. If I take not
 This Fort at the first Assault, make me an Eunuch,
 So I may have Precedence.

Ubal. On no Terms.
 We are both to play one Prize; he that works best
 I' the searching this Mine, shall carry it
 Without Contention.

Ric. Make you your Approaches,
 As I directed.

Ubal. I need no Instruction;
 I work not on your Anvil. I'll give Fire
 With mine own Linstock; if the Powder be danck,
 The Devil rend the Touch-hole. Who have we here?
 What Skeleton's this?

Ric. A Ghost; or the Image of Famine.
Where dost thou dwell?

Hilario. Dwell Sir? My Dwelling is
I' th' Highway. That goodly Houſe was once
My Habitation; but I am banished,
And cannot be call'd home, 'till News arrive
Of the good Knight *Mathias*.

Ric. If that will
Reſtore thee, thou art ſafe.

Ubal. We come from him,
With Preſents to his Lady.

Hil. But are you ſure
He is in Health?

Ric. Never ſo well: Conduct us
To the Lady.

Hil. Though a poor Snake, I will leap
Out of my Skin for Joy. Break, Pitcher, break;
And Wallet, late my Cupboard, I bequeath thee
To the next Beggar; thou red Herring, ſwim
To the red Sea again. Methinks I am already
Knuckle Deep in the Fleſh-pots; and, though waking,
dream
Of Wine and Plenty.

Ric. What's the Myſtery
Of this ſtrange Paſſion?

Hil. My Belly, Gentlemen
Will not give me Leave to tell you. When I have
brought you
To my Ladies Preſence, I am diſenchanted.
There you ſhall know all. Follow: If I outſtrip you,
Know I run for my Belly.

Ubal. A mad Fellow,

[*Exeunt,*

SCENE II.

Enter Sophia, Coriſca.

Soph. Do not again delude me.

Corſ. If I do, ſend me a grazing with my Fellow *Hilario,*

I stood, as you commanded, in the Turret
 Observing all that pass'd by: And even now
 I did discern a Pair of Cavaliers,
 For such their Outside spoke them, with their Guide
 Dismounting from their Horses; they said something
 To our hungry Centinel, that made him caper
 And frisk i' th' Air for Joy: And to confirm this,
 See, Madam, they're in View.

Enter Hilario, Ubaldo, Ricardo.

Hil. News from my Lord!
 Tidings of Joy! these are no Counterfeits,
 But Knights indeed. Dear Madam sign my Pardon,
 That I may feed again, and pick up my Crumbs:
 I have had a long Fast of it.

Soph. Eat, I forgive thee.

Hil. O comfortable Words! Eat, I forgive thee!
 And if in this I do not soon obey you,
 And ram in to the Purpose, billet me again
 I' th' Highway. Butler and Cook be ready,
 For I enter like a Tyrant. [*Exit Hilario.*

Ubal. Since mine Eyes
 Were never happy in so sweet an Object,
 Without Enquiry I presume you are
 The Lady of the House, and so salute you.

Ric. This Letter, with these Jewels from your Lord,
 Warrant my Boldness, Madam.

Ubal. In being a Servant
 To such rare Beauty, you must needs deserve
 This Courtesy from a Stranger. [*To Corisca,*
salutes her.

Ric. You are still
 Before-hand with me. Pretty one, I descend
 To take the Height of your Lip; and if I miss
 In the Altitude, hereafter, if you please,
 I will make use of my *Jacob's Staff*.

[*Sophia having in the Interim read the Letter,*
and open'd the Casket.
Corisf.

Coris. These Gentlemen
Have certainly had good Breeding, as it appears
By their neat Kissing, they hit me so pat on the Lips
At the first Sight.

Soph. Heaven, in thy Mercy, make me
Thy thankful Handmaid, for this boundless Blessing,
In thy Goodness shower'd upon me.

Ubal. I do not like
This simple Devotion in her; it is seldom
Practis'd among my Mistresses.

Ric. Or mine.
Would they kneel to I know not who, for the Possession
Of such inestimable Wealth, before
They thank'd the Bringers of it? The poor Lady
Does want Instruction; but I'll be her Tutor,
And read her another Lesson.

Soph. If I have
Shown Want of Manners, Gentlemen, in my Slowness
To pay the Thanks I owe you for your Travel,
To do my Lord and me (howe'er unworthy
Of such a Benefit) this noble Favour:
Impute it, in your Clemency, to the Excess
Of Joy that overwhelm'd me.—

Ric. She speaks well.

Ubal. Polite and courtly.

Soph. And howe'er it may
Increase th' Offence, to trouble you with more
Demands touching my Lord, before I have
Invited you to taste such as the Coarseness
Of my poor House can offer; pray you convine
On my weak Tenderness, though I intreat
To learn from you something he hath, it may be,
In his Letter left unmention'd.

Ric. I can only
Give you Assurance that he is in Health,
Grac'd by the King and Queen.

Ubal. And in the Court
With Admiration look'd on.

Ric. You must therefore

Put off these Widow's Garments, and appear
Like to yourself.

Ubal. And entertain all Pleasures
Your Fortune marks out for you.

Ric. There are other
Particular Privacies, which on Occasion
I will deliver to you.

Soph. You oblige me
To your Service ever.

Ric. Good! your Service; mark that.

Soph. In the mean Time, by your Acceptance make
My rustick Entertainment relish of
The Curiousness of the Court.

Ubal. Your Looks, sweet Madam,
Cannot but make each Dish a Feast.

Soph. It shall be
Such; in the Freedom of my Will to please you.
I'll shew the Way: This is too great an Honour
From such brave Guests, to me so mean an Hostess.

[*Exeunt.*]

S C E N E III.

Enter Acanthe to four or five with Vizards.

Acan. You know your Charge; give it Action, and
expect
Rewards beyond your Hopes.

1 *Viz.* If we but eye 'em,
They are ours, I warrant you.

2 *Viz.* May we not ask why
We are put upon this?

Acan. Let that stop your Mouth,
And learn more Manners, Groom. 'Tis upon the Hour
In which they use to walk here: When you have 'em
In your Power, with Violence carry them to the Place
Where I appointed: There I will expect you.
Be bold, and careful.

[*Exit Acanthe.*]

Enter

Enter Mathias and Baptista.

1 *Viz.* These are they.

2 *Viz.* Are you sure?

1 *Viz.* Am I sure I am myself?

2 *Viz.* Seize on him strongly; if he have but Means
To draw his Sword, 'tis ten to one we smart for't.
Take all Advantages.

Math. I cannot guess
What her Intents are; but her Carriage was
As I but now related.

Bapt. Your Assurance
In the Constancy of your Lady, is the Armour
That must defend you. Where's the Picture?

Math. Here,
And no Way alter'd.

Bapt. If she be not perfect,
There is no Truth in Art.

Math. By this, I hope,
She hath receiv'd my Letters.

Bapt. Without Question.
These Courtiers are rank Riders, when they are
To visit a handsome Lady.

Math. Lend me your Ear.
One Piece of her Entertainment will require
Your dearest Privacy.

1 *Viz.* Now they stand fair,
Upon 'em.

Math. Villains!

1 *Viz.* Stop their Mouths. We come not
To try your Valours. Kill him, if he offer
To open his Mouth.—We have you.—'Tis in vain
To make Resistance.—Mount 'em, and away.

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE

SCENE IV.

Enter Servants with Lights, Ladislaus, Ferdinand, Eubulus.

Ladis. 'Tis late. Go to your Rest: But do not envy
The Happiness I draw near to.

Eub. If you enjoy it
The moderate Way, the Sport yields, I confess,
A pretty Titilation; but too much of't
Will bring you on your Knees. In my younger Days
I was myself a Gamester; and I found
By sad Experience, there is no such Soker
As a young spongy Wife; she keeps a thousand
Horse Leeches in her Box, and the Thieves will suck
out

Both Blood and Marrow! I feel a Kind of Cramp
In my Joints when I think on't. But it may be Queen,
And such a Queen as yours is, has the Art —

Ferd. You take Leave
To talk, my Lord.

Ladis. He may, since he can do nothing.

Eub. If you spend this way too much of your royal
E'er long we may be Puefellows. [Stock,

Ladis. The Door shut!
Knock gently; harder. So, here comes her Woman.
Take off my Gown.

Enter Acanthe.

Acan. My Lord, the Queen by me
This Night desires your Pardon.

Ladis. How, *Acanthe*!
I come by her Appointment; 'twas her Grant;
The Motion was her own.

Acan. It may be, Sir;
But by her Doctors she is since advis'd,
For her Health sake, to forbear.

Eub.

Eub. I do not like
This physical Letchery; the old downright Way
Is worth a thousand of't.

Ladis. Prythee, *Acanthe*,
Mediate for me.

Eub. O the Fiends of Hell!
Would any Man bribe his Servant, to make way
To his own Wife? If this be the Court State,
Shame fall on such as use it.

Acan. By this Jewel,
This Night I dare not move her; but to-morrow
I will watch all Occasion.

Ladis. Take this
To be mindful of me. [Exit *Acanthe*.

Eub. 'Slight, I thought a King
Might have taken up any Woman at the King's Price:
And must he buy his own, at a dearer Rate
Than a Stranger in a Brothel?

Ladis. What is that
You mutter, Sir?

Eub. No Treason to your Honour:
I'll speak it out, though it anger you: If you pay for
Your lawful Pleasure, in some Kind, great Sir,
What do you make the Queen? Cannot you clicket
Without a Fee? or when she has a Suit for you to grant?

Ferd. O hold, Sir! ¹⁹

Ladis. Off with his Head.

Eub. Do when you please; you but blow out a Taper
That would light your Understanding, and in Care of't
Is burnt down to the Socket. Be as you are, Sir,

¹⁹ *Ferd.* O hold, Sir, &c.

This, I think, should be read thus:

Ferd. O hold, Sir!

Ladis. Off with 's Head.

Eub. Do when you please;

You but blow out a Taper that would light
Your Understanding, and is in Care of't
Burnt down to th' Socket. Be as you are, Sir,
An absolute, &c.

An absolute Monarch: It did shew more King-like
 In those libidinous *Cæsars*, that compell'd
 Matrons and Virgins of all Ranks to bow
 Unto their rav'nous Lusts; and did admit
 Of more Excuse than I can urge for you,
 That slave yourself to th' imperious Humour
 Of a proud Beauty.

Ladis. Out of my Sight.

Eub. I will, Sir,

Give Way to your furious Passion: But when Reason
 Hath got the better of it, I much hope
 The Counsel that offends now, will deserve
 Your royal Thanks. Tranquillity of Mind
 Stay with you, Sir.—I do begin to doubt
 There's something more in the Queen's Strangeness than
 Is yet disclos'd; and I'll find it out,
 Or lose myself in the Search. [*Exit* Eubulus.]

Ferd. Sure he is honest,

And from your Infancy hath truly serv'd you:
 Let that plead for him, and impute this Harshness
 To the Frowardness of his Age.

Ladis. I am much troubled,

And do begin to stagger. *Ferdinand*, good Night!
 To-morrow visit us. Back to our own Lodgings.

[*Exeunt.*]

S C E N E V.

Enter Acanthe, the Vizarded Servants, Mathias, Baptista.

Acan. You have done bravely. Lock this in that
 Room, [*They carry off* Baptista.]

There let him ruminate; I'll anon unhood him:
 The other must stay here. As soon as I
 Have quit the Place, give him the Liberty
 And Use of his Eyes; that done, disperse yourselves
 As privately as you can: But, on your Lives,
 No Word of what hath pass'd. [*Exit* Acanthe.]

Viz. If I do, sell

My Tongue to a Tripe-Wife.—Come, unbind his Arms;
You

You are now at your own Dispose, and however
 We us'd you roughly, I hope you will find here
 Such Entertainment as will give you Cause
 To thank us for the Service: and so we leave you.

[*Exeunt Servants.*]

Matb. If I am in a Prison, 'tis a neat one.
 What *Ædipus* can resolve this Riddle? Ha!
 I never gave just Cause to any Man
 Basely to plot against my Life.—But what is
 Become of my true Friend? for him I suffer
 More than myself.

Acan. Remove that idle Fear; [From behind.]
 He's safe as you are.

Matb. Whosoe'er thou art,
 For him I thank thee. I cannot imagine
 Where I should be: Though I have read the Table
 Of Errant-knighthood, stuff'd with the Relations
 Of magical Enchantments; yet I am not
 So sottishly credulous to believe the Devil
 Hath that Way Power. Ha! Musick!

Musick above, a Song of Pleasure.

*The blushing Rose and purple Flower,
 Let grow too long, are soonest blasted.
 Dainty Fruits, though sweet, will sour,
 And rot in Ripeness, left untasted.
 Yet here is one more sweet than these;
 The more you taste, the more she'll please.*

*Beauty, tho' inclos'd with Ice,
 Is a Shadow chaste as rare:
 Then how much those Sweets intice,
 That have Issue full as fair!
 Earth cannot yield from all her Powers,
 One equal for Dame Venus' Bowers.*

A Song too! Certainly, be it he or she
 That owns this Voice, it hath not been acquainted

With

With much Affliction. Whosoe'er you are
That do inhabit here, if you have Bodies,
And are not mere aërial Forms, appear,

Enter Honoria mask'd.

And make me know your End with me. Most strange!
What have I conjur'd up? Sure, if this be
A Spirit, 'tis no damn'd one. What a Shape's here!
Then with what Majesty it moves. If *Juno*
Were now to keep her State among the Gods,
And *Hercules* to be made again her Guest,
She could not put on a more glorious Habit,
Though her Handmaid, *Iris*, lent her various Colours,
Or could *Oceanus* ravish'd from the deep,
All Jewels shipwreck'd in it. As you have
Thus far made known yourself, if that your Face
Have not too much Divinity about it
For mortal Eyes to gaze on, perfect what
You have begun, with Wonder and Amazement
To my astonish'd Senses. How! the Queen! [*Kneels.*
[She pulls off her Mask.

Hon. Rise, Sir, and hear my Reasons in Defence
Of the Rape (for so you may conceive) which I
By my Instruments made upon you. You, perhaps,
May think what you have suffer'd for my Lust
Is a common Practice with me; but I call
Those ever shining Lamps, and their great Maker,
As Witnesses of my Innocence: I ne'er look'd on
A Man but your best self, on whom I ever
(Except the King) vouchsaf'd an Eye of Favour.

Matb. The King, indeed, and only such a King,
Deserves your Rarities, Madam; and, but he,
'Twere giant-like Ambition in any
In his Wishes only to presume to taste
The Nectar of your Kisses; or to feed
His Appetite with that Ambrosia, due
And proper to a Prince; and what binds more,
A lawful Husband. For myself, great Queen,

I am a Thing obscure, disfurnish'd of
 All Merit that can raise me higher than
 In my most humble Thankfulness for your Bounty,
 To hazard my Life for you, and that Way
 I am most ambitious.

Hon. I desire no more
 Than what you promise. If you dare expose,
 Your Life, as you profess, to do me Service,
 How can it better be employ'd, than in
 Preserving mine? which only you can do,
 And must do with the Danger of your own.
 A desperate Danger too! If private Men
 Can brook no Rivals in what they affect,
 But to the Death pursue such as invade
 What Law makes their Inheritance; the King,
 To whom you know I am dearer than his Crown,
 His Health, his Eyes, his After-hopes, with all
 His present Blessings, must fall on that Man
 Like dreadful Lightning, that is won by Prayers,
 Threats, or Rewards, to stain his Bed, or make
 His hop'd-for Issue doubtful.

Math. If you aim
 At what I more than fear you do, the Reasons
 Which you deliver should in Judgment rather
 Deter me, than invite a Grant, with my
 Assured Ruin.

Hon. True, if that you were
 Of a cold Temper, one whom Doubt, or Fear,
 In the most horrid Forms they could put on,
 Might teach to be ingrateful. Your Denial
 To me that have deserv'd so much, is more,
 If it can have Addition.

Math. I know not
 What your Commands are.

Hon. Have you fought so well
 Among arm'd Men, yet cannot guess what Lists
 You are to enter, when you are in private
 With a willing Lady? One, that to enjoy
 Your Company, this Night deny'd the King

Access to what's his own. If you will press me
To speak in plainer Language——

Math. Pray you forbear ;

I would I did not understand too much
Already. By your Words I am instructed
To credit that, which, not confirm'd by you,
Had bred Suspicion in me of Untruth,
Though an Angel had affirm'd it. But suppose
That, cloy'd with Happiness (which is ever built
On virtuous Chastity) in the Wantonness
Of Appetite you desire to make Trial
Of the false Delights propos'd by vicious Lust ;
Among ten thousand, every way more able
And apter to be wrought on, such as owe you
Obedience, being your Subjects, why should you
Make Choice of me, a Stranger ?

Hon. Though yet Reason

Was ne'er admitted in the Court of Love,
I'll yield you one unanswerable. As I urg'd
In our last private Conference, you have
A pretty promising Presence ; but there are
Many in Limbs and Feature who may take
That Way the Right-hand File of you : Besides,
Your *May* of Youth is past, and the Blood spent
By Wounds (though bravely taken) render you
Disabled for Love's Service ; and that Valour
Set off with better Fortune, which it may be
Swells you above your Bounds, is not the Hook
That hath caught me, good Sir : I need no Champion
With his Sword to guard my Honour or my Beauty ;
In both I can defend myself, and live
My own Protection.

Math. If these Advocates,

The best that can plead for me, have no Power ;
What else can you find in me, that may tempt you
With irrecoverable Loss unto yourself
To be a Gainer from me ?

Hon. You have, Sir,

A Jewel of such matchless Worth and Lustre,

As does disdain Comparifon, and darkens
All that is rare in other Men; and that
I muft, or win, or leffen.

Matb. You heap more
Amazement on me! What am I poffefs'd of
That you can covet? Make me underftand it,
If it have a Name?

Hon. Yes, an imagin'd one;
But is in Substance nothing, being a Garment
Worn out of Fashion, and long fince given o'er
By the Court and Country; 'tis your Loyalty,
And Conftancy to your Wife; 'tis that I dote on,
And does deferve my Envy; and that Jewel,
Or by fair Play, or foul, I muft win from you.

Matb. Thefe are mere Contraries. If you love me,
Madam,
For my Conftancy, why feek you to deftroy it?
In my keeping, it preferves me worth your Favour!
Or if it be a Jewel of that Value,
As you with labour'd Rhetorick would perfuade me,
What can you ftake againft it?

Hon. A Queen's Fame,
And equal Honour.

Matb. So, whoever wins,
Both fhall be Losers.

Hon. That is what I aim at.
Yet on the Dye I lay my Youth, my Beauty,
This moift Palm, this foft Lip, and thofe Delights
Darknefs fhould only judge of! Do you find 'em
Infectious in the Trial; that you ftart
As frighted with their Touch?

Matb. Is it in Man
To refift fuch ftrong Temptations?

Hon. He begins
To waver.

Matb. Madam, as you are gracious,
Grant this fhort Night's Deliberation to me,
And with the rifing Sun from me you fhall
Receive full Satisfaction.

[*Aside.*

Hon.

Hon. Though Extreame
Hate all Delay, I will deny you nothing,
This Key will bring you to your Friend; you are both
safe:

And all Things useful that could be prepar'd
For one I love and honour, wait upon you.
Take Counsel of your Pillow, such a Fortune
As with Affection's swiftest Wings flies to you,
Will not be often tendred. [Exit Honoria.

Math How my Blood
Rebels! I now could call her back—and yet
There's something stays me: If the King had tender'd
Such Favours to my Wife, 'tis to be doubted
They had not been refus'd: But, being a Man,
I should not yield first, or prove an Example
For her Defence of Frailty. By this, *sans* Question,
She's tempted too; and here I may examine

[Look on the Picture.

How she holds out. She's still the same, the same
Pure Chrystal Rock of Chastity! Perish all
Allurements that may alter me! The Snow
Of her sweet Coldness, hath extinguished quite
The Fire that but even now began to flame:
And I by her confirm'd, Rewards, nor Titles,
Nor certain Death from the refused Queen,
Shall shake my Faith; since I resolve to be
Loyal to her, as she is true to me. [Exit Mathias.

S C E N E VI.

Enter Ubaldo, Ricardo.

Ubal. What we spake on the Volley begins to work,
We have laid a good Foundation

Ric. Build it up,
Or else 'tis nothing: You have by Lot the Honour
Of the first Assault; but, as it is condition'd,
Observe the Time proportion'd; I'll not part with

My Share in the Atchievement; when I whistle,
Or hem, fall off.

Enter Sophia.

Ubal. She comes. Stand by, I'll watch
My Opportunity.

Soph. I find myself
Strangely distracted with the various Stories,
Now well, now ill, then doubtfully, by my Guests
Deliver'd of my Lord: And like poor Beggars
That in their Dreams find Treasure, by Reflection
Of a wounded Fancy make it questionable
Whither they sleep, or not; yet tickl'd with
Such a phantastick Hope of Happiness,
Wish they may never wake: In some such Measure,
Incredulous of what I see, and touch,
As 'twere a fading Apparition, I
Am still perplex'd, and troubled; and when most
Confirm'd 'tis true, a curious Jealousy
To be assur'd, by what Means, and from whom,
Such a Mass of Wealth was first deserv'd, then gotten,
Cunningly steals into me. I have practis'd,
For my certain Resolution, with these Courtiers;
Promising private Conference to either.
And at this Hour, if in Search of the Truth,
I hear, or say, more than becomes my Virtue,
Forgive me my *Matbias*.

Ubal. Now I make in.
Madam, as you commanded, I attend
Your Pleasure.

Soph. I must thank you for the Favour.

Ubal. I am no ghostly Father; yet if you have
Some Scruples, touching your Lord, you would be re-
solv'd of,
I am prepar'd.

Soph. But will you take your Oath,
To answer truly?

Ubal. (On the Hem of your Smock if you please,

A Vow I dare not break, it being a Book
I would gladly swear on.)

Soph. To spare, Sir, that Trouble,
I'll take your Word, which in a Gentleman
Should be of equal Value. Is my Lord, then,
In such Grace with the Queen?

Ubal. You should best know
By what you have found from him, whether he can
Deserve Grace or no.

Soph. What Grace do you mean?

Ubal. That special Grace (if you'll have it)
He laboured so hard for between a Pair of Sheets
On your wedding Night, when your Ladyship
Lost you know what.

Soph. Fie, be more modest,
Or I must leave you.

Ubal. I would tell a Truth
As cleanly as I could, and yet the Subject
Makes me run out a little.

Soph. You would put now
A foolish Jealousy in my Head, my Lord
Hath gotten a new Mistrefs.

Ubal. One! a hundred:
But under Seal I speak it; I presume
Upon your Silence, it being for your Profit,
(They talk of *Hercules' Back* for fifty in a Night;²⁰
'Twas well; but yet to yours he was a Pidler:
Such a Soldier, and Courtier never came
To *Alba regalis*, the Ladies run mad for him,
And there is such Contention among 'em

²⁰ *Thy Talk of Hercules' Back for fifty in a Night,*
'Twas well, &c.

This Freedom of Language, I am afraid, will be apt to displease many of *Massinger's* Readers; who, perhaps, will think that such Scenes had better have been quite omitted; But as that would not be consistent with my Plan, I shall urge in Defence, that it was the Vice of the Age he lived in; and that *Massinger* was perhaps, obliged more from Necessity than Inclination to comply with the Taste of his Audience, in order to secure his Pieces a favourable Reception.

Who shall ingross him wholly, that the like
Was never heard of.)

Soph. Are they handsome Women?

Ubal. Fie, no, course Mammets, and what's worse
they are old too

Some fifty, some threescore, and they pay dear for't,
Believing, that he carries a Powder in his Breeches
Will make 'em young again, and these suck shrewdly,

Ric. Sir I must fetch you off. [Whistles.]

Ubal. I could tell you Wonders
Of the Cures he has done, but a Business of Import
Calls me away; but that dispatch'd I will
Be with you presently. [He steps aside.]

Soph. There is something more
In this then bare Suspicion,

Ric. Save you, Lady:

Now you look like yourself! I have not look'd on
A Lady more compleat, yet have seen a Madam
Wear a Garment of this Fashion, of the same Stuff too,
One just of your Dimensions; sat the Wind there Boy?

Soph. What Lady, Sir?

Ric. Nay, nothing; and methinks
I should know this Ruby: Very good; 'tis the same.
This Chain of orient Pearl, and this Diamond too,
Have been worn before; but much Good may they do
you;

(Strength to the Gentleman's Back, he toil'd hard for
'em,)

Before he got 'em.

Soph. Why? How were they gotten? [Ubaldo bems.]

Ric. Not in the Field with his Sword, upon my Life,
He may thank his close Stillet too. Plague upon it;
Run the Minutes so fast? Pray excuse my Manners
I left a Letter in my Chamber Window,
Which I would not have seen on any Terms; Fie on it,
Forgetful as I am; but I'll strait attend you.

[Ricardo steps aside.]

Soph. This is strange; his Letters said these Jewels
were

Presented him by the Queen, as a Reward
 For his good Service, and the Trunks of Clothes
 That followed them this last Night, with Haste made up
 By his Direction.

Enter Ubaldo.

Ubal. I was telling you
 Of Wonders, Madam.

Soph. If you are so skilful,
 Without Premeditation answer me,
 Know you this Gown, and these rich Jewels?

Ubal. Heaven!
 How Things will come out! but that I should offend
 you,
 And wrong my more then noble Friend
 Your Husband (for we are sworn Brothers) in the Dis-
 covery

Of his nearest Secrets, I could——

Soph. By the Hope of Favour
 That you have from me, out with it.

Ubal. 'Tis a potent Spell,
 I cannot resist; why I will tell you, Madam,
 And to how many several Women you are
 Beholding for your Bravery,—this was
 The wedding Gown of *Paulina*, a rich Strumpet,
 Worn but a Day, when she married old *Gonzage*,
 And left off trading.

Soph. O my Heart!

Ubal. This Chain
 Of Pearl was a great Widow's that invited
 Your Lord to a Masque, and the Weather proving foul,
 He lodg'd in her House all Night, and merry they were;
 But how he came by it I know not.

Soph. Perjur'd Man!

Ubal. This Ring was *Julietta's*; a fine Piece,
 But very good at the Sport. This Diamond
 Was Madam *Acanthe's*, given him for a Song
 Prick'd in a private Arbour, as she said,

(When

(When the Queen ask'd for it,) and she heard him sing
too,

And danc'd to his Hornpipe, or there are Liars abroad.

There are other Toys about you

The same Way purchas'd, but parallel'd

With these not worth the Relation.

You are happy in a Husband; never Man

Made better Use of his Strength, would you have him
waste,

His Body away for nothing? If he holds out,
There's not an embroider'd Petticoat in the Court
But shall be at your Service.

Soph. I commend him :

It is a thriving Trade; but pray you leave me
A little to myself.

Ubal. You may command

Your Servant, Madam, she's stung unto the quick, Lad.

Ric. I did my Part; if this work not, hang me;
Let her sleep as well as she can to Night, To-morrow
We'll mount new Batteries.

Ubal. And till then leave her.

[Exit Ubaldo, Ricardo.

Soph. You Powers, that take into your Care the Guard
Of Innocence, aid me; for I am Creature,
So forfeited to Despair, Hope cannot fancy
A Ransom to redeem me, I begin
To waver in my Faith, and make it doubtful,
Whither the Saints that were canoniz'd for
Their Holiness of Life, sinn'd not in Secret,
Since my *Matbias* is fall'n from his Virtue
In such an open Fashion. Could it be else,
That such a Husband, so devoted to me,
So vow'd to Temperance; for lascivious Hire,
Should prostitute himself to common Harlots,
Old and deform'd too, wast for this he left me?
And on a feign'd Pretence for want of Means
To give me Ornament? Or to bring home
Diseases to me? Suppose these are false,
And lustful Goats, if he were true and right

Why

Why stays he so long from me, being made rich
 And that the only Reason why he left me?
 No, he is lost; and I shall wear the Spoils,
 And Salaries of Lust? They cleave unto me
 Like *Nessus'* poison'd Shirt. No, in my Rage
 I'll tear 'em off, and from my Body wash
 The Venom with my Tears. Have I no Spleen
 Nor Anger of a Woman? Shall he build
 Upon my Ruins, and I, unreveng'd,
 Deplore his Falshood? No, with the same Trash
 For which he had dishonour'd me, I'll purchase
 A just Revenge. I am not yet so much
 In Debt to Years, nor so mishap'd, that all
 Should fly from my Embraces. Chastity,
 Thou only art a Name, and I renounce thee,
 I am now a Servant to Voluptuousness;
 Wantons of all Degrees and Fashions, welcome;
 You shall be entertain'd, and if I stray
 Let him condemn himself, that led the Way. [Exit.]

The End of the Third Act.

ACT IV. SCENE I.

Enter Mathias and Baptista.

Bapt. WE are in a desperate Straight; there's no
 Evasion
 Nor Hope left to come of, but by your yielding
 To the Necessity; you must feign a Grant
 To her violent Passion, or

Math. What, my *Baptista*?

Bapt. We are but dead else.

Math. Were the Sword now heav'd up,
 And my Neck upon the Block, I would not buy
 An Hour's Reprieve with the Loss of Faith and Virtue
 To

To be made immortal here. Art thou a Scholar,
 Nay, almost without a Parallel, and yet fear
 To die, which is inevitable? You may urge
 The many Years that by the Course of Nature
 We may travel in this tedious Pilgrimage,
 And hold it as a Blessing, as it is,
 When Innocence is our Guide; yet know, *Baptista*,
 Our Virtues are preferr'd before our Years,
 By the great Judge. To die untainted in
 Our Fame and Reputation is the greatest;
 And to lose that, can we desire to live?
 Or shall I, for a momentary Pleasure,
 Which soon comes to a Period, to all Times
 Have Breach of Faith and Perjury remembred
 In a still living Epitaph? No, *Baptista*,
 Since my *Sophia* will go to her Grave
 Unspotted in her Faith, I'll follow her
 With equal Loyalty; but look on this,
 Your own great Work, your Master-piece, and then
 She being still the same, teach me to alter.
 Ha! sure I do not sleep! or, if I dream,

[*The Picture altered.*]

This is a terrible Vision! I will clear
 My Eyesight, perhaps melancholly makes me
 See that which is not.

Bapt. It is too apparent.

I grieve to look upon't; besides the yellow,
 That does assure she's tempted, there are Lines
 Of a dark Colour, that disperse themselves
 O'er every Miniature of her Face, and those
 Confirm.—

Matb. She is turn'd Whore.

Bapt. I must not say so.

Yet as a Friend to Truth, if you will have me
 Interpret it, in her Consent, and Wishes
 She's false, but not in fact yet.

Matb. Fact! *Baptista*?

Make not yourself a Pandar to her Looseness,
 In labouring to palliate what a Vizard

Of Impudence cannot cover. Did e'er Woman
 In her Will decline from Chastity, but found Means
 To give her hot Lust full Scope? It is more
 Impossible in Nature for gross Bodies
 Descending of themselves, to hang in the Air,
 Or with my single Arm to underprop
 A falling Tower; nay, in its violent Course
 To stop the Light'ning, then to stay a Woman
 Hurried by two Furies, Lust and Falshood,
 In her full Career to Wickedness.

Bapt. Pray you temper
 The Violence of your Passion.

Matb. In Extreame
 Of this Condition, can it be in Man
 To use a Moderation? I am thrown
 From a steep Rock headlong into a Gulph
 Of Misery, and find myself past Hope,
 In the same Moment that I apprehend
 That I am falling, and this, the Figure of
 My Idol, few Hours since, while she continued
 In her Perfection, that was late a Mirror,
 In which I saw miraculous Shapes of Duty,
 Staid Manners, with all Excellency a Husband
 Could wish in a chaste Wife, is on the sudden
 Turn'd to a magical Glass, and does present
 Nothing but Horns and Horror.

Bapt. You may yet
 (And 'tis the best Foundation) build up Comfort
 On your own Goodness.

Matb. No, that hath undone me,
 For now I hold my Temperance a Sin
 Worse then Excess, and what was Vice a Virtue.
 Have I refus'd a Queen, and such a Queen
 (Whose ravishing Beauties at the first Sight had tempted
 A Hermit from his Beads, and chang'd his Prayers
 To amorous Sonnets,) to preserve my Faith
 Inviolat to thee, with the Hazard of
 My Death with Torture, since she could inflict
 No less for my Contempt, and have I met
 Such a Return from thee? I will not curse thee,

Nor for thy Falshood rail against the Sex;
 'Tis poor, and common; I'll only with wise Men
 Whisper unto myself, howe'er they seem;
 Nor present, nor past Times, nor the Age to come
 Hath heretofore, can now, or ever shall
 Produce one constant Woman.

Bapt. This is more
 Then the Satyrists wrote against 'em.

Matb. There's no Language
 That can express the Poison of these Aspicks,
 These weeping Crocodiles, and all too little
 That hath been said against 'em. But I'll mould
 My Thoughts into another Form, and if
 She can outlive the Report of what I have done,
 This Hand, when next she comes within my Reach,
 Shall be her Executioner.

Enter Honoria.

Bapt. The Queen, Sir.

Hon. Wait our Command at Distance; Sir, you too
 have
 Free Liberty to depart.

Bapt. I know no Manners,
 And thank you for the Favour. [*Exit Baptista.*

Hon. Have you taken
 Good Rest in your new Lodgings? I expect now
 Your resolute Answer; but advise maturely
 Before I hear it,

Matb. Let my Actions, Madam,
 For no Words can dilate my Joy, in all
 You can command with Chearfulness to serve you,
 Assure your Highness; and in Sign of my
 Submission, and Contrition for my Error,
 My Lips, that but the last Night shun'd the Touch
 Of your's as Poison, taught Humility now,
 Thus on your Foot, and that too great an Honour
 For such an Undeserver, seals my Duty.
 A cloudy Mist of Ignorance, equal to

Cimmerian Darkness, would not let me see then,
 What now with Adoration and Wonder,
 With Reverence I look up to: But those Fogs
 Dispers'd and scatter'd by the powerful Beams
 With which yourself the Sun of all Perfection,
 Vouchsafe to cure my Blindness, like a Suppliant
 As low as I can kneel, I humbly beg
 What you once pleased to tender.

Hon. This is more
 Then I could hope; what find you so attractive
 Upon my Face in so short Time to make
 This sudden Metamorphosis? Pray you rise;
 I for your late Neglect thus sign your Pardon.
 Aye now you kiss like a Lover, and not as Brothers
 Coldly salute their Sisters.

Matb. I am turn'd
 All Spirit and Fire.

Hon. Yet to give some Allay
 To this hot Fervour, 'twere good to remember
 The King, whose Eyes and Ears are every where,
 With the Danger too that follows, this discover'd.

Matb. Danger? A Bugbear Madam, let me ride once
 Like *Pbaeton* in the Chariot of your Favour,
 And I contemn *Jove's* Thunder: Though the King
 In our Embraces stood a Looker on,
 His Hangmen too, with studied Cruelty ready
 To drag me from your Arms, it should not fright me
 From the enjoying that, a single Life is
 Too poor a Price for: (O, that now all Vigour
 Of my Youth were recollected for an Hour,
 That my Desire might meet with your's, and draw
 The Envy of all Men in the Encounter
 Upon my Head,) I should—but we lose Time,
 Be gracious, mighty Queen.

Hon. Pause yet a little:
 The Bounties of the King, and what weighs more,
 Your boasted Constancy to your matchless Wife,
 Should not soon be shaken.

Matb.

Matb. The whole Fabrick,
When I but look on you, is in a Moment
O'erturn'd and ruin'd, and as Rivers loose
Their Names, when they are swallow'd by the Ocean,
In you alone all Faculties of my Soul
Are wholly taken up, my Wife, and King
At the best as Things forgotten.

Hon. Can this be?

I have gain'd my End now.

[*Aside.*]

Matb. Wherefore stay you, Madam?

Hon. In my Consideration what a Nothing
Man's Constancy is.

Matb. Your Beauties make it so,
In me, sweet Lady.

Hon. And it is my Glory:
I could be coy now as you were, but I
Am of a gentler Temper; howsoever,
And in a just Return of what I have suffer'd
In your Disdain, with the same Measure grant me
Equal Deliberation: I e'er long
Will visit you again, and when I next
Appear, as conquer'd by it, Slave-like wait
On my triumphant Beauty.

[*Exit Honoria.*]

Matb. What a Change
Is here beyond my Fear! but by thy Falshood,
Sophia, not her Beauty, is it deny'd me
To sin but in my Wishes. What a Frown
In Scorn, at her Departure, she threw on me?
I am both Ways lost; Storms of Contempt, and Scorn
Are ready to break on me, and all Hope
Of Shelter doubtful: I can neither be
Disloyal, nor yet honest; I stand guilty
On either Part; at the worst Death will end all,
And he must be my Judge to write my Wrong,
Since I have lov'd too much and liv'd too long.

[*Exit Mathias.*]

SCENE

SCENE II.

Enter Sophia sola, with a Book and a Note.

Soph. Nor Custom nor Example, nor vast Numbers
Of such as do offend, make less the Sin.
For each particular Crime a strict Account
Will be exacted; and that Comfort which
The Damn'd pretend (Fellows in Misery)
Takes nothing from their Torments; every one
Must suffer in himself the Measure of
His Wickedness. If so, as I must grant,
It being unrefutable in Reason,
How'er my Lord offend, it is no Warrant
For me to walk in his forbidden Paths:
What Penance then can expiate my Guilt
For my Consent (transported then with Passion)
To Wantonness? The Wounds I give my Fame
Cannot recover his; and though I have fed
These Courtiers with Promises and Hopes,
I am yet in Fact untainted; and I trust
My Sorrow for it, with my Purity
And Love to Goodness for itself, made powerful,
Though all they have alledg'd prove true or false,
Will be such Exorcisms as shall command
This Fury Jealousy from me. What I have
Determin'd touching them, I am resolv'd
To put in Execution. Within there!
Where are my noble Guests?

Enter Hilario, Corisco, with other Servants.

Hil. The elder, Madam,
Is drinking by himself to your Ladyship's Health
In Muscadine and Eggs; and for a Rasher
To draw his Liquor down, he hath got a Pye
Of Marrow-bones, Potatoes and Eringo's,
With many such Ingredients, and 'tis said
He hath sent his Man in Post to the next Town,

For a Pound of Ambergrise, and half a Peck
Of Fishes call'd Cantharides.

Coris. The younger
Prunes up himself, as if this Night he were
To act a Bridegroom's Part; but to what Purpose
I am Ignorance itself.

Soph. Continue so. [Gives a Paper.]
Let those Lodgings be prepar'd as this directs you,
And fail not in a Circumstance, as you
Respect my Favour.

1 *Serv.* We have our Instructions.

2 *Serv.* And punctually will follow 'em.

[*Exeunt Servants.*]

Enter Ubaldo.

Hil. Madam, here comes
The Lord *Ubaldo*.

Ubal. Pretty one, there's Gold
To buy thee a new Gown; and there's for thee:
Grow fat, and fit for Service. I am now
As I should be, at the Height, and able to
Beget a Giant. O my better Angel,
In this you shew your Wisdom, when you pay
The Letcher in his own Coin; shall you sit puling,
Like a patient *Grizzle*, and be laugh'd at? No,
This is a fair Revenge, shall we to it?

Soph. To what, Sir?

Ubal. The Sport you promis'd.

Soph. Could it be done with Safety?

Ubal. I warrant you! I am sound as a Bell, a tough
Old Blade, and Steel to the Back, as you shall find me
In the Trial on your Anvil.

Soph. So; but how, Sir,
Shall I satisfy your Friend, to whom, by Promise,
I am equally engag'd?

Ubal. I must confess
The more the merrier; but of all Men living
Take heed of him; you may safer run upon

The Mouth of a Cannon when it is unlading,
And come off colder.

Soph. How! is he not wholesome?

Ubal. Wholesome! I'll tell you for your Good; he is
A Spital of Diseases, and indeed
More loathsome and infectious; the Tub is
His weekly Bath: He hath not drank this seven Years,
Before he came to your House, but Compositions
Of Sassafras and Guaicum, and dry Mutton's
His daily Portion; name what Scratch soever
Can be got by Women, and the Surgeons will resolve
At this Time or at that, *Ricardo* had it. [you,

Soph. Bless me from him.

Ubal. 'Tis a good Prayer, Lady,
It being a Degree unto the Pox
Only to mention him; if my Tongue burn not, hang
When I but name *Ricardo*. [me,

Soph. Sir, this Caution
Must be rewarded.

Ubal. I hope I have marr'd his Market.
But when?

Soph. Why presently; follow my Woman,
She knows where to conduct you, and will serve
To Night for a Page. Let the Waistcoat I appointed,
With the Cambrick Shirt perfum'd, and the rich Cap,
Be brought into his Chamber.

Ubal. Excellent Lady!
And a Caudle too in the Morning.

Coris. I will fit you. [*Exeunt Ubaldo and Corisca.*

Enter Ricardo.

Soph. So hot on the Scent! Here comes the other
Beagle.

Ric. Take Purse and all.

Hil. If this Company would come often,
I should make a pretty Term on't.

Soph. For your Sake
I have put him off; he only begg'd a Kiss;

I gave it, and so parted.

Ric. I hope better,

He did not touch your Lip?

Soph. Yes, I assure you.

There was no Danger in it?

Ric. No! eat presently

These Lozenges, of forty Crowns an Ounce,

Or you are undone.

Soph. What is the Virtue of 'em?

Ric. They are Preservatives against stinking Breath,
Rising from rotten Lungs.

Soph. If so, your Carriage

Of such dear Antidotes, in my Opinion,

May render your's suspected.

Ric. Fie, no, I use 'em

When I talk with him, I should be poison'd else.

But I'll be free with you. He was once a Creature

It may be of God's making, but long since

He is turn'd to a Druggist's Shop; the Spring and Fall

Hold all the Year with him; that he lives, he owes

To Art, not Nature; she has giv'n him o'er.

He moves, like the Fairy King, on Screws and Wheels

Made by his Doctor's Recipes, and yet still

They are out of joint, and every Day repairing:

He has a Regiment of Whores he keeps

At his own Charge in a Lazar-house: But the best is,

There's not a Nose among 'em. He's acquainted

With the Green Water, and the Spitting Pill's

Familiar to him. In a frosty Morning

You may thrust him in a Pottle-pot, his Bones

Rattle in his Skin, like Beans toss'd in a Bladder.

If he but hear a Coach, the Fomentation,

The Friction with Fumigation cannot save him

From the Chin-Evil. In a Word, he is

Not one Disease, but all: Yet, being my Friend,

I will forbear his Character; for I would not

Wrong him in your Opinion.

Soph. The best is,

The Virtues you bestow on him, to me,

Are

Are Mysteries I know not : But, however,
I am at your Service. Sirrah, let it be your Care
T'uncloath the Gentleman, and with Speed : Delay
Takes from Delight.

Ric. Good, there's my Hat, Sword, Cloak ——
A Vengeance on these Buttons ; off with my Doublet,
I dare show my Skin, in the Touch you will like it
better ;

Prythee cut my Códpiece-point, and for this Service,
When I leave them off they are thine.

Hil. I take your Word, Sir.

Ric. Dear Lady, stay not long.

Soph. I may come too soon, Sir.

Ric. No, no, I am ready now.

Hil. This is the Way, Sir.

[*Exeunt Hilario and Ricardo.*]

Soph. I was much to blame to credit their Reports
Touching my Lord, that so traduce each other,
And with such virulent Malice, though I presume
They are bad enough ; but I have studied for 'em
A Way for their Recovery.

[*The Noise of clapping a Door, Ubaldo above
in his Shirt.*]

Ubal. What dost thou mean, Wench ?
Why dost thou shut the Door upon me ? Ha ?
My Cloaths are ta'en away too ! shall I starve here ?
Is this my Lodging ? I am sure the Lady talk'd of
A rich Cap, a perfum'd Shirt, and a Waistcoat ;
But here is nothing but a little fresh Straw,
A Petticoat for a Coverlet, and that torn too ;
And an old Woman's Biggen for a Night-cap.

Enter Corisca to Sophia.

'Slight, 'tis a Prison, or a Pig-sty. Ha !
The Windows grated with Iron, I cannot force 'em,
And if I leap down, here, I break my Neck ;
I am betray'd. Rogues ! Villains ! let me out ;
I am a Lord, and that's no common Title,

And shall I be us'd thus?

Soph. Let him rave, he's fast;
I'll parley with him at Leisure.

Ricardo entering with a great Noise below, as fallen.

Ric. Zoons, have you Trap-doors?

Soph. The other Bird's i' th' Cage too, let him flutter.

Ric. Whither am I fall'n, into Hell?

Ubal. Who makes that Noise there?

Help me, if thou art a Friend.

Ric. A Friend? I am where

I cannot help myself; let me see thy Face.

Ubal. How, *Ricardo!* prythee throw me
Thy Cloak, if thou canst, to cover me, I am almost
Frozen to Death.

Ric. My Cloak! I have no Breeches;
I am in my Shirt, as thou art; and here's nothing
For myself but a Clown's cast-off Suit.

Ubal. We are both undone.

Pr'ythee roar a little.—Madam!

Enter Hilario in Ricardo's Suit.

Ric. Lady of the House!

Ubal. Grooms of the Chamber!

Ric. Gentlewomen! Milkmaids!

Ubal. Shall we be murther'd?

Soph. No, but soundly punish'd,
To your Deserts.

Ric. You are not in Earnest, Madam?

Soph. Judge as you find, and feel it; and now hear
What I irrevocably purpose to you.
Being receiv'd as Guests into my House,
And with all it afforded entertain'd,
You have forgot all hospitable Duties,
And with the Defamation of my Lord,
Wrought on my Woman Weakness, in Revenge
Of his Injuries, as you fashion'd 'em to me,

To yield my Honour to your lawless Lust.

Hil. Mark that, poor Fellows.

Soph. And so far you have

Transgress'd against the Dignity of Men,
(Who should, bound to it by Virtue, still defend
Chaste Ladies Honours) that it was your Trade
To make 'em infamous: But you are caught
In your own Toils, like lustful Beasts, and therefore
Hope not to find the Usage of Men from me;
Such Mercy you have forfeited, and shall suffer
Like the most slavish Women.

Ubal. How will you use us?

Soph. Ease and Excess in Feeding made you wanton;
A Plurify of ill Blood you must let out.
By Labour, and spare Diet, that Way got too,
Or perish with Hunger.—Reach him up that Distaff
With the Flax upon it, though no Omphale,
Nor you a second *Hercules*, as I take it;
As you spin well at my Command, and please me,
Your Wages, in the coarsest Bread and Water,
Shall be proportionable.

Ubal. I will starve first.

Soph. That's as you please.

Ric. What will become of me now?

Soph. You shall have gentler Work; I have oft ob-
serv'd

You were proud to shew the Fineness of your Hands,
And Softness of your Fingers; you should reel well
What he spins, if you give your Mind to it, as I'll
force you.

Deliver him his Materials. Now you know
Your Penance, fall to work, Hunger will teach you;
And so, as Slaves to your Lust, not me, I leave you.

[*Exit Sophia and Servants.*]

Ubal. I shall spin a fine Thread out now.

Ric. I cannot look

On these Devices, but they put me in Mind
Of Rope-makers.

Hil. Fellow, think of thy Task,

Forget such Vanities, my Livery there
Will serve thee to work in.

Ric. Let me have my Cloaths, yet
I was bountiful to thee.

Hil. They are past your Wearing,
And mine by Promise, as all these can witness;
You have no Holydays coming, nor will I work
While these and this lasts; and so when you please
You may shut up your Shop-windows.

[*Exit Hilario,*

Ubal. I am faint,
And must lie down.

Ric. I am hungry too, and cold.—
O cursed Women.—

Ubal. This comes of our Whoring.
But let us rest as well as we can to-night,
But not o'er sleep ourselves, lest we fast to-morrow.

[*They draw the Curtains,*

S C E N E III.

Enter Ladislaus, Honoria, Eubulus, Ferdinand, Acanthe, Attendants.

Hon. Now you know all, Sir, with the Motives why
I forc'd him to my Lodging.

Ladis. I desire
No more such Trials, Lady.

Hon. I presume, Sir,
You do not doubt my Chastity.

Ladis. I would not;
But these are strange Inducements.

Eub. By no Means, Sir.
Why, though he were with Violence seiz'd upon,
And still detain'd, the Man, Sir, being no Soldier,
Nor us'd to charge his Pike, when the Breach is open,
There was no Danger in't: You must conceive, Sir,
Being religious, she chose him for a Chaplain
To read old Homilies to her in the Dark;
She's bound to it by her Canons.

Ladis.

Ladis. Still tormented
With thy Impertinence?

Hon. By yourself, dear Sir,
I was ambitious only to overthrow
His boasted Constancy in his Consent,
But for Fact I contemn him; I was never
Unchaste in Thought, I laboured to give Proof
What Power dwells in this Beauty you admire so,
And when you see how soon it hath transform'd him,
And with what superstition he adores it,
Determine as you please.

Ladis. I will look on
This Pageant; but ——

Hon. When you have seen and heard, Sir,
The Passages which I myself discover'd,
And could have kept conceal'd, had I meant basely,
Judge as you please.

Ladis. Well, I'll observe the Issue.

Eub. How had you took this, General, in your
Wife?

Ferd. As a strange Curiosity; but Queens
Are priviledg'd above Subjects, and 'tis fit, Sir.

[*Exeunt.*]

S C E N E IV.

Enter Mathias, Baptista.

Bapt. You are much alter'd, Sir, since the last Night
When the Queen left you, and look chearfully,
Your Dulness quite blown over.

Math. I have seen a Vision,
This Morning makes it good, and never was
In such Security as at this Instant:
Fall what can fall, and when the Queen appears,
Whose shortest Absence now is tedious to me,
Observe th' Encounter.

Enter

Enter Honoria to Mathias. (Ladislaus, Eubulus, Ferdinand, Acanthe, with others enter above.)

Bapt. She already is
Enter'd the Lifts.

Math. And I prepar'd to meet her.

Bapt. I know my Duty.

Hon. Not so, you may stay now
As a Witness of our Contract.

Bapt. I obey
In all Things, Madam.

Hon. Where's that Reverence,
Or rather superstitious Adoration,
Which, Captive-like, to my triumphant Beauty
You paid last Night? No humble Knee? nor Sign
Of vassal Duty? Sure this is the Foot
To whose proud Cover, and then happy in it,
Your Lips were glew'd; and that the Neck then offer'd
To witness your Subjection to be trod on:
Your certain Loss of Life in the King's Anger,
Was then too mean a Price to buy my Favour;
And that false Glow-Worm Fire, of Constancy
To your Wife, extinguish'd by a greater Light
Shot from our Eyes; and that, it may be (being
Too glorious to be look'd on) hath depriv'd you
Of Speech, and Motion: But I will take off
A little from the Splendor, and descend
From my own Height, and in your Lowness hear you
Plead as a Suppliant.

Math. I do remember
I once saw such a Woman.

Hon. How!

Math. And then
She did appear a most magnificent Queen;
And what's more, virtuous, tho' somewhat darken'd
With Pride and Self-Opinion.

Eub. Call you this Courtship?

Math. And she was happy in a Royal Husband,
Whom

Whom Envy could not tax, unless it were
For his too much Indulgence to her Humours.

Eub. Pray you, Sir, observe that Touch, 'tis to the
Purpose;

I like the Play the better for't.

Matb. And she liv'd

Worthy her Birth and Fortune; you retain yet
Some Part of her angelical Form; but when
Envy to the Beauty of another Woman
Inferior to her's, (one she never
Had seen, but in her Picture) had dispers'd
Infection through her Veins, and Loyalty
(Which a great Queen as she was, should have nourish'd)
Grew odious to her——

Hon. I am Thunderstruck.

Matb. And Lust, in all the Bravery it could borrow
From Majesty, how'er disguis'd, had took
Sure Footing in the Kingdom of her Heart,
(Once the Throne of Chastity,) how in a Moment
All that was gracious, great, and glorious in her,
And won upon all Hearts; like seeming Shadows,
Wanting true Substance, vanish'd.

Hon. How his Reasons
Work on my Soul!

Matb. Retire into yourself.

Your own Strength's, Madam, strongly man'd with
Virtue,

And be but as you were, and there's no Office
So base, beneath the Slavery that Men
Impose on Beasts, but I will gladly bow to.
But as you play and juggle with a Stranger,
Varying your Shapes like *Tbetis*, though the Beauties
Of all that are by Poets Raptures painted,
Were now in you united, you should pass
Pitied by me perhaps, but not regarded.

Eub. If this take not, I am cheated.

Matb. To slip once

Is incident, and excus'd by human Frailty;
But to fall ever, damnable. We were both

Guilty,

Guilty, I grant, in tendering our Affection,
 But, as I hope you will do, I repented.
 When we are grown up to Ripeness, our Life is
 Like to this Picture. While we run
 A constant Race in Goodness, it retains
 The just Proportion. But the Journey being
 Tedious, and sweet Temptations in the Way,
 That may in some Degree divert us from
 The Road that we put forth in, e'er we end
 Our Pilgrimage, it may, like this, turn Yellow,
 Or be with Blacknels clouded. But when we
 Find we have gone astray, and labour to
 Return unto our never-failing Guide
 Virtue, Contrition (with unfeigned Tears,
 The Spots of Vice wash'd off) will soon restore it
 To the first Pureness.

Hon. I am disenchantèd :
 Mercy, O Mercy, Heavens ?

[*Kneels.*]

Ladis. I am ravish'd with
 What I have seen and heard.

Ferd. Let us descend, and hear
 The rest below.

Eub. This hath fall'n out beyond
 My Expectation.

[*They descend.*]

Hon. How have I wander'd
 Out of the Tract of Piety ! and misled
 By overweening Pride, and Flattery
 Of fawning Sycophants, (the Bane of Greatness)
 Could never meet till now a Passenger,
 That in his Charity would set me right,
 Or stay me in my Precipice to Ruin !
 How ill have I return'd your Goodness to me ?

Enter the King and others.

The Horror in my Thought o't turns me Marble.
 But if it may be yet prevented, O Sir,
 What can I do to shew my Sorrow, or

With

With what Brow ask your Pardon?

Ladis. Pray you rise.

Hon. Never, till you forgive me, and receive
Unto your Love and Favour, a chang'd Woman.
My State and Pride turn'd to Humility, henceforth
Shall wait on your Commands, and my Obedience
Steer'd only by your Will.

Ladis. And that will prove

A second and a better Marriage to me; all is forgot—

Hon. Sir, I must not rise yet,
Till with a free Confession of a Crime,
Unknown to you yet, and a following Suit,
Which thus I beg, be granted.

Ladis. I melt with you.

'Tis pardon'd, and confirm'd thus.

Hon. Know then, Sir.

In Malice to this good Knight's Wife, I practis'd
Ubaldo, and *Ricardo*, to corrupt her.

Bapt. Thence grew the Change of the Picture.

Hon. And how far

They have prevail'd, I am ignorant. Now, if you, Sir,
For the Honour of this good Man, may be intreated
To travel thither, it being but a Day's Journey,
To fetch 'em off—

Ladis. We will put on to Night.

Bapt. I, if you please, your Harbinger.

Ladis. I thank you.

Let me embrace you in my Arms, your Service
Done on the *Turk*, compared with this, weighs nothing.

Matb. I am still your humble Creature.

Ladis. My true Friend.

Ferd. And so you are bound to hold him.

Eub. Such a Plant

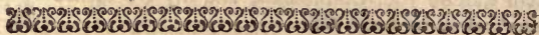
Imported to your Kingdom, and here grafted,
Would yield more Fruit, than all the idle Weeds
That suck up your Reign of Favour.

Ladis. In my Will

I'll not be wanting, prepare for our Journey.

In Act be my *Honor* now, not Name,
And to all after Times preserve thy Fame. [Exeunt.]

The End of the Fourth Act.



ACT V. SCENE I.

Sophia, Corisca, Hilario.

Soph. ARE they then so humble?

Hil. **A** Hunger and hard Labour
Have tam'd 'em, Madam; at first they bellow'd
Like Stags ta'en in a Toil, and would not work
For Sullenness, but when they found without it
There was no Eating, and that to starve to Death
Was much against their Stomachs, by Degrees
Against their Wills, they fell to it.

Coris. And now feed on
The little Pittance you allow, with Gladness.

Hil. I do remember that they stop'd their Noses
At the Sight of Beef and Mutton as course Feeding
For their fine Palates; but now their Work being ended,
They leap at a Barley Crust, and hold Cheese-parings,
With a Spoonful of pall'd Wine pour'd in their Water,
For festival Exceedings.²¹

Coris. When I examine
My Spinster's Work, he trembles like a 'Prentice,
And takes a Box on the Ear when I spy Faults
And Botches in his Labour, as a Favour
From a curst Mistress.

Hil. The other too reels well
For his Time; and if your Ladyship would please
To see 'em for your Sport, since they want airing,

²¹ For Festival Exceedings.

Thus we read in all the old Copies, and it is thus in the *City Madam*; but I think that *exceeding Festivals* is better, though indeed as the Sense is the same, it is of little or no Consequence.

It would do well in my Judgment, you shall hear
Such a hungry Dialogue from 'em.

Soph. But suppose

When they are out of Prison they should grow
Rebellious?

Hil. Never fear't; I'll undertake
To lead 'em out by the Nose with a coarse Thread,
Of the one's Spinning, and make the other reel after,
And without grumbling; and when you are weary of
Their Company, as easily return 'em.

Coris. Dear Madam, it will help to drive away
Your Melancholy.

Soph. Well, on this Assurance
I am content, bring 'em hither.

Hil. I will do it

In stately Equipage.

[*Exit Hilario.*

Soph. They have confessed then
They were set on by the Queen to taint me in
My Loyalty to my Lord?

Coris. 'Twas the main Cause,
That brought 'em hither.

Soph. I am glad I know it;
And as I have begun, before I end,
I'll at the Height revenge it; let us step aside;
They come, the Objects so ridiculous,
In Spight of my sad Thoughts I cannot but
Lend a forc'd Smile to grace it.

Enter Hilario, Ubaldo spinning, Ricardo reeling.

Hil. Come away,
Work as you go, and lose no Time, 'tis precious,
You'll find it in your Commons.

Ric. Commons, call you it!
The Word is proper; I have graz'd so long
Upon your Commons, I am almost starv'd here.

Hil. Work harder, and they shall be better'd.

Ubal. Better'd?
Worser they cannot be: Would I might lie

Like a Dog under her Table and serve for a Footstool,
So I might have my Belly full of that
Her Island Cur refuses.

Hil. How do you like
Your airing? Is it not a Favour?

Ric. Yes;
Just such a one as you use to a Brace of Greyhounds
When they are led out of their Kennels to scumber;
But our Case is ten Times harder, we have nothing
In our Bellies to be vented: If you will be
An honest Yeoman Phenterer, feed us first,
And walk us after?

Hil. Yeoman Phenterer!
Such another Word to your Governor, and you go
Supperless to Bed for't.

Ubal. Nay, even as you please.
(The comfortable Names of Breakfast, Dinner,
Collations, Supper, Beverage, are Words,
Worn out of our Remembrance.)

(Ric. O for the Steam
Of Meat in a Cook's Shop?)

Ubal. I am so dry,
I have not Spittle enough to wet my Fingers
When I draw my Flax from my Distaff.

Ric. Nor I Strength
To raise my Hand to the Top of my Reeler. Oh!
I have the Cramp all over me.

Hil. What do you think
Were best to apply to it? A Cramp-stone, as I take it,
Were very useful.

Ric. Oh! no more of Stones,
We have been us'd too long like Hawks already.

Ubal. We are not so high in our Flesh now to need
casting,
We will come to an empty Fist.

Hil. Nay, that you shall not.
So ho, Birds, how the Eye-asses scratch, and scramble!
Take Heed of a Surfeit: Do not cast your Gorges,
This is more then I have Commission for; be thankful.

Soph.

Soph. Were all that study the Abuse of Women
Us'd thus, the City would not swarm with Cuckolds,
Nor so many Tradesmen break.

Coris. Pray you appear now,
And mark the Alteration.

Hil. To your Work,
My Lady is in Presence; shew your Duties
Exceeding well.

Soph. How do your Scholars profit?

Hil. Hold up your Heads demurely. Prettily
For young Beginners.

Coris. And will do well in Time
If they be kept in Awe.

Ric. In Awe! I am sure
I quake like an Aspen Leaf.

Ubal. No Mercy, Lady?

Ric. Nor Intermision?

Soph. Let me see your Work.
Fie upon't, what a Thread's here! a poor Cobler's Wife
Would make a finer to sow a Clown's Rent start up;
And here you reel as you were drunk.

Ric. I am sure it is not with Wine

Soph. O, take heed of Wine;
Cold Water is far better for your Healths,
Of which I am very tender; you had foul Bodies,
And must continue in this physical Diet,
Till the Cause of your Disease be ta'en away
For fear of a Relapse, and that is dangerous;
Yet I hope already that you are in some
Degree recovered, and that Way to resolve me
Answer me truly; nay, what I propound
Concerns both, nearer; what would you now give,
If your Means were in your Hands, to lie all Night
With a fresh and handsome Lady?

Ubal. How! a Lady?

O! I am pass'd it, (Hunger with her Razor
Hath made me an Eunuch.)

Ric. For a Mess of Porridge,
Well sopp'd with a Bunch of Raddish and a Carrot,

I would sell my Barony; but for Women, oh!
 No more of Women, (not a Dite for a Doxy)
 After this hungry Voyage.

Soph. These are truly
 Good Symptoms; let them not venture too much in the
 Air

Till they are weaker.

Ric. This is Tyranny.

Ubal. Scorn upon Scorn.

Soph. You were so
 In your malicious Intents to me,

Enter a Servant.

And therefore 'tis but Justice—What's the Business?

Serv. My Lord's great Friend, Signior *Baptista*,
 Madam,

Is newly lighted from his Horse, with certain
 Assurance of my Lord's Arrival.

Soph. How!

And stand I trifling here? Hence with the Mungrels
 To there several Kennels, there let them howl in private,
 I'll be no farther troubled. [*Exeunt Sophia and Servant.*]

Ubal. O that ever
 I saw this Fury!

Ric. Or look'd on a Woman
 But as a Prodigy in Nature!

Hil. Silence,
 No more of this.

Coris. Methinks you have no Cause
 To repent your being here.

Hil. Have you not learnt,
 When your 'States are spent, your several Trades to live
 by,

And never charge the Hospital?

Coris. Work but tightly,
 And we will not use a Dish-clout in the House
 But of your Spinning.

Ubal.

Ubal. O! I would this Hemp

Were turn'd to a Halter.

Hil. Will you march?

Ric. A soft one,

Good General, I beseech you,

Ubal. I can hardly

Draw my Legs after me.

Hil. For a Crutch you may use

Your Distaff, a good Wit makes Use of all Things.²²

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE II.

Enter Sophia, Baptista.

Soph. Was he jealous of me?

Bapt. There's no perfect Love
Without some Touch of't, Madam.

Soph. And my Picture
Made by your divelish Art, a Spy upon
My Actions? I never sat to be drawn,
Nor had you, Sir, Commission for't.

Bapt. Excuse me;
At his earnest Suit I did it.

Soph. Very good:
Was I grown so cheap in his Opinion of me?

Bapt. The prosperous Events that crown'd his For-
tunes
May qualify the Offence.

Soph. Rood the Events²³

²² ———— *A good Wit makes Use of all Things.*

I would not interrupt the Reader in the foregoing Scene, but I shall now observe that the Device practis'd on the two wanton Gentlemen, in Revenge for their Falshood and their Attempts on *Sophia*, is very mean, conduces but little to the Plot, and on the whole, is far inferior to the other Parts of this excellent Play, but *great Beauties are always in the Confiner of great Faults.*

²³ *Sophia. Rood the Events.*

This is the Reading of all the old Editions, and is followed by Mr. *Doddsley*; but I think we ought to read

Soph. Good the Events, &c.

The Sanctuary Fools and Madmen fly to,
When their rash and desperate Undertakings thrive
well;

But good and wise Men are directed by
Grave Counsels, and with such Deliberation
Proceed in their Affairs, that Chance has nothing
To do with 'em. Howsoe'er, take the Pains, Sir,
To meet the Honour in the King and Queen's
Approaches to my House, that breaks upon me,
I will expect them with my best of Care.

Bapt. To entertain such royal Guests.

Soph. I know it.

[*Exit* Baptista.

Leave that to me, Sir, what should move the Queen,
So given to Ease and Pleasure, as Fame speaks her,
To such a Journey? Or work on my Lord
To doubt my Loyalty? Nay, more, to take
For the Resolution of his Fears, a Course
That is by holy Writ deny'd a Christian?
'Twas impious in him, and perhaps the Welcome
He hopes in my Embraces may deceive
His Expectation. The Trumpets speak
The King's Arrival. Help a Woman's Wit now,
To make him know his Fault and my just Anger.

[*Exit* Sophia.

S C E N E *the last.*

Loud Musick. Enter Ladislaus, Mathias, Eubulus, Honoria, Ferdinand, Baptista, Acanthe, *with Attendants.*

Eub. Your Majesty must be weary.

Hon. No, my Lord,

A willing Mind makes a hard Journey easy.

Math. Not *Jove*, attended on by *Hermes*, was
More welcome to the Cottage of *Philemon*,
And his poor *Baucis*, than your gracious self,
Your matchless Queen, and all your royal Train
Are to your Servant and his Wife.

Ladis. Where is she?

Hon.

Hon. I long to see her as my now loud Rival.

Eub. And I to have a Smack at her; ('tis a Cordial
To an old Man, better then Sack and a Toast
Before he goes to Supper.)

Matb. Ha! is my House turn'd
To a WilderNESS? Nor Wife nor Servants ready
With all Rites due to Majesty, to receive
Such unexpected Blessings, you assur'd me
Of better Preparation, hath not
Th' Excess of Joy transported her beyond
Her Understanding?

Bapt. I now parted from her,
And gave her your Directions.

Matb. How shall I beg
Your Majesty's Patience? Sure my Family's drunk,
Or by some Witch, in Envy of my Glory,
A dead Sleep thrown upon 'em.

Enter Hilario, and Servants.

1 Serv. Sir.

Matb. But that
The sacred Presence of the King forbids it,
My Sword should make a Massacre among you.
Where is your Mistress?

Hil. First, you are welcome home, Sir,
Then know, she says she's sick, Sir, there's no Notice
Taken of my Bravery.

Matb. Sick at such a Time!
It cannot be though she were on her Death-bed,
And her Spirit even now departed, here stand they
Could call it back again, and in this Honour
Give her a second Being, bring me to her;
I know not what to urge, or how to redeem
This Mortgage of her Manners.

[*Exit Mathias and Hilario.*

Eub. There's no Climate
In the World, I think, where one Jade's Trick or other
Reigns not in Women.

Ferd. You were ever bitter
Against the Sex.

Ladis. This is very strange,

Hon. Mean Women

Have their Faults as well as Queens.

Ladis. O she appears now.

Enter Mathias, Sophia.

Math. The Injury that you conceive I have done you
Dispute hereafter, and in your Perverseness
Wrong not yourself, and me.

Soph. I am pass'd my Childhood,
And need no Tutor.

Math. This is the great King,
To whom I am engag'd till Death, for all
I stand possess'd of.

Soph. My humble Roof is proud, Sir,
To be the Canopy of so much Greatness,
Set off with Goodness.

Ladis. My own Praises flying
In such pure Air, as your sweet Breath, fair Lady,
Cannot but please me.

Math. This is the Queen of Queens,
In her Magnificence to me.

Soph. In my Duty
I kiss her Highness' Robe,

Hon. You stoop to low
To her whose Lips would meet with yours.

Soph. Howe'er,
It may appear prepost'rous in Women
So to encounter, 'tis your Pleasure, Madam,
And not my proud Ambition—do you hear, Sir?
Without a magical Picture, in the Touch
I find your Print of close and wanton Kisses
On the Queen's Lips.

Math. Upon your Life be silent.
And now salute these Lords.

Soph. Since you'll have me,

You

You shall see I am experienc'd at the Game,
And can play it tightly.—You are a brave Man, Sir,
And do deserve a free and hearty Welcome.
Be this the Prologue to it.

Eub. An old Man's Turn
Is ever last in Kissing. I have Lips too,
How'er, cold ones, Madam.

Soph. I will warm 'em
With the Fire of mine.

Eub. And so she has, I thank you;
I shall sleep the better all Night for't.

Math. You express
The Boldness of a wanton Courtezan,
And not a Matron's Modesty; take up,
Or you are disgrac'd for ever.

Soph. How? with kissing
Feelingly, as you taught me? Would you have me
Turn my Cheek to 'em, as proud Ladies use
To their Inferiors, as if they intended
Some Business should be whisper'd in their Ear,
And not a Salutation? What I do,
I will do freely; now I am in the Humour
I'll fly at all, are there any more?

Math. Forbear,
Or you will raise my Anger to a Height
That will descend in Fury.

Soph. Why? you know
How to resolve yourself what my Intents are,
By the Help of Mephostophilos, and your Picture.
Pray you look upon't again. I humbly thank
The Queen's great Care of me, while you were absent.
She knew how tedious 'twas for a young Wife,
And being for that Time a Kind of Widow,
To pass away her melancholy Hours
Without good Company, and in Charity therefore
Provided for me; out of her own Store
She cull'd the Lords *Ubaldo* and *Ricardo*,
Two principal Courtiers for Ladies Service,
To do me all good Offices; and as such

Employ'd by her, I hope I have receiv'd,
And entertain'd 'em; nor shall they depart
Without the Effect arising from the Cause
That brought 'em hither.

Math. Thou dost belye thyself:

I know that in my Absence thou wer't honest,
However now turn'd Monster.

Soph. The Truth is,

We did not deal like you, in Speculations
On cheating Pictures; we knew Shadows were
No Substances, and actual Performance
The best Assurance. I will bring 'em hither
To make good in this Presence so much for me.
Some Minutes Space I beg your Majesty's Pardon —
You are mov'd; now champ upon this Bit a little,
Anon you shall have another. Wait me, *Hilario.*

[*Exeunt Sophia and Hilario.*

Ladis. How now? turn'd Statue, Sir?

Math. Fly, and fly quickly

From this curst Habitation, or this Gorgon
Will make you all as I am. In her Tongue
Millions of Adders hiss, and every Hair
Upon her wicked Head, a Snake more dreadful
Than that *Tisiphon* threw on *Atamas*,
Which in his Madness forc'd him to dismember
His proper Issue. O that ever I
Repos'd my Trust in Magick, or believ'd
Impossibilities! or that Charms had Power
To sink and search into the bottomless Hell,
For a false Woman's Heart.

Eub. These are the Fruits
Of Marriage; and old Batchelor, as I am,
And what's more, will continue so, is not troubled
With these fine Fagaries.

Ferd. 'Till you are resolv'd, Sir,
Forsake not Hope.

Bapt. Upon my Life, this is
Diffimulation.

Ladis. And it suits not with

Your

Your Fortitude and Wisdom, to be thus
Transported with your Passion.

Hon. You were once
Deceiv'd in me, Sir, as I was in you;
Yet the Deceit pleas'd both.

Math. She hath confess'd all,
What further Proof should I ask?

Hon. Yet remember
The Distance that is interpos'd between
A Woman's Tongue and her Heart, and you must grant
You build upon no Certainties.

Enter Sophia, Corisca, Hilario, Ubaldo, *and* Ricardo,
as before.

Eub. What have we here?

Soph. You must come on, and shew yourselves.

Ubal. The King!

Ric. And Queen too! Would I were as far under the
As I am above it. [Earth

Ubal. Some Poet will
From this Relation, or in Verse, or Prose,
Or both together blended, render us
Ridiculous to all Ages.

Ladis. I remember
This Face when it was in a better Plight:
Are not you *Ricardo*?

Hon. And this Thing, I take it,
Was once *Ubaldo*.

Ubal. I am now I know not what.

Ric. We thank your Majesty for employing us
To this subtle Circe.

Eub. How, my Lord, turn'd Spinster!
Do you work by the Day, or by the Great?

Ferd. Is your Theorbo
Turn'd to a Distaff, Signior? and your Voice,
With which you chanted Room for a lusty Gallant,
Turn'd to the Note of *Lacrymæ*?

Eub. Pr'ythee tell me,

For

For I know thou art free, how often, and to the Purpose,
Have you been merry with this Lady ?

Ric. Never, never,

Ladis. Howsoever you should say so, for your Credit,
Being the only Court Bull,

Ubal. O that ever

I saw this kicking Heifer !

Soph. You see, Madam,

How I have cur'd your Servants, and what Favours
They with their rampant Valour have won from me.

You may, as they are physick'd, I presume,
Trust a fair Virgin with 'em ; they have learn'd
Their several Trades to live by, and paid nothing
But Cold and Hunger for 'em, and may now
Set up for themselves, for here I give 'em over.

And now to you, Sir, why do you not again
Peruse your Picture, and take the Advice
Of your learned Consort ? These are the Men, or none,
That made you, as the *Italian* says, a *Beco*.

Matb. I know not which Way to entreat your Pardon ;
Nor am I worthy of it, my *Sophia*,
My best *Sophia*, here before the King,
The Queen, these Lords, and all the Lookers on,
I do renounce my Error, and embrace you,
As the great Example to all After-times
For such as would die chaste and noble Wives,
With Reverence to imitate.

Soph. Not so, Sir.

I yet hold off. However I have purg'd
My doubted Innocence, the foul Aspersions,
In your unmanly Doubts cast on my Honour,
Cannot so soon be wash'd off.

Eub. Shall we have
More Jiggobobs yet ?

Soph. When you went to the Wars,
I set no Spy upon you, to observe
Which Way you wander'd, though our Sex by Nature
Is subject to Suspicions and Fears ;
My Confidence in your Loyalty freed me from 'em.

But

But to deal as you did 'gainst your Religion,
 With this Enchanter to survey my Actions,
 Was more than Woman's Weakness; therefore know,
 And 'tis my Boon unto the King, I do
 Desire a Separation from your Bed;
 For I will spend the Remnant of my Life
 In Prayer and Meditation,

Math. O take Pity

Upon my Weak Condition, or I am
 More wretched in your Innocence, than if
 I had found you guilty. Have you shewn a Jewel
 Out of the Cabinet of your rich Mind
 To lock it up again? — She turns away.
 Will none speak for me? Shame and Sin hath robb'd
 Of the Use of my Tongue. [me

Ladis. Since you have conquer'd, Madam,
 You wrong the Glory of your Victory,
 If you use it not with Mercy.

Ferd. Any Penance

You please to impose upon him, I dare warrant
 He will gladly suffer.

Eub. Have I liv'd to see

But one good Woman, and shall we for a Trifle
 Have her turn Nun? I will first pull down the Cloyster.
 To the old Sport again, with a good Luck to you:
 'Tis not alone enough that you are good,
 We must have some of the Breed of you: Will you
 destroy

The Kind, and Race of Goodness? I am converted,
 and ask your Pardon, Madam, for my ill Opinion
 Against the Sex, and shew me but two such more,
 I'll marry yet, and love 'em.

Hon. She that yet

Ne'er knew what 'twas to bend but to the King,
 Thus begs Remission for him.

Sopb. O dear, Madam,

Wrong not your Greatness so.

Omnes. We all are Suitors.

Ubal. I do deserve to be heard among the rest.

Ric. And we have suffer'd for it.

Soph. I perceive

There's no Resistance: But suppose I pardon
What's past, who can secure me he'll be free
From Jealousy hereafter?

Matb. I will be

My own Security: Go ride where you please;
Feast, revel, banquet, and make Choice with whom,
I'll set no Watch upon you; and for Proof of't
This cursed Picture I surrender up
To the consuming Fire.

Bapt. As I abjure

The Practice of my Art.

Soph. Upon these Terms

I am reconcil'd; and for these that have paid
The Price of their Folly, I desire your Mercy.

Ladis. At your Request they have it.

Ubal. Hang all Trades now.

Ric. I will find a new one, and that is to live honest.

Hil. These are my Fees.

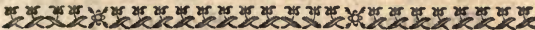
Ubal. Pray you take 'em with a Mischief.

Ladis. So, all ends in Peace now.

And to all married Men be this a Caution,
Which they should duly tender as their Life,
Neither to doat too much, nor doubt a Wife.

[*Exeunt omnes.*]

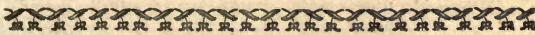
F I N I S.



THE
FATAL DOWRY.
A
TRAGEDY.

As it hath been often acted at the Private House in
Black-Fryers, by his Majesty's Servants. 1632.

WRITTEN
By PHILIP MASSINGER,
AND
NATHANIEL FIELD.



Dramatis Personæ.

CHARALOIS.

FLORIMEL. }

ROMONT.

BELLAPERT. }

CHARMI.

AYMER.

NOVALL, Sen.

NOVALL, Jun.

LILADAM.

Advocates.

DU CROY.

Three Creditors.

ROCHFORT.

Officers.

BEAUMONT.

Priest.

PONTALIER.

Taylor.

MALOTIN.

Barber.

BEAUMELLE.

Perfumer.

The Scene, Dijon in Burgundy.

THE



T H E
F A T A L D O W R Y.*

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

Enter Charalois, with a Paper, Romont, Charmi.

Charmi.

S I R, I may move the Court to serve your Will;

But therein shall both wrong you and myself.

Rom. Why think you so, Sir?

Charmi. 'Cause I am familiar
With what will be their Answer: They will say,
'Tis against Law, and argue me of Ignorance,
For off'ring them the Motion.

Rom. You know not, Sir,
How, in this Cause, they may dispense with Law,
And therefore frame not you their Answer for them,
But do your Parts.

Charmi. I love the Cause so well,
That I could run the Hazard of a Check for't.

Rom. From whom?

Charmi. Some of the Bench, that watch to give it,
More than to do the Office that they sit for:
But give me, Sir, my Fee.

Rom. Now you are noble.

* *Massinger* was assisted in writing this Tragedy by *Mr. Nathaniel Field*, the Author of two Comedies beside; and, as a Poet, very much esteemed by the Cotemporaries of the Age in which he lived.

Charmi.

Charmi. I shall deserve this better yet, in giving
My Lord some Counsel (if he please to hear it)
Than I shall do with Pleading.

Rom. What may it be, Sir?

Charmi. That it would please his Lordship, as the
Presidents
And Counsellors of Court come by, to stand
Here, and but shew yourself, and to some one
Or two, make his Request: There is a Minute,¹
When a Man's Presence speaks in his own Cause,
More than the Tongues of twenty Advocates.

Rom. I have urg'd that.

Enter Rochfort, Du Croy.

Charmi. Their Lordships here are coming,
I must go get me a Place.—You'll find me in Court,
And at your Service. [*Exit Charmi.*]

Rom. Now, put on your Spirits!

Du Croy. The Ease that you prepare yourself, my Lord,
In giving up the Place you hold in Court,
Will prove, I fear, a Trouble in the State;
And that no slight one.

Roch. Pray you, Sir, no more.

Rom. Now, Sir, lose not this offer'd Means: Their
Looks,
Fix'd on you with a pitying Earnestness,
Invite you to demand their Furtherance
To your good Purpose.—This such a Dulness,
So foolish, and untimely, as——

Du Croy. You know him?

¹ ———— *There is a Minute*
When a Man's Presence speaks, &c.

So *Shakespear*, in *Julius Cæsar*, says,

There is a Tide in the Affairs of Men,
Which, taken at the Flood, leads on to Fortune;
Omitted, all the Voyage of their Life
Is bound in Shallows, and in Misery.

Act IV. Scene V.

Roch.

Roch. I do; and much lament the sudden Fall
Of his brave House. It is young *Charalois*,
Son to the Marshal, from whom he inherits
His Fame and Vertues only.

Rom. Ha! they name you.

Du Croy. His Father died in Prison two Days since.

Roch. Yes, to the Shame of this ungrateful State;
That such a Master in the Art of War,
So noble, and so highly meriting
From this forgetful Country, should, for Want
Of Means to satisfy his Creditors
The Sum he took up for the general Good,
Meet with an End so infamous.

Rom. Dare you ever hope for like Opportunity?

Du Croy. My good Lord!

Roch. My Wish bring Comfort to you.

Du Croy. The Time calls us.

Roch. Good morrow, Colonel!

[*Exeunt* Rochfort, Du Croy.]

Rom. This obstinate Spleen,
You think becomes your Sorrow, and sorts well
With your black Suits: But, grant me Wit, or Judgment,

And, by the Freedom of an honest Man,
And a true Friend to boot, I swear, 'tis shameful:
And therefore, flatter not yourself with Hope,
Your sable Habit, with the Hat and Cloak,
No, though the Ribbons help, have Power to work 'em
To what you would: For those, that had no Eyes
To see the great Acts of your Father, will not,
From any Fashion Sorrow can put on,
Be taught to know their Duties.

Char. If they will not,
They are too old to learn, and I too young
To give them Counsel; since, if they partake
The Understanding, and the Hearts of Men,
They will prevent my Words and Tears: If not,
What can Persuasion, though made eloquent

With Grief, work upon such as have chang'd Natures
 With the most savage Beast? Blest, blest be ever
 The Memory of that happy Age, when Justice
 Had no Guards to keep off wrong'd Innocence
 From flying to her Succours, and, in that,
 Assurance of Redress: Whereas now, *Romont*,
 The Damn'd, with more Ease may ascend from Hell,
 Then we arrive at her. One *Cerberus*, there,
 Forbids the Passage; in our Courts, a thousand,
 As loud and fertile-headed; and the Client,
 That wants the Sops, to fill their rav'nous Throats,
 Must hope for no Access. Why should I, then,
 Attempt Impossibilities, you, Friend, being
 Too well acquainted with my Dearth of Means
 To make my Entrance that Way?

Rom. Would I were not.

But, Sir! you have a Cause, a Cause so just,
 Of such Necessity, not to be deferr'd,
 As would compel a Maid, whose Foot was never
 Set o'er her Father's Threshold, nor within
 The House where she was born, ever spake Word
 Which was not usher'd with pure Virgin Blushes,
 To drown the Tempest of a Pleader's Tongue,
 And force Corruption to give back the Hire
 It took against her:—Let Examples move you.
 You see Men great in Birth, Esteem and Fortune,
 Rather than lose a Scruple of their Right,
 Fawn basely upon such, whose Gowns put off,
 They would disdain for Servants.

Char. And to these can I become a Suitor?

Rom. Without Loss;

Would you consider, that, to gain their Favours,
 Our chastest Dames put off their Modesties,
 Soldiers forget their Honours, Usurers
 Make Sacrifice of Gold, Poets of Wit,
 And Men religious part with Fame, and Goodness.
 Be therefore won to use the Means that may
 Advance your pious Ends.

Char.

Char. You shall o'ercome.

Rom. And you receive the Glory. Pray you, now, practise.

'Tis well.

Enter Old Noval, Liladam, and three Creditors.

Char. Not look on me!

Rom. You must have Patience——Offer't again.

Char. And be again contemn'd!

Nov. I know what's to be done.——

1 Cred. And, that your Lordship

Will please to do your Knowledge, we offer, first
Our thankful Hearts here, as a bounteous Earnest
To what we will add.——

Nov. One Word more of this,
I am your Enemy. Am I a Man,
Your Bribes can work on? Ha?

Lilad. Friends! you mistake
The Way to win my Lord;—he must not hear this,
But I, as one in Favour, in his Sight,
May hearken to you for my Profit. Sir!
—I pray hear 'em.

Nov. 'Tis well.

Lilad. Observe him, now.

Nov. Your Cause being good, and your Proceedings
so,
Without Corruption;—I am your Friend,
Speak your Desires.

2 Cred. Oh, they are charitable;
The Marshal stood engag'd, unto us three
Two hundred thousand Crowns, which by his Death
We are defeated of. For which great Loss
We aim at nothing but his rotten Flesh;
Nor is that Cruelty.

1 Cred. I have a Son
That talks of nothing but of Guns and Armour,
And swears he'll be a Soldier; 'tis an Humour

I would divert him from ; and I am told,
That if I minister to him, in his Drink,
Powder, made of this Bankrupt Marshal's Bones,
Provided that the Carcase rot above Ground,
'Twill cure his foolish Frenzy.

Nov. You shew in it
A Father's Care. I have a Son myself,
A fashionable Gentleman, and a peaceful :
And, but I am assur'd he's not so given,
He should take of it too.—Sir! what are you?

Char. A Gentleman.

Nov. So are many that rake Dunghills.
If you have any Suit, move it in Court :
I take no Papers in Corners.

Rom. Yes, as the Matter may be carried, and hereby
To manage the Conveyance——Follow him.

Lilad. You're rude : I say, he shall not pass.

[*Exeunt Novall, Charalois, and Advocates.*]

Rom. You say so? On what Assurance?
For the well-cutting of his Lordship's Corns,
Picking his Toes, or any Office else
Nearer to Baseness?

Lilad. Look upon me better ;
Are these the Ensigns of so coarse a Fellow?
Be well advis'd.

Rom. Out, Rogue! do not I know [Kicks him.
These glorious Weeds spring from the fordid Dunghill
Of thy officious Baseness? Wert thou worthy
Of any Thing from me, but my Contempt,
I would do more then this,—more, you Court-Spider!

Lilad. But that this Man is lawless ; he should find
That I am valiant.

1 *Cred.* If your Ears are fast,
'Tis nothing. What's a Blow or two? As much—

2 *Cred.* These Chastisements, as useful are as fre-
quent
To such as would grow rich.

Rom.

Rom. Are they so, Rascals? I will befriend you then—
[Kicks them.]

i Cred. Bear Witness, Sirs!

Lilad. Truth, I have born my Part already, Friends!
In the Court you shall hear more. [Exit.]

Rom. I know you for
The worst of Spirits, that strive to rob the Tombs
Of what is their Inheritance, the Dead:
For Usurers, bred by a riotous Peace;
That hold the Charter of your Wealth and Freedom,
By being Knaves and Cuckolds, that ne'er pray'd,
But when you fear the rich Heirs will grow wise,
To keep their Lands out of your Parchment Toils;
And then, the Devil your Father's call'd upon,
T' invent some Ways of Luxury ne'er thought on.
Be gone, and quickly, or I'll leave no Room
Upon your Foreheads for your Horns to sprout on,
Without a Murmur, or I will undo you;
For I will beat you honest.

i Cred. Thrift forbid!

We will bear this, rather than hazard that.

[Exit Creditor.]

Enter Charalois.

Rom. I am somewhat eas'd in this yet.—

Char. Only Friend!

To what vain Purpose do I make my Sorrow
Wait on the Triumph of their Cruelty?
Or teach their Pride from my Humility,
To think it has o'ercome? They are determin'd
What they will do; and it may well become me,
To rob them of the Glory they expect
From my submiss Intreaties.

Rom. Think not so, Sir!

The Difficulties that you encounter with,
Will crown the Undertaking—Heaven! you weep
And I could do so too; but that I know,
There's more expected, from the Son and Friend

Of him whose fatal Loss now shakes our Natures,
 Than Sighs, or Tears, in which a Village-Nurse,
 Or cunning Strumpet, when her Knaves is hang'd,
 May overcome us. We are Men, young Lord,
 Let us not do like Women.—To the Court,
 And there speak like your Birth: Wake sleeping Justice,
 Or dare the Axe. This is a Way will sort
 With what you are: I call you not to that
 I will shrink from myself, I will deserve
 Your Thanks, or suffer with you—O how bravely
 That sudden Fire of Anger shews in you!
 Give Fuel to it, since you're on a Shelf,
 Of extreme Danger, suffer like yourself. [Exeunt.

S C E N E II.

Enter Rochfort, Novall, *sen.* Charmi, Du Croy, *Advocates*, Beaumont, *and Officers*, *and three Presidents.*

Du Croy. Your Lordship's seated. May this Meeting prove

Prosperous to us, and to the general Good of *Burgundy.*

Nov. sen. Speak to the Point!

Du Croy. Which is

With Honour to dispose the Place and Power
 Of Premier President, which this reverend Man,
 Grave *Rochfort*, (whom for Honour's Sake I name)
 Is purpos'd to resign a Place, my Lords,
 In which he hath, with such Integrity,
 Perform'd the first and best Parts of a Judge;
 That, as his Life transcends all fair Examples
 Of such as were before him in *Dijon*,
 So it remains to those that shall succeed him,
 A Precedent that they may imitate, but not equal.

Roch. I may not fit to hear this.

Du Croy. Let the Love,

And Thankfulness we're bound to pay to Goodness,
 In this o'ercome your Modesty.

Roch. My Thanks

For this great Favour shall prevent your Trouble.
 The honourable Trust, that was impos'd
 Upon my Weakness, since you witness for me,
 It was not ill discharg'd, I will not mention ;
 Nor now, if Age had not depriv'd me of
 The little Strength I had to govern well
 The Province that I undertook, forsake it.

Nov. sen. That we could lend you of our Years.

Du Croy. Or Strength!

Nov. sen. Or, as you are, persuade you to continue
 The noble Exercise of your knowing Judgment!

Roeb. That may not be; nor can your Lordship's
 Goodness,

Since your Employments have conferr'd upon me
 Sufficient Wealth, deny the Use of it;
 And, though old Age, when one Foot's in the Grave,
 In many, when all Humours else are spent
 Feeds no Affection in them, but Desire
 To add Height to the Mountain of their Riches:
 In me it is not so: I rest content
 With th' Honours, and Estate I now possess,
 And, that I may have Liberty to use,
 What Heav'n, still blessing my poor Industry,
 Hath made me Master of, I pray the Court
 To ease me of my Burthen; that I may
 Employ the small Remainder of my Life,
 In living well, and learning how to die so.

Enter Romont, and Charalois.

Rom. See Sir, our Advocate.

Du Croy. The Court intreats
 Your Lordship will be pleas'd to name the Man,
 Which you would have your Successor, and in this
 All promise to confirm it.

Roeb. I embrace it
 As an Assurance of their Favour to me,
 And name my Lord *Novall*.

Du Croy. The Court allows it.

Roeb. But there are Suiters wait here, and their Causes
May be of more Necessity to be heard,
And therefore wish that mine may be deferr'd,
And theirs have Hearing.

Du Croy. If your Lordship please
To take the Place, we will proceed.

Charmi. The Cause
We come to offer to your Lordship's Censure,
Is in itself so noble, that it needs not
Or Rhetorick in me that plead, or Favour
From your grave Lordships, to determine of it.
Since, to the Praise of your impartial Justice
(Which guilty, nay, condemn'd Men, dare not scandal)
It will erect a Trophy of your Mercy
Which marry'd to that Justice.—

Nov. sen. Speak to the Cause.

Charmi. I will, my Lord! to say, the late dead Mar-
shal,

The Father of this young Lord here, my Client,
Hath done his Country great and faithful Service,
Might task me of Impertinence, to repeat
What your grave Lordships cannot but remember,
He, in his Life, become indebted to
These thrifty Men, (I will not wrong their Credits,
By giving them the Attributes they now merit)
And failing, by the Fortune of the Wars,
Of Means to free himself from his Engagements,
He was arrested, and for Want of Bail,
Imprison'd at their Suit: And not long after
With Loss of Liberty ended his Life.
And, though it be a Maxim in our Laws,
All Suits die with the Person, these Men's Malice
In Death find Matter for their Hate to work on,
Denying him the decent Rites of Burial,
Which the sworn Enemies of the Christian Faith
Grant freely to their Slaves: May it, therefore, please
Your Lordships, so to fashion your Decree,
That, what their Cruelty doth forbid, your Pity
May give Allowance to.

Nov. sen. How long have you, Sir, practis'd in Court?

Charmi. Some twenty Years, my Lord.

Nov. sen. By your gross Ignorance, it should appear,
Not twenty Days.

Charmi. I hope I have giv'n no Cause in this, my
Lord——

Nov. sen. How dare you move the Court
To the dispensing with an Act confirm'd
By Parliament, to the Terror of all Bankrupts?
Go home! and with more Care peruse the Statutes:
Or the next Motion, favouring of this Boldness,
May force you to leap (against your Will)
Over the Place you plead at.

Charmi. I foresaw this.

Rom. Why, does your Lordship think, the moving of
A Cause, more honest than this Court had ever
The Honour to determine, can deserve
A Check like this?

Nov. sen. Strange Boldness!

Rom. 'Tis fit Freedom:

Or, do you conclude, an Advocate cannot hold
His Credit with the Judge, unless he study
His Face more than the Cause for which he pleads?

Charmi. Forbear!

Rom. Or, cannot you, that have the Power
To qualify the Rigour of the Laws
When you are pleased, take a little from
The Strictness of your four Decrees, enacted
In Favour of the greedy Creditors
Against the o'erthrown Debtor?

Nov. sen. Sirrah! you that prate
Thus saucily, what are you?

Rom. Why, I'll tell you,
Thou Purple-colour'd Man! I'm one to whom
Thou ow'st the Means thou hast of sitting there
A corrupt Elder.

Charmi. Forbear!

Rom. The Nose thou wear'st, is my Gift, and those
Eyes,

That

That meet no Object so base as their Master,
 Had been long since, torn from that guilty Head,
 And thou thyself Slave to some needy *Swiss*,
 Had I not worn a Sword, and us'd it better
 Than in thy Prayers thou ever didst thy Tongue.

Nov. sen. Shall such an Insolence pass unpunish'd?
Charmi. Hear me!

Rom. Yet I, that, in my Service done my Country,
 Disdain to be put in the Scale with thee,
 Confess myself unworthy to be valu'd
 With the least Part, nay, Hair of the dead Marshal,
 Of whose so many glorious Undertakings,
 Make Choice of any one, and that the meanest,
 Perform'd against the subtle Fox of *France*,
 The politick *Lewis*, or the more desperate *Swiss*,
 And'twill outweigh all the good Purpose,
 Though put in Act, that ever Gownman practis'd,

Nov. sen. Away with him to Prison!

Rom. If that Curses,
 Urg'd justly, and breath'd forth so, ever fell
 On those that did deserve them; let not mine
 Be spent in vain now, that thou from this Instant
 May'st, in thy Fear that they will fall upon thee,
 Be sensible of the Plagues they shall bring with them,
 And for denying of a little Earth,
 To cover what remains of our great Soldier:
 May all your Wives prove Whores, your Factors Thieves,
 And, while you live, your riotous Heirs undo you.
 And thou, the Patron of their Cruelty,
 Of all thy Lordships live not to be Owner
 Of so much Dung as will conceal a Dog,
 Or, what is worse, thyself in. And thy Years,
 To th' End thou mayst be wretched, I wish many;
 And, as thou hast deny'd the Dead a Grave,
 May Misery in thy Life make thee desire one,
 Which Men and all the Elements keep from thee:
 I have begun well, imitate, exceed.

Rock. Good Counsel, were it a Praise-worthy Deed.

[Exit Officers with Romont.
Du Croye.

Du Croye. Remember what we are.

Char. Thus low my Duty

Answers your Lordship's Counsel. I will use
In the few Words, with which I am to trouble
Your Lordship's Ears the Temper that you wish me;
Not that I fear to speak my Thoughts as loud,
And with a Liberty beyond *Romont*;

But that I know, for me, that am made up
Of all that's wretched, so to haste my End,
Would seem to most, rather a Willingness
To quit the Burthen of a hopeless Life,

Than Scorn of Death, or Duty to the Dead.
I, therefore, bring the Tribute of my Praise
To your Severity, and commend the Justice
That will not, for the many Services

That any Man hath done the Common-wealth,
Wink at his least of Ills: What, though my Father
Writ Man before he was so, and confirm'd it,
By numbring that Day, no Part of his Life,
In which he did not Service to his Country;
Was he to be free, therefore, from the Laws,
And ceremonious Form in your Decrees?

Or else, because he did as much as Man
In those three memorable Overthrows
At *Granson*, *Morat*, *Nancy*, where his Master,
'The warlike *Charalois* (with whose Misfortunes
I bear his Name) lost Treasure, Men and Life,
To be excus'd from Payment of those Sums
Which (his own Patrimony spent) his Zeal,
To serve his Country, forc'd him to take up?

Nov. sen. The Precedent were ill.

Char. And yet, my Lord, thus much
I know you'll grant; after those great Defeatures,
Which in their dreadful Ruins buried quick

Enter Officers.

Courage and Hope, in all Men but himself,
He forc'd the proud Foe, in his Height of Conquest,
To

To yield unto an honourable Peace,
 And in it fav'd an hundred thousand Lives,
 To end his own, that was sure Proof against
 The scalding Summer's Heat, and Winter's Frost,
 Ill Airs, the Cannon, and the Enemy's Sword,
 In a most loathsome Prison.

Du Croy. 'Twas his Fault
 To be so prodigal.

Nov. sen. He had from the State
 Sufficient Entertainment for the Army.

Char. Sufficient, my Lord? You sit at Home,
 And, though your Fees are boundless at the Bar,
 Are thrifty in the Charges of the War,
 But your Wills be obey'd. To these I turn,
 To these soft-hearted Men, that wisely know
 They're only good Men, that pay what they owe.

2 Cred. And so they are.

1 Cred. 'Tis the City-Doctrine;
 We stand bound to maintain it.

Char. Be constant in it;
 And, since you are as merciless in your Natures,
 As base and mercenary in your Means
 By which you get your Wealth, I will not urge
 The Court to take away one Scruple from
 The Right of their Laws, or one good Thought
 In you to mend your Disposition with.
 I know there is no Musick to your Ears
 So pleasing as the Groans of Men in Prison,
 And that the Tears of Widows, and the Cries
 Of famish'd Orphans, are the Feasts that take you.
 That to be in your Danger, with more Care
 Should be avoided, than infectious Air,
 The loath'd Embraces of diseased Women,
 A Flatterer's Poison, or the Loss of Honour.
 Yet, rather than my Father's reverend Dust
 Shall want a Place in that fair Monument,
 In which our noble Ancestors lie intomb'd,
 Before the Court I offer up myself
 A Prisoner for it: Load me with those Irons

That have worn out his Life; in my best Strength
I'll run to the Encounter of cold Hunger,
And choose my Dwelling where no Sun dares enter,
So he may be releas'd.

1 *Cred.* What mean you, Sir?

2 *Advo.* Only your Fee again: There's so much said
Already in this Cause, and said so well,
That, should I only offer to speak in it,
I should not be heard, or laugh'd at for it.

1 *Cred.* 'Tis the first Money Advocate e'er gave back,
'Though he said nothing.

Roch. Be advis'd, young Lord,
And well considerate; you throw away
Your Liberty, and Joys of Life together:
Your Bounty is employ'd upon a Subject
That is not sensible of it, with which wise Man
Never abus'd his Goodness; the great Virtues
Of your dead Father vindicate themselves
From these Mens Malice, and break ope the Prison,
Though it contain his Body.

Nov. sen. Let him alone:
If he love Cords, a God's Name, let him wear 'em,
Provided these consent.

Char. I hope they are not
So ignorant in any Way of Profit,
As to neglect a Possibility
To get their own, by seeking it from that
Which can return them nothing, but ill Fame,
And Curses for their barbarous Cruelties.

3 *Cred.* What think you of the Offer?

2 *Cred.* Very well.

1 *Cred.* Accept it by all Means: Let's shut him up,
He is well-shap'd, and has a villainous Tongue,
And should he study that Way of Revenge,
As I dare almost swear he loves a Wench,
We have no Wives, nor ever shall get Daughters
That will hold out against him.

Du Croy. What's your Answer?

2 *Cred.* Speak you for all.

i Cred. Why, let our Executions
That lie upon the Father, be return'd
Upon the Son, and we release the Body.

Nov. sen. The Court must grant you that.

Cbar. I thank your Lordships,
They have in it confirm'd on me such Glory,
As no Time can take from me: I am ready,
Come lead me where you please: Captivity,
That comes with Honour, is true Liberty.

[*Exit Charalois, Creditors and Officers.*]

Nov. sen. Strange Rashness.

Roch. A brave Resolution rather,
Worthy a better Fortune; but, however,
It is not now to be disputed, therefore
To my own Cause. Already I have found
Your Lordships bountiful in your Favours to me;
And that should teach my Modesty to end here,
And press your Loves no farther.

Du Croy. There is nothing
The Court can grant, but with Assurance you
May ask it, and obtain it.

Roch. You encourage a bold Petitioner, and 'tis not
Your Favours should be lost. Besides, 'thas been [fit
A Custom many Years, at the surrend'ring
The Place I now give up, to grant the President
One Boon, that parted with it. And, to confirm
Your Grace towards me, against all such as may
Detract my Actions, and Life hereafter,
I now prefer it to you.

Du Croy. Speak it freely.

Roch. I then desire the Liberty of *Romont*,
And that my Lord *Noval*, whose private Wrong
Was equal to the Injury that was done
To the Dignity of the Court, will pardon it,
And now sign his Enlargement.

Nov. sen. Pray you demand
The Moiety of my Estate, or any Thing
Within my Power, but this.

Roch. Am I deny'd then—my first and last Request?

Du Croy.

Du Croy. It must not be.

2 *Pre.* I have a Voice to give in it.

3 *Pre.* And I.

And, if Persuasion will not work him to it,
We will make known our Power.

Nov. sen. You are too violent;
You shall have my Consent.—But would you had
Made Trial of my Love in any thing
But this, you should have found then—But it skills not.
You have what you desire.

Roch. I thank your Lordships.

Du Croy. The Court is up — Make Way.

[*Exeunt all but Rochfort and Beaumont.*]

Roch. I follow you — *Beaumont!*

Beaum. My Lord.

Roch. You are a Scholar, *Beaumont!*

And can search deeper into th' Intents of Men,
Than those that are less knowing.—How appear'd
The Piety and brave Behaviour of
Young *Charalois* to you?

Beaum. It is my Wonder,
Since I want Language to express it fully;
And sure the Colonel —

Roch. Fie! he was faulty. — What present Money
have I?

Beaum. There is no Want
Of any Sum a private Man has Use for.

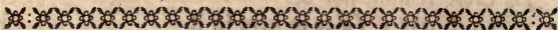
Roch. 'Tis well:

I am strangely taken with this *Charalois*;
Methinks, from his Example, the whole Age
Should learn to be good, and continue so.
Virtue works strangely with us; and his Goodness
Rising above his Fortune, seems to me,
Prince-like, to will, not ask a Courtesy.

[*Exeunt.*]

The End of the First Act.

A C T



ACT II. SCENE I.

Enter Pontalier, Malotin, Beaumont.

Malot. 'TIS strange.
Beaum. Methinks so.

Pont. In a Man, but young,
 Yet old in Judgment, theorick and practick,
 In all Humanity, and (to increase the Wonder)
 Religious, yet a Soldier, that he should
 Yield his free-living Youth a Captive, for
 The Freedom of his aged Father's Corps,
 And rather choose to want Life's Necessaries,
 Liberty, Hope of Fortune, than it should
 In Death be kept from Christian Ceremony.

Malot. Come, 'tis a golden Precedent in a Son
 To let strong Nature have the better Hand,
 (In such a Case) of all affected Reason.
 What Years sit on this *Charalois*?

Beaum. Twenty-eight;
 For since the Clock did strike him seventeen old,
 Under his Father's Wing, this Son hath fought,
 Serv'd and commanded, and so aptly both,
 That sometimes he appear'd his Father's Father,
 And never less than's Son; the old Man's Virtues
 So recent in him, as the World may swear,
 Nought but a fair Tree could such fair Fruit bear.

Pont. But wherefore lets he such a barb'rous Law,
 And Men more barbarous to execute it,
 Prevail on his soft Disposition,
 That he had rather die alive for Debt
 Of the old Man in Prison, than they should
 Rob him of Sepulture, considering
 These Monies borrow'd bought the Lenders Peace,
 And all their Means they enjoy, nor was diffus'd
 In any impious or licentious Path?

Beaum.

Beaum. True! for my Part, were it my Father's Trunk,
The tyrannous Ram-heads, with their Horns should
gore it,

Or cast it to their Curs, than they less currish,
E'er prey on me so, with their Lion-Law,
Being in my Free Will (as in his) to shun it,

Pont. Alas! he knows himself in Poverty lost:
For in this partial avaricious Age
What Price bears Honour? Virtue? Long ago
It was but prais'd, and freez'd, but now-a-days
'Tis colder far, and has, nor Love, nor Praise;
Very Praise now freezeth too: For Nature
Did make the Heathen far more Christian then,
Than Knowledge us (less heathenish) Christian.

Malo. This Morning is the Funeral.

Pont. Certainly!

And from this Prison 'twas the Son's Request
That his dear Father might Interment have.

[*Recorders Musick:*

See the young Son interr'd a lively Grave.

Beaum. They come — Observe their Order.

*Enter Funeral. The Body borne by four. Captains and
Soldiers, Mourners, Scutcheons, &c. in very good Or-
der. Charalois and Romont meet it. Charalois speaks.
Romont weeping. Solemn Musick. Three Creditors.*

Char. How like a silent Stream shaded with Night,
And gliding softly with our windy Sighs,
Moves the whole Frame of this Solemnity!
Tears, Sighs and Blacks filling the Simile!
Whilst I, the only Murmur in this Grove
Of Death, thus hollowly break forth! — Vouchsafe

² ——— In this partial avaricious Age
What Price bears Honour, &c.

This beautiful and just Reflection holds no less true in these Days,
than it did in those of Old.

To stay awhile.—Rest, rest in Peace, dear Earth!
 Thou, that brought'st Rest to their unthankful Lives,
 Whose Cruelty deny'd thee Rest in Death!
 Here stands thy poor Executor, thy Son,
 That makes his Life Prisoner, to bail thy Death:
 Who gladlier puts on this Captivity,
 Than Virgins, long in Love, their Wedding Weeds:
 Of all that ever thou hast done Good to,
 These only have good Memories; for they
 Remember best, forget not Gratitude.
 I thank you for this last and friendly Love.
 And, though this Country, like a vip'rous Mother,
 Not only hath eat up ungratefully
 All Means of thee her Son, but last thyself,
 Leaving thy Heir so bare and indigent,
 He cannot raise thee a poor Monument,
 Such as a Flatterer, or an Usurer hath.
 Thy Worth, in every honest Breast, builds one,
 Making their friendly Hearts thy Funeral Stone.

Pont. Sir!

Char. Peace! O Peace! This Scene is wholly mine.
 What! Weep ye, Soldiers? — Blanch not. — *Romont*
 weeps.

Ha! let me see! my Miracle is eas'd:
 The Jailors and the Creditors do weep:
 E'en they that make us weep, do weep themselves.
 Be these thy Body's Balm: These and thy Virtue
 Keep thy Fame ever odoriferous,
 Whilst the great, proud, rich, undeserving Man,
 Alive stinks in his Vices, and being vanish'd,
 The golden Calf that was an Idol, deck'd
 With Marble Pillars, Jet, and Porphyry,
 Shall quickly both in Bone and Name consume,
 Though wrapt in Lead, Spice, Searcloth, and Perfume.

Cred. Sir!

Char. What! — Away, for Shame! you prophane
 Rogues

Must not be mingled with these holy Reliques:
 This is a Sacrifice — Our Show'r shall crown

His

His Sepulchre with Olive, Myrrh, and Bays,
The Plants of Peace, of Sorrow, Victory;
Your Tears would spring but Weeds.

1 *Cred.* Would they so?

We'll keep them to stop Bottles then.

Rom. No, keep 'em for your own Sins, you Rogues,
'Till you repent; you'll die else, and be damn'd.

2 *Cred.* Damn'd, ha! ha! ha!

1 *Rom.* Laugh ye?

3 *Cred.* Yes faith, Sir; we'd be very glad
To please you either Way.

1 *Cred.* Ye're ne'er content,
Crying nor laughing.

Rom. Both with a Birth the rogues.

2 *Cred.* Our Wives, Sir, taught us.

Rom. Look, look, you Slaves! your thankless Cru-
And savage Manners of unkind *Dijon*, [elty,
Exhaust these Floods, and not his Father's Death.

1 *Cred.* 'Slid, Sir! what would you, you're so cho-
lerick?

1 *Cred.* Most Soldiers are so i' faith.—Let him alone.
They've little else to live on; we've not had
A Penny of him, have we?

3 *Cred.* 'Slight, would you have our Hearts?

1 *Cred.* We've nothing but his Body here in Durance
For all our Money.

Priest. On.

Char. One Moment more,
But to bestow a few poor Legacies,
All I have left in my dead Father's Rights,
And I have done. Captain, wear thou these Spurs,
That yet ne'er made his Horse run from a Foe.
Lieutenant, thou this Scarf; and may it tie
Thy Valour and thy Honesty together:
For so it did in him. Ensign, this Cuirass,
Your General's Necklace, once. You gentle Bearers,
Divide this Purse of Gold: This other, strew
Among the Poor.—'Tis all I have. *Romont*,
Wear thou this Medal of himself, that, like

A hearty Oak, grew't close to this tall Pine,
 E'en in the wildest Wilderness of War,
 Whereon Foes broke their Swords, and tir'd themselves;
 Wounded and hack'd ye were, but never fell'd.
 For me, my Portion provide in Heaven:
 My Root is earth'd, and I, a desolate Branch,
 Left scatter'd in the Highway of the World;
 Trod under Foot, that might have been a Column
 Mainly supporting our demolish'd House,
 This would I wear as my Inheritance.
 And what Hope can arise to me from it,
 When I and it are both here Prisoners?
 Only may this, if ever we be free,
 Keep, or redeem me from all Infamy.

S O N G.

*Fie! cease to wonder!
 Though you hear Orpheus, with his Ivory Lute,
 Move Trees and Rocks,
 Charm Bulls, Bears, and Men more savage, to be mute,
 Weak foolish Singer, here is one
 Would have transform'd thyself, to Stone.*

1 *Cred.* No farther! look to 'em at your own Peril.

2 *Cred.* No, as they please:—Their Master's a good
 I would they were at the *Bermudas*. [Man.

Jailor. You must no farther.—

The Prison limits you, and the Creditors
 Exact the Strictness.

Rom. Out, you wolfish Mongrels!
 Whose Brains should be knock'd out, like Dogs in *July*,
 Left your Infection poison a whole Town.

Char. They grudge our Sorrow.— Your ill Wills,
 perforce,
 Turn now to Charity: They would not have us
 Walk too far mourning, Usurer's Relief
 Grieves, if the Debtors have to much of Grief.

[*Exeunt.*

S C E N E

SCENE II.

Enter Beaumelle, Florimel, Bellapert.

Beaumel. I pr'ythee tell me, *Florimel*, why do Women marry?

Flor. Why truly, Madam, I think, to lie with their Husbands.

Bellap. You are a Fool. She lies, Madam; Women marry Husbands,
To lie with other Men.

Flor. 'Faith, e'en such a Woman wilt thou make. By this Light, Madam, this Wagtail will spoil you, if you take Delight in her Licence.

Beaumel. 'Tis true, *Florimel*, and thou wilt make me too good for a young Lady. What an Electuary found my Father out for his Daughter, when he compounded you two my Women? for thou, *Florimel*, art e'en a Grain too heavy—simply for a Waiting-Gentlewoman.

Flor. And thou, *Bellapert*, a Grain too light.

Bellap. Well, go thy Ways, goodly Wisdom, whom no-body regards. I wonder, whether be elder, thou or thy Hood: You think, because you serve my Lady's Mother, are thirty-two Years old, which is a Peep-out, you know.

Flor. Well said, Whirligig.

Bellap. You are deceiv'd: I want a Peg i' th' Middle, Out of these Prerogatives! you think to be Mother of the Maids here, and mortify 'em with Proverbs: Go, go, govern the Sweet-meats, and weigh the Sugar, that the Wenches steal none: Say your Prayers twice a Day, and, as I take it, you have performed your Function.

Flor. I may be even with you.

Bellap. Hark! the Court's broke up. Go, help my old Lord out of his Caroch, and scratch his Head till Dinner-time.

Flor. Well.

[*Exit.*

Bellap. Fie, Madam! how you walk! By my Maiden-head,

head, you look seven Years older than you did this Morning: Why, there can be nothing under the Sun valuable, to make you thus a Minute.

Beaumel. Ah, my sweet *Bellapert!* thou Cabinet To all my Counsels, thou dost know the Cause That makes thy Lady wither thus in Youth.

Bellap. Uds-light, enjoy your Wishes: Whilst I live, One Way or other you shall crown your Will. Would you have him your Husband that you love, And can't not be? He is your Servant, though, And may perform the Office of a Husband.

Beaumel. But there is Honour, Wench.

Bellap. Such a Disease

There is indeed, for which ere I would die ——

Beaumel. Pr'ythee, distinguish me a Maid and Wife.

Bellap. 'Faith, Madam, one may bear any Man's Children,

T'other must bear no Man's.

Beaumel. What is a Husband?

Bellap. Physick, that, tumbling in your Belly, will make you sick i' th' Stomach. The only Distinction betwixt a Husband and a Servant is, the first will lie with you, when he pleases; the last shall lie with you, when you please. Pray tell me, Lady, do you love, to marry after; or would you marry, to love after?

Beaumel. I would meet Love and Marriage both at once.

Bellap. Why then you are out of the Fashion, and will be contemn'd: For, I'll assure you, there are few Women in the World, but either they have married first, and love after; or love first, and married after. You must do as you may, not as you would: Your Father's Will is the Goal you must fly to. If a Husband approach you, you would have farther off, is he your Love? the less near you. A Husband in these Days is but a Cloak to be oftener laid upon your Bed, than in your Bed.

Beaumel. Hum!

Bellap. Sometimes you may wear him on your Shoulder;

der; and now and then under your Arm; but seldom or never let him cover you; for 'tis not the Fashion.

Enter Novall, *jun.* Pontalier, Malotin, Liladam, Aymer.

Nov. jun. Best Day to Nature's Curiosity,
Star of *Dijon*, the Lustre of all *France!*
Perpetual Spring dwell on thy rosy Cheeks,
Whose Breath is Perfume to our Continent,
See *Flora* turn'd in her Varieties.³

Bellap. Oh divine Lord!

Nov. jun. No Autumn, nor no Age ever approach
This heavenly Piece, which Nature having wrought,
She lost her Needle, and did then despair
Ever to work so lively and so fair.

Lilad. Uds-light, my Lord, one of the Purls of your
Band

Is, without all Discipline, fall'n out of his Rank.

Nov. jun. How? I would not for a thousand Crowns
she had seen't. Dear *Liladam*, reform it.

Bellap. Oh Lord! *Per se*, Lord! Quintessence of
Honour! she walks not under a Weed that could deny
thee any Thing.

Beaumel. Pr'ythee Peace, Wench! thou dost but
blow the Fire, that flames too much already.

[*Liladam and Aymer trim Novall, whilst
Bellapert ber Lady.*

Aymer. By Gad, my Lord, you have the divinest
Taylor in *Christendom*; he hath made you look like an
Angel in your Cloth of Tissue Doublet.

Pont. This is a three legg'd Lord: There's a fresh
Affault. Oh! that Men should spend Time thus! —

³ See *Flora* turn'd in her Varieties.

Thus it stands in the old Copies; but certainly false: We ought
to read

See *Flora* trim'd in her Varieties.

See, see how her Blood drives to her Heart, and strait vaults to her Cheeks again.

Malot. What are these?

Pont. One of 'em there, the lower, is a good, foolish, knavish, sociable Gallimaufry of a Man, and has much taught my Lord with Singing; he is Master of a Musick House. The other is his Dressing-Block, upon whom my Lord lays all his Cloaths, and Fashions, ere he vouchsafes 'em his own Person; you shall see him i' th' Morning in the Galley-foist, at Noon in the Bul- lion, i' th' Evening in Quirpo, and 'all Night in —.

Malot. A Baudy-house.

Pont. If my Lord deny, they deny; if he affirm, they affirm: They skip into my Lord's cast Skins some twice a Year; and thus they live to eat, eat to live, and live to praise my Lord.

Malot. Good Sir, tell me one Thing.

Pont. What's that?

Malot. Dare these Men ever fight, on any Cause?

Pont. Oh, no, 'twould spoil their Cloaths, and put their Bands out of Order.

Nov. jun. Must you hear the News: Your Father has resign'd his Presidentship to my Lord my Father.

Malot. And Lord *Charalois* undone for ever.

Pont. Troth, 'tis Pity, Sir!

A braver Hope of so assur'd a Father
Did never comfort *France*,

Lilad. A good dumb Mourner.

Aymer. A silent Black.

Nov. jun. Oh, fie upon him, how he wears his Cloaths!
As if he had come this *Christmas* from *St. Omers*,
To see his Friends, and return'd after Twelf-tide.

Lilad. His Colonel looks finely like a Drover.—

Nov. jun. That had a Winter lain perdieu i' th' Rain,

Aymer. What, he that wears a Clout about his Neck?
His Cuffs in's Pocket, and his Heart in's Mouth?

Nov. jun. Now, out upon him!

Beaumel. Servant, tie my Hand.

How

How your Lips blush, in Scorn that they should pay
Tribute to Hands, when Lips are in the Way!

Nov. jun. I thus recant; yet now your Hand looks
white,
Because your Lips rob'd it of such a Right.
Monfieur Aymer, I prythee fing the Song
Devoted to my Miftrefs, [Musick.

S O N G.

A Dialogue between a Man and a Woman.

Man. Set Phœbus! set; a fairer Sun doth rise
From the bright Radiance of my Miftress' Eyes
Than ever thou begat'st: I dare not look;
Each Hair a golden Line, each Word a Hook
The more I strive, the more still I am took.

Wom. Fair Servant! come; the Day these Eyes do lend
To warm thy Blood, thou dost so vainly spend,
Come strangled Breath.

Man. What Note so sweet as this
That calls the Spirits to a further Bliss?

Wom. Yet this out-savours Wine, and this Perfume.

Man. Let's die, I languish, I consume.

After the Song, enter Rochfort and Beaumont.

Beaum. Remont will come, Sir, straight.

Roch. 'Tis well.

Beaumel. My Father,

Nov. jun. My honourable Lord.

Roch. My Lord *Novall*! this is a Virtue in you,
So early up and ready before Noon;
That are the Map of Dressing through all *France*.

Nov. jun. I rise to say my Prayers, Sir, here's my Saint.

Roch. 'Tis well and courtly;—you must give me
Leave,

I have some private Conference with my Daughter,
Pray use my Garden, you shall dine with me.

Lilad. We'll wait on you.

Nov.

Nov. jun. Good morn unto your Lordship,
Remember what you have vow'd— [To Beaumelle.

[*Exeunt all but Rochfort and Beaumelle.*

Beau. Perform I must.

Roch. Why how now, *Beaumelle*, thou look'st not well.
Th'art sad of late,—come cheer thee; I have found
A wholesome Remedy for these maiden Fits,
A goodly Oak whereon to twist my Vine,
Till her fair Branches grow up to the Stars.
Be near at Hand, Success crown my Intent,
My Business fills my little Time so full,
I cannot stand to talk: I know, thy Duty
Is Handmaid to my Will, especially
When it presents nothing but good and fit.

Beaum. Sir, I am yours.—Oh! if my Tears prove
true,

Fate hath wrong'd Love, and will destroy me too.

[*Exit Beaumelle.*

Enter Romont, Keeper.

Rom. Sent you for me, Sir?

Roch. Yes.

Rom. Your Lordship's Pleasure?

Roch. Keeper, this Prisoner I will see forth coming.
Upon my Word—Sit down, good Colonel.

[*Exit Keeper.*

Why I did wish you hither, noble Sir,
Is, to advise you from this Iron Carriage,
Which, so affected, *Romont*, you will wear,
To pity, and to Counsel you submit
With Expedition to the great *Novall*:
Recant your stern Contempt, and slight Neglect
Of the whole Court, and him, and Opportunity;
Or you will undergo a heavy Censure
In public very shortly.

Rom. Reverend Sir,

I have observ'd you, and do know you well;
And am now more afraid you know not me,
By wishing my Submission to *Novall*,

Then

'Then I can be of all the bellowing Mouths
 That wait upon him to pronounce the Censure,
 Could it determine me to Torments, and Shame.
 Submit, and crave Forgiveness of a Beast?
 'Tis true, this Boil of State wears purple Tissue,
 Is high fed, proud:—So is his Lordship's Horse,
 And bears as rich Caparisons. I know,
 This Elephant carries on his Back not only
 Tow'rs, Castles, but the ponderous Republick,
 And never stoops for't, with his strong Breath Trunk
 Snuffs other Titles, Lordships, Offices,
 Wealth, Bribes, and Lives, under his ravenous Jaws:
 What's this unto my Freedom? I dare die;
 And therefore ask this Camel, if these Blessings
 (For so they would be understood by a Man)
 But mollify one Rudeness in his Nature,
 Sweeten the eager Relish of the Law,
 At whose great Helm he sits. Helps he the poor
 In a just Business? Nay, does he not cross
 Every deserved Soldier and Scholar,
 As if, when Nature made him, she had made
 The general Antipathy of all Virtue?
 How savagely, and blasphemously he spake
 Touching the General, the grave General dead!
 I must weep, when I think on't.

Roch. Sir.

Rom. My Lord, I am not stubborn: I can melt, you
 see,

And prize a Virtue better than my Life:
 For though I be not learn'd, I ever lov'd
 That holy Mother of all Issues, good,
 Whose white Hand for a Scepter holds a File,
 To polish roughest Customs, and in you
 She has her Right: See! I am calm as Sleep,
 But, when I think of the gross Injuries,
 The godless Wrong done to my General dead,
 I rave indeed, and could eat this *Novall*
 A Soul-less Dromedary.

Roch. Oh! be temperate,

Sir,

Sir, though I would persuade, I'll not constrain;
 Each Man's Opinion freely is his own,
 Concerning any Thing, or any Body,
 Be it right or wrong, 'tis at the Judges Peril,

Enter Beaumont.

Beaumont. These Men, Sir! wait without; my Lord is
 come too.

Roch. Pay 'em those Sums upon the Table; take
 Their full Releases:—Stay—I want a Witness:
 Let me intreat you, Colonel, to walk in,
 And stand but by, to see this Money paid,
 It does concern you and your Friends; it was
 The better Cause you were sent for, though said other-
 wise.

The Deed shall make this my Request more plain.

Rom. I shall obey your Pleasure, Sir, though ignorant
 To what it tends? [*Exit Romont, Servant,*

Enter Charalois.

Roch. Worthiest Sir,
 You are most welcome: Fie, no more of this:
 You have out-wept a Woman, noble *Charalois!*
 No Man but has, or must bury a Father.

Char. Grave Sir! I buried Sorrow, for his Death,
 In the Grave with him. I did never think
 He was immortal—though I vow I grieve,
 And see no Reason why the vicious,
 Virtuous, valiant, and unworthy Men,
 Should die alike.

Roch. They do not.

Char. In the Manner,
 Of dying Sir, they do not, but all die,
 And therein differ not:—But I have done.
 I spy'd the lively Picture of my Father,
 Passing your Gallery, and that cast this Water
 Into mine Eyes: See,—foolish that I am,
 To let it do so.

Roch.

Roch. Sweet and gentle Nature!
How filken is this well comparatively
To other Men! I have a Suit to you Sir.

Char. Take it; 'tis granted.

Roch. What?

Char. Nothing, my Lord.

Roch. Nothing is quickly granted.

Char. Faith, my Lord!

That nothing granted, is even all I have,
For, all know, I have nothing left to grant.

Roch. Sir, have you any Suit to me? I'll grant
You some Thing, any Thing.

Char. Nay, surely, I, that can
Give nothing, will but sue for that again.
No Man will grant me any Thing I sue for.
But begging nothing, every Man will give't.

Roch. Sir! the Love I bore your Father, and the
Worth

I see in you, so much resembling his,
Made me thus fend for you. And tender here

[*Draws a Curtain.*]

Whatever you will take, Gold, Jewels, both,
All, to supply your Wants, and free yourself.
Where heavenly Virtue in high-blooded Veins
Is lodg'd, and can agree, Men should kneel down,
Adore, and sacrifice all that they have;
And well they may, it is so seldom seen.
Put off your Wonder, and here freely take
Or fend your Servants: Nor, Sir, shall you use
In aught of this, a poor Man's Fee, or Bribe,
Unjustly taken of the Rich, but what's
Directly gotten, and yet by the Law.

Char. How ill, Sir, it becomes those Hairs to mock!

Roch. Mock? Thunder strike me then.

Char. You do amaze me.

But you shall wonder too; I will not take
One single Piece of this great Heap. Why should I
Borrow, that have not Means to pay; nay, am
A very Bankrupt, even in flatt'ring Hope

Of ever raising any. All my begging,
Is *Romont's* Liberty.

Enter Romont, Creditors loaden with Money. Beaumont.

Roch. Here is your Friend,
Enfranchise e'er you spake. I give him you :
And, *Charalois*, I give you to your Friend,
As free a Man as he : Your Father's Debts
Are taken off.

Char. How ?

Rom. Sir, it is most true.

I am the Witness.

1 *Cred.* Yes, faith, we are paid.

2 *Cred.* Heaven bless his Lordship—I did think him
wiser.

3 *Cred.* He a Statesman ? He an Ass—Pay other
Men's Debts ?

1 *Cred.* That he was never bound for.

Rom. One more such

Would save the rest of Pleaders.

Char. Honour'd *Rochfort*.

Lie still my Tongue, and Blushes, scal'd my Cheeks,
That offer Thanks in Words, for such great Deeds.

Roch. Call in my Daughter :—Still I have a Suit to
you. [Exit Beaumont.

Would you requite me.

Rom. With his Life, I assure you.

Roch. Nay, would you make me now your Debtor,
Sir!

Enter Beaumelle.

This is my only Child : What she appears,
Your Lordship well may see her Education, *Beaumelle*
Follows not any : For her Mind, I know it
To be far fairer than her Shape, and hope
It will continue so : If now her Birth
Be not too mean for *Charalois*, take her

This

This Virgin by the Hand, and call her Wife,
 Indow'd with all my Fortunes: Bless me so,
 Requite me thus, and make me happier,
 In joining my poor empty Name to yours,
 Then if my 'State were multiplied tenfold.

Char. Is this the Payment, Sir, that you expect?
 Why, you precipitate me more in Debt,
 That nothing but my Life can ever pay.
 This Beauty being your Daughter (in which yours)
 I must conceive Necessity of her Virtue
 Without all Dowry is a Prince's Aim.
 Then, as she is, for poor and worthless me
 How much too worthy!—Waken me, *Romont*,
 That I may know I dream'd, and find this vanish'd.

Rom. Sure, I sleep not.

Roch. Your Sentence—Life or Death.

Charmi. Fair *Beaumelle*, can you love me?

Beaum. Yes, my Lord.

Enter Noval, jun. Ponta, Malotin, Liladam, Aymer.
All salute.

Char. You need not question me, if I can you.
 You are the fairest Virgin in *Dijon*,
 And *Rockfort* is your Father.

Nov. jun. What's this Change?

Roch. You met my Wishes, Gentlemen.

Rom. What make

These Dogs in Doublets here?

Beaum. A Visitation, Sir.

Char. Then thus, fair *Beaumelle*! I write my Faith,
 Thus seal it in the Sight of Heaven and Men.
 Your Fingers tie my Heart-strings with this Touch,
 In true-love Knots, which nought but Death shall loose.
 And yet these Tears (an Emblem of our Loves)
 Like Crystal Rivers individually
 Flow into one another, make one Source,
 Which never Man distinguish, less divide:
 Breath, marry, Breath, and Kisses, mingle Souls.

Two Hearts, and Bodies, here incorporate :
 And, though with little wooing I have won,
 My future Life shall be a wooing Time.
 And every Day new as the Bridal one.
 Oh, Sir! I groan under your Courtesies,
 More then my Father's Bones under his Wrongs,
 You, *Curtius*-like, have thrown into the Gulf,
 Of this his Country's foul Ingratitude,
 Your Life and Fortunes, to redeem their Shames.

Roch. No more, my Glory! come, let's in, and hasten
 This Celebration.

Romont, Malotin, Pontalier, Beaumont.

All fair Blifs upon it.

[*Exeunt* Rochfort, Charalois, Romont, Beaumont, Malotin.]

Nov. jun. Mistress!

Beaum. Oh Servant, Virtue strengthen me!
 Thy Presence blows round my Affection's Vane:
 You will undo me, if you speak again.

[*Exit* Beaumelle.]

Lilad. Aym. Here will be Sport for you. This works.

[*Exeunt* Liladam, Aymer.]

Nov. jun. Peace! Peace!

Pont. One Word, my Lord *Novall*!

Nov. jun. What, thou would'st Money—there.

Pont. No, I'll none, I'll not be bought a Slave,
 A Pander, or a Parasite, for all
 Your Father's Worth; though you have sav'd my Life,
 Rescu'd me often from my Wants, I must not
 Wink at your Follies; that will ruin you.
 You know my blunt Way, and my Love to Truth:
 Forfake the Pursuit of this Lady's Honour,
 Now do you see her made another Man's,
 And such a Man's so good, so popular,
 Or you will pluck a thousand Mischiefs on you.
 The Benefits you've done me, are not lost,
 Nor cast away, they are purs'd here in my Heart,

But

But let me pay you, Sir, a fairer Way
Than to defend your Vices, or to sooth 'em.

Nov. jun. Ha, ha, ha! what are my Courses unto thee?

Good Cousin *Pontalier*, meddle with that
That shall concern thyself. [Exit *Novall*.

Pont. No more but Scorn?

Move on then, Stars! work your pernicious Will!
Only the wise Rule, and prevent your Ill. [Exit.

H A U T B O Y S .

Here a Passage over the Stage, while the Act is playing for
the Marriage of *Charalois* with *Beaumelle*, &c.

~~the Court of Venus hath enjoy'd~~

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

Enter *Novall jun.* *Bellapert*.

Nov. jun. FLY not to these Excuses: Thou hast been
False in thy Promise—and, when I have
said

Ungrateful, all is spoke.

Bellap. Good my Lord! but hear me only.

Nov. jun. To what Purpose, Trifler?

Can any Thing that thou canst say, make void
The Marriage? Or those Pleasures but a Dream,
Which *Charalois* (oh *Venus*!) hath enjoy'd?

Bellap. I yet could say, that you receive Advantage
In what you think a Loss, would you vouchsafe me;
That you were never in the Way till now
With Safety to arrive at your Desires;
That Pleasure makes Love to you, unattended
By Danger or Repentance?

Nov. jun. That I could

But apprehend one Reason how this might be,
Hope would not then forsake me.

Bellap. The enjoying

Of what you most desire; I say th' enjoying

Shall, in the full Possession of your Wishes,
Confirm that I am faithful.

Nov. jun. Give some Relish
How this may appear possible.

Bellap. I will.

Relish, and taste, and make the Banquet easy.
You say my Lady's married—I confess it:
That *Charalois* hath enjoyed her—'tis most true:
That with her, he's already Master of
The best Part of my old Lord's 'State. Still better:
But, that the first, or last, should be your Hindrance,
I utterly deny: For, but observe me,
While she went for, and was, I swear, a Virgin,
What Courtesy could she with her Honour give,
Or you receive with Safety—take me with you;
When I say Courtesy, do not think I mean
A Kiss; the tying of her Shoe or Garter;
An Hour of private Conference: Those are Trifles.
In this Word Courtesy, we, that are Gamesters, point at
The Sport direct, where not alone the Lover
Brings his Artillery, but uses it:
Which Word expounded to you, such a Courtesy
Do you expect, and sudden.

Nov. jun. But he tasted the first Sweets, *Bellapert!*

Bellap. He wrong'd you shrewdly;
He toil'd to climb up to the *Pheenix*' Nest,
And in his Prints leaves your Ascent more easy.
I do not know, you, that are perfect Criticks
In Women's Books, may talk of Maidenheads.

Nov. jun. But for her Marriage.—

Bellap. 'Tis a fair Protection
'Gainst all Arrests of Fear, or Shame for ever.
Such as are fair, and yet not foolish, study
To have one at thirteen; but they are mad
That stay till twenty. Then, Sir! for the Pleasure;
To say Adultery's sweeter, that is stale.
This only—Is not the Contentment more,
To say, this is my Cuckold, than my Rival.
More I could say—but, briefly, she doats on you,

If it prove otherwise, spare not, poison me
 With the next Gold you give me.

Enter Beaumelle.

Beaumel. How's this, Servant? Courting my Woman?

Bellap. As an Entrance to
 The Favour of the Mistress: You are together
 And I am perfect in my Cue. [*Going.*]

Beaumel. Stay *Bellapert.*

Bellap. In this, I must not, with your Leave, obey you,
 Your Taylor and your Tire-woman wait without
 And stay my Counsel, and Direction for
 Your next Day's Dressing. I have much to do,
 Nor will your Ladyship, now, Time is precious,
 Continue idle; this Choice Lord will find
 So fit Employment for you. [*Exit Bellapert.*]

Beaumel. I shall grow angry.

Nov. jun. Not so; you have a Jewel in her, Madam!

Enter Bellapert.

Bellap. I had forgot to tell your Ladyship
 The Closet is private and your Couch ready;
 And, if you please that I shall lose the Key,
 But say so, and 'tis done. [*Exit Bellapert.*]

Beaumel. You come to chide me, Servant! and bring
 with you
 Sufficient Warrant. You will say, and truly,
 My Father found too much Obedience in me,
 By being won too soon: Yet, if you please
 But to remember, all my Hopes and Fortunes
 Had Reverence to this Likening you will grant,
 That, though I did not well towards you, I yet
 Did wisely for myself.

Nov. jun. With too much Fervor
 I have so long lov'd and still love you, Mistress;
 To esteem that an Injury to me
 Which was to you convenient;—that is past

My Help, is past my Cure. You yet may, Lady,
In Recompence of all my duteous Service,
(Provided that your Will answer your Power)
Become my Creditress.

Beaumel. I understand you;
And for Assurance, the Request you make
Shall not be long unanswered, pray you sit,
And by what you shall hear, you'll easily find,
My Passions are much fitter to desire,
Than to be sued to.

Enter Romont and Florimel.

Flor. Sir, 'tis not Envy
At the Start my Fellow has got of me in
My Ladies good Opinion, that's the Motive
Of this Discovery; but due Payment
Of what I owe her Honour.

Rom. So I conceive it.

Flor. I have observ'd too much, nor shall my Silence
Prevent the Remedy.—yonder they are,
I dare not be seen with you. You may do
What you think fit, which will be, I presume,
The Office of a faithful and try'd Friend
To my young Lord. [*Exit Florimel.*]

Rom. This is no Vision: Ha!

Nov. jun. With the next Opportunity.

Beaumel. By this Kiss, and this, and this.

Nov. jun. That you would ever swear thus.

Rom. If I seem rude, your Pardon, Lady! yours
I do not ask: Come, do not dare to shew me
A Face of Anger, or the least Dislike,
Put on, and suddenly, a milder Look;
I shall grow rough, else.

Nov. jun. What have I done, Sir!
To draw this harsh unfavory Language from you?

Rom. Done, Popinjay? Why, dost thou think that, if
I e'er had dreamt that thou hadst done me Wrong,
Thou shouldst outlive it?

Beumel. This is something more
Than my Lord's Friendship gives Commission for.

Nov. jun. Your Presence and the Place, makes him
presume
Upon my Patience.

Rom. As if thou e'er wer't angry
But with thy Taylor, and yet that poor Shred
Can bring more to the making up of a Man,
Than can be hop'd from thee: Thou art his Creature,
And, did he not each Morning new create thee
Thou'dst stink and be forgotten. I'll not change
One Syllable more with thee, until thou bring
Some Testimony, under good Mens Hands,
Thou art a Christian. I suspect thee strongly,
And will be satisfied: 'Till which Time, keep from me.
The Entertainment of your Visitation
Has made what I intended on a Business.

Nov. jun. So we shall meet—Madam!

Rom. Use that Leg again, and I'll cut off the other.

Nov. jun. Very good. [Exit Novall.

Rom. What a Perfume the Musk-cat leaves behind
him!

Do you admit him for a Property,
To save you Charges Lady?

Beumel. 'Tis not useleis,
Now you are to succeed him.

Rom. So I respect you,
Not for yourself, but in Remembrance of
Who is your Father, and whose Wife you now are,
That I choose rather not to understand
Your nasty Scoff than,—

Beumel. What, you will not beat me,
If I expound it to you. Here's a Tyrant
Spares neither Man nor Woman.

Rom. My Intents,
Madam, deserve not this; nor do I stay
To be the Whetstone of your Wit: Preserve it
To spend on such, as know how to admire
Such colour'd Stuff. In me there is, now speaks to you

As true a Friend and Servant to your Honour,
 And one that will with as much Hazard guard it,
 As ever Man did Goodness.——But then Lady!
 You must endeavour, not alone to be,
 But to appear, worthy such Love and Service.

Beaumel. To what tends this?

Rom. Why, to this Purpose, Lady!
 I do desire you should prove such a Wife
 To *Charalois* (and such a one he Merits)
 As *Cæsar*, did he live, could not except at,
 Not only innocent from Crime, but free
 From all Taint and Suspicion.

Beaumel. They are base that judge me otherwise,

Rom. But yet, be careful!

Detraction's a bold Monster, and fears not
 To wound the Fame of Princes, if it find
 But any Blemish in their Lives to work on;
 But I'll be plainer with you: Had the People
 Been learn'd to speak, but what even now I saw,
 Their Malice out of that would raise an Engine
 To overthrow your Honour. In my Sight,
 With yonder painted Fool I frighted from you,
 You us'd Familiarity beyond
 A modest Entertainment: You embrac'd him
 With too much Ardour for a Stranger, and
 Met him with Kisses neither chaste nor comely:
 But learn you to forget him, as I will
 Your Bounties to him; you will find it safer
 Rather to be uncourtly, than immodest.

Beaumel. This pretty Rag about your Neck shews well,
 And, being coarse and little Worth, it speaks you
 As terrible as thrifty.

Rom. Madam!

Beaumel. Yes.

And this strong Belt in which you hang your Honour
 Will out-last twenty Scarfs.

Rom. What mean you, Lady?

Beaumel. And all else about you Cap-a-pe,
 So uniform in Spite of Handsomeness,

Shews

Shews such a bold Contempt of Comeliness,
That 'tis not strange your Landrefs in the League,
Grew mad with Love of you.

Rom. Is my free Counsel
Answer'd with this ridiculous Scorn?

Beumel. These Objects
Stole very much of my Attention from me;
Yet something I remember, to speak Truth,
Deliver'd gravely, but to little Purpose,
That almost would have made me swear some Curate
Had stol'n into the Person of *Romont*,
And, in the Praise of Good-wife Honesty,
Had read an Homily.

Rom. By this Hand.—

Beumel. And Sword;
I will make up your Oath, 'twill want Weight else.
You're angry with me, and poor I laugh at it.
Do you come from the Camp, which affords only
The Conversation of cast Suburb Whores,
To set down to a Lady of my Rank,
Limits of Entertainment?

Rom. Sure a Legion has possess'd this Woman.

Beumel. One Stamp more would do well: Yet I de-
fire not
You should grow Horn-mad, till you have a Wife.
You are come to warm Meat, and perhaps clean Linen:
Feed, wear it, and be thankful. For me, know,
That, though a thousand Watches were set on me,
And you the Master-spy, I yet would use
The Liberty that best likes me. I will revel,
Feast, kiss, embrace. Perhaps, grant larger Favours.
Yet such as live upon my Means, shall know
They must not murmur at it. If my Lord
Be now grown yellow, and has chose out you
To serve his Jealousy that Way, tell him this,—
You've something to inform him. [*Exit Beaumelle.*]

Rom. And I will.

Believe it, wicked one, I will. Hear, Heaven!
But, hearing, pardon me: If these Fruits grow,
Upon the Tree of Marriage, let me shun it,

As a forbidden Sweet. An Heir and rich,
 Young, beautiful—yet add to this—a Wife,
 And I will rather choose a Spital Sinner
 Carted an Age before, though three Parts rotten,
 And take it for a Blessing, rather than
 Be fetter'd to the hellish Slavery †
 Of such an Impudence.

Enter Beaumont with Writings.

Beaum. Colonel! good Fortune
 To meet you thus: You look sad, but I'll tell you
 Something that shall remove it. Oh, how happy
 Is my Lord *Chalarois* in his fair Bride!

Rom. A happy Man, indeed!—pray you in what?

Beaum. I dare swear, you would think so good a Lady,
 A Dower sufficient.

Rom. No doubt.—But on.

Beaum. So fair, so chaste, so virtuous;—Indeed
 All that is excellent.

Rom. Women have no Cunning to gull the World.

Beaum. Yet, to all these, my Lord,
 Her Father gives the full Addition of

All he does now possess in *Burgundy*:

These Writings to confirm it, are new seal'd,
 And I most fortunate to present him with them,
 I must go seek him out, can you direct me?

Rom. You'll find him breaking a young Horse.

Beaum. I thank you,

[*Exit Beaumont.*]

† In an Advertisement prefixed to the *Bond-man*, which was revived in 1710, we are told that Mr. *Rowe* had revis'd the Works of *Maffinger*, and did intend to publish them; I am apt to think this Assertion true, and that Mr. *Rowe* was a great Admirer of our Author, his excellent Play of the *Fair Penitent* being founded on the Tragedy now before us. The beautiful Scene between *Horatia* and *Calista* is evidently copied from the foregoing, as is that between *Altamont* and *Horatia* in the third Act where they quarrel, from the last Scene of this; The curious Reader may not be disagreeably amused in comparing many other similar Parts of these excellent Tragedies together.

Rom. I must do something worthy *Charalois* Friendship.

If she were well inclin'd, to keep her so
Deserv'd not Thanks: And yet, to stay a Woman
Spur'd headlong by hot Lust to her own Ruin
Is harder than to prop a falling Tower
With a deceiving Reed.

Enter Rochfort.

Roch. Some one seek for me,
As soon as he returns.

Rom. Her Father? ha!——
How if I break this to him? Sure it cannot
Meet with an ill Construction. His Wisdom,
Made powerful by th' Authority of a Father,
Will warrant and give Privilege to his Counsels.
It shall be so—My Lord!

Roch. Your Friend, *Romont*:
Would you aught with me?

Rom. I stand so engag'd
To your so many Favours, that I hold it
A Breach in Thankfulness, should I not discover,
Though with some Imputation to myself,
All Doubts that may concern you.

Roch. The Performance
Will make this Protestation worth my Thanks.

*s To stay a Woman
Spur'd Headlong, by hot Lust, &c.*

Thus in the Picture.

————— It is more
Impossible in Nature for gross Bodies
Descending of themselves, to hang in the Air,
Or with my single Arm to underprop
A falling Tower; nay, in its violent Course
To stop the Lightning, than to stay a Woman,
Hurried by two Furies, Lust and Falshood,
In her full Career to Wickedness,

Act 4. Scene 1.

Rom.

Rom. Then, with your Patience, lend me your Attention :

For what I must deliver, whisper'd only,
You will with too much Grief receive.

Enter Beaumelle, Bellapert.

Beaumel. See, Wench!

Upon my Life as I forespake, he's now
Preferring his Complaint : But be thou perfect,
And we will fit him.

Bellap. Fear not me, pox on him !
A Captain turn Informer against kissing ?
Would he were hang'd up in his rusty Armour !
But, if our fresh Wits cannot turn the Plots
Of such a mouldy Murrion on itself ;
Rich Cloaths, choice Fare, and a true Friend at a Call,
With all the Pleasures the Night yields, forsake us.

Rocb. This in my Daughter ? Do not wrong her.

Bellap. Now begin.

The Games a-foot, and we in Distance.

Beaumel. 'Tis thy Fault, foolish Girl ! pin on my Veil,
I will not wear those Jewels. Am I not
Already match'd beyond my Hopes ? Yet still
You prune and set me forth, as if I were
Again to please a Suiter.

Bellap. 'Tis the Course
That our great Ladies take.

Rom. A weak Excuse !

Beaumel. Those that are better seen, in what concerns
A Lady's Honour and fair Fame, condemn it.
You wait well : in your Absence, my Lord's Friend,
The understanding, grave, and wise *Romont*. —

Rom. Must I be still her Sport ? [*Aside*.

Beaumel. Reprove me for it.

And he has travell'd to bring home a Judgment
Not to be contradicted. You will say
My Father, that owes more to Years than he,
Has brought me up to Musick, Language, Courtship,
And I must use them. True, but not t' offend,
Or render me suspected.

Rocb.

Roch. Does your fine Story begin from this ?

Beaumel. I thought a parting Kiss
From young *Novall* would have displeas'd no more
Than heretofore it hath done ; but I find
I must restrain such Favours now ; look therefore,
As you are careful to continue mine,
That I no more be visited. I'll endure
The strictest Course of Life that Jealousy
Can think secure enough, ere my Behaviour
Shall call my Fame in Question.

Rom. Ten Dissemblers
Are in this subtle Devil. You believe this ?

Roch. So far, that if you trouble me again
With a Report like this, I shall not only
Judge you malicious in your Disposition,
But study to repent what I have done
To such a Nature,

Rom. Why, 'tis exceeding well.

Roch. And for you, Daughter, off with this ; off
with it :

I have that Confidence in your Goodness, I,
That I will not consent to have you live
Like to a Recluse in a Cloyster : Go,
Call in the Gallants, let them make you merry,
Use all fit Liberty,

Bellap. Blessing on you.

If this new Preacher with the Sword and Feather
Could prove his Doctrine for Canonical,
We should have a fine World. [Exit Bellapert.

Roch. Sir, if you please
To bear yourself as fits a Gentleman,
The House is at your Service ; but, if not,
Though you seek Company elsewhere, your Absence
Will not be much lamented — [Exit Rochfort.

Rom. If this be
The Recompence of striving to preserve
A wanton Gigglet honest, very shortly
'Twill make all Mankind Panders.—Do you smile,
Good Lady *Looseness* ? Your whole Sex is like you,

And

And that Man's mad that seeks to better any:
What new Change have you next?

Beaumel. Oh, fear not you, Sir!
I'll shift into a Thousand, but I will
Convert your Heresy.

Rom. What Heresy? speak!

Beaumel. Of keeping a Lady that is married,
From entertaining Servants.—

Enter Novall, jun. Malotin, Liladam, Aymer, Pontalier.

O, you're welcome.

Use any Means to vex him,
And then with Welcome follow me, [*Exit Beaumel.*]

Nov. jun. You are tir'd
With your grave Exhortations, Colonel!

Lilad. How is it? Faith, your Lordship may do well
To help him to some Church-Preferment: 'Tis
Now the Fashion, for Men of all Conditions,
However they have liv'd, to end that Way.

Aymer. That Face would do well in a Surplice.

Rom. Rogues, be silent — or —

Pont. S'Death! will you suffer this?

Rom. And you, the Master Rogue, the Coward Rascal,
I shall be with you suddenly,

Nov. jun. Pontalier,

If I should strike him, I know I shall kill him:
And therefore I would have thee beat him, for
He's good for nothing else.

Lilad. His Back

Appears to me, as it would tire a Beadle.
And then he has a knotted Brow, would bruise
A court-like Hand to touch it.

Aymer. He looks like

A Currier when his Hide's grown dear.

Pont. Take heed he curry not some of you.

Nov. jun. Gads me! he's angry.

Rom. I break no Jest, but I can break my Sword
About your Pates.

Enter

Enter Charalois and Beaumont.

Lilad. Here's more.

Aymer. Come let's be gone!

We are beleaguer'd.

Nov. jun. Look, they bring up their Troops.

Pont. Will you sit down with this Disgrace?

You are abus'd most grossly.

Lilad. I grant you, Sir, we are; and you would have Stay, and be more abus'd. [us

Nov. jun. My Lord, I'm sorry
Your House is so inhospitable, we must quit it.

[*Exeunt. Manent Charalois, Romont.*

Char. Pr'ythee, Romont, what caus'd this Uproar?

Rom. Nothing.

They laugh'd, and us'd their scurvy Wits upon me.

Char. Come, 'tis thy jealous Nature: But I wonder
That you, which are an honest Man, and worthy,
Should foster this Suspicion. No Man laughs,
No one can whisper, but thou apprehend'st
His Conference and his Scorn reflects on thee.
For my Part, they should scoff their thin Wits out,
So I not heard them; beat me, not being there.
Leave, leave these Fits to conscious Men, to such
As are obnoxious to those foolish Things
As they can gibe at.

Rom. Well, Sir!

Char. Thou art known
Valiant without Defect, rightly defin'd,
Which is (as fearing to do Injury,
As tender to endure it) not a Brabblers,
A Swearer.

Rom. Pish, pish! What needs this, my Lord?
If I be known none such, how vainly you
Do cast away good Counsel? I have lov'd you,
And yet must freely speak: So young a Tutor
Fits not so old a Soldier as I am.
And I must tell you, 'twas in your Behalf

I grew enrag'd thus ; yet had rather die
Than open the great Cause a Syllable further.

Char. In my Behalf? Wherein hath *Charalois*
Unfitly so demean'd himself, to give
The least Occasion to the loosest Tongue
To throw Aspersions on him? Or so weakly
Protected his own Honour, as it should
Need Defence from any but himself?
They're Fools that judge me by my outward Seeming;
Why should my Gentleness beget Abuse?
The Lion is not angry that does sleep,
Nor every Man a Coward that can weep.
For God's Sake speak the Cause.

Rom. Not for the World.
Oh! it will strike Disease into your Bones,
Beyond the Cure of Physick; drink your Blood,
Rob you of all your Rest, contract your Sight,
Leave you no Eyes but to see Misery,
And of your own; nor Speech, but to wish thus,
Would I had perish'd in the Prison's Jaws,
From whence I was redeem'd! 'Twill wear you old,
Before you have Experience in that Art,
That causes your Affliction.

Char. Thou dost strike
A deathful Coldness to my Heart's high Heat,
And shrink'st my Liver like the *Calenture*.
Declare this Foe of mine, and Life's, that like
A Man I may encounter and subdue it.
It shall not have one such Effect in me,
As thou denoucest: With a Soldier's Arm,
If it be Strength, I'll meet it: If a Fault
Belonging to my Mind, I'll cut it off
With mine own Reason, as a Scholar should.
—Speak, though it make me monstrous.

Rom. I'll die first.
Farewel! continue merry, and high Heaven
Keep your Wife chaste.

Char. Hum!—Stay and take this Wolf
Out of my Breast, that thou hast lodg'd there, or
For ever lose me.

Rom.

Rom. Lose not, Sir, yourself;
And I will venture—so the Door is fast.

[Locks the Door.

Now, noble *Charalois*, collect yourself;
Summon your Spirits; muster all your Strength
That can belong to Man; sift Passion
From ev'ry Vein, and, whatsoe'er ensues,
Upbraid not me hereafter, as the Cause of
Jealousy, Discontent, Slaughter and Ruin:
Make me not Parent to Sin:—You will know
This Secret that I burn with.

Char. Devil on't,
What should it be? *Romont*, I hear you wish
My Wife's Continuance of Chastity.

Rom. There was no Hurt in that.

Char. Why? do you know
A Likelihood or Possibility unto the contrary?

Rom. I know it not, but doubt it; these the Grounds.
The Servant of your Wife now, young *Novall*,
The Son unto your Father's Enemy
(Which aggravates my Presumption the more)
I have been warn'd of, touching her; nay, seen them
Tie Heart to Heart, one in another's Arms,
Multiplying Kisses, as if they meant
To 'pose Arithmetic, or whose Eyes would
Be first burnt out with gazing on the other's.
I saw their Mouths engender, and their Palms
Glew'd, as if Love had lock'd them; their Words flow
And melt each others, like two circling Flames,
Where Chastity, like a Phoenix, methought, burn'd,
But left the World nor Ashes, nor an Heir.
Why stand you silent thus? What cold dull Flegm,
As if you had no Drop of Choler mix'd
In your whole Constitution, thus prevails,
To fix you now thus stupid, hearing this?

Char. You did not see 'em on my Couch within,
Like *George* a Horse-back, on her, nor a-bed?

Rom. No.

Char. Ha! ha!

Rom.

Rom. Laugh you? E'en so did your Wife, I
And her indulgent Father,

Char. They were wise.

Would'st ha' me be a Fool?

Rom. No, but a Man.

Char. There is no Dram of Manhood to suspect,
On such thin airy Circumstance as this
Mere Compliment and Courtship. Was this Tale
The hideous Monster which you so conceal'd?
Away, thou curious Impertinent,
And idle Searcher of such lean nice Toys!
Go, thou seditious Sower of Debate!
Fly to such Matches, where the Bridegroom doubts;
He holds not Worth Enough to countervail
The Virtue and the Beauty of his Wife.
Thou buzzing Drone, that 'bout my Ears dost hum,
To strike thy rankling Sting into my Heart,
Whose Venom, Time nor Medicine could assuage.
Thus do I put thee off, and, confident
In mine own Innocency and Desert,
Dare not conceive her so unreasonable,
To put *Novall* in Balance against me,
An Upstart, cran'd up to the Height he has.
Hence, Busybody! thou'rt no Friend to me,
That must be kept to a Wife's Injury.

Rom. Is't possible?—Farewel, fine, honest Man!
Sweet temper'd Lord, adieu! What Apoplexy
Hath knit Sense up? Is this *Romont's* Reward?
Bear Witness, the great Spirit of thy Father,
With what a healthful Hope I administer
This Potion that hath wrought so virulently!
I not accuse thy Wife of Act, but would
Prevent her Précipice to thy Dishonour,
Which now thy tardy Sluggishness will admit!
Would I had seen thee grav'd with thy great Sire,
Ere live to have Mens marginal Fingers point
At *Charalois*, as a lamented Story.
An Emperor put away his Wife for touching
Another Man; but thou wouldst have thine tasted

And

And keep her, I think, Phoh! I am a Fire
 To warm a dead Man, that waste out myself.
 Blood—What a Plague, a Vengeance, is't to me,
 If you will be a Cuckold? Here I shew
 A Sword's Point to thee; this Side you may shun,
 Or that, the Peril; if you will run on,
 I cannot help it.

Char. Didst thou never see me
 Angry, *Romont*?

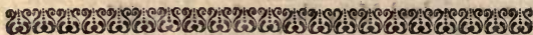
Rom. Yes, and pursue a Foe
 Like Lightning.

Char. Pr'ythee see me so no more.
 I can be so again.—Put up thy Sword,
 And take thyself away, lest I draw mine.

Rom. Come, fright your Foes with this, Sir! I am
 your 'Friend,
 And dare stand by you thus.

Char. Thou'rt not my Friend;
 Or being so, thou'rt mad.—I must not buy
 Thy Friendship at this Rate; had I just Cause,
 Thou know'st I durst pursue such Injury
 Through Fire, Air, Water, Earth, nay, were they all
 Shuffled again to *Chaos*; but there's none.
 Thy Skill, *Romont*, consists in Camps, not Courts.
 Farewel, uncivil Man! let's meet no more.
 Here our long Web of Friendship I untwist.
 Shall I go whine, walk pale, and lock my Wife
 For nothing, from her Birth's free Liberty,
 That open'd mine to me? Yes; if I do —
 The Name of Cuckold, then, dog me with Scorn.
 I am a *Frenchman*, no *Italian* born. [Exit.

Rom. A dull *Dutch* rather:—Fall and cool my Blood!
 Boil not in Zeal of thy Friend's Hurt so high,
 That is so low, and cold himself in't! Woman,
 How strong art thou! how easily beguil'd!
 How thou dost rack us by the very Horns!
 Now Wealth, I see, change Manners, and the Man.
 Something I must do mine own Wrath to assuage,
 And note my Friendship to an After-age. [Exit.



ACT IV. SCENE I.

Enter Novall jun. as newly dressed, a Taylor, Barber, Perfumer, Liladam, Aymer, Page.

Nov. jun. **M**END this a little:—Pox! thou hast burnt me. Oh! fie upon't!—O lard! he has made me smell, for all the World, like a Flax, or a red-headed Woman's Chamber: Powder, Powder, Powder.

Perf. Oh, sweet Lord!

[*Novall sits in a Chair, Barber orders his Hair, Perfumer gives Powder, Taylor sets his Cloaths.*

Page. That's his Perfumer.

Tayl. Oh, dear Lord!

Page. That's his Taylor.

Nov. jun. Monsieur *Liladam!* *Aymer!* how allow you the Model of these Cloaths?

Aymer. Admirably, admirably; oh sweet Lord! assuredly it's Pity the Worms should eat thee.

Page. Here's a fine Cell; a Lord, a Taylor, a Perfumer, a Barber, and a Pair of Monsieurs: Three to three, as little Wit in the one, as Honesty in the other. S'foot I'll into the Country again, learn to speak Truth, drink Ale, and converse with my Father's Tenants; here I hear nothing all Day, but—upon my Soul! as I am a Gentleman, and an honest Man!

Aymer. I vow and affirm, your Taylor must needs be an expert Geometrician; he has the Longitude, Latitude, Altitude, Profundity, every Dimension of your Body, so exquisitely.—Here's a Lace laid as directly, as if Truth were a Taylor.

Page. That were a Miracle.

Lilad. With a Hairs Breadth's Error, there's a Shoulder-Piece cut, and the Base of a Pickadille ⁶ in *puncto*.

⁶ A Pickadil (*Dutch*) the Hem about the Skirt of a Garment.

Aymer. You are right, Monsieur! his Vestments fit as if they grew upon him; or Art had wrought 'em on the same Loom, as Nature fram'd his Lordship; as if your Taylor were deeply read in Astrology, and had taken Measure of your honourable Body, with a *Jacob's Staff*, an *Ephimerides*.

Taylor. I am bound t'ye, Gentlemen!

Page. You are deceiv'd; they'll be bound to you: You must remember to trust 'em none.

Nov. jun. Nay, 'faith, thou art a reasonable, neat Artificer, give the Devil his Due.

Page. I, if he would but cut the Coat according to the Cloth still.

Nov. jun. I now want only my Mistress's Approbation, who is, indeed, the most polite punctual Queen of Dressing in all *Burgundy*. Pah, and makes all other young Ladies appear as if they came from board last Week out of the Country; is't not true, *Liladam*?

Lilad. True, my Lord! as if any Thing your Lordship could say, could be otherwise then true.

Nov. jun. Nay, O my Soul, 'tis so, what fouler Object in the World, than to see a young, fair, handsome Beauty, unhandsomely dighted and incongruently accouter'd; or a hopeful Chevalier, unmethodically appointed, in the external Ornaments of Nature? For, even as the Index tells us the Contents of Stories, and directs to the particular Chapters, even so does the outward Habit and superficial Order of Garments, (in Man or Woman) give us a Taste of the Spirit, and demonstratively Point (as it were a manual Note from the Margin) all the internal Quality, and Habilliment of the Soul; and there cannot be a more evident, palpable, gross Manifestation of poor, degenerate, dunghilly Blood, and Breeding, than a rude, unpolish'd, disorder'd and slovenly Outside.

Page. An admirable Lecture! oh, all you Gallants, that hope to be saved by your Cloaths, edify, edify!

Aymer. By the Lord, sweet Lord! thou deserv'st a Pension o'the State.

Page.—Oth' Taylors, two such Lords were able to spread Taylors o'er the Face of a whole Kingdom.

Nov. jun. 'Pox a this Glafs! it flatters.—I could find in my Heart to break it.

Page. O, save the Glafs, my Lord! and break their Heads: They are the greater Flatterers, I assure you.

Aymer. Flatters, detracts, impairs.—Yet, put it by, Left thou, dear Lord, *Narcissus*-like, should doat Upon thyself, and die; and rob the World Of Nature's Copy, that she works Form by.

Lilad. Oh! that I were the Infanta Queen of *Europe!* Who but thyself, sweet Lord, should marry me!

Nov. jun. I marry? Were there a Queen o'th' World, not I.

Wedlock? No Padlock, Horse-Lock, I wear Spurs

[*He capers.*

To keep it off my Heels; yet, my *Aymer!*

Like a free, wanton Jennet i'th' Meadows,

I look about, and neigh, take Hedge and Ditch,

Feed in my Neighbour's Pastures; pick my Choice

Of all their fair-mane'd Mares: But married once,

A Man is stak'd, or poun'd, and cannot graze

Beyond his own Hedge.

Enter Pontalier, and Malotin.

Pont. I have waited, Sir!

Three Hours to speak with you, and take it not well,
Such Magpies are admitted, whilst I dance
Attendance.

Lilad. Magpies? What d'ye take me for?

Pont. A long Thing with a most unpromising Face.

Aymer. I'll ne'er ask him what he takes me for.

Malot. Do not, Sir!

For he'll go near to tell you.

Pont. Art not thou a Barber-Surgeon?

Barb. Yes, Sirrah! why?

Pont. My Lord is forely troubled with two Scabs.

Lilad. Aymer. Humph——

Pont. I prythee, cure him of 'em.

Nov.

Nov. jun. Pish! no more;
Thy Gall sure's overthrown: These are my Council,
And we were now in serious Discourse.

Pont. Of Perfume and Apparel. Can you rise,
And spend five Hours in Dressing-Talk with these?

Nov. jun. Thould'st have me be a Dog: Up, stretch,
and shake,
And ready for all Day.

Pont. Sir! would you be
More curious in preserving of your Honour
Trim, 'twere more manly. I am come to wake
Your Reputation from this Lethargy
You let it sleep in; to persuade, importune,
Nay, to provoke you, Sir! to call to Account
This Colonel *Romont*, for the foul Wrong,
Which, like a Burthen, he hath laid on you,
And, like a drunken Porter, you sleep under.
'Tis all the Town-Talk, and, believe, Sir,
If your tough Sense persist thus, you're undone,
Utterly lost; you will be scorn'd and baffled
By every Lacquey; season now your Youth
With one brave Thing, and it shall keep the Odour
Even to your Death, beyond; and on your Tomb,
Scent like sweet Oils and Frankincense: Sir! this Life
Which once you sav'd, I ne'er since counted mine;
I borrow'd it of you, and now will pay it;
I tender you the Service of my Sword
To bear your Challenge; if you'll write, your Fate.
I'll make mine own: What e'er betide you, I,
That have liv'd by you, by your Side will die.

Nov. jun. Ha! ha! would'st ha' me challenge poor
Romont:
Fight with close Breeches? Thou may'st think I dare
not.

Do not mistake me, Coze I'm very valiant;
But Valour shall not make me such an Ass.
What Use is there of Valour, now-a-days?
'Tis sure, or to be kill'd, or to be hang'd.
Fight thou as thy Mind moves thee; 'tis thy Trade:

Thou hast nothing else to do. Fight with *Romont*?
No, I'll not fight under a Lord.

Pont. Farewell, Sir! I pity you.
Such loving Lords walk their dead Honour's Graves,
For no Companions fit, but Fools and Knaves.

Come *Malotin*. [Exeunt *Pontalier*, *Malotin*.]

Enter *Romont*.

Lilad. 'Sfoot, *Colbrand*, the low Giant.

Aymer. He has brought a Battle in his Face, let's go.

Page. *Colbrand*, d'ye call him? He'll make some of
you smoak, I believe.

Rom. By your Leave, Sirs!

Aymer. Are you a Consort? ⁷

Rom. D'ye take me for
A Fidler? y'are deceiv'd:—Look. I'll pay you.

[Kicks 'em.

Page. It seems he knows you one, he bumfiddles you
so.

Lilad. Was there ever so base a Fellow?

Aymer. A Rascal!

Lilad. A most uncivil Groom!

Aymer. Offer to kick a Gentleman in a Nobleman's
Chamber? A Pox o' your Manners.

Lilad. Let him alone, let him alone, thou shalt lose
thy Arm, Fellow! if we stir against thee, hang us.

Page. 'Sfoot, I think they have the better on him,
though they be kick'd, they talk so.

Lilad. Let's leave the mad Ape.

Nov. jun. Gentlemen!

Lilad. Nay, my Lord! we will not offer to dishonour
you so much, as to stay by you, since he's alone.

⁷ *Aym.* *Are you a Consort*, &c. *i. e.* Come you here to be play'd
on.—Thus in *Romeo*,

Tyb. Mercutio, thou consort'st with *Romeo*——

Mer. Consort! what dost thou make us *Minstrel*s, if thou make
*Minstrel*s of us, look to hear nothing but *Discords*, &c.

Nov. jun. Hark you.

Aymer. We doubt the Cause, and will not disparage you, so much as to take your Lordship's Quarrel in Hand. Plague on him, how he has crumpled our Bands.

Page. I'll e'en away with 'em, for this Soldier beats Man, Woman, and Child.

[*Exeunt all but Novall and Romont.*

Nov. jun. What mean you, Sir? My People.—

Rom. Your Boy's gone, [Locks the Door.

And Door's lock'd,—yet for no Hurt to you,
But privacy: Call up your Blood again, Sir!
Be not afraid, I do beseech you, Sir!

And therefore, come, without more Circumstance,
Tell me how far the Passages have gone

'Twixt you, and your fair Mistress *Beaumelle*.

Tell me the Truth, and, by my Hope of Heaven,
It never shall go farther.

Nov. jun. Tell you? Why, Sir?

Are you my Confessor?

Rom. I will be your Confounder, if you do not.

[*Draws a Pocket Dagger.*

Stir not, nor spend your Voice.

Nov. jun. What will you do?

Rom. Nothing but line your Brain-pan, Sir! with
Lead,

If you not satisfy me suddenly,

I'm desperate of my Life, and command yours.

Nov. jun. Hold! hold! I'll speak. I vow to Heaven
and you,

She's yet untouch'd, more than her Face and Hands,

I cannot call her innocent; for, I yield,

On my sollicitous Wrongs she consented,

Where Time and Place met Opportunity

To grant me all Requests.

Rom. But, may I build

On this Assurance?

Nov. jun. As upon your Faith.

Rom. Write this, Sir! nay, you must.

[*Draws Inkborn and Paper.*

Nov. jun. Pox of this Gun.

Rom. Withall, Sir! you must swear, and put your Oath

Under your Hand, (shake not) ne'er to frequent
This Lady's Company; nor ever send
Token, or Message, or Letter, to incline
This (too much prone already) yielding Lady,

Nov. jun. 'Tis done, Sir!

Rom. Let me see, this first is right;
And here you wish a sudden Death may light
Upon your Body, and Hell take your Soul,
If ever more you see her, but by Chance,
Much less allure her. Now, my Lord! your Hand.

Nov. jun. My Hand to this?

Rom. Your Heart else, I assure you.

Nov. jun. Nay, there 'tis.

Rom. So, keep this last Article

Of your Faith given, and 'stead of Threat'nings, Sir!
The Service of my Sword and Life is yours:
But not a Word of it,—'tis Fairies Treasure;
Which, but reveal'd, brings on the Blabbers Ruin.
Use your Youth better, and this excellent Form
Heav'n hath bestow'd upon you. So, good Morrow to
your Lordship. [Exit.

Nov. jun. Good Devil to your Rogueship. No Man's
safe.—

I'll have a Cannon planted in my Chamber,
Against such roaring Rogues.

Enter Bellapert.

Bellap. My Lord, away!—

The Coach stays: Now have your Wish, and judge,
If I have been forgetful.

Nov. jun. Ha!

Bellap. D'ye stand
Humming and hawing now?

[Exit.
Nov.

Nov. jun. Sweet Wench, I come.
 Hence Fear,
 I swore,—that's all one; my next Oath I'll keep
 That I did mean to break, and then 'tis quit.
 No Pain is due to Lover's Perjury:
 If *Jove* himself laugh at it, so will I. [Exit *Novall*.]

S C E N E II.

Enter Charalois, Beaumont.

Beaum. I grieve for the Distaste
 Though I have Manners,
 Not to inquire the Cause fall'n out between
 Your Lordship and *Romont*.

Char. I love a Friend,
 So long as he continues in the Bounds
 Prescrib'd by Friendship; but, when he usurps
 Too far what is proper to myself,
 And puts the Habit of a Governor on,
 I must and will preserve my Liberty.
 But speak of something else, this is a Theme
 I take no Pleasure in: What's this *Aymer*.
 Whose Voice for Song, and excellent Knowledge in
 The chiefest Parts of Musick, you bestow
 Such Praises on?

Beaum. He is a Gentleman,
 (For so his Quality speaks him) well receiv'd
 Among our greatest Gallants; but yet holds
 His main Dependance from the young Lord *Novall*.
 Some Tricks and Crotchets he has in his Head,
 As all Musicians have, and more of him
 I dare not author: But, when you have heard him,
 I may presume, your Lordship so will like him,
 That you'll hereafter be a Friend to Musick.

Char. I never was an Enemy to't, *Beaumont*;
 Nor yet do I subscribe to the Opinion
 Of those old Captains, that thought nothing musical,
 But Cries of yielding Enemies, Neighing of Horses,
 Clashing

Clashing of Armour, loud Shouts, Drums, and Trumpets :

Nor, on the other Side, in Favour of it,
Affirm the World was made by musical Discord,
Or that the Happiness of our Life consists
In a well vary'd Note upon the Lute :
I love it to the Worth of it, and no farther.
—But, let us see this Wonder.

Beaum. He prevents my calling of him.

Enter Aymer.

Aymer. Let the Coach be brought
To the Back Gate, and serve the Banquet up :
My good Lord *Charalois* ! I think my Houe
Much honour'd in your Presence.

Char. To have Means
To know you better, Sir, has brought me hither
A willing Visitant ; and you'll crown my Welcome
In making me a Witness to your Skill,
Which, crediting from others, I admire.

Aymer. Had I been one Hour sooner made acquainted
With your Intent, my Lord, you should have found me
Better provided : Now, such as it is,
Pray you grace with your Acceptance.

Beaum. You are modest.

Aymer. Begin the last new Air.

Char. Shall we not see them ?

Aymer. This little Distance from the Instruments
Will to your Ears convey the Harmony
With more Delight.

Char. I'll not contend.

Aymer. Y'are tedious, —

By this Means shall I with one Banquet please
Two Companies, those within, and these Gulls here.

[*Musick, and a Song above.*

Beaumel. within. Ha ! ha ! ha !

Char. How's this ? It is my Lady's Laugh, most cer-
tain —

When

When I first pleas'd her, in this merry Language,
She gave me Thanks.

Beaum. How like you this?

Char. 'Tis rare,——

Yet I may be deceiv'd, and should be sorry,
Upon uncertain Suppositions, rashly
To write myself in the black List of those
I have declaim'd against, and to *Romont*.

Aymer. I would he were well off.——Perhaps your
Lordship

Likes not these sad Tunes: I have a new Song,
Set to a lighter Note, may please you better;
'Tis call'd *The Happy Husband*.

Char. Pray sing it.

Song below. At the End of the Song, *Beaumelle within*.

Beaumel. Ha! ha! 'tis such a Groom.——

Char. Do I hear this,

And yet stand doubtful? [Exit Charalois.

Aymer. Stay him!—I am undone,

And they discover'd.

Beaum. What's the Matter?

Aymer. Ah!

That Women, when they're well pleas'd, cannot hold,
But must laugh out.

Enter Novall, jun. Charalois, Beaumelle, Bellapert.

Nov. jun. Help! save me! Murder! Murder!

Bellap. Undone forever!

Char. Oh, my Heart!

Hold yet a little.—Do not hope to 'scape
By Flight, it is impossible: Though I might
On all Advantage take thy Life, and justly;
This Sword, my Father's Sword, that ne'er was drawn
But to a noble Purpose, shall not now
Do th' Office of a Hangman; I reserve it
To right mine Honour, not for a Revenge
So poor, that though with thee it should cut off
Thy Family, with all that are ally'd

To thee in Lust, or Baseness, 'twere still short of
All Terms of Satisfaction.—Draw.

Nov. jun. I dare not:

I have already done you too much Wrong
To fight in such a Cause.

Char. Why, dar'st thou neither
Be honest, Coward? nor yet valiant, Knave?
In such a Cause come, do not shame thyself;
Such whose Blood's Wrongs, or Wrong done to them-
selves

Could never heat, are yet in the Defence
Of their Whores, daring.—Look on her again.
You thought her worth the Hazard of your Soul,
And yet stand doubtful, in her Quarrel, to
Venture your Body.

Beaum. No, he fears his Cloaths
More than his Flesh.

Char. Keep from me:—Guard thy Life;
Or, as thou hast liv'd like a Goat, thou shalt
Die like a Sheep.

Nov. jun. Since there's no Remedy,
Despair of Safety now in me prove Courage.

[*They fight. Novall is slain.*]

Char. How soon weak Wrong's o'erthrown! Lend
me your Hand,

Bear this to the Caroch—Come, you have taught me
To say, you must, and shall: I wrong you not;
Y'are but to keep him Company you love.

—Is't done? 'tis well.—Raise Officers! and take Care,
All you can apprehend within the House
May be forth-coming. Do I appear much mov'd?

Beaum. No, Sir.

Char. My Griefs are now thus to be borne;
Hereafter I'll find Time and Place to mourn.

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE

SCENE III.

Enter Romont, Pontalier.

Pont. I was bound to seek you, Sir!

Rom. And, had you found me
In any Place but in the Street, I should
Have done,—nor talk'd to you. Are you the Captain?
The hopeful *Pontalier*? whom I have seen
Do in the Field such Service, as then made you
Their Envy that commanded, here at Home
To play the Parasite to a gilded Knave,
And, it may be, the Pander?

Pont. Without this,
I come to call you to Account, for what
Is past already. I by your Example
Of Thankfulness to the dead General,
By whom you were rais'd, have practis'd to be so
To my good Lord *Novall*, by whom I live;
Whose least Disgrace, that is, or may be offer'd,
With all the Hazard of my Life and Fortunes,
I will make good on you, or any Man,
That has a Hand in't; and, since you allow me
A Gentleman and a Soldier, there's no Doubt
You will except against me. You shall meet
With a fair Enemy; you understand
The Right I look for, and must have.

Rom. I do;
And with the next Day's Sun you shall hear from me.

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE IV.

Enter Charalois with a Casket, Beaumelle, Beaumont.

Char. Pray bear this to my Father; at his Leisure
He may peruse it: But with your best Language
Intreat his instant Presence. You have sworn
Not to reveal what I have done.

Beaum.

Beaum. Nor will I — but —

Cbar. Doubt me not. By Heaven, I will do nothing
But what may stand with Honour.—Pray you leave me
[*Ex.* Beaumont.

To my own Thoughts.—If this be to me, rise:

[*Beaumel.* *kneels.*

I am not worthy the looking on, but only
To feed Contempt and Scorn; and that, from you
Who with the Loss of your fair Name have caus'd it,
Were too much Cruelty.

Beaumel. I dare not move you
To hear me speak. I know my Fault is far
Beyond Qualification, or Excuse;
That 'tis not fit for me to hope, or you
To think of Mercy; only I presume
To intreat you would be pleas'd to look upon
My Sorrow for it, and believe, these Tears
Are the true Children of my Grief, and not
A Woman's Cunning.

Cbar. Can you, *Beaumelle*,
Having deceived so great a Trust as mine,
Though I were all Credulity, hope again
To get Belief? No, no; if you look on me
With Pity, or dare practise any Means
To make my Sufferings less, or give just Cause
To all the World, to think what I must do,
Was call'd upon by you, use other Ways;
Deny what I have seen, or justify
What you have done; and, as you desperately
Made Shipwreck of your Faith to be a Whore,
Use th' Arms of such a one, and such Defence;
And multiply the Sin, with Impudence.
Stand boldly up, and tell me to my Teeth,
That you have done but what's warranted
By great Examples, in all Places where
Women inhabit: Urge your own Deserts,
Or Want in me of Merit: Tell me, how
Your Dow'r from the low Gulf of Poverty,
Weigh'd up my Fortunes to what now they are:
That I was purchas'd by your Choice, and Practice

To shelter you from Shame, that you might sin
 As boldly as securely; that poor Men
 Are married to those Wives that bring them Wealth;
 One Day their Husbands, but Observers ever:
 That when by this proud Usage you have blown
 The Fire of my just Vengeance to the Height,
 I then may kill you; and yet say, 'twas done
 In Heat of Blood, and after die myself,
 To witness my Repentance.

Beaumel. O my Fate!

That never would consent that I should see
 How worthy thou wert both of Love and Duty
 Before I lost you; and my Misery made
 The Glass, in which I now behold your Virtue!
 While I was good, I was a Part of you,
 And of two, by the virtuous Harmony
 Of our fair Minds, made one: But, since I wander'd
 In the forbidden Labyrinth of Lust,
 What was inseparable, is by me divided.
 With Justice, therefore, you may cut me off,
 And from your Memory wash the Remembrance
 That e'er I was; like to some vicious Purpose
 Within your better Judgment, you repent of,
 And study to forget.

Char. O Beaumelle!

That you can speak so well, and do so ill!
 But you had been too great a Blessing, if
 You had continu'd chaste: See how you force me
 To this, because mine Honour will not yield
 That I again should love you.

Beaumel. In this Life

It is not fit you should: Yet you shall find,
 Though I was bold enough to be a Strumpet,
 I dare not yet live one: Let those fam'd Matrons
 That are canoniz'd worthy of our Sex,
 Transcend me in their Sanctity of Life,
 I yet will equal them in dying nobly,
 Ambitious of no Honour after Life,
 But that, when I am dead, you will forgive me.

Char.

Char. How Pity steals upon me! should I hear her

[*Knock within.*

But ten Words more, I were lost.—One knocks, go in.

[*Exit Beaumelle.*

That to be merciful should be a Sin!

Enter Rochfort.

O, Sir, most welcome! Let me take your Cloak,

I must not be deny'd.—Here are your Robes,

As you love Justice, once more put them on.

There is a Cause to be determin'd of,

That does require such an Integrity

As you have ever us'd.—I'll put you to

The Trial of your Constancy and Goodness;

And look that you, that have been Eagle-ey'd

In other Mens Affairs, prove not a Mole

In what concerns yourself. Take you your Seat,

I will before you presently.

[*Exit.*

Roch. Angels guard me!

To what strange Tragedy does this Destruction

Serve for a Prologue?

Enter Charalois with Novall's Body, Beaumelle, and Beaumont.

Char. So, set it down before

The Judgment Seat, and stand you at the Bar:

For me, I am the Accuser.

Roch. *Novall* slain?

And *Beaumelle*, my Daughter, in the Place

Of one to be arraign'd?

Char. O, are you touch'd?

I find that I must take another Course.

[*He Hoodwinks Rochfort.*

Fear nothing; I will only blind your Eyes,

For Justice should do so, when 'tis to meet

An Object that may sway her equal Doom

From what it should be aim'd at.—Good my Lord!

A Day of Hearing.

Roch.

Roch. It is granted, speak—You shall have Justice.

Char. I then here accuse,
Most equal Judge, the Prisoner, your fair Daughter,
For whom I ow'd so much to you: Your Daughter,
So worthy in her own Parts, and that Worth
Set forth by yours, to whose so rare Perfections,
Truth witness with me, in the Place of Service
I almost paid idolatrous Sacrifice,
To be a false Adulteress.

Roch. With whom?

Char. With this *Novall*, here dead.

Roch. Be well advis'd,
And ere you say Adulteress again,
Her Fame depending on it, be most sure
That she is one.

Char. I took them in the Act.
I know no Proof beyond it.

Roch. O my Heart!

Char. A Judge should feel no Passions.

Roch. Yet, remember
He is a Man, and cannot put off Nature.
What Answer makes the Prisoner?

Beaumel. I confess
The Fact I am charg'd with, and yield myself
Most miserably guilty.

Roch. Heaven take Mercy
Upon your Soul, then: It must leave your Body.—
Now free mine Eyes: I dare unmov'd look on her,
And fortify my Sentence with strong Reasons.
Since that the politic Law provides, that Servants,
To whose Care we commit our Goods, shall die,
If they abuse our Trust; what can you look for,
To whose Charge this most hopeful Lord gave up
All he receiv'd from his brave Ancestors,
Or he could leave to his Posterity?
His Honour, wicked Woman! in whose Safety
All this Life's Joys and Comforts were lock'd up,
With thy Lust, a Thief hath now stoln from him;
And therefore——

258 THE FATAL DOWRY.

Char. Stay, just Judge.—May not what's lost
By her own Fault (for I am charitable,
And charge her not with many) be forgotten
In her fair Life hereafter?

Rob. Never, Sir!
The Wrong that's done to the chaste married Bed,
Repentant Tears can never expiate;
And be assur'd, to pardon such a Sin,
Is an Offence as great as to commit it.

Char. I may not then forgive her?

Rob. Nor she hope it:
Nor can she wish to live. No sun shall rise,
But ere it set, shall shew her ugly Lust
In a new Shape, and every one more horrid:
Nay, even those Prayers, which with such humble
Fervour

She seems to send up yonder, are beat back;
And all Suits, which her Penitence can proffer,
As soon as made, are with Contempt thrown
Off all the Courts of Mercy.

Char. Let her die then. [*He kills her.*]
Better prepar'd I am. Sure I could not take her,
Nor she accuse her Father, as a Judge
Partial against her.

Baunel, I approve his Sentence,
And kiss the Executioner: My Lust
Is now run from me in that Blood, in which
It was begot and nourished. [*Dies.*]

Rob. Is she dead then?

Char. Yes, Sir, this is her Heart-Blood, is it not?
I think it be.

Rob. And you have kill'd her?

Char. True, and did it by your Doom.

Rob. But I pronounc'd it
As a Judge only, and a Friend to Justice,
And zealous in Defence of your wrong'd Honour,
Broke all the Ties of Nature; and cast off
The Love and soft Affection of a Father.
I, in your Cause, put on a Scarlet Robe

Of red-dy'd Cruelty ; but, in Return,
 You have advanc'd for me no Flag of Mercy.
 I look'd on you as a wrong'd Husband ; but
 You clos'd your Eyes against me, as a Father.
 O *Beaumelle* ! my Daughter !

Char. This is Madness.

Roch. Keep from me.—Could not one good Thought
 rise up,

To tell you that she was my Age's Comfort,
 Begot by a weak Man, and born a Woman,
 And could not, therefore, but partake of Frailty ?
 Or wherefore did not Thankfulness step forth,
 To urge my many Merits, which I may
 Object unto you, since you prove ungrateful ;
 Flinty-hearted *Charalois* ?

Char. Nature does prevail above your Virtue.

Roch. No ; it gives me Eyes,
 To pierce the Heart of your Design against me.
 I find it now ; it was my 'State was aim'd at,
 A nobler Match was sought for, and the Hours
 I liv'd, grew tedious to you : My Compassion
 Towards you hath render'd me most miserable,
 And foolish Charity undone myself.
 But there's a Heaven above, from whose just Wreak
 No Mists of Policy can hide Offenders.

Enter Novall, sen. with Officers.

Nov. sen. Force ope the Doors.—O Monster! Canibal!
 Lay hold on him — My Son! my Son! — O *Rochfort* !
 'Twas you gave Liberty to this bloody Wolf
 To worry all our Comforts.—But this is
 No Time to quarrel ; now give your Assistance
 For the Revenge.

Roch. Call it a fitter Name.

—Justice for innocent Blood.

Char. Though all conspire
 Against that Life which I am weary of,
 A little longer yet I'll strive to keep it,

To shew, in Spite of Malice, and their Laws,
His Plea must speed, that hath an honest Cause.

[*Exeunt.*]

ACT V. SCENE I.

Enter Liladam, Taylor, Officers.

Lilad. **W**H Y, 'tis both most unconscionable, and untimely,
T' arrest a Gallant for his Cloaths, before
He has worn them out: Besides, you said you ask'd
My Name in my Lord's Bond, but for me only,
And now you'll lay me up for't. Do not think
The taking Measure of a Customer
By a Brace of Varlets, though I rather wait
Never so patiently, will prove a Fashion
Which any Courtier or Inns-of-Court Man
Would follow willingly.

Taylor. There I believe you.
But, Sir! I must have present Monies, or
Assurance, to secure me when I shall —
Or I will see to your coming forth.

Lilad. Plague on't!
You have provided for my Entrance in:
That coming forth you talk of, concerns me.
What shall I do? You've done me a Disgrace
In the Arrest, but more in giving Cause
To all the Street to think I cannot stand
Without these two Supporters for my Arms:
Pray you, let them loose me: For their Satisfaction
I will not run away.

Taylor. For theirs you will not;
But for your own you would: Look to him, Fellows!

Lilad. Why do you call them Fellows? Do not
Your Reputation so, as you are merely [wrong
A

A Taylor, faithful, apt to believe in Gallants.
 You're a Companion at a ten Crown Supper
 For Cloth of Bodkin, and may with one Lark
 Eat up three Manchets, and no Man observe you,
 Or call your Trade in Question for't. But, when
 You study your Debt-Book, and hold Correspondence
 With Officers of the Hanger, and leave Swordmen,
 The Learned conclude, the Taylor and Serjeant
 In the Expression of a Knave are these
 To be synonymous. Look, therefore, to it!
 And let us part in Peace, I would be loth
 You should undo yourself.

Enter Old Novall, and Pontalier.

Taylor. To let you go
 Were the next Way. But, see! here's your old Lord;
 Let him but give his Word I shall be paid,
 And you are free.

Lilad. S'lid! I'll put him to't:
 I can be but denied: or—what say you?
 His Lordship owing me three Times your Debt;
 If you arrest him at my Suit, and let me
 Go run before, to see the Action enter'd,
 'Twould be a witty Jest.

Taylor. I must have Earnest.—
 I cannot pay my Debts so.

Pont. Can your Lordship
 Imagine, while I live, and wear a Sword,
 Your Son's Death shall be unreveng'd?

Nov. sen. I know not
 One Reason why you should not do like others:
 I am sure, of all the Herd that fed upon him,
 I cannot see in any, now he's gone,
 In Pity, or in Thankfulness, one true Sign
 Of Sorrow for him.

Pont. All his Bounties yet
 Fell not in such unthankful Ground: 'Tis true,
 He had Weaknesses, but such, as few are free from.

And, though none sooth'd them less than I, for now
 To say that I foresaw the Dangers, that
 Would rise from cherishing them, were but untimely,
 I yet could wish, the Justice that you seek for
 In the Revenge, had been trusted to me,
 And not the uncertain Issue of the Laws :
 'T has robb'd me of a noble Testimony
 Of what I durst do for him.—But, however,
 My forfeit Life redeem'd by him, though dead,
 Shall do him Service.

Nov. sen. As far as my Grief
 Will give me Leave, I thank you.

Lilad. Oh, my Lord!

Oh my good Lord! deliver me from these Furies,

Pont. Arrested? This is one of them, whose base
 And abject Flattery help'd to dig his Grave :
 He is not worth your Pity, nor my Anger.—
 Go to the Basket, and Repent.

Nov. sen. Away! — I only know now to hate thee
 I will do nothing for thee. [deadly :

Lilad. Nor you, Captain?

Pont. No, to your Trade again; put off this Case,
 It may be, the discovering what you were
 When your unfortunate Master took you up,
 May move Compassion in your Creditor.
 Confess the Truth.

[Exit Novall, *sen.* and Pontalier.

Lilad. And, now I think on't better,
 I will, Brother, your Hand! your Hand, sweet Brother.
 I'm of your Sect, and my Gallantry but a Dream,
 Out of which these two fearful Apparitions
 Against my Will have wak'd me. This rich Sword
 Grew suddenly out of a Taylor's Bodkin;
 These Hangers from my Vails and Fees in Hell;
 And, whereas now this Beaver sits, full often
 A thrifty Cap, compos'd of Broad-cloth Lists,
 Near-kin unto the Cushion where I sat
 Cross-leg'd, and yet ungarter'd, hath been seen,
 Our Breakfasts, famous for the butter'd Loaves,

I have

I have with Joy been oft acquainted with ;
 And therefore use a Conscience, though it be
 Forbidden in our Hall towards other Men,
 To me that, as I have been, will again
 Be of the Brotherhood.

Officer. I know him now :

He was a 'Prentice to *Le Robe* at *Orleance*.

Lilad. And from thence brought by my young Lord,
 now dead,

Unto *Dijon* ; and with him, till this Hour,
 Hath been receiv'd here for a compleat Monsieur.
 Nor wonder at it ; for but Tythe our Gallants,
 Even those of the first Rank, and you will find
 In every ten, one, peradventure two,
 That smell rank of the dancing School, or Fiddle,
 The Pantofle or Pressing-iron :—But hereafter
 We'll talk of this. I will surrender up
 My Suits again ; there cannot be much Loss.
 'Tis but the turning of the Lace, with one
 Addition more you know of, and what wants
 I will work out.

Taylor. Then here our Quarrel ends :

The Gallant is turn'd Taylor, and all Friends. [*Exeunt.*]

S C E N E II.

Enter Romont, Beaumont.

Rom. You have them ready.

Beaum. Yes ; and they will speak
 Their Knowledge in this Cause, when thou thinkst fit
 To have them call'd upon.

Rom. 'Tis well ; and something
 I can add to their Evidence, to prove
 This brave Revenge, which they would have call'd
 Murder,
 A noble Justice.

Beaum. In this you express
 (The Breach, by my Lord's Want of you, new made up)
 A faithful Friend.

Rom. That Friendship's rais'd on Sand,
Which every sudden Gust of Discontent,
Or Flowing of our Passions, can change,
As if it ne'er had been:—But do you know
Who are to sit on him?

Beaum. Monsieur Du Croy,
Assisted by *Charmi*.

Rom. The Advocate,
That pleaded for the Marshal's Funeral,
And was check'd for it by *Novall*.

Beaum. The same.

Rom. How fortunes that?

Beaum. Why, Sir, my Lord *Novall*,
Being the Accuser, cannot be the Judge;
Nor would grieve *Rochfort*, but Lord *Charalois*
(However he might wrong him by his Power,)
Should have an equal Hearing.

Rom. By my Hopes
Of *Charalois's* Acquittal, I lament
That reverend old Man's Fortune.

Beaum. Had you seen him,
As to my Grief I have, now promise Patience,
And, e'er it was believ'd, though spake by him
That never break his Word, enrag'd again
So far as to make War upon those Hairs,
Which not a barbarous *Scythian* durst presume
To touch, but with a superstitious Fear,
As something sacred;—and then curse his Daughter;
But with more frequent Violence himself,
As if he had been guilty of her Fault,
By being incredulous of your Report,
You would not only judge him worthy Pity,
But suffer with him.—But here comes the Prisoner,

Enter Charalois, with Officers.

I dare not stay to do my Duty to him;
Yet, rest assur'd, all possible Means in me
To do him Service, keeps you Company.

Rom.

Rom. It is not doubted. [*Exit* Beaumont.]

Char. Why, yet, as I came hither,
The People, apt to mock Calamity,
And tread on the oppress'd, made no Horns at me,
Though they are too familiar:—I deserve them.
And, knowing too what Blood my Sword hath drunk,
In Wreak of that Disgrace, they yet forbear
To shake their Heads, or to revile me for
A Murderer; they rather all put on
(As for great Losses the old *Romans* us'd)
A general Face of Sorrow, waited on
By a sad Murmur breaking through their Silence,
And no Eye but was readier with a Tear
To witness 'twas shed for me, than I could
Discern a Face made up with Scorn against me.
Why should I then, though for unusual Wrongs
I chose unusual Means to right those Wrongs,
Condemn myself, as over-partial
In my own Cause.—*Romont*?

Rom. Best Friend, well met!
By my Heart's Love to you, and join to that
My Thankfulness that still lives to the dead,
I look upon you now with more true Joy,
Then when I saw you married.

Char. You have Reason
To give you Warrant for't. My falling off
From such a Friendship, with the Scorn that answered
Your too prophetick Counsel, may well move you
To think your meeting me, going to my Death,
A fit Encounter for that Hate which justly
I have deserv'd from you.

Rom. Shall I still, then,
Speak Truth, and be ill understood?

Char. You are not.
I'm conscious I have wrong'd you, and allow me
Only a moral Man to look on you,
Whom foolishly I have abus'd and injur'd,
Must of Necessity be more terrible to me,
Than any Death the Judges can pronounce

From the Tribunal which I am to plead at.

Rom. Passion transports you.

Char. For what I have done
To my false Lady, or *Novall*, I can
Give some apparent Cause; but, touching you,
In my Defence, Child-like, I can say nothing,
But I am sorry for't; a poor Satisfaction!
And yet, mistake me not; for it is more
Then I will speak, to have my Pardon sign'd
For all I stand accus'd of.

Rom. You much weaken
The Strength of your good Cause, should you but
think,

A Man for doing well could entertain
A Pardon, were it offer'd. You have given
To blind and slow pac'd Justice, Wings, and Eyes,
To see, and overtake Impieties,
Which from a cold Proceeding had receiv'd
Indulgence or Protection.

Char. Think you so?

Rom. Upon my Soul, nor should the Blood you
challenge
And took to cure your Honour, breed more Scruple
In your soft Conscience, than if your Sword
Had been sheath'd in a Tygress, or She-Bear,
That in their Bowels would have made your Tomb.
To injure Innocence is more than Murther:
But when inhuman Lusts transform us, then
As Beasts, we are to suffer, not like Men,
To be lamented. Nor did *Charalois* ever
Perform an Act so worthy the Applause
Of a full Theatre of perfect Men,
As he hath done in this: The Glory got
By overthrowing outward Enemies,
Since Strength and Fortune are main Sharers in it,
We cannot, but by Pieces, call our own:
But, when we conquer our intestine Foes,
Our Passions bred within us, and of those
The most rebellious Tyrant, powerful Love,

Our Reason suffering us to like no longer
 Than the fair Object, being good, deserves it,
 That's a true Victory; which, were great Men
 Ambitious to atchieve, by your Example
 Setting no Price upon the Breach of Faith,
 But Loss of Life, 'twould fright Adultery
 Out of their Families, and make Lust appear
 As loathsome to us in the first Consent,
 As when 'tis waited on by Punishment.

Char. You have confirm'd me. Who would love a
 Woman

That might enjoy, in such a Man, a Friend?
 You've made me know the Justice of my Cause,
 And mark'd me out the Way, how to defend it.

Rom. Continue to that Resolution constant,
 And you shall, in Contempt of their worst Malice,
 Come off with Honour.—Here they come.

Char. I am ready.

S C E N E III.*

Enter Du Croy, Charmi, Rochfort, Novall *sen.* Pontalier, Beaumont.

Nov. sen. See, equal Judges, with what Confidence
 The cruel Murderer stands, as if he would
 Out-face the Court and Justice!

Roch. But look on him,
 And you shall find (for still methinks I do,
 Though Guilt hath dy'd him black) something good in
 him,
 That may perhaps work with a wiser Man,
 Than I have been, again to set him free
 And give him all he has.

* Scene 3. The ensuing Scene is most finely wrote, as is indeed the whole Act. The Misfortunes of the good old generous *Rochfort*, and the pious *Charalois's* continued Round of Sorrows must be very affecting to every Heart, that is capable of being touched with Pity and Tenderness.

Charmi. This is not well.

I would you had liv'd so, my Lord! that I,
Might rather have continu'd your poor Servant,
Than sit here as your Judge.

Du Croy. I am sorry for you.

Roch. In no Act of my Life I have deserv'd
This Injury from the Court, that any here
Should thus uncivily usurp on what
Is proper to me only.

Du Croy. What Distaste
Receives my Lord?

Roch. You say you are sorry for him:
A Grief in which I must not have a Partner:
'Tis I alone am sorry, that I rais'd
The Building of my Life, for seventy Years,
Upon so sure a Ground, that all the Vices,
Practis'd to ruin Man, though brought against me,
Could never undermine, and no Way left
To send these grey Hairs to the Grave with Sorrow,
Virtue, that was my Patroness, betray'd me:
For, entring, nay, possessing, this young Man,
It lent him such a powerful Majesty
To grace what'er he undertook, that freely
I gave myself up with my Liberty,
To be at his disposing: Had his Person,
Lovely I must confess, or far fam'd Valour,
Or any other seeming Good, that yet
Holds a near Neighbourhood with Ill, wrought on me,
I might have borne it better: But, when Goodness
And Piety itself in her best Figure
Were brib'd to my Destruction, can you blame me,
Though I forget to suffer like a Man,
Or rather act a Woman?

Beaum. Good my Lord!

Nov. sen. You hinder our Proceeding,

Charmi. And forget

The Parts of an Accuser.

Beaum. 'Pray you, remember

To use the Temper, which to me you promis'd.

Roch.

Roeb. Angels themselves must break, *Beaumont!* that
promise,

Beyond the Strength and Patience of Angels.

But I have done:—My good Lord! pardon me

A weak old Man; and pray add to that

A miserable Father; yet be careful

That your Compassion of my Age, nor his,

Move you to any Thing, that may mis-become

The Place on which you sit.

Charmi. Read the Indictment.

Char. It shall be needless; I myself, my Lords!

Will be my own Accuser, and confess

All they can charge me with; nor will I spare

To aggravate that Guilt with Circumstance

They seek to load me with: Only I pray,

That, as for them you will vouchsafe me Hearing,

I may not be, deny'd it for myself,

When I shall urge by what unanswerable Reasons

I was compell'd to what I did, which yet,

Till you have taught me better, I repent not.

Roeb. The Motion's honest.

Charmi. And 'tis freely granted.

Char. Then I confess, my Lords! that I stood bound,

When, with my Friends, ev'n Hope itself had left me,

To this Man's Charity for my Liberty;

Nor did his Bounty end there, but began:

For, after my Enlargement, cherishing

The Good he did, he made me Master of

His only Daughter, and his whole Estate:

Great Ties of Thankfulness, I must acknowledge,

Could any one, freed by you, press this further?

But yet consider, my most honour'd Lords!

If to receive a Favour, make a Servant,

And Benefits are Bonds to tie the Taker

To the imperious Will of him that gives,

There's none but Slaves will receive Courtesies,

Since they must fetter us to our Dishonours.

Can it be call'd Magnificence in a Prince,

To pour down Riches, with a liberal Hand,

Upon

Upon a poor Man's Wants, if that must bind him,
 To play the soothing Parasite to his Vices ?
 Or any Man, because he sav'd my Hand,
 Presume my Head and Heart are at his Service ?
 Or, did I stand engag'd to buy my Freedom
 (When my Captivity was honourable)
 By making myself here, and Fame hereafter,
 Bondslaves to Men's Scorn, and calumnious Tongues ?
 Had his fair Daughter's Mind been like her Feature,
 Or, for some little Blemish, I had sought
 For my Content elsewhere, wasting on others
 My Body, and her Dowry ; my Forehead then
 Deserv'd the Brand of base Ingratitude :
 But if obsequious Usage, and fair Warning
 To keep her worth my Love, could not preserve her
 From being a Whore, and yet no cunning one,
 So to offend, and yet the Fault kept from me——
 What should I do ? Let any free-born Spirit
 Determine truly, if that Thankfulness,
 Choice Form, with the whole World given for a Dowry,
 Could strengthen so an honest Man with Patience,
 As with a willing Neck to undergo
 The insupportable Yoke of Slave or Wittal.

Charmi. What Proof have you she did play false, besides Your Oath ?

Char. Her own Confession to her Father.
I ask him for a Witness.

Roch. 'Tis most true.
I would not willingly blend my last Words
With an Untruth.

Char. And then to clear myself,
That his great Wealth was not the Mark I shot at,
But that I held it, when fair *Beaumelle*
Fell from her Vertue, like the fatal Gold
Which *Brennus* took from *Delphos*, whose Possession
Brought with it Ruin to himself and Army.
Here's one in Court, *Beaumont*, by whom I sent
All Grants and Writings back, which made it mine,

Before

Before his Daughter dy'd by his own Sentence,
As freely, as, unask'd, he gave it to me.

Beaum. They are here to be seen.

Charmi. Open the Casket.—

Peruse that Deed of Gift.

Rom. Half of the Danger

Already is discharg'd : The other Part

As bravely, and you are not only free,

But crown'd with Praise for ever.

Du Croy. 'Tis apparent.

Charmi. Your 'State, my Lord, again is yours.

Roch. Not mine ;

I am not of the World : If it can prosper,

(And yet, being justly got, I'll not examine

Why it should be so fatal) do you bestow it

On pious Uses : I'll go seek a Grave.

And yet, for Proof, I die in Peace, your Pardon

I ask ; and, as you grant it me, may Heaven,

Your Conscience, and these Judges, free you from

What you are charg'd with. So, farewell, for ever.—

[Exit Rochfort.

Novall sen. I'll be mine own Guide. Passion, nor

Example

Shall be my Leaders. I have lost a Son,

A Son, grave Judges, I require his Blood

From his accursed Homicide.

Charmi. What Reply you,

In your Defence for this ?

Char. I but attended

Your Lordship's Pleasure.—For the Fact, as of

The former, I confess it ; but with what

Base Wrongs I was unwillingly drawn to it,

To my few Words there are some other Proofs

To witness this for Truth. When I was married

(For there I must begin) the slain *Novall*

Was to my Wife, in Way of our *French* Courtship,

A most devoted Servant ; but yet aimed at

Nothing but Means to quench his wanton Heat,

His Heart being never warm'd by lawful Fires

As mine was, Lords; and though, on these Presump-
tions,

Join'd to the Hate between his House and mine,
I might, with Opportunity and Ease,
Have found a Way for my Revenge, I did not;
But still he had the Freedom as before,
When all was mine; and, told that he abus'd it
With some unseemly Licence, by my Friend,
My approv'd Friend, *Romont*, I gave no Credit
To the Reporter, but reprov'd him for it,
As one uncourtly and malicious to him.
What could I more, my Lords? Yet, after this,
He did continue in his first Pursuit,
Hotter then ever, and at length obtained it;
But, how it came to my most certain Knowledge,
For the Dignity of the Court, and my own Honour,
I dare not say.

Nov. sen. If all may be believ'd

A passionate Prisoner speaks; who is so foolish
That durst be wicked, that will appear guilty?

No, my grave Lords: In his Impunity

But give Example unto jealous Men

To cut the Throats they hate, and they will never
Want Matter or Pretence for their bad Ends.

Charmi. You must find other Proofs, to strengthen these
But mere Presumptions.——

Du Croy. Or we shall hardly
Allow your Innocence.

Char. All your Attempts
Shall fall on me, like brittle Shafts on Armour,
That break themselves; or like Waves against a Rock,
That leave no Sign of their ridiculous Fury
But Foam and Splinters; my Innocence like these
Shall stand triumphant, and your Malice serve
But for a Trumpet to proclaim my Conquest:
Nor shall you, though you do the worst Fate can,
How e'er condemn, affright an honest Man.

Rom. May it please the Court, I may be heard.

Nov. sen. You come not
To rail again? But do—You shall not find
Another *Rockfort*.

Rom. In *Novall* I cannot.
But I come furnished with what will stop
The Mouth of his Conspiracy against the Life
Of innocent *Charalois*. Do you know this Character?

Nov. sen. Yes, 'tis my Son's.

Rom. May it please your Lordships, read it,
And you shall find there, with what Vehemency
He did solicit *Beaumelle*; how he had got
A Promise from her to enjoy his Wishes;
How after he abjur'd her Company,
And yet—(but that 'tis fit I spare the Dead)
Like a damn'd Villain, as soon as recorded,
He brake that Oath;—to make this manifest,
Produce his Bawds and her's.

Enter Aymer, Florimel, Bellapert.

Charmi. Have they took their Oaths?

Rom. They have, and, rather than endure the Rack,
Confess the Time, the Meeting, nay the Act;
What would you more? Only this Matron made
A free Discovery to a good End;
And therefore I sue to the Court, she may not
Be plac'd in the black List of the Delinquents.

Pont. I see by this, *Novall's* Revenge needs me;
And I shall do.—

Charmi. 'Tis evident—

Nov. sen. That I
Till now was never wretched: Here's no Place
To curse him or my Stars. [Exit *Novall sen.*

Charmi. Lord *Charalois*!
The Injuries you have sustain'd, appear
So worthy of the Mercy of the Court,
That, notwithstanding you have gone beyond
The Letter of the Law, they yet acquit you.

Pont. But, in *Novall*, I do condemn him—thus.

[*Stabs him.*

Char.

Char. I'm slain.

Rom. Can I look on? Oh, murd'rous Wretch!
Thy Challenge now I answer.—So die with him.

[*Stabs Pontalier.*

Charmi. A Guard! disarm him!

Rom. I yield up my Sword
Unforc'd—Oh, *Charalois!*

Char. For Shame, *Romont!*

Mourn not for him, that dies, as he hath liv'd;
Still constant and unmov'd: What's fall'n upon me,
Is by Heav'ns Will; because I made myself
A Judge in my own Cause without their Warrant:—
But he, that lets me know thus much in Death,
With all good Men—forgive me.

[*Dies.*

Pont. I receive

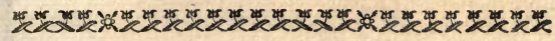
The Vengeance, which my Love not built on Virtue,
Has made me worthy of,

[*Dies.*

Charmi. We're taught

By this sad Precedent, how just soever
Our Reasons are to remedy our Wrongs,
We're yet to leave them to their Will and Power,
That to that Purpose have Authority.
For you, *Romont*, although in your Excuse
You may plead, what you did, was in Revenge
Of the Dishonour done unto the Court:
Yet, since from us you had not Warrant for it,
We banish you the State: For these, they shall,
As they are found guilty or innocent,
Or be set free, or suffer Punishment,

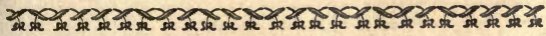
[*Exeunt.*



T H E
EMPEROR of the EAST.
A
T R A G I - C O M E D Y.

As it hath been divers Times acted, at the *Black-Fryers*, and *Globe Play-Houses*, by the King's Majesty's Servants. 1632.

W R I T T E N
By P H I L I P M A S S I N G E R.



THE HISTORY OF THE

EMPEROR OF THE EAST

TRAGIC-COMEDY

As it hath been divers times acted, at the Kings
Theatre, and other places, by the Kings
Majesties servants.

BY WILLIAM MASHINGTON

Printed by I. Blount, at the Sign of the Gun, in St. Dunstons Church-yard, near St. Dunstons Church, in London.

To the Right Honourable, and my Especial
Good Lord,

J O H N L O R D M O H U N,
Baron of OKEHAMPTON, &c.

My Good Lord,

*ET my Presumption in stiling you so (having
L never deserved it in my Service) from the Cle-
mency of your noble Disposition, find Pardon.
The Reverence due to the Name of Mohun, long
since honoured in three Earls of Somerset, and eight Barons
of Munster, may challenge from all Pens a deserved Cele-
bration. And the rather in respect those Titles were not
purchased, but conferred, and continued in your Ancestors,
for many virtuous, noble, and still living Actions; nor ever
forfeited, or tainted, but when the Iniquity of those Times
laboured the Depression of approved Goodness, and in wicked
Policy held it fit that Loyalty and Faith, in taking Part
with the true Prince, should be degraded and mulcted. But
this admitting no farther Dilation in this Place, may your
Lordship please, and with all possible Brevity to under-
stand, the Reasons why I am, in humble Thankfulness, am-
bitious to shelter this Poem under the Wings of your Ho-
nourable Protection. My worthy Friend, Mr. Aston
Cockain, your Nephew, to my extraordinary Content, de-
liver'd to me, that your Lordship, at your vacant Hours,
sometimes vouchsafed to peruse such Trifles of mine as have
passed the Press, and not alone warranted them in your
gentle Suffrage, but disdained not to bestow a Remembrance
of your Love, and intended Favour to me. I profess to the
World, I was exalted with the Bounty, and with good As-
surance, it being so rare in this Age to meet with one Noble
Name, that, in Fear to be censured of Levity and Weakness,
dares express itself a Friend or Patron to contemn'd Poetry.**

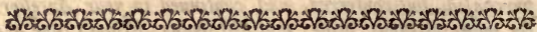
* That this noble Lord not only favoured Poetry, but wrote him-
self, appears from Sr Aston Cockain's Letter to his Lordship in Verse.
See Cockain's Poems, Page 80.

Having, therefore, no Means else left me to witness the Obligation, in which I stand most willingly bound to your Lordship, I offer this Tragi-Comedy to your gracious Acceptance, no Way despairing, but that with a clear Aspect, you will deign to receive it (it being an Induction to my future Endeavours) and that in the List of those, that to your Merit truly admire you, you may descend to number

Your Lordship's

Faithful Honourer,

PHILIP MASSINGER.



PROLOGUE at the BLACK-FRYERS.

BUT that imperious Custom warrants it,
 Our Author with much Willingness would omit
 This Preface to his new Work. He hath found
 (And suffer'd for't) many are apt to wound
 His Credit in this Kind: and, whether he
 Express himself fearful, or peremptory,
 He cannot 'scape their Censures who delight
 To misapply whatever he should write.
 'Tis his hard Fate. And though he will not sue,
 Or basely beg such Suffrages, yet to you
 Free, and ingenuous Spirits, he doth now,
 In me present his Service, with his Vow
 He hath done his best; and, though he cannot glory
 In his Invention, (this Work being a Story,
 Of reverend Antiquity) he doth hope
 In the Proportion of it, and the Scope,
 You may observe some Pieces drawn like one
 Of a stedfast Hand, and with the whiter Stone
 To be mark'd in your fair Censures. More than this
 I am forbid to promise, and it is

With

With the most 'till you confirm it: since we know
 Whate'er the Shaft be, Archer, or the Bow
 From which 'tis sent, it cannot hit the White
 Unless your Approbation guide it right.

PROLOGUE at COURT.

AS ever (Sir) you lent a gracious Ear
 To oppress'd Innocence, now vouchsafe to hear
 A short Petition. At your Feet, in me,
 The Poet kneels, and to your Majesty
 Appeals for Justice. What we now present,
 When first conceiv'd, in his Vote and Intent,
 Was sacred to your Pleasure; in each Part
 With his best of Fancy, Judgment, Language, Art,
 Fashion'd, and form'd so, as might well, and may
 Deserve a Welcome, and no vulgar Way.
 He durst not (Sir) at such a solemn Feast
 Lard his grave Matter with one scurrilous Jest;
 But labour'd that no Passage might appear,
 But what the Queen without a Blush might hear:
 And yet this poor Work suffer'd by the Rage,
 And Envy of some *Cato's* of the Stage:
 Yet still he hopes, this Play, which then was seen
 With sore Eyes, and condemn'd out of their Spleen,
 May be by you, the supreme Judge, set free,
 And rais'd above the Reach of Calumny.

Dramatis Personæ.

THEODOSIUS the Younger.

PAULINUS, a Kinsman to the Emperor.

PHILANAX, Captain of the Guard.

PATRIARCH.

TIMANTUS,

CHRYSAPIUS, } Eunuchs of the Emperor's Chamber.

GRATIANUS, }

CLEON, a Traveller, Friend to PAULINUS.

Informer.

Projector.

Master of the Manners.

Mignon of the Suburbs.

Countryman.

Chirurgeon.

Empirick.

PULCHERIA, the Protectress.

ATHENAIS, a strange Virgin; after, the Empress.

ARCADIA,

FLACCILLA, } the young Sisters of the Emperor.

Servants.

Mutes.

The Scene, Constantinople.

T H E



T H E

EMPEROR of the EAST.

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

Paulinus, Cleon.

Paulinus.

I N your six Years Travel, Friend, no doubt,
I you've met with
Many, and rare Adventures, and observ'd
The Wonders of each Climate, varying in
The Manners, and the Men, and so return,
For the future Service of your Prince and Country,
In your Understanding better'd.

Cleon. Sir, I have made oft
The best Use in my Power, and hope my Gleanings,
After the full Crop others reap'd before me,
Shall not, when I am call'd on, altogether
Appear unprofitable: Yet I left
The Miracle of Miracles in our Age
At home behind me; every where abroad
Fame with a true, though prodigal Voice, deliver'd
Such Wonders of *Pulcheria* the Princess,
To the Amazement, nay, Astonishment rather
Of such as heard it, that I found not one,
In all the States and Kingdoms that I pass'd through,
Worthy to be her second.

* The Plot of this Play is founded on the History of *Theodosius* the younger. See *Socrates*, Lib. 7. *Theodoret*, L. 5, &c.

Paul.

Paul. She, indeed, is

A perfect Phoenix, and disdains a Rival.
 Her infant Years, as you know, promis'd much:
 But grown to Ripeness she transcends, and makes
 Credulity her Debtor. I will tell you
 In my blunt Way, to entertain the Time
 Until you have the Happiness to see her,
 How in your Absence she hath borne herself,
 And with all possible Brevity, though the Subject
 Is such a spacious Field, as would require
 An Abstract of the purest Eloquence
 (Deriv'd from the most famous Orators
 The Nurse of Learning, *Athens*, shew'd the World)
 In that Man, that should undertake to be
 Her true Historian.

Cleon. In this you shall do me
 A special Favour.

Paul. Since *Arcadius'* Death,
 Our late great Master, the Protection of
 The Prince his Son, the second *Theodosius*,
 By a general Vote and Suffrage of the People;
 Was to her Charge assign'd, with the Disposure
 Of his so many Kingdoms. For his Person,
 She hath so train'd him up in all those Arts
 That are both great and good, and to be wished
 In an imperial Monarch, that the Mother
 Of the *Gracchi*, grave *Cornelia* (*Rome* still boasts of)
 The wise *Pulcheria* but nam'd, must be
 No more remember'd. She, by her Example,
 Hath made the Court a kind of Academy,
 In which true Honour is both learn'd, and practis'd,
 Her private Lodgings a chaste Nunnery,
 In which her Sisters, as Probationers, hear
 From her their Sovereign Abbess, all the Precepts
 Read in the School of Virtue.

Cleon. You amaze me.

Paul. I shall, ere I conclude: For here the Wonder
 Begins, not ends. Her Soul is so immense,
 And her strong Faculties so apprehensive,
 To search into the Depth of deep Designs,

And

And of all Natures, that the Burthen, which
To many Men were insupportable,
To her is but a gentle Exercise,
Made by the frequent Use familiar to her.

Cleon. With your good Favour, let me interrupt you.
Being as she is in every Part so perfect,
Methinks that all Kings of our Eastern World
Should become Rivals for her.

Paul. So they have;
But to no Purpose. She, that knows her Strength
To rule, and govern Monarchs, scorns to wear
On her free Neck the servile Yoke of Marriage.
And for one loose Desire, envy itself
Dares not presume to taint her. *Venus' Son*^{*}
Is blind indeed, when he but gazes on her.
Her Chastity being a Rock of Diamonds,
With which encounter'd, his Shafts fly in Splinters,
His flaming Torches in the living Spring
Of her Perfections, quench'd: And, to crown all;
She's so impartial when she sits upon
The high Tribunal, neither sway'd with Pity,
Nor aw'd by Fear, beyond her equal Scale,
That 'tis not Superstition to believe
Astrea once more lives upon the Earth,
Pulcheria's Breast her Temple.

Cleon. You have given her
An admirable Character.

Paul. She deserves it,
And such is the commanding Power of Virtue,
That from her vicious Enemies it compels
Pæans of Praise as a due Tribute to her.

[Solemn loud Musick.]

Cleon. What means this solemn Musick?

Paul. It ushers

————— *Venus Son*
Is blind indeed, &c.

And thus *Shakeſpear* in *Coriolanus*

————— Chaste as the Iſicle
That's curdled by the Froſt from pureſt Snow,
And hangs on *Dian's* Temple.

The Emperor's Morning-Meditation,
 In which *Pulcheria* is more then assistant.
 'Tis worth your Observation, and you may
 Collect from her Expenſe of Time this Day,
 How her Hours for many Years have been diſpos'd of.
Cleon. I am all Eyes and Ears.

Enter after a Strain of Muſick, Philanax, Timantus, Patriarch, Theodoſius, Pulcheria, Flaccilla, Arcadia, followed by Chryſapius and Gratianus, Informer, Servants, Officers.

Pulch. Your Patience, Sir.

Let thoſe corrupted Miniſters of the Court,
 Which you complain of, our Devotions ended,
 Be cited to appear. For the Ambaſſadors
 Who are importunate to have Audience,
 From me you may aſſume them, that To-morrow
 They ſhall in publick kiſs the Emperor's Robe,
 And we in private with our ſoonest Leiſure
 Will give 'em Hearing. Have you eſpecial Care too
 That free Acceſs be granted unto all
 Petitioners. The Morning wears.—Pray you on, Sir ;
 Time loſt is ne'er recover'd.

[*Exeunt Theodoſius, Pulcheria, and the Train.*]

Paul. Did you note
 The Maſteſty ſhe appears in?

Cleon. Yes, my good Lord ;
 I was raviſh'd with it.

Paul. And then with what Speed
 She orders her Diſpatches, not one daring
 To interpoſe ; the Emperor himſelf
 Without Reply, putting in Act whatever
 She pleas'd t' impoſe upon him.

Cleon. Yet there were ſome
 That in their fullen Looks rather confeſſed
 A forc'd Conſtraint to ſerve her, than a Will
 To be at her Devotion : What are they ?

Paul. Eunuchs of the Emperor's Chamber, that re-
 pine
 The Globe and awful Scepter ſhould give Place

Unto

Unto the Distaff, for as such they whisper
A Woman's Government, but dare not, yet,
Express themselves.

Cleon. From whence are the Ambassadors
To whom she promis'd Audience?

Paul. They are
Employ'd by divers Princes, who desire
Alliance with our Emperor, whose Years now,
As you see, write him Man. One would advance
A Daughter to the Honour of his Bed;
A second, his fair Sister: To instruct you
In the Particulars would ask longer Time
Than my own Designs give Way to. I have Letters
From special Friends of mine, that to my Care
Commend a stranger Virgin, whom this Morning
I purpose to present before the Princess:
If you please, you may accompany me.

Cleon. I'll wait on you.

[*Exeunt.*]

S C E N E II.

*Informer, Officers bringing in the Projector, the Suburbs
Mignon, the Masters of the Habit and Manners.*

Informer. Why should you droop, or hang your work-
ing Heads?

No Danger is meant to you; pray, bear up,
For aught I know you're cited to receive
Preferment due to your Merits.

Projector. Very likely:

In all the Projects I have read and practis'd,
I never found one Man compell'd to come
Before the Seat of Justice, under Guard,
To receive Honour.

Informer. No? It may be, you are
The first Example. Men of Qualities,
As I've deliver'd you to the Protectress,
Who knows how to advance them, can't conceive
A fitter Place to have their Virtues publish'd,

Than

Than in open Court. Could you hope that the Princess,
Knowing your precious Merits, will reward 'em
In a private Corner? No; you know not yet
How you may be exalted.

Suburbs Minion. To the Gallows.

Informer. Fie

Nor yet depress'd to the Gallies; in your Names
You carry no such Crimes: Your specious Titles
Cannot but take her—President of the Projectors!
What a Noise it makes? The Master of the Habit!
How proud would some one Country be that I know
To be your first Pupil? Minion of the Suburbs,
And now and then admitted to the Court,
And honour'd with the Stile of Squire of Dames,
What Hurt is in it? One Thing I must tell you,
As I am the State-scout, you may think me an Informer,

Master of the Habit. They are Synonimous.

Informer. Conceal nothing from her

Of your good Parts, 'twill be the better for you;
Or if you should, it matters not, she can conjure,
And I am her ubiquitary Spirit,
Bound to obey her—You have my Instructions,
Stand by, here's better Company.

Enter Paulinus, Cleon, Athenais, with a Petition.

Athen. Can I hope, Sir,
Oppressed Innocence shall find Protection,
And Justice among Strangers, when my Brothers,
Brothers of one Womb, by one Sire begotten,
Trample on my Afflictions?

Paul. Forget them,
Remembring those may help you.

Athen. They have rob'd me
Of all Means to prefer my just Complaint
With any promising Hope to gain a Hearing,
Much less Redress: Petitions not sweetned
With Gold, are but unfavory, oft refused;
Or, if receiv'd, are pocketed, not read.

A Suitor's swelling Tears by the glowing Beams
 Of cholerick Authority are dry'd up,
 Before they fall; or, if seen, never pitied.
 What will become of a forsaken Maid?
 My flatt'ring Hopes are too weak to encounter
 With my strong Enemy, Despair, and 'tis
 In vain t' oppose her.

Cleon. Cheer her up; she faints, Sir.

Paul. This argues Weakness, though your Brothers
 were

Cruel beyond Expression, and the Judges
 That sentenc'd you, corrupt; you shall find here
 One of your own Fair Sex to do you right,
 Whose Beams of Justice, like the Sun, extend
 Their Light and Heat to Strangers, and are not
 Municipal, or confin'd.

Athen. Pray you do not feed me
 With airy Hopes, unless you can assure me
 The great *Pulcheria* will descend to hear
 My miserable Story, it were better
 I died without her Trouble.

Paul. She is bound to it
 By the surest Chain, her natural Inclination
 To help th' afflicted; nor shall long Delays
 (More terrible to miserable Suitors
 Than quick Denials) grieve you. Dry your fair Eyes;
 This Room will instantly be sanctify'd
 With her bless'd Presence; to her ready Hand
 Present your Grievances, and rest assur'd
 You shall depart contented.

Athen. You breathe in me
 A second Life.

Informer. Will your Lordship please to hear
 Your Servant a few Words?

Paul. Away, you Rascal!
 Did I ever keep such Servants?

Informer. If your Honesty
 Would give you Leave, it would be for your Profit.

Paul. To make Use of an Informer? Tell me in what Can you advantage me?

Informers. In the first Tender Of a fresh Suit never beg'd yet,

Paul. What's your Suit, Sir?

Informers. 'Tis feasible:—Here are three arrant Knaves Discover'd by my Art:

Paul. And thou the Arch-knave;
The great devour the less:

Informers. And with good Reason;
I must eat one a Month, I cannot live else,

Paul. A notable Cannibal? But, should I hear thee,
In what do your Knaves concern me?

Informers. In the begging
Of their Estates.

Paul. Before they are condemn'd?

Informers. Yes, or arraign'd, your Lordship may speak
too late else.

They are your own, and I will be content
With the fifth Part of a Share.

Paul. Hence, Rogue!

Informers. Such Rogues

In this Kind will be heard, and cherish'd too.

Fool that I was to offer such a Bargain.

To a spic'd Conscience Chapman—But I care not;
What he disdains to taste others will swallow.

[*Loud Musick.*]

Enter Theodosius, Pulcheria, and the Train.

Cleon. They are returned from the Temple.

Paul. See, she appears;

What think you now?

Athen. A cunning Painter, thus,
Her Veil ta'n off, and awful Sword and Balance
Laid by would picture Justice.

Pulch. When you please,
You may intend those royal Exercises
Suiting your Birth, and Greatness: I will bear

The Burthen of your Cares, and, having purged
The Body of your Empire of ill Humours,
Upon my Knees surrender it.

Chryf. Will you ever
Be aw'd thus like a Boy?

Grat. And kifs the Rod
Of a proud Mistrefs?

Timan. Be what you were born, Sir.

Pbila. Obedience and Majesty never lodg'd
In the same Inn.

Theod. No more; he never learned
The right Way to command, that stop'd his Ears
To wise Directions.

Pulch. Read o'er the Papers
I left upon my Cabinet; two Hours hence
I will examine you.

Flac. We spend our Time well.
Nothing but praying, and poring on a Book;
It ill agrees with my Constitution, Sister.

Arcad. Would I had been born some masq'uing La-
dy's Woman,
Only to see strange Sights, rather than live thus.

Flac. We are gone, forsooth; there is no Remedy,
Sister. [*Exeunt Arcadia and Flaccilla.*]

Grat. What hath his Eye found out?

Timan. 'Tis fix'd upon
That Stranger Lady.

Chryf. I am glad, yet, that
He dares look on a Woman.

[*All this Time the Informer kneeling to Pulcheria,
and delivering Papers.*]

Theod. *Pbilanax,*
What is that comely Stranger?

Pbila. A Petitioner.

Chryf. Will you hear her Case, and dispatch her in
your Chamber?
I'll undertake to bring her.

Theod. Bring me to
Some Place where I may look on her Demeanour.
—'Tis a lovely Creature!

Chryf. There's some Hope in this, yet.

[*Exeunt* Theodosius, Patriarch, and the Train.

Pulch. No, you have done your Parts:

Paul. Now Opportunity courts you,
Prefer your Suit.

Athen. As low as Misery

Can fall, for Proof of my Humility,

A poor distressed Virgin bows her Head,

And lays hold on your Goodness, the last Altar
Calamity can fly to for Protection.

Great Minds erect their never-failing Trophies

On the firm Base of Mercy; but to triumph

Over a Suppliant, by proud Fortune captiv'd,

Argues a Bastard Conquest—'tis to you

I speak, to you, the fair and just *Pulcheria*,

The Wonder of the Age, your Sexes Honour;

And, as such, deign to hear me. As you have

A Soul moulded from Heaven, and do desire

To have it made a Star there, make the Means

Of your Ascent to that Celestial Height

Virtue wing'd with brave Action. They draw near

The Nature, and the Essence of the Gods,

Who imitate their Goodness.

Pulch. If you were

A Subject of the Empire, which your Habit

In every Part denies——

Athen. O fly not to

Such an Evasion; whate'er I am,

Being a Woman, in Humanity

You are bound to right me, though the Difference

Of my Religion may seem to exclude me

From your Defence (which you'd have confin'd)

The moral Virtue, which is general,

Must know no Limits—By these blessed Feet

That pace the Paths of Equity, and tread boldly

On the stiff Neck of tyrannous Oppression,

By these Tears by which I bathe 'em, I conjure you
With Pity to look on me.

Pulch. Pray you rise.

And, as you rise, receive this Comfort from me.
Beauty set off with such sweet Language never
Can want an Advocate; and you must bring
More than a Guilty Cause if you prevail not.
Some Business long since thought upon, dispatched,
You shall have Hearing, and, as far as Justice
Will warrant me, my best Aids.

Athen. I do desire

No stronger Guard; my Equity needs no Favour.

Pulch. Are these the Men?

Projector. We were, an't like your Highness.
The Men, the Men of Eminence, and Mark,
And may continue so, if it please your Grace.

Master. This Speech was well projected. [Aside.]

Pulch. Does your Conscience
(I will begin with you) whisper unto you
What here you stand accus'd of? Are you named
The President of Projectors?

Informer. Justify it, Man,
And tell her in what thou'rt useful.

Project. That's apparent;
And, if you please, ask some about the Court,
And they will tell you too my rare Inventions,
They owe their Bravery, perhaps Means to purchase,
And cannot live without me. I, alas!
Lend out my labouring Brains to Use, and sometimes
For a Drachma in the Pound,—the more the Pity.
I am all Patience, and endure the Curses
Of many, for the Profit of one Patron.

Pulch. I do conceive the rest—What is the Second?

Informer. The Mignon of the Suburbs.

Pulch. What hath he
To do in *Constantinople*?

Mign. I steal in now and then,
As I am thought useful; marry, there I am call'd
The Squire of Dames, or Servant of the Sex,

And by the Allowance of some sportful Ladies
Honour'd with that Title.

Pulch. Spare your Character,
You're here decipher'd—Stand by with your Compeer.
What is the Third? A Creature I ne'er heard of;
The Master of the Manners, and the Habit?
You have a double Office.

Master. In my Actions
I make both good; for by my Theorems
Which your polite, and terfer Gallants practise,
I refine the Court, and civilize
Their barbarous Natures. I have, in a Table
With curious Punctuality set down
To a Hair's Breadth, how low a new-stamp'd Courtier
May vail to a Country Gentleman, and, by
Gradation, to his Merchant, Mercer, Draper,
His Linen-Man, and Taylor.

Pulch. Pray you, discover
This hidden Mystery.

Master. If the 'forefaid Courtier
(As it may chance sometimes) find not his Name
Writ in the Citizens Books with a State-Hum
He may salute 'em after three Days waiting:
But, if he owe them Money, that he may
Preserve his Credit, let him, in Policy, never
Appoint a Day of Payment; so they may hope still:
But, if he be to take up more, his Page
May attend 'em at the Gate, and usher 'em
Into his Cellar, and when they are warm'd with Wine,
Conduct 'em to his Bedchamber, and though then
He be under his Barber's Hands, as soon as seen,
He must start up to embrace 'em, vail thus low;
Nay, though he call 'em Cousins, 'tis the better,
His Dignity no Way wrong'd in't.

Paul. Here's a fine Knave!

Pulch. Does this Rule hold without Exception, Sirrah,
For Courtiers in general?

Master. No, dear Madam;
For one of the last Edition, and for him

I have compos'd a Dictionary, in which
 He is instructed, how, when, and to whom
 To be proud or humble; at what Times of the Year
 He may do a good Deed for itself, and that is
 Writ in Dominical Letters; all Days else
 Are his own, and of those Days the several Hours
 Mark out, and to what Use.

Pulch. Shew us your Method;
 I'm strangely taken with it.

Master. 'Twill deserve
 A Pension, I hope. First a strong Cullis
 In his Bed, to heighten Appetite: Shuttle cock,
 To keep him in Breath, when he rises; Tennis-Courts
 Are chargeable, and the riding of great Horses
 Too boist'rous for my young Courtier; let the old ones
 I think not of, use it; next his Meditation
 How to court his Mistress, and that he may seem witty,
 Let him be furnish'd with confederate Jest
 Between him and his Friend, that, on Occasion,
 They may vent 'em mutually: What his Pace and Garb
 Must be in the Presence, then the Length of his Sword,
 The Fashion of the Hilt — what the Blade is
 It matters not, 'twere Barbarism to use it,
 Unless to shew his Strength upon an Andiron;
 So, the sooner broke, the better.

Pulch. How I abuse
 This precious Time! Projector, I treat first
 Of you and your Disciples; you roar out,
 All is the King's, his Will above his Laws:
 And that fit Tributes are too gentle Yokes
 For his poor Subjects; whisp'ring in his Ear,
 If he would have their Fear, no Man should dare
 To bring a Sallad from his Country Garden,
 Without the paying Gabel; kill a Hen,
 Without Excise: and that, if he desire
 To have his Children, or his Servants wear
 Their Heads upon their Shoulders, you affirm,
 In Policy, 'tis fit the Owner should
 Pay for 'em by the Poll; or, if the Prince want

A present Sum, he may command a City
 Impossible, and for Non-performance
 Compel it to submit to any Fine
 His Officers shall impose. Is this the Way
 To make our Emperor happy? Can the Groans
 Of his Subjects yield him Musick? Must his Thresholds
 Be wash'd with Widow's and wrong'd Orphan's Tears,
 Or his Power grow contemptible?

Project. I begin

To feel myself a Rogue again.

Pulch. But you are

The Squire of Dames, devoted to the Service
 Of gamefome Ladies, the hidden Mystery
 Discover'd, their close Bawd; thy slavish Breath
 Fanning the Fires of Lust, the Go-between
 This Female and that wanton Sir; your Art
 Can blind a jealous Husband, and, disguis'd
 Like a Millener or Shoemaker, convey
 A Letter in a Pantofle or Glove
 Without Suspicion: nay, at his Table,
 In a Case of Pick-tooths. You instruct 'em how
 To parley with their Eyes, and make the Temple
 A Mart of Looseness; to discover all
 Thy subtile Brokages, were to teach in Publick,
 Those private Practices, which are, in Justice,
 Severely to be punish'd.

Mignon. I am cast:

A Jury of my Patroneffes cannot quit me.

Pulch. You are Master of the Manners, and the Habit;
 Rather the Scorn of such as would live Men,
 And not, like Apes, with servile Imitation
 Study prodigious Fashions. You keep
 Intelligence abroad, that may instruct
 Our giddy Youth at Home what new-found Fashion
 Is now in Use, swearing he's most complete
 That first turns Monster. Know, Villains, I can thrust
 This Arm into your Hearts; strip off the Flesh
 That covers your Deformities, and shew you
 In your own Nakedness. Now, though the Law

Call not your Follies Death, you are for ever
Banish'd my Brother's Court.—Away with em ;
I will hear no Reply.

[*Exeunt Informer, Officers, Prisoners.*

*The Curtains drawn above, Theodosius and his Eunuchs
discovered.*

Paul. What think you now ?

Cleon. That I am in a Dream ; or that I see

A second *Pallas*.

Pulch. These remov'd, to you

I clear my Brow. Speak without Fear, sweet Maid,
Since with a mild Aspect, and ready Ear,
I sit prepar'd to hear you.

Athen. Know, great Princess,

My Father, though a *Pagan*, was admired
For his deep Search into those hidden Studies,
Whose Knowledge is deny'd to common Men :
The Motion, with the divers Operations
Of the Superior Bodies, by his long
And careful Observation, were made
Familiar to him ; all the secret Virtues
Of Plants, and Simples, and in what Degree
They were useful to Mankind, he could discourse of :
In a Word, conceive him as a Prophet honour'd
In his own Country. But being born a Man,
It lay not in him to defer the Hour

Of his approaching Death, though long foretold :
In this so fatal Hour he call'd before him
His two Sons, and myself, the dearest Pledges
Lent him by Nature, and with his Right Hand
Blessing our several Heads, he thus began :

Chryf. Mark his Attention.

Phila. Give me Leave to mark too.

Athen. If I could leave my Understanding to you,
It were superfluous to make Division
Of whatsoever else I can bequeath you :
But, to avoid Contention, I allot

An equal Portion of my Possessions
 To you my Sons; but, unto thee, my Daughter,
 My Joy, my Darling (pardon me, though I
 Repeat his Words) if my prophetic Soul
 Ready to take her Flight, can truly guess at
 Thy future Fate, I leave thee strange Assurance
 Of the Greatness thou art born to, unto which
 Thy Brothers shall be proud to pay their Service,

Paul. And all Men else that honour Beauty.

Theod. Ha!

Athen. Yet, to prepare thee for that certain Fortune,
 And that I may from present Wants defend thee,
 I leave ten thousand Crowns — which said, being call'd
 To th' Fellowship of our Deities, he expir'd,
 And with him all Remembrance of the Charge
 Concerning me, left by him to my Brothers.

Pulch. Did they detain your Legacy?

Athen. And still do.

His Ashes were scarce quiet in his Urn,
 When, in Derision of my future Greatness,
 They thrust me out of Dobs, denying me
 One short Night's Harbour,

Pulch. Weep not.

Athen. I desire,

By your Persuasion, or commanding Power,
 The Restitution of mine own; or that,
 To keep my Frailty from Temptation,
 In your Compassion of me, you would please
 I, as a Handmaid, may be entertain'd
 To do the meanest Offices to all such
 As are honour'd in your Service.

Pulch. Thou art welcome,

What is thy Name?

Athen. The forlorn *Athenais*.

Pulch. The Sweetness of thy Innocence strangely
 takes me.

[Takes her up and kisses her.]

Forget thy Brothers Wrongs; for I will be
 In my Care a Mother, in my Love a Sister to thee;

And,

The Disposition of all the Favours
And Bounties of the Empire.

Cbryf. We, that by
The Nearness of our Service to his Person,
Should raise this Man, or pull down that, without
Her Licence, hardly dare prefer a Suit,
Or, if we do, 'tis cross'd.—

Pbila. You are troubled for
Your proper Ends; my Aims are high and honest.
The Wrong that's done to Majesty I repine at:
I love the Emperor, and 'tis my Ambition
To have him know himself, and to that Purpose
I'll run the Hazard of a Check.

Grat. And I
The Loss of my Place.

Timan. I will not come behind,
Fall what can fall.

Cbryf. Let us put on sad Aspects
To draw him on; charge home, we'll fetch you off,
Or lie dead by you.

Enter Theodosius.

Theod. How's this? Clouds in the Chamber,
And the Air clear abroad!

Pbila. When you, our Sun,
Obscure your glorious Beams, poor we, that borrow
Our little Light from you, cannot but suffer
A general Eclipse.

Timan. Great Sir, 'tis true;
For, 'till you please to know, and be yourself,
And freely dare dispose of what's your own
Without a Warrant, we are falling Meteors,
And not fix'd Stars.

Cbryf. The pale-fac'd Moon, that should
Govern the Night, usurps the Rule of Day,
And still is at the Full, in Spite of Nature,
And will not know a Change.

Theod. Speak you in Riddles?

I am

I am no *Oedipus*, but your Emperor,
And as such would be instructed.

Pbila. Your Command
Shall be obey'd: 'Till now, I never heard you
Speak like yourself; and may that Power, by which
You are so, strike me dead, if what I shall
Deliver, as a faithful Subject to you,
Hath Root, or Growth from Malice, or base Envy
Of your Sister's Greatness, I could honour in her
A Power subordinate to yours; but not
As 'tis predominant.

Timan. Is it fit that she,
In her Birth your Vassal, should command the Knees
Of such as should not bow but to yourself?

Grat. She with Security walks upon the Heads
Of the Nobility; the Multitude,
As to a Deity, offering Sacrifice
For her Grace and Favour.

Chryf. Her proud Feet ev'n wearied
With the Kisses of Petitioners.

Grat. While you,
To whom alone such Reverence is proper,
Pass unregarded by her.

Timan. You have not, yet,
Been Master of one Hour of your whole Life.

Chryf. Your Will and Faculties kept in more Awe
Than she can do her own.

Pbila. And as a Bondman,
(O let my Zeal find Grace, and Pardon from you,
That I descend so low) you are design'd
To this or that Employment, suiting well
A private Man, I grant, but not a Prince,
To be a perfect Horseman, or to know
The Words of the Chace; or a fair Man of Arms,
Or to be able to pierce to the Depth,
Or write a Comment on th' obscurest Poets,
I grant are Ornaments; but your main Scope
Should be to govern Men to guard your own,
If not enlarge your Empire.

Chryf.

Chryf. You are built up
By th' curious Hand of Nature to revive
The Memory of *Alexander*, or by
A prosperous Success in your brave Actions,
To rival *Cæsar*.

Timan. Rouze yourself, and let not
Your Pleasures be a Copy of her Will.

Pbila. Your Pupil Age is past, and manly Actions
Are now expected from you.

Grat. Do not lose
Your Subjects Hearts.

Timan. What is't to have the Means
To be magnificent, and not exercise
The boundless Virtue?

Grat. You confine yourself
To that which strict Philosophy allows of,
As if you were a private Man.

Timan. No Pomp,
Or glorious Shows of Royalty, rend'ring it
Both lov'd, and terrible.

Grat. 'Slight, you live, as it
Begets some Doubt, whether you have, or not,
Th' Abilities of a Man.

Chryf. The Firmament
Hath not more Stars than there are several Beauties
Ambitious at the Height to impart their dear,
And sweetest Favours to you.

Grat. Yet you have not
Made Choice of one, of all the Sex, to serve you,
In a physical Way of Courtship.

Theod. But that I would not
Begin the Expression of my being a Man,
In Blood, or stain the first white Robe I wear
Of Absolute Power, with a servile Imitation
Of any tyrannous Habit, my just Anger
Prompts me to make you in your Suff'rings feel,
And not in Words to instruct you, that the Licence
Of the loose and saucy Language you now practised,
Hath forfeited your Heads.

Grat.

Grat. How's this?

[*Aside.*

Pbila. I know not

What the Play may prove; but I assure you that
I do not like the Prologue.

[*Aside.*

Theod. O the miserable

Condition of a Prince! who, though he vary
More Shapes than *Proteus* in his Mind, and Manners,
He cannot win an universal Suffrage
From the many-headed Monster, Multitude.
Like *Æsop's* foolish Frogs, they trample on him,
As a senseless Block, if his Government be easy:
And, if he prove a Stork, they croak, and rail
Against him as a Tyrant.—I'll put off
That Majesty, of which you think I have
Nor Use, nor Feeling; and, in arguing with you,
Convince you with strong Proofs of common Reason,
And not with Absolute Power, against which, Wretches,
You are not to dispute. Dare you, that are
My Creatures, by my prodigal Favours fashion'd,
Presuming on the Nearness of your Service,
Set off with my familiar Acceptance,
Condemn my Obsequiousness to the wise Directions
Of an incomparable Sister, whom all Parts
Of our World, that are made happy in Knowledge
Of her Perfections, with Wonder gaze on?
And yet you, that were only born to eat
The Blessings of our Mother Earth, that are
Distant but one Degree from Beasts (since Slaves
Can claim no larger Privilege) that know
No farther than your sensual Appetites
Or wanton Lust have taught you, undertake
To give your Sovereign Laws to follow that
Your Ignorance marks out to him?

[*Walks by.*

Grat. How were we

Abus'd in our Opinion of his Temper!

[*Aside.*

Pbil. We had forgot 'tis found in Holy Writ,
That Kings Hearts are inscrutable.

[*Aside.*

Timan. I ne'er read it;

My Study lies not that Way.

[*Aside.*

Pbila.

Pbila. By his Looks
The Tempest still increases.

[*Aside.*

Theod. Am I grown
So stupid in your Judgments, that you dare
With such Security offer Violence
To Sacred Majesty? Will you not know
The Lion is a Lion, though he shew not
His rending Paws, or fill th' affrighted Air
With the Thunder of his Roarings?—You bless'd
Saints!

How am I trenched on? Is that Temperance
So famous in your cited *Alexander*,
Or *Roman Scipio* a Crime in me?
Cannot I be an Emperor, unless
Your Wives and Daughters bow to my proud Lufts?
And 'cause I ravish not their fairest Buildings
And fruitful Vineyards, or what is dearest,
From such as are my Vassals, must you conclude
I do not know the awful Power, and Strength
Of my Prerogative? Am I close-handed,
Because I scatter not among you that
I must not call mine own? Know, you Court-leeches,
A Prince is never so magnificent
As when he's sparing to enrich a Few
With th' Injuries of Many. Could your Hopes
So grossly flatter you, as to believe
I was born and train'd up as an Emperor, only
In my Indulgence to give Sanctuary,
In their unjust Proceedings, to the Rapine
And Avarice of my Grooms?

Pbila. In the true Mirror
Of your Perfections, at length we see
Our own Deformities.

Timan. And not once daring
To look upon that Majesty we now slighted——

Chryf. With our Faces thus glu'd to the Earth, we
Your gracious Pardon.

[*beg*

Grat. Offering our Necks
To be trod on, as a Punishment for our late

Pre-

Presumption, and a willing Testimony
Of our Subjection.

Theod. Deserve our Mercy

In your better Life hereafter, you shall find,
Though in my Father's Life I held it Madness
To usurp his Power, and in my Youth disdain'd not
To learn from the Instructions of my Sister.
I'll make it good to all the World, I am
An Emperor; and ev'n this Instant grasp
The Scepter, my rich Stock of Majesty
Entire, no Scruple wasted.

Pbila. If these Tears

I drop, proceed not from my Joy to hear this,
May my Eye-balls follow 'em.

Timan. I will shew myself

By your sudden Metamorphosis transform'd
From what I was.

Grat. And ne'er presume to ask

What fits not you to give.

Theod. Move in that Sphere,

And my Light with full Beams shall shine upon you.
Forbear this slavish Courtship; tis to me
In a kind idolatrous.

Pbila. Your gracious Sister.

Enter Pulcheria and Servant.

Pulcb. Has he converted her?

Serv. And, as such, will

Present her, when you please.

Pulcb. I am glad of it.

Command my Dresser to adorn her with
The Robes that I gave Order for.

Serv. I shall.

Pulcb. And let those precious Jewels I took last
Out of my Cabinet, if't be possible,
Give Lustre to her Beauties; and, that done,
Command her to be near us.

Serv.

Serv. 'Tis a Province

I willingly embrace.

[*Exit Servant.*]

Pulch. O, my dear Sir,

You have forgot your Morning Task, and therefore
With a Mother's Love I come to reprehend you,
But it shall be gently.

Theod. 'Twill become you, though
You said with reverent Duty. Know hereafter,
If my Mother liv'd in you, how'er her Son,
Like you she were my Subject.

Pulch. How?

Theod. Put off

Amazement; you will find it. Yet I'll hear you
At Distance, as a Sister, but no longer
As a Governess, I assure you.

Grat. This is put home.

[*Aside.*]

Timan. Beyond our Hopes.

[*Aside.*]

Phila. She stands, as if his Words
Had powerful Magick in 'em.

[*Aside.*]

Theod. Will you have me
Your Pupil ever? The Down on my Chin
Confirms I am a Man, a Man of Men,
The Emperor, that knows his Strength.

Pulch. Heav'n grant

You know it not too soon.

Theod. Let it suffice

My Wardship's out. If your Design concerns us
As a Man, and not a Boy, with our Allowance
You may deliver it.

Pulch. A strange Alteration!

But I will not contend. [*Aside.*] Be as you wish, Sir,
Your own Disposer; uncompell'd I cancel
All Bonds of my Authority.

[*Kneels.*]

Theod. You in this

Pay your due Homage; which perform'd, I thus
Embrace you as a Sister, no Way doubting
Your Vigilance for my Safety as my Honour;
And what you now come to impart, I rest
Most confident, points at one of them.

Pulch.

Pulch. At both,
 And not alone the present, but the future
 Tranquility of your Mind: Since in the Choice
 Of her, you are to heat with holy Fires,
 And make the Consort of your Royal Bed,
 The certain Means of glorious Succession,
 With the true Happiness of our human Being,
 Are wholly comprehended.

Theod. How? A Wife?
 Shall I become a Votary to *Hymen*,
 Before my Youth hath sacrific'd to *Venus*?
 'Tis something with the soonest—Yet, to shew,
 In Things indifferent, I am not averse
 To your wise Counsels, let me first survey
 Those Beauties, that, in being a Prince, I know
 Are Rivals for me. You will not confine me
 To your Election; I must see, dear Sister
 With mine own Eyes.

Pulch. 'Tis fit, Sir—Yet, in this,
 You may please to consider, absolute Princes
 Have, or should have, in Policy, less free Will
 Than such as are their Vassals. For you must,
 As you are an Emperor, in this high Business,
 Weigh with due Providence, with whom Alliance
 May be most useful for the Preservation
 Or your Increase of Empire.

Theod. I approve not
 Such Compositions for our moral Ends,
 In what is in itself divine, nay more,
 Decreed in Heav'n. Yet, if our Neighbour Princes,
 Ambitious of such nearness, shall present
 Their dearest Pledges to me (ever reserving
 The Caution of mine own Content) I'll not
 Contemn their courteous Offers.

Pulch. Bring in the Pictures. [*Two Pictures brought in.*]

Theod. Must I then judge the Substances by the Shadows?

The Painters are most envious, if they want
 Good Colours for Preferment. Virtuous Ladies

Love this Way to be flatter'd, and accuse
The Workman of Detraction, if he add not
Some Grace they cannot truly call their own.
Is't not so, *Gratianus*? You may challenge
Some Interest in the Science.

Grat. A Pretender

To the Art, I truly Honour, and subscribe
To your Majesty's Opinion.

Theod. Let me see——

Cleantbe, Daughter to the King of *Epirus*,
Ætatis suæ, the fourteenth: Ripe enough,
And forward too, I assure you. Let me examine
The Symmetries. If Statuaries could
By the Foot of *Hercules* set down punctually
His whole Dimensions, and the Countenance be
The Index of the Mind, this may instruct me,
With th' Aids of that I've read touching this Subject,
What she is inward. The Colour of her Hair,
If it be, as this does Promise, pale, and faint,
And not a glitt'ring white. Her brow, so so.
The Circles of her Sight, too much contracted;
Juno's fair Cow-eyes by old *Homer* are
Commended to their Merit; here's a sharp Frost,
I th' Tip of her Nose, which by the Length assures me
Of Storms at Midnight, if I fail to pay her
The Tribute she expects.—I like her not:
What is the other?

Cbryf. How hath he commenc'd
Doctor in this so sweet and secret Art,
Without our Knowledge?

[*Aside.*]

Timan. Some of his forward Pages
Have robbed us of the Honour.

[*Aside.*]

Pbila. No such Matter;
He has the Theory only, not the Præctic.

[*Aside.*]

Theod. *Amasia*, Sister to the Duke of *Athens*;
Her Age eighteen, descended lineally
From *Theseus*, as by her Pedigree
Will be made apparent—Of his lusty Kindred,
And lose so much Time? 'Tis strange!—As I live, she
hath

A Philosophical Aspect: There is
 More Wit than Beauty in her Face, and, when
 I court her, it must be in Tropes, and Figures,
 Or she will cry absurd. She will have her Clenches
 To cut off any Fallacy I can hope
 To put upon her, and expect I should
 Ever conclude in Syllogisms, and those true ones
In parte & toto, or she'll tire me with
 Her tedious Elocutions in the Praise
 Of the Increase of Generation, for which
 Alone the Sport, in her Morality,
 Is good and lawful, and to be often practis'd
 For fear of missing.—Fie on't, let the Race
 Of *Thebesus* be match'd with *Aristotles*,
 I'll none of her.

Pulch. You are curious in your Choice, Sir,
 And hard to please; yet, if that your Consent
 May give Authority to it, I'll present you
 With one, that, if her Birth, and Fortunes answer
 The Rarities of her Body, and her Mind,
 Detraction durst not tax her.

Theod. Let me see her,
 Though wanting those Additions, which we can
 Supply from our own Store: it is in us
 To make Men rich, and noble; but, to give
 Legitimate Shapes and Virtues, does belong
 To the Great Creator of 'em, to whose Bounties
 Alone 'tis proper, and in this disdains
 An Emperor for his Rival.

Pulch. I'applaud
 This fit Acknowledgment, since Princes then
 Grow less than common Men, when they contend
 With Him, by whom they are so.

Enter Paulinus, Cleon, Athenais newly habited.

Theod. I confess it.

Pulch. Not to hold you in Suspence, Behold the Vir-
 gin

Rich in her natural Beauties, no War borrowing
Th' adulterate Aids of Art. Peruse her better;
She's worth your serious View.

Pbila. I am amaz'd too:
I never saw her Equal.

Grat. How his Eye
Is fix'd upon her!

Timan. And, as she were a Fort,
He'd suddenly surprize, he measures her
From the Bases to the Battlements.

Chryf. Ha! now I view her better,
I know her; 'tis the Maid that, not long since,
Was a Petitioner; her Bravery
So alters her, I had forgot her Face.

Pbila. So has the Emperor.

Paul. She holds out yet,
And yields not to th' Assault.

Cleon. She's strongly guarded
In her Virgin Blushes.

Paul. When you know, fair Creature,
It is the Emperor that honours you
With such a strict Survey of your sweet Parts,
In Thankfulness you cannot but return
Due Reverence for the Favour.

Athen. I was lost
In my Astonishment at the glorious Object,
And yet rest doubtful whether he expects,
Being more then Man, my Adoration
(Since sure there is Divinity about him:)
Or will rest satisfy'd, if my humble Knees
In Duty thus bow to him.

Theod. Ha! it speaks.

Pulch. She is no Statue, Sir,

Theod. Suppose her one,
And that she had nor Organs, Voice, nor Heat,
Most willingly I would resign my Empire,
So it might be to After-times recorded
That I was her *Pygmalion*, though, like him,
I doated on my Workmanship, without Hope too

Of having *Cytherea* so propitious
To my Vows, or Sacrifice, in her Compassion
To give it Life or Motion.

Pulch. Pray you, be not rap'd so,
Nor borrow from imaginary Fiction
Impossible Aids. She's Flesh and Blood, I assure you;
And, if you please to honour her in the Trial,
And be your own Security, as you'll find
I fable not, she comes in a noble Way
To be at your Devotion.

Chryf. 'Tis the Maid
I offer'd to your Highness; her chang'd Shape
Conceal'd her from you:

Theod. At the first I knew her;
And a second Firebrand *Cupid* brings, to kindle
My Flames almost put out: I am too cold,
And play with Opportunity.—May I taste, then,
The Nectar of her Lip?—I do not give it
The Praise it merits: Antiquity is too poor
To help me with a Simile to express her.
Let me drink often from this living Spring,
To nourish new Invention.

Pulch. Do not surfeit
In over-greedily devouring that
Which may without Satiety feast you often.
From the Moderation in receiving them,
The choicest Viands do continue pleasing
To the most curious Palates. If you think her
Worth your Embraces, and the sovereign Title
Of the *Grecian* Empress——

Theod. If? How much you sin,
Only to doubt it; the Possession of her
Makes all, that was before most precious to me,
Common, and cheap in this you've shown yourself
A provident Protectress. I already
Grow weary of the absolute Command
Of my so numerous Subjects, and desire
No Sov'reignty but here, and write down gladly
A Period to my Wishes.

Pulch. Yet, before
It be too late, consider her Condition;
Her Father was a *Pagan*, she herself
A new-converted Christian.

Theod. Let me know
The Man to whose religious Means I owe
So great a Debt.

Paul. You are advanc'd too high, Sir,
To acknowledge a Beholdingness, 'tis discharg'd,
And I, beyond my Hopes, rewarded, if
My Service please your Majesty.

Theod. Take this Pledge
Of our assured Love. Are there none here
Have Suits to prefer? On such a Day as this
My Bounty's without Limit. O my dearest,
I will not hear thee speak; whatever in
Thy Thoughts is apprehended, I grant freely.
Thou would'st plead thy Unworthiness; by thyself
The Magazine of Felicity, in thy Lowness
Our Eastern Queens, at their full Height, bow to thee,
And are, in their best Trim, thy Foils and Shadows.
Excuse the Violence of my Love, which cannot
Admit the least Delay. Command the Patriarch
With Speed to do his Holy Office for us,
That, when we are made one——

Pulch. You must forbear, Sir;
She is not yet baptiz'd.

Theod. In the same Hour
In which she is confirmed in our Faith,
We mutually will give away each other,
And both be Gainers; we'll hear no Reply
That may divert us. On

Pulch. You may, hereafter,
'Please to remember to whose Furtherance
You owe this Height of Happiness.

Athen. As I was
Your Creature when I first petition'd you,
I will continue so, and you shall find me,

Though an Empress, still your Servant.

[*All exit but Philanax, Gratianus, and Timantus.*

Grat. Here's a Marriage
Made up o' th' sudden!

Phila. I repine not at
The fair Maid's Fortune—though I fear the Princess
Had some peculiar End in't.

Timan. Who's so simple
Only to doubt it?

Grat. It is too apparent,
She hath prefer'd a Creature of her own,
By whose Means she may still keep to herself
The Government of the Empire.

Timan. Whereas if
The Emperor had espous'd some Neighbour Queen,
Pulcheria, with all her Wisdom, could not
Keep her Preheminence.

Phila. Be it as it will,
'Tis not now to be alter'd,—Heaven, I say,
Turn all to th' best!

Grat. Are we come to praying again?

Phil. Leave thy Prophaneness

Grat. Would it leave me.

I am sure I thrive not by it.

Timan. Come to the Temple.

Grat. Ev'n where you will—I know not what to
think on't.

The End of the Second Act.

ACT III. SCENE I.

Paulinus, Philanax.

Paul. **N**OR this, nor th' Age before us, ever look'd
on
The like Solemnity.

Pbila. A sudden Fever
Kept me at home. Pray you, my Lord, acquaint me
With the Particulars.

Paul. You may presume,
No Pomp, nor Ceremony could be wanting,
Where there was Privilege to command, and Means
To cherish rare Inventions.

Pbila. I believe it ;
But the Sum of all, in brief.

Paul. Pray you so take it ;
Fair *Athenais*, not long since a Suitor,
And almost in her Hopes forsaken, first
Was christ'ned, and the Emperor's Mother's Name,
Eudoxia, as he will'd, impos'd upon her :
Pulcheria, the ever matchless Princess,
Assisted by her reverend Aunt *Maria*,
Her God-mothers.

Pbila. And who the Masculine Witnesses ?

Paul. At the new Empress' Suit I had the Honour ;
—For which I must ever serve her.

Pbila. 'Twas a Grace,
With Justice you may boast of.

Paul. The Marriage follow'd,
And, as 'tis said, the Emperor made bold
To turn the Day to Night ; for to Bed they went
As soon as they had din'd, and there are Wagers
Laid by some merry Lords, he hath already
Begot a Boy upon her.

Pbila. That is yet
To be determin'd of ; but I am certain,
A Prince, so soon in his Disposition alter'd,
Was never heard nor read of.

Paul. But of late,
Frugal and sparing, now nor Bounds, nor Limits
To his magnificent Bounties. He affirm'd,
Having receiv'd more Blessings by his Empress
Then he could hope, in Thankfulness to Heaven
He cannot be too prodigal to others,

What-

Whatever's offer'd to his Royal Hand
He signs without perusing it.

Pbila. I am here

Injoin'd to free all such as lie for Debt,
The Creditors to be paid out of his Coffers.

Paul. And I all Malefactors that are not
Convicted, or for Treason or foul Murther ;
Such only are excepted ;

Pbila. 'Tis a rare Clemency !

Paul. Which we must not dispute, but put in Practice.

[*Exeunt.*]

S C E N E II.

Loud Musick, Shouts within: Heaven preserve the Emperor, Heaven bless the Empress. Then in State, Chryfapius, Patriarch. Paulinus, Theodosius, Athenais, Pulcheria, her two young Sisters bearing up Athenais's Train, followed by Philanax, Gratianus, Timantus, Suitors, presenting Petitions, the Emperor sealing them. Pulcheria appears troubled.

Pulch. Sir, by your own Rules of Philosophy
You know Things violent last not. Royal Bounties
Are great, and gracious while they are dispens'd
With Moderation ; but, when their Excess
In giving Giant-Bulks to others, take from
The Prince's just Proportion, they lose
The Names of Virtues, and, their Natures chang'd,
Grow the most dangerous Vices

Theod. In this, Sister,
Your Wisdom is not circular ; they that sow
In narrow Bounds, cannot expect, in Reason,
A Crop beyond their Ventures, what I do
Disperle, I lend, and will with Usury
Return unto my Heap. I only then
Am rich, and happy (though my Coffers sound
With Emptiness) when my glad Subjects feel,
Their Plenty and Felicity is my Gift ;

And

And they will find, when they with Cheerfulness
 Supply not my Defects, I being the Stomach
 To th' politick Body of the State, the Limbs
 Grow suddenly faint and feeble. I could urge
 Proofs of more Fineness in their Shape and Language;
 But none of greater Strength.—Dissuade me not;
 What we will, we will do; yet, to assure you
 Your Care does not offend us, for an Hour,
 Be happy in the Converse of my best
 And dearest Comfort—May you please to license
 My Privacy some few Minutes? [To Athenais.

Athen. License, Sir?

I have no Will, but is deriv'd from yours,
 And that still waits upon you; nor can I
 Be left with such Security with any,
 As with the gracious Princess, who receives
 Addition, though she be all Excellence,
 In being stil'd your Sister.

Theod. O sweet Creature!

Let me be censur'd fond, and too indulgent,
 Nay, though they say uxorious, I care not;
 Her Love, and sweet Humility exact
 A Tribute far beyond my Power to pay
 Her matchless Goodness. [*Aside.*] Forward.

[*Exeunt Theodosius and the Train.*

Pulch. Now you find
 Your dying Father's Prophecy, that foretold
 Your present Greatness, to the full accomplish'd.
 For the poor Aids, and Furtherance I lent you,
 I willingly forget.

Athen. Ev'n that binds me
 To a more strict Remembrance of the Favour;
 Nor shall you, from my foul Ingratitude,
 In any Circumstance, ever find Cause
 T'upbraid me with your Benefit.

Pulch. I believe so.

Pray you give us Leave—What now I must deliver
 Under the deepest Seal of Secrecy,

Though

Though it be for your Good, will give Assurance
Of what is look'd for, if you not alone
Hear, but obey my Counsels.

Athen. They must be
Of a strange Nature, if with zealous Speed
I put 'em not in Practice.

Pulch. 'Twere Impertinence
To dwell on Circumstances, since the Wound
Requires a sudden Cure; especially
Since you, that are the happy Instrument
Elected to it, though young in your Judgment
Write far above your Years, and may instruct
Such as are more experienc'd.

Athen. Good Madam,
In this I must oppose you, I am well
Acquainted with my Weakness, and it will not
Become your Wisdom, by which I am rais'd
To this titulary Height, that should correct
The Pride, and overweening of my Fortune,
To play the Parasite to it, in ascribing
That Merit to me, unto which I can
Pretend no Interest—Pray you, excuse
My bold Simplicity, and to my Weight
Design me where you please, and you shall find
In my Obedience, I am still your Creature.

Pulch. 'Tis nobly answer'd, and I glory in
The Building I have rais'd. Go on, sweet Lady,
In this your virtuous Progress.—But to the Point;
You know, nor do I envy it, you have
Acquir'd that Power, which, not long since, was mine,
In governing the Emperor, and must use
The Strength you hold in the Heart of his Affections,
For his private, as the publick Preservation,
To which there is no greater Enemy,
Than his exorbitant Prodigality,
Howe'er his Sycophants, and Flatterers call it,
Royal Magnificence; and, though he may
Urge what's done for your Honour, must not be

Curb'd

Curb'd, or be controul'd by you, you cannot in
Your Wisdom but conceive, if that the Torrent
Of his violent Bounties be not stop'd, or lessen'd,
It will prove most pernicious. Therefore, Madam,
Since 'tis your Duty, as you are his Wife,
To give him saving Counsels, and, in being
Almost his Idol, may command him to
Take any Shape you please, with a powerful Hand,
To stop him in his Precipice to Ruin.

Atten. Avert it, Heaven!

Pulch. Heaven is most gracious to you, Madam,
In chusing you to be the Instrument
Of such a pious Work. You see he signs
What Suit soever is prefer'd, not once
Enquiring what it is, yielding himself
A Prey to all. I would, therefore, have you, Lady,
As I know you will, to advise him, or command him,
As he would reap the Plenty of your Favours,
To use more Moderation in his Bounties;
And that, before he gives, he would consider,
The what, to whom, and wherefore.

Atten. Do you think
Such Arrogance, or Usurpation, rather,
Of what is proper, and peculiar
To ev'ry private Husband, and much more
To him an Emperor, can rank with th' Obedience
And Duty of a Wife? Are we appointed
In our Creation (let me reason with you)
To rule, or to obey? Or, 'cause he loves me
With a kind Impotence; must I tyrannize
Over his Weakness? Or abuse the Strength,
With which he arms me, to his Wrong? Or, like
A prostituted Creature, merchandize
Our mutual Delight for Hire? Or to
Serve mine own sordid Ends? In vulgar Nuptials
Priority is exploded, though there be
A Difference in the Parties; and shall I,
His Vassal, from Obscurity, rais'd by him

To this so eminent Light, ' presume t' appoint him
 To do, or not to do, this, or that? When Wives
 Are well accommodated by their Husbands
 With all Things both for Use, and Ornament,
 Let them fix there, and never dare to question
 Their Wills or Actions. For myself, I vow,
 Though now my Lord would rashly give away
 His Scepter, and Imperial Diadem,
 Or if there could be any Thing more precious,
 I would not cross it;—but I know this is
 But a Trial of my Temper, and as such
 I do receive it; or, if't be otherwise,
 You are so subtil in your Arguments,
 I dare not stay to hear them.

Pulch. Is't ev'n so?

I've Power o'er these, yet, and command their Stay,
 To hearken nearer to me.

1 *Sister.* We are charg'd
 By the Emperor, our Brother, to attend
 The Empress' Service.

2 *Sister.* You are too mortify'd, Sister,
 (With Reverence I speak it) for young Ladies
 To keep you Company. I am so tir'd
 With your tedious Exhortations, Doctrines,
 Uses of your religious Morality,
 That, for my Health-sake, I must take the Freedom
 To enjoy a little of those pretty Pleasures
 That I was born to.

1 *Sister.* When I come to your Years,
 I'll do as you do; but, till then, with your Pardon,
 I'll lose no more Time. I have not learn'd to dance yet,
 Nor sing, but Holy Hymns, and those to vile Tunes too;
 Nor to discourse, but of Schoolmens Opinions.
 How shall I answer my Suitors? Since, I hope,
 Ere long I shall have many, without Practice

2 *To this so eminent Light.*

Thus we read in the old Copies, which I have here follow'd, tho'
 I think it ought to be

To this so eminent Height.

To write, and speak something that's not deriv'd
From the Fathers of Philosophy.

2 *Sister*. We shall shame

Our Breeding, Sister, if we should go on thus.

1 *Sister*. 'Tis for your Credit, that we study
How to converse with Men; Women with Women
Yields but a barren Argument.

2 *Sister*. She frowns——

But you'll protect us, Madam?

Athen. Yes, and love
Your sweet Simplicity.

1 *Sister*. All young Girls are so,
'Till they know the Way of't.

2 *Sister*. But, when we are enter'd,
We shall on a good round Pace.

Athen. I'll leave you, Madam.

1 *Sister*. And we; our Duties with you.

[*Exeunt Athenais and the young Ladies.*]

Pulch. On all Hands

Thus slighted? No Way left? Am I grown stupid
In my Invention? Can I make no Use
Of the Emperor's Bounties?—Now 'tis thought: within
there.

Enter Servant.

Serv. Madam.

Pulch. It shall be so:—Nearer; your Ear
Draw a Petition to this End.

Serv. Besides

The Danger to prefer it, I believe
'Twill ne'er be granted.

Pulch. How's this? Are you grown,
From a Servant, my Director? Let me hear
No more of this. Dispatch, I'll master him

[*Exit Servant.*]

At his own Weapon.

Enter

Enter Theodosius, Favorinus, Philanax, Timantus,
Gratianus.

Theod. Let me understand it,
If yet there be ought wanting that may perfect
A general Happiness.

Favor. The People's Joy
In Seas of Acclamations flow in
To wait on yours.

Phila. Their Love with Bounty levied,
Is a sure Guard : Obedience, forc'd from Fear,
Paper Fortification, which in Danger
Will yield to the Impression of a Reed,
Or of itself fall off.

Theod. True, *Philanax.*
And by that certain Compass we resolve
To steer our Barque of Government.

Enter Servant with the Petition.

Pulch. 'Tis well.

Theod. My dearest, and my all-deserving Sister,
As a Petitioner kneel? It must not be.
Pray you, rise; although your Suit were half my Em-
pire,
'Tis freely granted.

Pulch. Your Alacrity
To give hath made a Beggar; yet, before
My Suit is by your sacred Hand and Seal
Confirm'd, 'tis necessary you peruse
The Sum of my Request.

Theod. We will not wrong
Your Judgment, in conceiving what 'tis fit
For you to ask, and us to grant, so much,
As to proceed with Caution, give me my Signet,
With Confidence I sign it, and here vow
By my Father's Soul, but with your free Consent,
It is irrevocable.

Timantus.

Timan. What if she now
 Calling to Memory, how often we
 Have cross'd her Government, in Revenge hath made
 Petition for our Heads?

Grat. They must even off, then;
 No Ransom can redeem us.

Theod. Let those Jewels
 So highly rated by the *Persian* Merchants
 Be bought, and as a Sacrifice from us
 Presented to *Eudoxia*, she being only
 Worthy to wear 'em. I am angry with
 The unresistable Necessity
 Of my Occasions, and important Cares,
 That so long keep me from her.

[*Exeunt Theodosius and the Train.*]

Pulch. Go to the Empress,
 And tell her on the sudden, I am sick,
 And do desire the Comfort of a Visit,
 If she please to vouchsafe it. From me use
 Your humblest Language.—But, when once I have her
 [*Exit Servant.*]

In my Possession, I will rise, and speak
 In a higher Strain: Say it raise Storms, no matter.
 Fools judge by the Event, my Ends are honest. [*Exeunt.*]

S C E N E III.

Theodosius, Timantus, Philanax.

Theod. What is become of her? Can she that carries
 Such glorious Excellence of Light about her,
 Be any where conceal'd?

Phila. We have sought her Lodgings,
 And all we can learn from the Servants, is,
 She by your Majesty's Sisters waited on,
 The Attendance of her other Officers,
 By her express Command, deny'd,—

Theod. Forbear
 Impertinent Circumstances,—whither went she? Speak.

Phila.

Phila. As they guess, to the Laurel Grove.

Theod. So slightly guarded!

What an Earthquake I feel in me! and, but that
Religion assures the contrary,
The Poets Dreams of lustful Fawns, and Satyrs,
Would make me fear I know not what.

Enter Favorinus.

Favor. I have found her,
And it please your Majesty.

Theod. Yes, it doth please me.
But why return'd without her?

Favor. As she made
Her speediest Approaches to your Presence,
A Servant of the Princess's, *Pulcheria*,
Encounter'd her. What 'twas he whisper'd to her
I'm ignorant; but, hearing it, she started,
And will'd me to excuse her Absence from you
The third Part of an Hour.

Theod. In this she takes
So much of my Life from me; yet, I'll bear it
With what Patience I may; since 'tis her Pleasure,
Go back, my *Favorinus*, and intreat her
Not to exceed a Minute.

Timant. Here's strange Fondness!

[*Exeunt.*]

S C E N E IV.

Pulcheria. Servants.

Pulch. You're certain she will come?

Serv. She is already
Enter'd your outward Lodgings.

Pulch. No Train with her?

Serv. Your Excellency's Sisters only.

Pulch. 'Tis the better.

See the Doors strongly guarded, and deny
Access to all, but with our special Licence:

Why dost thou stay? Shew your Obedience;
Your Wisdom now is uselefs. *[Exeunt Servants.]*

Enter Athenais, Arcadia, Flaccilla.

Flac. She is sick, sure;
Or, in fit Reverence to your Majesty,
She had waited you at the Door,

Arcad. 'Twould hardly be

[Pulcheria walking by.]

Excus'd, in civil Manners, to her Equal;
But with more Difficulty to you, that are
So far above her.

Athen. Not in her Opinion;
She hath been too long accusom'd to Command
T' acknowledge a Superior.

Arcad. There she walks.

Flac. If she be not sick of the Sullens, I see not
The least Infirmary in her.

Athen. This is strange!

Arcad. Open your Eyes: The Empress.—

Pulch. Reach that Chair:

Now, sitting thus at Distance, I'll vouchsafe
To look upon her.

Arcad. How, Sister? Pray you awake,
Are you in your Wits?

Flac. Grant, Heaven, your too much Learning
Does not conclude in Madness.

Athen. You intreated
A Visit from me.

Pulch. True, my Servant us'd
Such Language: But now, as a Mistress, I
Command your Service.

Athen. Service?

Arcad. She's stark mad, sure.

Pulch. You'll find I can dispose of what's mine own
Without a Guardian.

Athen. Follow me.—I will see you
When your frantick Fit is o'er. I do begin
To be of your Belief.

Pulch.

Pulch. It will deceive you.

Thou shalt not stir from hence.—Thus, as mine own,
I seize upon thee.

Flac. Help, help! Violence
Offer'd to the Empress' Person!

Pulch. 'Tis in vain:

She was an Empress once; but, by my Gift:
Which, being abus'd, I do recall my Grant.

You are read in Story; call to Remembrance

What the great *Hector's* Mother, *Hecuba*,

Was to *Ulysses*, *Ilium* sack'd.

Athen. A Slave.

Pulch. To me thou art so.

Athen. Wonder and Amazement

Quite overwhelm me: How am I transform'd?

How have I lost my Liberty?

[Knocking without.]

Enter Servant.

Pulch. Thou shalt know

Too soon, no Doubt.—Who's that, with such Rudeness
Beats at the Door?

Serv. The Prince *Paulinus*, Madam,
Sent from the Emperor to attend upon
The gracious Empress.

Arcad. And who is your Slave now?

Flac. Sister, repent in Time, and beg Pardon
For your Presumption.

Pulch. — It is resolv'd:

From me return this Answer to *Paulinus*;
She shall not come; she's mine; the Emperor hath
No Interest in her.

[Exit Servant.]

Athen. Whatsoe'er I am,

You take not from your Power o'er me, to yield
A Reason for this Usage.

Pulch. Though my Will is

Sufficient to add to thy Affliction,
Know, Wretched Thing, 'tis not thy Fate, but Folly,
Hath made thee what thou art: 'Tis some Delight

To urge my Merits to one so ungrateful ;
 Therefore with Horror hear it. - When thou wert
 Thrust as a Stranger from thy Father's House,
 Expos'd to all Calamities that Want
 Could throw upon thee ; thine own Brothers' Scorn,
 And in thy Hopes, as by the World, forsaken,
 My Pity, the last Altar that was left thee ;
 I heard thy *Syren* Charms, with Feeling heard them,
 And my Compassion made mine Eyes vie Tears
 With thine, dissembling Crocodile ! and when Queens
 Were emulous for thy Imperial Bed,
 The Garments of thy Sorrows cast aside,
 I put thee in a Shape as would have forc'd
 Envy from *Cleopatra*, had she seen thee.
 Then, when I knew my Brother's Blood was warm'd
 With youthful Fires, I brought thee to his Presence ;
 And how my deep Designs, for thy Good plotted,
 Succeeded to my Wishes, is apparent,
 And needs no Repetition.

Athen. I am conscious
 Of your so many, and unequal'd Favours,
 But find not how I may accuse myself
 For any Facts committed, that with Justice
 Can raise your Anger to this Height against me.

Pulch. Pride and Forgetfulness would not let thee
 see that,
 Against which now thou canst not close thine Eyes.
 What Injury could be equal to thy late
 Contempt of my good Counsel, when I urg'd
 The Emperor's prodigal Bounties, and intreated
 That you would use your Power to give 'em Limits,
 Or, at the least, a due Consideration
 Of such as su'd, and for what, ere he sign'd it ?
 In Opposition, you brought against me
 Th' Obedience of a Wife, that Ladies were not,
 Being well accommodated by their Lords,
 To question, but much less to cross, their Pleasures ;
 Nor would you, though the Emperor were resolv'd
 To give away his Scepter, hinder it,

Since

Since 'twas done for your Honour, covering with
False Colours of Humility your Ambition.

Athen. And is this my Offence?

Pulch. As wicked Counsel

Is still most hurtful unto those that give it;

Such as deny to follow what is good,

In Reason, are the first that must repent it.

When I please, you shall hear more; in the mean Time;

Thank your own wilful Folly that hath chang'd you

From an Empress to a Bondwoman.

Theod. Force the Doors:

Kill those that dare resist.

Enter Theodosius, Paulinus, Philanax, Chrysapius,
Gratianus.

Athen. Dear Sir, redeem me.

Flac. O suffer not, for your own Honour's sake,
The Empress, you so late lov'd, to be made
A Prisoner in the Court.

Arcad. Leap to his Lips,
You'll find them the best Sanctuary,

Flac. And try, then,
What Interest my reverend Sister hath
To force you from 'em.

Theod. What strange May game's this?
Though done in Sport, how ill this Levity
Becomes your Wisdom?

Pulch. I am serious, Sir,
And have done nothing but what you in Honour,
And as you are yourself an Emperor,
Stand bound to justify.

Theod. Take heed; put not these
Strange Trials on my Patience.

Pulch. Do not you, Sir,
Deny your own Act; as you are a Man,
And stand on your own Bottom, 'twill appear
A childish Weakness to make void a Grant,
Sign'd by your Sacred Hand and Seal, and strengthen'd

With a religious Oath, but with my Licence
 Never to be recall'd. For some few Minutes
 Let Reason rule your Passion, and in this,

[*Delivers the Deed.*]

Be pleas'd to read my Interest. You will find, there,
 What you in me call Violence, is Justice,
 And that I may make Use of what's mine own,
 According to my Will. 'Tis your own Gift, Sir;
 And what an Emperor gives, should stand as firm
 As the Celestial Poles upon the Shoulders
 Of *Atlas*, or his Successor in that Office
 The great *Alcides*.

Theod. Miseries of more Weight,
 Than 'tis feign'd they supported, fall upon me!
 What hath my Rashness done? In this Transaction
 Drawn in express and formal Terms, I have
 Giv'n and consign'd into your Hands, to use
 And observe, as you please, my dear *Eudoxa*.
 It is my Deed, I do confess it is,
 And, as I am myself, not to be cancell'd:
 But yet you may shew Mercy—and you will,
 When you consider that there is no Beauty
 So perfect in a Creature, but is soil'd
 With some unbeseeming Blemish. You have labour'd
 To build me up a complete Prince; 'tis granted:
 Yet, as I am a Man, like other Monarchs,
 I have Defects and Frailties; my Facility,
 To send Petitioners with pleas'd Looks from me,
 Is all I can be charg'd with, and it will
 Become your Wisdom, (since 'tis in your Power)
 In Charity to provide, I fall no further
 Or in my Oath, or Honour.

Pulch. Royal Sir,

This was the Mark I aim'd at, and I glory
 At the length, you so conceive it: 'Twas a Weakness
 To measure by your own Integrity
 The Purposes of others. I have shewn you,
 In a true Mirror, what Fruit grows upon
 The Tree of hoodwink'd Bounty, and what Dangers

Preci-

Precipitation in the managing
Your great Affairs produceth.

Theod. I embrace it

As a grave Advertisement, and vow hereafter
Never to sign Petitions at this Rate.

Pulch. For mine, see, Sir, 'tis cancel'd; on my Knees
I re-deliver what I now begg'd from you.

[*Tears the Deed.*

She is my second Gift.

Theod. Which if I part from
'Till Death divorce us —

[*Kissing Athenais.*

Athen. So, Sir —

Theod. Nay, Sweet, chide not:
I am punish'd in thy Looks; defer the rest,
'Till we're more private.

Pulch. I ask Pardon too,
If, in my personated Passion, I
Appear'd too harsh and rough.

Athen. 'Twas gentle Language,
What I was then consider'd.

Pulch. O dear Madam,
It was Decorum in the Scene.

Athen. This Trial,
When I was *Athenais*, might have pass'd;
But, as I am the Empress —

Theod. Nay, no Anger,
Since all Good was intended.

[*Exeunt Theodosius, Athenais, Arcadia, Flaccilla.*

Pulch. Building on
That certain Base, I fear not what can follow.

[*Exit Pulcheria.*

Paul. These are strange Devices, *Philanax.*

Pbila. True, my Lord.
May all turn to the best!

Grat. The Emperor's Looks
Promis'd a Calm.

Chryf. But the vex'd Empress' Frowns
Presag'd a second Storm.

Paul. I am sure I feel one

In my Leg already.

Pbila. Your old Friend, the Gout?

Paul. My forc'd Companion, *Philanax.*

Chryf. To your Rest.

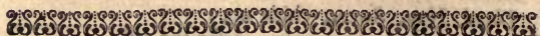
Paul. Rest, and forbearing Wine, with a temperate Diet,

Though many Mountebanks pretend the Cure of't,
I've found my best Physicians.

Pbila. Ease to your Lordship.

[*Exeunt.*]

The End of the Third Act.



ACT IV. SCENE I.

Athenais, Chryfapius.

Athen. MAKE me her Property?

Chryf. Your Majesty

Hath just Cause of Distaste; and your Resentment
Of the Affront in the Point of Honour cannot
But meet a fair Construction.

Athen. I have only

The Title of an Empress, but the Power
Is, by her, ravish'd from me. She surveys
My Actions as a Governess, and calls
My not observing all that she directs,
Folly, and Disobedience.

Chryf. Under Correction,

With Grief I've long observ'd it; and, if you
Stand pleas'd to sign my Warrant, I'll deliver
In my unfeign'd Zeal, and Desire to serve you,
(How'er I run the Hazard of my Head for't,
Should it arrive at the Knowledge of the Princess)
Not alone, the Reasons why Things are thus carried,
But give into your Hands the Power to clip
The Wings of her Command.

Athen.

Athen. Your Service this Way
Cannot offend me.

Chryf. Be you pleas'd to know, then,
(But still with Pardon, if I am too bold)
Your too much Sufferance imps the broken Feathers
Which carry her to this proud Height, in which
She with Security soars, and still tow'rs o'er you:
But, if you would employ the Strengths you hold
In the Emperor's Affections, and remember
The Orb you move in should admit no Star else,
You never would confefs the managing
Of State Affairs to her alone are proper,
And you sit by a Looker on,

Athen. I would not,
If it were possible I could attempt
Her Diminution, without a Taint
Of foul Ingratitude in myself.

Chryf. In this
The Sweetness of your Temper does abuse you;
And you call that a Benefit to yourself
Which she for her own Ends confer'd upon you.
'Tis yielded she gave Way to your Advancement:
But for what Cause? that she might still continue
Her Absolute Sway and Swing o'er the whole State;
And that she might to her Admirers vaunt,
The Empress was her Creature, and the Giver
To be prefer'd before the Gift.

Athen. It may be.

Chryf. Nay, 'tis most certain: Whereas, would you
please
In a true Glas to look upon yourself,
And view without Detraction your own Merits,
Which all Men wonder at, you would find that Fate,
Without a second Cause, appointed you
To the supremest Honour. For the Princess,
She hath reign'd long enough, and her Remove
Will make your Entrance free to the Possession
Of what you were born to; and, but once resolve
To build upon her Ruins, leave the Engines

That

That must be us'd to undermine her Greatness
To my Provision.

Athen. I thank your Care :

But a Design of such Weight must not be
Rashly determin'd of ; it will exact
A long and serious Consultation from me,
In the mean Time, *Chryfapius*, rest assur'd
I live your thankful Mistress. [Exit Athenais.

Chryf. Is this all ?

Will the Physick that I minister'd work no further ?
I've play'd the Fool ; and, leaving a calm Port,
Embark'd myself on a rough Sea of Danger.
In her Silence lies my Safety, which how can I
Hope from a Woman ?—But the Die is thrown,
And I must stand the Hazard.

*Enter Theodosius, Philanax, Timantus, Gratianus,
Huntsmen.*

Theod. Is *Paulinus*

So tortur'd with his Gout ?

Phila. Most miserably, Sir.

And it adds much to his Affliction, that
The Pain denies him Power to wait upon
Your Majesty.

Theod. I pity him.—He is
A wond'rous honest Man, and what he suffers,
I know, will grive my Empress.

Timan. He, indeed, is
Much bound to her gracious Favour.

Theod. He deserves it ;
She cannot find a Subject upon whom
She better may confer it.—Is the Stag
Safe lodg'd ?

Grat. Yes, Sir, and the Hounds and Huntsmen ready.

Phila. He will make you royal Sport. He is a Deer,
Of ten, at the least.

Enter

Enter Countryman with an Apple.

Grat. Whither will this Clown?

Timan. Stand back.

Count. I would zee the Emperor. Why should you
Courtiers

Scorn a poor Countryman? We zweat at the Plough
To vill your Mouths, you and you Curs might starve,
else.

We prune the Orchards, and you cranch the Fruit;
Yet still y'are snarling at us.

Theod. What's the matter?

Count. I would look on thy sweet Face.

Timan. Unmannerly Swain!

Count. Zwain? Though I am a Zwain, I have a
Heart, yet,

As ready to do Service for my Leg,

As any Princock, Peacock of you all.

Zookers! had I one of you zingle, with this Twig
I would so veeze you.

Timan. Will your Majesty

Hear this rude Language?

Theod. Yes, and hold it as

An Ornament, not a Blemish. O *Timantus!*

Since that dread Power by whom we are, disdains not

With an open Ear to hear Petitions from us,

Easy Access in us, his Deputies,

To the meanest of our Subjects, is a Debt

Which we stand bound to pay.

Count. By my Granam's Ghost

'Tis a wholesome Zaying; our Vicar could not mend it
In the Pulpit on a Zunday.

Theod. What's their Suit Friend?

Count. Zute? I would laugh at that. Let the Court
beg from thee,

What the poor Country gives. I bring a Present

To thy good Grace, which I can call mine own,

And look not, like these gay Volk, for a Return

Of what they venture. Have I giv'nt you, ha!

Chryf. A perilous Knave.

Count. Zee here a dainty Apple. [*Presents the Apple.*
Of mine own grafting; zweet and zownd, I assure thee.

Theod. It is the fairest Fruit I ever saw.

Those golden Apples in the *Hesperian* Orchards
So strangely guarded by the watchful Dragon,
As they requir'd great *Hercules* to get 'em;
Nor those with which *Hippomenes* deceiv'd,
Swift-footed *Atalanta*, when I look

On this, deserve no Wonder. You behold
The poor Man, and his Present, with Contempt:
I to their Value prize both; He, that could
So aid weak Nature, by his Care and Labour,
As to compel a Crabtree-stock to bear
A precious Fruit of this large Size and Beauty,
Would by his Industry change a petty Village
Into a populous City, and from that
Erect a flourishing Kingdom. Give the Fellow,
For an Encouragement to his future Labours,
Ten *Attick* Talents.

Count. I will weary heaven

With my Prayers for your Majesty. [*Exit Countryman.*

Theod. Philanax,

From me present this Rarity to the rarest
And best of Women. When I think upon
The boundless Happiness that from her flows to me
In my Imagination I am rap'd
Beyond myself.—But I forget our Hunting,
To the Forest for the Exercise of my Body;
But for my Mind, 'tis wholly taken up
In the Contemplation of her matchless Virtues. [*Exeunt.*

S C E N E II.

Athenais, Pulcheria, Arcadia, Flaccilla.

Athen. You shall know there's a Difference between us.

Pulch. There was, I'm certain, not long since, when
you Kneel'd

Kneel'd a Petitioner to me; then you were happy
To be near my Feet; and do you hold it, now,
As a Disparagement that I sidge you, Lady?

Atben. Since you respect me only as I was,
What I am shall be remember'd.

Pulch. Does the Means
I practis'd, to give good and saving Counsels
To th' Emperor, and your new stamp'd Majesty
Still stick in your Stomach?

Atben. 'Tis not yet digested,
In troth it is not. Why, good Governess,
Though you are held for a grand Madam, and yourself
The first that overprize it, I ne'er took
Your Words for *Delphian* Oracles, nor your Actions
For such Wonders as you make 'em,—there is one,
When she shall see her Time, as fit and able
To be made Partner of the Emperor's Cares,
As your wise self, and may with Justice challenge
A nearer Interest.—You have done your Visit,
So, when you please, you may leave me.

Pulch. I'll not bandy
Words with your Mightiness, proud one, only this,
You carry too much Sail for your small Bark;
And that, when you least think upon't, may sink you,
[Exit Pulcheria.

Flac. I am glad she's gone.

Arcad. I fear'd she would have read
A tedious Lecture to us.

Enter Philanax with the Apple.

Phila. From the Emperor.
This rare Fruit to the rarest.

Atben. How, my Lord?

Phila. I use his Language, Madam; and that Trust,
Which he impos'd on me, discharg'd, his Pleasure
Commands my present Service. [Exit Philanax.

Atben. Have you seen
So fair an Apple?

Flac.

Flac. Never.

Arcad. If the Taste
Answer the Beauty.

Athen. Prettily beg'd ;—you should have it ;
But that you eat too much cold Fruit, and that
Changes the fresh Red in your Cheeks to Paleness.

Enter Servant.

I've other Dainties for you ; you come from
Paulinus ; how is't with that truly noble,
And honest Lord ? My Witness at the Fount ;
In a Word, the Man to whose bless'd Charity
I owe my Greatness. How is't with him ?

Serv. Spiritly,
In his Mind ; but, by the raging of his Gout,
In his Body much distemper'd ; that you pleas'd
To inquire his Health, took off much from his Pain ;
His glad Looks did confirm it.

Athen. Do his Doctors
Give him no Hope ?

Serv. Little ; they rather fear,
By his continual burning, that he stands
In danger of a Fever.

Athen. To him again,
And tell him that I heartily wish it lay
In me to ease him, and from me deliver
This choice Fruit to him ; you may say to that
I hope it will prove physical.

Serv. The good Lord
Will be o'erjoy'd with the Favour.

Athen. He deserves more.

[*Exeunt.*

S C E N E III.

Paulinus brought in a Chair, Chirurgon.

Chirurg. I've done as much as Art can do, to stop
The violent Course of your Fit, and I hope you feel it.
How does your Honour ? *Paul.*

Paul. At some Ease, I thank you :
I would you could assure Continuance of it,
For the Moiety of my Fortune.

Chirurg. If I could cure
The Gout, my Lord, without the Philosopher's Stone
I should soon purchase, it being a Disease,
In poor Men very rare, and in the rich
The Cure impossible, your many Bounties
Bid me prepare you for a certain Truth,
And to flatter you, were dishonest.

Paul. Your plain dealing
Deserves a Fee. Would there were many more such
Of your Profession. Happy are poor Men ;
If sick with the Excess of Heat or Cold,
Caus'd by necessitous Labour, not loose Surfeits
They, when spare Diet, or kind Nature fail
To perfect their Recovery, soon arrive at
Their Rest in Death ; but, on the contrary,
The Great and Noble are expos'd as Preys
To the Rapine of Physicians ; and they,
In ling'ring out what is remediless,
Aim at their Profit, not the Patients Health.
A thousand Trials and Experiments
Have been put upon me, and I forc'd to pay dear
For my Vexation ; but I am resolv'd,
(I thank your honest Freedom) to be made
A Property no more for Knaves to work on.
—What have you there ?

Enter Cleon with a Parchment Roll.

Cleon. The Triumphs of an Artfman
O'er all Infirmities, made authentical
With the Names of Princes, Kings and Emperors
That were his Patients.

Paul. Some Empirick.

Cleon. It may be so ; but he swears, within three Days
He will grub up your Gout by th' Roots, and make
you able

To

To march ten Leagues a Day in compleat Armour,

Paul. Impossible.

Cleon. Or, if you like not him——

Cbirurg. Hear him, my Lord, for your Mirth; I will take Order,

They shall not wrong you.

Paul. Usher in your Monster.

Cleon. He is at hand, march up: Now speak for yourself.

Enter Empirick.

Empir. I come not, Right Honourable, to your Presence, with any base and fordid End of Reward; the Immortality of my Fame is the White I shoot at, the Charge of my most curious and costly Ingredients defray'd, amounting to some seventeen thousand Crowns—a Trifle in respect of Health—writing your noble Name in my Catalogue, I shall acknowledge myself amply satisfy'd.

Cbirurg. I believe so.

Empir. For your own Sake, I most heartily wish, that you had now all the Diseases, Maladies and Infirmities upon you, that were ever remember'd by old *Galen*, *Hippocrates*, or the later, and more admited *Paracelsus*.

Paul. For your good Wish, I thank you.

Empir. Take me with you, I beseech your good Lordship. I urg'd it, that your Joy, in being certainly and suddenly free from them, may be the greater, and my not to be parallel'd Skill the more remarkable. The Cure of the Gout's a Toy, without Boast be it said; my Cradle-practice, the Cancer, the Fistula, the Dropsy, Consumption of Lungs and Kidneys; Hurts in the Brain, Heart, or Liver, are Things worthy my Opposition; but in the Recovery of my Patients I ever overcome them.—But to your Gout—

Paul. I, marry, Sir; that cur'd, I shall be apter To give Credit to the rest.

Empir.

Empir. Suppose it done, Sir.

Chirur. And the Means you use, I beseech you.

Empir. I will do it in the plainest Language, and discover my Ingredients. First, my *boten Terebintina*, of *Cypris*, my Manna, *ros celo*, coagulated with *vetulos ovorum*, vulgarly Yolks of Eggs, with a little Cyath, or Quantity of my potable Elixir, with some few Scruples of Sassafras and Guacum, so taken every Morning and Evening, in the Space of three Days, purgeth, cleanseth, and dissipateth the inward Causes of the virulent Tumor.

Paul. Why do you smile?

Chirur. When he hath done, I will resolve you.

Empir. For my exterior Applications, I have these Balsumunguentulums, extracted from Herbs, Plants, Roots, Seeds, Gums, and a Million of other Vegetables, the principal of which are *Ulissipona*, or *Serpentaria*, *Sophia*, or *Herba Consolidarum*, *Parthenion*, or *Commanilla Romana*, *Mumia transmarina*, mixed with my *plumbum Philosophorum*, and *mater metallorum, cum ossa paraleli, est universale medicamentum in podagra.*

Cleon. A conjuring Balsamum,

Empir. This applied warm upon the pained Place, with a feather of *Struthio cameli*, or a Bird of Paradise, which is every where to be had, shall expulse this tartarous, viscous, anatheos, and malignant Dolor.

Chirur. An excellent Receipt! but does your Lordship Know what it is good for?

Paul. I would be instructed.

Chirur. For the *Gonorrhœa*, or, if you will hear it In a plainer Phrase, the Pox.

Empir. If it cure his Lordship Of that, by the Way, I hope, Sir, 'tis the better. My Medicine serves for all Things, and the Pox, Sir, Though falsely nam'd the *Sciatica*, or Gout, Is the more Catholick Sickness.

Paul. Hence with the Rascal!

Yet hurt him not; he makes me smile, and that

Frees him from Punishment.

[*They thrust off the Empirick.*

Cbirur. Such Slaves as this
Render our Art contemptible,

Enter Servant.

Serv. My good Lord——

Paul. So soon return'd?

Serv. And with this Present from
Your great, and gracious Mistrefs, with her Wishes
It may prove physical to you.

Paul. In my Heart

I kneel, and thank her Bounty. Dear Friend *Cleon*,
Give him the Cup-board of Plate in the next Room
For a Reward. [*Exeunt Cleon and the Servant.*

Most glorious Fruit; but made
More precious by her Grace and Love that sent it.
To touch it only, coming from her Hand,
Makes me forget all Pain. A Diamond
Of this large Size, though it would buy a Kingdom,
Hew'd from the Rock, and laid down at my Feet,
Nay, though a Monarch's Gift, will hold no Value,
Compar'd with this—And yet, ere I presume
To taste it, though, sans Question, it is
Some heavenly Restorative, I in Duty
Stand bound to weigh my own Unworthiness.
Ambrosia is Food only for the Gods;
And not by human Lips to be prophan'd.
I may adore it as some holy Relique,
Deriv'd from thence, but impious to keep it
In my Possession; the Emperor only
Is worthy to enjoy it.—Go, good *Cleon*,

Enter Cleon.

(And cease this Admiration at this Object)
From me present this to my Royal Master,
I know it will amaze him, and excuse me

That

That I am not myself the Bearer of it.
 That I should be lame now, when with Wings of Duty
 I should fly to the Service of this Empress!
 Nay, no Delays, good *Cleon*.

Cleon. I am gone, Sir.

[*Exeunt*.

S C E N E I V.

Theodosius, Chryfapius, Timantus, Gratianus.

Chryf. Are you not tir'd, Sir?

Theod. Tir'd? I must not say so,
 However, though I rode hard. To a Huntsman,
 His Toil is his Delight, and to complain
 Of Weariness, would shew as poorly in him,
 As if a General should grieve for a Wound,
 Receiv'd upon his Forehead, or his Breast,
 After a glorious Victory, lay by
 These Accoutrements for the Chase.

Enter Pulcheria.

Pulch. You are well return'd, Sir,
 From your Princely Exercise.

Theod. Sister, to you
 I owe the Freedom, and the Use of all
 The Pleasures I enjoy. Your Care provides
 For my Security, and the Burthen, which
 I should alone sustain, you undergo,
 And, by your painful Watchings, yield my Sleeps
 Both sound, and sure. How happy am I in
 Your Knowledge of the Art of Government!
 And, credit me, I glory to behold you
 Dispose of great Designs, as if you were
 A Partner, and no Subject of my Empire.

Pulch. My Vigilance, since it hath well succeeded,
 I'm confident, you allow of—yet it is not
 Approv'd by all.

Theod. Who dares repine at that
Which hath our Suffrage?

Pulch. One that too well knows
The Strength of her Abilities can better
My weak Endeavours.

Theod. In this you reflect
Upon my Empress?

Pulch. True; for, as she is
The Consort of your Bed, 'tis fit she share in
Your Cares, and absolute Power.

Theod. You touch a String
That sounds but harshly to me, and I must
In a Brother's Love advise you, that hereafter
You would forbear to move it. Since she is
In her pure self a Harmony of such Sweetness,
Compos'd of Duty, chaste Desires, her Beauty
(Though it might tempt a Hermit from his Beads)
The least of her Endowments. I am sorry
Her holding the first Place, since that the second
Is proper to yourself, calls on your Envy.
She err? It is impossible in a Thought,
And, much more, speak, or do what may offend me.
In other Things, I would believe you, Sister:
But, though the Tongues of Saints and Angels tax'd her
Of any Imperfection, I should be
Incredulous,

Pulch. She is, yet, a Woman, Sir.

Theod. The Abstract of what's excellent in the Sex:
But to their Mulcts, and Frailties a mere Stranger:
—I'll die in this Belief.

Enter Cleon with the Apple.

Cleon. Your humblest Servant,
The Lord *Paulinus*, as a Witness of
His Zeal and Duty to your Majesty,
Presents you with this Jewel.

Theod. Ha!

Cleon. It is
Preferr'd by him——

Theod.

Theod. Above his Honour?

Cleon. No, Sir;

I would have said his Patrimony.

Theod. 'Tis the same.

Cleon. And he intreats, since Lameness may excuse
His not presenting it himself, from me
(Though far unworthy to supply his Place)
You would vouchsafe to accept it.

Theod. Farther off;

You've told your Tale: Stay you for a Reward?

—Take that.

[*Strikes him.*]

Pulch. How's this?

Chryf. I never saw him mov'd thus.

Theod. We must not part so, Sir—A Guard upon him.

Enter Guard.

Theod. May I not vent my Sorrows in the Air,
Without Discovery? Forbear the Room!

[*They all go aside.*]

Yet be within Call—What an Earthquake I feel in me!³
And on the sudden my whole Fabrick totters.

My Blood within me turns, and through my Veins
Parting with natural Redness I discern it,

Chang'd to a fatal Yellow. What an Army

Of hellish Furies in the horrid Shapes

Of Doubts, and Fears, charge on me! Rise to my
Rescue,

Thou stout Maintainer of a chaste Wife's Honour,

The Confidence of her Virtues; be not shaken

With the Wind of vain Surmises; much less suffer

The Devil Jealousy to whisper to me

My curious Observation of that

³ ——— *What an Earthquake I feel in me*
And on the sudden, &c.

Though *Shakespeare* is peculiar excellent in the Passion of Jealousy,
yet in my Opinion there are some Flights of a *Massinger* so truly
Original, that if he does not equal that immortal Bard, he comes the
nearest to him of all our other dramatic Writers:

I must no more remember.—Will it not be?
 Thou uninvited Guest, ill-manner'd Monster,
 I charge thee, leave me! wilt thou force me to
 Give Fuel to that Fire I would put out?
 The Goodness of my Memory proves my Mischief,
 And I would sell my Empire, could it purchase
 The dull Art of Forgetfulness.—Who waits there?

Timan. Most Sacred Sir.

Theod. Sacred, as 'tis accurs'd,
 Is proper to me. Sirrah, upon your Life,
 Without a Word concerning this, command

[*Exit Timantus.*

Eudoxia to come to me.—Would I had
 Ne'er known her by that Name, my Mother's Name!
 Or that, for her own Sake, she had continued
 Poor *Athenais* still!—No Intermiſſion?
 Wilt thou so soon torment me? Must I read
 Writ in the Table of my Memory,
 To warrant my Suspicion, how *Paulinus*
 (Though ever thought a Man averse to Women)
 First gave her Entertainment? Made her Way
 For Audience to my Sister; then I did
 Myself observe how he was ravish'd with
 The gracious Delivery of her Story,
 (Which was, I grant, the Bait that first took me, too)
 She was his Convert; what the Rhetorick was
 He us'd, I know not, and, since she was mine,
 In private, as in publick, what a Mass
 Of Grace and Favours hath she heap'd upon him!
 And but to-day this fatal Fruit—She's come.

Enter Timantus, Athenais, Flaccilla, Arcadia.

Can she be guilty?

Athen. You seem troubl'd, Sir;
 My Innocence makes me bold to ask the Cause,
 That I may ease you of it.—No salute
 After four long Hours Absence?

Theod. Prythee, forgive me.

[*Kisses her.*
 Methinks

Methinks I find *Paulinus* on her Lips,
And the fresh *Nectar* that I drew from thence
Is on the sudden pal'd [*Aside.*] How have you spent
Your Hours since I last saw you?

Athen. In the Converse
Of your sweet Sisters.

Theod. Did not *Philanax*,
From me, deliver you an Apple?

Athen. Yes, Sir;
Heaven! how you frown! Pray you, talk of something
else:

Think not of such a Trifle.

Theod. How! a Trifle?
Does any Toy from me presented to you,
Deserve to be so slighted? Do you value
What's sent, and not the Sender?—From a Peasant
It had deserv'd your Thanks.

Athen. And meets from you, Sir
All possible Respect.

Theod. I priz'd it, Lady,
At a higher Rate than you believe, and would not
Have parted with it, but to one I did
Prefer before myself.

Athen. It was, indeed,
The fairest that I ever saw.

Theod. It was?
And it had Virtues in it, my *Eudoxia*,
Not visible to the Eye.

Athen. It may be so, Sir,

Theod. What did you with it,—tell me punctually;
I look for a strict Account.

Athen. What shall I answer?

Theod. Do you stagger? Ha!

Athen. No, Sir, I have eaten it.
It had the pleasant Taste. I wonder that
You found it not in my Breath.

Theod. I'faith I did not,
And it was wond'rous strange.

Athen. Pray you, try again.

Theod. I find no Scent of't here. You play with me,
You have it still?

Athen. By your sacred Life, and Fortune,
An Oath I dare not break, I've eaten it.

Theod. Do you know how this Oath binds?

Athen. Too well, to break it.

Theod. That ever Man to please his brutish Sense
Should slave his Understanding to his Passions,
And, taken with soon fading White and Red
Deliver up his credulous Ears to hear
The Magick of a *Syren*, and from these
Believe there ever was, is, or can be
More than a seeming Honesty in bad Woman,

Athen. This is strange Language, Sir.

Theod. Who waits? Come all.

—Nay, Sister not so near; being of the Sex,
I fear you are infected to,

Pulch. What mean you?

Theod. To show you a Miracle, a Prodigy
Which *Afric* never equal'd:—Can you think⁴
This Master-piece of Heaven, this precious Vellam,
Of such a Purity, and Virgin Whiteness,
Could be design'd to have Perjury, and Whoredom
In Capital Letters writ upon't?

Pulch. Dear Sir,

Theod. Nay, add to this, an Impudence beyond
All prostituted Boldness. Art not dead, yet?
Will not the Tempests in thy Conscience rend thee
As small as Atoms? That there may no Sign
Be left, thou ever wert so? Wilt thou live
'Till thou art blasted with the dreadful Lightning
Of pregnant and unanswerable Proofs,

⁴ ————— *Can you think*
This Master-piece of Heaven, &c.

Thus in *Othello*.

Was this fair Paper, this most goodly Book
Made to write Whore upon?

Act 4. Scene 9.

Of thy adulterous twines? Die yet, that I
With my Honour may conceal it.

Athen. Would, long since,
The *Gorgon* of your Rage had turn'd me Marble,
Or, if I have offended——

Theod. If!—good Angels!—
But I am tame. Look on this dumb Accuser.

[*Shewing the Apple.*

Athen. Oh, I am lost!

[*Aside.*

Theod. Did ever Cormorant
Swallow his Prey and then digest it whole,
As she hath done this Apple? *Philanax*,
As 'tis, from me presented it. The good Lady
Swore she had eaten it; yet, I know not how,
It came intire unto *Paulinus*' Hands,
And I from him receiv'd it; sent in Scorn
Upon my Life, to give me a close Touch,
That he was weary of thee. Was there nothing
Left thee to see him, to give Satisfaction
To thy insatiate Lust, but what was sent
As a dear Favour from me? How have I sin'd
In my Dotage on this Creature? But to her
I've liv'd, as I was born, a perfect Virgin.
Nay, more, I thought it not enough to be
True to her Bed, but that I must feed high,
To strengthen my Abilities to cloy
Her rav'nous Appetite, little suspecting
She would desire a Change.

Athen. I never did, Sir.

Theod. Be dumb; I will not waste my Breath in taxing
Thy base Ingratitude. How I have rais'd thee,
Will by the World be, to thy Shame, spoke often.
But for that Ribawd, who held in my Empire
The next Place to myself, so bound unto me
By all the Ties of Duty, and Allegiance
He shall pay dear for't, and feel what it is
In a Wrong of such high Consequence to pull down,
His Lord's slow Anger on him. *Philanax*,
He's troubl'd with the Gout; let him be cur'd

With

With a violent Death, and in the other World,
Thank his Physician.

Pbila. His Cause unheard, Sir?

Pulch. Take Heed of Rashness.

Theod. Is what I command,
To be disputed?

Pbila. Your Will shall be done, Sir:
But that I am the Instrument——

Theod. Do you murmur?

[*Exit Philanax with the Guard.*]

What couldst thou say, if that my Licence should
Give Liberty to thy Tongue? Thou would'st die? I am
not [*Athenais kneeling, points to Theodosius Sword.*]
So to be reconcil'd.—See me no more:

The Sting of Conscience ever gnawing on thee,
A long Life be thy Punishment. [*Exit Theodosius.*]

Flac. O sweet Lady.

How I could weep for her!

Arcad. Speak, dear Madam, speak.

Your Tongue, as you are a Woman, while you live,
Should be ever moving; at the least, the last Part
That stirs about you.

Pulch. Though I should, sad Lady,
In Policy rejoice, you as a Rival
Of my Greatness are remov'd, Compassion,
Since I believe you innocent, commands me
To mourn your Fortune; credit me I will urge
All Arguments I can alledge that may
Appease the Emperor's Fury.

Arcad. I will grow too,
Unto my Knees, unless he bid me rise,
And swear he will forgive you.

Flac. And repent too:
All this Pother for an Apple?

[*Exeunt Pulcheria, Arcadia, Flaccilla.*]

Cbryf. Hope, dear Madam,
And yield not to Despair. I'm still your Servant,
And never will forsake you; though a while
You leave the Court, and City, and give Way

To th' violent Passions of the Emperor.
 Repentance in his Want of you will soon find him.
 In the mean Time I'll dispose of you, and omit
 No Opportunity that may invite him
 To see his Error.

Athen. Oh!

[*Wringing her Hands.*

Cbryf. Forbear, for Heav'n's Sake:

The End of the Fourth Act.

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

Philanax, Paulinus, Guard, Executioners.

Paul. **T**HIS is most barbarous! how have you lost
 All Feeling of Humanity, as Honour,
 In your Consent alone, to have me us'd thus?
 But to be, as you are a Looker on,
 Nay, more, a principal Actor in't (the Softness
 Of your former Life consider'd) almost turns me
 Into a senseless Statue.

Phila. Would, long since,
 Death, by some other Means, had made you one,
 That you might be less sensible of what
 You have, or are to suffer.

Paul. Am to suffer?

Let such, whose Happiness, and Heaven, depend
 Upon their present Being, fear to part with
 A Fort, they cannot long hold; mine to me is
 A Charge that I am weary of, all Defences
 By Pain, and Sicknes batter'd;—yet, take heed,
 Take heed, Lord *Philanax*, that, for private Spleen,
 Or any false conceived Grudge against me,
 (Since in one Thought of Wrong to you, I am
 Sincerely innocent) you do not that
 My Royal Master must in Justice punish,

If you pass to your own Heart thorough mine,
The Murder, as it will come out, discover'd.

Pbila. I murder you, my Lord? Heav'n witness for me
With the restoring of your Health, I wish you
Long Life, and Happiness: For myself, I am
Compell'd to put in Execution that
Which I would fly from; 'tis the Emperor,
The high incens'd Emperor's Will commands
What I must see perform'd.

Paul. The Emperor?

Goodness, and Innocence guard me! Wheels, nor Racks
Can force into my Memory, the Remembrance
Of the least Shadow of Offence, with which
I ever did provoke him; though belov'd,
(And yet the People's Love is short, and fatal)
I never courted popular Applause;
Feasted the Men of Action, or labour'd
By prodigal Gifts to draw the needy Soldier,
The Tribunes, or Centurions to a Faction,
Of which I would rise up the Head against him.
I hold no Place of Strength, Fortrefs or Castle
In my Command, that can give Sanctuary
To Mal-contents, or countenance Rebellion.
I've built no Palaces to face the Court,
Nor do my Follower's Bravery shame his Train;
And, though I cannot blame my Fate for Want,
My competent Means of Life deserves no Envy.
In what, then, am I dangerous?

Pbila. His Displeasure
Reflects on none of those Particulars
Which you have mention'd, though some jealous Princes
In a Subject cannot brook 'em.

Paul. None of these?
In what, then, am I worthy his Suspicion?
But it may, nay it must be, some Informer,
To whom my Innocence appear'd a Crime,
Hath poison'd his late good Opinion of me.
'Tis not to die, but, in the Censure of
So good a Master, guilty, that afflicts me.

Pbila.

Pbila. There is no Remedy.

Paul. No?—I have a Friend, yet,
 Could the Strictness of your Warrant give way to it,
 To whom the State I stand in now deliver'd,
 That by fair Intercession for me would
 So far prevail, that, my Defence unheard,
 I should not, innocent or guilty, suffer,
 Without a fit Distinction.

Pbila. These false Hopes,
 My Lord, abuse you. What Man, when condemn'd,
 Did ever find a Friend? or who dares lend
 An Eye of Pity to that Star-cross'd Subject
 On whom his Sovereign frowns?

Paul. She that dares plead
 For Innocence without a Fee; the Empress,
 My great and gracious Mistress.

Pbila. There's your Error.
 Her many Favours, which you hop'd should make you
 Prove your Undoing. She, poor Lady, is
 Banish'd for ever from the Emperor's Presence,
 And his confirm'd Suspicion, to his Wrong,
 That you have been over-familiar with her,
 Dooms you to Death. I know you understand me.

Paul. Over-familiar?

Pbila. In sharing with him
 Those sweet and secret Pleasures of his Bed,
 Which can admit no Partner.

Paul. And is that
 The Crime for which I am to die? Of all
 My num'rous Sins, was there not one of Weight
 Enough to sink me, if he borrow'd not
 The Colour of a Guilt I never saw,
 To paint my Innocence in a deform'd
 And monstrous Shape? But that it were prophane
 To argue Heav'n of Ignorance, or Injustice,
 I now should tax it. Had the Stars that reign'd
 At my Nativity such cursed Influence,
 As not alone to make me miserable,
 But, in the Neighbourhood of her Goodness to me,

To force Contagion upon a Lady,
 Whose purer Flames were not inferior
 To theirs, when they shine brightest? To die for her,
 Compar'd with what she suffers, is a Trifle.
 By her Example warn'd, let all great Women
 Hereafter throw Pride and Contempt on such
 As truly serve 'em, since a Retribution
 In lawful Courtesies, is now stil'd Lust,
 And to be thankful to a Servant's Merits
 Is grown a Vice, no Virtue.

Pbila. These Complaints
 Are to no Purpose: Think on the long Flight
 Your better Part must make.

Paul. She is prepar'd:
 Nor can the freeing of an Innocent
 From the Emperor's furious Jealousy hinder her.
 It shall out, 'tis resolv'd, but to be whisper'd
 To you alone. What a solemn Preparation
 Is made here to put forth an Inch of Taper
 In itself almost extinguish'd? Mortal Poison?
 The Hangman's Sword, the Haltar?

Pbila. 'Tis left to you
 To make Choice of which you please.

Paul. Any will serve
 To take away my Gout and Life together.
 I would not have the Emperor imitate
 Rome's Monster, *Nero*, in that cruel Mercy
 He shew'd to *Seneca*. When you have discharg'd
 What you are trusted with, and I have giv'n you
 Reasons beyond all Doubt or Disputation,
 Of the Empress's and my Innocence; when I am dead,
 (Since 'tis my Master's Pleasure, and High Treason
 In you not to obey it) I conjure you,
 By the Hopes you have of Happiness hereafter,
 Since mine in this World are now parting from me,
 That you would win the young Man to Repentance
 Of the Wrong done to his chaste Wife *Eudoxia*;
 And if perchance he shed a Tear for what

In his Rashness he impos'd on his true Servant,
 So it cure him of future Jealousy,
 'Twill prove a precious Balfam, and find me
 When I am in my Grave.—Now, when you please,
 For I am ready.

Pbila. His Words work strangely on me,
 And I would do — but I know not what to think on't.

[*Exeunt.*]

S C E N E II.

*Pulberia, Flaccilla, Arcadia, Timantus, Gratianus,
 Chryfapius.*

Pulch. Still in his fullen Mood? No Intermiffion
 Of his melancholy Fit?

Timan. It rather, Madam,
 Increases, than grows less.

Grat. In the next Room
 To his Bed-Chamber, we watch'd; for he by Signs
 Gave us to understand, he would admit
 Nor Company, nor Conference.

Pulch. Did he take
 No Rest, as you could guess?

Chryf. Not any, Madam;
 Like a *Numidian* Lion, by the Cunning
 Of the desp'rate Huntsman, taken in a Toil,
 And forc'd into a spacious Cage, he walks
 About his Chamber, we might hear him gnash
 His Teeth in Rage; which open'd, hollow Groans
 And Murmurs issu'd from his Lips, like Winds
 Imprison'd in the Caverns of the Earth
 Striving for Liberty; and sometimes throwing
 His Body on his Bed, then on the Ground,
 And with such Violence, that we more than fear'd
 And still do, if the Tempest of his Passions
 By your Wisdom be not laid, he will commit
 Some Outrage on himself.

Pulch. His better Angel,

I hope,

I hope, will stay him from so foul a Mischief;
Nor shall my Care be wanting.

Timan. Twice I heard him

Say, False *Eudoxia!* how much art thou
Unworthy of these Tears! Then sigh'd, and straight
Roard out, *Paulinus!* was his gouty Age
To be prefer'd before my Strength and Youth?
Then groan'd again, so many Ways expressing
Th' Afflictions of a tortur'd Soul, that we,
Who wept in vain for what we could not help,
Were Sharers in his Suff'rings.

Pulch. Though your Sorrow

Is not to be condemn'd, it takes not from
The Burthen of his Miseries. We must practise
With some fresh Object to divert his Thoughts
From that they're wholly fix'd on.

Chryf. Could I gain

The Freedom of Access, I would present him

[*A Paper deliver'd.*

With this Petition. Will your Highness please
To look upon it: You will soon find there
What my Intents and Hopes are.

Enter Theodosius.

Grat. Ha! 'tis he.

Pulch. Stand close,

And give way to his Passions: 'tis not safe
To stop them in their violent Course, before
They've spent themselves.

Theod. I play the Fool, and am

Unequal to myself; Delinquents are
To suffer, not the Innocent. I have done
Nothing, which will not hold Weight in the Scale
Of my impartial Justice; neither feel
The Worm of Conscience upbraiding me
With one black Deed of Tyranny; wherefore, then,
Should I torment myself? Great *Julius* would not

Rest

Rest satisfy'd that his Wife was free from Fact,
 But, only for Suspicion of a Crime,
 Su'd a Divorce; nor was this *Roman* Rigour
 Censur'd as cruel: And still the wise *Italian*,
 That knows the Honour of his Family
 Depends upon the Purity of his Bed
 For a Kiss, nay, wanton Look, will plough up Mischief,
 And sow the Seeds of his Revenge in Blood.
 And shall I, to whose Power the Law's a Servant,
 That stands accomptable to none, for what
 My Will calls an Offence, being compell'd,
 And on such Grounds to raise an Altar to
 My Anger; though, I grant, 'tis cemented
 With a loose Strumpet's and Adulterer's Gore,
 Repent the Justice of my Fury? No,
 I should not: Yet still my Excess of Love,
 Fed high in the Remembrance of her choice
 And sweet Embraces, would persuade me that
 Connivance, or Remission of her Fault,
 Made warrantable by her true Submission
 For her Offence, might be excusable,
 Did not the Cruelty of my wounded Honour
 With an open Mouth deny it.

Pulch. I approve of
 Your good Intention, and I hope 'twill prosper.

[*To Chryfapius.*

—He now seems calm. Let us upon our Knees
 Encompass him. Most Royal Sir —

Flac. Sweet Brother —

Arcad. As you're our Sovereign, by the Ties of Nature
 You're bound to be a Father in your Care
 To us poor Orphans.

Timant. Shew Compassion, Sir,
 Unto yourself.

Grat. The Majesty of your Fortune
 Should fly above the Reach of Grief.

Chryf. And 'tis
 Impair'd, if you yield to it.

Theod. Wherefore pay you ⁶

This Adoration to a sinful Creature ?

I'm Flesh and Blood, as you are ; sensible

Of Heat and Cold ; as much a Slave unto

The Tyranny of my Passions, as the meanest

Of my poor Subjects. The proud Attributes

(By oil-tongu'd Flattery impos'd upon us)

As Sacred, Glorious, High, Invincible,

The Deputy of Heaven, and in that

Omnipotent, with all false Titles else

Coin'd to abuse our Frailty, though compounded,

And by the Breath of Sycophants apply'd,

Cure not the least Fit of an Ague in us.

We may give poor Men Riches ; confer Honours

On Undeservers ; raise, or ruin such

As are beneath us, and, with this puff'd up,

Ambition would persuade us to forget

That we are Men : But He that sits above us,

⁶ *Wherefore pay you*

This Adoration to a sinful Creature ?

These Reflections are very beautiful and just. In *Shakespear* we have many of the like Kind, thus in *Richard II.* the unfortunate King says,

————— Within the hollow Crown

That rounds the mortal Temples of a King,

Keeps Death his Court. And there the Antic sits,

Scoffing his State, and grinning at his Pomp ;

Allowing him a Breath, a little Scene

To monarchize, be fear'd, and kill with Looks :

Infusing him with self and vain Conceit,

As if this Flesh which walls about our Life,

Were Brass impregnable : And humour'd thus,

Comes at the last, and with a little Pin

Bores through his Castle Walls, and farewell King !

Cover your Heads, and mock not Flesh and Blood

With solemn Rev'rence : Throw away Respect,

Tradition, Form, and ceremonious Duty ;

For you have but mistook me all this while :

I live on Bread like you ; feel Want like you ;

Taste Grief, want Friends like you : Subjected thus,

How can you say to me, I am a King ?

Act IV. Scene 4.

And

And to whom, at our utmost Rate, we are
 But Pageant Properties, derides our Weakness.
 In me, to whom you kneel, 'tis most apparent.
 Can I call back Yesterday, with all their Aids
 That bow unto my Scepter? Or restore
 My Mind to that Tranquillity and Peace
 It then enjoy'd?—Can it make *Eudoxia* chaste?
 Or vile *Paulinus* honest?

Pulch. If I might,
 Without Offence, deliver my Opinion ——

Theod. What would you say?

Pulch. That, on my Soul, the Empress
 Is innocent.

Cbryf. The good *Paulinus* guiltless.

Grat. And this should yield you Comfort.

Theod. In being guilty
 Of an Offence, far, far transcending that
 They stand condemn'd for. Call you this a Comfort,
 Suppose it could be true? A Corrosive rather;
 Not to eat our dead Flesh, but putrify
 What yet is found. Was Murder ever held
 A Cure for Jealousy? or the crying Blood
 Of Innocence, a Balm to take away
 Her fest'ring Anguish?—As you do desire
 I should not do a Justice on myself,
 Add to the Proofs by which *Paulinus* fell,
 And not take from 'em; in your Charity
 Sooner believe that they were false, than I
 Unrighteous in my Judgment? Subjects Lives
 Are not their Prince's Tennis-Balls to be bandy'd
 In Sport away. All that I can endure
 For them, if they were Guilty, is an Atom
 To the Mountain of Affliction I pull'd on me,
 Should they prove innocent.

Cbryf. For your Majesty's Peace
 I more than hope they were not. The false Oath
 Took by the Empress, and for which she can
 Plead no Excuse, convicted her, and yields
 A sure Defence for your Suspicion of her.

And yet, to be resolv'd, since strong Doubts are
More grievous, for the most Part, than to know
A certain Loss.—

Theod. 'Tis true, *Chryfapius* ;
Were there a possible Means.

Chryf. 'Tis offer'd to you,
If you please to embrace it. Some few Minutes
Make Truce with Passion ; and but read, and follow
What's there projected, you shall find a Key
Will make your Entrance easy to discover
Her secret Thoughts ; and then, as in your Wisdom
You shall think fit, you may determine of her,
And rest confirm'd, whether *Paulinus* died
A Villain, or a Martyr.

Theod. It may do ;
Nay, sure it must : Yet, howsoever it fall,
I am most wretched ; which Way in my Wishes
I should fashion the Event, I'm so distracted
I cannot yet resolve of.—Follow me ;
Though in my Name, all Names are comprehended,
I must have Witnesse, in what Degree
I have done Wrong, or suffer'd.

Pulch. Hope the best, Sir.

[*Exeunt.*

SCENE III.

A sad Song. Athenais in Sack-cloth ; her Hair loose.

Athen. *WHY* art thou slow, thou Rest of Trouble,
Death,
To stop a Wretch's Breath,
That calls on thee, and offers her sad Heart
A Prey unto thy Dart ?
I am nor young, nor fair ; be, therefore, bold.
Sorrow hath made me old,
Deform'd, and wrinkled ; all that I can crave,
Is Quiet in my Grave.
Such as live happy, hold Long Life a Jewel ;
But to me thou art cruel ;

If

*If thou end not my tedious Misery,
And I soon cease to be.
Strike, and strike home, then; Pity unto me,
In one short Hour's Delay is Tyranny.*

Thus, like a dying Swan, to a sad Tune
I sing my own Dirge; would a Requiem follow,
Which in my Penitence I despair not of,
(This brittle Glass of Life already broken
With Misery) the long and quiet Sleep
Of Death would be most welcome.—Yet, before
We end our Pilgrimage, 'tis fit that we
Should leave Corruption, and foul Sins behind us.
But with wash'd Feet, and Hands, the Heathens dare not
Enter their prophane Temples; and for me
To hope my Passage to Eternity
Can be made easy, 'till I have shook off
The Burthen of my Sins in free Confession,
Aided with Sorrow, and Repentance for 'em,
Is against Reason. 'Tis not laying by
My royal Ornaments, or putting on
This Garment of Humility and Contrition;
The throwing Dust and Ashes on my Head;
Long Fasts to tame my proud Flesh, that can make
Attonement for my Soul; that must be humbled,
All outward Signs of Penitence, else, are useless.
Chrysapius did assure me, he would bring me
A holy Man, from whom (having discover'd
My secret, crying Sins) I might receive
Full Absolution.—And he keeps his Word.

Enter Theodosius, like a Friar, with Chrysapius.

Welcome, most Reverend Sir! upon my Knees
I entertain you,

Theod. Noble Sir, forbear
The Place; The sacred Office that I come for
[*Exit Chrysapius.*
Commands all Privacy.—My penitent Daughter,

Be careful, as you wish Remission from me,
That, in Confession of your Sins, you hide not
One Crime, whose pond'rous Weight, when you would
make

Your Flights above the Firmament, may sink you.

A foolish Modesty in concealing aught

Is now far worse than Impudence to profess,

And justify your Guilt; be, therefore, free:

So may the Gates of Mercy open to you.

Athen. First then, I ask a Pardon, for my being
Ingrateful to Heav'n's Bounty.

Theod. A good Entrance.

Athen. Greatness comes from Above; and I, rais'd
to it

From a low Condition, sinfully forgot

From whence it came, and, looking on myself

In the false Glass of Flattery, I receiv'd it

As a Debt due to my Beauty, not a Gift

Or Favour from the Emperor.

Theod. 'Twas not well.

Athen. Pride waited on Unthankfulness, and no more

Rememb'ring the Compassion of the Princess,

And the Means she us'd to make me what I was,

Contested with her, and with fore Eyes seeing

Her greater Light, as it dimm'd mine, I practis'd

To have it quite put out.

Theod. A great Offence;

But, on Repentance, not unpardonable.

Forward.

Athen. O Father!—what I now must utter,

I fear, in the Delivery will destroy me,

Before you have absolv'd me.

Theod. Heav'n is gracious,

Out with it.

Athen. Heav'n commands us to tell Truth.

Yet I, most sinful Wretch—forswore myself.

Theod. On what Occasion?

Athen. Quite forgetting that

An innocent Truth can never stand in need

Of a guilty Lie, being on the sudden ask'd
 By the Emperor, my Husband, for an Apple
 Presented by him, I swore I had eaten it;
 When my griev'd Conscience too well knows, I sent it
 To comfort sick *Paulinus*, being a Man,
 I truly lov'd and favour'd.

Theod. A cold Sweat,
 Like the Juice of Hemlock, bathes me. [*Aside.*

Athen. And from this
 A furious Jealousy getting Possession
 Of the good Emperor's Heart, in his Rage he doom'd
 The innocent Lord to die, my Perjury
 The fatal Cause of Murder.

Theod. Take heed, Daughter,
 You niggle not with your Conscience, and Religion, ?
 In stiling him an Innocent from your Fear,
 And Shame to accuse yourself. The Emperor
 Had many Spies upon you, saw such Graces,
 Which Virtue could not warrant, show'd upon him ;
 Glances in publick, and more liberal Favours
 In your private Chamber-meetings, making Way
 For foul Adultery ; nor could he be
 But sensible of the Compact pass'd between you,
 To the Ruin of his Honour.

Athen. Hear me, Father ;
 I look'd for Comfort ; but, in this, you come
 To add to my Afflictions.

Theod. Cause not you
 Your own Damnation, in concealing that
 Which may, in your Discovery, find Forgiveness.
 Open your Eyes ; set Heaven, or Hell, before you,
 In the revealing of the Truth, you shall
 Prepare a Palace for your Soul to dwell in,
 Stor'd with Celestial Blessings ; whereas, if

7 *Theod. Take Heed, Daughter,
 You niggle not with your Conscience, and Religion.*

The Word *niggle* I cannot find in any Dictionary, I am apt to think it ought to be *Nisfe*, which signifies a Trifle, a Thing of little or no Value.

You palliate your Crime, and dare beyond,
 Playing with Lightning, in concealing it,
 Expect a dreadful Dungeon, fill'd with Horror,
 And never-ending Torments.

Athen. May they fall

Eternally upon me, and increase,
 When that which we call Time hath lost its Name!
 May Lightning cleave the Centre of the Earth,
 And I sink quick, before you have absolv'd me,
 Into the bottomless Abyfs, if ever
 In one unchaste Desire, nay, in a Thought
 I wrong'd the Honour of the Emperor's Bed.
 I do deserve, I grant more, than I suffer,
 In that, my Fervor and Desire to please him,
 In my holy Meditations, preis'd upon me,
 And would not be kept out, now to dissemble
 (When I shall suddenly be insensible
 Of what the World speaks of me) were mere Madness:
 And, though you are incredulous, I presume,
 If, as I kneel now; my Eyes swol'n with Tears,
 My Hands heav'd up thus, my stretch'd Heart-strings
 ready

To break asunder, my incens'd Lord
 (His Storm of Jealousy blown o'er) should hear me,
 He would believe I lied not.

Theod. Rise, and see him, *[Discovers himself.]*

On his Knees, with Joy affirm it.

Athen. Can this be?

Theod. My Sisters, and the rest there,—all bear Wit-
 nefs.

Enter Pulcheria, Arcadia, Flaccilla, Chryfapius, Gra-
 tianus, Timantus, Philanax.

In freeing this incomparable Lady
 From the Suspicion of Guilt, I do
 Accuse myself, and willingly submit
 To any Penance, she in Justice shall
 Please to impose upon me.

Athen.

Athen. Royal Sir,
Your ill Opinion of me's soon forgiven.

Pulch. But how you can make Satisfaction to
The poor *Paulinus*, he being dead, in Reason
You must conclude impossible.

Theod. And in that
I am most miserable: The Ocean
Of Joy, which in your Innocence flow'd high to me,
Ebbs in the Thought of my unjust Command,
By which he died. O *Philanax* (as thy Name
Interpreted speaks thee) thou hast ever been
A Lover of the King, and thy whole Life
Can witness thy Obedience to my Will,
In putting that in Execution, which
Was trusted to thee; say but, yet, this once,
Thou hast not done what rashly I commanded,
And that *Paulinus* lives, and thy Reward,
For not performing that which I enjoin'd thee,
Shall centuple whatever yet thy Duty,
Or Merit, challeng'd from me.

Pbila. 'Tis too late, Sir.
He's dead; and, when you know he was unable
To wrong you, in the Way that you suspected,
You'll wish it had been otherwise.

Theod. Unable?

Pbila. I am sure he was an Eunuch, and might safely
Lie by a Virgin's Side; at four Years made one;
Though, to hold Grace with Ladies, he conceal'd it.
—The Circumstances, and the Manner how,
You may hear at better Leisure.

Theod. How! an Eunuch?
The more the Proofs are, that are brought to clear thee,
My best *Eudoxia*, the more my Sorrows.

Athen. That I am innocent?

Theod. That I am guilty
Of Murther, my *Eudoxia*. I will build
A glorious Monument to his Memory;
And, for my Punishment, live and die upon it,
And never more converse with Men.

Enter

Enter Paulinus.

Paul. Live long, Sir!
May I do so to serve you! and, if that
I live does not displease you, you owe for it
To this good Lord.

Theod. Myself, and all that's mine.—

Pbila. Your Pardon is a Payment.

Theod. I am rap'd
With Joy beyond myself. Now, my *Eudoxia*,
My Jealousy puff'd away thus, in this Breath
I scent the natural Sweetness. [*Kisses her.*]

Arcad. Sacred Sir,
I'm happy to behold this, and presume,
Now you are pleas'd, to move a Suit, in which
My Sister is join'd with me.

Theod. Pr'ythee, speak it;
For I have vow'd to hear before I grant;
I thank your good Instructions. [*To Pulcheria.*]

Arcad. 'Tis but this, Sir.
We have observ'd the falling out, and in,
Between the Husband and the Wife shews rarely;
Their Jars and Reconcilements strangely take us.

Flac. Anger and Jealousy that conclude in Kisses
Is a sweet War, in sooth.

Arcad. We therefore, Brother,
Most humbly beg you would provide us Husbands,
That we may taste the Pleasure of't.

Flac. And with Speed, Sir;
For so your Favour's doubled.

Theod. Take my Word,
I will with all Convenience; and not blush
Hereafter to be guided by your Counsels:
I will deserve your Pardon. *Philanax*
Shall be remember'd, and magnificent Bounties
Fall on *Chrysapius*: My Grace on all.

Let

Let *Cleon* be deliver'd and rewarded.
My Grace on all, which as I lend to you,
Return your Vows to Heaven, that it may please
(As it is gracious) to quench in me
All future Sparks of burning Jealousy.

F I N I S.



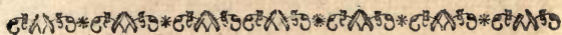
EPILOGUE.

E P I L O G U E.

WE've Reason to be doubtful, whether he,
 On whom (forc'd to it by Necessity)
 The Maker did confer his Emperor's Part,
 Hath giv'n you Satisfaction, in his Art
 Of Action and Delivery; 'tis sure Truth
 The Burden was too heavy for his Youth^{*}
 To undergo.—But in his Will, we know,
 He was not wanting, and shall ever owe,
 With his, our Service, if your Favours deign
 To give him Strength, hereafter to sustain
 A greater Weight. It is your Grace that can
 In your Allowance of this, write him Man
 Before his Time: which if you please to do,
 You make the Player and the Poet too.

^{*} *The Burden was too heavy for his Youth.*

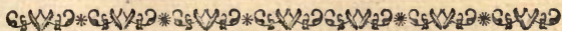
The Intent of this Epilogue is to apologize for some young Actor who performed the Part of the *Emperor*, and of whose Abilities they were something doubtful.



T H E
M A I D of H O N O U R.
A
T R A G I - C O M E D Y.

As it hath been often presented with good Allow-
ance at the *Phœnix* in *Drury-Lane*, by the Queen's
Majesty's Servants. 1632.

W R I T T E N
By P H I L I P M A S S I N G E R.



THE HISTORY OF THE

REIGN OF

MAJESTY

TRAGEDY

AS WRITTEN BY THE GREAT

BY PHILIP MASSINGER

AND



To my most honour'd Friends, Sir FRANCIS
FOLIAMBE, Knt. and Bart. and to Sir
THOMAS BLAND, Knt.

THAT you have been and continued so for many
Years, since you vouchsafed to own me Patrons
to me and my despised Studies, I cannot but with
all humble Thankfulness acknowledge: And liv-
ing, as you have done, inseparable in your Friendship (not-
withstanding all Differences, and Suits in Law arising be-
tween you) I held it as impertinent, as absurd, in the Pre-
sentment of my Service in this Kind, to divide you. A free
Confession of a Debt in a meaner Man, is the amplest Satis-
faction to his Superiors, and I heartily Wish, that the World
may take Notice, and from myself, that I had not to this
Time subsisted, but that I was supported by your frequent
Courtesies, and Favours. When your more serious Occa-
sions will give you Leave, you may please to peruse this Tri-
fle, and peradventure find something in it that may appear
worthy of your Protection. Receive it, I beseech you, as a
Testimony of his Duty, who, while he lives, resolves to be

Truly and sincerely devoted to your Service,

PHILIP MASSINGER.

Dramatis

Dramatis Personæ.

ROBERTO, King of *Sicily*.

FERDINAND, Duke of *Urbino*.

BERTOLDO, the King's natural Brother, a Knight of *Malta*.

GONZAGA, a Knight of *Malta*, General to the Dutchess of *Siena*.

ASTUTIO, a Counsellor of State.

FULGENTIO, the Minion of *Roberto*.

ADORNI, a Follower of *Camiola's* Father.

AMBASSADOR, from the Duke of *Urbino*.

SIGNIOR SYLLI, a foolish Self-lover.

ANTHONIO, } Two rich Heirs, City-bred.

GASPARO, }

PIERIO, a Colonel to *Gonzaga*.

RODERIGO, } Captains to *Gonzaga*.

IACOMO, }

DRUSO, } Captains to Duke *Ferdinand*.

LIVIO, }

PAULO, a Priest, *Camiola's* Confessor.

AURELIA, Dutchess of *Siena*.

CAMIOLA, the Maid of Honour.

CLARINDA, her Woman.

Scout, Soldiers, Servants, Gaojer, Dwarf, Mutes.



THE

MAID of HONOUR.

ACT I. SCENE I.

The Prefence Chamber.

Astutio, Adorni.

Adorni.

GOOD Day to your Lordship!

Astutio. Thanks, *Adorni.*

Adorni. May I presume to ask if the Ambassador

Employ'd by *Ferdinand*, the Duke of *Urbino*,
Hath Audience this Morning?

Enter Fulgentio.

Astutio. 'Tis uncertain,
For, though a Counsellor of State, I am not
Of the Cabinet Counsel. But there's one, if he please,
That may resolve you.

Adorni. I will move him Sir.

Fulgen. If you've a Suit, shew Water, I am blind, else.

Adorni. A Suit, yet of a Nature, not to prove
The Quarry that you hawk for: If your Words
Are not like *Indian Wares*, and every Scruple,
To be weigh'd and rated, one poor Syllable,
Vouchsaf'd in Answer of a fair Demand,
Cannot deserve a Fee.

Fulgen. It seems you're ignorant;
I neither speak, nor hold my Peace, for nothing:
And yet, for once, I care not if I answer
One single Question, *gratis*.

Adorni. I much thank you:
Hath the Ambassador Audience, Sir, To-day?

Fulgen. Yes.

Adorni. At what Hour?

Fulgen. I promis'd not so much.
A Syllable you begg'd; my Charity gave it.
Move me no further.

[*Exit Fulgentio.*]

Astutio. This you wonder at?
With me, 'tis usual.

Adorni. Pray you, Sir, what is he?

Astutio. A Gentleman, yet no Lord. He hath some
Drops

Of the King's Blood running in his Veins, deriv'd
Some ten Degrees off. His Revenue lies
In a narrow Compass; the King's Ear; and yields him
Every Hour a fruitful Harvest: Men may talk
Of three Crops in a Year in the *Fortunate Islands*.
Or Profit made by Wool: But, while there are Suitors,
His Sheep-sheering, nay, shaving to the quick
Is in every Quarter of the Moon, and constant
In the Time of trussing a Point, he can undo,
Or make a Man. His Play or Recreation
Is to raise this up, or pull down that; and, though
He never yet took Orders, makes more Bishops
In *Sicily*, than the Pope himself.

Enter Bertoldo, Gasparo, Anthonio, a Servant.

Adorni. Most strange!

Astutio. The Presence fills. He in the *Malta Habit*
Is the natural Brother of the King—a By-blow.

Adorni. I understand you.

Gasp. 'Mortow to my Uncle.

Anth. And my late Guardian. But at length I have
The Reigns in my own Hands.

Astutio.

Astutio. Pray you use 'em well,
Or you'll too late repent it.

Bert. With this Jewel
Presented to *Camiola*, prepare
This Night a Visit for me. I shall have [*Exit Servant.*
Your Company, Gallants, I perceive, if that
The King will hear of War.

Anth. Sir, I have Horses
Of the best Breed in *Naples*, fitter far
To break a Rank, then crack a Lance, and are
In their Career of such incredible Swiftnes.
They out-strip Swallows.

Bert. And such may be useful
To run away with, should we be defeated.
You're well provided, Signior?

Anth. Sir, excuse me.
All of their Race by Instinct know a Coward,
And scorn the Burthen. They come on like Lightning;
Founder'd in a Retreat.

Bert. By no means back 'em;
Unless you know your Courage sympathize
With the daring of your Horse.

Anth. My Lord, this is bitter.

Gasp. I will raise me a Company of Foot;
And, when at push of Pike I am to enter
A Breach, to shew my Valour, I have brought me
An Armour Cannon-proof.

Bert. You will not leap, then,
O'er an Out-work in your Shirt?

Gasp. I do not like
Activity that Way.

Bert. You had rather stand
A Mark to try their Muskets on?

Gasp. If I do
No Good, I'll do no Hurt.

Bert. 'Tis in you, Signior,
A Christian Resolution, and becomes you;
But I will not discourage you.

Antb. You are, Sir,
A Knight of *Malta*, and, as I have heard,
Have serv'd against the *Turk*.

Bert. 'Tis true.

Antb. Pray you, shew us
The Difference between the City-Valour,
And Service in the Field.

Bert. 'Tis somewhat more
Then roaring in a Tavern, or a Brothel,
Or to steal a Lanthorn from a sleeping Watch;
Then burn their Halberts; or, safe-guarded by
Your Tenant's Son's, to carry away a Maypole
From a Neighbour-Village. You will not find, there,
Your Masters of Dependencies to take up
A drunken Brawl, or, to get you the Names
Of valiant Chevaliers, Fellows that will be,
For a Cloak with thrice-dy'd Velvet, and a cast Suit,
Kick'd down the Stairs. A Knave with half a Breech,
there,

And no Shirt (being a Thing-superfluous,
And worn out of his Memory) if you bear not
Yourself both in, and upright with a provant Sword,
Will slash your Scarlets, and your Plush a new Way;
Or with the Hilts thunder about your Ears
Such Musick, as will make your Worships dance
To the doleful Tune of *Lachryma*,

Gasp. I must tell you,
In private, as you are my princely Friend,
I do not like such Fidlers.

Bert. No? They are useful
For your Imitation; I remember you,
When you came first to the Court, and talk'd of nothing
But your Rents, and your Entradas, 'ever chiming

The

* *Your Rents and your Entradas.*

Thus it stands in the old Copies, the Sense of which I take to be
Your Rents and your Comings in.

The

The Golden Bells in your Pockets, you believ'd
 The taking of the Wall, as a Tribute due to
 Your gaudy Cloaths; and could not walk at Midnight
 Without a causeless Quarrel, as if Men
 Of coarser Outfides were in Duty bound
 To suffer your Affronts: But, when you had been
 Cudgel'd well, twice or thrice, and from the Doctrine
 Made profitable Uses, you concluded
 The Sov'reign Means to teach irregular Heirs
 Civility, with Conformity of Manners,
 Were, two or three sound Beatings.

Antb. I confess

They did much Good upon me.

Gasp. And on me;—the Principles that they read were
 found

Bert. You'll find

The like Instructions in the Camp.

Astutia. The King——

A Flourish.

Enter Roberto, Fulgentio, Ambassador, *Attendants.*

Rober. We sit prepared to hear.

Ambass. Your Majesty
 Hath been long since familiar, I doubt not,
 With th' desp'rate Fortunes of my Lord; and Pity
 O' th' much that your Confederate hath suffer'd
 (You being his last Refuge) may persuade you
 Not alone to compassionate, but to lend
 Your Royal Aids, to stay him in his Fall
 To certain Ruin. He, too late, is conscious
 That his Ambition to encroach upon
 His Neighbour's Territories, with the Danger of

The Word *Entradas* I am apt to think is false, and that it ought to
 be *Intrado* from the *Spanish*, which signifies the coming-in, *i. e.* into
 any Place.

Thus *Shakespear* in *Henry 5th.*

What are thy Rents? What are thy Comings in?

His Liberty, nay, his Life, hath brought in Question
 His own Inheritance: But Youth and Heat
 Of Blood, in your Interpretation, may
 Both plead, and meditate for him. I must grant it
 An Error in him, being deny'd the Favours
 Of the fair Princess of *Siena* (though
 He sought her in a noble Way) t' endeavour
 To force Affection, by Surprisal of
 Her principal Seat, *Siena*.

Rober. Which now proves
 The Seat of his Captivity, not Triumph.
 Heav'n is still just.^a

Ambass. And yet that Justice is
 To be with Mercy temper'd, which Heav'n's Deputies

^a *Rober.* Heav'n is still just

Ambass. And yet that Justice is
 To be with Mercy temper'd.

This is a very beautiful Passage, and not less so for being borrowed from Religion. After the Ambassador of the Duke of *Urbino* had represented the Misfortunes of his Master, *Roberto* says, that *Heaven is still just*——“just in punishing the Ambitious.” The Ambassador answers, that “the Justice of Heaven is tempered with Mercy, which he, as Heaven's Deputy, stands bound to minister.” This is a fine Address to the King's Passions. He would represent the Mercy of Heaven as infinite, and extended to all in Distress: And how then can the King refuse Mercy, when the Deity has shewed his to all Men, even to the King himself? If this could not raise in him Sentiments of Compassion, yet surely the Thoughts of his being Heaven's Deputy should. He was obliged by his Office to shew Mercy as the Deity had done, and to relieve as many of the Miserable as he could, because Heaven had relieved all Men. *Shakespear* has very happily express'd this Thought in his *Measure for Measure*. *Angelo* says to *Isabella*

Your Brother is a Forfeit of the Law,
 And you but waste your Words.

Isab. Alas! alas!

Why, all the Souls that are, were forfeit once,
 And he that might the 'Vantage best have took,
 Found out the Remedy. How would you be,
 If he which is the top of Judgment, should
 But judge you as you are? Oh! think on that;
 And Mercy then will breathe within your Lips,
 Like Man new made.

Act 2. Scene 7.

Stand

Stand bound to minister. The injur'd Dutchesse
 By Reason taught, as Nature, could not, with
 The Reparation of her Wrongs, but aim at
 A brave Revenge; and my Lord feels too late
 That Innocence will find Friends. The great *Gonzaga*,
 The Honour of his Order—(I must praise
 Virtue, though in an Enemy) He whose Fights
 And Conquests hold one Number, rallying up
 Her scatter'd Troops, before we could get Time
 To victual, or to man the conquer'd City,
 Sat down before it; and, presuming that
 'Tis not to be reliev'd, admits no Parley,
 Our Flags of Truce hung out in vain: Nor will he
 Lend an Ear to Composition, but exacts
 With th' rend'ring up the Town, the Goods, and Lives
 Of all within the Walls, and of all Sexes
 To be at his Discretion.

Robert. Since Injustice

In your Duke meets this Correction, can you press us,
 With any seeming Argument of Reason,
 In foolish Pity to decline his Dangers,
 To draw 'em on Our Self? Shall We not be
 Warn'd by his Harms? The League, proclaim'd be-
 tween us,

Bound neither of us farther than to aid
 Each other, if by foreign Force invaded;
 And so far in my Honour I was ty'd.
 But, since, without our Counsel, or Allowance,
 He hath took Arms, with his good Leave, he must
 Excuse us, if we steer not on a Rock

We see, and may avoid. Let other Monarchs
 Contend to be made glorious by proud War,
 And with the Blood of their poor Subjects purchase
 Increase of Empire, and augment their Cares
 In keeping that which was by Wrongs extorted,
 Gilding unjust Invasions with the trim
 Of glorious Conquests; We, that would be known
 The Father of our People in our Study
 And Vigilance for their Safety, must not change

Their Plough-shares into Swords, and force them from
The secure Shade of their own Vines to be
Scorch'd with the Flames of War, or, for our Sport,
Expose their Lives to Ruin.

Ambass. Will you, then,

In his Extremity forsake your Friend?

Rober. No; but preserve Our Self.

Bert. Cannot the Beams
Of Honour thaw your icy Fears?

Rober. Who's that?

Bert. A kind of Brother, Sir; how'er, your Sub-
ject,

Your Father's Son, and one who blushes that
You are not Heir to his brave Spirit, and Vigour,
As to his Kingdom.

Rober. How's this?

Bert. Sir, to be

His living Chronicle, and to speak his Praise,
Cannot deserve your Anger.

Rober. Where's your Warrant
For this Presumption?

Bert. Here, Sir, in my Heart.

Let Sycophants, that feed upon your Favours,
Stile Coldness in you Caution, and prefer
Your Ease before your Honour; and conclude
To eat and sleep supinely, is the End
Of Human Blessings: I must tell you, Sir,
Virtue, if not in Action, is a Vice,³
And, when we move not forward, we go backward;

³ — I must tell you, Sir,

Virtue, if not in Action, is a Vice.

The Poets have many Passages similar to this. Thus *Shakespear*

— If our Virtues

Did not go forth of us, 'twere all alike

As if we had them not.

Measure for Measure, Act 1. Scene 2.

And *Horace* tells us, Virtue concealed is of little Consequence,

Paulum sepultæ distat inertiae

Celata virtus.

Nor is this Peace (the Nurse of Drones, and Cowards)
Our Health, but a Disease.

Gasp. Well urg'd, my Lord.

Anth. Perfect what is so well begun.

Ambass. And bind

My Lord your Servant.

Rober. Hare-brain'd Fool! What Reason
Canst thou infer to make this Good?

Bert. A thousand,
Not to be contradicted. But consider
Where your Command lies? 'Tis not, Sir, in *France*,
Spain, *Germany*, *Portugal*, but in *Sicily*;
An Island, Sir. Here are no Mines of Gold
Or Silver to enrich you; No Worm spins
Silk in her Womb, to make Distinction
Between you and a Peasant, in your Habits.
No Fish lives near our Shores, whose Blood can dye
Scarlet, or Purple; all that we possess,
With Beasts we have in common: Nature did
Design us to be Warriors, and to break through
Our Ring the Sea, by which we are environ'd;
And we by Force must fetch in what is wanting,
Or precious to us. Add to this, we are
A populous Nation, and increase so fast,
That, if we by our Providence are not sent
Abroad in Colonies, or fall by the Sword,
Not *Sicily* (though now it were more fruitful
Than when 'twas stil'd the Granary of great *Rome*)
Can yield our num'rous Fry Bread: We must starve,
Or eat up one another.

Adorni. The King hears
With much Attention.

[*Aside.*

Astutio. And seems mov'd with what
Bertoldo hath deliver'd.

[*Aside.*

Bert. May you live long, Sir,
The King of Peace, so you deny not us
The Glory of the War; let not our Nerves
Shrink up with Sloth, nor, for want of Employment,
Make younger Brothers Thieves: 'Tis their Sword, Sir,
Must

Must sow and reap their Harvest. If Examples
May move you more than Arguments, look on Eng-
land, ⁴

The Empress of the *European* Isles,
And unto whom alone ours yields Precedence,
When did she flourish so, as when she was
The Mistress of the Ocean? Her Navies
Putting a Girdle round about the World,
When the *Iberian* quak'd, her Worthies nam'd;
And the fair *Fleur de Lis* grew pale, set by
The Red Rose and the White. Let not our Armour
Hung up, or our unrigg'd *Armada* make us
Ridiculous to the late poor Snakes our Neighbours
Warm'd in our Bosoms, and to whom again
We may be terrible; while we spend our Hours
Without Variety, confin'd to Drink,
Dice, Cards, or Whores. Rouze us, Sir, from the
Sleep

Of Idleness, and redeem our mortgag'd Honours.
Your Birth, and justly, claims my Father's Kingdom;
But his heroic Mind descends to me:
—I will confirm so much.

Adorni. In his Looks he seems
To break ope *Janus'* Temple.

Astutio. How these Younglings
Take Fire from him!

Ador. It works an Alteration
Upon the King.

Antb. I can forbear no longer:
War, War, my Sovereign!

Fulgen. The King appears
Resolv'd, and does prepare to speak.

⁴ ——— Look on England,
The Empress of European Isles.

All our old Poets have celebrated their Country, neither is Mes-
singer wanting: As the Passages similar to this are well known, I shall
forebear setting them down here.

Rober. Think not
 Our Counsel's built upon so weak a Base,
 As to be overturn'd, or shaken with
 Tempestuous Winds of Words. As I, my Lord,
 Before resolv'd you, I will not engage
 My Person in this Quarrel, neither press
 My Subjects to maintain it: Yet, to shew
 My Rule is gentle, and that I've Feeling of
 Your Master's Sufferings, since these Gallants, weary
 Of the Happiness of Peace, desire to taste
 The bitter Sweets of War, we do consent
 That, as Adventurers, and Volunteers
 (No Way compell'd by us) they may make Trial
 Of their boasted Valours.

Bert. We desire no more.

Rober. 'Tis well; and, but my Grant in this, expect
 not

Assistance from me. Govern as you please
 The Province you make Choice of; for, I vow
 By all Things sacred, if that thou miscarry
 In this rash Undertaking, I will hear it
 No otherwise than as a sad Disaster,
 Fall'n on a Stranger; nor will I esteem
 That Man my Subject, who, in thy Extremes,
 In Purse or Person aids thee. Take your Fortune:
 You know me; I have said it. So, my Lord,
 You have my whole Answer.

Ambass. My Prince pays
 In me his Duty.

Rober. Follow me, *Fulgentio*,
 And you, *Astutio*. [*Exeunt Roberto, Fulgentio,*
Astutio, Attendants.]

Gasp. What a Frown he threw,
 At his Departure, on you.

Bert. Let him keep
 His Smiles for his State-Catamite; I care not.

Antb. Shall we aboard To-night?

Ambass. Your Speed, my Lord,
 Doubles the Benefit.

Bert.

Bert. I have a Business
Requires Dispatch. — Some two Hours hence I'll meet
you. [*Exeunt.*

S C E N E II.

Camiola's House.

*Signior Sylli, walking fantastically before, followed by
Camiola and Clarinda.*

Camiola. Nay, Signior, this is too much Ceremony
In my own House.

Sylli. What's gracious abroad,
Must be in Private practis'd.

Clar. For your Mirth-fake
Let him alone, he has been all this Morning
In Practice with a peruk'd Gentleman-Usher,
To teach him his true Amble and his Postures,
[*Sylli walking by, and practising his Postures.*
When he walks before a Lady.

Sylli. You may, Madam,
Perhaps, believe that I in this use Art,
To make you doat upon me by exposing
My more than most rare Features to your View.
But I, as I have ever done, deal simply;
A Mark of sweet Simplicity, ever noted
I' th' Family of the *Syllies*. Therefore, Lady,
Look not with too much Contemplation on me;
If you do, you are i' th' Suds.

Camiola. You are no Barber?

Sylli. Fie! no, not I; but my good Parts have drawn
More loving Hearts out of fair Ladies Bellies,
Than the whole Trade have done Teeth.

Camiola. Is't possible?

Sylli. Yes, and they live too; marry, much condoling
The Scorn of their *Narcissus*, as they call me,
Because I love myself.

Camiola. Without a Rival.

What Philtres or Love-powders do you use

To

To force Affection? I see nothing in
Your Person; but I dare look on, yet keep
My own poor Heart still.

Sylli. You are warn'd — be arm'd;
And do not lose the Hope of such a Husband,
In being too soon enamour'd.

Clar. Hold in your Head,
Or you must have a Martingale.

Sylli. I have sworn
Never to take a Wife, but such a one
(O may your Ladyship prove so strong!) as can
Hold out a Month against me.

Camiola. Never fear it;
Tho' your best taking Part, your Wealth, were trebled,
I would not woo you. — But, since in your Pity
You please to give me Caution, tell me what
Temptations I must fly from.

Sylli. The first is,
That your ne'er hear me sing; for I'm a Syren.
If you observe, when I warble, the Dogs howl,
As ravish'd with my Ditties, and you will
Run mad to hear me.

Camiola. I will stop my Ears,
And keep my little Wits.

Sylli. Next, when I dance,
And come aloft, thus, cast not a Sheep's Eye
Upon the Quiv'ring of my Calf.

Camiola. Proceed, Sir.

Sylli. But on no Terms (for 'tis a main Point) dream
not
O' th' Strength of my Back, though 'twill bear a Burthen
With any Porter.

Camiola. I mean not to ride you.

Sylli. Nor I your little Ladyship, 'till you have
Perform'd the Covenant. — Be not taken with
My pretty Spider-Fingers; nor my Eyes,
That twinkle on both Sides.

Camiola. Was there ever such [One knocks.
A Piece of Motley heard of! — Who's that; you may
spare The

The Catalogue of my Dangers. [Exit Clarinda.]

Sylli. No, good Madam;
I have not told you half.

Camiola. Enough, good Signior;
If I eat more of such Sweet-meats, I shall surfeit.

Enter Clarinda.

Who is't?

Clar. The Brother of the King!

Sylli. Nay, start not.

The Brother of the King! Is he no more?

Were it the King himself, I'd give him Leave

To speak his Mind to you, for I'm not jealous;

And, to assure your Ladyship of so much,

I'll usher him in, and, that done—hide myself.

[Exit Sylli.]

Camiola. *Camiola*, if ever, now be constant:

This is, indeed, a Suitor, whose sweet Presence,

Courtship, and loving Language, would have stagger'd

The chaste *Penelope*; and, to increase

The Wonder, did not Modesty forbid it,

I should ask that from him, he sues to me for.

And yet my Reason, like a Tyrant, tells me

I must nor give, nor take it.

Enter Sylli and Bertoldo.

Sylli. I must tell you,

You lose your Labour. 'Tis enough to prove it,

Signior *Sylli* came before you; and you know;

First come, first serv'd: Yet, you shall have my Coun-

tenance

To parley with her; and I'll take special Care

That none shall interrupt you.

Bert. You are courteous.

Sylli. Come, Wench, wilt thou hear Wisdom?

[Steps aside.]

Clar. Yes, from you, Sir.

Bert.

Bert. If forcing this sweet Favour from your Lips,
[Kisset her.]

Fair Madam, argue me of too much Boldness
When you are pleas'd to understand, I take
A parting Kiss, if not excuse, at least
'Twill qualify th' Offence.

Camiola. A parting Kiss, Sir?
What Nation, envious of the Happiness
Which *Sicily* enjoys in your sweet Presence,
Can buy you from her? or what Climate yield
Pleasures transcending those which you enjoy here,
Being both belov'd and honour'd? the North-Star
And Guider of all Hearts, and, to sum up
Your full Accompt of Happiness in a Word,
The Brother of the King.

Bert. Do you, alone,
And with an unexampled Cruelty,
Enforce my Absence, and deprive me of
Those Blessings, which you with a polish'd Phrase
Seem to insinuate that I do possess,
And yet tax me as being guilty of
My wilful Extle? What are Titles to me?
Or Popular Suffrage? or my Nearness to
The King in Blood? or fruitful *Sicily*,
Though it confess'd no Sovereign but myself;
When you, that are the Essence of my Being,
The Anchor of my Hopes, the real Substance
Of my Felicity, in your Disdain
Turn all to fading and deceiving Shadows?

Camiola. You tax me without Cause.

Bert. You must confess it.
But, answer Love with Love, and seal the Contract
In the uniting of our Souls, how gladly
(Though now I were in Action, and assur'd,
Following my Fortune, that plum'd Victory
Would make her glorious Stand upon my Tent)
Would I put off my Armour, in my Heat
Of Conquest, and, like *Anthony*, pursue
My *Cleopatra*! Will you yet look on me

With

With an Eye of Favour ?

Camiola. Truth bear Witness for me,
That, in the Judgment of my Soul, you are
A Man so absolute, and circular
In all those wish'd-for Rarities, that may take
A Virgin captive, that, though at this Instant
All scepter'd Monarchs of our Western World
Were Rivals with you, and *Camiola* worthy
Of such a Competition, you alone
Should wear the Garland.

Bert. If so, what diverts
Your Favour from me ?

Camiola. No Mult in yourself ;
Or in your Person, Mind, or Fortune.

Bert. What then ?

Camiola. The Consciousness of mine own Wants.—

Alas ! Sir, ^s

We are not Parallels ; but, like Lines divided,
Can ne'er meet in one Center. Your Birth, Sir,
(Without Addition) were an ample Dowry
For one of fairer Fortunes ; and this Shape,
Were you ignoble, far above all Value :
To this so clear a Mind, so furnish'd with
Harmonious Faculties, moulded from Heaven,
That, though you were *Thersites* in your Features,
Of no Descent, and *Irus* in your Fortunes,
Ulysses like, you'd force all Eyes and Ears
To love, but seen ; and, when heard, wonder at
Your matchless Story. But, all these bound up
Together in one Volume, give me Leave
With Admiration to look upon 'em ;
But not presume, in my own flatt'ring Hopes,
I may, or can, enjoy 'em.

^s ————— *Alas ! Sir,*

We are not Parallels ; but, like Lines divided,

Can ne'er meet in one Center.

This seems badly expressed. Parallels are the only Lines that cannot meet in a Center ; for all Lines divided with any Angle towards each other, must meet somewhere, if continued both Ways.

Bert.

Bert. How you ruin
 What you would seem to build up! I know no
 Disparity between us; you're an Heir
 Sprung from a noble Family; fair, rich, young,
 And ev'ry Way my Equal.

Camiola. Sir, excuse me,⁶
 One airy with Proportion, ne'er discloses
 The Eagle and the Wren: Tissue and Frize,
 In the same Garment, monstrous: But, suppose
 That what's in you excessive, were diminish'd,
 And my Desert supply'd, the strongest Bar,
 Religion, stops our Entrance. You are, Sir,
 A Knight of *Malta*, by your Order bound
 To a single Life: You cannot marry me;
 And, I assure myself, you are too noble
 To seek me (though my Frailty should consent)
 In a base Path.

Bert. A Dispensation, Lady,
 Will easily absolve me.

Camiola. O take heed, Sir!
 When what is vow'd to Heav'n is dispens'd with,
 To serve our Ends on Earth, a Curse must follow,
 And not a Blessing.

Bert. Is there no Hope left me?

Camiola. Nor to myself, but is a Neighbour to
 Impossibility. True Love should walk
 On equal Feet; in us it does not, Sir.
 But rest assur'd, excepting this, I shall be
 Devoted to your Service.

⁶ ————— *Sir, excuse me,
 One airy with Proportion ne'er discloses
 The Eagle and the Wren.*

This Passage is somewhat difficult. *Camiola* is shewing how unlikely it was, that *Bertoldo* should condescend to marry her, because of the Disparity of their Birth; and she says, "One who is puffed up with an high Opinion of his own Birth, and the Equality there ought to be in Marriages: *One airy with Proportion* will never stoop so low, as *Bertoldo* must to marry her: The Eagle might as well vouchsafe to court the Wren."

Bert. And this is your
Determinate Sentence ?

Camiola. Not to be revok'd.

Bert. Farewel, then, fairest Cruel ! All Thoughts in
Of Women perish ! Let the glorious Light [me
Of noble War extinguish Love's divine Paper,
That only lends me Light to see my Folly !
Honour, be thou my ever living Mistress,
And fond Affection as thy Bond-slave serve thee !

[*Exit Bertoldo.*

Camiola. How soon my Sun is set ! He being absent,
Never to rise again ! What a fierce Battle
Is fought between my Passions !—Methinks
We should have kiss'd at Parting.

Sylli. I perceive
He has his Answer.—Now must I step in
To comfort her. You have found, I hope, sweet Lady,
Some Difference between a Youth of my Pitch,
And this Bug-bear *Bertoldo*. Men are Men,
The King's Brother is no more : Good Parts will do it,
When Titles fail.—Despair not ; I may be
In Time entreated.

Camiola. Be so now, to leave me.
Lights for my Chamber.—O my Heart !

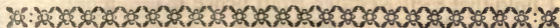
[*Exeunt Camiola and Clarinda.*

Sylli. She now,
I know, is going to Bed to ruminat
Which Way to glut herself upon my Person ;
But, for my Oath-sake, I will keep her hungry ;
And, to grow full myself, I'll strait to Supper.

[*Exit.*

The End of the First Act.

ACT



ACT II. SCENE I.

The Palace at Palermo.

Roberto, Fulgentio, Astutio.

Rober. E Mbarq'd To-night, do you say?

Fulgen. I saw him aboard, Sir.

Rober. And without taking of his Leave?

Astutio. 'Twas strange!

Rober. Are we grown so contemptible?

Fulgen. 'Tis far from me, Sir, to add Fuel to your Anger,

That in your ill Opinion of him burns
Too hot already; else, I should affirm
It was a gross Neglect.

Rober. A wilful Scorn

Of Duty and Allegiance; you give it
Too fair a Name.—But we shall think on't. Can you
Guess what the Numbers were that follow'd him
In his desperate Action?

Fulgen. More than you think, Sir.

All ill-affected Spirits in *Palermo*,
Or to your Government, or Person, with
The turbulent Sword-men; such, whose Poverty forc'd
To wish a Change, are gone along with him; ['em
Creatures devoted to his Undertakings,
In Right or Wrong, and, to express their Zeal,
And Readiness to serve him, ere they went,
Prophanely took the Sacrament on their Knees,
To live and die with him.

Rober. O most impious!

Their Loyalty to us forgot?

Fulgen. I fear so.

Astutio. Unthankful as they are!

Fulgen. Yet this deserves not

One troubled Thought in you, Sir ; with your Pardon
I hold that their Remove from hence makes more
For your Security, than Danger.

Rober. True ;

And, as I'll fashion it, they shall feel it too.

Astutio, you shall presently be dispatch'd
With Letters writ, and sign'd with our own Hand,
To the Dutchess of *Siena*, in Excuse
Of these Forces sent against her. If you spare
An Oath to give it Credit, that we never
Consented to it, swearing for the King,
Though false, it is no Perjury.

Astutio. I know it.

They are not fit to be State Agents, Sir,
That, without Scruple of their Conscience cannot
Be prodigal in such Trifles.

Fulgen. Right, *Astutio*.

Rober. You must, beside, from us take some In-
structions,

To be imparted, as you judge 'em useful,
To the General *Gonzaga*. Instantly
Prepare you for your Journey.

Astutio. With the Wings
Of Loyalty and Duty [Exit *Astutio*.

Fulgen. I am bold to put your Majesty in Mind—

Rober. Of my Promise,

And Aids, to further you in your am'rous Project
To the fair and rich *Camiala* : There's my Ring ;
Whatever you shall say that I intreat,
Or can command by Pow'r, I will make good.

Fulgen. Ever your Majesty's Creature.

Rober. *Venus* prove propitious to you !

[Exit *Roberto*.

Fulgen. All sorts to my Wishes .

Bertoldo was my Hindrance. He remov'd,
I now will court her in the Conqu'ror's Stile ;
“ Come, see, and overcome.”——Boy !

Enter

Enter Page.

Page. Sir, your Pleasure!

Fulgen. Hasten to *Camiola*; bid her prepare
An Entertainment suitable to a Fortune
She could not hope for. Tell her, I vouchsafe
To honour her with a Visit.

Page. 'Tis a Favour
Will make her proud.

Fulgen. I know it.

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

Fulgen. Entreaties fit not me; a Man in Grace
May challenge Awe, and Privilege, by his Place.
[*Exit Fulgentio.*

S C E N E II.

Camiola's House.

Sylli, Adorni, Clarinda.

Adorni. So melancholick, say you?

Clar. Never given
To such Retirement.

Adorni. Can you guess the Cause?

Clar. If it hath not its Birth, and Being, from
The brave *Bertoldo's* Absence, I confess
'Tis past my Apprehension.

Sylli. You are wide;
The whole Field wide. I, in my Understanding,
Pity your Ignorance.—Yet, if you will
Swear to conceal it, I will let you know
Where her Shoe wrings her.

Clar. I vow, Signior,
By my Virginity.

Sylli. A perilous Oath,
In a Waiting-Woman of Fifteen! and is, indeed,
A Kind of Nothing.

Adorni. I'll take one of Something,

If you please to minister it.

Sylli. Nay, you shall not swear :

I had rather take your Word ; for, should you vow,
Damn me, I'll do this, you are sure to break.

Adorni. I thank you, Signior ; but resolve us ——

Sylli. Know, then,

Here walks the Cause. She dares not look upon me ;
My Beauties are so terrible, and enchanting,
She can't endure my Sight.

Adorni. There I believe you.

Sylli. But the Time will come (be comforted) when
I will

Put off this Vizard of Unkindness to her,
And shew an amorous and yielding Face :
And, until then, though *Hercules* himself
Desire to see her, he had better eat
His Club than pass her Threshold ; for I'll be
Her *Cerberus* to guard her,

Adorni. A good Dog !

Clar. Worth twenty Porters.

Enter Page.

Page. Keep you Open House, here ?
No Groom t' attend a Gentleman ? O, I spy one.

Sylli. He means not me, I am sure.

Page. You, Sirrah ! Sheep's-head,
With a Face cut on a Cat-stick, Do you hear ?
You Yeoman-Phewterer, ⁷ conduct me to
The Lady of the Mansion ; or my Poignard
Shall disembogue thy Soul.

Sylli. O terrible !

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

Page. Answer, Wretch.

⁷ You, Yeoman-Phewterer, i. e. You Journeyman.—In the *Picture*,
Act 5. Scene 1. we find the same Expression varied: It is there
Yeoman Phewterer.

Sylli.

Sylli. Pray you, little Gentleman, be not so furious ;
The Lady keeps her Chamber.

Page. And we present ?
Sent in an Embassy to her ? But here is
Her Gentlewoman, Sirrah ! hold my Cloak,
While I take a Leap at her Lips. Do it and neatly ;
Or having first tripp'd up thy Heels, I'll make
Thy Back my Footstool. [*Page kisses Clarinda.*]

Sylli. *Tamerlane* in little !
Am I turn'd *Turk* ? What an Office am I put to !

Clar. My Lady, gentle Youth, is indispos'd.

Page. Though she were dead and buried, only tell her,
The great Man in the Court, the brave *Fulgentio*,
Descends to visit her, and it will raise her
Out of the Grave for Joy.

Enter Fulgentio.

Sylli. Here comes another !
The Devil, I fear in his Holiday Cloaths.

Page. So soon !
My Part is at an End then. Cover my Shoulders ;
When I grow great, thou shalt serve me.

Fulgen. Are you, Sirrah,
An Implement of the House ?

Sylli. Sure he will make
A Joint-stool of me !

Fulgen. Or, if you belong
To the Lady of the Place, command her hither.

Adorni. I do not wear her Livery ; yet acknowledge
A Duty to her. And as little bound
To serve your peremptory Will, as she is
To obey your Summons. 'Twill become you, Sir,
To wait her Leisure ; then, her Pleasure known,
You may present your Duty.

Fulgen. Duty, Slave ?
I'll teach you Manners.

Adorni. I'm past Learning ; make not
A Tumult in the House.

Fulgen. Shall I be brav'd thus? [They draw.

Sylli. O I am dead! and now I swoon.

Clar. Help! Murther! [Falls on his Face.

Page. Recover, Sirrah! the Lady's here.

Enter Camiola.

Sylli. Nay, then

I am alive again, and I'll be valiant.

Camiola. What Insolence is this? *Adorni* Hold, Hold, I command you.

Fulgen. Saucy Groom!

Camiola. Not so, Sir;

However, in his Life, he had Dependance
Upon my Father; he is a Gentleman

As well born as yourself. Put on your Hat.

Fulgen. In my Presence, without Leave?

Sylli. He has mine, Madam?

Camiola. And I must tell you, Sir, and in plain Language,

How'er your glitt'ring Outside promise Gentry,
The Rudeness of your Carriage and Behaviour
Speaks you a coarser Thing.

Sylli. She means a Clown, Sir:

I am her Interpreter, for want of a better.

Camiola. I am a Queen in mine own House; nor must
you

Expect an Empire here.

Sylli. Sure, I must love her

Before the Day, the pretty Soul's so valiant.

Camiola. What are you? And what would you with
me?

Fulgen. Proud one,

When you know what I am, and what I came for,
And may, on your Submission, proceed so,
You in your Reason must repent the Coarseness
Of my Entertainment.

Camiola. Why, fine Man, what are you?

Fulgen.

Fulgen. A Kinsman of the King's.

Camiola. I cry you Mercy!

For his Sake, not your own. But, grant you are so,
'Tis not impossible, but a King may have
A Fool to's Kinsman,—no Way meaning you, Sir.

Fulgen. You have heard of *Fulgentio*.

Camiola. Long since, Sir;

A Suit-broker in Court. He has the worst
Report, among good Men, I ever heard of,
For Bribery and Extortion: In their Prayers
Widows and Orphans curse him for a Canker
And Caterpillar in the State. I hope, Sir,
You're not the Man; much less employ'd by him
As a Smock-agent to me.

Fulgen. I reply not

As you deserve, being assur'd you know me,
Pretending Ignorance of my Person, only
To give me a Taste of your Wit: 'Tis well and courtly;
I like a sharp Wit well.

Sylli. I can't endure it!

Nor any of the *Syllies*.

Fulgen. More I know too,

This harsh Induction must serve as a Foil
To the well-tun'd Observance and Respect
You will hereafter pay me, being made
Familiar with my Credit with the King,
And that contain your Joy I deign to love you.

Camiola. Love me? I am not rap'd with't.

Fulgen. Hear't again.

I love you honestly—Now you admire me.

Camiola. I do, indeed, it being a Word so seldom
Heard from a Courtier's Mouth, But, pray you, deal
plainly,

Since you find me simple, what might be the Motives
Inducing you to leave the Freedom of
A Batchelor's Life, on your soft Neck to wear,
The stubborn Yoke of Marriage? And, of all
The Beauties in *Palermo*, to choose me,
Poor me? That is the main Point you must treat of.

Fulgen.

Fulgen. Why, I will tell you. Of a little Thing
You are a pretty Piece, indifferently fair too;
And like a new rigg'd Ship both tight, and y'are
Well truss'd to bear. Virgins of Giant Size
Are Sluggards at the Sport: But, for my Pleasure,
Give me a neat well-timber'd Gamester like you;
Such need no Spurs,—the Quickness of your Eye
Assures an active Spirit.

Camiola. You're pleasant, Sir;
Yet I presume that there was one Thing in me
Unmention'd yet, that took you more than all
Those Parts you have remember'd.

Fulgen. What?

Camiola. My Wealth, Sir.

Fulgen. You are i'th' right; without that, Beauty is^s
A Flower worn in the Morning, at Night trod on:
But, Beauty, Youth, and Fortune meeting in you,
I will vouchsafe to marry you.

Camiola. You speak well;
And, in Return, excuse me, Sir, if I
Deliver Reasons why, upon no Terms,
I'll marry you; I fable not.

Sylli. I'm glad
To hear this; I began to have an Ague. [Aside.

Fulgen. Come, your wise Reasons.

Camiola. Such as they are, pray you, take them.
First, I am doubtful whether you are a Man,
Since, for your Shape trim'd up in a Lady's Dressing,
You might pass for a Woman: Now I love
To deal on Certainties. And, for the Fairness
Of your Complexion, which you think will take me,
The Colour, I must tell you, in a Man
Is weak and faint, and never will hold out
If put to Labour. Give me the lovely brown.

^s ———— *Beauty is*

A Flower worn in the Morning, at Night trod on.

This Thought is happily express'd by Mr. Gay in the sixth Air of
the *Beggar's Opera*.

A thick curl'd Hair of the same Dye; broad Shoulders;
A brawny Arm full of Veins; a Leg without
An artificial Calf;—I suspect yours;
But let that pass.

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

Camiola. You are mov'd, Sir.

Fulgen. Fie! no; go on.

Camiola. Then, as you are a Courtier,
A grac'd one too, I fear you have been too forward:
And so much for your Person. Rich you are,
Devilish rich, as 'tis reported, and sure have
The Aids of *Satan's* little Fiends to get it;
And what is got upon his Back, must be
Spent you know where; the Proverb's stale. One Word
more,
And I have done.

Fulgen. I'll ease you of the Trouble,
Coy, and disdainful.

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

Fulgen. No, your own Folly shall; and, since you
put me
To my last Charm, look upon this, and tremble.

[*Shews the King's Ring.*]

Camiola. At the Sight of a fair Ring? The King's, I
take it:

I have seen him wear the like: If he hath sent it
As a Favour to me——

Fulgen. Yes, 'tis very likely;
His dying Mother's Gift, priz'd at his Crown.
By this he does command you to be mine;
By his Gift you are so:—You may, yet, redeem all.

Camiola. You are in a wrong Account still. Though
the King may
Dispose of my Life and Goods, my Mind's mine own,
And never shall be your's. The King (Heav'n bless him!)
Is good and gracious, and, being in himself
Abstemious from base and goatish Looseness,

Will not compel, against their Wills, chaste Maidens,
To dance in his Minion's Circles. I believe,
Forgetting it, when he wash'd his Hands, you stole it
With an Intent to awe me. But you are cozen'd;
I'm still myself, and will be.

Fulgen. A proud Haggard,
And not to be reclaim'd! Which of your Grooms,
Your Coachman, Fool, or Footman, Ministers
Night-physick to you?

Camiola. You're foul-mouth'd,

Fulgen. Much fairer
Than thy black Soul; and so I will proclaim thee.—

Camiola. Were I a Man, thou durst not speak this.

Fulgen. Heaven

So prosper me, as I resolve to do it
To all Men, and in every Place,—scorn'd by
A Tit of Ten-pence? [*Exit Fulgentio and his Page.*]

Sylli. Now I begin to be valiant:

Nay, I will draw my Sword. O for a Butcher!⁹
Do a Friend's Part; 'Pray you, carry him the Length
of't.

I give him three Years and a Day, to match my Toledo;
And then we'll fight like Dragons.

Adorni. Pray, have Patience.

Camiola. I may live to have Vengeance: My *Bertoldo*
Would not have heard this.

Adorni. Madam.—

Camiola. 'Pray you, spare
Your Language; Pr'thee Fool, make me merry:

Sylli. That is my Office, ever.

⁹ ——— O for a Butcher!
Do a Friends Part, &c.

This is a true Picture of a Fop. He is here drawn in his proper Features—A Coward. Nothing could be more abjectly fearful, than this our Bravado, when in Danger: But, now his Enemy is gone, he swaggers about most courageously. Now I begin to be valiant; nay, I will draw my Sword. O for a Butcher! The bloody cruel Temper of one: He wishes he could act like one of them. Then turning to *Adorni* with the same intrepid Resolution, he says, *Do a Friend's Part; pray you, carry him the Length of't, &c.*

Adorni.

Adorni. I must do,
Not talk; this glorious Gallant shall hear from me. ¹⁰
[*Exeunt.*]

S C E N E III.

The Castle at Siena.

The Chambers discharg'd. A Flourish, as to an Assault.
Gonzaga, Pierio, Roderigo, Giacomo, Soldiers.

Gonz. IS the Breach made assaultable?

Pierio. Yes, and the Moat
Fill'd up; the Cannoneer hath done his Parts,
We may enter six a-breast.

Roder. There's not a Man
Dares shew himself upon the Wall.

Jacomo. Defeat not
The Soldiers hoped-for Spoil.

Pierio. If you, Sir,
Delay the Assault, and the City be given up
To your Discretion, you in Honour cannot
Use the Extremity of War, but, in
Compassion to 'em, you to us prove cruel.

Jacomo. And an Enemy to yourself.

Roder. A Hindrance to
The brave Revenge you've vow'd.

Gonz. Temper your Heat,
And lose not, by too sudden Rashness, that
Which, be but Patient, will be offer'd to you.
Security ushers Ruin; proud Contempt
Of an Enemy, three Parts vanquish'd, with Desire

¹⁰ The foregoing Scene we still find is a perfect Representation of the Insolence of Office. Power inebriates: But few have Strength to bear it. It turns the Heads of the many, and makes them think their Station is a Protection for whatever they say or do. They have a certain Self-sufficiency that bears them out in every Thing; even like *Fulgentio* against good Manners and Virtue: They think like him that whatever their Soul lutteth after they can attain it; that *there is no Man they cannot bribe—and no Woman they cannot lie with.*

And

And Greediness of Spoil, hath often wrested
 A certain Victory from the Conqu'ror's Gripe.
 Discretion is the Tutor of the War,
 Valour the Pupil; and, when we command
 With Lenity, and our Direction's follow'd
 With Chearfulness, a prosp'rous End must crown
 Our Works well undertaken.

Roder. Ours are finish'd.

Pierio. If we make Use of Fortune.

Gonz. Her false Smiles

Deprive you of your Judgments. The Condition
 Of our Affairs exacts a double Care,
 And like bifronted *Janus*, we must look
 Backward, as forward. Though a flatt'ring Calm
 Bids us urge on, a sudden Tempest rais'd,
 Not fear'd, much less expected, in our Rear
 May foully fall upon us, and distract us
 To our Confusion.

Enter Scout.

Our Scout! what brings
 Thy ghastly Looks, and sudden Speed?

Scout. Th' Assurance

Of a new Enemy.

Gonz. This I fore-saw, and fear'd.

What are they? Know'st thou?

Scout. They are, by their Colours,

Sicilians, bravely mounted, and the Brightness
 Of their rich Armours doubly gilded with
 Reflection of the Sun.

Gonz. From *Sicily*?

The King in League! No War proclaim! 'Tis foul:
 But this must be prevented, nor disputed.

Ha! how is this? Your Ostrich plumes, that, but
 E'n now, like Quills of Porcupines seem'd to threaten
 The Stars, drop at the Rumour of a Shower?
 And like to captive Colours sweep the Earth?
 Bear up; but, in great Dangers, greater Minds

Are

Are never proud. Shall a few loose Troops, untrain'd
But in a customary Ostentation
Presented as a Sacrifice to your Valours,
Cause a Dejection in you?

Pierio. No Dejection.

Roder. However startl'd, where you lead, we'll follow.

Gonz. 'Tis bravely said. We will not stay their Charge,
But meet 'em Man to Man, and Horse to Horse.

Pierio, in our Absence hold our Place,
And with our Footmen, and those sickly Troops,
Prevent a Sally. I in mine own Person,
With part of the Cavalry, will bid
These Hunters welcome to a bloody Breakfast:
But I lose Time.

Pierio. I'll to my Charge.

[*Exit Pierio.*]

Gonz. And we
To ours: I'll bring you on.

Jacomo. If we come off,
It's not amiss; if not, my 'State is settl'd.

[*Exeunt, Alarm.*]

S C E N E IV.

Siena.

Ferdinand, Druso, Livio *above.*

Ferd. No Aids from *Sicily*? Hath Hope forsook us?
And that vain Comfort to Affliction, Pity,
By our vow'd Friend, deny'd us? We can nor live,
Nor die, with Honour: Like Beasts in a Toil
We wait the Leisure of the bloody Hunter,
Who is not so far reconcil'd unto us,
As in one Death to give a Period
To our Calamities; but, in delaying
The Fate we cannot fly from, starv'd with Wants,
We die this Night, to live again To-morrow,
And suffer greater Torments.

Druso. There is not
Three Day's Provision for every Soldier,
At an Ounce of Bread a Day, left in the City.

Liv.

Liv. To die the Beggar's Death, with Hunger made Anatomies while we live, cannot but crack Our Heart-strings with Vexation.

Ferd. Would they would break,
Break altogether! How willingly, like *Cato*,¹¹
Could I tear out my Bowels, rather than
Look on the Conqueror's insulting Face;
But that Religion, and the horrid Dream
To be suffer'd in th' other World, denies it.
What News with thee?

Enter Soldier.

Sold. From the Turret of the Fort,
By the rising Clouds of Dust, through which, like Light-
ning
The Splendour of bright Arms sometimes break through,
I did descry some Forces making towards us;
And, from the Camp, as emulous of their Glory,
The General, (for I know him by his Horse)
And bravely seconded, encounter'd 'em.
Their Greetings were too rough for Friends; their Swords,
And not their Tongues, exchanging Courtesies.
By this the main Battalies are join'd;
And, if you please to be Spectators of
The horrid Issue, I will bring you where,
As in a Theatre, you may see their Fates
In purple Gore presented.

¹¹ ————— How willingly, like *Cato*,
Could I, &c.

Ferdinand in the midst of his Misfortunes, could willingly murder himself like *Cato*; but that he was restrained by Religion. *Shakespeare* makes *Hamlet* reason in the same Manner: And, indeed, nothing can support a resolute Mind labouring under Afflictions without any Hope of Relief, and make him bear them rather than put an End to them, but the Thoughts of an *hereafter*—The Thoughts of running into greater and more lasting Miseries, to avoid lesser. Pity but *Cato* could have reasoned and acted like *Ferdinand* and *Hamlet*: He would have been not less a Patriot—the more a Hero; and would then have better deserved to be presented upon an *English* Stage.

Ferd.

Ferd. Heav'n, if yet
Tho art appeas'd for my Wrong done to *Aurelia*,
Take Pity of my Miseries!—Lead the Way, Friend.

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE V.

Before the Castle of Siena.

A long Charge, after a Flourish for Victory.

Gonzaga, Jacomo, Roderigo wounded. Bertoldo, Gasparo, Anthonio, Prisoners.

Gonz. We have 'em yet, though they cost us dear.

This was

Charg'd home, and bravely follow'd. Be to yourselves
True Mirrors to each other's Worth; and, looking
With noble Emulation on his Wounds
(The glorious Liv'ry of triumphant war)

[*To Jacomo and Roderigo.*]

Imagine these with equal Grace appear
Upon yourself. The bloody Sweat you've suffer'd
In this laborious, nay, toilsome Harvest,
Yields a rich Crop of Conquest, and the Spoil,
Most precious Balsam to a Soldier's Hurts,
Will ease and cure 'em. Let me look upon

[*To Gasparo and Anthonio.*]

The Prisoners Faces. Oh, how much transform'd
From what they were! O *Mars!* were these Toys fa-
shion'd

To undergo the Burthen of thy Service?
The Weight of their defensive Armour bruise'd
Their weak, effem'nate Limbs, and would have forc'd 'em
In a hot day without a Blow to yield.

Anth. This Insultation shews not manly in you.

Gonz. To men I had forborn it; you are Women,
Or, at the best, loose Carpet-knights. What Fury
Seduc'd you to exchange your Ease in Court
For Labour in the Field? Perhaps, you thought

To charge, through Dust and Blood, an armed Foe,
Was but like graceful running at the Ring
For a wanton Mistress' Glove, and the Encounter
A soft Impression on her Lips. But you
Are gaudy Butterflies, and I wrong myself
In parling with you.

Gasp. *Væ victis!* now we prove it.

Roder. But here's one fashion'd in another Mould,
And made of tougher Metal.

Gonz. True; I owe him
For this Wound bravely given.

Bert. O that Mountains
Were heap'd upon me, that I might expire
A Wretch no more remember'd!

Gonz. Look up, Sir.

To be o'ercome deserves no Shame. If you
Had fal'n ingloriously, or could accuse
Your want of Courage in Resistance, 'twere
To be lamented: But, since you perform'd
As much as could be hop'd for from a Man,
(Fortune his Enemy) you wrong yourself
In this Dejection. I am honour'd in
My Victory o'er you; but to have these
My Prisoners, is, in my true Judgment, rather
Captivity than a triumph. You shall find
Fair Quarter from me, and your many Wounds
(Which I hope are not mortal) with such Care
Look'd to, and cur'd, as if your nearest Friend
Attended on you.

Bert. When you know me better,
You will make void this Promise: Can you call me
Into your Memory?

Gonz. The brave *Bertoldo!*

A Brother of our Order! by *St. John*,
(Our holy Patron) I am more amaz'd,
Nay, thunderstruck, with thy Apostacy,
And *Præcipice* from the most solemn Vows
Made unto Heaven, when this, the glorious Badge
Of our Redeemer was conferr'd upon thee

By the great Master, then if I had seen
A reprobate *Jew*, an Atheist, *Turk*, or *Tartar*
Baptiz'd in our Religion.

Bert. This I look'd for,
And am resolv'd to suffer.

Gonz. Fellow-Soldiers,
Behold this Man, and, taught by his Example,
Know that, 'tis safer far to play with Lightning,
Than trifle in Things sacred.—In my Rage. [*Weeps.*
I shed these at the Funeral of his Virtue,
Faith and Religion—why, I will tell you ;
He was a Gentleman, so train'd up, and fashion'd
For noble Uses, and his Youth did Promise
Such Certainties, more than Hopes, of great Achievements,

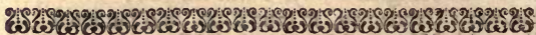
As, if the Christian World had stood oppos'd
Against the *Ottoman* Race to try the Fortune
Of one Encounter, this *Bertoldo* had been,
For his Knowledge to direct, and matchless Courage
To execute, without a Rival, by
The Votes of good Men chosen General,
As the prime Soldier, and most deserving,
Of all that wear the Cross ; which now, in Justice,
I thus tear from him,

Bert. Let me die with it
Upon my Breast.

Gonz. No ; by this, thou wert sworn
On all Occasions, as a Knight, to guard
Weak Ladies from Oppression, and never
To draw thy Sword against 'em ; whereas thou,
In Hope of Gain or Glory, when a Princess,
And such a Princess as *Aurelia* is,
Was dispossest'd by Violence, of what was
Her true Inheritance, against thine Oath,
Haste to thy uttermost labour'd to uphold
Her falling Enemy. But thou shalt pay
A heavy Forfeiture, and learn too late,

Valour, employ'd in an ill Quarrel, turns ¹²
 To Cowardice, and Virtue then puts on
 Foul Vice's Vizard. This is that which cancels
 All Friendship's Bands between us,—Bear 'em off;
 (I will hear no Reply) and let the Ransom
 Of these, for they are yours, be highly rated.
 In this I do but right, and let it be
 Stil'd Justice, and not wilful Cruelty. [Exeunt.

The End of the Second Act.



ACT III. SCENE I.

Before the Walls of Siena.

Gonzaga, Astutio, Roderigo, Giacomo.

Gonz. **W**HAT I have done, Sir, by the Law of
 Arms
 I can, and will, make good.

Astutio. I've no Commission

To expostulate the Act. These Letters speak
 The King my Master's Love to you, and his
 Vow'd Service to the Dutchess, on whose Person
 I am to give Attendance.

Gonz. At this Instant,
 She's at *Pienza*: You may spare the Trouble
 Of riding thither; I have advertized her
 Of our Success, and on what humble Terms
Siena stands: Though presently I can
 Possess it, I defer it, that she may

¹² *Valour, employ'd in an ill Quarrel, turns
 To Cowardice, &c.*

The Greeks and Romans were so fond of this Thought, that they
 have adopted it into their Languages, and made the same Word stand
 for Valour and the right Use of it. 'Αρετή is Courage and Virtue. So
Virtus, in Latin.—But the Greeks and Romans are no longer imitated!

Enter

Enter her own, and, as she please, dispose of
The Prisoners and the Spoil.

Astutio. I thank you, Sir.

I' the mean Time, if I may have your Licence,
I have a Nephew, and one once my Ward;
For whose Liberties and Ransoms, I would gladly
Make Composition.

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

Astutio. The same, Sir.

Gonz. For them you must treat with these: But, for
Betoldo,

He is mine own: If the King will ransom him,
He pays down fifty thousand Crowns; if not,
He lives and dies my Slave,

Astutio. Pray you a Word—

The King will rather thank you to detain him,
Than give one crown to free him.

Gonz. At his Pleasure.

I'll send the Prisoners under Guard: My Business
Calls me another Way. [Exit *Gonzaga*.

Astutio. My Service waits you.

Now, Gentlemen, do not deal like Merchants with me,
But noble Captains; you know, in great Minds,
Posse, & nolle, nobile.

Roder. Pray you, speak
Our Language.

Jacomo. I find not, in my Commission,
An Officer's bound to speak or understand
More than his Mother-tongue.

Roder. If he speak that
After Midnight, 'tis remarkable.

Astutio. In plain Terms, then.

Antonio is your Prisoner; *Gasparo*, yours.

Jacomo. You are i' the right.

Astutio. At what Sum do you rate
Their several Ransoms.

Roder. I must make my Market
As the Commodity cost me.

Astutio. As it cost you?

You did not buy your Captainship? Your Desert,
I hope, advanc'd you.

Roder. How? It well appears

You are no Soldier. Desert in these Days?

Desert may make a Serjeant to a Colonel,

And it may hinder him from rising higher;

But, if it ever get a Company

(A Company; pray you, mark me) without Money,

Or private Service done for the General's Mistress,

With a Commendatory Epistle from her,

I will turn Lancepedade.

Jacomo. Pray you, observe, Sir:

I serv'd two 'Prenticeships, just fourteen Year,

Trailing the puissant Pike; and half so long

Had the Right-hand File; and I fought well, 'twas
said, too:

But I might have serv'd, and fought, and serv'd till
Doomsday,

And ne'er have carried a Flag, but for the Legacy

A bucksome widow, of threescore, bequeath'd me,

And that too, my Back knows, I labour hard for,

But was better paid.

Astutio. Y're merry with yourselves:

But this is from the Purpose.

Roder. To the Point then.

Pris'ners are not ta'en every Day; and, when

We have 'em, we must make the best Use of 'em,

Our Pay is little to the Part we should bear,

And that so long a coming, that 'tis spent

Before we have it, and hardly wipes off Scores

At the Tavern, and th' Ordinary.

Jacomo. You may add too,

Our Sport took up on Trust.

Roder. Peace, thou Smock-vermin!

Discover Commanders Secrets? In a Word, Sir,

We have enquir'd, and find our Pris'ners rich:

Two thousand Crowns a-piece, our Companies cost us;

And so much each of us will have, and that

In present Pay,

Jacomo.

Jacomo. It is too little : Yet,
Since you have said the Word, I am content ;
But will not go a Gazet less. ¹³

Astutio. Since you are not
To be brought lower, there is no evading :
I'll be your Pay-master.

Roder. We desire no better.

Astutio. But not a Word of what's agreed between us,
*Till I have school'd my Gallants.

Jacomo. I am dumb, Sir.

Enter a Guard: Bertoldo, Anthonio, Gasparo, in Irons.

Bert. And where remov'd now? Hath the Tyrant
found out
Worse Usage for us?

Antb. Worse it cannot be.
My Greyhound has fresh Straw, and scrapes in his Ken-
nel;

But we have neither.

Gasp. Did I ever think
To wear such Garters on silk Stockings? Or
That my too curious Appetite, that turn'd
At the Sight of Godwits, Pheasant, Partridge, Quails
Larks, Wood-cocks, collar'd Salmon, as coarse Diet,
Would leap at a mouldy Crust?

Antb. And go without it;
So oft as I do? Oh! how have I jeer'd
The City Entertainment. A huge Shoulder
Of glorious Ram Mutton, seconded
With a Pair of tame Cats, or Conies, a Crab-tart
With a worthy Loin of Veal, and valiant Capon,
Mortify'd to grow tender.—These I scorn'd
From their plentiful Horn of Abundance, though in-
vited :

¹³ *But will not go a Gazet less.*

From the Word *Gazetta*, a Farthing, *Mossinger* makes Use of the same Word, and to the same Purpose, in the first Scene of the *Guardian*.

But now I could carry my own Stool to a Tripe,*
And call their Chitterlings Charity, and bless the Foun-
der.

Bert. O that I were no farther sensible
Of my Miseries than you are! You, like Beasts,
Feel only Stings of Hunger, and complain not
But when you're empty: But your narrow Souls
(If you have any) cannot comprehend
How insupportable the Torments are,
Which a free and noble Soul, made Captive, suffers:
Most miserable Men! and what am I, then,
That envy you? Fetters, though made of Gold,
Express base Thralldom, and all Delicates
Prepar'd by *Median* Cooks for Epicures,
When not our own, are bitter; Quilts, fill'd high
With Gossomore and Roses, cannot yield
The Body soft Repose, the Mind kept waking
With Anguish and Affliction.

Astutio. My good Lord——

Bert. This is no Time, nor Place for Flatt'ry, Sir:
Pray you, stile me, as I am, a Wretch, forsaken
Of the World, as myself.

Astutio. I would it were
In me to help you.

Bert. If that you want Power, Sir,
Lip-Comfort cannot cure me.—Pray you, leave me
To mine own private Thoughts.

Astutio. My valiant Nephew! [Walks by.]
And my more than warlike Ward! I am glad to see you
After your glorious Conquests. Are these Chains
Rewards for your good Service? If they are,
You should wear 'em on your Necks (since they are
massy)
Like Aldermen of the Ward.

Antb. You jeer us too.

Gasp. Good Uncle, name not (as you are a Man of
Honour)

* A Mistake of the Proverb, Bring your Cheer.

That fatal Word of War ; the very Sound of't
Is more dreadful than a Cannon.

Antb. But redeem us
From this Captivity, and I'll vow hereafter
Never to wear a Sword, or cut my Meat
With a Knife that has an Edge or Point. I'll starve first.

Gasp. I will cry Brooms or Cat's Meat in *Palermo* ;
Turn Porter, carry Burthens ; any Thing,
Rather than live a Soldier.

Astutio. This should have
Been thought upon before. At what Price, think you,
Your two wise Heads are rated ?

Antb. A Calve's Head is
More worth than mine ; I'm sure it had more Brains in't,
Or I had ne'er come here.

Roder. And I will eat it
With Bacon, if I have not speedy Ransom.

Antb. And a little Garlick too, for your own Sake,
'Twill boil in your Stomach, else. [Sir :

Gasp. Beware of mine,
Or th' Horns may choak you. I am marry'd, Sir.

Antb. You shall have my Row of Houses near the
Palace.

Gasp. And my Villa.—All——

Antb. All that we have. [To *Astutio.*

Astutio. Well, have more Wit hereafter : For this
You're ransom'd. [Time

Jacomo. Off with their Irons.

Roder. Do, do :
If you are ours again, you know your Price.

Antb. Pray you, dispatch us : I shall ne'er believe
I am a Freeman, 'till I set my Foot
In *Sicily* again, and drink *Palermo*,
And in *Palermo* too.

Astutio. The Wind sits fair,
You shall aboard To-night : With the rising Sun
You may touch upon the Coast. But take your Leaves
Of the late General, first.

Gasp. I will be brief.

Antb.

Anth. And I.—My Lord, Heaven keep you.

Gasp. Yours, to use

In the Way of Peace ; but, as your Soldiers, never.

Anth. A Pox of War! No more of War!

Bert. Have you

[*Exeunt* Roderigo, Jacomo, Anthonio, Gasparo.
Authority to loose their Bonds, yet leave
The Brother of your King, whose Worth disdains
Comparison with such as these, in Irons?
If Ransom may redeem them, I have Lands,
A Patrimony of mine own assign'd me
By my deceased Sire, to satisfy
Whate'er can be demanded for my Freedom.

Astutio. I wish you had, Sir ; but the King, who
yields

No Reason for his Will, in his Displeasure
Hath seiz'd on all you had ; nor will *Gonzaga*,
Whose Pris'ner now you are, accept of less
Than fifty thousand Crowns.

Bert. I find it now,
That Misery ne'er comes alone. But, grant
The King is yet inexorable, Time
May work him to a Feeling of my Suff'rings.
I've Friends, that swore their Lives and Fortunes were
At my Devotion, and among the rest
Yourself, my Lord, when, forfeited to the Law
For a foul Murther, and in cold Blood done,
I made your Life my Gift, and reconcil'd you
To this incensed King, and got your Pardon.
—Beware Ingratitude. I know you're rich,
And may pay down the Sum.

Astutio. I might, my Lord ;
But, pardon me.

Bert. And will *Astutio* prove, then, ¹⁴
To please a passionate Man, the King's no more,

False

¹⁴ *Bert.* And will *Astutio* prove, then,
To please a passionate Man, &c.

Bertoldo's Reasoning is strong, though, at first Sight, not very
clear : “ Will *Astutio* break through all his Obligations to me, to
please

False to his Maker and his Reason, which
 Commands more than I ask? O Summer-Friendship,
 Whose flatt'ring Leaves that shadow'd us in
 Our Prosperity, with the least Gust drop off
 In th' Autumn of Adversity! How like
 A Prison is to a Grave! When dead, we are
 With solemn Pomp brought thither; and our Heirs,
 (Masking their Joy in false, dissembled Tears)
 Weep o'er the Hearse; but Earth no sooner covers
 The Earth brought thither, but they turn away
 With inward Smiles, the Dead no more remember'd.
 So, enter'd in a Prison.—

Astutio. My Occasions
 Command me hence, my Lord.

Bert. Pray you, leave me, do;
 And tell the cruel King, that I will wear
 These Fetters 'till my Flesh and they are one
 Incorporated Substance. In myself,
 As in a Glass, I'll look on human Frailty,
 And curse the Height of Royal Blood: since I,
 In being born near to *Jove*, am near his Thunder.

[*Exit Astutio.*
 Cedars once shaken with a Storm, their own
 Weight grubs their Roots out.—Lead me where you
 please;

I am his, not Fortune's Martyr, and will die
 The great Example of his Cruelty

[*Exit with the Guard.*

please a passionate Mad man, for the King is no more, he is one?
 Will *Astutio* prove false to his Maker, and deaf to his own Reason, which
 commands, in Return for the Benefits received of me, more than I
 ask? surely he cannot." But, seeing the courtly *Astutio* unmoved
 with these generous Sentiments, *Bertoldo* breaks out into that beautiful
 Description which follows:

————— O *Summer-Friendship*, &c.

SCENE

SCENE II.

A Grove near the Palace at Palermo.

Adorni. He undergoes my Challenge, and contemns
 And threatens me with the late Edict made [it,
 'Gainst Duellists, that Altar Cowards fly to. ¹⁵
 But I, that am engag'd, and nourish in me
 A higher Aim than fair *Camiola* dreams of,
 Must not sit down thus. In the Court I dare not
 Attempt him; and in Publick, he's so guarded
 With a Herd of Parasites, Clients, Fools and Suitors,
 That a Musket cannot reach him.—My Designs
 Admit of no Delay. This is her Birth-day,
 Which with a fit and due Solemnity
Camiola celebrates; and on it, all such
 As love or serve her, usually present
 A tributary Duty. I'll have something
 To give, if my Intelligence prove true,
 Shall find Acceptance. I'm told, near this Grove
Fulgentio every Morning makes his Markets
 With his Petitioners. I may present him
 With a sharp Petition.—Ha! 'tis he: my Fate
 Be ever bless'd for't

Enter Fulgentio.

Fulgen. Command such as wait me,
 Not to presume, at the least for half an Hour,
 To press on my Retirements:

Page. I will say, Sir, you are at your Prayers,

¹⁵ 'Gainst Duellists, then, &c.

Fulgentio put up his Challenge, and, instead of accepting it, threatened him with the Law against Duels. This *Adorni* would represent as base Treatment. A Man of Courage he supposes would not have taken the Advantage of such a Law. *That Altar*, that was a Sanctuary Cowards only would fly to. The Sense here plainly requires the Alteration I have made of *that* for *then*, which in the former Reading was scarce intelligible.

Fulgen.

Fulgen. That will not find Belief;
 Courtiers have something else to do.—Be gone, Sir.
 Challeng'd! 'tis well. And by a Groom! still better.
 Was this Shape made to fight? I have a Tongue, yet,
 How'er no Sword, to kill him; and what Way,
 This Morning I'll resolve of. [*Exit Fulgentio.*]

Adorni. I shall cross
 Your Resolution, or suffer for you. [*Exit Adorni.*]

S C E N E III.

Camiola's House.

Camiola: divers Servants with Presents.

Sylli, Clarinda.

Sylli. What are all these?

Clar. Servants with several Presents,
 And rich ones too.

1 Serv. With her best Wishes, Madam,
 Of many such Days to you, the Lady *Petula*
 Presents you with this Fan.

2 Serv. This Diamond
 From your Aunt *Honorio*.

3 Serv. This Piece of Plate
 From your Uncle, old *Vincenzio*, with your Arms
 Graven upon it.

Camiola. Good Friends, they are too
 Munificent in their Love, and Favour to me.
 Out of my Cabinet return such Jewels
 As this directs you, for your Pains;—and yours;—
 Nor must you be forgotten. Honour me
 With the drinking of a Health.

1 Serv. Gold, on my Life!

2 Serv. She scorns to give base Silver.

3 Serv. Would she had been
 Born every Month in the Year!

1 Serv. Month? every Day.

2 Serv. Shew such another Maid,

3 Serv.

3 *Serv.* All Happiness wait you.

Sylli. I'll see your Will done.

[*Exeunt Sylli, Clarinda, Servants.*]

Enter Adorni wounded.

Camiola. How! *Adorni* wounded?

Adorni. A Scratch got in your Service, else not worth Your Observation; I bring not, Madam, In Honour of your Birth-day, antique Plate, Or Pearl, for which the savage *Indian* dives Into the Bottom of the Sea; nor Diamonds Hewn from steep Rocks with Danger: Such as give To those that have what they themselves want, aim at A glad Return with Profit: Yet, despise not My Off'ring at the Altar of your Favour; Nor let the Lowness of the Giver lessen The Height of what's presented. Since it is A precious Jewel, almost forfeited, And, dim'd with Clouds of Infamy, redeem'd, And, in its natural Splendor, with Addition, Restor'd to the true Owner.

Camiola. How is this?

Adorni. Not to hold you in Suspense, I bring you, Madam, Your wounded Reputation cur'd, the Sting Of virulent Malice, fest'ring your fair Name, Pluck'd out and trod on. That proud Man, that was Deny'd the Honour of your Bed, yet durst With his untrue Reports strumpet your Fame, Compell'd by me, hath giv'n himself the Lye, And in his own Blood wrote it.—You may read *Fulgentio* subscrib'd.

Camiola. I am amaz'd!

Adorni. It does deserve it, Madam. Common Service Is fit for Hinds, and the Reward proportion'd To their Conditions. Therefore, look not on me As a Follower of your Father's Fortunes, or One that subsists on yours.—You frown! my Service

Merits

Merits not this Aspect.

Camiola. Which of my Favours,
I might say Bounties, hath begot, and nourish'd
This more then rude Presumption? Since you had
An Itch to try your desp'rate Valour, wherefore
Went you not to the War? Couldst thou suppose
My Innocence could ever fall so low
As to have Need of thy rash Sword to guard it
Against malicious Slander? O how much
Those Ladies are deceiv'd and cheated, when
The Clearness and Integrity of their Actions
Do not defend themselves, and stand secure
On their own Bases? Such as in a Colour
Of seeming Service give Protection to 'em,
Betray their own Strengths. Malice, scorn'd, puts out
Itself; but argu'd, gives a kind of Credit
To a false Accusation. In this,
This your most memorable Service, you believ'd
You did me right; but you have wrong'd me more
In your Defence of my undoubted Honour,
Than false *Fulgentio* could.

Adorni. I am sorry, what
Was so well intended, is so ill receiv'd.

Enter Clarinda.

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

Camiola. True, I did:
But he and you, Sir, are not Parallels,
Nor must you think yourself so.

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

Camiola. If *Bertoldo* had
Punish'd *Fulgentio's* Insolence, it had shown
His Love to her, whom in his Judgment he
Vouchsafe to make his Wife; a Height, I hope,
Which you dare not aspire to. The same Actions
Suit not all Men alike:—But I perceive

Repentance

Repentance in your Looks. For this Time, leave me
I may forgive, perhaps forget, your Folly,
Conceal yourself till this Storm be blown over,
You will be fought for; yet, for my Estate

[Gives him her Hand to kiss.

Can hinder it, shall not suffer in my Service.

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

Camiola. This Gentleman is of a noble Temper;
And I too harsh, perhaps, in my Reproof:
Was I not, *Clarinda*?

Clar. I am not to censure
Your Actions, Madam: but there are a thousand
Ladies, and of good Fame, in such a Cause,
Would be proud of such a Servant.

Camiola. It may be;

Enter a Servant.

Let me offend in this Kind.
Why uncall'd for?

Serv. The Signiors, Madam, *Gasparo* and *Antonio*,
(Selected Friends of the renown'd *Bertoldo*)
Put ashore this Morning.

Camiola. Without him?

Serv. I think so.

Camiola. Never think more, then.

Serv. They have been at Court.

Kiss'd the King's Hand; and, their first Duties done
To him, appear ambitious to tender
To you their second Service.

Camiola. Wait 'em hither. [Exit *Servant.*

Fear, do not rack me! Reason, now, if ever,
Haste with thy Aids, and tell me, such a Wonder
As my *Bertoldo* is, with such Care fashion'd,
Must not, nay, cannot, in Heav'n's Providence

Enter

Enter Anthonio, Gasparo, Servant.

So soon miscarry; pray you, forbear; e'er you
Take the Privilege, as Strangers, to salute me,
(Excuse my Manners) make me first understand,
How it is with *Bertoldo*?

Gasp. The Relation
Will not, I fear, deserve your Thanks.

Anth. I wish
Some other should inform you.

Camiola. Is he dead?
You see, though with some Fear, I dare enquire it.

Gasp. Dead? Would that were the worst, a Debt
were paid then,
Kings in their Birth owe Nature.

Camiola. Is their aught
More terrible than Death?

Anth. Yes, to a Spirit
Like his; cruel Imprisonment, and that
Without the Hope of Freedom.

Camiola. You abuse me:
The Royal King cannot, in Love to Virtue
(Though all Springs of Affection were dry'd up)
But pay his Ransom.

Gasp. When you know what 'tis,
You will think otherwise—No less will do it
Then fifty thousand Crowns.

Camiola. A petty Sum;
The Price weigh'd with the Purchase; fifty thousand?
To the King 'tis nothing. He, that can spare more
To his Minion for a Masque, cannot but ransom
Such a Brother at a Million—You wrong
The King's Magnificence.

Anth. In your Opinion;
But 'tis most certain. He does not alone
In himself refuse to pay it; but forbids
All other Men.

Camiola. Are you sure of this?

Gasp. You may read
The Edict to that Purpose, publish'd by him :
That will resolve you.

Camiola. Possible? Pray you, stand off ;
If I do not mutter Treason to myself,
My Heart will break : Yet I will not curse him ; [*Aside.*
He is my King—The News you have deliver'd,
Makes me weary of your Company : we'll salute
When we meet next. I'll bring you to the Door.
—Nay, pray you, no more Compliments.

Gasp. One Thing more,
And that's substantial : Let your *Adorni*
Look to himself.

Antb. The King is much incens'd
Against him, for *Fulgentio*.

Camiola. As I am
For your Slowness to depart.

Both. Farewel, sweet Lady!

[*Exeunt Gasparo, Anthonio.*

Camiola. O more then impious Times ! when not alone
Subordinate Ministers of Justice are
Corrupted and seduc'd, but Kings themselves
(The greater Wheels by which the lesser move)
Are broken or disjointed ! could it be, else,
A King, to sooth his politick Ends, should so far
Forfake his Honour, as at once to break
Th' Adamant Chains of Nature and Religion,
To bind up Atheism, as a Defence ¹⁶
To his dark Counsels ? Will it ever be ?
That to deserve too much is dangerous,
And Virtue, when too eminent, a Crime ?
Must She serve Fortune still ? Or, when stripp'd of
Her gay, and glorious Favours, lose the Beauties
Of her own natural Shape ? O my *Bertoldo* !
Thou only Sun in Honours Sphere, how soon
Art thou eclips'd and darken'd ! not the Nearness

¹⁶ To bind up Atheism, &c.

This appears to me to be false ; I would read,
To bring up Atheism, &c.

Of Blood prevailing on the King; nor all
 The Benefits to the gen'ral Good dispens'd
 Gaining a Retribution! but that
 To owe a Courtesy to a simple Virgin
 Would take from the deserving, I find in me
 Some Sparks of Fire, which, fann'd with Honours
 Breath,

Might rise into a Flame, and in Men darken
 Their usurp'd Splendor. Ha! my Aim is high,
 And, for the Honour of my Sex, to fall so,
 Can never prove inglorious.—'Tis resolv'd:
 Call in *Adorni*.

Clar. I am happy in
 Such Employment, Madam. [Exit *Clarinda*,

Camiola. He's a Man,
 I know, that at a reverend Distance loves me,
 And such are ever faithful. What a Sea
 Of melting Ice I walk on! what strange Censures
 Am I to undergo! but good Intents
 Deride all future Rumours.

Enter Clarinda and Adorni.

Adorni. I obey
 Your Summons, Madam.

Camiola. Leave the Place, *Clarinda*:
 One Woman, in a Secret of such Weight,
 Wife Men may think too much. Nearer, *Adorni*.

[Exit *Clarinda*.

I warrant it with a Smile.

Adorni. I cannot ask
 Safer Protection, what's your Will?

Camiola. To doubt
 Your ready Desire to serve me, or prepare you
 With the Repetition of former Merits,
 Would in my Diffidence, wrong you: But I will,
 And without Circumstance, in the Trust that I
 Impose upon you, free you from Suspicion.

Adorni. I foster none of you.

Camiola. I know you do not,
 You are *Adorni*, by the Love you owe me.—

Adorni. The surest Conjuration.

Camiola. Take me with you.—

Love born of Duty; but advance no further.
You are, Sir, as I said, to do me Service,
To undertake a Task, in which your Faith,
Judgment, Discretion—in a Word, your all
That's good, must be engag'd; nor must you study,
In the Execution, but what may make
For th' Ends I aim at.

Adorni. They admit no Rivals.

Camiola. You answer well.—You have heard of *Bertoldo's*

Captivity? and the King's Neglect? the Greatness
Of his Ransom, fifty thousand Crowns, *Adorni*;
Two Parts of my Estate.

Adorni. To what tends this?

Camiola. Yet I so love the Gentleman (for to you
I will confess my Weakness) that I purpose,
Now, when he is forsaken by the King,
And his own Hopes, to ransom, and receive him
Into my Bosom as my lawful Husband,

[*Adorni starts, and seems troubled.*]

Why change you Colour?

Adorni. 'Tis in Wonder of
Your Virtue, Madam.

Camiola. You must, therefore, to
Siena for me, and pay to *Gonzaga*
This Ransom for his Liberty; you shall
Have Bills of Exchange along with you. Let him swear
A solemn Contract to me, for you must be
My principal Witness, if he should—But why
Do I entertain these Jealousies? You will do this?

Adorni. Faithfully, Madam.—But not live long after.

[*Aside.*]

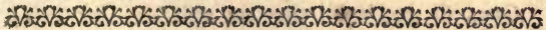
Camiola. One Thing I had forgot.—Besides his Free-
He may want Accommodations; furnish him [dom,
According to his Birth. And from *Camiola*
Deliver this Kiss, printed on your Lips [*Kisses him.*
Seal'd on his Hand.—You shall not see my Blushes;

I'll

I'll instantly dispatch you. [Exit Camiola.

Adorni. I'm half-hang'd
 Out of the Way, already.—Was there ever
 Poor Lover so employ'd against himself
 To make Way for his Rival? I must do it:
 Nay, more, I will. If Loyalty can find
 Recompence beyond Hope, or Imagination,
 Let it fall on me in the other World,
 As a Reward; for, in this, I dare not hope it. [Exit.

The End of the Third Act.



ACT IV. SCENE I.

The Camp.

Gonzaga, Pierio, Roderigo, Jacomo.

Gonz. YOU've seiz'd upon the Citadel, and disarm'd
 All that could make Resistance?

Pierio. Hunger had
 Done that, before we came; nor was the Soldier
 Compell'd to seek for Prey; the famish'd Wretches,
 In Hope of Mercy, as a Sacrifice offer'd
 All that was worth the taking.

Gonz. You proclaim'd,
 On Pain of Death, no Violence should be offer'd
 To any Woman?

Roder. But it needed not;
 For Famine had so humbled 'em, and took off
 The Care of their Sex's Honour, that there was not
 So coy a Beauty in the Town, but would
 For half a mouldy Bisket sell herself
 To a poor Besognion, and without shrieking.

Gonz. Where is the Duke of Urbin?

Jacomo. Under Guard,
 As you directed.

Gonz. See the Soldiers set
In Rank, and File; and, as the Dutcheſs paſſes,
Bid 'em vail their Enſigns; and charge 'em, on their
Not to cry Whores. [Lives,

Jacomo. The Devil cannot fright 'em
From their military Licence; though they know
They are her Subjects, and will part with Being,
To do her Service; yet, ſince ſhe's a Woman,
They will touch at her Breech with their Tongues —
and that is all
That they can hope for. [A Shout, and a general
Cry within, Whores! Whores!

Gonz. O the Devil! they are at it.
Hell ſtop their bawling Throats.—Again! make up
And cudgel them into Jelly.

Roder. To no Purpoſe,
Though their Mothers were there,
They would have the ſame Name for 'em. [Exeunt.

S C E N E II.

Before the Walls of Siena.

Roderigo, Jacomo, Pierio, Gonzaga, Aurelia (*under
a Canopy*). *Aſtutio preſents her with Letters. Loud
Muſick. She reads the Letters.*

Gonz. I do beſeech your Highneſs not to aſcribe
To th' Want of Diſcipline, the barbarous Rudeneſs
Of the Soldier, in his Prophanation of
Your ſacred Name and Virtues.

Aurelia. No, Lord General,
I've heard my Father ſay oft, 'twas a Cuſtom,
Uſual i' th' Camp; nor are they to be puniſh'd
For Words, that have in Fact deſerv'd ſo well.
Let the one excuſe the other.

All. Excellent Princeſs!

Aurelia. But for theſe Aids from *Sicily* ſent againſt us
To blaſt our Spring of Conqueſt in the Bud:

I can-

I cannot find, my Lord Ambassador,
How we should entertain't but as a Wrong,
With Purpose to detain us from our own ;
How'er the King endeavours, in his Letters,
To mitigate th' Affront.

Astutio. Your Grace, hereafter,
May hear from me such strong Assurances
Of his unlimited Desires to serve you,
As will, I hope, drown in Forgetfulness
The Mem'ry of what's past.

Aurelia. We shall take Time
To search the Depth of't further, and proceed
As our Council shall direct us.

Gonz. We present you
With the Keys of the City ; all Lets are remov'd ;
Your Way is smooth and easy ; at your Feet
Your proudest Enemy falls.

Aurelia. We thank your Valours :
A Victory without Blood is twice atchiev'd,
And the Disposure of it, to us tender'd,
The greatest Honour. Worthy Captains, Thanks !
My Love extends itself to All. [A Guard made.

Aurelia passes through 'em. Loud Musick.

Gonz. Make Way, there. [Exeunt.

S C E N E III.

A Prison.

Bertoldo, with a small Book, in Fetters. Jailor.

Bert. 'Tis here determin'd ¹⁷ (great Examples, arm'd
With Arguments, produc'd to make it good)

That

¹⁷ 'Tis here determin'd, &c.

This Soliloquy of *Bertoldo's* is a very true Account of the Inconsistency of the Stoicks. It was one of their favourite Maxims, that Pain was not an Evil. Their wise Man was to be insensible ; and yet no one bore Pain worse than he. They could argue, with great Appearance of Reason, against suffering from Affliction ; but, when they felt it, it was intolerable. They were mighty Heroes in Theory.

That neither Tyrants, nor the wrested Laws ;
The People's frantick Rage, sad Exile, Want,
Nor, that which I endure, Captivity,
Can do a wise Man any Injury.

Thus *Seneca*, when he wrote it, thought.—But then
Felicity courted him ; his Wealth exceeding
A private Man's ; happy in the Embraces
Of his chaste Wife *Paulina* ; his House full
Of Children, Clients, Servants, flatt'ring Friends,
Soothing his Lip-Positions, and created
Prince of the Senate, by the general Voice,
As his Pupil news Suffrage : Then, no Doubt,
He held, and did believe, this. But no sooner
The Prince's Frowns, and Jealousies had thrown him
Out of Security's Lap, and a Centurion
Had offer'd him what Choice of Death he pleas'd ;
But told him, Die he must : when straight the Armour
Of his so boasted Fortitude, fell off,

[*Throws away the Book.*

Complaining of his Frailty. Can it, then,
Be censur'd womanish Weakness in me, if,
Thus clogg'd with Irons, and the Period
To close up all Calamities deny'd me,
(Which was presented *Seneca*) I wish
I ne'er had Being ; at least, never knew
What Happiness was ; or argue with Heav'n's Justice,
Tearing my Locks, and in Defiance throwing
Dust in the Air ? or, falling on the Ground, thus
With my Nails and Teeth to dig a Grave, or rend
The Bowels of the Earth, my Step-mother,
And not a natural Parent ? or thus practise
To die, and, as I were insensible,
Believe I had no Motion ?

[*Lies on his Face.*

but, in Practice, Cowards. The great *Cleombes* starved himself to Death, because of a little Inflammation in his Gums. The Prince of Patriots, *Caro*, chose to die, because he could not bear to see *Cæsar* : And *Seneca* puled and whined at Death with the most womanish Fear imaginable: These were the Men who could demonstrate that Pain was not an Evil !

Enter

Enter Gonzaga, Adorni, Jailor.

Gonz. There he is :

I'll not enquire by whom his Ransom's paid,
I'm satisfy'd that I have it ; nor allege
One Reason to excuse his cruel Usage,
As you may interpret it ; let it suffice
It was my Will to have it so.—He is yours, now,
Dispose of him as you please [*Exit Gonzaga.*]

Adorni. Howe'er I hate him,
As one prefer'd before me, being a Man,
He does deserve my Pity. Sir,—he sleeps,
Or is he dead ?— Would he were a Saint in Heaven ;
'Tis all the Hurt I wish him. But, I was not
[*Kneels by him.*]

Born to such Happiness.—No, he breathes—Come near,
And, if't be possible, without his Feeling,
Take off his Irons.—So, now leave us private.
[*His Irons taken off.*]

He does begin to stir, and as transported [*Exit Jailor.*]
With a joyful Dream.—How he stares ! and feels his
As yet uncertain, whether it can be [*Legs,*]
True or phantastical.

Bert. Ministers of Mercy,
Mock not Calamity.—Ha ! 'tis no Vision !
Or, if it be, the happiest that ever
Appear'd to sinful Flesh !—Who's here ? His Face
Speaks him *Adorni* ! but some glorious Angel,
Concealing its Divinity in his Shape,
Hath done this Miracle, it being not an Act
For wolfish Man. Resolve me, if thou look'st for
Bent Knees in Adoration ?—

Adorni. O forbear, Sir !
I am *Adorni*, and the Instrument
Of your Deliverance ; but the Benefit
You owe another.

Bert. If he has a Name,
As soon as spoken, 'tis writ on my Heart,
I am his Bondman,

Adorni.

Adorni. To the Shame of Men,
This great Act is a Woman's.

Bert. The whole Sex
For her sake must be deify'd. How I wander
In my Imagination, yet cannot
Guess who this Phoenix should be!

Adorni. 'Tis *Camiola*.

Bert. Pray you speak't again! there's Musick in her
Name!

Once more, I pray you, Sir!

Adorni. *Camiola*,

The Maid of Honour.

Bert. Curs'd Atheist that I was,
Only to doubt it could be any other;
Since she alone, in th' Abstract of herself,
That small, but ravishing Substance, comprehends
Whatever is, or can be wish'd, in the
Idea of a Woman. O what Service,
Or Sacrifice of Duty, can I pay her,
If not to live, and die, her Charity's Slave?
Which is resolv'd already.

Adorni. She expects not

Such a Dominion o'er you: Yet, ere I
Deliver her Demands, give me your Hand:
On this, as she enjoyn'd me, with my Lips
I print her Love and Service, by me sent you,

Bert. I am o'erwhelm'd with Wonder!

Adorni. You must now

(Which is the Sum of all that she desires)
By a solemn Contract bind yourself, when she
Requires it, as a Debt due for your Freedom,
To marry her.

Bert. This does engage me further,
A Payment! an Increase of Obligation!
To marry her!—'twas my *nil ultra*, ever!
The End of my Ambition! O that now
The Holy Man, she present, were prepar'd
To join our Hands, but with that Speed, my Heart
Wishes mine Eyes might see her.

Adorni.

Adorni. You must swear this.

Bert. Swear it? Collect all Oaths and Imprecations,
Whose least Breach is Damnation; and those
Minister'd to me in a Form more dreadful;
Set Heav'n and Hell before me, I will take 'em:
False to *Camiola*? Never.—Shall I now
Begin my Vows to you?

Adorni. I am no Churchman;
Such a one must file it on Record. You are free;
And, that you may appear like to yourself
(For so she wish'd) there's Gold with which you may
Redeem your Trunks and Servants, and whatever
Of late you lost. I have found out the Captain
Whose Spoil they were.—His Name is *Roderigo*.

Bert. I know him.

Adorni. I have done my Part.

Bert. So much, Sir,

As I am ever yours for't. Now, methinks,
I walk in Air!—Divine *Camiola*!—

But Words cannot express thee. I'll build to thee
An Altar in my Soul, on which I'll offer
A still increasing Sacrifice of Duty. [Exit Bertoldo.]

Adorni. What will become of me now is apparent!
Whether a Poniard, or a Halter be
The nearest Way to Hell (for I must thither,
After I've kill'd myself) is somewhat doubtful.
This *Roman* Resolution of Self-Murder,
Will not hold Water, at the high Tribunal,
When it comes to be argu'd; my good Genius
Prompts me to this Consideration. He
That kills himself to avoid Misery, fears it.
And, at the best, shews but a bastard Valour.
This Life's a Fort committed to my Trust,
Which I must not yield up, 'till it be forc'd.
—Nor will I. He's not valiant that dares die,
But he that boldly bears Calamity. [Exit.]

SCENE

SCENE IV.

Siena.

A Flourish.

Pierio, Roderigo, Jacomo, Gonzaga, Aurelia, Ferdinand, Astutio. *Attendants.*

Aurelia. A Seat here for the Duke. It is our Glory
To overcome with Courtesies, not Rigour;
The lordly *Roman*, who held it the Height
Of human Happiness, to have Kings and Queens
To wait by his triumphant Chariot-wheels
In his insulting Pride, depriv'd himself
Of drawing near the Nature of the Gods,
Best known for such, in being merciful.
Yet, give me Leave, but still with gentle Language,
And with the Freedom of a Friend, to tell you,
To seek by Force, what Courtship could not win,
Was harsh, and never taught in Love's mild School.
Wise Poets feign, that *Venus'* Coach is drawn
By Doves and Sparrows, not by Bears and Tygers.

Ferd. I spare the Application,—In my Fortune
Heav'n's Justice hath confirm'd it; yet, great Lady,
Since my Offence grew from Excess of Love,
And not to be resisted, having paid too,
With Loss of Liberty, the Forfeiture
Of my Presumption, in your Clemency
It may find pardon.

Aurelia. You shall have just Cause
To say it hath. The Charge of the long Siege
Defray'd, and the Loss my Subjects have sustain'd
Made good, (since so far I must deal with Caution)
You have your Liberty.

Ferd. I could not hope for
Gentler Conditions.

Aurelia. My Lord *Gonzaga*,
Since my coming to *Siena*, I've heard much of
Your Pris'ner, brave *Bertoldo*,

Gonz.

Gonz. Such an one,
Madam, I had,

Astutio. And have still, Sir, I hope.

Gonz. Your Hopes deceive you. — He is ransom'd,
Madam.

Astutio. By whom, I pray you, Sir?

Gonz. You had best enquire
Of your Intelligencer: I am no Informer.

Astutio. I like not this.

[*Aside.*]

Aurelia. He is, as 'tis reported,
A goodly Gentleman, and of noble Parts,
A Brother of your Order.

Gonz. He was, Madam,
'Till he, against his Oath, wrong'd you, a Princess,
Which his Religion bound him from.

Aurelia. Great Minds,
For Trial of their Valours, oft maintain
Quarrels that are unjust; yet without Malice;
And such a fair Construction I make of him.
I would see that brave Enemy.

Gonz. My Duty
Commands me to seek for him.

Aurelia. Pray you do:
And bring him to our Presence. [Exit Gonzaga.]

Astutio. I must blast
His Entertainment. [*Aside.*] May it please your Ex-
cellency,

He is a Man debauch'd, and for his Riots
Cast off by th' King my Master; and that, I hope, is
A Crime sufficient.

Ferd. To you, his Subjects,
That like as your King likes —

Aurelia. But not to Us;
We must weigh with our own Scale.

Enter Gonzaga, Bertoldo richly habited, Adorni.

This is he, sure!

How soon mine Eye had found him! — What a Port

He

He bears! how well his Bravery becomes him!
 A Pris'ner! nay, a Princely Suitor, rather!
 But I'm too sudden.

Gonz. Madam, 'twas his Suit,
 Unsent for, to present his Service to you,
 Ere his Departure.

Aurelia. With what Majesty
 He bears himself!

Astutio. The Devil, I think, supplies him.
 Ransom'd? and thus rich, too!

Aurelia. You ill deserve

[*Bertoldo, kneeling, kisses her Hand.*

The Favour of our Hand.—We are not well:

Give Us more Air.

[*She descends suddenly.*

Gonz. What sudden Qualm is this?

Aurelia. —That lifted yours against me.

Bert. Thus, once more,

I sue for Pardon.

Aurelia. Sure his Lips are poison'd,
 And, through these Veins, force Passage to my Heart,
 Which is already seiz'd upon. [*Afide.*

Bert. I wait, Madam,

To know what your Commands are; my Designs
 Exact me in another Place.

Aurelia. Before

You have our Licence to depart? If Manners,
 Civility of Manners cannot teach you
 T' attend our Leisure, I must tell you, Sir,
 That you are still our Prisoner; nor had you
 Commission to free him.

Gonz. How's this, Madam?

Aurelia. You were my Substitute, and wanted Power,
 Without my Warrant, to dispose of him.
 I will pay back his Ransom ten times over,
 Rather than quit my Interest.

Bert. This is
 Against the Law of Arms.

Aurelia. But not of Love:

[*Afide.*

Why, hath your Entertainment, Sir, been such

In your Restraint, that, with the Wings of Fear,
You would fly from it ?

Bert. I know no Man, Madam,
Enamour'd of his Fetters, or delighting
In Cold or Hunger, or that would in Reason
Prefer Straw in a Dungeon, before
A Down Bed in a Palace.

Aurelia. How!—Come nearer ;
Was his Usage such ?

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

Aurelia. O thou mis-shap'd Monster !
In thee it is confirm'd, that such as have
No Share in Nature's Bounties, know no Pity
To such as have 'em. Look on him with my Eyes,
And answer then, whether this were a Man
Whose Cheeks of lovely Fulness should be made
A Prey to meagre Famine ? or these Eyes,
Whose every Glance store *Cupid's* empty'd Quiver,
To be dim'd with tedious Watching ; or these Lips,
These ruddy Lips, of whose fresh Colour, Cherries
And Roses were but Copies, should grow pale
For want of Nectar ? or these Legs that bear
A Burthen of more Worth, than is supported
By *Atlas's* weary'd Shoulders, should be cramp'd
With the Weight of Iron ? Oh, I could dwell ever
On this Description !

Bert. Is this in Derision,
Or Pity, of me ?

Aurelia. In your Charity
Believe me innocent. Now you are my Prisoner,
You shall have fairer Quarter ; you will shame
The Place where you have been, should you now leave it
Before you are recover'd. I'll conduct you
To more convenient Lodgings, and it shall be
My Care to cherish you. Repine who dare ;
It is our Will. You'll follow me ?

Bert. To the Centre,
Such a *Sibylla* guiding me. [*Exeunt Aurelia, Bertoldo.*

Gonz.

Gonz. Who speaks first?

Ferd. We stand, as we had seen *Medusa's* Head!

Pierio. I know not what to think, I'm so amaz'd!

Roder. Amaz'd! I'm thunderstruck!

Jacomo. We are enchanted.

And this is some Illusion.

Adorni. Heav'n forbid!

In dark Despair, it shews a Beam of Hope.

Contain thy Joy, *Adorni.*

Astutio. Such a Princess,

And of so long experienc'd Reservedness

Break forth, and on the sudden, into Flashes

Of more than doubted Looseness!

Gonz. They come again,

—Smiling, as I live: His Arm circling her Waist —

—I shall run mad:—Some Fury hath possess'd her.

If I speak, I may be blasted. Ha!—I'll mumble

A Prayer or two, and cross myself, and then,

Though the Devil fart Fire, have at him.

Enter Bertoldo and Aurelia.

Aurelia. Let not, Sir,

The Violence of my Passions nourish in you

An ill Opinion; or, grant my Carriage

Out of the Road, and Garb of private Women,

'Tis still done with Decorum. As I am

A Princess, what I do, is above Censure,

And to be imitated.

Bert. Gracious Madam,

Vouchsafe a little Pause; for I am so rap'd

Beyond myself, that, 'till I have collected

My scatter'd Faculties, I cannot tender

My Resolution.

Aurelia. Consider of it,

I will not be long from you.

[*Bertoldo walking by, musing.*

Gonz.

Gonz. Pray I cannot,
This cursed Object strangles my Devotion :
I must speak, or I burst. Pray you, fair Lady,
If you can in Courtesy, direct me to
The chaste *Aurelia*.

Aurelia. Are you blind? Who are We?

Gonz. Another kind of Thing. Her Blood was go-
vern'd

By her Discretion, and not rul'd her Reason :
The Reverence and Majesty of *Juno*
Shin'd in her Looks, and, coming to the Camp,
Appear'd a second *Pallas*. I can see
No such Divinities in you : If I
Without Offence may speak my Thoughts, you are,
As't were, a wanton *Helen*.

Aurelia. Good ; e'er long,
You shall know me better.

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

Astutio. May it please you
To hasten my Dispatch?

Aurelia. Prefer your Suits
Unto *Bertoldo* ; we will give him Hearing,
And you'll find him your best Advocate. [*Exit Aurelia.*]

Astutio. This is rare!

Gonz. What are we come to?

Roder. Grown up in a Moment
A Favourite!

Ferd. He does take State already.

Bert. No, no, it cannot be!—yet, but *Camiola*,
There is no Stop between me and a Crown :
—Then my Ingratitude! a Sin in which
All Sins are comprehended! aid me, Virtue,
Or I am lost.

[*Aside.*]

Gonz. May it please your Excellence—
—Second me, Sir.

Bert. Then my so horrid Oaths,
And hell-deep Imprecations made against it.

[*Aside.*]

Astutio. The King, your Brother, will thank you for
th' Advancement

Of his Affairs——

Bert. And yet who can hold out
Against such Batteries, as her Power and Greatness
Raise up against my weak Defences! [*Aside.*

Gonz. Sir,

Enter Aurelia.

Do you dream waking?—Slight, she's here again.

Bert. Walks she on woollen Feet!

Aurelia. You dwell too long
In your Deliberation, and come
With a Cripple's Pace to that which you should fly to.

Bert. It is confess'd: Yet, why should I, to win
From you, that hazard all to my poor nothing,
By false Play send you off a Loser from me?
I'm already too too much engag'd
To th' King my Brother's Anger; and who knows
But that his Doubts, and politick Fears, should you
Make me his Equal, may draw War upon
Your Territories; were that Breach made up,
I should with Joy embrace, what now I fear
To touch but with due Rev'rence.

Aurelia. That Hind'rance
Is easily remov'd. I owe the King
For a Royal Visit, which I straight will pay him,
And having first reconcil'd you to his Favour,
A Dispensation shall meet with us,

Bert. I am wholly yours.

Aurelia. On this Book seal it.

Gonz. What Hand and Lip too? Then the Bargain's
sure,
You've no Employment for me?

Aurelia. Yes, Gonzaga;
Provide a Royal Ship.

Gonz. A Ship? Saint John!
Whither are we bound, now?

Aurelia.

Aurelia. You shall know hereafter,
My Lord, your Pardon, for my too much trenching
Upon your Patience.

Adorni. Camiola— [Whispers to Bertoldo,

Aurelia. How do you?

Bert. Indisposed; but I attend you. [Exeunt.

Adorni. The heavy Curse that waits on Perjury,
And foul Ingratitude, pursue thee, ever!
Yet why from me this? In this Breach of Faith
My Loyalty finds Reward! what poisons him,
Proves Mithridate to me¹⁸ I have perform'd
All she commanded punctually, and now,
In the clear Mirrour of my Truth, she may
Behold his Falshood. O that I had Wings
To bear me to *Palermo*! this, once known,
Must change her Love into a just Disdain,
And work her to Compassion of my Pain. [Exit.

S C E N E V.

Camiola's House.

Sylli, Camiola, Clarinda, at several Doors.

Sylli. Undone! undone!—poor I, that whilome was
The Top and Ridge of my House, am, on the sudden,
Turn'd to the pititullest Animal
O' th' Lineage of the *Syllies*!

Camiola. What's the Matter?

Sylli. The King—break Girdle, break!

Camiola. Why, what of him?

Sylli. Hearing how far you doted on my Person,
Growng envious of my Happiness, and knowing
His Brother, nor his Favourite *Fulgentio*,
Could get a Sheep's Eye from you, I being present,

¹⁸ ———— *What poisons him
Proves Mithridate to me, &c.*

Mithridate (called after its Inventor, *Mithridate*, King of *Pontus*) a
Confection, that is a special Preservative against Poison.

Is come himself a Suitor, with the Awl
Of his Authority to bore my Nose,
And take you from me—Oh, oh, oh!

Camiola. Do not roar so:
The King?

Sylli. The King: Yet loving *Sylli* is not
So sorry for his own, as your Misfortune;
If the King should carry you, or you bear him,
What a Loser should you be? He can but make you
A Queen, and what a simple Thing is that
To th' being my lawful Spouse. The World can never
Afford you such a Husband.

Camiola. I believe you.
But how are you sure the King is so inclin'd?
Did not you dream this?

Sylli. With these Eyes I saw him
Dismiss his Train, and 'lighting from his Coach,
Whisper *Fulgentio* in the Ear.

Camiola. If so,
I guess the Business.

Sylli. It can be no other
But to give me the Bob, that being a Matter
Of main Importance.—Yonder they are, I dare not

Enter Roberto, *Fulgentio*.

Be seen, I am so desperate! if you forsake me,
Send me Word, that I may provide a Willow-Garland,
To wear, when I drown myself. O *Sylli*, O *Sylli*.

[*Exit crying.*]

Ful. It will be worth your Pains, Sir, to observe
The Constancy and Bravery of her Spirit.
Though great Men tremble at your Frowns, I dare
Hazard my Head, your Majesty, set off
With Terror, cannot fright her.

Rober. May she answer
My Expectation.

Fulgen. There she is

Cam. My Knees thus

Bent to the Earth (while my Vows are sent upward
For th' Safety of my Sov'reign) pay the Duty
Due for so great an Honour, in this Favour
Done to your humblest Hand-maid.

Rober. You mistake me,
I come not (Lady) that you may report
The King, to do you Honour, made your House*
(He being there) his Court; but to correct
Your stubborn Disobedience. A Pardon,
For that, could you obtain it, were well purchas'd
With this Humility.

Camiola. A Pardon, Sir?
'Till I am conscious of an Offence,
I will not wrong my Innocence to beg one,
What is my Crime, Sir?

Rober. Look on him I favour,
By your scorn'd and neglected.

Camiola. Is that all, Sir?

Rober. No, Minion; though that were too much.
How can you

Answer the setting on your desp'rate Bravo
To murder him?

Camiola. With your Leave, I must not kneel, Sir,
While I reply to this: But thus rise up
In my Defence, and tell you as a Man
(Since when you are unjust, the Deity
Which you may challenge as a King, parts from you)
'Twas never read in Holy Writ, or moral,
That Subjects on their Loyalty were oblig'd
To love their Sov'reign's Vices; your Grace, Sir,
To such an Undeserver is no Virtue.

Fulgen. What think you now, Sir?

Camiola. Say you should love Wine,
You being the King, and 'cause I am your Subject,
Must I be ever drunk? Tyrants, not Kings,
By Violence, from humble Vassals force
The Liberty of their Souls. I could not love him.

* Courts make not Kings, but Kings Courts.

DENHAM.

And to compel Affection, as I take it,
Is not found in your Prerogative.

Rober. Excellent Virgin!

How I admire her Confidence!

[*Aside.*]

Camiola. He complains

Of Wrong done him : But, be no more a King,
Unless you do me right. Burn your Decrees,
And of your Laws and Statutes make a Fire
To thaw the frozen Numbness of Delinquents,
If he escape unpunish'd. Do your Edicts
Call it Death in any Man that breaks into
Another's House to rob him, though of Trifles,
And shall *Fulgentio*, your *Fulgentio* live?
Who hath committed more than Sacrilege
In the Pollution of my clear Fame
By his malicious Slanders.

Rober. Have you done this?

Answer truly on your Life.

Fulgen. In the Heat of Blood
Some such Thing I reported.

Rober. Out of my Sight!

For I vow, if by true Penitence thou win not
This injur'd Lady to sue out thy Pardon,
Thy Grave is digg'd already.

Fulgen. By my own Folly
I've made a fair Hand of't,

[*Exit Fulgentio.*]

Rober. You shall know, Lady,
While I wear a Crown, Justice shall use her Sword
To cut Offenders off, though nearest to us.

Camiola. I, now you shew whose Deputy you are,
If now I bathe your Feet with Tears, it cannot
Be censur'd Superstition.

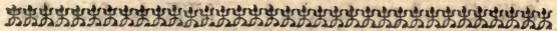
Rober. You must rise.

Rise in our Favour, and Protection ever: [*Kisses her.*]

Camiola. Happy are Subjects! when the Prince is still
Guided by Justice, not his passionate Will. [*Exeunt.*]

The End of the Fourth Act.

ACT



ACT V. SCENE I.

Camiola's House.

Camiola, Sylli.

Camiola. YOU see how tender I am of the Quiet
And Peace of your Affection, and what
great ones

I put off in your Favour.

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

Camiola. And good Reason,
In having such a Blessing.

Sylli. When you have it,
But the Bait is not yet ready. Stay the Time,
While I triumph by myself.—King, by your Leave,
I have wip'd your royal Nose, without a Napkin,
You may cry Willow, Willow! for your Brother,
I'll only say go by. For my fine Favourite,
He may graze where he please; his Lips may Water
Like a Puppies o'er a frumenty Pot, while *Sylli*
Out of his two-leav'd Cherry-stone Dish drinks *Nectar!*
I cannot hold out any longer; Heav'n forgive me,
'Tis not the first Oath, I have broke, I must take
A little for a Preparative. [*Offers to kiss and embrace her.*

Camiola. By no Means.
If you forswear yourself we shall not prosper.
I'll rather lose my Longing.

Sylli. Pretty Soul!
How careful it is of me! let me buss yet,
Thy little dainty Foot for't: That, I'm sure, is
Out of my Oath.

Camiola. Why, if thou canst dispense with't
So far, I'll not be scrupulous; such a Favour

My amorous Shoemaker steals.

Sylli. O most rare Leather! [*Kisses her Shoe often.*
I do begin at the lowest, but in time
I may grow higher.

Camiola. Fie! you dwell too long there;
Rise, pry'thee, rise.

Sylli. O, I am up already.

Enter Clarinda hastily.

Camiola. How I abuse my Hours!—What news with
thee, now?

Clar. Off with that Gown, 'tis mine; mine by your
Promise:

Signior *Adorni* is return'd! now upon Entrance;
Off with it, off with it, Madam.

Camiola. Be not so hasty:
When I go to Bed, 'tis thine.

Sylli. You have my grant too;
But, do you hear, Lacy, though I give Way to this,
You must hereafter ask my Leave before
You part with Things of Moment.

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

Sylli. Sweet Obedience!

Enter Adorni.

Camiola. You're well return'd

Adorni. I wish that the Success
Of my Service had deserv'd it.

Camiola. Lives *Bertoldo*?

Adorni. Yes, and return'd with Safety.

Camiola. 'Tis not, then,
In the Rower of Fate to add to, or take from
My perfect Happiness: And yet he should
Have made me his first Visit.

Adorni. So I think too;
But he—

Sylli.

Sylli. Durst not appear, I being present;
That's his Excuse, I warrant you.

Camiola. Speak, where is he?
With whom? Who hath deserv'd more from him? Or
Can be of equal Merit? In this
Do not except the King.

Adorni. He's at the Palace
With the Dutchess of *Siena*. One Coach brought 'em
hither,

Without a third. He's very gracious with her,
You may conceive the rest.

Camiola. My jealous Fears
Make me to apprehend.

Adorni. Pray you, dismiss
Signior Wisdom, and I'll make relation to you
Of the Particulars.

Camiola. Servant, I would have you
To haste unto the Court.

Sylli. I will out-run
A Footman for your Pleasure.

Camiola. There observe
The Dutchess' Train and Entertainment.

Sylli. Fear not,
I will discover all that is of Weight
To the Liveries of her Pages, and her Footmen.
This is fit Employment for me. [Exit Sylli.]

Camiola. Gracious with
The Duchess! sure, you said so?

Adorni. I will use
All possible Brevity to inform you, Madam,
Of what was trusted to me, and discharg'd
With Faith and loyal Duty.

Camiola. I believe it;
You ransom'd him, and supply'd his Wants—imagine
That is already spoken; and what Vows
Of Service he made to me, is apparent;
His Joy of me, and Wonder too perspicuous;
Does not your Story end so?

Adorni. Would the End

Had answered the Beginning—In a Word,
Ingratitude and Perjury at the Height,
Cannot express him.

Camiola. Take heed.

Adorni. Truth is arm'd
And can defend itself. It must out, Madam.
I saw (the presence full) the amorous Dutchess
Kiss and embrace him, on his Part accepted
With equal Ardor, and their willing Hands
No sooner join'd, but a Remove was publish'd,
And put in Execution.

Camiola. The Proofs are
Too pregnant.—O *Bertoldo!*

Adorni. He's not worth
Your sorrow, Madam.

Camiola. Tell me, when you saw this,
Did not you grieve, as I do now, to hear it?

Adorni. His Precipice from Goodness raising mine,
And serving as a Foil to set my Faith off,
I had little Reason.

Camiola. In this you confess
The Devillish Malice of your Disposition.
As you were a Man, you stood bound to lament it,
And not in Flattery of your false Hopes
To glory in it. When good Men pursue
The Path mark'd out by Virtue, the blessed Saints
With Joy look on it, and Seraphic Angels
Clap their celestial Wings in heav'nly Plaudits,
To see a Scene of Grace so well presented,
The Fiends, and Men made up of envy, mourning;
Whereas now, on the contrary, as far
As their Divinity can partake of Passion,
With me they weep, beholding a fair Temple;
Built in *Bertoldo's* Loyalty, turn'd to Ashes
By the Flames of his Inconstancy, the damn'd
Rejoicing in the Object.—'Tis not well
In you, *Adorni.*

Adorni. What a temper dwells
In this rare Virgin,—Can you pity him

[*Aside*
That

That hath shewn none to you?

Camiola. I must not be
Cruel by his Example, You, perhaps,
Expect now I should seek Recovery
Of what I have lost by Tears, and with bent Knees
Beg his Compassion. No; my tow'ring Vertue,
From the Assurance of my Merit, scorns
To stoop so low. I'll take a nobler Course,
And, confident in the Justice of my Cause,
(The King his Brother, and new Mistress Judges)
Ravish him from her Arms—You have the Contract
In which he swore to marry her?

Adorni. 'Tis here, Madam. [Husband,

Camiola. He shall be, then, against his will my
And when I have him, I'll so use him—Doubt not,
But that, your Honesty being unquestion'd;
This Writing with your Testimony clears all.

Adorni. And buries me in the dark Mists of Error.

Camiola. I'll presently to Court, pray you, give Order
For my Coach.

Adorni. A Cart for me were fitter,
To hurry me to th' Gallows [Exit Adorni.

Camiola. O false Men!
Inconstant! perjur'd! My good Angel, help me
In these my Extremities!

Enter Sylli.

Sylli. If you ever will see a brave Sight,
Lose it not now. *Bertoldo* and the Dutchess
Are presently to be married. There's such Pomp
And Preparation.

Camiola. If I marry, 'tis
This Day, or never.

Sylli. Why, with all my Heart;
Though I break this, I'll keep the next Oath I make,
And then it is quit.

Camiola. Follow me to my Cabinet;
You know my Confessor, Father *Paulo*?

Sylli.

Sylli. Yes : Shall he
Do the Feat for us ?

Camiola. I will give in Writing
Directions to him, and attire myself
Like a Virgin-bride, and something I will do
That shall deserve Men's Praise and Wonder too.

Sylli. And I, to make all know I am not shallow,
Will have my Points of Cochineal and Yellow. [*Exeunt.*]

S C E N E II.

The Palace at Palermo.

Loud Musick.

Roberto, Bertoldo, Aurelia, Astutio, Gonzaga, Roderigo, Iacomo, Pierio, Bishop, *with Attendants.*

Rober. Had your Division been greater, Madam,
Your Clemency, (the Wrong being done to you)
In Pardon of it, like the Rod of Concord,
Must make a perfect Union, once more
With a brotherly Affection we receive you
Into our Favour. Let it be your Study
Hereafter to deserve this Blessing, far
Beyond your Merit,

Bert. As the Princess, Grace
To me is without Limit, my Endeavours
With all Obsequiousness to serve her Pleasures
Shall know no Bounds ; nor will I, being made
Her Husband, forget the Duty that
I owe her as a Servant,

Aureila. I expect not
But fair Equality, since I well know,
If that Superiority be due,
'Tis not to me. When you are made my Consort,
All the Prerogatives of my high Birth cancell'd,
I'll practice the Obedience of a Wife,
And freely pay it. Queens themselves, if they
Make Choice of their Inferiors, only aiming

To

To feed their sensual Appetites, and to reign
 Over their Husbands, in some Kind commit
 Authoriz'd Whoredom, nor will I be guilty,
 In my Intent of such a Crime.

Gonz. This done,
 As it is promis'd, Madam, may well stand for
 A Precedent to great Women: But, when once
 The griping Hunger of Desire is cloy'd,
 (And the poor Fool, advanc'd, brought on his Knees)
 Most of your Eagle-Breed, I'll not say all,
 (Ever excepting you) challenge again,
 What in hot Blood they parted from.

Aurelia. You are ever
 An Enemy of our Sex, but you, I hope, Sir,
 Have better Thoughts.

Bert. I dare not entertain
 An ill one of your Goodness.

Rober. To my Power
 I will enable him, to prevent all Danger
 Envy can raise against your Choice. One Word more
 Touching the Articles.

Enter Fulgentio, Camiola, Sylli, Adorni.

Fulgen. In you alone
 Lie all my Hopes; you can or kill or save me;
 But pity in you will become you better,
 (Though, I confess, in justice 'tis deny'd me)
 Then too much Rigour.

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

Aurelia. Or add or alter
 What you think fit. In him I have my all,
 Heav'n make me thankful for him.

Rober. On to the Temple.

Camiola. Stay, Royal Sir, and, as you are a King,
 Erect one here, in doing Justice to
 An injur'd Maid.

Aurelia.

Aurelia. How's this?

Bert. O I am Blasted!

[Promptness]

Reber. I have giv'n some Proof, sweet Lady, of my
To do you Right, you need not, therefore, doubt me;
And rest assur'd. that, this great Work dispatch'd,
You shall have Audience and Satisfaction
To all you can demand.

Camiola. To do me Justice

Exacts your present Care, and can admit
Of no Delay. If ere my Cause be heard,
In Favour of your Brother, you go on, Sir,
Your Scepter cannot right me. He's the Man,
The guilty Man, whom I accuse, and you
Stand bound in Duty, as you are Supreme,
To be impartial. Since you are a Judge,
As a Delinquent look on him, and not
As on a Brother, Justice painted blind,
Infers, her Ministers are oblig'd to hear
The Cause and Truth, the Judge determine of it;
And not sway'd, or by Favour or Affection,
By a false Gloss, or wrested Comment, alter
The true Intent, and Letter of the Law.

Roder. Nor will I, Madam,

Aurelia. You seem troubled, Sir,

Gonz. His Colour changes too.

Camiola. The Alteration.

Grows from his Guilt. The Goodness of my Cause
Begets such Confidence in me, that I bring
No hir'd Tongue to plead for me, that with gay
Rhetorical Flourishes may palliate
That which, stripp'd naked, will appear deform'd.
I stand here mine own Advocate; and my Truth,
Deliver'd in the plainest Language; will
Make good itself; nor will I, if the King
Give Suffrage to it, but admit of you,
My greatest Enemy, and this Stranger Prince,
To sit Assistants with him.

Aurelia. I ne'er wrong'd you.

Cam. In your Knowledge of the Injury, I believe it;
Nor

Nor will you in your Justice, when you are
Acquainted with my Interest in this Man
Which I lay claim to.

Rober. Let us take our Seats,
What is your Title to him?

Camiola. By this Contract,
Seal'd solemnly before a reverend Man,
I challenge him for my Husband.

Sylli. Ha! was I
Sent for the Frier, for this? O *Sylli!* *Sylli!*
Some Cordial, or I faint!

Rober. This Writing is
Authenticall.

Aurelia. But done in Heat of Blood,
(Charm'd by her Flatt'ries, as, no doubt, he was)
To be dispens'd with.

Ferd. Add this, if you please,
The Distance and Disparity between
Their Births and Fortunes.

Camiola. What can Innocence hope for,
When such as sit her Judges, are corrupted!
Disparity of Birth, or fortune, urge you?
Or *Syren* Charms? or, at his best, in me,
Wants to deserve him? Call some few Days back,
And, as he was, consider him, and you
Must grant him my Inferior. Imagine
You saw him now in fetters, with his Honour,
His Liberty lost; with her black Wings Despair
Circling his Miseries, and this *Gonzago*
Trampling on his Afflictions; the great Sum
Proposed for his Redemption; the King
Forbidding Payment of it; his near Kinsmen,
With his protesting Followers and Friends,
Falling off from him; by the whole World forsaken;
Dead to all Hope, and buried in the Grave
Of his Calamities; and then weigh duly
What she deserv'd (whose Merits now are doubted)
That as his better Angel in her Bounties
Appear'd unto him, his great Ransom pay'd;

His Wants, and with a prodigal Hand, supply'd;
Whether, then, being my manumifed Slave,
He ow'd not himself to me?

Aurelia. Is this true?

Rober. In his Silence 'tis acknowledg'd.

Gonz. If you want

A Witness to this Purpose, I'll depose it.

Camiola. If I have dwelt too long on my Deservi
To this unthankful Man, pray you pardon me;
The Cause requir'd it. And, though now I add
A little, in my Painting to the Life
His barbarous Ingratitude, to deter
Others from Imitation, let it meet with
A fair Interpretation. This Serpent,
Frozen to Numbness, was no sooner warm'd
In the Bosom of my Pity and Compassion,
But, in Return, he ruin'd his Preserver,
The Prints, the Irons had made in his Flesh,
Still ulcerous; but all that I had done
(My Benefits in Sand, or Water written)¹⁹
As they had never been, no more remember'd:
And on what Ground, but his ambitious Hopes
To gain this Duchefs' Favour.

Aurelia. Yes; the Object
(Look on it better, Lady) may excuse
The Charge of his Affection.

Camiola. The Object?
In what? forgive me, Modesty, if I say
You look upon your Form in the false Glas
Of Flatt'ry and Self-love, and that deceives you.
That you were a Dutchefs, as I take it, was not
Character'd on your Face, and, that not seen,
For other Feature, make all these, that are
Experienc'd in Women, judges of 'em;
And, if they are not Parasites, they must grant

¹⁹ *My Benefits in Sand, or Water Written.*

Thus in *Shakespear's Henry VIII.*

Men's Evil Manners live in Brass; their Virtues
We write in Water.

ACT. IV.

For

For Beauty without Art, though you storm at it,
I may take the Right-Hand File.

Gonz. Well said, I' faith!

I see fair Women on no Terms will yield
Priority in Beauty.

Camiola. Down, proud Heart!

Why do I rise up in Defence of that,
Which, in my cherishing of it, hath Undone me!
No, Madam, I recant;—You are all Beauty,
Goodness and Virtue; and poor I not worthy
As a Foil to set you off; Enjoy your Conquest;
But do not tyrannize. Yet, as I am
In my Lowness from your Height, you may look on me,
And in your Suffrage to me, make him know
That, though to all Men else I did appear
The Shame and Scorn of Women,²⁰ He stands bound
To hold me as her Master-piece.

Rober. By my Life,

You've shew'n yourself of such an abject Temper,
So poor, and low-condition'd, as I grieve for
Your Nearness to me.

Ferd. I am chang'd in my
Opinion of you, Lady, and profess
The Virtues of your Mind, an ample Fortune
For an absolute Monarch.

Gonz. Since you are resolv'd
To damn yourself, in your forsaking of
Your noble Order for a Woman, do it [meet not
For this. You may search through the World, and
With such another *Phenix*.

Aurelia. On the Sudden

I feel all Fires of Love quench'd in the Water

²⁰ ——— I did appear,
The Shame and Scorn of Women.

This is the Reading of all the Old Copies, but I imagine it is false,
and that we ought to read.

————— I did appear,
The Shame and Scorn of Nature.

What strengthens this Supposition, is the Lines following, which
makes the Sense entire.

Of Compassion.—Make your Peace; you have
My free Consent; for here I do disclaim
All Int'rest in you: And, to further your
Desires, fair Maid, compos'd of Worth and Honour,
The Dispensation procur'd by me,
Freeing *Bertoldo* from his Vow, makes Way
To your Embraces.

Bert. Oh, how have I stray'd,
And wilfully, out of the noble Track
Mark'd me by Virtue! 'Till now, I was never
Truly a Prisoner. To excuse my late
Captivity, I might allege the Malice
Of Fortune; you, that conquer'd me, confessing
Courage in my Defence was no Way wanting.
But now I have surrender'd up my Strengths
Into the Power of Vice, and on my Forehead
Branded with mine own Hand, in Capital Letters,
Disloyal and ingrateful. Though barr'd from
Human Society, and hiss'd into
Some Desert ne'er yet haunted with the Curses
Of Men and Women, sitting as a Judge
Upon my guilty self, I must confess
It justly falls upon me; and one Tear,
Shed in Compassion of my Suff'rings, more
Than I can hope for.

Camiola. This Compunctiōn
For th' Wrong that you have done me, tho' you should
Fix here, and your true Sorrow move no farther,
Will, in respect I lov'd once, make these Eyes
Two Springs of Sorrow for you.

Bert. In your Pity
My Cruelty shews more monstrous: Yet I am not,
Though most ingrateful, grown to such a Height
Of Impudence, as in my Wishes only
To ask your Pardon. If, as now I fall
Prostrate before your Feet, you will vouchsafe
To act your own Revenge, treading upon me
As a Viper eating through the Bowels of
Your Benefits, to whom, with Liberty,

I owe my Being, 'twill take from the Burthen
That now is insupportable.

Camiola. Pray you, rise ;
As I wish Peace and Quiet to my Soul,
I do forgive you heartily. Yet, excuse me,
Though I deny myself a Blessing that,
By the Favour of the Dutches's seconded,
With your Submission is offer'd to me,
Let not the Reason I allege for't grieve you,
You have been false once.—I have done : and if,
When I am married (as this Day I will be)
As a perfect Sign of your Atonement with me,
You wish me Joy, I will receive it for
Full Satisfaction of all Obligations
In which you stand bound to me.

Bert. I will do it,
And, what's more, in Despite of Sorrow, live
To see myself undone, beyond all Hope
To be made up again.

Sylli. My Blood begins
To come to my Heart again.

Camiola. Pray you, Signior *Sylli*,
Call in the holy Frier. He's prepar'd
For finishing the Work.

Sylli. I knew I was
The Man. Heaven make me thankful !

Rober. Who is this ?

Astutio. His Father was the Banker of *Palermo* :
And this the Heir of his great Wealth.—His Wisdom
Was not hereditary.

Sylli. Though you know me not,
Your Majesty owes me a round Sum ; I have
A Seal or two, to witness ; yet, if you please
To wear my Colours, and dance at my Wedding,
I'll never sue you.

Rober. And I'll grant your Suit.

Sylli. Gracious *Madona*, noble General,
Brave Captains and my quondam Rivals wear 'em,

Since I am confident you dare not harbour
A Thought, but that Way current. [Exit.

Aurelia. For my Part
I cannot guess the Issue.

Enter Sylli with the Friar.

Sylli. Do your Duty,
And with all Speed you can, you may dispatch us.

Paulo. Thus, as a principal Ornament to the Church,
I seize her.

All. How!

Rober. So young, and so religious!

Paulo. She has forsook the World.

Sylli. And *Sylli* too?
I shall run mad.

Rober. Hence with the Fool! Proceed, Sir.

[*Sylli thrust off.*]

Paulo. Look on this Maid of Honour, now
Truly honour'd in her Vow
She pays to Heaven: Vain Delight
By Day, or Pleasure of the Night,
She no more thinks of: This fair Hair
(Favours for great Kings to wear)
Must now be shorn. Her rich Array
Chang'd into a homely gray.
The Dainties, with which she was fed
And her proud Flesh pampered,
Must not be tasted; from the Spring,
For Wine, cold Water we will bring,
And with fasting mortify
The Feasts of Sensuality.
Her Jewels, Beads; and she must look
Not in a Glass, but holy Book;
To teach her the ne'er erring Way
To Immortality. O may
She, as she purposes to be
A child new born to Piety,
Persevere in it, and good Men,

With

With Saints and Angels, fay, Amen!

Camiola. This is the Marriage! this the Port to which
My Vows must steer me! Fill my spreading Sails
With the pure Wind of your Devotions for me,
That I may touch the secure Haven, where
Eternal Happiness keeps her Residence,
Temptations to Frailty never ent'ring.
I am dead to the World, and thus dispose
Of what I leave behind me, and, dividing
My 'State into three Parts. I thus bequeath it.
The first to the fair Nunnery, to which
I dedicate the last, and better Part
Of my frail Life; a second Portion
To pious Uses; and the third to thee,
Adorni, for thy true and faithful Service.
And, e'er I take my last Farewel, with Hope
To find a Grant, my Suit to you is, that
You would, for my Sake, pardon this young Man,
And to his Merits love him, and no further.

Rober. I thus confirm it.

[*Gives his Hand to Fulgentio.*

Camiola. And, as e'er you hope, [To Bertoldo.
Like me, to be made happy, I conjure you
To re-assume your Order; and in fighting
Bravely against the Enemies of our Faith
Redeem your mortgag'd Honour.

Rober. I restore this:—

[*The white Cross.*

Once more Brothers in Arms.

Bert. I'll live and die so.

Camiola. To you my pious Wishes! And, to end
All Differences, Great Sir, I beseech you
To be an Arbitrator, and compound
The Quarrel, long continuing, between
The Duke and Dutchess.

Rober. I'll take it into
My special Care.

Camiola. I'm then at rest.—Now, Father,
Conduct me where you please.

[*Exeunt Paulo and Camiola.*

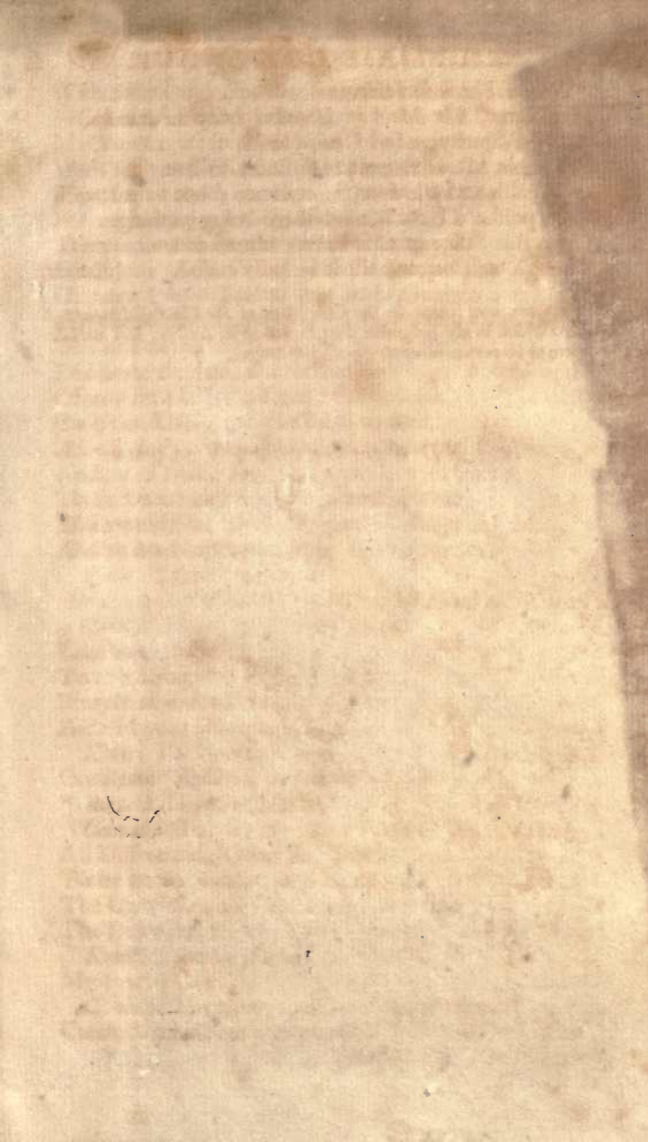
Rober.

Rober. She well deserves
 Her Name, *The Maid of Honour!* May she stand
 To all Posterity, a fair Example
 For noble Maids to imitate! Since, to live
 In Wealth and Pleasure, is common; but to part with
 Such poison'd Baits is rare, there being nothing
 Upon this Stage of Life to be commended,
 Though well begun, till it be fully ended. [Exeunt.]

We are now come to the Conclusion of *the Maid of Honour*: A Piece which in my Judgment does *Honour* to its Author, and well deserves to be presented upon the *English Stage*.

The END of the SECOND VOLUME.





UNIVERSITY OF CALIFORNIA, LOS ANGELES

THE UNIVERSITY LIBRARY

This book is DUE on the last date stamped below

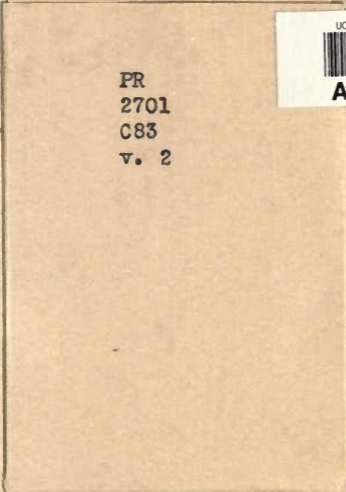
OCT 26 1945.

Form L-9
2571-2, '43 (5200)

UNIVERSITY OF CALIFORNIA
AT
LOS ANGELES
LIBRARY



3 1158 00988 5111



PR
2701
C83
v. 2

UC SOUTHERN REGIONAL LIBRARY FACILITY



A 000 004 055 0

