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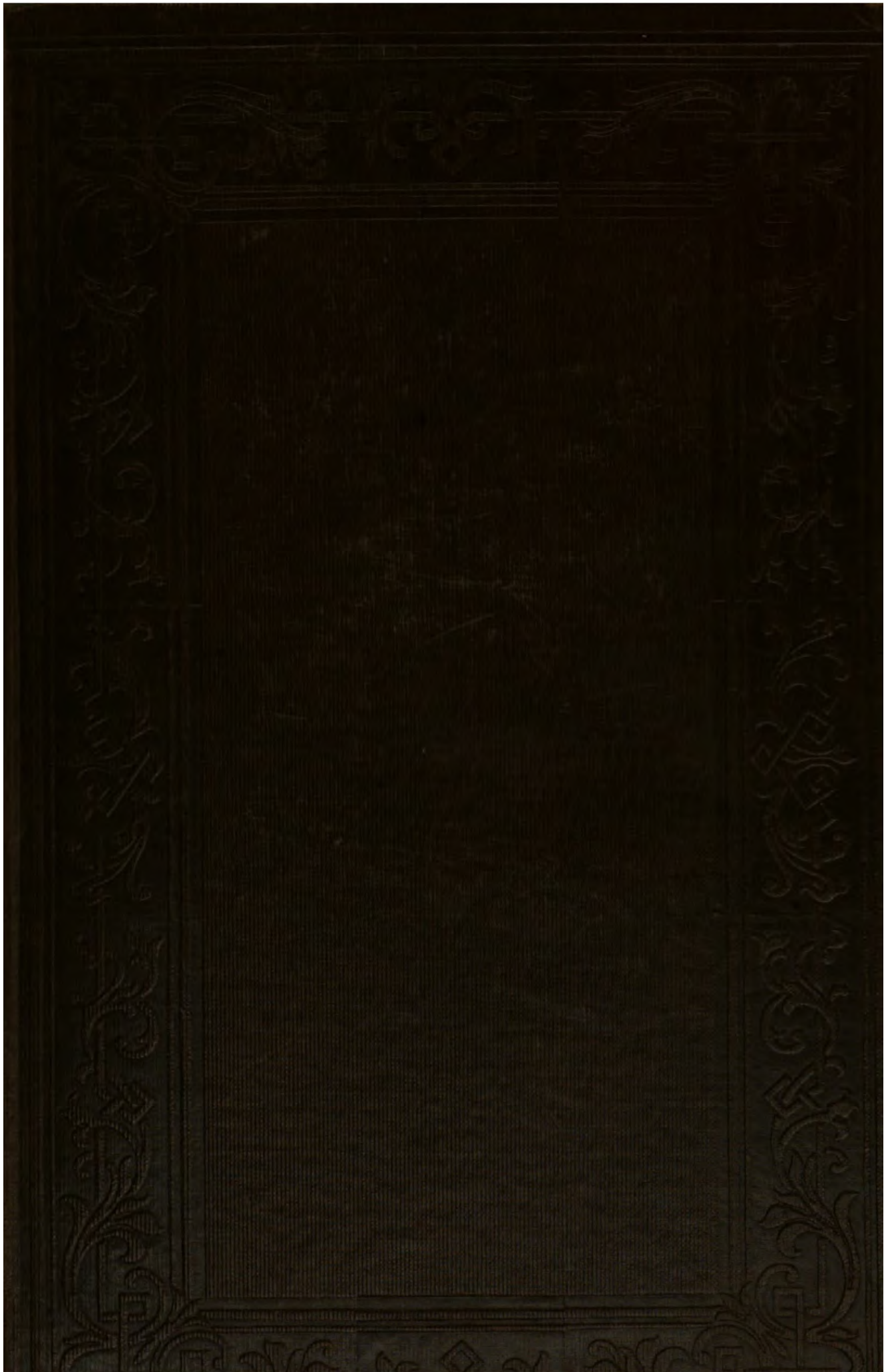
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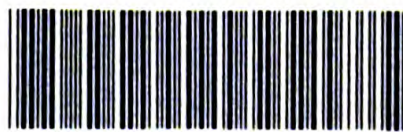
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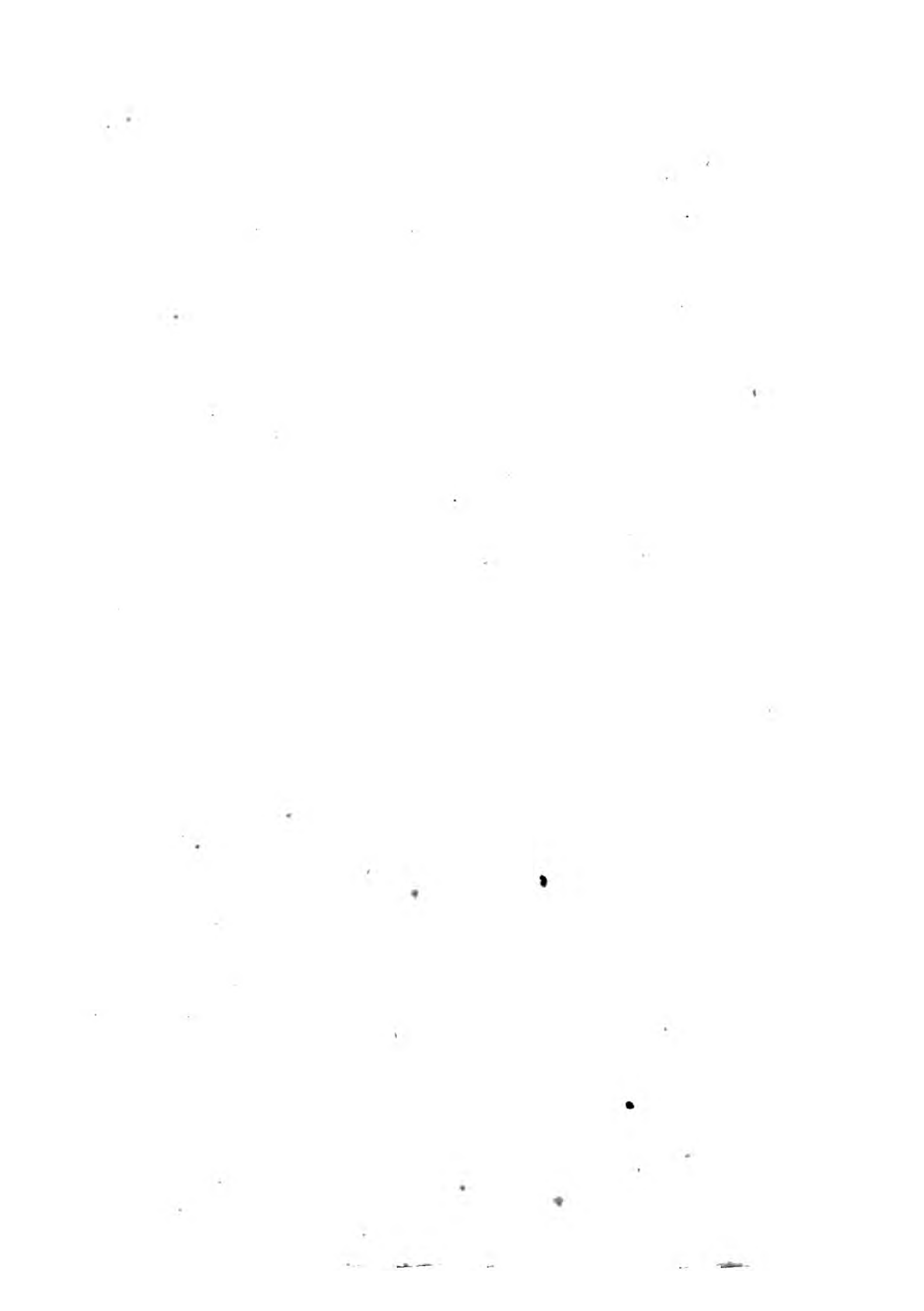


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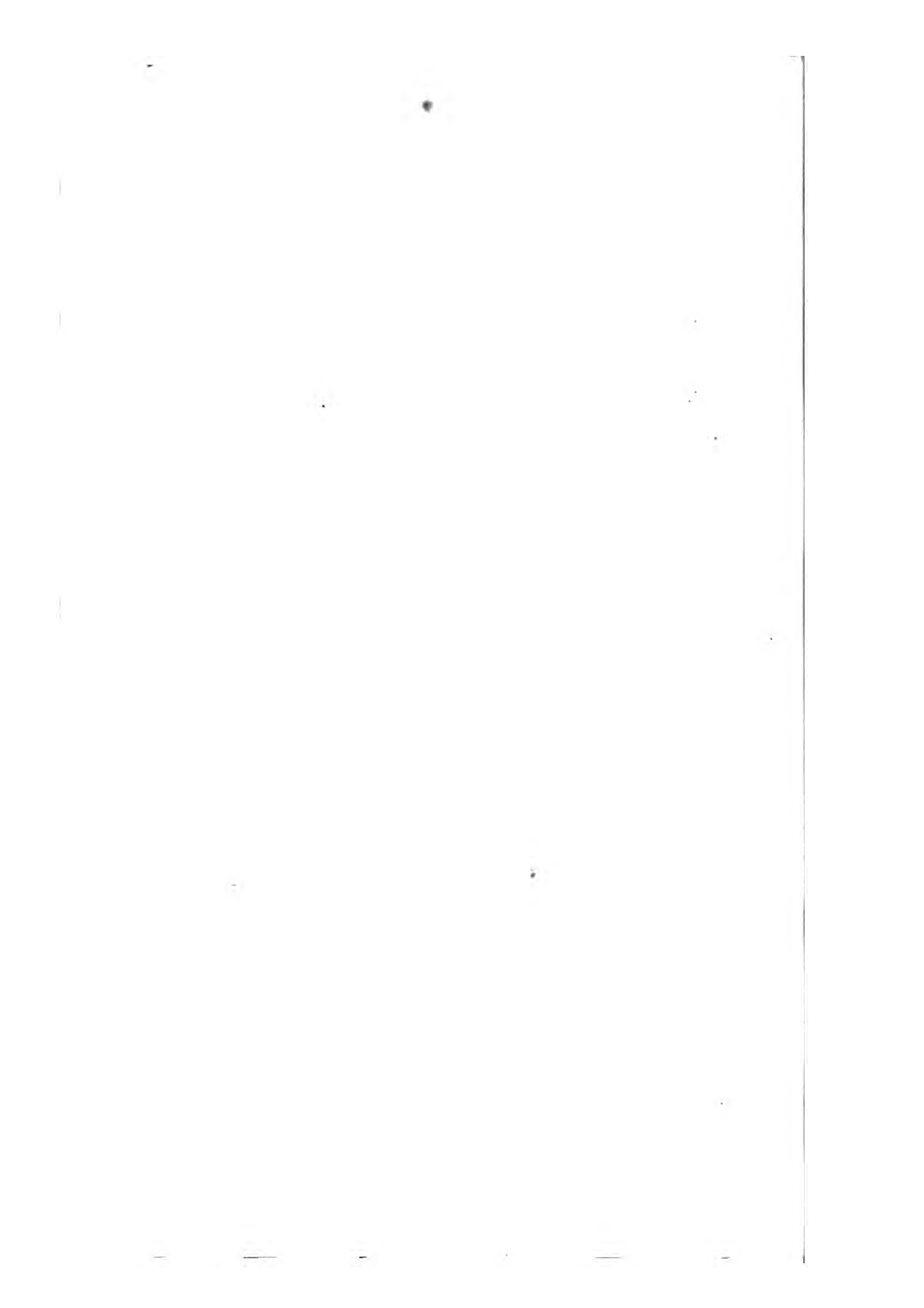
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THE WORKS
OF
BEAUMONT AND FLETCHER.



THE WORKS
OF
BEAUMONT & FLETCHER;

THE TEXT FORMED FROM A NEW COLLATION OF THE
EARLY EDITIONS.

With Notes

AND A BIOGRAPHICAL MEMOIR

BY

THE REV. ALEXANDER DYCE.

IN ELEVEN VOLUMES.

VOL. V.

BONDUCA.
THE KNIGHT OF MALTA.

THE QUEEN OF CORINTH.

VALENTINIAN.
THE LAWS OF CANDY.

LONDON:
EDWARD MOXON, DOVER STREET.

MDCCCXLIV.

LONDON :
BRADBURY AND EVANS, PRINTERS, WHITEFRIARS.

BONDUCA.

The Tragedie of Bonduca.

In the folios 1647, 1679.

THAT Fletcher had any assistance from Beaumont in composing this tragedy is much to be doubted, though Weber inclines to believe that it was a joint-effort of the poets. Concerning its date we are left in uncertainty; but, as Burbadge played one of the characters (most probably Caratach), it must have been produced before March 1618-19^a, about the middle of which month that celebrated actor died.

The greater portion of *Bonduca* was evidently derived from the invention of the poet (or poets): but its groundwork may be found in the *Annalia* of Tacitus, lib. xiv. c. 29, sqq.; and the death of Pœnius, which forms so important an incident in the play, is thus related by the Roman historian: "Et Pœnius Postumus, præfectus castrorum secundæ legionis, cognitis quartadecimanorum vicesimanorumque prosperis rebus, quia pari gloria legionem suam fraudaverat, abnueratque, contra ritum militiæ, jussa ducis, se ipsum gladio transegit." c. 37.

A wretched alteration of this tragedy, under the title of *Bonduca, or The British Heroine*, was produced at the Theatre Royal, in 1696, and published during the same year by George Powell the actor, with the following address

"To the Reader.

"I must make room for one page more, to tell you how our *Bonduca* set Foot upon the Stage. The Value of the Original is not unknown to those who have read it in Fletcher: A Value that has often times been prized so high, that the whole Brotherhood of the Quill have for many Years been blamed for letting so Ingenious a Relick of the Last Age, as *Bonduca*, lie dormant, when so inconsiderable an Additional Touch of the Pen was wanting, to make it fit for an Honourable Reception in This.

"This Consideration prompted a Friend of mine, a much abler Hand than my own, to attempt it; not that his Leisure, Attendance, or Inclinations, would permit him to make any long Toil of it. For to tell the Truth, the whole Play was revised quite through, and likewise studied up in one Fortnight.

^a "Richard Burbadge Player was buried the XVIth of Marche. [1618-19—his place of residence having been] Hollywell St." I copy this entry literatim from the Register of Burials belonging to St. Leonard's Church Shoreditch. Mr. Collier has fixed the death of Burbadge in March 1619-20. (*Hist. of Engl. Dram. Poet.* i. 430).

“ This Undertaker, who bestow'd but Four Days Labour upon it, being above the Interest Part of an Author ; and likewise a Person of that Modesty, as to affect no Plumes from Poetry, he was generously pleased to put it into my Hands to usher it into the World.”

Bonduca, with alterations by the elder Colman, was brought out at the Haymarket Theatre, and printed, in 1778. A third alteration of the play by Mr. J. R. Planché, under the title of *Caractacus*, was performed at Drury-Lane Theatre in 1837, but has not been printed.

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

<p>CARATACH, general of the Britons, brother-in-law^a to Bonduca.</p> <p>NENNIUS, a British commander.</p> <p>HENGO, nephew to Caratach and Bon- duca.</p> <p>SUETONIUS, general of the Roman army in Britain.</p> <p>PCENIUS^b,</p> <p>JUNIUS,</p> <p>DEMETRIUS,</p> <p>DECIUS,</p> <p>PETILLIUS^c,</p> <p>CURIUS,</p>	<p style="font-size: 3em;">}</p> <p style="font-size: 3em;">}</p> <p style="font-size: 3em;">}</p> <p style="font-size: 3em;">}</p> <p style="font-size: 3em;">}</p> <p style="font-size: 3em;">}</p> <p style="font-size: 3em;">}</p> <p style="font-size: 3em;">}</p> <p style="font-size: 3em;">}</p> <p style="font-size: 3em;">}</p>	<p>REGULUS,</p> <p>DRUSUS^d,</p> <p>MACER, a lieutenant.</p> <p>JUDAS, a corporal.</p> <p>Herald.</p> <p>Druids.</p> <p>Soldiers.</p> <p>Guides, Servants.</p> <p>BONDUCA^e, queen of the Iceni.</p> <p>Her two Daughters by Prasutagus.</p>
<p>Roman officers subor- dinate to Pœnius.</p>		
<p>Roman captains.</p>		

SCENE, *Britain.*

The principal actors were—

Richard Burbadge.	William Ostler.
Henry Condell.	John Lowin.
William Egglestone.	John Underwood.
Nicholas Toolie.	Richard Robinson.

Fol. 1679.

^a *brother-in-law*] See act iii. sc. 5, p. 57, where the second Daughter calls him "uncle."—Bonduca, indeed, addresses him as "cousin," but formerly that word was common in the sense of—kinsman.

^b *Pœnius*] Such, I believe, is the proper spelling of the name—not Pœnius: see Ernesti's note on Taciti *Annal.* xiv. 37.—Both the folios have "Penius."

^c *Petillius*] So both the folios throughout the play.—The name is variously written, Petilius, Petillius, Pœtelius, Pœtillius.

^d *Drusus*] So, in some places of the play, both the folios; in other places, both have "Drusius."

^e *Bonduca, &c.*] The first folio wants the *Dram. Pers.*—The second folio gives here,—
"BONDUCA, Queen of the Iceni, a brave Virago, by Prosutagus.
Her two Daughters."

We learn, as Weber observes, from act iii. sc. 2, that the name of the youngest daughter was Bonvica; that of the eldest does not appear.

BONDUCA.

ACT I.

SCENE I.—*The British camp.*

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

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

Enter CARATACH, *behind.*

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

^a *The honour of their actions sit in triumph*] The modern editors print "sits": but the old text, however it may offend against grammatical propriety, is doubtless genuine. So Shakespeare has (among other passages which might be cited here)—

"more than the scope
Of these dilated articles *allow.*"

Hamlet, act i. sc. 2.

So too Heywood at the commencement of *A Marriage Triumphe*, &c., 1613;

"Now the wet winter of our teares *are* past."

where, in the reprint for the Percy Society, the editor has altered "*are*" to "*is.*"—See also act v. sc. 3 (speech sixth) of the present play.

Made themes for songs to shame 'em : and a woman,
 A woman beat 'em, Nennius ; a weak woman,
 A woman beat these Romans !

Car. [*coming forward*] So it seems ;
 A man would shame to talk so.

Bond. Who 's that ?

Car. I.

Bond. Cousin, do you grieve my fortunes ?

Car. No, Bonduca ;
 If I grieve, 'tis the bearing of your fortunes ;
 You put too much wind to your sail : discretion
 And hardy valour are the twins of honour,
 And, nurs'd together, make a conqueror ;
 Divided, but a talker. 'Tis a truth,
 That Rome has fled before us twice, and routed ;
 A truth we ought to crown the gods for, lady,
 And not our tongues ; a truth is none of ours,
 Nor in our ends, more than the noble bearing ;
 For then it leaves to be a virtue, lady,
 And we, that have been victors, beat ourselves,
 When we insult upon our honour's subject.

Bond. My valiant cousin, is it foul to say
 What liberty and honour bid us do,
 And what the gods allow us ?

Car. No, Bonduca ;
 So what we say exceed not what we do.
 You call the Romans—fearful, fleeing Romans,
 And Roman girls, the lees of tainted pleasures :
 Does this become a doer ? are they such ?

Bond. They are no more.

Car. Where is your conquest, then ?
 Why are your altars crown'd with wreaths of flowers ?
 The beasts with gilt horns waiting for the fire ?
 The holy Druides composing songs
 Of everlasting life to victory ?
 Why are these triumphs, lady ? for a May-game ?
 For hunting a poor herd of wretched Romans ?
 Is it no more ? Shut up your temples, Britons,
 And let the husbandman redeem his heifers ;

Put out [y]our holy fires, no timbrel ring ;
 Let 's home and sleep ; for such great overthrows
 A candle burns too bright a sacrifice,
 A glow-worm's tail too full a ^c flame.—Oh, Nennius,
 Thou hadst a noble uncle knew a Roman,
 And how to speak him, how to give him weight
 In both his fortunes !

Bond. By [the gods]^d, I think
 You dote upon these Romans, Caratach.

Car. Witness these wounds, I do ; they were fairly given :
 I love an enemy ; I was born a soldier ;
 And he that in the head on 's troop defies me,
 Bending my manly body with his sword,
 I make a mistress. Yellow-tressèd Hymen
 Ne'er tied a longing virgin with more joy,
 Than I am married to that man that wounds me :
 And are not all these Roman ? Ten struck battles
 I suck'd these honour'd scars from, and all Roman ;
 Ten years of bitter nights and heavy marches
 (When many a frozen storm sung thorough my cuirass,
 And made it doubtful whether that or I
 Were the more stubborn metal) have I wrought thorough,
 And all to try these Romans : ten times a-night
 I have swom the rivers, when the stars^e of Rome
 Shot at me as I floated, and the billows
 Tumbled their watry ruins on my shoulders,
 Charging my batter'd sides with troops of agues ;
 And still to try these Romans, whom I found
 (And, if I lie, my wounds be henceforth backward,
 And be you witness, gods, and all my dangers !)
 As ready, and as full of that I brought

^c *a*] So the first folio—The second folio has “of” ; and so the modern editors.

^d [*the gods*] Both the folios mark the omission here by a break.

^e *stars*] Theobald wished to alter this word to “shafts” or “darts” : the Editors of 1778 thought his conjecture “very plausible” : and Weber sagaciously observed that the old text contains “an evident allusion to the shooting of stars.”—The poet had here an eye to the Song of Deborah—“the stars in their courses fought against Sisera.” *Judges*, v. 20.

(Which was not fear nor flight), as valiant,
 As vigilant, as wise, to do and suffer,
 Ever advanc'd as forward as the Britons,
 Their sleeps as short, their hopes as high as ours,
 Ay, and as subtle, lady. 'Tis dishonour,
 And, follow'd, will be impudence, Bonduca,
 And grow to no belief, to taint these Romans.
 Have not I seen the Britons——

Bond. What ?

Car. Dishearted,

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

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

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

^f *rack*] i. e. thin vapoury clouds : see note, vol. ii. 120.

^g *a flight*] i. e. an arrow—properly, a long and light-feathered arrow that went level to the mark (and was not, like *a rover*, shot compass-wise) : see Gifford's note on Jonson's *Works*, ii. 370.

^h [*the gods*] Both the folios mark the omission here by a break.

ⁱ *drove*] Both the folios "drive."

^j *tods*] "i. e. bushes." WEBER.

Nen. And what did you then, Caratach?

Car. I fled too;

But not so fast,—your jewel had been lost then,
 Young Hengo there; he trash'd^k me, Nennius:
 For, when your fears out-run him, then stept I,
 And in the head of all the Roman fury
 Took him, and with my tough belt to my back
 I buckled him; behind him my sure shield;
 And then I follow'd. If I say I fought
 Five times in bringing off this bud of Britain,
 I lie not, Nennius. Neither had you heard
 Me speak this, or ever seen the child more,
 But that the son of virtue, Pœnius,
 Seeing me steer thorough all these storms of danger,
 My helm still in my hand (my sword), my prow
 Turn'd to my foe (my face), he cried out nobly,
 "Go, Briton, bear thy lion's whelp off safely;
 Thy manly sword has ransom'd thee; grow strong,
 And let me meet thee once again in arms;
 Then, if thou stand'st, thou art mine." I took his offer,
 And here I am to honour him.

Bond. Oh, cousin,

From what a flight of honour^l hast thou check'd me!
 What wouldst thou make me, Caratach?

Car. See, lady,

^k *trash'd*] Sympson thought the right reading was "trac'd" (but he did not, as Weber states, "alter" the text). The Editors of 1778 gave here a note by Warton, in which he confounds a corruption of the common word *thrash* with "*trash*." Mason erroneously explained "*trash'd*"—followed.—It means, undoubtedly,—checked, retarded: Todd (*Johnson's Dict.* in v.) cites from Hammond, "There is no means on the earth, besides the very hand of God, able to *trash* or overslow this furious driver." *Works*, iv. 563; "Among other incumbrances and delays in our ways to heaven, there is no one that doth so clog and *trash*, so disadvantage and backward us," &c. *Ibid.* p. 663. To *trash* is a hunting term; and the *trash* (whatever it was,—whether a strap, a rope dragging loose on the ground, or a weight) was fastened round the neck of a too forward dog, to check his movements: "Above this lower roome shall be your huntsmans lodging, wherein hee shall also keep his coopes, liams, collars, *trashes*, boxes, and pots, with salues and ointments," &c. Markham's *Country Contentments*, B. 1, c. 1, p. 15. ed. 1615.

^l *honour*] I am inclined to believe that this is not the poet's word, but that it was caught by the original compositor from the second line above.

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

Bond. Let me think we conquer'd.

Car. Do; but so think as we may^m be conquer'd;
 And where we have found virtue, though in those
 That came to make us slaves, let's cherish it.
 There's not a blow we gave since Julius landed,
 That was of strength and worth, but, like records,
 They file to after-ages: our registers
 The Romans are, for noble deeds of honour;
 And shall we burnⁿ their mentions with upbraidings?

Bond. No more; I see myself. Thou hast made me, cousin,
 More than my fortunes durst, for they abus'd me,
 And wound me up so high, I swell'd with glory:
 Thy temperance has cur'd that tympany,
 And given me health again, nay, more, discretion.
 Shall we have peace? for now I love these Romans.

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

Bond. Your reason?

Nen. Is not peace the end of arms?

Car. Not where the cause implies a general conquest.

Had we a difference with some petty isle,
 Or with our neighbours, lady, for our land-marks,
 The taking in of some rebellious lord,
 Or making a^o head against commotions,
 After a day of blood, peace might be argu'd:

^m *but so think as we may*] Sympson printed "*but so think it, as we may.*"

ⁿ *burn*] Sympson proposed "brand," which was adopted by the Editors of 1778.—"Sympson," observes Mason, "urges, in support of the alteration, a Latin phrase, *notam inserere*; but the more correct Latin phrase is *notam inurere*, which confirms the old reading."—Heath (*MS. Notes*) conjectures "*blur.*"

^o *a*] Silently omitted by the modern editors.

But where we grapple for the ground we live on,
 The liberty we hold as dear as life,
 The gods we worship, and, next those, our honours,
 And with those swords that know no end of battle,
 Those men, beside themselves, allow no neighbour,
 Those minds that where the day is claim inheritance,
 And where the sun makes ripe the fruits, their harvest,
 And where they march, but measure out more ground
 To add to Rome, and here i' the bowels on us ;
 It must not be. No, as they are our foes,
 And those that must be so until we tire 'em,
 Let 's use the peace of honour, that 's fair dealing,
 But in our ends our swords^p. That hardy Roman,

^p *ends our swords*] Sympson printed "hands *our swords*," with the following note. "The sense seems to labour here ; what I have offered is clear and absolute. Let us use the peace of honour, but not tamely and submissively desire it : no, let us seek it with our swords in our hands, as though we could carve it out for ourselves, if the conditions offered are not honourable."—Sympson's alteration was pronounced by Mason to be the right reading ; and it was adopted by Weber, who defends it thus—"Caratach does not mean to say that war is the sole and absolute purpose which the Britons should aim at ; but 'the peace of honour,' to be guarded with sword in hand : as the Romans, however, intended a complete subjugation and disarming of the Britons, it became the latter to make no propositions for concluding a 'peace of dishonour'."—The Editors of 1778 retained the old reading. "'Ends'," they observed, "here means *purposes* : 'we may deal honourably, but our *end* must be war'. This is the sum of the whole speech ; and the propriety of this interpretation is confirmed by Bonduca afterwards saying,

'The Romans shall have WORTHY WARS.'

Among the *MS. Notes* of Heath I find as follows. "'The peace of honour' I take to be that peace which generous enemies, men of bravery and honour, preserve with their adversaries even in the midst of war : the nature of this peace the poets at the same time explain by adding that it is '*fair dealing*,' that is, that they carry on the war fairly without taking treacherous advantages of each other. This peace Caratach exhorts the Britons to use, but at the same time '*in their ends*,' that is, in their final purposes and determined resolutions, '*to use their swords*,' which is as much as to say, never to lay down their swords till they had driven the Romans quite out of the island. The same expression, '*in our ends*,' is used in a sense much like this before,—

'a truth is none of ours,

Nor *in our ends*, more than the noble bearing' (p. 8) ;
 that is, a truth that will no farther advantage us, nor our final purposes, what we have upon the whole in view, than as we bear ourselves nobly upon the knowledge of it."—I may add, that the Rev. J. Mitford thinks the reading of the folios undoubtedly the genuine one.

That hopes to graft himself into my stock,
Must first begin his kindred under-ground,
And be allied in ashes.

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

Car. They shall :—
And, little sir, when your young bones grow stiffer,
And when I see you able in a morning
To beat a dozen boys, and then to breakfast,
I'll tie you to a sword.

Hengo. And what then, uncle ?

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

Hengo. And must I kill but one ?

Car. An hundred, boy, I hope.

Hengo. I hope, five hundred.

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

[*Exeunt.*

SCENE II.—*The Roman camp.*

Enter JUNIUS and PETILLIUS.

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

Jun. No.

Pet. Clothes ?

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

Pet. Drink ?

Jun. You tire me.

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

Jun. 'Tis no drink.

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

Jun. Prithee, Petillius—

Pet. And, by mine honour, much drink, valiant drink :

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

Jun. Why do you do this to me ?

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

Jun. What do you see ?

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

Jun. You have too much on't.

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

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

Pet. Any mirth,

^a *fair*] The correction of Sympson and Seward.—Both the folios “far.”

^r [*the gods*] Both the folios mark the omission here by a break.

^s *meecher*] Written also *micher* (see vol. iii. 32.),—i. e. lurker, skulker,—sly knave.

And any way, of any subject, Junius,
Is better than unmanly mustiness.
What harm's in drink ? in a good wholesome wench ?
I do beseech you, sir, what error ? yet
It cannot out of my head handsomely,
But thou wouldst fain be drunk : come, no more fooling ;
The general has new wine, new come over.

Jun. He must have new acquaintance for it too,
For I will none, I thank you.

Pet. " None, I thank you " !
A short and touchy answer : " None, I thank you " !
You do not scorn it, do you ?

Jun. Gods defend †, sir !
I owe him still more honour.

Pet. " None, I thank you,
No company, no drink, no wench, I thank you " !
You shall be worse entreated, sir.

Jun. Petillius,
As thou art honest, leave me.

Pet. " None, I thank you " !
A modest and a decent resolution,
And well put on. Yes, I will leave you, Junius,
And leave you to the boys, that very shortly
Shall all salute you by your new surname
Of " Junius None-I-thank-you." I would starve now,
Hang, drown, despair, deserve the forks †, lie open
To all the dangerous passes of a wench,
Bound to believe her tears, and wed her aches,
Ere I would own thy follies. I have found you,
Your lays, and out-leaps, Junius, haunts, and lodges ;
I have view'd you, and I have found you by my skill
To be a fool o' the first head †, Junius,

† *defend*] i. e. forbid.

‡ *the forks*] "i. e. the gallows." SYMPSON. No. Compare a passage in act ii. sc. 4 ;

" I 'll have an engine . . . even the *forks*,

Where you shall have two lictors with two whips

Hammer your hide."

The *furca* (a wooden instrument) was fixed round the neck of the offender, with his hands tied to it, and while he was forced to carry it about, he was at the same time scourged.

† *a fool o' the first head*] " A phrase from deer-hunting." WEBER.

And I will hunt you : you are in love, I know it ;
 You are an ass, and all the camp shall know it ;
 A peevish idle boy, your dame shall know it ;
 A wronger of my care, yourself shall know it.

Enter JUDAS and four Soldiers.

Judas. A bean ! a princely diet, a full banquet,
 To what we compass.

First Sold. Fight like hogs for acorns !

Sec. Sold. Venture our lives for pig-nuts !

Pet. What ail these rascals ?

Third Sold. If this hold, we are starv'd.

Judas. For my part, friends,
 Which is but twenty beans a-day (a hard world
 For officers and men of action),
 And those so clipt by Master Mouse, and rotten
 (For understand 'em French beans, where the fruits
 Are ripen'd, like the people, in old tubs^w)—
 For mine own part, I say, I am starv'd already,
 Not worth another bean, consum'd to nothing,
 Nothing but flesh and bones^x left, miserable :
 Now, if this musty provender can prick me
 To honourable matters of atchievement, gentlemen,
 Why, there's the point.

Fourth Sold. I'll fight no more.

Pet. You'll hang, then ;

A sovereign help for hunger. Ye eating rascals,
 Whose gods are beef and brewis^y ! whose brave angers
 Do execution upon these and chibbals^z !

^w *tubs*] Used for the cure of the venereal disease : see vol. ii. 191—2, and note.

^x *flesh and bones*] Sympson proposed to read "skin and bones" !!!—We have had this joke already,

" I have *nothing left but flesh and bones* about me."

Wit without Money, act v. sc. 1.—vol. iv. 179.

^y *brewis*] Means, in our early English writers, broth, soup.—In Scotland, at the present day, the word, pronounced *brose*, signifies " A kind of pottage, made by pouring water or broth on meal, which is stirred while the liquid is poured. The dish is denominated from the nature of the liquid, as *water-brose*, *kail-brose*." Jamieson's *Et. Dict. of Scot. Lang.*

^z *chibbals*] " A [small] sort of onions." SYMPSON.

Ye dogs' heads^a i' the porridge-pot ! you fight no more !
Does Rome depend upon your resolution
For eating mouldy pie-crust ?

Third Sold. Would we had it !

Judas. I may do service, captain.

Pet. In a fish-market :

You, corporal Curry-comb, what will your fighting
Profit the commonwealth ? do you hope to triumph ?
Or dare your vamping valour, goodman Cobbler,
Clap a new sole to the kingdom ? 'Sdeath, ye dog-whelps,
You fight, or not fight !

Judas. Captain—

Pet. Out, ye flesh-flies,
Nothing but noise and nastiness !

Judas. Give us meat,
Whereby we may do.

Pet. Whereby hangs your valour.^b

Judas. Good bits afford good blows.

Pet. A good position :
How long is't since thou eat'st last ? wipe thy mouth,
And then tell truth.

Judas. I have not eat to the purpose——

Pet. To the purpose ! what's that ? half a cow and garlick ?
Ye rogues, my company eat turf, and talk not ;
Timber they can digest, and fight upon't ;
Old mats, and mud with spoons, rare meats. Your shoes,
slaves—

Dare ye cry out for^c hunger, and those extant ?
Suck your sword-hilts, ye slaves ; if ye be valiant,
Honour will make 'em marchpane.^d To the purpose !
A grievous penance ! Dost thou see that gentleman,
That melancholy monsieur ?

Jun. Pray you, Petillius—

^a *heads*] Weber printed "head."

^b *valour*] After this word, both the folios have an interrogation-point ; which the modern editors retain.

^c *for*] So the second folio.—The first folio has "of."

^d *marchpane*] See note, vol. iv. 186.

Pet. He has not eat these three weeks.

Sec. Sold. H'as drunk the more, then.

Third Sold. And that's all one.

Pet. Nor drunk nor slept these two months.

Judas. Captain, we do beseech you, as poor soldiers,
Men that have seen good days, whose mortal stomachs
May sometime feel afflictions—— [To JUNIUS.

Jun. This, Petillius,
Is not so nobly done.

Pet. 'T is common profit.—
Urge him to the point ; he'll find you out a food
That needs no teeth nor stomach, a strange furmety^c
Will feed ye up as fat as hens i' the foreheads,
And make ye fight like fitchocks^f : to him !

Judas. Captain——

Jun. Do you long to have your throats cut ?

Pet. See what mettle
It makes in him : two meals more of this melancholy,
And there lies Caratach.

Judas. We do beseech you——

Sec. Sold. Humbly beseech your valour——

Jun. Am I only
Become your sport, Petillius ?

Judas. But to render
In way of general good, in preservation——

Jun. Out of my thoughts, ye slaves !

Fourth Sold. Or rather pity——

Third Sold. Your warlike remedy against the maw-worms.

Judas. Or notable receipt to live by nothing.

Pet. Out with your table-books^g !

Jun. Is this true friendship ?
And must my killing griefs make others' May-games ?

[*Draws.*

Stand from my sword's point, slaves ! your poor starv'd spirits
Can make me no oblations ; else, oh, Love,

^c *furmety*] See note, vol. iii. 199.

^f *fitchocks*] See note, vol. iii. 92 (where the second letter of this word ought to have been an *i* not a *y*).

^g *table-books*] i. e. memorandum-books.

Thou proudly-blind destruction, I would send thee
Whole hecatombs of hearts, to bleed my sorrows. [Exit.]

Judas. Alas, he lives by love, sir!

Pet. So he does, sir;

And cannot you do so too? All my company
Are now in love; ne'er think of meat, nor talk
Of what provant^h is: *aye-mes* and hearty *heigh-hoes*
Are sallads fit for soldiers. Live by meat!
By larding up your bodies! 't is lewd, and lazy,
And shews ye merely mortal, dull, and drives ye
To fight, like camels, with baskets at your noses.
Get ye in love: ye can whore well enough,
That all the world knows; fast ye into famine,
Yet ye can crawl, like crabs, to wenches: handsomely
Fall but in love now, as ye see example,
And follow it but with all your thoughts, *probatum*,
There's so much charge sav'd, and your hunger's ended.

[Drum within.]

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

Enter Suetonius, Demetrius, Decius, with drum and colours.

Suet. Demetrius, is the messenger despatch'd
To Pœnius, to command him to bring up
The Volans regiment?

Dem. He's there by this time.

Suet. And are the horse well view'd we brought from
Monaⁱ?

Dec. The troops are full and lusty.

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

Pet. Sir, already

^h *provant*] i. e. provision.

ⁱ *Mona*] "i. e. the Isle of Anglesea." Ed. 1778.

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

Suet. Nay, chide not, good Petillius ; I confess,
 My will to conquer Mona, and long stay
 To execute that will, let in these losses :
 All shall be right again ; and, as a pine,
 Rent from Oëta^l by a sweeping tempest,
 Jointed again and made a mast, defies
 Those angry winds that split him, so will I,
 Piec'd to my never-failing strength and fortune,
 Steer thorough these swelling dangers, plough their prides up,

^j *Orontes*] " Our poets are sadly out here in their choice of pleasant waters for drinking. Mr. Maundrell says, the waters of this river are thick and turbid, as unfit to be drunk as its fish to be eaten. *Choaspes* was undoubtedly what they would have said ; but, trusting to memory, they made this mistake. The waters of this river were famous for their fineness, &c. ; and, as *Ælian* tells us, were drunk by the Persian monarchs, let them be in what part of their dominions they would." SYMPSON.

^k *curious*] i. e. fastidious, difficult to please.

^l as a pine,

Rent from Oëta, &c.] Considerable resemblance may be traced between this simile and the following Greek epigram ;

Ἵουρεσιν ἐν δολιχοῖς βλωθρὴν πίτυν ὑπέτιός με
 πρόρριζον γαίης ἐξεκύλισε Νότος·
 ἔνθεν ναῦς γενόμενῃ, ἀνέμοις πάλιν ὄφρα μάχωμαι.
 ἄνθρωποι τόλμῃς οὐ ποτε φειδόμενοι.

ΕΠ. ΑΔΕΣΠ. CCCLXXXIV. *Anthol.* t. iv. 199. ed. Jacobs.

And bear like thunder through their loudest tempests.
They keep the field still ?

Dem. Confident and full.

Pet. In such a number, one would swear they grew :
The hills are wooded with their partizans^m,
And all the valleys overgrown with darts,
As moors are with rank rushes ; no ground left us
To charge upon, no room to strike. Say fortune
And our endeavours bring us into 'em,
They are so infinite, so ever-springing,
We shall be kill'd with killing ; of desperate women,
That neither fear or shame e'er found, the devil
Has rank'd amongst 'em multitudes ; say the men fail,
They 'll poison us with their petticoats ; say they fail,
They have priests enough to pray us into nothing.

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

Dec. I am free of both.

Dem. The self-same I.

Pet. And I as free as any ;
As careless of my flesh, of that we call life,
So I may lose it nobly, as indifferent
As if it were my diet. Yet, noble general,
It was a wisdom learn'd from you, I learn'd it,
And worthy of a soldier's care, most worthy,
To weigh with most deliberate circumstance
The ends of accidents, above their offers ;
How to go on, and yetⁿ to save a Roman,
Whose one life is more worth in way of doing,
Than millions of these painted wasps ; how, viewing,
To find advantage out ; how, found, to follow it
With counsel and discretion, lest mere fortune
Should claim the victory.

Suet. 'Tis true, Petillius,
And worthily remember'd : the rule 's certain,

^m *partizans*] “i. e. pikes or halberts.” *Ed.* 1778.

ⁿ *yet*] Sympson's conjecture, which undoubtedly restores the true reading. He, however, retained in his text the reading of both the folios, “get” : and so did the Editors of 1778, who say that “to go on and get” means simply *to proceed with advantage* !

Their uses no less excellent^o ; but where time
 Cuts off occasions, danger, time and all
 Tend to a present peril^p, 'tis requir'd
 Our swords and manhoods be best counsellors,
 Our expeditions, precedents. To win is nothing,
 Where Reason, Time, and Counsel are our camp-masters ;
 But there to bear the field, then to be conquerors,
 Where pale Destruction takes us, takes us beaten,
 In wants and mutinies, ourselves but handfals,
 And to ourselves our own fears^q, needs a new way,
 A sudden and a desperate execution :
 Here, how to save, is loss ; to be wise, dangerous ;
 Only a present well-united strength,
 And minds made up for all attempts, despatch it :
 Disputing and delay here cools the courage ;
 Necessity gives [no]^r time for doubts ; things infinite,
 According to the spirit they are preach'd to ;
 Rewards like them^s, and names for after-ages,

°

the rule's certain,

Their uses no less excellent] “ Whose uses? the word ‘*their*’ has no correlative : we should read therefore, ‘*The uses no less excellent.*’ Suetonius means to say, that the rule was just, and the application of it excellent.” MASON. “ Though I have adopted this amendment [by Mason], I much suspect that the inaccuracy was produced by the inadvertency of the poet. Perhaps it would be better to read—

‘ the rules are certain,

Their uses no less excellent.’ ” WEBER.

I have little doubt that the old text is genuine.—Similar inaccuracies of expression are occasionally to be found in these plays. See notes, vol. iii. 46, 71, 272.

p

danger, time and all

Tend to a present peril] “ Seward, not understanding this passage, proposes the reading of ‘evil’ instead of ‘*peril*,’ on a supposition that *danger* and *peril* are synonymous terms : but *peril* does not here mean danger ; it means trial or hazard. *Periculum*, in Latin, from which *peril* is derived, has the same signification. The whole of Suetonius’s speech tends to prove the necessity of hazarding an action, even on disadvantage.” MASON.

^q *to ourselves our own fears*] “ i. e. in addition to the circumstance that ‘ourselves are but handfals,’ our fears, the fears or dangers of our situation.” WEBER.

^r [*no*] Which is absolutely necessary for the sense, was proposed in a note by the Editors of 1778.

^s *Rewards like them*] “ The editors having obscured the sense, by putting the words—

‘ things infinite,

According to the spirit they are preach'd to,’

into parentheses, conclude either that the text is corrupt, or that a line is lost.

Must steel the soldier, his own shame help to arm him ;
 And having forc'd his spirit, ere he cools,
 Fling him upon his enemies : sudden and swift,
 Like tigers amongst foxes, we must fight for 't ;
 Fury must be our fortune ; shame we have lost,
 Spurs ever in our sides to prick us forward :
 There is no other wisdom nor discretion
 Due to this day of ruin, but destruction ;
 The soldier's order first, and then his anger.

Dem. No doubt, they dare redeem all.

Suet. Then, no doubt,

The day must needs be ours. That the proud woman
 Is infinite in number better likes^s me,
 Than if we dealt with squadrons ; half her army
 Shall choke themselves, their own swords dig their graves.
 I'll tell ye all my fears ; one single valour,
 The virtues of the valiant Caratach,
 More doubts^t me than all Britain : he's a soldier
 So forg'd out, and so temper'd for great fortunes,
 So much man thrust into him, so old in dangers,
 So fortunate in all attempts, that his mere name
 Fights in a thousand men, himself in millions,
 To make him Roman. But no more.—Petillius,
 How stands your charge ?

Pet. Ready for all employments,
 To be commanded too, sir.

Suet. 'Tis well govern'd ;
 To-morrow we'll draw out, and view the cohorts ;
 I' the mean time, all apply their offices.
 Where's Junius ?

Pet. In's cabin, sick o' the mumps, sir.

Suet. How !

Pet. In love, indeed in love, most lamentably loving,
 To the tune of *Queen Dido*.^u

Dec. Alas, poor gentleman !

But nothing can be plainer. *Rewards like THEM* means *infinite rewards* ; *them* referring to *things infinite*, in the preceding line but one." WEBER (who borrowed this note from Mason).
^s *likes*] i. e. pleases.

^t *doubts*] i. e. appals.

^u *To the tune of Queen Dido*] See note, vol. iii. 269.

Suet. 'T will make him fight the nobler. With what lady?
I'll be a spokesman for him,

Pet. You'll scant speed, sir.

Suet. Who is 't?

Pet. The devil's dam, Bonduca's daughter,
Her youngest, crack'd i' the ring.*

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

ACT II.

SCENE I.—*Before the tent of PÆNIUS.*

Enter PÆNIUS, REGULUS, DRUSUS, and MACER.

Pæn. I must come !

Macer. So the general commands, sir.

Pæn. I must bring up my regiment !

Macer. Believe, sir,
I bring no lie.

Pæn. But did he say, I must come ?

Macer. So deliver'd.

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

Reg. About five years, great Pœnius.

* *crack'd i' the ring*] See note, vol. iii. 246. The daughters of Bonduca had been ravished by the Romans.

^w *provision*] The modern editors print "provisions."

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

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

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

Macer. Sir——

Pæn. Set me to lead a handful of my men
Against an hundred thousand barbarous slaves,
That have march'd name by name with Rome's best doers !
Serve 'em up some other meat ; I'll bring no food
To stop the jaws of all those hungry wolves ;
My regiment's mine own. I *must* my language * !

Enter CURIUS.

Cur. Pœnius, where lies the host ?

Pæn. Where fate may find 'em.

Cur. Are they ingirt ?

Pæn. The battle's lost.

Cur. So soon ?

Pæn. No ; but 'tis lost, because it must be won ;
The Britons must be victors. Whoe'er saw
A troop of bloody vultures hovering
About a few corrupted carcasses,
Let him behold the silly Roman host,
Girded with millions of fierce Britain-swains,
With deaths as many as they have had hopes ;
And then go thither, he that loves his shame !
I scorn my life, yet dare not lose my name.

Cur. Do not you hold it a most famous end,
When both our names and lives are sacrific'd
For Rome's increase ?

Pæn. Yes, Curius ; but mark this too :

* *my language*] "i. e. language to be used to me." MASON.

What glory is there, or what lasting fame
 Can be to Rome or us, what full example,
 When one is smother'd with a multitude,
 And crowded in amongst a nameless press?
 Honour got out of flint, and on their heads
 Whose virtues, like the sun, exhal'd all valours,¹
 Must not be lost in mists and fogs of people,
 Noteless and out of name, both rude and naked²:
 Nor can Rome task us with impossibilities,
 Or bid us fight against a flood; we serve her,
 That she may proudly say she has good soldiers,
 Not slaves to choke all hazards. Who but fools,
 That make no difference betwixt certain dying
 And dying well, would fling their fames and fortunes
 Into this Britain-gulf, this quicksand-ruin,
 That, sinking, swallows us? what noble hand
 Can find a subject fit for blood there? or what sword
 Room for his execution? what air to cool us,
 But poison'd with their blasting breaths and curses,
 Where we lie buried quick above the ground,
 And are, with labouring sweat and breathless pain,
 Kill'd like to slaves, and cannot kill again?

Dru. Pœnius, mark ancient wars, and know that then
 A captain weigh'd^a an hundred thousand men.

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

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

¹ *valours*] The Editors of 1778 proposed to read "vapours"; of which Mason approves.—"Our authors are very frequently liable to similar objections on the score of inaccuracy of metaphor," &c. WEBER.

² *Noteless and out of name, both rude and naked*] Sympson's correction.—Both the folios have,

"*Noteless and out of name, but rude and naked.*"

Mason conjectured,—

"*Noteless and not of name, but rude and naked;*"

which was adopted by Weber.

^a *A captain weigh'd*] The correction of the Editors of 1778, which was adopted by Weber.—Both the folios have "Captains *weigh'd*".—Sympson printed "Ten captains *weigh'd*."

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

Reg. I keep mine own obedience.

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

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

Dru. By [Heaven],^b sir, I am ignorant.

Pæn. What ! am I grown a shadow ?—Hark ! they march.
[*Drum within.*]

I will know, and will be myself.

Enter Soldiers, with drum and colours.

Stand, disobedience !

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

Reg. We 'll do our best. [*Exeunt DRUSUS and REGULUS.*]

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

^b [*Heaven*] Here, and in the next speech, both the folios mark the omission by a break.

^c *beat*] Heath (*MS. Notes*) would read "bear" ; but in the next page we have, "Go ; *beat* homeward".

^d *tithe 'em*] "i. e. decimate the regiment." WEBER.

First Sold. Captain !

Sec. Sold. Captain !

Third Sold. Dear, honour'd captain !

Pæn. Too, too dear-lov'd soldiers,—

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

Re-enter DRUSUS and REGULUS.

Dru. Oh, turn again, great Pœnius ! see the soldier
 In all points apt for duty.

Reg. See his sorrow

For his disobedience, which he says was haste,
 And haste he thought to please you with. See, captain,
 The toughness of his courage turn'd to water ;
 See how his manly heart melts.

Pæn. Go ; beat homeward ;

There learn to eat your little with obedience ;
 And henceforth strive to do as I direct ye. [Exeunt Soldiers.

Macer. My answer, sir.

Pæn. Tell the great general,

My companies are no faggots to fill breaches,
 Myself no man that *must* or *shall* can carry :
 Bid him be wise, and where he is, he 's safe then ;
 And, when he finds out possibilities,
 He may command me. Commend me to the captains.

Macer. All this I shall deliver.

Pæn. Farewell, Macer.

[Exeunt PÆNIUS and MACER severally.

Cur. Pray gods this breed no mischief !

Reg. It must needs,
If stout Suetonius win ; for then his anger,
Besides the soldier's^e loss of due and honour,
Will break together on him.

Dru. He 's a brave fellow ;
And, but a little hide his haughtiness
(Which is but sometimes neither, on some causes),
He shews the worthiest Roman this day living.
You may, good Curius, to the general
Make all things seem the best.

Cur. I shall endeavour.
Pray for our fortunes, gentlemen : if we fall,
This one farewell serves for a funeral.
The gods make sharp our swords, and steel our hearts !

Reg. We dare, alas^f, but cannot fight our parts ! [*Exeunt.*]

SCENE II.—*Before the tent of JUNIUS.*

Enter JUNIUS, followed by PETILLIUS and a Herald.

Pet. Let him go on. Stay ; now he talks.

Jun. Why,
Why should I love mine enemy ? what is beauty ?
Of what strange violence, that, like the plague,
It works upon our spirits ? Blind they feign him ;
I am sure, I find it so——

Pet. A dog shall lead you.

Jun. His fond affections blinder——

Pet. Hold you there still.

Jun. It takes away my sleep——

Pet. Alas, poor chicken !

Jun. My company, content, almost my fashion——

^e *soldier's*] The modern editors print "soldiers'"; but compare the speeches of Drusus and Regulus on their re-entrance.

^f *We dare, alas, &c.*] "This has hitherto been made a continuation of *Curius's* speech ; but it is impossible that this line, and that which precedes it, should belong to any one person. *Curius* is going to the engagement, therefore properly speaks the former ; but the latter must be spoke by either *Drusus* or *Regulus* (who are subordinate to *Pœnius*), and is expressive of their discontent at being kept from the field." *Ed.* 1778.

Pet. Yes, and your weight too^g, if you follow it.

Jun. 'Tis sure the plague, for no man dare come near me
Without an antidote; 'tis far worse, hell.

Pet. Thou art damn'd without redemption, then.

Jun. The way to 't
Strew'd with fair western smiles and April blushes,
Led by the brightest constellations, eyes,
And sweet proportions, envying Heaven^h; but from thence
No way to guide, no path, no wisdom brings us.

Pet. Yes, a smart water, Junius.

Jun. Do I fool?
Know all this, and fool still? Do I know further,
That when we have enjoy'd our ends we lose 'em,
And all our appetites are but as dreams
We laugh at in our ages?—

Pet. Sweet philosopher!

Jun. Do I know on still, and yet know nothing? Mercy, gods!
Why am I thus ridiculous?

Pet. Motley on theeⁱ!
Thou art an arrant ass.

Jun. Can red and white,
An eye, a nose, a cheek—

Pet. But one cheek, Junius?
An half-fac'd mistress?

Jun. With a little trim,
That wanton fools call fashion, thus abuse me?
Take me beyond my reason? Why should not I
Dote on my horse well trapp'd, my sword well hatch'd^j?
They are as handsome things, to me more useful,
And possible to rule too. Did I but love,
Yet 't were excusable, my youth would bear it;

^g *Jun.* *My company, content, almost my fashion—*

Pet. *Yes, and your weight too*] “The value of any articles made of gold or silver depends upon both the fashion and the weight; to this Petillius alludes.” MASON.

^h *envying Heaven*] Rightly explained by Seward (and Mason)—vying with, emulating Heaven.—Weber thought that it probably meant—causing Heaven to envy.

ⁱ *Motley on thee*] “i. e. ‘You deserve to wear a fool’s habit,’ which was composed of various colours.” WEBER.

^j *hatch’d*] See note, vol. iii. 32.

But to love there, and that no time can give me,
 Mine honour dare not ask (she has been ravish'd),
 My nature must not know (she hates our nation),
 Thus to dispose my spirit !

Pet. Stay a little ; he will declaim again.

Jun. I will not love ; I am a man, have reason,
 And I will use it ; I'll no more tormenting
 Nor whining for a wench ; there are a thousand—

Pet. Hold thee there, boy.

Jun. A thousand will entreat me.

Pet. Ten thousand, Junius.

Jun. I am young and lusty,
 And to^k my fashion valiant ; can please nightly.

Pet. I'll swear thy back's *probatum*, for I have known thee
 Leap at sixteen like a strong stallion.

Jun. I will be man again.

Pet. Now mark the working ;
 The devil and the spirit tug for't ; twenty pound
 Upon the devil's head !

Jun. I must be wretched—

Pet. I knew I had won.

Jun. Nor have I so much power
 To shun my fortune.

Pet. I will hunt thy fortune
 With all the shapes imagination breeds,
 But I will fright thy devil.—Stay, he sings now.

[*Song by JUNIUS, and PETILLIUS after him in mockage.*]

Jun. Must I be thus abus'd ?

Pet. Yes, marry, must you.—

Let's follow him close : oh, there he is ; now read it.

Her. [*reads.*] *It is the general's command, that all sick persons, old and unable, retire within the trenches : he that fears has liberty¹ to leave the field : fools, boys, and lovers,^m must not come near the regiments, for fear of their infections, especially those cowards they call lovers.*

Jun. Ha !

^k to] i. e. in addition to.

¹ *fears has liberty*] Sympson's correction.—Both the folios have “*fears his libertie.*”

^m *lovers*] Altered by Sympson to “*cowards*” ; and so his successors.

Pet. Read on.

Her. [*reads.*] *If any common soldier love an enemy, he's whipped and made a slave ; if any captain, cast, with loss of honours, flung out o' the army, and made unable ever after to bear the name of a soldier.*

Jun. The [pox] ⁿ consume ye all, rogues ! [*Exit.*

Pet. Let this work ;
H'as something now to chew upon. He 's gone ;
Come, shake no more.

Her. Well, sir, you may command me,
But not to do the like again for Europe ;
I would have given my life for a bent two-pence.
If I e'er read to lovers whilst I live again,
Or come within their confines——

Pet. There 's your payment ; [*Gives money.*
And keep this private.

Her. I am school'd for talking. [*Exit.*

Enter DEMETRIUS.

Pet. How now, Demetrius ! are we drawn ?

Dem. 'Tis doing ;
Your company stands fair. But, pray you, where 's Junius ?
Half his command are wanting, with some forty
That Decius leads.

Pet. Hunting for victuals :
Upon my life, free-booting rogues, their stomachs
Are, like a widow's lust, ne'er satisfied.

Dem. I wonder how they dare stir, knowing the enemy
Master of all the country.

Pet. Resolute hungers
Know neither fears nor faiths ; they tread on ladders,
Ropes, gallows, and overdo all dangers ^o.

Dem. They may be hang'd, though.

Pet. There 's their joyful supper ;
And, no doubt, they are at it.

ⁿ [pox] A break here in both the folios.

^o *Ropes, gallows, and overdo all dangers*] "Sympson reads, '*Ropes, gallows's, and overlook all dangers.*' To *OVERDO all dangers* is to *run more risks than the occasion requires.* We see no need of altering the old text. *Ed.* 1778.

Dem. But, for Heaven's sake,
How does young Junius ?

Pet. Drawing on, poor gentleman.

Dem. What, to his end ?

Pet. To the end of all flesh, woman.

Dem. This love has made him a stout soldier.

Pet. Oh, a great one,
Fit to command young goslings. But what news ?

Dem. I think the messenger's come back from Pœnius
By this time ; let's go know.

Pet. What will you say now,
If he deny to come, and take exceptions
At some half syllable, or sound deliver'd
With an ill accent, or some style left out ?

Dem. I cannot think he dare.

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

Dem. Done.

Pet. You'll pay ?

Dem. I will.

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

Dem. I do not think of dying.

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

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

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

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE III.—*The British camp. In the back-ground, the tent of Bonduca. A rock on one side of the stage*^p.

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

Bond. Come, hang 'em presently.

Nen. What made your rogueships Harrying^q for victuals here? are we your friends? Or do you come for spies? Tell me directly, Would you not willingly be hang'd now? do not ye long for't?

Judas. What say ye? shall we hang in this vein? Hang we must,

And 'tis as good to despatch it merrily,
As pull an arse, like dogs, to't.

First Sold. Any way,
So it be handsome.

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

Fourth Sold. Let's hang pleasantly.

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

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

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

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

Judas. We humbly thank your grace.

First Daugh. The rogues laugh at us.

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

Judas. A wench, lady!

I do beseech your ladyship, retire;

^p *A rock on one side of the stage*] I have substituted these words for Weber's "with a raised Platform." The folios, of course, do not mark the locality.

^q *Harrying*] "i. e. pillaging, plundering [or, as Nennius presently says, foraging]." WEBER.

^r *I'll not out*] i. e. I will make one of the party.—Altered by Sympson to "I'll not stick out"; and so his successors!

I'll tell you presently : you see the time's short ;
One crash, even to the settling of my conscience.

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

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

First Daugh. You shall be set, sir,
Upon a jade shall shake you.

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

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

Sec. Daugh. These are the merry Romans, the brave mad-
caps :—

'Tis ten to one we 'll cool your resolutions.—
Bring out the whips.

Judas. Would your good ladyships
Would exercise 'em too !

Fourth Sold. Surely, ladies,
We 'd shew you a strange patience.

Nen. Hang 'em, rascals !
They 'll talk thus on the wheel.

Enter CARATACH.

Car. Now, what 's the matter ?
What are these fellows ? what 's the crime committed,
That they wear necklaces ?

Nen. They are Roman rogues,
Taken a-foraging.

Car. Is that all, Nennius ?

Judas. Would I were fairly hang'd ! this is the devil,
The kill-cow Caratach.^t

^s *First Daugh.* *You shall be set, sir,
Upon a jade shall shake you.*

Judas. *Sheets, good madam,
Will do it ten times better*] "*The shaking of the sheets* was a favourite dance,
and is repeatedly alluded to in old plays, [generally with a *double entendre*]." WEBER.

^t *The kill-cow Caratach*] "In this place the poet evidently alludes, in spite
of the anachronism, to the redoubted Guy of Warwick, whose destruction of

Car. And you would hang 'em ?

Nen. Are they not enemies ?

First Sold. My breech makes buttons ^u.

First Daugh. Are they not our tormentors ?

Car. Tormentors ! flea-traps ^v.—

Pluck off your halters, fellows.

Nen. Take heed, Caratach ;

Taint not your wisdom.

Car. Wisdom, Nennius !

Why, who shall fight against us, make our honours,

And give a glorious day into our hands,

If we despatch our foes thus ? What 's their offence ?

Stealing a loaf or two to keep out hunger,

A piece of greasy bacon, or a pudding ?

Do these deserve the gallows ? they are hungry,

Poor hungry knaves, no meat at home left, starv'd.—

Art thou not hungry ?

Judas. Monstrous hungry.

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

Hang up poor pilchers ^w !

Sec. Sold. This is the bravest captain—

Nen. Caratach,

I'll leave you to your will.

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

Sec. Daugh. Let 's up and view his entertainment of 'em.

I am glad they are shifted any way ; their tongues else

Would still have murder'd us.

First Daugh. Let 's up and see it. [*Exeunt Daughters.*

the Dun Cow of Dunsmore-heath was not one of the least perilous adventures atchieved by knights-errant." WEBER.

^u *My breech makes buttons*] See Ray's *Proverbs*, p. 179, ed. 1768.

^v *Tormentors ! flea-traps*] The allusion is to articles which were formerly hawked about the streets of London. Among "The Cries of Rome" [London], appended to Heywood's *Rape of Lucrece*, we find, "Buy a very fine mouse-trap or a tormentor for your fleas." See also *Bartholomew Fair*, act iii. sc. 1.—Jonson's *Works*, ii. 415. ed. Gifford (who has no note on the passage) ; and *The Trauels of Twelve-pence*, p. 71—Taylor's *Workes*, ed. 1630.

^w *pilchers*] i. e. pilchards.

Enter HENGO.

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

Who waits there?

Serv.^x [*within.*] Sir, 'tis coming.

Hengo. Who are these, uncle?

Car. They are Romans, boy.

Hengo. Are these they

That vex mine aunt so? can these fight? they look

Like empty scabbards all, no mettle in 'em;

Like men of clouts, set to keep crows from orchards:

Why, I dare fight with these.

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

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

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

Car. That 's well; down with 't.—

A little grace will serve your turns. Eat softly;

You 'll choke, ye knaves, else.—Give 'em wine.

Judas. Not yet, sir;
We 're even a little busy.

Hengo. Can that fellow
Do any thing but eat?—Thou fellow—

Judas. Away, boy,
Away! this is no boy's play.

Hengo. By [*Heaven,*]^y uncle,
If his valour lie in 's teeth, he 's the most valiant.

Car. I am glad to hear you talk, sir.

Hengo. Good uncle, tell me,
What 's the price of a couple of cramm'd Romans?

Car. Some twenty Britons, boy; these are good soldiers.

Hengo. Do not the cowards eat hard too?

Car. No more, boy.—
Come, I 'll sit with you too.—Sit down by me, boy.

Judas. Pray, bring your dish, then.

^x *Serv.*] The first folio has "Suit.", the second "Swet."

^y [*Heaven*] Here both the folios have a break.

Car. Hearty knaves !—More meat there.

First Sold. That's a good hearing.

Car. Stay now, and pledge me.

Judas. This little piece, sir.

Car. By [Heaven],^y square^z eaters !—

More meat, I say !—Upon my conscience,
The poor rogues have not eat this month : how terribly
They charge upon their victuals !—Dare ye fight thus ?

Judas. Believe it, sir, like devils.

Car. Well said, Famine :

Here 's to thy general.

[*Drinks.*

Judas. Most excellent captain,

I will now pledge thee.

Car. And to-morrow night, say to him,
His head is mine.

Judas. I can assure you, captain,
He will not give it for this washing^a.

Car. Well said.

Enter Daughters on the rock.

First Daugh. Here's a strange entertainment : how the
thieves drink !

Sec. Daugh. Danger is dry ; they look'd for colder liquor.

Car. Fill 'em more wine ; give 'em full bowls.—Which of
you all now,

In recompense of this good, dare but give me
A sound knock in the battle ?

Judas. Delicate captain,
To do thee a sufficient recompense,
I'll knock thy brains out.

Car. Do it.

Hengo. Thou dar'st as well be damn'd : thou knock his
brains out,
Thou skin of man !—Uncle, I will not hear this.

^y [*Heaven*] Here both the folios have a break.

^z *square*] i. e. stout, hearty. So in *The Captain*, act ii. sc. 2. (vol. iii. 253)
we have,—

“*Fred.* And a tall one too.

Lod. Yes, of his teeth,” &c.

^a *He will not give it for this washing*] This proverbial expression has already
occurred : see *Cupid's Revenge*, act iv. sc. 3. vol. ii. 427.

Judas. Tie up your whelp.

Hengo. Thou kill my uncle ! would I
Had but a sword for thy sake, thou dried dog !

Car. What a mettle
This little vermin carries !

Hengo. Kill mine uncle !

Car. He shall not, child.

Hengo. He cannot ; he 's a rogue,
An only eating rogue : kill my sweet uncle !
Oh, that I were a man !

Judas. By this wine, which I
Will drink to Captain Junius, who loves
The queen's most excellent majesty's little daughter
Most sweetly and most fearfully, I will do it.

Hengo. Uncle, I'll kill him with a great pin.

Car. No more, boy.—
I'll pledge thy captain. To ye all, good fellows ! [Drinks.

Sec. Daugh. In love with me ! that love shall cost your
lives all.—

Come, sister, and advise me ; I have here
A way to make an easy conquest of 'em,
If fortune favour me. [Exeunt Daughters above.

Car. Let's see ye sweat
To-morrow blood and spirit, boys, this wine
Turn'd to stern valour.

First Sold. Hark you, Judas ;
If he should hang us after all this ?

Judas. Let him :
I'll hang like a gentleman and a Roman.

Car. Take away there ;
They have enough. [The table removed.

Judas. Captain, we thank you heartily
For your good cheer ; and, if we meet to-morrow,
One of us pays for 't.

Car. Get 'em guides ; their wine
Has over-master'd 'em. [Exit a Servant.

Re-enter Second Daughter, and a Servant.

Sec. Daugh. That hungry fellow

With the red beard^b there, give it him, and this
To see it well deliver'd. [Giving letter and purse.

Car. Farewell, knaves :
Speak nobly of us ; keep your words to-morrow,
And do something worthy your meat.—

Enter a Guide.

Go, guide 'em,

And see 'em fairly onward.

Judas. Meaning me, sir ?

Serv. The same.

The youngest daughter to the queen entreats you
To give this privately to Captain Junius ;
This for your pains.

Judas. I rest her humble servant ;
Commend me to thy lady.—Keep your files, boys.

Serv. I must instruct you farther.

Judas. Keep your files there ;
Order, sweet friends ; faces about^c now.

Guide. Here, sir ;
Here lies your way.

Judas. Bless the founders^d, I say.—
Fairly, good soldiers, fairly march now ; close, boys.

[*Exeunt.*

SCENE IV.—*The Roman camp.*

Enter Suetonius, Petillius, Demetrius, Decius, and Macer.

Suet. Bid me be wise, and keep me where I am,
And so be safe ! not come, because commanded !
Was it not thus ?

Macer. It was, sir.

Pet. What now think you ?

Suet. *Must come* so heinous to him, so distasteful !

^b *With the red beard*] Judas Iscariot, according to the common notion, had red hair and beard, and was so represented in tapestries and pictures. Hence (absurdly enough) "the red beard" of Corporal *Judas*.

^c *faces about*] i. e. wheel, turn about : see note, vol. ii. 220. The expression occurs several times in these plays.

^d *Bless the founders*] See note, vol. iii. 107.

Pet. Give me my money.

Dem. I confess 'tis due, sir,
And presently I 'll pay it.

Suet. His obedience
So blind at his years and experience,
It cannot find where to be tender'd!

Macer. Sir,
The regiment was willing, and advanc'd too,
The captains at all points steel'd up; their preparations
Full of resolve and confidence; youth and fire,
Like the fair breaking of a glorious day,
Gilded their phalanx; when the angry Pœnius
Stept, like a stormy cloud, 'twixt them and hopes.

Suet. And stopt their resolutions?

Macer. True; his reason
To them was odds, and odds so infinite,
Discretion durst not look upon.

Suet. Well, Pœnius,
I cannot think thee coward yet; and treacherous
I dare not think: thou hast lopt a limb off from me;
And let it be thy glory thou wast stubborn,
Thy wisdom that thou left'st thy general naked:
Yet, ere the sun set, I shall make thee see
All valour dwells not in thee, all command
In one experience. Thou wilt too late repent this,
And wish "I *must* come up" had been thy blessing.

Pet. Let's force him.

Suet. No, by no means; he's a torrent
We cannot easily stem.

Pet. I think, a traitor.

Suet. No ill words: let his own shame first revile him.—
That wine I have, see it, Demetrius,
Distributed amongst the soldiers,
To make 'em high and lusty; when that's done,
Petillius, give the word through, that the eagles
May presently advance; no man discover,
Upon his life, the enemies' full strength,
But make it of no value. Decius,
Are your starv'd people yet come home?

Dec. I hope so.

Suet. Keep 'em in more obedience : this is no time
To chide ; I could be angry else, and say more to you ;
But come, let 's order all. Whose sword is sharpest,
And valour equal to his sword this day,
Shall be my saint.

Pet. We shall be holy all, then.

[*Exeunt all except DECIVS.*]

Enter JUDAS and four Soldiers.

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

Dec. [Pox^d] confound your rogueships !
I'll call the general, and have ye hang'd all.

Judas. Pray, who will you command, then ?

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

Judas. A wench, sweet captain.

Dec. Sweet Judas, even the forks^e,
Where you shall have two lictors with two whips
Hammer your hide.

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

Dec. Where hast thou been ?

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

Dec. Where 's that ?

Judas. With the best good fellow living.

First Sold. The king of all good fellows.

Dec. Who 's that ?

Judas. Caratach.

Shake now, and say we have done something worthy ;
Mark me, with Caratach ; by this [light]^f, Caratach :
Do you as much now, an you dare. Sweet Caratach !—

^d [Pox] A break here in both the folios.

^e forks] See note, p. 16.

^f [light] "The modern editors fill up the gap with *Heaven* ; but, as I do not recollect the phrase—*by this heaven*, I have substituted an asseveration more common." WEBER.

You talk of a good fellow, of true drinking,—
Well, go thy ways, old Caratach!—Besides the drink, captain,
The bravest running banquet of black puddings,
Pieces of glorious beef!

Dec. How scap'd ye hanging?

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

Dec. Belike, then,
You are turn'd rebels all.

Judas. We are Roman boys all,
And boys of mettle. I must do that, captain,
This day, this very day—

Dec. Away, you rascal!

Judas. Fair words, I say again.

Dec. What must you do, sir?

Judas. I must do that my heart-strings yearn to do;
But my word's past.

Dec. What is it?

Judas. Why, kill Caratach:
That's all he ask'd us for our entertainment.

Dec. More than you'll pay.

Judas. Would I had sold myself
Unto the skin, I had not promis'd it!
For such another Caratach—

Dec. Come, fool,
Have you done your country service?

Judas. I have brought that
To captain Junius—

Dec. How!

Judas. I think will do all;
I cannot tell; I think so.

Dec. How! to Junius!—

I'll more inquire of this [*Aside*].—You'll fight now?

Judas. Promise,
Take heed of promise, captain!

Dec. Away, and rank, then.

Judas. But, hark you, captain; there is wine distributing;
I would fain know what share I have.

Dec. Be gone;
You have too much.

Judas. Captain, no wine, no fighting :
There's one call'd Caratach that has wine.

Dec. Well, sir,
If you'll be rul'd now, and do well——

Judas. Do excellent.

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

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

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

Judas. Arm, arm, bullies !
All's right again and straight ; and, which is more,
More wine, more wine. Awake, ye men of Memphis^h !
Be sober and discreet ; we have much to do, boys. [Exeunt.

ACT III.

SCENE I.—*A Temple of the Druids.*

Enter a Messenger.

Mess. Prepare there for the sacrifice ! the queen comes.

Music. Enter in solemnity the Druids singing, second Daughter
strewn flowers ; then BONDUCA, First Daughter, CARATACH,
NENNIUS, and others.

Bond. Ye powerful gods of Britain, hear our prayers ;
Hear us, you great revengers ; and this day
Take pity from our swords, doubt from our valours ;
Double the sad remembrance of our wrongs
In every breast ; the vengeance due to those

^g *a hunt 's-up*] Properly, a tune to rouse and call together the sportsmen in a morning.

^h *men of Memphis*] This cant expression has occurred before : see vol. iv. 183.

Make infinite and endless ! On our pikes
 This day pale Terror sit, horrors and ruins
 Upon our executions ; claps of thunder
 Hang on our armèd carts ; and 'fore our troops
 Despair and Death ; Shame beyond these attend 'em !
 Rise from the dust, ye relics of the dead,
 Whose noble deeds our holy Druids sing ;
 Oh, rise, ye valiant bones ! let not base earth
 Oppress your honours, whilst the pride of Rome
 Treads on your stocks, and wipes out all your stories !

Nen. Thou great Tiranesⁱ, whom our sacred priests,
 Armèd with dreadful thunder, place on high
 Above the rest of the immortal gods,
 Send thy consuming fires and deadly bolts,
 And shoot 'em home ; stick in each Roman heart
 A fear fit for confusion ; blast their spirits,
 Dwell in 'em to destruction ; thorough their phalanx
 Strike, as thou strik'st a proud tree ; shake their bodies,
 Make their strengths totter, and their topless^j fortunes
 Unroot, and reel to ruin !

First Daugh. Oh, thou god,
 Thou fearèd god, if ever to thy justice
 Insulting wrongs and ravishments of women
 (Women deriv'd from thee), their shames, the sufferings
 Of those that daily fill'd thy sacrifice
 With virgin incense, have access, now hear me !
 Now snatch thy thunder up, now on these Romans,
 Despisers of thy power, of us defacers,
 Revenge thyself ; take to thy killing anger,
 To make thy great work full, thy justice spoken,

ⁱ *Tiranes*] " Thus wrote our authors, though the antiquarians of latter days have not followed their example.

" Mr. Sammes, in his *Britannia Antiqua Illustrata*, calls this god *Taramis* : Toland, in his *Remains*, *Taramis* or *Taranis*, but Mr. Baxter allows neither the one or the other. *Jupiter Tonans* verò sive *Tanarus* Lucano *Taranis* Gallorum lingua dicitur. Nam vitiosum esse *Taramis*, Britannorum hodierna lingua clarissimo est argumento, cui *Tonitrua* dicuntur *Taraneu*, ut sit singulari numero *Taran*. Vid. *Glossar. Antiq. Britannic. in voc. Tanarus*. From so great a choice of names as I have here served up, the reader may take which pleases him best." SYMPSON.

^j *topless*] i. e. supreme, having no superior : the word is very common with this meaning. Here the Editors of 1778 proposed to read " sapless " !

An utter rooting from this blessèd isle
Of what Rome is or has been !

Bond. Give more^k incense :

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

Sec. Daugh. See, Heaven,

And all you powers that guide us, see, and shame,
We kneel so long for pity ! Over your altars,

Since 'tis no light oblation that you look for,

No incense-offering, will I hang mine eyes ;

And as I wear these stones with hourly weeping,

So will I melt your powers into compassion :

This tear for Prasutagus^l my brave father ;

(Ye gods, now think on Rome !) this for my mother

And all her miseries ; yet see, and save us !

But now ye must be open-ey'd. See, Heaven,

Oh, see thy showers stoln from thee ; our dishonours,—

Oh, sister, our dishonours !—can ye be gods,

And these sins smother'd ?

[*A smoke from the altar.*]

Bond. The fire takes.

Car. It does so,

But no flame rises. Cease your fretful^m prayers,

Your whinings, and your tame petitions ;

The gods love courage arm'd with confidence,

And prayers fit to pull them down : weak tears

And troubled hearts, the dull twins of cold spirits,

They sit and smile at. Hear how I salute 'em.—

Divine Andateⁿ, thou who hold'st the reins

Of furious battles and disorder'd war,

And proudly roll'st thy swarty chariot-wheels

Over the heaps of wounds and carcasses,

Sailing through seas of blood ; thou sure-steel'd sternness,

Give us this day good hearts, good enemies,

^k *Give more*] Weber chose to print "*Give me more.*"

^l *Prasutagus*] Both the folios "*Prosutagus*": but see Taciti *Ann.* xiv. 31.

^m *fretful*] The first folio has "*fetrfull.*"—The second reads "*fearful*"; and so Sympson.

ⁿ *Andate*] So the second folio.—The first folio has "*Audate.*"—"The real name of this goddess, says Mr. Baxter from Xiphilin, is not *Andate* but *Andrasta*; and so I have ventured to alter the text." !! SYMPSON.

Good blows o' both sides, wounds that fear or flight
 Can claim no share in ; steel us both with angers
 And warlike executions fit thy viewing ;
 Let Rome put on her best strength, and thy Britain,
 Thy little Britain, but as great in fortune,
 Meet her as strong as she, as proud, as daring !
 And then look on, thou red-ey'd god ^m ; who does best,
 Reward with honour ; who despair makes fly,
 Unarm for ever, and brand with infamy !
 Grant this, divine Andate ! 'tis but justice ;
 And my first blow thus on thy holy altar
 I sacrifice unto thee. [*A flame arises.*

Bond. It flames out.

Car. Now sing, ye Druides ⁿ. [*Music and Song.*

Bond. 'Tis out again.

Car. H'as ^o given us leave to fight yet ; we ask no more ;
 The rest hangs in our resolutions :
 Tempt him no more.

Bond. I would know further, cousin.

Car. His hidden meaning dwells in our endeavours ;
 Our valours are our best gods. Cheer the soldier,
 And let him eat.

Mess. He's at it, sir.

Car. Away, then ;

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

Bond. Now I am confident. [*Exeunt, recorders ^p playing.*

^m *thou red-ey'd god*] “As the Greeks use *Θεός*, and the Latins *Deus*, both for god and goddess, so our poets here have taken the same liberty, and call *Andrasta red-eyed god*, though she was really a goddess.” SYMPSON. “*Caratach* does not address *Andate* anywhere as a goddess, but alludes to a god in a very distinct manner three several times.—‘*He* has given us leave to fight.’—‘*Tempt him* no more.’—‘*His* hidden meaning.’—This makes it more than probable that *Fletcher* was not very accurately skilled in the British mythology.” WEBER.—The second folio has ‘*Tempt her* no more’ and ‘*Her* hidden meaning’; but that folio is of much less authority than the first.

ⁿ *Druides*] “The poets uniformly pronounce and spell this as a trisyllable.” WEBER,—who had forgotten the line at p. 46,—

“Whose noble deeds our holy *Druids* sing.”

^o *H'as*] Sympson printed (from *Theobald's* marginal note) “*Sh' as.*”

^p *recorders*] i. e. flageolets.

SCENE II.—*The Roman camp.*

Enter JUNIUS, CURIUS, and DECIUS.

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

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

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

Read it, good Curius.

Cur. Willingly.

Jun. Now mark it.

Cur. [*Reads.*] *Health to thy heart, my honour'd Junius,
And all thy love requited ! I am thine,
Thine everlastingly ; thy love has won me ;
And let it breed no doubt, our new acquaintance
Compels this ; 'tis the gods' decree to bless us.
The times are dangerous to meet ; yet fail not ;
By all the love thou bear'st me I conjure thee,
Without distrust of danger to come to me ;
For I have purpos'd a delivery
Both of myself and fortune this blest day
Into thy hands, if thou think'st good. To shew thee
How infinite my love is, even my mother
Shall be thy prisoner, the day yours without hazard ;
For I beheld your danger like a lover,
A just affecter of thy faith : thy goodness,
I know, will use us nobly ; and our marriage,
If not redeem ^q, yet lessen Rome's ambition :
I am weary of these miseries. Use my mother
(If you intend to take her) with all honour ;
And let this disobedience to my parent ^r*

^q *redeem*] The Editors of 1778 propose, very unnecessarily, to read "reclaim."

^r *parent*] Both the folios have "parents" ; and so Sympson.

*Be laid on love, not me. Bring with thee, Junius,
Spirits resolv'd to fetch me off, the noblest ;
Forty will serve the turn, just at the joining
Of both the battles ; we will be weakly guarded,
And for a guide, within this hour, shall reach thee
A faithful friend of mine. The gods, my Junius,
Keep thee, and me to serve thee ! Young Bonvica.*
This letter carries much belief, and most objections
Answer'd^s, we must have doubted.

Dec. Is that fellow
Come to you for a guide yet ?

Jun. Yes.

Dec. And examin'd ?

Jun. Far more than that ; he has felt tortures, yet
He vows he knows no more than this truth.

Dec. Strange !

Cur. If she mean what she writes, as 't may be probable,
'Twill be the happiest vantage we can lean to.

Jun. I'll pawn my soul she means truth.

Dec. Think an hour more ;
Then, if your confidence grow stronger on you,
We'll set in with you.

Jun. Nobly done : I thank ye.
Ye know the time.

Cur. We will be either ready
To give you present counsel, or join with you.

Jun. No more, as ye are gentlemen. The general.

Enter SÜETONIUS, PETILLIUS, DEMETRIUS, and MACER.

Suet. Draw out apace ; the enemy waits for us.
Are ye all ready ?

Jun. All our troops attend, sir.

Suet. I am glad to hear you say so, Junius :
I hope you are disposess'd.

Jun. I hope so too, sir.

Suet. Continue so. And, gentlemen, to you now :
To bid you fight is needless ; ye are Romans,
The name will fight itself : to tell ye who

^s Answer'd] i. e. Are answered.

You go to fight against, his power, and nature,
 But loss of time; ye^t know it, know it poor,
 And oft have made it so: to tell ye further,
 His body shews more dreadful than it has done,
 To him that fears less possible to deal with,
 Is but to stick more honour on your actions,
 Load ye with virtuous names, and to your memories
 Tie never-dying Time and Fortune constant.
 Go on in full assurance: draw your swords
 As daring and as confident as justice;
 The gods of Rome fight for ye; loud Fame calls ye,
 Pitch'd on the topless^u Apennine,^v and blows
 To all the under-world, all nations, the seas,
 And unfrequented deserts where the snow dwells;
 Wakens the ruin'd monuments; and there,
 Where nothing but eternal death and sleep is,
 Informs again the dead bones with your virtues.
 Go on, I say: valiant and wise rule Heaven,
 And all the great aspects^w attend 'em: do but blow
 Upon this enemy, who, but that we want foes,
 Cannot deserve that name; and like a mist,
 A lazy fog, before your burning valours
 You 'll find him fly to nothing. This is all,

^t *ye*] So the first folio.—The second folio has “yet.”—Simpson gave “*ye*” as a conjectural correction, in which “Mr. Theobald and Mr. Seward concurred with him”!

^u *topless*] See note, p. 46.

^v *Apennine*] So the second folio.—The first folio has “Perinine”.—The Editors of 1778 thought proper to give the passage thus (hoping that their alterations would “be allowed to throw new beauties on it!!”);

“loud Fame calls ye,
 Pitch'd on the topless Apennine, where the snow dwells,
 And blows to all the under-world, all nations,
 The seas and unfrequented deserts; wakens
 The ruin'd monuments; and there where nothing
 But eternal death and sleep is, informs again
 The dead bones with your virtues. Go on, I say:
 Valiant and wise rule Heav'n, and all the great
 Aspects! attend 'em, do but blow upon
 This enemy, who but,” &c.

^w *aspects*] “This is an allusion to judicial astrology.” MASON.

We have swords, and are the sons of ancient Romans,
Heirs to their endless valours ; fight and conquer !

Dec. Dem. 'Tis done.

Pet. That man that loves not this day,
And hugs not in his arms the noble danger,
May he die fameless and forgot !

Suet. Sufficient.

Up to your troops, and let your drums beat thunder ;
March close and sudden, like a tempest : all executions

[*March.*

Done without sparkling^x of the body ; keep your phalanx
Sure-lin'd and piec'd together, your pikes forward,
And so march like a moving fort. Ere this day run,
We shall have ground to add to Rome, well won. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE III.—*The country between the camps. A hill on one side
of the stage.*

Enter CARATACH and NENNIUS.

Nen. The Roman is advanc'd ; from yond hill's brow
We may behold him, Caratach.

Car. Let's thither.

[*They ascend the hill.*

[*Drums at one place afar off.*

I see the dust fly. Now I see the body ;
Observe 'em, Nennius ; by [Heaven],^y a handsome body,
And of a few strongly and wisely jointed :
Suetonius is a soldier.

Nen. As I take it,
That's he that gallops by the regiments,
Viewing their preparations.

Car. Very likely ;
He shews no less than general : see how bravely
The body moves, and in the head how proudly
The captains stick like plumes : he comes apace on.
Good Nennius, go, and bid my stout lieutenant

^x *sparkling*] i. e. scattering, dispersing—a sense in which the word occurs again in these plays more than once.

^y [*Heaven*] Both the folios have a break here.

Bring on the first square body to oppose 'em,
 And, as he charges, open to enclose 'em ;
 The queen move next with hers, and wheel about,
 To gain their backs, in which I 'll lead the vanguard.
 We shall have bloody crowns this day, I see by 't.
 Haste thee, good Nennius ; I 'll follow instantly.

[*Exit* NENNIUS.]

How close they march, as if they grew together,

[*March sounded within.*]

No place but lin'd alike, sure from oppression !
 They will not change this figure ; we must charge 'em,
 And charge 'em home at both ends, van and rear ;
 They ^z never totter else. [Drums in another place afar off.]

I hear our music,

And must attend it Hold, good sword, but this day,
 And bite hard where I hound thee ^a ; and hereafter
 I 'll make a relic of thee, for young soldiers
 To come like pilgrims to, and kiss for conquests. [Exit.]

SCENE IV.—*Before the Roman camp.*

Enter JUNIUS, CURIUS, and DECIUS.

Jun. Now is the time ; the fellow stays.

Dec. What think you ?

Cur. I think 'tis true.

Jun. Alas, if 'twere a question,
 If any doubt or hazard fell into 't,
 Do ye think mine own discretion so self-blind,
 My care of you so naked, to run headlong ?

Dec. Let 's take Petillius with us.

Jun. By no means ;

He 's never wise but to himself, nor courteous
 But where the end 's his own : we are strong enough,
 If not too many. Behind yonder hill,
 The fellow tells me, she attends, weak guarded,
 Her mother and her sister.

Cur. I would venture.

^z *They*] Sympson printed "They 'll."

^a *hound thee*] i. e. set thee on.

Jun. We shall not strike five blows for 't. Weigh the good,
The general good may come.

Dec. Away! I'll with ye;
But with what doubt——

Jun. Fear not: my soul for all!

[*Exeunt. Alarms, drums and trumpets in several places
afar off, as at a main battle.*]

SCENE V.—*Near the field of battle. A hill on one side of the
stage^b.*

Enter DRUSUS and PÆNIUS above.

Dru. Here you may see 'em all, sir; from this hill
The country shews off level.

Pæn. Gods defend me,
What multitudes they are, what infinites!
The Roman power shews like a little star
Hedg'd with a double halo^c.—Now the knell rings:

[*Loud shouts within.*]

Hark, how they shout to the battle! how the air
Totters, and reels, and rends a-pieces, Drusus,
With the huge-vollied clamours!

Dru. Now they charge
(Oh, gods!) of all sides, fearfully.

Pæn. Little Rome,
Stand but this growing Hydra one short hour,
And thou hast out-done Hercules!

Dru. The dust hides 'em;
We cannot see what follows.

Pæn. They are gone,
Gone, swallow'd, Drusus; this eternal sun
Shall never see 'em march more.

Dru. Oh, turn this way,
And see a model of the field! some forty
Against four hundred!

^b *A hill on one side of the stage*] Weber gave "*In the Back-ground the Tent of Penius, with a Platform.*"

^c *halo*] The first folio has "halloa"; the second "hollo."

Pæn. Well fought, bravely follow'd !
Oh, nobly charg'd again, charg'd home too ! Drusus,
They seem to carry it. Now they charge all ;

[*Loud shouts within.*

Close, close, I say ! they follow it. Ye gods,
Can there be more in men ? more daring spirits ?
Still they make good their fortunes. Now they are gone too,
For ever gone : see, Drusus, at their backs
A fearful ambush rises. Farewell, valours,
Excellent valours ! oh, Rome, where 's thy wisdom ?

Dru. They are gone indeed, sir.

Pæn. Look out toward the army ;
I am heavy with these slaughters.

Dru. 'Tis the same still,
Cover'd with dust and fury.

Enter Daughters with JUNIUS, CURIUS, DECIUS, and Soldiers.

Sec. Daugh. Bring 'em in ;
Tie 'em, and then unarm 'em.

First Daugh. Valiant Romans,
Ye are welcome to your loves !

Sec. Daugh. Your death[s], fools !

Dec. We deserve 'em ;
And, women, do your worst.

First Daugh. Ye need not beg it.

Sec. Daugh. Which is kind Junius ?

First Sold. ^d This.

Sec. Daugh. Are you my sweetheart ?
It looks ill on 't. How long is 't, pretty soul,
Since you and I first lov'd ? had we not reason
To dote extremely upon one another ?
How does my love ? This is not he ; my chicken
Could prate finely, sing a love-song.

Jun. Monster——

Sec. Daugh. Oh, now it courts !

^d *First Sold.*] Both the folios "Serv." (in consequence of which, the Editors of 1778 and Weber added to the stage-direction on the entrance of the Daughters "*and Servants.*" But "Serv." means merely one of the soldiers who bring in the captives.)

Jun. Arm'd with more malice
Than he that got thee has, the devil.

Sec. Daugh. Good :
Proceed, sweet chick.

Jun. I hate thee ; that 's my last.

Sec. Daugh. Nay, an you love me, forward !—No ?—
Come, sister,

Let 's prick our answers on our arrows' points,
And make 'em laugh a little.—Ye damn'd lechers,
Ye proud improvident fools, have we now caught ye ?
Are ye i' the noose ? Since ye are such loving creatures,
We'll be your Cupids : do ye see these arrows ?
We'll send 'em to your wanton livers, goats.

First Daugh. Oh, how I'll trample on your hearts, ye
villains,
Ambitious salt-itch'd slaves, Rome's master-sins !
The mountain-rams topp'd^e your hot mothers.

Sec Daugh. Dogs,
To whose brave founders a salt whore gave suck !
Thieves, honour's hangmen, do ye grin ? Perdition
Take me for ever, if in my fell^f anger
I do not out-do all example !

Enter CARATACH.

Car. Where,
Where are these ladies ?—Ye keep noble quarter !
Your mother thinks ye dead or taken, upon which
She will not move her battle.—Sure, these faces
I have beheld and known ; they are Roman leaders :
How came they here ?

Sec. Daugh. A trick, sir, that we us'd ;
A certain policy conducted 'em
Unto our snare : we have done you no small service.
These us'd as we intend, we are for the battle.

Car. As you intend ! taken by treachery !

First Daugh. Is 't not allow'd ?

^e *topp'd*] Weber and the Editors of 1778 printed "tupt."

^f *fell*] So the first folio (a reading which Sympson gives as a *correction* by himself and Seward !).—The second folio "self."

Car. Those that should gild our conquest,
Make up a battle worthy of our winning,
Catch'd up by craft !

Sec. Daugh. By any means that's lawful.

Car. A woman's wisdom in our triumphs ! Out !
Out ^g, ye sluts, ye follies ! From our swords
Filch our revenges basely !—Arm again, gentlemen.—
Soldiers, I charge ye help 'em.

Sec. Daugh. By [Heaven],^h uncle,
We will have vengeance for our rapes.

Car. By [Heaven],
You should have kept your legs close, then.—Despatch there.

First Daugh. I will not off thus.

Car. He that stirs to execute,
Or she, though it be yourselves, by him that got me,
Shall quickly feel mine anger ! One great day given us,
Not to be snatch'd out of our hands but basely,
And must we shame the gods from whence we have it,
With setting snares for soldiers ? I'll run away first,
Be hooted at, and children call me coward,
Before I set up stalesⁱ for victories.
Give 'em their swords.

Sec. Daugh. Oh, gods !

Car. Bear off the women
Unto their mother.

Sec. Daugh. One shot, gentle uncle !

Car. One cut her fiddle-string !—Bear 'em off, I say !

First Daugh. The [devil]^j take this fortune !

Car. Learn to spin,
And curse your knotted hemp.

[*Exeunt Daughters and Soldiers.*

Go, gentlemen,

Safely go off, up to your troops ; be wiser ;
There thank me like tall^k soldiers : I shall seek ye. [*Exit.*

^g *Out*] The Editors of 1778 printed “*Out, out*” ; and so Weber.

^h [*Heaven*] Here, and in the next speech, both the folios mark the omission by a break.

ⁱ *stales*] i. e. decoys.—Both the folios have “*scales*.”

^j [*devil*] A break here in both the folios.

^k *tall*] i. e. stout, bold.

Cur. A noble worth !

Dec. Well, Junius ?

Jun. Pray ye, no more !

Cur. He blushes ; do not load him.

Dec. Where 's your love now ? [Drums loud within.

Jun. Puff, there it flies ! Come, let 's redeem our follies.

[*Exeunt JUNIUS, CURIUS, and DECIUS.*

Dru. Awake, sir ; yet the Roman body 's whole ;
I see 'em clear again.

Pæn. Whole ! 'tis not possible ;
Drusus, they must be lost.

Dru. By [Heaven],^k they are whole, sir,
And in brave doing ; see, they wheel about
To gain more ground.

Pæn. But see there, Drusus, see,
See that huge battle moving from the mountains !
Their gilt coats shine like dragons' scales, their march
Like a rough tumbling storm ; see them, and view 'em,
And then see Rome no more. Say they fail, look,
Look where the armèd carts stand, a new army !
Look how they hang like falling rocks, as murdering !
Death rides in triumph, Drusus, fell Destruction
Lashes his fiery horse, and round about him
His many thousand ways to let out souls.
Move me again when they charge, when the mountain
Melts under their hot wheels, and from their ax'trees
Huge claps of thunder plough the ground before 'em ;
Till then, I 'll dream what Rome was.

Enter SUTTONIUS, PETILLIUS, DEMETRIUS, MACER, and Soldiers.

Suet. Oh, bravely fought ! ! honour till now ne'er shew'd
Her golden face i' the field : like lions, gentlemen,
You 've held your heads up this day. Where 's young Junius,
Curius, and Decius ?

Pet. Gone to heaven, I think, sir.

^k [Heaven] A break here in both the folios.

¹ *Oh, bravely fought, &c.*] Such is the arrangement of this speech in both the folios. The Editors of 1778 gave a new division of the lines, that the metre might run on regularly from the preceding speech ; and so Weber.

Suet. Their worths go with 'em! Breathe a while. How do ye?

Pet. Well; some few scurvy wounds; my heart 's whole yet.

Dem. Would they would give us more ground!

Suet. Give! we 'll have it.

Pet. Have it! and hold it too, despite the devil.

Re-enter JUNIUS, DECIUS, and CURIUS.

Jun. Lead up to the head, and line sure: the queen's battle Begins to charge like wildfire. Where 's the general?

Suet. Oh, they are living yet!—Come, my brave soldiers, Come, let me pour Rome's blessing on ye: live, Live, and lead armies all! Ye bleed hard.

Jun. Best;

We shall appear the sterner to the foe.

Dec. More wounds, more honour.

Pet. Lose no time.

Suet. Away, then;

And stand this shock, ye have stood the world.

Pet. We 'll grow to 't.—

Is not this better now than lousy loving?

Jun. I am myself, Petillius.

Pet. 'Tis I love thee^m.

[*Exeunt all, except DRUSUS and PÆNIUS above.*]

Enter BONDUCA, Daughters, CARATACH, NENNIUS, and Soldiers.

Car. Charge 'em i' the flanks! Oh, you have play'd the fool,

The fool extremely, the mad fool!

Bond. Why, cousin?

Car. The woman-fool! why did you give the word Unto the carts to charge down, and our people In gross before the enemy? we pay fort 't; Our own swords cut our throats: why, [a poxⁿ] on 't, Why do you offer to command? the devil, The devil and his dam too, who bid you Meddle in men's affairs?

Bond. I 'll help all.

^m 'Tis I love thee] Sympson, with the approbation of Seward, printed, "'Tis now I love thee." The Editors of 1778 rightly observe that "Petillius means to oppose his love to that of Bonvica."

ⁿ [a pox] Here both the folios have a break.

Car. Home,
Home and spin, woman, spin, go spin! you trifle.

[*Exeunt BONDUCA and Daughters.*]

Open before there, or all 's ruin['d]!—How! [*Shouts within.*]
Now comes the tempest—on ourselves, by [Heaven]!°

[*Within*] *Victoria!*

Car. Oh, woman, scurvy woman, beastly woman!

[*Exit with NENNIUS and Soldiers.*]

Dru. *Victoria, victoria!*

Pæn. How 's that, Drusus?

Dru. They win, they win, they win! Oh, look, look,
look, sir,

For Heaven's sake, look!

The Britons fly, the Britons fly! *Victoria!*

Re-enter SÜETONIUS, JUNIUS, PETILLIUS, &c. and Soldiers.

Suet. Soft, soft, pursue it soft, excellent soldiers!

Close, my brave fellows, honourable Romans!

Oh, cool thy mettle, Junius! they are ours,

The world cannot redeem 'em. Stern Petillius,

Govern the conquest nobly. Soft, good soldiers!

[*Exeunt all, except DRUSUS and PÆNIUS above.*]

Re-enter BONDUCA and Daughters, with Soldiers.

Bond. Shame! whither fly ye, ye unlucky Britons?

Will ye creep into your mothers' wombs again? Back,
cowards!

Hares, fearful hares, doves in your angers! leave me?

Leave your queen desolate? her hapless children

To Roman rape again and fury?

Re-enter CARATACH with HENGO.

Car. Fly, ye buzzards!

Ye have wings enough, ye fear!—Get thee gone, woman,

[*Loud shout within.*]

Shame tread upon thy heels! All 's lost, all 's lost! Hark,

Hark how the Romans ring our knells!

[*Exeunt BONDUCA, Daughters, and Soldiers.*]

Hengo. Good uncle,

Let me go too.

° [*Heaven*] Here both the folios have a break.

Car. No, boy ; thy fortune 's mine ;
I must not leave thee. Get behind me [*Takes HENGO on his
back*] ; shake not ;
I 'll breech^p you, if you do, boy.—

Re-enter PETILLIUS, JUNIUS, and DECIUS.

Come, brave Romans ;

All is not lost yet.

Jun. Now I 'll thank thee, Caratach.

Car. Thou art a soldier ; strike home, home ! have at you !
[*They fight. Drums.*]

Pæn. His blows fall like huge sledges on an anvil.

Dec. I am weary.

Pet. So am I.

Car. Send more swords to me. [*Exit with HENGO.*]

Jun. Let 's sit and rest. [*JUN., PET., and DEC. sit down.*]

Dru. What think you now ?

Pæn. Oh, Drusus,

I have lost mine honour, lost my name^q,
Lost all that was my light ! These are true Romans,
And I a Briton-coward, a base coward !
Guide me where nothing is but desolation,
That I may never more behold the face
Of man, or mankind know me ! Oh, blind Fortune,
Hast thou abus'd me thus ?

Dru. Good sir, be comforted ;

It was your wisdom rul'd you. Pray you, go home ;
Your day is yet to come, when this great fortune
Shall be but foil unto it. [*Retreat sounded within.*]

Pæn. Fool, fool, coward ! [*Exeunt PÆNIUS and DRUSUS above.*]

*Re-enter SUETONIUS, DEMETRIUS, MACER, and Soldiers, with drum
and colours.*

Suet. Draw in, draw in !—Well have ye fought, and worthy
Rome's noble recompense. Look to your wounds ;
The ground is cold and hurtful. The proud queen
Has got a fort, and there she and her daughters

^p breech] "i. e. whip." MASON.

^q my name] *Qy.* "my name for ever" ?—Simpson altered the original regulation of this speech, and was followed by the Editors of 1778.

Defy us once again : to-morrow morning
 We'll seek her out, and make her know our fortunes
 Stop at no stubborn walls. Come, sons of Honour,
 True Virtue's heirs, thus hatch'd ^r with Britain-blood,
 Let 's march to rest, and set in gules ^s like suns.
 Beat a soft march, and each one ease his neighbours. [*Exeunt.*]

ACT IV.

SCENE I.—*The Roman camp. Before the tent of JUNIUS.*

Enter PETILLIUS, JUNIUS, DECIUS, and DEMETRIUS, singing.

Pet. Smooth was his cheek,

Dec. And his chin it was sleek,

Jun. With, whoop, he has done wooing !

Dem. Junius was this captain's name,
 A lad for a lass's viewing.

Pet. Full black his eye, and plump his thigh,

Dec. Made up for love's pursuing.

Dem. Smooth was his cheek,

Pet. And his chin it was sleek,

Jun. With, whoop, he has done wooing !

Pet. Oh, my vex'd thief, art thou come home again ?
 Are thy brains perfect ?

Jun. Sound as bells.

Pet. Thy back-worm
 Quiet, and cast his sting, boy ?

Jun. Dead, Petillius,
 Dead to all folly, and now my anger only.

Pet. Why, that's well said ; hang Cupid and his quiver,
 A drunken brawling boy ! Thy honour'd saint
 Be thy ten shillings, Junius ; there's the money,
 And there's the ware ; square dealing : this but sweats thee
 Like a nesh ^t nag, and makes thee look pin-buttock'd ;
 The other runs thee whining up and down
 Like a pig in a storm, fills thy brains full of ballads ^u,

^r *hatch'd*] Equivalent here to—adorned, coloured : see note, vol. iii. 32.

^s *gules*] “The heraldic term for *red*.” WEBER.

^t *nesh*] “i. e. tender, delicate.” SYMPSON.

^u *ballads*] So the first folio.—The second folio has “madness” ; and so Sympson.

And shews thee like a long Lent, thy brave body
Turn'd to a tail of green-fish^v without butter.

Dec. When thou lov'st next, love a good cup of wine,
A mistress for a king ; she leaps to kiss thee ;
Her red and white 's her own ; she makes good blood,
Takes none away ; what she heats sleep can help,
Without a groping surgeon.

Jun. I am counsell'd ;
And henceforth, when I dote again——

Dem. Take heed ;
You had almost paid for 't.

Pet. Love no more great ladies ;
Thou canst not step amiss, then : there 's no delight in 'em ;
All 's in the whistling of their snatcht-up silks ;
They 're only made for handsome view, not handling ;
Their bodies of so weak and wash^w a temper,
A rough-pac'd bed will shake 'em all to pieces ;
A tough hen pulls their teeth out, tires their souls ;
Plenæ rimarum sunt^x, they are full of rennet,
And take the skin off where they are tasted : shun 'em :
They live in cullises^y, like rotten cocks,
Stew'd to a tenderness that holds no tack :
Give me a thing I may crush.

Jun. Thou speak'st truly :
The wars shall be my mistress now.

Pet. Well chosen,
For she 's a bouncing lass ; she 'll kiss thee at night, boy,
And break thy pate i' the morning.

Jun. Yesterday
I found those favours infinite.

Dem. Wench good enough,
But that she talks too loud.

Pet. She talks to the purpose,

^v *green-fish*] "Green-fish, Asellus." "A Seller of Green-fish, Salsamentarius." Coles's *Dict.*

^w *wash*] i. e. washy.—"So in *Rule a Wife and have a Wife* [Act iii. sc. 1], 'Tis a *wash* knave, he will not keep his flesh well.'" WEBER.

^x *Plenæ rimarum sunt*] An alteration of a passage in Terence, which has been already cited : see note, vol. iii. 26.

^y *cullises*] i. e. strong broths, strained and made clear.

Which never woman did yet ; she 'll hold grappling,
 And he that lays on best is her best servant :
 All other loves are mere catching of dotterels^y,
 Stretching of legs out only, and trim laziness.
 Here comes the general.

Enter Suetonius, Curius, and Macer.

Suet. I am glad I have found ye :
 Are those come in yet that pursu'd bold Caratach ?

Pet. Not yet, sir, for I think they mean to lodge him ;
 Take him I know they dare not, 'twill be dangerous.

Suet. Then haste, Petillius, haste to Pœnius :
 I fear the strong conceit of what disgrace
 H'as pull'd upon himself, will be his ruin ;
 I fear his soldiers' fury too : haste presently ;
 I would not lose him for all Britain. Give him, Petillius——

Pet. That that shall choke him. [*Aside.*

Suet. All the noble counsel,
 His fault forgiven too, his place, his honour——

Pet. For me, I think, as handsome. [*Aside.*

Suet. All the comfort ;
 And tell the soldier, 'twas on our command
 He drew not to the battle.

Pet. I conceive, sir,
 And will do that shall cure all.

Suet. Bring him with you
 Before the queen's fort, and his forces with him ;
 There you shall find us following of our conquest.
 Make haste.

Pet. The best I may. [*Exit.*

Suet. And, noble gentlemen,
 Up to your companies : we'll presently
 Upon the queen's pursuit. There 's nothing done
 Till she be seiz'd ; without her, nothing won.

[*Exeunt. Short flourish.*

^y *mere catching of dotterels,*

Stretching of legs out only] "The dotterel is a proverbially foolish bird, which is said to allow itself to be caught while it apes the actions of the fowler : its folly in stretching out a leg, if the fowler does so, is frequently alluded to by our early writers." WEBER (the note altered).

SCENE II.—*Open country between the camps.**Enter CARATACH and HENGO.**Car.* How does my boy ?*Hengo.* I would do well ; my heart's well ;
I do not fear.*Car.* My good boy !*Hengo.* I know, uncle,
We must all die ; my little brother died,
I saw him die, and he died smiling ; sure,
There's no great pain in 't, uncle. But, pray, tell me,
Whither must we go when we are dead ?*Car.* Strange questions !— [*Aside.*
Why, to the blessed'st place, boy ! ever-sweetness
And happiness dwells there.*Hengo.* Will you come to me ?*Car.* Yes, my sweet boy.*Hengo.* Mine aunt too, and my cousins ?*Car.* All, my good child.*Hengo.* No Romans, uncle ?*Car.* No, boy.*Hengo.* I should be loath to meet them there.*Car.* No ill men,That live by violence and strong oppression,
Come thither ; 'tis for those the gods love, good men.*Hengo.* Why, then, I care not when I go, for surely
I am persuaded they love me : I never
Blasphem'd 'em, uncle, nor transgress'd my parents^z ;
I always said my prayers.*Car.* Thou shalt go, then,
Indeed thou shalt.*Hengo.* When they please.*Car.* That's my good boy !
Art thou not weary, Hengo ?^z *transgress'd my parents*] Here Sympson cites from *Women Pleas'd*, act
iii. sc. i." You are too royal to me,
To me that have so foolishly *transgress'd* you."

Hengo. Weary, uncle !

I have heard you say you have march'd all day in armour.

Car. I have, boy.

Hengo. Am not I your kinsman ?

Car. Yes.

Hengo. And am not I as fully allied unto you
In those brave things as blood ?

Car. Thou art too tender.

Hengo. To go upon my legs ? they were made to bear me.
I can play twenty mile a-day ; I see no reason,
But, to preserve my country and myself,
I should march forty.

Car. What wouldst thou be, living
To wear a man's strength !

Hengo. Why, a Caratach,
A Roman-hater, a scourge sent from Heaven
To whip these proud thieves from our kingdom.

Hark, [*Drum within.*]
Hark, uncle, hark ! I hear a drum.

Enter JUDAS *and* Soldiers, *and remain at the side of the stage.*

Judas. Beat softly,
Softly, I say ; they are here. Who dare charge ?

First Sold. He
That dares be knock'd o' the head : I 'll not come near him.

Judas. Retire again, and watch, then. How he stares !
H 'as eyes would kill a dragon. Mark the boy well ;
If we could take or kill him—A [pox]^a on you,
How fierce you look ! See, how he broods^b the boy !
The devil dwells in 's scabbard. Back, I say,
Apace, apace ! h 'as found us. [*Exit with Soldiers.*]

Car. Do ye hunt us ?

Hengo. Uncle, good uncle, see ! the thin starv'd rascal,
The eating Roman, see where he thrids the thickets !
Kill him, dear uncle, kill him ! one good blow
To knock his brains into his breech ; strike 's head off,
That I may piss in 's face.

^a [pox] A break here in both the folios.

^b broods] i. e. cherishes, watches over, as a mother over her young.

Car. Do ye make us foxes?—
Here, hold my charging-staff, and keep the place, boy.
I am at bay, and like a bull I'll bear me.—
Stand, stand, ye rogues, ye squirrels!

[*Exit.*

Hengo. Now he pays 'em :
Oh, that I had a man's strength !

Re-enter JUDAS.

Judas. Here's the boy ;
Mine own, I thank my fortune.

Hengo. Uncle, uncle !
Famine ^c is faln upon me, uncle !

Judas. Come, sir,
Yield willingly, (your uncle's out of hearing,)
I'll tickle your young tail else.

Hengo. I defy thee,
Thou mock-made man of mat ! charge home, sirrah !
Hang thee, base slave, thou shak'st.

Judas. Upon my conscience,
The boy will beat me : how it looks, how bravely !
How confident the worm is ! a scabb'd boy
To handle me thus !—Yield, or I cut thy head off.

Hengo. Thou dar'st not cut my finger ; here 'tis, touch it.

Judas. The boy speaks sword and buckler.—Prithee, yield,
boy ;
Come, here's an apple ; yield.

Hengo. By [Heaven ^d], he fears me !
I'll give you sharper language : when, you coward,
When come you up ?

Judas. If he should beat me——

Hengo. When, sir ?
I long to kill thee : come, thou canst not scape me ;
I have twenty ways to charge thee, twenty deaths
Attend my bloody staff.

^c *Famine*] Means, of course, Judas : compare act ii. sc. 3 ;

“*Judas.* Believe it, sir, like devils.

Car. Well said, *Famine.*” p. 39.

^d [*Heaven*] A break here in both the folios.

Judas. Sure, 'tis the devil,
A dwarf-devil in a doublet.

Hengo. I have kill'd a captain, sirrah, a brave captain,
And, when I have done, I have kick'd him thus. Look here ;
See how I charge this staff !

Judas. Most certain
This boy will cut my throat yet.

Re-enter two Soldiers running.

First Sold. Flee, flee ! he kills us !

Sec. Sold. He comes, he comes !

Judas. The devil take the hindmost !

[*Exeunt JUDAS and Soldiers.*]

Hengo. Run, run, ye rogues, ye precious rogues, ye rank
rogues !

'A comes, 'a comes, 'a comes, 'a comes ! that 's he, boys !—
What a brave cry they make !

Re-enter CARATACH, with a soldier's head.

Car. How does my chicken ?

Hengo. Faith, uncle, grown a soldier, a great soldier ;
For, by the virtue of your charging-staff,
And a strange fighting face I put upon 't,
I have out-brav'd Hunger^e.

Car. That's my boy, my sweet boy !
Here, here 's a Roman's head for thee.

Hengo. Good provision :
Before I starve, my sweet-fac'd gentleman,
I'll try your favour^f.

Car. A right complete soldier !
Come, chicken, let 's go seek some place of strength
(The country 's full of scouts) to rest a while in ;
Thou wilt not else be able to endure
The journey to my country. Fruits and water
Must be your food a while, boy.

Hengo. Any thing ;

^e *Hunger*] See note, preceding page.

^f *favour*] "i. e. countenance." WEBER.

I can eat moss, nay, I can live on anger,
To vex these Romans. Let's be wary, uncle.

Car. I warrant thee; come cheerfully.

Hengo. And boldly.

[*Exeunt.*

SCENE III.—*The tent of PÆNIUS.*

Enter PÆNIUS, DRUSUS, and REGULUS.

Reg. The soldier shall not grieve you.

Pæn. Pray ye, forsake me;

Look not upon me, as ye love your honours!

I am so cold a coward, my infection

Will choke your virtues like a damp else.

Dru. Dear captain!

Reg. Most honour'd sir!

Pæn. Most hated, most abhorr'd!

Say so, and then ye know me, nay, ye please me.

Oh, my dear credit, my dear credit!

Reg. Sure,

His mind is dangerous.

Dru. The good gods cure it!

Pæn. My honour got thorough fire, thorough stubborn
breaches,

Thorough battles that have been as hard to win as heaven,

Thorough Death himself in all his horrid trims,

Is gone for ever, ever, ever, gentlemen!

And now I am left to scornful tales and laughters,

To hootings at, pointing with fingers, "That's he,

That's the brave gentleman forsook the battle,

The most wise Pænius, the disputing coward!"

Oh, my good sword, break from my side, and kill me;

Cut out the coward from my heart!

Reg. You are none.

Pæn. He lies that says so; by [Heaven^a], he lies, lies
basely,

Baser than I have done!^b Come, soldiers, seek me;

^a *Heaven*] A break here in both the folios.

^b *Baser than I have done*] "i. e. more basely than I have acted." MASON.

I have robb'd ye of your virtues! Justice seek me;
 I have broke my fair obedience! lost! Shame take meⁱ,
 Take me, and swallow me, make ballads of me,
 Shame, endless shame!—and, pray, do you forsake me.

Dru. What shall we do?

Pæn. Good gentlemen, forsake me;
 You were not wont to be commanded; friends, pray, do it:
 And do not fear; for, as I am a coward,
 I will not hurt myself (when that mind takes me,
 I'll call to you, and ask your help), I dare not.

[*Throws himself upon the ground.*]

Enter PETILLIUS.

Pet. Good morrow, gentlemen. Where's the tribune?

Reg. There.

Dru. Whence come you, good Petillius?

Pet. From the general.

Dru. With what, for Heaven's sake?

Pet. With good counsel, Drusus,
 And love, to comfort him.

Dru. Good Regulus,
 Step to the soldier and allay his anger;
 For he is wild as winter. [*Exeunt DRUSUS and REGULUS.*]

Pet. Oh, are you there? have at you! [*Aside*].—Sure, he's
 dead, [*Half aside.*]

It cannot be he dare out-live this fortune;
 He must die, 'tis most necessary; men expect it,
 And thought of life in him goes beyond coward.
 Forsake the field so basely, fie upon 't!
 So poorly to betray his worth! so coldly
 To cut all credit from the soldier! sure,
 If this man mean to live, (as I should think it
 Beyond belief,) he must retire where never
 The name of Rome, the voice of arms, or honour,
 Was known or heard of yet. He's certain dead,
 Or strongly means it; he's no soldier else,

ⁱ *lost! Shame take me*] Altered by the Editors of 1778 to "last, *Shame take me.*"

No Roman in him ; all he has done but outside,
Fought either drunk or desperate. [PÆNIUS rises.] Now he
rises.—

How does lord Pœnius ?

Pæn. As you see.

Pet. I am glad on 't ;
Continue so still. The lord general,
The valiant general, great Suetonius——

Pæn. No more of me is spoken ; my name 's perish'd. [*Aside.*

Pet. He that commanded fortune and the day
By his own valour and discretion,
(When, as some say, Pœnius refus'd to come,
But I believe 'em not,) sent me to see you.

Pæn. You are welcome ; and, pray, see me, see me well ;
You shall not see me long.

Pet. I hope so, Pœnius.— [*Aside.*
The gods defend ^j, sir !

Pæn. See me, and understand me. This is he,
Left to fill up your triumph ; he that basely
Whistled his honour off to the wind, that coldly
Shrunk in his politic head, when Rome, like reapers,
Swet blood and spirit for a glorious harvest,
And bound it up, and brought it off ; that fool,
That having gold and copper offer'd him,
Refus'd the wealth, and took the waste ; that soldier,
That being courted by loud Fame and Fortune,
Labour in one hand that propounds us gods,
And in the other glory that creates us,
Yet durst doubt and be damn'd !

Pet. It was an error.

Pæn. A foul one, and a black one.

Pet. Yet the blackest
May be wash'd white again.

Pæn. Never.

Pet. Your leave, sir ;
And I beseech you note me, for I love you,
And bring along all comfort. Are we gods,
Allied to no infirmities ? are our natures

^j defend] i. e. forbid.

More than men's natures ? when we slip a little
 Out of the way of virtue, are we lost ?
 Is there no medicine call'd sweet mercy ?

Pæn. None, Petillius ;

There is no mercy in mankind can reach me,
 Nor is it fit it should ; I have sinn'd beyond it.

Pet. Forgiveness meets with all faults.

Pæn. 'Tis all faults,

All sins I can commit, to be forgiven ;
 'Tis loss of whole man in me, my discretion,
 To be so stupid, to arrive at pardon.

Pet. Oh, but the general——

Pæn. He's a brave gentleman,

A valiant, and a loving ; and I dare say
 He would, as far as honour durst direct him,
 Make even with my fault ; but 'tis not honest,
 Nor in his power : examples that may nourish
 Neglect and disobedience in whole bodies,
 And totter the estates and faiths of armies,
 Must not be play'd withal ; nor out of pity
 Make a general forget his duty ;
 Nor dare I hope more from him than is worthy.

Pet. What would you do ?

Pæn. Die.

Pet. So would sullen children,

Women that want their wills, slaves disobedient
 That fear the law. Die ! fie, great captain ! you
 A man to rule men, to have thousand lives
 Under your regiment^k, and let your passion
 Betray your reason ! I bring you all forgiveness,
 The noblest kind commends, your place, your honour——

Pæn. Prithee, no more ; 'tis foolish. Didst not thou—
 By [Heaven^l], thou didst ! I overheard thee, there,
 There where thou stand'st now—deliver me for rascal,
 Poor, dead, cold, coward, miserable, wretched,
 If I out-liv'd this ruin ?

Pet. I !

^k *regiment*] i. e. command.

^l [*Heaven*] Both the folios have a break here.

Pæn. And thou didst it nobly,
Like a true man, a soldier ; and I thank thee,
I thank thee, good Petillius, thus I thank thee.

Pet. Since you are so justly made up, let me tell you,
'Tis fit you die indeed.

Pæn. Oh, now thou lov'st me ^m !

Pet. For say he had forgiven you, say the people's whispers
Were tame again, the time run out for wonder,
What must your own command think, from whose swords
You have taken off the edges, from whose valours
The due and recompense of arms ; nay, made it doubtful
Whether they knew obedience ? must not these kill you ?
Say they are won to pardon you, by mere miracle
Brought to forgive you, what old valiant soldier,
What man that loves to fight, and fight for Rome,
Will ever follow you more ? Dare you know these ventures ?
If so, I bring you comfort ; dare you take it ?

Pæn. No, no, Petillius, no.

Pet. If your mind serve you,
You may live still ; but how ?—yet pardon me :
You may out-wear all too ;—but when ?—and certain
There is a mercy for each fault, if tamely
A man will take 't upon conditions.

Pæn. No, by no means : I am only thinking now, sir,
(For I am resolv'd to go,) of a most base death,
Fitting the baseness of my fault. I 'll hang.

Pet. You shall not ; you're a gentleman I honour,
I would else flatter you, and force you live,
Which is far baser. Hanging ! 'tis a dog's death,
An end for slaves.

Pæn. The fitter for my baseness.

Pet. Besides, the man that 's hang'd preaches his end,
And sits a sign for all the world to gape at.

Pæn. That 's true ; I 'll take a fitter,—poison.

Pet. No,
'Tis equal ill ; the death of rats and women,

^m *Oh, now thou lov'st me*] A reading proposed by Mason ; and, doubtless, the genuine one : so in act V. sc. 1., " Oh, now thou pleasest me !" —Both the folios have " *O how thou lovest me !*" ; and so the modern editors.

Lovers, and lazy boys that fear correction.
Die like a man.

Pæn. Why, my sword, then.

Pet. Ay, if your sword be sharp, sir :
There 's nothing under heaven that 's like your sword ;
Your sword 's a death indeed.

Pæn. It shall be sharp, sir.

Pet. Why, Mithridates was an arrant ass
To die by poisonⁿ, if all Bosphorus
Could lend him swords. Your sword must do the deed :
'Tis shame to die chok'd, fame to die and bleed.

Pæn. Thou hast confirm'd me ; and, my good Petillius,
Tell me no more I may live.

Pet. 'Twas my commission ;
But now I see you in a nobler way,
A way to make all even.

Pæn. Farewell, captain :
Be a good man, and fight well ; be obedient ;
Command thyself, and then thy men. Why shak'st thou ?

Pet. I do not, sir.

Pæn. I would thou hadst, Petillius !
I would find something to forsake the world with,
Worthy the man that dies ; a kind of earthquake
Thorough all stern valours but mine own.

Pet. I feel now
A kind of trembling in me.

Pæn. Keep it still ;
As thou lov'st virtue, keep it.

Pet. And, brave captain,
The great and honour'd Pænus, —

Pæn. That again !
Oh, how it heightens me ! again, Petillius !

Pet. Most excellent commander !

ⁿ *Mithridates was an arrant ass*
To die by poison] “ It is true, as Sympson says, that Mithridates did not die by poison ; but it was the kind of death that he always preferred, and was always prepared for, though it was not his fate.” MASON. “ After all, the poets must certainly plead guilty to the accusation of inadvertency brought forward by Sympson.” WEBER.

Pæn. Those were mine,
Mine, only mine !

Pet. They are still.

Pæn. Then, to keep 'em
For ever falling more, have at you !—Heavens,
Ye everlasting powers, I am yours ! [*Falls upon his sword.*
The work 's done,

That neither fire, nor age, nor melting^o envy,
Shall ever conquer. Carry my last words
To the great general : kiss his hands, and say,
My soul I give to Heaven, my fault to justice,
Which I have done upon myself ; my virtue,
If ever there was any in poor Pœnius,
Made more and happier, light on him !—I faint—
And where there is a foe, I wish him fortune.—
I die :

Lie lightly on my ashes, gentle earth ! [*Dies.*

Pet. And on my sin !—Farewell, great Pœnius !—
The soldier is in fury ; now I am glad [*Noise within.*
'Tis done before he comes. This way for me,
The way of toil,—for thee, the way of honour ! [*Exit.*

*Re-enter, and remain at the side of the stage, DRUSUS and REGULUS,
with Soldiers who are pressing in.*

Soldiers. Kill him, kill him, kill him !

Dru. What will ye do ?

Reg. Good soldiers, honest soldiers—

Soldiers. Kill him, kill him, kill him !

Dru. Kill us first ; we command too.

Reg. Valiant soldiers,

Consider but whose life ye seek.—Oh, Drusus,
Bid him be gone ! he dies else [*DRUSUS advances*].—Shall
Rome say,
Ye most approvèd soldiers, her dear children

^o *melting*] “Seward quarrels with the epithet *melting*, applied to *envy* ; but it alludes to the general propensity of malice to deface and obliterate the fame of superior merit. MASON. “The poets seem to refer to Ovid’s,

— *quod nec Jovis ira, nec ignis,
Nec poterit ferrum, nec edax abolere vetustas.*” Ed. 1778.

Devour'd the father^p of the fights? shall rage
And stubborn fury guide those swords to slaughter,
To slaughter of their own, to civil ruin?

Dru. Oh, let 'em in! all 's done, all 's ended, Regulus;
Pœnius has found his last eclipse [REGULUS *advances*].—Come,
soldiers,

Come, and behold your miseries; come bravely,
Full of your mutinous and bloody angers, [Soldiers *advance*.
And here bestow your darts.—Oh, only Roman,
Oh, father of the wars!

Reg. Why stand ye stupid?
Where be your killing furies? whose sword now
Shall first be sheath'd in Pœnius? do ye weep?
Howl out, ye wretches, ye have cause; howl ever:
Who shall now lead ye fortunate? whose valour
Preserve ye to the glory of your country?
Who shall march out before ye, coy'd and courted
By all the mistresses of war, care, counsel,
Quick-ey'd experience, and victory twin'd to him?
Who shall beget ye deeds beyond inheritance
To speak your names, and keep your honours living,
When children fail, and Time, that takes all with him,
Build[s] houses for ye to oblivion?

Dru. Oh, ye poor desperate fools, no more now soldiers,
Go home, and hang your arms up; let rust rot 'em;
And humble your stern valours to soft prayers!
For ye have sunk the frame of all your virtues;
The sun that warm'd your bloods is set for ever.—
I'll kiss thy honour'd cheek. Farewell, great Pœnius,
Thou thunderbolt, farewell!—Take up the body:
To-morrow morning^q to the camp convey it,
There to receive due ceremonies. That eye,
That blinds himself with weeping, gets most glory.

[*Exeunt, with a dead march, bearing the body.*

^p *father*] Both the folios “fathers”; and so the modern editors.—“We should certainly read ‘*father*.’ The only person alluded to is Pœnius, whom Drusus, in the next speech, calls the ‘father of the wars.’” MASON.

^q *morning*] The Editors of 1778 printed “mourning,”—a reading proposed by Seward and Sympson.

SCENE IV.—*Before the fort of BONDUCA.*

Enter Suetonius, Junius, Decius, Demetrius, Curius, and Soldiers, with drums and colours: Bonduca, Daughters, and Nennius on the ramparts.

Suet. Bring up the catapults, and shake the wall;
We will not be out-brav'd thus.

Nen. Shake the earth;
Ye cannot shake our souls. Bring up your rams,
And with their armèd heads make the fort totter;
Ye do but rock us into death. [*Exit above.*

Jun. See, sir,
See the Icenian queen in all her glory,
From the strong battlements proudly appearing,
As if she meant to give us lashes.

Dec. Yield, queen.

Bond. I am unacquainted with that language, Roman.

Suet. Yield, honour'd lady, and expect our mercy;
We love thy nobleness. [*Exit DECIVS.*

Bond. I thank ye; ye say well;
But mercy and love are sins in Rome and hell.

Suet. You cannot scape our strength; you must yield, lady;
You must adore and fear the power of Rome.

Bond. If Rome be earthly, why should any knee
With bending adoration worship her?
She's vicious; and, your partial selves confess,
Aspires the height of all impiety;
Therefore 'tis fitter I should reverence
The thatchèd houses where the Britons dwell
In careless mirth; where the blest household gods
See nought but chaste and simple purity.
'Tis not high power that makes a place divine,
Nor that the men from gods derive their line;
But sacred thoughts, in holy bosoms stor'd,
Make people noble, and the place ador'd.

Suet. Beat the wall deeper!

Bond. Beat it to the centre,
We will not sink one thought.

Suet. I'll make ye.

Bond. No.

Enter PETILLIUS, who whispers SÜETONIUS.

Sec. Daugh. Oh, mother, these are fearful hours! speak gently
To these fierce men; they will afford you pity.

Bond. Pity, thou fearful girl! 'tis for those wretches
That misery makes tame. Wouldst thou live less?
Wast not thou born a princess? can my blood,
And thy brave father's spirit, suffer in thee
So base a separation from thyself
As mercy from these tyrants? Thou lov'st lust, sure,
And long'st to prostitute thy youth and beauty
To common slaves for bread. Say they had mercy,
The devil a relenting conscience,
The lives of kings rest in their diadems,
Which to their bodies lively souls do give,
And, ceasing to be kings, they cease to live.
Shew such another fear, and, [by the gods^r],
I'll fling thee to their fury!

Suet. He is dead, then?

Pet. I think so certainly; yet all my means, sir,
Even to the hazard of my life——

Suet. No more:

We must not seem to mourn here.

Re-enter DECIVS.

Dec. There's a breach made;
Is it your will we charge, sir?

Suet. Once more, mercy,
Mercy to all that yield!

Bond. I scorn to answer:—
Speak to him, girl,—and hear thy sister^s.

First Daugh. General,
Hear me, and mark me well, and look upon me,
Directly in my face, my woman's face,

^r [by the gods] A break here in both the folios.

^s *Speak to him, girl,—and hear thy sister*] "The first part of this line is addressed to the eldest, the latter part to the second daughter. She desires the first to speak, the other to listen." MASON.

Whose only beauty is the hate it bears ye ;
 See with thy narrowest eyes, thy sharpest wishes,
 Into my soul, and see what there inhabits ;
 See if one fear, one shadow of a terror,
 One paleness dare appear but from my anger,
 To lay hold on your mercies. No, ye fools,
 Poor fortune's fools, we were not born for triumphs,
 To follow your gay sports, and fill your slaves
 With hoots and acclamations.

Pet. Brave behaviour !

First Daugh. The children of as great as Rome, as noble,
 Our names before her, and our deeds her envy,
 Must we gild o'er your conquest, make your state,
 That is not fairly strong, but fortunate ?
 No, no, ye Romans, we have ways to scape ye,
 To make ye poor again, indeed our prisoners,
 And stick our triumphs full,—

Pet. 'Sdeath, I shall love her !

First Daugh. To torture ye with suffering like our slaves,
 To make ye curse our patience, wish the world
 Were lost again, to win us only, and esteem [it]^t
 The end of all ambitions.

Bond. Do ye wonder ?

We'll make our monuments in spite of fortune ;
 In spite of all your eagles' wings, we'll work
 A pitch above ye ; and from our height we'll stoop
 As fearless of your bloody seres^u, and fortunate,
 As if we prey'd on heartless doves.

Suet. Strange stiffness !—

Decius, go charge the breach.

[*Exit* DECIUS.]

Bond. Charge it home, Roman ;
 We shall deceive thee else.—Where 's Nennius ?

Re-enter NENNIUS, *above.*

Nen. They have made a mighty breach.

^t [it] “The insertion of this word is recommended by Mason, and seems absolutely requisite.” WEBER.

^u *seres*] i. e. talons. This word (from the Fr. *serre*) is occasionally used by our early writers.—The first folio has “fears.” The second folio reads “soars” ; and so the modern editors !

Bond. Stick in thy body,
And make it good but half an hour.

Nen. I'll do it.

First Daugh. And then be sure to die.

Nen. It shall go hard else.

Bond. Farewell, with all my heart! we shall meet yonder,
Where few of these must come.

Nen. Gods take thee, lady!

[*Exit.*

Bond. Bring up the swords and poison.

Enter, above, an attendant with swords and a great cup.

Sec. Daugh. Oh, my fortune!

Bond. How, how, you whore?

Sec. Daugh. Good mother, nothing to offend you.

Bond. Here, wench.—

Behold us, Romans!

Suet. Mercy yet!

Bond. No talking!

Puff, there goes all your pity!—Come, short prayers,
And let's despatch the business. You begin;
Shrink not, I'll see you do't.

Sec. Daugh. Oh, gentle mother!—

Oh, Romans!—Oh, my heart! I dare not.

Suet. Woman, woman,

Unnatural woman!

Sec. Daugh. Oh, persuade her, Romans!

Alas, I am young, and would live!—Noble mother,
Can you kill that you gave life? are my years
Fit for destruction?

Suet. Yield, and be a queen still,
A mother, and a friend.

Bond. Ye talk!—Come, hold it,
And put it home.

First Daugh. Fie, sister, fie!
What would you live to be?

Bond. A whore still?

Sec. Daugh. Mercy!

Suet. Hear her, thou wretched woman!

Sec. Daugh. Mercy, mother!

Oh, whither will you send me ? I was once
Your darling, your delight.

Bond. Oh, gods,

Fear in my family !— Do it, and nobly.

Sec. Daugh. Oh, do not frown, then !

First Daugh. Do it, worthy sister ;

'Tis nothing ; 'tis a pleasure : we 'll go with you.

Sec. Daugh. Oh, if I knew but whither !

First Daugh. To the blessèd ;

Where we shall meet our father—

Suet. Woman !

Bond. Talk not.

First Daugh. Where nothing but true joy is—

Bond. That 's a good wench^z !

Mine own sweet girl ! put it close to thee.

Sec. Daugh. Oh,

Comfort me still, for Heaven's sake !

First Daugh. Where eternal

Our youths are, and our beauties ; where no wars come,
Nor lustful slaves to ravish us.

Sec. Daugh. That steels me ;

A long farewell to this world !

Bond. Good ; I 'll help thee.

[*Sec. Daugh. stabs herself, and dies.*

First Daugh. The next is mine.—

Shew me a Roman lady, in all your stories,

Dare do this for her honour ; they are cowards,

Eat coals like compell'd cats^a : your great saint Lucrece

^z *That's a good wench*] Here Weber placed a stage-direction, "*2 Daugh. drinks*"; and to the last speech of the First Daughter in the next page he added a similar stage-direction, "*Drinks.*" But that the Second Daughter stabs herself is plain from the expressions used by Bonduca in this scene, "put it home", "put it close to thee"; and that the First Daughter dies in the same manner is proved by the ballad which Junius afterwards cites, with an allusion to her fate, act v. sc. 2, p. 88,—

"She set the sword unto her breast,

Great pity it was to see," &c.

^a *Eat coals like compell'd cats*] "It was a vulgar notion, that cats, when angry, would eat coals. So in [*The Woman's Prize, or*] *The Tamer Tamed*, Tranio says to Moroso—

'I would learn to eat coals with an angry cat,
And spit fire at him [act i. sc. 1.]'" MASON.

Died not for honour ; Tarquin topp'd^a her well ;
And, mad she could not hold him, bled.

Pet. By [Heaven^b],

I am in love : I would give an hundred pound now
But to lie with this woman's behaviour. Oh, the devil !

First Daugh. Ye shall see me example : all your Rome,
If I were proud and lov'd ambition,
If I were lustful, all your ways of pleasure,
If I were greedy, all the wealth ye conquer——

Bond. Make haste.

First Daugh. I will—could not entice to live,
But two short hours, this frailty. Would ye learn
How to die bravely, Romans, to fling off
This case of flesh, lose all your cares for ever ?
Live, as we have done, well, and fear the gods ;
Hunt honour, and not nations, with your swords ;
Keep your minds humble, your devotions high ;
So shall ye learn the noblest part, to die.

[*Stabs herself, and dies.*]

Bond. I come, wench.—To ye all, Fate's hangmen, you
That ease the agè Destinies, and cut
The threads of kingdoms as they draw `em ! here,
Here is a draught would ask no less than Cæsar
To pledge it for the glory's sake !

Cur. Great lady !

Suet. Make up your own conditions.

Bond. So we will.

Suet. Stay !

Dem. Stay !

Suet. Be any thing !

Bond. A saint, Suetonius, [Drinks,
When thou shalt fear, and die like a slave. Ye fools,
Ye should have tied up Death first, when ye conquer'd ;
Ye sweat for us in vain else : see him here !
He 's ours still, and our friend ; laughs at your pities ;
And we command him with as easy reins

^a *topp'd*] The Editors of 1778 and Weber print "tupt."

^b [*Heaven*] A break here in both the folios.

As do our enemies.—I feel the poison.—
 Poor vanquish'd Romans, with what matchless tortures
 Could I now rack ye ! but I pity ye,
 Desiring to die quiet ; nay, so much
 I hate to prosecute my victory,
 That I will give ye counsel ere I die,—
 If you will keep your laws and empire whole,
 Place in your Roman flesh a Briton soul.

[*Dies.*

Suet. Desperate and strange !

Re-enter DECIVS.

Dec. 'Tis won, sir, and the Britons
 All put to the sword.

Suet. Give her fair funeral ;
 She was truly noble, and a queen.

Pet. [Pox^d] take it,
 A love-mange grown upon me ! what a spirit !

Jun. I am glad of this ; I have found you.

[*Aside.*

Pet. In my belly,
 Oh, how it tumbles !

Jun. Ye good gods, I thank ye !

[*Aside.*
[*Exeunt.*

^d [Pox] A break here in both the folios.

ACT V.

SCENE I.—*The woods.*

CARATACH discovered upon a rock in the back-ground, and HENGO by him sleeping.

Car. Thus we afflicted Britons climb for safeties,
And, to avoid our dangers, seek destructions ;
Thus we awake to sorrows.—Oh, thou woman,
Thou agent for adversities, what curses
This day belong to thy improvidence !
To Britanie^c, by thy means, what sad millions
Of widows' weeping eyes ! The strong man's valour
Thou hast betray'd to fury, the child's fortune
To fear, and want of friends, whose pieties
Might wipe his mournings off, and build his sorrows
A house of rest by his blest ancestors ;
The virgins thou hast robb'd of all their wishes,
Blasted their blowing hopes, turnèd their songs,
Their mirthful marriage-songs, to funerals ;
The land thou hast left a wilderness of wretches.—
The boy begins to stir : thy safety made,
Would my soul were in heaven !

Hengo. Oh, noble uncle,
Look out ! I dream'd we were betray'd.

Car. No harm, boy ; [A soft dead march within.]
'Tis but thy emptiness that breeds these fancies :
Thou shalt have meat anon.

Hengo. A little, uncle,
And I shall hold out bravely.—What are those,
(Look, uncle, look !) those multitudes that march there ?
They come upon us stealing by.

^c *Britanie*] “So both the old folios, and it is necessary to retain the reading, as the metre is defective, if we read with the octavos of 1711 and 1778—*Britain*. England is frequently denominated *Britanie* in old authors.” WEBER. The poet, I suspect, wrote “Britain.”

Car. I see 'em ;
And, prithee, be not fearful.

Hengo. Now you hate me ;
Would I were dead !

Car. Thou know'st I love thee dearly.

Hengo. Did I e'er shrink yet, uncle ? were I a man now,
I should be angry with you.

*Enter DRUSUS, REGULUS, and Soldiers, with PÆNIUS'S hearse,
drums, and colours.*

Car. My sweet chicken !—
See, they have reach'd us ; and, as it seems, they bear
Some soldier's body, by their solemn gestures
And sad solemnities ; it well appears too
To be of eminence.—Most worthy soldiers,
Let me entreat your knowledge to inform me
What noble body that is, which you bear
With such a sad and ceremonious grief,
As if ye meant to woo the world and nature
To be in love with death ? most honourable
Excellent Romans, by your ancient valours,
As ye love fame, resolve^f me !

First Sold. 'Tis the body
Of the great captain Pœnius, by himself
Made cold and spiritless.

Car. Oh, stay, ye Romans,
By the religion which you owe those gods
That lead ye on to victories ! by those glories
Which made even pride a virtue in ye !

Dru. Stay.—
What's thy will, Caratach ?

Car. Set down the body,
The body of the noblest of all Romans ;
As ye expect an offering at your graves
From your friends' sorrows, set it down a while,
That with your griefs an enemy may mingle,
(A noble enemy that loves a soldier,)

^f *resolve*] i. e. satisfy, inform.

And lend a tear to virtue : even your foes,
 Your wild foes, as you call'd us, are yet stor'd
 With fair affections, our hearts fresh, our spirits,
 Though sometimes stubborn, yet, when virtue dies,
 Soft and relenting as a virgin's prayers :
 Oh, set it down !

Dru. Set down the body, soldiers.

Car. Thou hallow'd relic, thou rich diamond
 Cut with thine own dust ; thou, for whose wide fame
 The world appears too narrow, man's all thoughts,
 Had they all tongues, too silent ; thus I bow
 To thy most honour'd ashes, though an enemy,
 Yet friend to all thy worths : sleep peaceably ;
 Happiness crown thy soul, and in thy earth
 Some laurel fix his seat, there grow and flourish,
 And make thy grave an everlasting triumph !
 Farewell all glorious wars, now thou art gone,
 And honest arms adieu ! all noble battles,
 Maintain'd in thirst of honour, not of blood,
 Farewell for ever !

Hengo. Was this Roman, uncle,
 So good a man ?

Car. Thou never knew'st thy father.

Hengo. He died before I was born.

Car. This worthy Roman
 Was such another piece of endless honour,
 Such a brave soul dwelt in him ; their proportions
 And faces were not much unlike, boy.—Excellent nature !
 See how it works into his eyes !—mine own boy !

Hengo. The multitudes of these men, and their fortunes,
 Could never make me fear yet ; one man's goodness—

Car. Oh, now thou pleasest me ! weep still, my child,
 As if thou saw'st me dead ; with such a flux
 Or flood of sorrow ; still thou pleasest me.—
 And, worthy soldiers, pray, receive these pledges,
 These hatchments^s of our griefs, and grace us so much
 To place 'em on his hearse. Now, if ye please,

^s *hatchments*] Perhaps, as Weber supposes, a scarf from Hengo and a plume from Caratach.

Bear off the noble burden ; raise his pile
High as Olympus, making Heaven to wonder
To see a star upon earth out-shining theirs :
And ever-lovèd, ever-living be
Thy honour'd and most sacred memory !

Dru. Thou hast done honestly, good Caratach ;
And when thou diest, a thousand virtuous Romans
Shall sing thy soul to Heaven.—Now march on, soldiers.

[*Exeunt Romans with a dead march.*]

Car. Now dry thine eyes, my boy.

Hengo. Are they all gone ?

I could have wept this hour yet.

Car. Come, take cheer,

And raise thy spirit, child : if but this day
Thou canst bear out thy faintness, the night coming
I'll fashion our escape.

Hengo. Pray, fear not me ;

Indeed I am very hearty.

Car. Be so still :

His mischiefs lessen, that controls his ill.

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE II.—*The Roman camp.*

Enter PETILLIUS.

Pet. What do I ail, i' the name of Heaven ? I did but see
her,

And see her die ; she stinks by this time strongly,
Abominably stinks. She was a woman,
A thing I never car'd for ; but to die so,
So confidently, bravely, strongly—oh, the devil,
I have the bots !—by [Heaven^h], she scorn'd us strangely,
All we could do, or durst do ; threaten'd us
With such a noble anger, and so govern'd
With such a fiery spirit—the plain bots !
A [pox] upon the bots, the love-bots ! Hang me,
Hang me even out o' the way, directly hang me !

^h [*Heaven*] Here, and in the next line but three, both the folios have a break.

Oh, penny-pipers, and most painful panners
 Of bountiful new ballads, what a subject,
 What a sweet subject for your silver sounds ⁱ,
 Is crept upon ye ^j!

Enter JUNIUS.

Jun. Here he is ; have at him ! [*Aside.*] [*Sings.*

She set the sword ^k unto her breast,
 Great pity it was to see,
 That three drops of her life-warm blood
 Run trickling down her knee.

Art thou there, bonny boy ? and, i' faith, how dost thou ?

Pet. Well, gramercy ; how dost thou ?—H 'as found me,
 Scented me out ; the shame the devil ow'd me,
 H 'as kept his day with [*Aside.*].—And what news, Junius ?

Jun. [*sings*]

It was an old tale, ten thousand times told,
 Of a young lady was turn'd into mould,
 Her life it ^l was lovely, her death it was bold.

Pet. A cruel rogue, now h 'as drawn, pursue on me ^m !
 He hunts me like a devil [*Aside.*].—No more singing ;
 Thou hast got a cold : come, let 's go drink some sack, boy.

ⁱ *silver sounds*] This expression applied to music is frequently found in our early writers ; see the notes of the commentators on Shakespeare's *Romeo and Juliet*, act iv. sc. 5.

^j *crept upon ye*] "Sympson calls this nonsense, and reads, '*crept upon ME*' ; for, says he, 'Love was not crept upon *them*, but *himself*.' Petillius means, 'What a sweet subject is fallen in *your way* !'" ED. 1778.

^k *She set the sword, &c.*] "This stanza, with considerable variations, occurs in several old ballads ; the two last lines, for instance, in *Little Musgrave and Lady Barnard*." WEBER. In the ballad to which Weber refers, the stanza runs thus,—

"He cut her pappes from off her brest ;
 Great pitye it was to see
 The drops of this fair ladyes bloode
 Run trickling downe her knee."

Percy's *Rel. of A. E. P.* iii. 69, ed. 1794.

^l *it*] So the second folio.—Omitted in the first folio ; and by Weber.

^m *A cruel rogue, now h 'as drawn, pursue on me*] i. e. A cruel rogue, now that he has scented me out, to pursue me. "To Draw (as hounds) by scent, investigo, odoror." Coles's *Dict.*—So the first folio. The second folio has "*now h 'as drawn, pursue it on me.*"—Sympson, at Seward's suggestion, printed "*now he has drawn pursuit on me*" ; and so his successors.

Jun. Ha, ha, ha, ha, ha, ha !

Pet. Why dost thou laugh ?

What mare's nest hast thou found ?

Jun. Ha, ha, ha !

I cannot laugh alone :—Decius ! Demetrius !

Curius !—oh, my sides ! ha, ha, ha, ha !—

The strangest jest !

Pet. Prithee, no more.

Jun. The admirablest fooling !

Pet. Thou art the prettiest fellow !

Jun. Sirs !

Pet. Why, Junius,

Prithee, away, sweet Junius !

Jun. Let me sing, then.

Pet. Whoa, here 's a stir now ! sing a song o' sixpence !

By [Heaven], if—prithee—[pox]ⁿ on 't, Junius !

Jun. I must either sing or laugh.

Pet. And what 's your reason ?

Jun. What 's that to you ?

Pet. And I must whistle.

Jun. Do so.

Oh, I hear 'em coming.

Pet. I have a little business.

Jun. Thou shalt not go, believe it. What ! a gentleman
Of thy sweet conversation !

Pet. Captain Junius,

Sweet captain, let me go with all celerity :

Things are not always one ; and do not question,

Nor jeer, nor gibe : none of your doleful ditties,

Nor your sweet conversation ; you will find then

I may be anger'd.

Jun. By no means, Petillius ;

Anger a man that never knew passion !

'Tis most impossible : a noble captain,

A wise and generous gentleman !

Pet. Tom Puppy,

Leave this way to abuse me : I have found you ;

ⁿ [Heaven] - - - [pox] Breaks here in both the folios.

But, for your mother's sake, I will forgive you.
 Your subtle understanding may discover,
 As you think, some trim toy to make you merry,
 Some straw to tickle you; but do not trust to 't;
 You're a young man, and may do well; be sober,
 Carry yourself discreetly.

Jun. Yes, forsooth.

Enter DECIVS, DEMETRIUS, and CURIUS.

Dem. How does the brave Petillius?

Jun. Monstrous merry:

We two were talking what a kind of thing
 I was when I was in love; what a strange monster
 For little boys and girls to wonder at;
 How like a fool I look'd.

Dec. So they do all,
 Like great dull slaving fools.

Jun. Petillius saw too.

Pet. No more of this; 'tis scurvy; peace.

Jun. How nastily,
 Indeed how beastly, all I did became me;
 How I forgot to blow my nose. There he stands,
 An honest and a wise man; if himself
 (I dare avouch it boldly, for I know it)
 Should find himself in love——

Pet. I am angry.

Jun. Surely his wise self would hang his beastly self,
 His understanding self so mawl his ass-self——

Dec. He's bound to do it; for he knows the follies,
 The poverties, and baseness that belongs to 't;
 H'as read upon the reformations long.

Pet. He has so.

Jun. 'Tis true, and he must do 't: nor is it fit indeed
 Any such coward——

Pet. You'll leave prating?

Jun. Should dare come near the regiments, especially
 Those curious puppies (for believe there are such)
 That only love behaviours: those are dog-whelps,
 Dwindle away because a woman dies well;

Commit with passions only ; fornicate
With the free spirit merely. You, Petillius,
For you have long observ'd the world ——

Pet. Dost thou hear ?

I'll beat thee damnably within these three hours :
Go pray ; may be I 'll kill thee. Farewell, jackdaws.

[*Exit.*

Dec. What a strange thing he's grown !

Jun. I am glad he is so ;

And stranger he shall be before I leave him.

Cur. Is 't possible her mere death——

Jun. I observ'd him,

And found him taken, infinitely taken,
With her bravery ; I have follow'd him,
And seen him kiss his sword since, court his scabbard,
Call dying "dainty dear", her brave mind "mistress" ;
Casting ° a thousand ways to give those forms,
That he might lie with 'em, and get old armours.
He had got me o' the hip^p once ; it shall go hard, friends,
But he shall find his own coin.

Enter MACER.

Dec. How now, Macer !

Is Judas yet come in ?

Macer. Yes, and has lost

Most of his men too. Here he is.

Enter JUDAS.

Cur. What news ?

Judas. I have lodg'd him ; rouse him, he that dares.

Dem. Where, Judas ?

° *Casting*] i. e. contriving, devising.

^p *He had got me o' the hip*] i. e. He had me at advantage. The expression occurs twice in Shakespeare, *Merch. of Ven.* act. i. sc. 3., *Othello*, act. ii. sc. 1. In his note on the latter passage Johnson says that the phrase is taken from the art of wrestling ; but in his *Dict.* he derives it from hunting—"the *hip* or *haunch* of a deer being the part commonly seized by the dogs." It is not of frequent occurrence ; but it may be found in Warner's *Albions England*, p. 262. ed. 1596, *Sir Thomas More*, a play among the *Harl. MSS.* 7368 fol. 8, and Taylor's *Anagrams and Sonnets*, p. 256,—*Workes*, ed. 1630.

Judas. On a steep rock i' the woods, the boy too with him ;
 And there he swears he will keep his Christmas, gentlemen,
 But he will come away with full conditions,
 Bravely, and like a Briton. He paid part of us ;
 Yet I think we fought bravely : for mine own part,
 I was four several times at half-sword with him,
 Twice stood his partizan^q ; but the plain truth is,
 He 's a mere devil, and no man. I' th' end, he swinge'd us,
 And swinge'd us soundly too : he fights by witchcraft ;
 Yet for all that I saw^r him lodg'd.

Jun. Take more men,
 And scout him round.—*Macer,* march you along.—
 What victuals has he ?

Judas. Not a piece of biscuit,
 Not so much as will stop a tooth, nor water
 More than they make themselves : they lie
 Just like a brace of bear-whelps, close and crafty,
 Sucking their fingers for their food.

Dec. Cut off, then,
 All hope of that way ; take sufficient forces.

Jun. But use no foul play, on your lives : that man
 That does him mischief by deceit, I 'll kill him.

Macer. He shall have fair play ; he deserves it.

Judas. Hark ye ;
 What should I do there, then ? You are brave captains,
 Most valiant men : go up yourselves ; use virtue ;
 See what will come on 't ; pray the gentleman
 To come down, and be taken. Ye all know him,
 I think ye have felt him too : there ye shall find him,
 His sword by his side, plums of a pound weight by him
 Will make your chops ache : you 'll find it a more labour
 To win him living, than climbing of a crow's nest.

Dec. Away, and compass him ; we shall come up,
 I am sure, within these two hours. Watch him close.

Macer. He shall flee thorough the air, if he escape us.

[*A sad noise within.*]

Jun. What 's this loud lamentation ?

^q *partizan*] i. e. pike.

^r *saw*] Both the folios "see."

Macer. The dead body
Of the great Pœnius is new come to the camp, sir.

Dem. Dead !

Macer. By himself, they say.

Jun. I fear'd that fortune.

Cur. Peace guide him up to Heaven !

Jun. Away, good Macer. [*Exeunt MACER and JUDAS.*

Enter SÜETONIUS, DRUSUS, REGULUS, and PETILLIUS.

Suet. If thou beest guilty,
Some sullen plague, thou hat'st most, light upon thee !
The regiment return on Junius ;
He well deserves it.

Pet. So !

Suet. Draw out three companies,—
Yours, Decius, Junius, and thou, Petillius,—
And make up instantly to Caratach ;
He's in the wood before ye : we shall follow,
After due ceremony done to the dead,
The noble dead. Come, let's go burn the body.

[*Exeunt all except PETILLIUS.*

Pet. The regiment given from me ! disgrac'd openly !
In love too with a trifle to abuse me !
A merry world, a fine world ! serv'd seven years
To be an ass o' both sides ! sweet Petillius,
You have brought your hogs to a fine market : you are wise, sir,
Your honourable brain-pan full of crotchets,
An understanding gentleman, your projects
Cast^s with assurance ever. Wouldst not thou now
Be bang'd about the pate, Petillius ?
Answer to that, sweet soldier : surely, surely,
I think you would ; pull'd by the nose, kick'd : hang thee,
Thou art the arrant'st rascal ! trust thy wisdom
With any thing of weight ? the wind with feathers.
Out, you blind puppy ! you command ? you govern ?
Dig for a groat a-day, or serve a swine-herd ;
Too noble for thy nature too.—I must up ;
But what I shall do there, let time discover. [*Exit.*

^s *Cast*] See note, p. 91.

SCENE III.—*The woods, with a rock in the back-ground
(as before).*

Enter MACER and JUDAS, with meat and a bottle.

Macer. Hang it o' the side o' the rock, as though the Britons
Stole hither to relieve him : who first ventures
To fetch it off is ours. I cannot see him.

Judas. He lies close in a hole above, I know it,
Gnawing upon his anger.—Ha ! no ; 'tis not he.

Macer. 'Tis but the shaking of the boughs.

Judas. [Pox^s] shake 'em !

I am sure they shake me soundly.—There !

Macer. 'Tis nothing.

Judas. Make no noise ; if he stir, a deadly tempest
Of huge stones fall^t upon us. 'Tis done : away, close !

[*Exeunt.*]

Enter CARATACH on the rock.

Car. Sleep still, sleep sweetly, child ; 'tis all thou feed'st on :
No gentle Briton near, no valiant charity,
To bring thee food ? Poor knave, thou art sick, extreme sick,
Almost grown wild for meat ; and yet thy goodness
Will not confess, nor shew it. All the woods
Are double lin'd with soldiers ; no way left us
To make a noble scape. I'll sit down by thee,
And, when thou wak'st, either get meat to save thee,
Or lose my life i' the purchase^u. Good gods comfort thee !

[*Exit above.*]

SCENE IV.—*Another part of the woods.*

Enter JUNIUS, DECIUS, PETILLIUS, and Guide.

Guide. You are not far off now, sir.

Jun. Draw the companies

The closest way thorough the woods ; we'll keep on this way.

Guide. I will, sir. Half a furlong more you'll come

^s *Pox*] A break here in both the folios.

^t *fall*] Altered by the modern editors to "falls" : but see note, p. 7.

^u *i' the purchase*] i. e. in the attempt to procure the food.

Within the sight o' the rock : keep on the left side ;
 You 'll be discover'd else : I 'll lodge your companies
 In the wild vines beyond ye. [Exit.

Dec. Do you mark him ? [Pointing to PETILLIUS.

Jun. Yes, and am sorry for him.

Pet. Junius,

Pray, let me speak two words with you.

Jun. Walk afore ;

I 'll overtake you straight.

Dec. I will. [Exit.

Jun. Now, captain ?

Pet. You have oft told me, you have lov'd me, Junius.

Jun. Most sure I told you truth then.

Pet. And that love

Should not deny me any honest thing.

Jun. It shall not.

Pet. Dare you swear it ?

I have forgot all passages between us

That have been ill, forgiven too, forgot you^v.

Jun. What would this man have ? [*Aside.*]—By [the gods],^w

I do, sir,

So it be fit to grant you.

Pet. 'Tis most honest.

Jun. Why, then I 'll do it.

Pet. Kill me.

Jun. How !

Pet. Pray, kill me.

Jun. Kill you !

Pet. Ay, kill me quickly, suddenly ;

Now kill me.

Jun. On what reason ? you amaze me.

Pet. If you do love me, kill me ; ask me not why :

I would be kill'd, and by you.

Jun. Mercy on me !

What ails this man ? [*Aside.*]—Petillius !

^v *forgot you*] Sympson printed "forget you" (i. e. do you in your turn forget them) ; and so the Editors of 1778. Weber retained "*forgot*", but omitted "*you*." I dislike both alterations.

^w [*the gods*] A break here in both the folios.

Pet. Pray you, despatch me ;
 You are not safe whilst I live : I am dangerous,
 Troubled extremely, even to mischief, Junius,
 An enemy to all good men. Fear not ; 'tis justice ;
 I shall kill you else.

Jun. Tell me but the cause,
 And I will do it.

Pet. I am disgrac'd, my service
 Slighted and unrewarded by the general,
 My hopes left wild and naked ; besides these,
 I am grown ridiculous, an ass, a folly
 I dare not trust myself with : prithee, kill me.

Jun. All these may be redeem'd as easily
 As you would heal your finger.

Pet. Nay ——

Jun. Stay, I'll do it ;
 You shall not need your anger : but first, Petillius,
 You shall unarm yourself ; I dare not trust
 A man so bent to mischief.

Pet. There's my sword ; [Gives his sword.
 And do it handsomely.

Jun. Yes, I will kill you ;
 Believe that certain : but first I'll lay before you
 The most extreme fool you have play'd in this,
 The honour purpos'd for you, the great honour
 The general intended you.

Pet. How !

Jun. And then I'll kill you,
 Because you shall die miserable. Know, sir,
 The regiment was given me, but till time
 Call'd you to do some worthy deed might stop
 The people's ill thoughts of you for lord Pœnius,
 I mean, his death. How soon this time's come to you,
 And hasted by Suetonius ! "Go," says he,
 "Junius and Decius, and go thou, Petillius,"
 (Distinctly "thou, Petillius,") "and draw up,
 To take stout Caratach : " there's the deed purpos'd,
 A deed to take off all faults, of all natures :
 "And thou, Petillius," mark it, there's the honour ;
 And that done, all made even.

Pet. Stay!

Jun. No, I'll kill you.

He knew thee absolute, and full in soldier,
Daring beyond all dangers, found thee out,
According to the boldness of thy spirit,
A subject, such a subject——

Pet. Hark you, Junius;
I will live now.

Jun. By no means—woo'd thy worth,
Held thee by the chin up, as thou sank'st, and shew'd thee
How Honour held her arms out. Come, make ready,
Since you will die an ass.

Pet. Thou wilt not kill me?

Jun. By [Heaven],^x but I will, sir: I'll have no man
dangerous

Live to destroy me afterward: besides, you have gotten
Honour enough; let young men rise now. Nay,
I do perceive too by the general, (which is
One main cause you shall die,) how'er he carry it,
Such a strong doting on you, that I fear
You shall command in chief: how are we paid, then?
Come, if you will pray, despatch it.

Pet. Is there no way?

Jun. Not any way to live.

Pet. I will do any thing,
Redeem myself at any price: good Junius,
Let me but die upon the rock, but offer
My life up like a soldier!

Jun. You will seek then
To outdo every man.

Pet. Believe it, Junius,
You shall go stroke by stroke with me.

Jun. You'll leave off too,
As you are noble and a soldier,
For ever these mad fancies?

Pet. Dare you trust me?
By all that's good and honest!

^x [Heaven] A break here in both the folios.

Jun. There 's your sword, then ;
And now, come on a new man : virtue guide thee ! [*Exeunt.*]

SCENE V.—*The woods, with a rock in the back-ground
(as before).*

Enter CARATACH and HENGO on the rock.

Car. Courage, my boy ! I have found meat : look, Hengo,
Look where some blessèd Briton, to preserve thee,
Has hung a little food and drink : cheer up, boy ;
Do not forsake me now.

Hengo. Oh, uncle, uncle,
I feel I cannot stay long ! yet I 'll fetch it,
To keep your noble life. Uncle, I am heart-whole,
And would live.

Car. Thou shalt, long I hope.

Hengo. But my head, uncle !
Methinks the rock goes round.

Enter MACER and JUDAS, and remain at the side of the stage.

Macer. Mark 'em well, Judas.

Judas. Peace, as you love your life.

Hengo. Do not you hear
The noise of bells ?

Car. Of bells, boy ! 'tis thy fancy ;
Alas, thy body 's full of wind !

Hengo. Methinks, sir,
They ring a strange sad knell, a preparation
To some near funeral of state : nay, weep not,
Mine own sweet uncle ; you will kill me sooner.

Car. Oh, my poor chicken !

Hengo. Fie, faint-hearted, uncle !
Come, tie me in your belt, and let me down.

Car. I 'll go myself, boy.

Hengo. No, as you love me, uncle :
I will not eat it, if I do not fetch it ;
The danger only I desire ; pray, tie me.

Car. I will, and all my care hang o'er thee! Come, child,
My valiant child!

Hengo. Let me down apace, uncle,
And you shall see how like a daw I'll whip it
From all their policies; for 'tis most certain
A Roman train^y: and you must hold me sure too;
You'll spoil all else. When I have brought it, uncle,
We'll be as merry——

Car. Go, i' the name of Heaven, boy!

[*Lets HENGO down by his belt.*

Hengo. Quick, quick, uncle! I have it. [*JUDAS shoots HENGO
with an arrow.*] Oh!

Car. What ail'st thou?

Hengo. Oh, my best uncle, I am slain!

Car. I see you,

And Heaven direct my hand! destruction

Go with thy coward soul! [*Kills JUDAS with a stone, and then
draws up HENGO. Exit MACER.*]

How dost thou, boy?—

Oh, villain, pocky villain!

Hengo. Oh, uncle, uncle,

Oh, how it pricks me!—am I preserv'd for this?—

Extremely pricks me!

Car. Coward, rascal coward!

Dogs eat thy flesh!

Hengo. Oh, I bleed hard! I faint too; out upon 't,
How sick I am!—The lean rogue, uncle!

Car. Look, boy;

I have laid him sure enough.

Hengo. Have you knock'd his brains out?

Car. I warrant thee for stirring more: cheer up, child.

Hengo. Hold my sides hard; stop, stop; oh, wretched
fortune,

Must we part thus? Still I grow sicker, uncle.

Car. Heaven look upon this noble child!

Hengo. I once hop'd

I should have liv'd to have met these bloody Romans

^y train] i. e. artifice, stratagem.

At my sword's point, to have reveng'd my father,
To have beaten 'em,—oh, hold me hard!—but, uncle—

Car. Thou shalt live still, I hope, boy. Shall I draw it?

Hengo. You draw away my soul, then. I would live
A little longer—spare me, Heavens!—but only
To thank you for your tender love: good uncle,
Good noble uncle, weep not.

Car. Oh, my chicken,
My dear boy, what shall I lose?

Hengo. Why, a child,
That must have died however; had this scap'd me,
Fever or famine—I was born to die, sir.

Car. But thus unblown, my boy?

Hengo. I go the straighter
My journey to the gods. Sure, I shall know you
When you come, uncle?

Car. Yes, boy.

Hengo. And I hope
We shall enjoy together that great blessedness
You told me of.

Car. Most certain, child.

Hengo. I grow cold;
Mine eyes are going.

Car. Lift 'em up.

Hengo. Pray for me;
And, noble uncle, when my bones are ashes,
Think of your little nephew.—Mercy!

Car. Mercy!

You blessèd angels, take him!

Hengo. Kiss me: so.

Farewell, farewell!

[*Dies.*]

Car. Farewell the hopes of Britain!
Thou royal graft, farewell for ever!—Time and Death,
Ye have done your worst. Fortune, now see, now proudly
Pluck off thy veil, and view thy triumph; look,
Look what thou hast brought this land to!—Oh, fair flower,
How lovely yet thy ruins shew, how sweetly
Even death embraces thee! the peace of Heaven,
The fellowship of all great souls, be with thee!

Enter PETILLIUS and JUNIUS on the rock.

Ha! dare ye, Romans? ye shall win me bravely.
Thou art mine! [*They fight.*]

Jun. Not yet, sir.

Car. Breathe ye, ye poor Romans,
And come up all, with all your ancient valours;
Like a rough wind I'll shake your souls, and send 'em—

*Enter SÜETONIUS, DEMETRIUS, DECIUS, CURIUS, REGULUS, DRUSUS,
MACER, and Soldiers.*

Suet. Yield thee, bold Caratach! By all [the gods],^z
As I am soldier, as I envy thee,
I'll use thee like thyself, the valiant Briton.

Pet. Brave soldier, yield, thou stock of arms and honour,
Thou filler of the world with fame and glory!

Jun. Most worthy man, we'll woo thee, be thy prisoners.

Suet. Excellent Briton, do me but that honour,
That more to me than conquests, that true happiness,
To be my friend!

Car. Oh, Romans, see what here is!
Had this boy liv'd—

Suet. For fame's sake, for thy sword's sake,
As thou desir'st to build thy virtues greater!
By all that's excellent in man, and honest—

Car. I do believe. Ye have had me a brave foe;
Make me a noble friend, and from your goodness
Give this boy honourable earth to lie in.

Suet. He shall have fitting funeral.

Car. I yield, then;
Not to your blows, but your brave courtesies.

[*Comes down with PETILLIUS and JUNIUS.*]

Pet. Thus we conduct, then, to the arms of peace
The wonder of the world.

Suet. Thus I embrace thee; [*Flourish.*]
And let it be no flattery that I tell thee,
Thou art the only soldier.

^z [*the gods*] A break here in both the folios.

Car. How to thank ye,
I must hereafter find upon your usage.
I am for Rome?

Suet. You must.

Car. Then Rome shall know
The man that makes her spring of glory grow.

Suet. Petillius,
You have shewn much worth this day, redeem'd much error :
You have my love again; preserve it.—*Junius,*
With you I make him equal in the regiment.

Jun. The elder and the nobler; I'll give place, sir.

Suet. You shew a friend's soul.—
March on, and through the camp, in every tongue,
The virtues of great Caratach be sung! [Exeunt.]

THE
KNIGHT OF MALTA.

The Knight of Malta.

In the folios, 1647, 1679.

The Knight of Malta, according to Weber, was partly composed by Beaumont ; but from that opinion I am strongly inclined to dissent. The date of its first representation cannot be determined : we only know, that, as one of the characters was acted by Burbadge, the play must have been brought upon the stage before March 1618—19, about the middle of which month the death of that performer took place ^a.

Whether the plot of this tragi-comedy is original or borrowed, remains to be ascertained.

^a See note, p. 3.

THE
KNIGHT OF MALTA.

ACT I.

SCENE I.—VALETTA. *A room in MOUNTFERRAT'S house.*

Enter MOUNTFERRAT.

Mount. Dares she despise me thus ? me, that with spoil
And hazardous exploits, full sixteen years,
Have led, as hand-maids, Fortune, Victory,
Whom the Maltezzi call my servitors ?
Tempests I have subdu'd, and fought 'em calm,
Out-lighten'd lightning in my chivalry,
Rid tame as patience billows that kick'd heaven,
Whistled enragèd Boreas till his gusts
Were grown so gentle, that he seem'd to sigh
Because he could not shew the air my keel ;
And yet I cannot conquer her bright eyes,
Which, though they blaze, both comfort and invite ;
Neither by force nor fraud pass through her ear,
Whose guard is only blushing innocence,
To take the least possession of her heart.
Did I attempt her with a thread-bare name,
Un-napt^a with meritorious actions,
She might with colour disallow my suit :
But, by the honour of this Christian cross,
(In blood of infidels so often dyed,

^a *Un-napt*] " Means, I suppose, unadorned ; from the *nap* or villous substance of cloth." WEBER. Of course, it does.

Which mine own soul and sword hath fixèd here,
 And neither favour nor birth's privilege,
 Oriana shall confess, (although she be
 Valetta's sister, our Grand-master here,
 The wages of scorn'd love is baneful hate,
 And, if I rule not her, I'll rule her fate.

Enter Rocca.

Rocca, my trusty servant, welcome.

Rocca. Sir,

I wish my news deserv'd it : hapless I,
 That, being lov'd and trusted, fail to bring
 The loving answer that you do expect.

Mount. Why speak'st thou from me^b? thy pleas'd eyes
 send forth

Beams brighter than the star that ushers day ;
 Thy smiles restore sick expectation.

Rocca. I bring you, sir, her smiles, not mine.

Mount. Her smiles !

Why, they are presents for kings' eldest sons :
 Great Solyman, that wearies his hot eyes
 But to peruse his deck'd seraglio,
 When from the number of his concubines
 He chooseth one for that night, in his pride
 Of them, wives, wealth, is not so rich as I
 In this one smile, from Oriana sent.

Rocca. Sir, fare you well.

Mount. Oh, Rocca, thou art wise,
 And wouldst not have the torrent of my joy
 Ruin me headlong ! aptly thou conceiv'st,
 If one reviving smile can raise me thus,
 What trances will the sweet words which thou bring'st
 Cast me into. I felt, my dearest friend,
 (No more my servant,) when I employ'd thee,
 That knew'st to look^c and speak as lovers should,
 And carry faithfully thy master's sighs,
 That it must work some heat in her cold heart ;

^b *from me*] "i. e. with averted face." MASON.

^c *look*] Weber printed "love" !

And all my labours now come fraughted home
With ten-fold prize.

Rocca. Will you yet hear me ?

Mount. Yes :

But take heed, gentle *Rocca*, that thou dost
Tenderly by degrees assault mine ears
With her consent now to embrace my love ;
For thou well know'st I have been so plung'd, so torn
With her resolv'd rejection^d and neglect,
That to report her soft acceptance now
Will stupify sense in me, if not kill.
Why shew'st thou this distemper ?

Rocca. Draw your sword,
And, when I with my breath have blasted you,
Kill me with it :
I bring you smiles of pity, not affection ;
For such she sent.

Mount. Oh, can she pity me ?
Of all the paths lead to a woman's love,
Pity's the straightest.

Rocca. Waken, sir, and know
That her contempt (if you can name it so)
Continues still : she bids you throw your pearl
Into strong streams, and hope to turn them so,
Ere her to foul dishonour ; write your plaints
In rocks of coral grown above the sea ;
Them hope to soften to compassion,
Or change their modest blush to love-sick pale,
Ere work her to your impious requests :
All your loose thoughts she chides you home again,
But with such calm behaviour and mild looks,
She gentlier denies than others grant,
For just as others love, so doth she hate :
She says, that by your order you are bound
From marrying ever, and much marvels, then,
You would thus violate her and your own faith,
That being the virgin you should now protect :

^d *rejection*] Is, no doubt, (as *Mason* first saw,) the genuine reading. Both the folios have "reject" ; and so *Sympson* and the Editors of 1778.

Hitherto, she professes, she has conceal'd
 Your lustful batteries ; but the next, she vows,
 In open hall, before the honour'd cross
 And her great brother, she will quite disclose,
 Calling for justice, to your utter shame.

Mount. Hence ! find the blackamoor that waits upon her,
 Bring her unto me ; she doth love me yet,
 And I must her now, at least seem to do.—
 Cupid, thy brands that glow thus in my veins,
 I will with blood extinguish.—Art not gone ? [*Exit* ROCCA.
 Shall my desires, like beggars, wait at door,
 Whilst any others^e revel in her breast ?
 Sweat on, my spirits ! Know, thou trick'd-up toy,
 My love's a violent flood, where thou art faln ;
 Playing with which tide thou 'dst been gently toss'd,
 But, crossing it, thou art o'erwhelm'd and lost.

Enter ASTORIUS and CASTRIOT.

Cast. Monsieur, good day.

Asto. Good morrow, valiant knight :
 What, are you for this great solemnity
 This morn intended ?

Mount. What solemnity ?

Asto. The investing of the martial Spaniard,
 Peter Gomera, with our Christian badge.

Cast. And young Miranda, the Italian ;
 Both which, with wondrous prowess and great luck,
 Have dar'd and done for Malta such high feats,
 That not one fort in it but rings their names
 As loud as any man's.

Mount. As any man's !
 Why, we have fought for Malta.

Asto. Yes, Mountferrat,
 No bold knight ever pass'd you ; but we wear
 The dignity of Christians on our breasts,
 And have a long time triumph'd for our conquests :
 These conquer'd a long time, not triumph'd yet.

^e *others*] Weber printed "other."

Mount. Astorius, you are a most indulgent knight,
 Detracting from yourself, to add to others.
 You know this title is the period
 To all our labours, the extremity
 Of that tall pyramid, where honour hangs ;
 Which we with sweat and agony have reach'd,
 And should not then so easily impart
 So bright a wreath to every cheap desert.

Cast. [*Aside to ASTORIUS*] How is this Frenchman chang'd,
 Astorius !

Some sullen discontent possesses him,
 That makes him envy what he heretofore
 Did most ingenuously but emulate.

Mount. Oh, furious desire, how like a whirlwind
 Thou hurriest me beyond mine honour's point !
 Out of my heart, base lust ! or, heart, I vow
 Those flames that heat me^f thus, I'll burn thee in. [*Aside.*]

Asto. Do you observe him ?

Mount. What news of the Dane,
 That valiant captain, Norandine ?

Cast. He fights still,
 In view o' the town ; he plays the devil with 'em,
 And they the Turks with him.

Mount. They 're well met, then ;
 'Twere sin to sever 'em.—Pish—woman—memory,
 Would one of ye would leave me ! [*Aside.*]

Asto. Six fresh galleys
 I in St Angelo from the promontory
 This morn descried, making a girdle for him ;
 But our Great-master doth intend relief
 This present meeting. Will you walk along ?

Mount. Hum—I have read, ladies enjoy'd have been
 The gulphs of worthiest men, buried their names,
 Their former valour, bounty, beauty, virtue,
 And sent 'em stinking to untimely graves.
 I, that cannot enjoy, by her disdain
 Am like to prove as wretched : woman, then,
 Checking or granting, is the grave of men. [*Aside.*]

^f *me*] So the second folio.—The first folio “ thee.”

Asto. He's saying of his prayers, sure.

Cast. Will you go, sir?

Mount. I cry you mercy: I am so transported
(Your pardon, noble brothers) with a business
That doth concern all Malta, that I am
(Anon you'll hear it) almost blind and deaf—
Lust neither sees nor hears aught but itself.— [*Aside.*
But I will follow instantly [*MOUNTFERRAT'S cross drops*]. Your
cross.

Asto. Not mine.

Cast. Nor mine; 'tis yours.

Asto. Cast. Good morrow, brother. [*Exeunt.*

Mount. White innocent sign, thou dost abhor to dwell
So near the dim thoughts of this troubled breast,
And grace these graceless projects of my heart:
Yet I must wear thee to protect my crimes,
If not for conscience, for hypocrisy;
Some churchmen so wear cassocks.

Enter ZANTHIA ^f.

Oh, my Zanthia,

My pearl that scorns a stain! I much repent
All my neglects; let me, Ixion-like,
Embrace my black cloud, since my Juno is
So wrathful and averse: thou art more soft
And full of dalliance than the fairest flesh,
And far more loving.

Zan. Ay, you say so now;

But, like a property, when I have serv'd
Your turns, you'll cast me off, or hang me up
For a sign somewhere.

Mount. May my life then forsake me,
Or, from my^g expected bliss, be cast to hell!

Zan. My tongue, sir, cannot lisp to meet you so,
Nor my black cheek put on a feign'd blush,
To make me seem more modest than I am;
This ground-work will not bear adulterate red

^f *Zanthia*] Both the folios "*Enter Zanthia alias Abdella.*" See note on *Dram. Pers.*

^g *Or, from my*] So the second folio.—The first folio has "*Of my.*"

Nor artificial white, to cozen love ;
 These dark locks are not purchas'd, nor these teeth,
 For every night they are my bed-fellows ;
 No bath, no blanching water, smoothing oils,
 Doth mend me up ; and yet, Mountferrat, know,
 I am as full of pleasure in the touch
 As e'er a white-fac'd puppet of 'em all,
 Juicy, and firm ; unfledge 'em of their tiores,
 Their wires^h, their partletsⁱ, pins, and perriwigs,
 And they appear like bald coots in the nest :
 I can as blithely work in my love's bed,
 And deck thy fair neck with these jetty chains ;
 Sing thee asleep, being wearied ; and, refresh'd,
 With the same organ steal sleep off again.

Mount. Oh, my black swan, silkier^j than cygnet's plush,
 Sweeter than is the sweet of pomander^k,
 Breath'd like curl'd Zephyrus cooling lemon-tress,
 Straight as young pines or cedars in the grove !
 Quickly descend, lovers' best canopy,
 Still night, for Zanthia doth enamour me
 Beyond all continence ! Perpetrate, dear wench,
 What thou hast promis'd, and I vow by Heaven,
 Malta I'll leave ; in it my honours here ;
 And in some other country Zanthia make
 My wife and my best fortune.

Zan. From this hope,
 Here is an answer to that letter, which
 I lately shew'd you, sent from Tripoli
 By the great basha, which importunes her

^h *wires*] See note, vol. i. 233.—Compare also the following lines from Gosson's *Pleasant Quippes for Vpstart Newfangled Gentlewomen*, 1595 ;

“ These flaming heads with staring haire,
 These *wyers* twinde like hornes of ram,” &c.

p. 5. reprint.

ⁱ *partlets*] “ A partlet means a ruff.” MASON. Rather—a sort of neckerchief, or habit-shirt : see Strutt's *Dress and Habits*, &c. ii. 368, and Sir F. Madden's note on *Privy Purse Expenses of the Princess Mary*, p. 255.

^j *silkier*] Mason's correction.—The first folio has “ silkner.” The second folio reads “ sleeker ” ; and so Sympson and the Editors of 1778.

^k *pomander*] See note, vol. iii. 438.

Love unto him and treachery to the island ;
 Which will she undertake, by Mahomet
 The Turk there vows, on his blest Alcoran,
 Marriage unto her : this the Master knows,
 But is resolv'd¹ of her integrity,
 As well he may, sweet lady : yet, for love,
 For love of thee, Mountferrat, (oh, what chains
 Of deity or duty can hold love ?)

I have this answer fram'd, so like her hand [Giving letter.

As if it had been moulded off, returning
 The basha's letter safe into her pocket.

What you will do with it, yourself best knows :

Farewell ; keep my true heart, keep true your vows^m.

Mount. Till I be dust, my Zanthia, be confirm'd : [Kisses her.
 Sparrows and doves sit coupling 'twixt thy lips.

[Exit ZANTHIA.

It is not love, but strong libidinous will
 That triumphs o'er me ; and to satiate that,
 What difference 'twixt this Moor and her fair dame ?
 Night makes their hues alike, their use is so :
 Whose handⁿ so subtle he can colours name,
 If he do wink, and touch 'em ? lust, being blind,
 Never in women did distinction find.

[Exit.

SCENE II.—*A room in the Grand-master's palace.*

Enter two Gentlewomen.

First Gent. But, i' faith, dost thou think my lady was never
 in love ?

Sec. Gent. I rather think she was ever in love^o ; in perfect
 charity, I mean, with all the world.

¹ *resolv'd*] i. e. satisfied, convinced.

^m *keep my true heart, keep true your vows*] Heath (*MS. Notes*) would read,
 "keep true, my heart, keep true your vows."

ⁿ *Whose hand*] So the first folio.—The second folio has "Whose hand is" ;
 and so the modern editors ("Whose hand's").

^o *Sec. Gent. I rather think she was ever in love, &c.*] Distributed thus in
 both the folios ;

"2. *I rather think she was ever in love : in perfect charity.*

First Gent. A most Christian answer, I promise you : but I mean, in love with a man.

Sec. Gent. With a man ! what else ? wouldst have her in love with a beast ?

First Gent. You are somewhat quick ; but, if she were, it were no precedent : did you never read of Europa the fair, that leapt a bull, that leapt the sea, that swom to land, and then leapt her ?

Sec. Gent. Oh, heavens, a bull !

First Gent. Yes, a white bull.

Sec. Gent. Lord, how could she sit him ? where did she hold ?

First Gent. Why, by the horn ; since which time, no woman almost is contented till she have a horn of her own to hold by.

Sec. Gent. Thou art very knavish.

First Gent. And thou very foolish. But, sirrah ^p, why dost not thou marry ?

Sec. Gent. Because I would be no man's looking-glass.

First Gent. As how ?

Sec. Gent. As thus. There is no wife, if she be good and true, will honour and obey, but must reflect the true countenance of her husband upon him ; if he look sad upon her, she must not look merrily upon him ; if he look merrily, she must not sorrowfully ; else she is a false glass, and fit for nothing but breaking ; his anger must be her discontent, his pleasure her delight ; if he weep, she must cry ; if he laugh, she must shew her teeth ; if he be sick, she must not be in health ; if he eat caudles, she must eat pottage : she must have no proper passion of her own :—and is not this a tyranny ?

First Gent. Yes, i' faith : marriage may well be called a yoke ; wives then are but like superficial lines in geometry that have no proper motion of their own, but as their bodies (their husbands) move. Yet I know some wives, that are never freely merry, nor truly pleased, but when they are farthest off their husbands.

Sec. Gent. That 's because the moon governs 'em ; which

1. *I meane, with all the world.*

2. *A most christian answer I promise you : but I meane in love with a man.*

2. *With a man ?* " &c.

^p *sirrah*] Was frequently used in addressing women : see vol. iv. 34, 49.

hath most light and shines brightest, the more remote it is from the sun ; and contrary, is more sullen, dim, and shews least splendour, when it is nearest.

First Gent. But, if I were to marry, I would marry a fair effeminate fool.

Sec. Gent. Why?

First Gent. Because I would lead the blind whither I list.

Sec. Gent. And I the wisest man I could get for money, because I had rather follow the clear-sighted : bless me from a husband that sails by his wife's compass !

First Gent. Why?

Sec. Gent. Why, 'tis ten to one but she breaks his head in her youth ; and, when she is old, she'll never leave till she has broke his back too.

First Gent. But what scurvy knights have we here in Malta ⁹, that when they are dubbed take their oath of allegiance to live poor and chastely ever after !

Sec. Gent. Faith, many knights in other nations, I have heard, are as poor as ours ; marry, where one of 'em has taken the oath of chastity, we want a new Columbus to find out.

⁹ ——— broke his back too.

First Gent. *But what scurvy knights have we here in Malta, &c.*] Both the folios thus :

“ ——— broke his back too—

But what scurvy Knight have you here in Malta, &c.

[sec. folio. *Enter Zanthia.*]

*Zan. Hist, wenches : my Lady calls, she's entring
The Tarrasse, to see the show.*

1. *Oh black pudding.*

2. *My little labour in vaine.*

1. *But what scurvy Knights have we here in Malta, that when they are dubb take their oath of alleageance to live poore, and chastly ever after ?*

2. *Faith many Knights in other Nations (I have heard) are as poore as ours : marry where one of 'em has taken the Oath of chastity, we want a new Columbm [sec. folio Columbus] to find out.* [*Exeunt.* ”

“ This confusion and repetition appear in all the editions but the present. We apprehend there can be no doubt but Zanthia's entry, and the five following lines, should be removed to the conclusion of the scene, which hitherto ended with the words, ‘ *Columbus to find out.* ’ The ‘ &c. ’ (with the senseless variation of the words) induces us to think, that the first occurrence of the reiterated line was meant as a direction for the performer to pass on to that passage beginning ‘ *But what scurvy, &c.* ’ *Ed. 1778.*

Enter ZANTHIA.

Zan. Hist, wench! my lady calls; she's entering the terrace to see the show.

First Gent. Oh, black-pudding!

Sec. Gent. My little labour in vain!^r [*Exeunt.*]

SCENE III.—*A hall in the same, with a gallery.*

Enter above, ORIANA, ZANTHIA, and two Gentlewomen; beneath, VALETTA who takes the chair of state, MOUNTFERRAT, ASTORIUS, CASTRIOT, GOMERA, MIRANDA, Knights, and Attendants.

Mount. Are you there, lady?

Ori. Thou art a naughty man;
Heaven mend thee!

Val. Our great meeting, princely brothers,
Ye holy soldiers of the Christian cross,
Is to relieve our captain Norandine,
Now fighting 'fore Valetta^s with the Turk;
A valiant gentleman, a noble Dane
As e'er the country bred, endanger'd now
By fresh supply of head-bound^t infidels.
Much means, much blood this warlike Dane hath spent

^r *My little labour in vain*] "Alluding to the vulgar saying, that they labour in vain who attempt to wash a black-a-moor white." MASON.

^s *fighting 'fore Valetta*] Sympton's correction.—Both the folios have "*fighting for Valetta*."—"We see no need for variation, the sense being, that he is fighting *for* Valetta, upon the safety of which town their own security depends." *Ed.* 1778. "Mr. Mason insists upon the propriety of Sympton's variation, because the town could not be endangered by the Turkish force combated by Norandine. But surely that commentator might have known, that soldiers may fight for their country without its being in immediate danger of being conquered." WEBER.—Sympton's alteration is confirmed by other passages of the play:

"*Mount.* What news of the Dane,
That valiant captain, Norandine?"

Cast. He fights still,
In view o' the town" &c. Act i. sc. 1.

"We fled, and in that flight were ta'en again
By those same galleys 'fore Valetta fought."

Act v. sc. 2.

^t *head-bound*] "i. e. turbaned." THEOBALD.

To advance our flag above their hornèd moons,
 And oft hath brought in profitable conquest :
 We must not see him perish in our view.
 How far off fight they ?

Mir. Sir, within a league.

Val. 'Tis well. Our next occasion of conventing
 Are these two gentlemen, standing in your sight,
 Ye noble props of Malta. Royally
 Descended are they both, valiant as War ^u,
 Miranda and Gomera : full ten years
 They have serv'd this island, perfected exploits
 Matchless and infinite ; they are honest, wise,
 Not empty of one ornament of man :
 Most eminent agents were they in that slaughter,
 That great marvellous slaughter of the Turks,
 Before St Elme, where five-and-twenty thousand
 Fell, for five thousand of our Christians.
 These ripe considerations moving us,
 Having had your allowance on their worths ^v,
 Here we would call 'em to our brotherhood :
 If any therefore can their manners tax,
 Their faith, their chastity, any part of life,
 Let 'em speak now.

Asto. None does.

All. None can, Great-master.

Val. The dignity, then, dignified by them,
 Is their reward ^w. Tender Miranda first
 (Because he is to succour Norandine)
 Our sacred robe of knighthood, our white cross,

^u *valiant as War*] Here Sympson offers three emendations, of which the first is "*valiant as Mars*."

^v *their worths*] So the second folio.—The first folio has "*their worthies*."

^w *The dignity, then, dignified by them, Is their reward*] Is obviously the right reading.—The first folio has,

*" The dignity then dignifie, by them
 Is their reward."*

The second folio reads

*" The dignity then dignifie, by them,
 As their reward" ;*

and so Sympson and his successors.

(The holy cognizance of him we serve,
The sword, the spurs.

Mir. Grave and most honour'd Master,
With humble duty, and my soul's best thanks
To you, and all this famous conventicle,
Let me with modesty refuse acceptance
Of this high order : I, alas, am yet
Unworthy and uncapable of such honour !
That merit, which with favour you enlarge,
Is far, far short of this propos'd reward.
Who take[s] upon him such a charge as this,
Must come with pure thoughts and a gather'd ^x mind,
That time nor all occasions ever may
After disperse or stain. Did this title here
Of knighthood ask no other ornaments
Than other countries' glittering show, poor pride,
A jingling spur, a feather, a white hand,
A frizzled hair, powder'd ^y, perfumes, and lust,
Drinking sweet wines, surfeits, and ignorance,
Rashly and easily should I venture on 't ;
But this requires another kind of man.

Mount. A staid and mature judgment !—Speak on, sir.

Mir. May it please you, then, to allow me some small time
To rectify myself for that high seat,
Or give my reasons to the contrary ;
I' the mean space, to dismiss me to the aid
Of Norandine ; my ships ride in the bay,
Ready to disembogue, tackled and mann'd
Even to ^z my wishes.

Mount. His request
Is fair and honest.

Val. At your pleasure go.

Mir. I humbly take my leave of all ;—of you,
My noble friend Mountferrat,—gracious mistress—
Oh, that auspicious smile doth arm your soldier !

^x *gather'd*] "i. e. collected." MASON.

^y *powder'd*] Sympson, with Seward's approbation, printed "powder" ; and so the Editors of 1778.

^z *to*] Sympson printed "unto."

Who fights for those eyes and this sacred cross,
Can neither meet sad accident nor loss.

Ori. The mighty master of that livery
Conduct thee safely to these eyes again ! [*Exit MIRANDA.*

Mount. Blows the wind that way ? [*Aside.*

Val. Equally belov'd,
Equally meriting, Gomera, you
Without excuse receive that dignity,
Which our provincial chapter hath decreed you.

Gom. Great-master of Jerusalem's Hospital,
From whence to Rhodes this blest fraternity
Was driven, but now among the Maltois stands,
Long may it flourish, whilst Gomera serves it,
But dares not enter farther !

All. This is strange !

Val. What do you object ?

Gom. Nothing against it, but myself, fair knights ;
I may not wear this robe.

Val. Express your reasons :

Doth any hid sin gore your conscience ?

Asto. Are you unstedfast in religion ?

Cast. Or do you intend to forsake Malta now,
And visit your own country, fruitful Spain ?

Gom. Never *, good sir.

Val. Then explicate your thoughts.

Gom. This, then : I should be perjurd to receive it.
Once in Malita ^a, your next city here,
When I was younger, read I the decrees
Touching this point, being ambitious then
To approach it once : none but a gentleman
Can be admitted——

Val. That's no obstacle

In you.

Gom. I should be sorry that were it :—
No married man——

* *Never*] Seward in a note proposed to read "Neither," which was adopted by the Editors of 1778.

^a *Malita*] Weber printed "Malta."

Mount. You never felt that yoke.

Gom. None that hath been contracted——

Cast. Were you ever ?

Gom. Nor married, nor contracted :——none that ever
Hath vow'd his love to any womankind,
Or finds that secret fire within his thoughts :
Here I am cast ; this article my heart
Objects against the title of my fame ;
I am in love. Laugh not : though time hath set
Some wrinkles in this face, and these curl'd locks
Will shortly dye into another hue,
Yet, yet I am in love (i' faith, you smile) :
What age, what sex, or what profession
Divine or human, from the man that cries
For alms in the highway, to him that sings
At the high altar and doth sacrifice,
Can truly say he knows not what is love ?

Val. 'Tis honestly profess'd. With whom, Gomera ?
Name the lady, that with all advantage
We may advance your suit.

Gom. But will you, sir ?

Val. Now, by our holy rock, were it our sister,
Spaniard, I hold thee worthy : freely name her.

Gom. Be master of your word : it is she, sir,
The matchless Oriana.

Val. Come down, lady.—

You have made her blush : let her consent, I will
Make good my oath.

[ORIANA comes down, with ZAN. and two Gentlew.]

Mount. Is 't so ? [*Aside.*]—Stay : I do love
So tenderly, Gomera, your bright fame^b,
As not to suffer your perdition.

Gom. What means Mountferrat ?

Mount. This whole Auberge^c hath—
A guard upon this lady !—wonder not—

^b *fame*] Both the folios “flame.”

^c *Auberge*] “In the *Anciens et Nouveaux Statuts de L'Ordre de Saint Jean de Jerusalem*, the word *Auberge* frequently occurs ; and, in the chapter *De la Signification des Termes*, is thus explained : ‘*Auberge est un nom connu des François, des Espagnols, & des Italiens, pour signifier un lieu, ou l'on mange,*

Enter Guard.

Ta'en public notice of the basha's love
Of Tripoli unto her, and consented
She should return this answer ; as he writ
For her conversion and betraying Malta,
She should advise him betray Tripoli,
And, turning Christian, he should marry her.

All. All this was so.

Mount. How weakly does this court, then,
Send vessels forth to sea, to guard the land,
Taking such special care to save one bark,
Or strive to add fam'd men unto our cloak,
When they lurk in our bosoms would subvert
This state and us, presuming on their blood
And partial indulgence to their sex ?

Val. Who can this be ?

Mount. Your sister, great Valetta ;
Which thus I prove : demand the basha's letter.

Ori. 'Tis here ; nor from this pocket hath been mov'd,
Nor answer'd, nor perus'd, by—— [*Gives letter.*

Mount. Do not swear ;
Cast not away your fair soul ; to your treason
Add not foul perjury. Is this your hand ? [*Shewing a letter.*

Ori. 'Tis very like it.

Mount. May it please the Master,
Confer^d these letters, and then read her answer,
Which I have intercepted. Pardon me,
Reverend Valetta, that am made the means
To punish this most beauteous treachery,
Even in your sister, since in it I save

& ou l'on s'assemble nation par nation.' Vertot's *Histoire de Chevaliers de Malthe*, tome vi. p. 266, Edit. Paris, 1761." *Ed.* 1778. "The word *auberge* is French, and signifies an inn. The Knights of Malta were originally the Knights Hospitalliers, or of St. John of Jerusalem, whose duty it was to receive and protect all persons travelling to the Holy Land. Each fraternity of these knights was called in Latin *hospitium* ; *albergo* in Italian ; *auberge* in French ; and inns in England ; the words in these respective languages bearing the same import. The two most ancient of our inns of court, the Inner and Middle Temple, were formerly possessed by the Knights Templar, from whom the Knights of Malta are derived. The Free Masons still call their fraternities lodges." MASON.

^d *Confer*] i. e. Compare.

Malta from ruin : I am bolder in 't,
 Because it is so palpable, and withal
 Know our Great-master to this country firm
 As was the Roman Marcus, who spar'd not
 As dear a sister in the public cause.

Val. I am amaz'd ! Attend me.

[*Reads.*] *Let your forces by the next even be ready ; my brother feasts then ; put in at St. Michaels ; the ascent at that port is easiest ; the keys of the castle you shall receive at my hands. That possessed, you are lord of Malta, and may soon destroy all by fire ; than which I am hotter, till I embrace you. Farewell : Your wife, Oriana.*

From this time let me never read again !

First Gentlew. 'Tis certain, her hand.

Val. This letter too,

So close kept by herself, could not be answer'd
 To every period thus, but by herself.

Ori. Sir, hear me !

Val. Peace, thou fair sweet bank of flowers,
 Under whose beauty scorpions lie and kill !
 Wert thou akin to me in some new name
 Dearer than sister, mother, or all blood,
 I would not hear thee speak.— Bear her to prison :
 So gross is this, it needs no formal course.—
 Prepare thyself ; to-morrow thou shalt die.

Ori. I die a martyr, then, and a poor maid,
 Almost, i' faith, as innocent as born.—
 Thou know'st thou art wicked, Frenchman ; Heaven forgive
 thee !

[*Exit with Guard, followed by ZAN. and two Gentlew.*

All. This scene is strangely turn'd.

Val. Yet, can nature be

So dead in me ? I would my charge were off !
 Mountferrat should perceive my sister had
 A brother would not live to see her die
 Unfought for, since the statutes of our state
 Allow, in case of accusations,
 A champion to defend a lady's truth.—
 Peter Gomera, thou hast lost thy wife :
 Death pleads a precontract.

[*Aside.*

Gom. I have lost my tongue,
 My sense, my heart, and every faculty.—
 Mountferrat, go not up : with reverence
 To our Great-master and this consistory,
 (I have consider'd it, it cannot be,)
 Thou art a villain and a forger,
 A blood-sucker of innocence, an hypocrite,
 A most unworthy wearer of our cross :
 To make which good, take, if thou dar'st, that gage,
[*Throws down his glove.*

And, arm'd at all points like a gentleman,
 Meet me to-morrow morning, where the Master
 And this fraternity shall design^e ; where I
 Will cram this slander back into thy throat,
 And with my sword's point thrust it to thy heart,
 The very nest where lust and slander breeds.—
 Pardon my passion.—I will tear those spurs
 Off from thy heels, and stick 'em in thy front,
 As a mark'd villain.

Mount. This I look'd not for.— [*Aside.*
 Ten times more villain, I return my gage,
 And crave the law of arms.

Gom. 'Tis that I crave.

All. It cannot be denied.

Gom. Do not I know,
 With thousand gifts and importunacies
 Thou often hast solicited this lady
 (Contrary to thy oath of chastity) ?
 Who ne'er disclosing this thy hot-rein'd lust,
 Yet tender to prevent a public scandal,
 That Christendom might justly have impos'd
 Upon this holy institution,
 Thou now hast drawn this practice^f 'gainst her life,
 To quit^g her charity.

Mount. Spaniard, thou liest !

Asto. No more, Gomera : thou art granted combat.—

^e *design*] " This word has its original signification to *appoint* or *decree* ; in Latin, *designare*, from whence *designator*, an herald." SEWARD.

^f *practice*] i. e. artful contrivance, stratagem.

^g *quit*] " i. e. requite." WEBER.

And you, Mountferrat, must prepare against
To-morrow morning, in the valley here,
Adjoining to St George's Port. A lady,
In case of life, 'gainst whom one witness comes,
May have her champion.

Val. And who hath most right,
With or against our sister, speed in fight !

[*Flourish. Exeunt all except MOUNTFERRAT.*]

Enter ROCCA.

Mount. Rocca, the first news of Miranda's service
Let me have notice of.

Rocca. You shall. The Moor
Waits you without.

Mount. Admit her.—Ha, ha, ha ! [*Exit ROCCA.*]
Oh, how my fancies run at tilt ! Gomera
Loves Oriana ; she, as I should guess,
Affects Miranda ; these are two dear friends,
As firm and full of fire as steel and flint :
To make 'em so now, one against the other—

Re-enter ZANTHIA.

Stay ; let me look it better ^h.—Zanthia,
First tell me this ; did Don Gomera use
To give his visits to your mistress ⁱ ?

Zan. Yes, and Miranda too ; but severally.

Mount. Which did she most apply to ?

Zan. Faith, to neither :

Yet infinitely I have heard her praise 'em both,
And in that manner, that, were both one man,
I think she was in love with 't.

^h *look it better*] i. e. look at, consider it better.—Both the folios have “like *it better*” ; so the Editors of 1778 ; and so Weber, who explains the words to mean “grow still more enamoured of my design.” Sympson printed (without any note) “lick *it better*” ; “that is,” says Mason, who approves of Sympson's reading, “reduce it to a more perfect form” !

ⁱ *mistress*] The Editors of 1778 and Weber, not understanding that this word is here a trisyllable (as in act ii. sc. 1.

“You have one left yet, to choose your *mistress*”),
divided the next speech thus ;

“*Zan. Yes,
And Miranda too, but severally.*”

Mount. Zanthia,
 Another letter you must frame for me
 Instantly, in your lady's character,
 To such a purpose as I'll tell thee straight :
 Go in¹, and stay me ; go. [Exit ZANTHIA.]

My tinder-box—

[Taking it from his pocket.]

Cross lines I'll cross—so, so—my after-game
 I must play better. Woman, I will spread.
 My vengeance over Malta, for thy sake :
 Spaniard, Italian, like my steel and stone,
 I'll knock you thus together, wear ye out
 To light my dark deeds, whilst I seem precise,
 And wink, to save the sparkles from mine eyes. [Exit.]

ACT II.

SCENE I.—*The harbour. A sea-fight within, alarm.*

Enter NORANDINE *wounded*, MIRANDA, Gentlemen, Soldiers,
 and Sailors.

Mir. How is it, sir ?

Nor. Pray, set me down : I cool,
 And my wounds smart.

Mir. I hope yet,
 Though there be many, there's none dangerous.

Nor. I know not, nor I care not much ; I got 'em
 Like a too-forward fool ; but I hope the surgeons
 Will take an order I shall not leave 'em so :
 I make the rogues more work than all the island,
 And yet they give me the hardest words for my money.

Mir. I am glad you are so sprightly. You fought bravely,—
 Go call the surgeons, soldiers [Exeunt Soldiers.],—wondrous
 nobly ;

¹ *Go in, &c.*] In both the folios thus,

“ *Go in, and stay me : go my tinder-box*” ;
 and so the modern editors !

Upon my life, I have not seen such valour,
Maintain'd so long, and to so large a ruin,
The odds so strong against you^k.

Nor. I thank you,
And thank you for your help, your timely succour :
By the mass, it came i' the nick, sir, and well handled,
Stoutly and strongly handled ; we had duck'd else ;
My Turk had turk'd me else : but he has well paid for 't.
Why, what a sign for an almanack h'as made me !

Enter ASTORIUS.

Asto. I am glad to find you here, sir ; of necessity [*To MIR.*
I must have come aboard else.—And, brave captain,
We all joy much in your fair victory,
And all the island speaks your valour nobly.
Have you brought the Turk in that you took ?

Mir. He rides there.

Nor. If he were out again, the devil should bring him :
H'as truly circumcis'd me.

Asto. I have a business [*To MIR.*
Which much concerns you, presently concerns you ;
But not this place nor people ; pray you, draw off, sir ;
For 'tis of that weight to you——

Mir. I 'll wait on you.—
I must crave leave awhile ; my care dwells with you,
And I must wait myself——

Nor. Your servant, sir.

Mir. Believe I shall, and what my love can minister—
Keep your stout heart still——

Nor. That 's my best physician.

Mir. And I shall keep your fame fair.

Nor. You are too noble. [*Exeunt MIRANDA and ASTORIUS.*
A brave young fellow, of a matchless spirit !
He brought me off like thunder, charg'd and boarded,
As if he had been shot to save mine honour ;
And when my fainting men, tir'd with their labour
And lack of blood, gave to the Turk assurance
The day was his, when I was cut in shreds thus,

^k you] Sympson silently added " too."

And not a corn of powder left to bless us,
 Then flew his sword in, then his cannon roar'd,
 And let fly blood and death in storms amongst 'em :
 Then might I hear their sleepy prophet howl'd to ^k;
 And all their silver crescents ^l then I saw
 Like falling meteors spent, and set for ever
 Under the cross of Malta : Death so wanton
 I never look'd upon, so full of revel.—

Enter Surgeon, with Soldiers.

I will not be dress'd yet.—Methought that fellow
 Was fit for no conversation, nor no Christian,
 That had not half his brains knock'd out, no soldier.
 Oh, valiant young man, how I love thy virtue !

First Sold. Pray you, sir, be dress'd : alas, you bleed apace
 yet !

Nor. 'Tis but the sweat of honour. Alas, thou milksop,
 Thou man of marchpane ^m, canst thou fear to see
 A few light hurts, that blush they are no bigger ?
 A few small scratches ? Get you a caudle, sirrah,
 (Your finger aches,) and let the old wives watch thee.
 Bring in the booty and the prisoners :
 By Heaven, I'll see 'em, and dispose 'em first,
 Before I have a drop of blood wip'd from me : go.

Surg. You'll faint, sir. [*Exeunt Soldiers.*

Nor. No, you lie, sir, like an ass, sir :
 I have no such pig's heart ⁿ in my belly.

Surg. By my life, captain,
 These hurts are not to be jested with.

^k *howl'd to*] The first folio has "*howl'd too.*" The second folio reads "*howl too*"; and so the modern editors !!

^l *And all their silver crescents, &c.*] Gifford compares this fine allusion to the impress of the Turkish and Maltese standards with the following passage of Massinger's *Renegado*, act ii. sc. 5 ;

" 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." *Works*, ii. 161. ed. 1813.

With the passage just cited, compare too a line in act i. sc. 3. (p. 118.)

" To advance our flag above their hornèd moons."

^m *marchpane*] See note, vol. iv. 186.

ⁿ *pig's heart*] Sympson's correction.—Both the folios "*pigs hurt.*"

Nor. If thou hadst 'em.
They are my companions, fool, my family ;
I cannot eat nor sleep without their company.
Dost take me for Saint Davy, that fell dead
With seeing of his nose bleed ?

Surg. Here they come, sir :

Re-enter Soldiers with booty.

But would you would be dress'd !

Nor. Pox, dress thyself first !

Thou faint'st a great deal faster.—What's all this ?

First Sold. The money and the merchandize you took, sir.

Nor. A goodly purchase ° ! is it for this we venture
Our liberties and lives ? what can all this do ?

Get me some dozen surfeits, some seven fresh whores,
And twenty pot-allies too ; and then I am virtuous P.

Lay the knight's 9 part by, and that to pay the soldier :
This is mine own ; I think I have deserv'd it.—

Come, now look to me, and grope me like a chambermaid ;
I'll neither start nor squeak.—What's that i' the truss there ?

Sec. Sold. 'Tis cloth of tissue, sir ; and this is scarlet.

Nor. I shall look redder shortly, then, I fear me,
And, as a captain ought, a great deal prouder.—
Can you cure me of that crack, surgeon ?

Surg. Yes, when your suit's at pawn, sir.

Nor. There's for your plaster.

A very learnèd surgeon !—What's in that pack there ?

First Sold. 'Tis English cloth.

Nor. That's a good wear indeed,

° *purchase*] i. e. booty.

P *And twenty pot-allies too ; and then I am virtuous*] Heath's correction (*MS. Notes*), which, probably, restores the genuine reading.—The first folio has,

“ *And twenty pot-alleyes and to : and then I am vertuous.*”

The second folio reads,

“ *And twenty pot-Allies ; and then I am virtuous.*”

and so the modern editors.

9 *knight's*] The Editors of 1778 and Weber print “knights”,—improperly as is shewn by what immediately follows,—“ *the soldier.*”

Both strong and rich ; but it has ^r a virtue,
 A twang of the own country, that spoils all ;
 A man shall ne'er be sober in 't.—Where are the gentlemen
 That ventur'd with me both their lives and fortunes ?
 Come forward, my fair spirits : Norandine
 Forgets his worth when he forgets your valours.
 You have lost an eye ; I saw you face all hazards ;
 You have one left yet, to choose your mistress :
 You have your leg broke with a shot ; yet, sitting,
 I saw you make the place good with your pike still :
 And your hand 's gone ; a good heart wants no instruments.
 Share that amongst ye : there 's an eye ; an arm ;
 And that will bear you up, when your legs cannot.—
 Oh, where 's the honest sailor ? that poor fellow,
 Indeed that bold brave fellow, that with his musket
 Taught them new ways how to put their caps off,
 That stood the fire of all the fight, twice blown,
 And twice I gave him drown'd ?—Welcome ashore, knave !
 Give me thy hand, if they be not both lost : faith, thou art
 welcome,

My tough knave, welcome ! thou wilt not shrink i' the washing :
 Hold, there 's a piece of scarlet ; get thee handsome ;
 And this to buy thee buttons.

Sailor. Thank you, captain.

Command my life at all hours.

Nor. Thou durst give it.—

You have deserv'd too ?

Third Sold. We have seen the fight, sir.

Nor. Yes ; coil'd up in a cable, like salt eels,
 Or buried low i' the ballass^s : do you call that fighting ?
 Where be your wounds ? your knocks ? your want of limbs,
 rogues ?

Art not thou he that ask'd the master-gunner
 Where thou might'st lie safest ? and he straight answer'd,
 Put thy head in that hole new bor'd with a cannon,
 For 'twas a hundred to one, another shot would not hit there ?

^r *but it has*] Here we have another of Sympson's silent interpolations,—“ *but yet it has.*” ^s *ballass*] So the first folio. The second folio “ballast” ; and so the modern editors.

Your wages you shall have ; but for rewards
 Take your own ways, and get ye to the taverns ;
 There, when ye are hot with wine, 'mongst your admirers,
 Take ships, and towns, and castles at your pleasures,
 And make the Great Turk shake at your valours.—
 Bring in the prisoners.

Soldiers bring in Prisoners, among whom is LUCINDA.

Now, my brave Mussulmans †,
 You that are lords o' the sea, and scorn us Christians,
 Which of your mangy lives is worth this hurt here ?—
 Away to prison with 'em ; see 'em safe.—
 You shall find we have galleys too, and slaves too.

First Sold. What shall be done with this woman, sir ?

Nor. Pox take her ! *[Surgeon dresses him.*

'Twas she that set me on to fight with these rogues.—
 That ring-worm, rot it !—What can you do now,
 With all your paintings and your pouncings †, lady,
 To restore my blood again ? you, and your Cupid,
 That have made a carbonado of me—Plague take you,

[To the Surgeon.

You are too deep, you rogue !—This is thy work, woman,
 Thou lousy woman !—'Death, you go too deep still !—
 The seeing of your simpering sweetness—[pox] ‡, you filly,
 You tit, you tomboy, what can one night's jingling,
 Or two, or ten, "sweetheart" and "oh, my dear chicken,"
 Scratching my head, or fumbling with my foremast,
 Do me good now ? You have powder'd me for one year ;
 I am in souce †, I thank you ; thank your beauty,
 Your most sweet beauty ! Pox upon those goggles !
 We cannot fight, like honest men, for honour,
 And quietly kill one another as we ought,
 But in steps one of you ; the devil's holiness
 And you must have a dance.—Away with her !
 She stinks to me now.

† *Mussulmans*] So the first folio.—The second folio has "Musslemen"; and so Sympson. † *pouncings*] See note, vol. iv. 143.

‡ [*pox*] A break here in both the folios.

† *souce*] "i. e. pickle." WEBER.

First Sold. Shall I have her, captain ?

Sec. Sold. Or I ?

Third Sold. I'll marry her——

Fourth Sold. Good captain, I——

Third Sold. And make her a good Christian. Lay hands
off^s her :

I know she's mine.

Sec. Sold. I'll give my full share for her.—Have ye no
manners,

To thrust the woman so ?

Nor. Share her among ye ;

And may she give ye as many hurts as I have,
And twice as many aches !

Luc. Noble captain,

Be pleas'd to free me from these soldiers' wildness,
Till I but speak two words. [Kneels.

Nor. Now for your maidenhead !

You have your book ; proceed^t.

Luc. Victorious sir,

'Tis seldom seen, in men so valiant^u,
Minds so devoid of virtue : he that can conquer,
Should ever know how to preserve his conquest ;
'Tis but a base theft else : valour's a virtue,
Crown of men's actions here ; yours, as you make it :
And can you put so rough a foil as violence,
As wronging of weak woman, to your triumph ?

Nor. Let her alone.

Luc. I have lost my husband, sir,—

You feel not that ; him that I love,—you care not :
When fortune falls on you thus, you may grieve too.
My liberty I kneel not for ; mine honour

^s *off*] So the second folio.—The first folio has “on” ; and so the Editors of 1778 and Weber.

^t *Now for your maidenhead !*

You have your book ; proceed] “Alluding to the ancient custom, which required that persons condemned for felony should read in court, in order to obtain the benefit of clergy.” MASON.

^u *'Tis seldom seen, in men so valiant*] Altered by Sympson to
“*Seldom are seen in men so valiant*” ;
and so the Editors of 1778.

(If ever virtuous honour touch'd your heart yet)
 Make dear and precious, sir : you had a mother ^v.

Nor. The roguy thing speaks finely, neat.— Who took you ?
 For he must be your guard.

Luc. I wish no better :
 A noble gentleman, and nobly us'd me ;
 They call'd his name Miranda.

Nor. You are his, then :
 You have light ^w upon a young man worth your service.
 I free you from all the rest, and from all violence ;
 He that doth offer 't, by my head, he hangs for 't.—
 Go see her safe kept, till the noble gentleman
 Be ready to dispose her.—Thank your tongue,
 You have a good one, and preserve it good still.—
 Soldiers, come wait on me ; I'll see ye paid all. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE II.—*A street.*

Enter MIRANDA and ASTORIUS.

Asto. I knew you lov'd her, virtuously you lov'd her,
 Which made me make that haste : I knew you priz'd her,
 As all fair minds do goodness.

Mir. Good Astorius,
 I must confess I do much honour her,
 And worthily I hope still.

Asto. 'Tis no doubt, sir ;
 For, on my life, she is much wrong'd.

Mir. Very likely ;
 And I as much tormented I was absent.

Asto. You need not fear ; Peter Gomera's noble,
 Of a tried faith and valour.

Mir. This I know too :
 But whilst I was not there, and whilst she suffer'd,
 Whilst virtue suffer'd, friend—oh, how it loads me !
 Whilst innocence and sweetness sunk together—

^v *mother*] After this word the modern editors put a break, as if the sense were incomplete.

^w *light*] Altered by the Editors of 1778 and Weber to "lit."

How cold it sits here ! If my arm had fought [for] her,
 My truth ^x, though naked, stood against all treasons,
 My sword here grasp'd, love on the edge and honour,
 And but a signal from her eye to steel ^y it ;
 If then she had been lost—I brag too late,
 And too much I decline ^z the noble Peter.
 Yet some poor service I would do her sweetness :
 Alas, she needs it, my Astorius,
 The gentle lady needs it !

Asto. Noble spirit !

Mir. And what I can—prithee, bear with this weakness :
 Often I do not use these women's weapons ;
 But where true pity is—I am much troubled,
 And something have to do, I cannot form yet.

Asto. I'll take my leave, sir ; I shall but disturb you.

Mir. An please you, for a while ; and pray to Fortune
 To smile upon this lady.

Asto. All my help, sir.

[*Exit.*

Mir. Gomera's old and stiff, and he may lose her,
 The winter of his years and wounds upon him ;
 And yet he has done bravely hitherto :
 Mountferrat's fury's ^a in his heat of summer,
 The whistling of his sword like angry storms,
 Renting up life by the roots ; I have seen him scale
 As if a falcon had run up a train,
 Clashing his warlike pinions, his steel'd cuirass,
 And at his pitch inmew the town ^b below him.
 I must do something.

^x *truth*] The modern editors print "youth" !

^y *steel*] Seward's emendation, which (though rejected by Sympson) was adopted by the Editors of 1778.—Both the folios have "seal," which Weber gave,—Mason having observed that "a signal from her eye to seal it' may well mean—a look from her to confirm that the cause was honourable ; which, considering the confidence of the accuser, might be doubted. The word to seal it refers particularly to 'honour' ",—a very forced interpretation.

^z *decline*] i. e. lower, degrade.

^a *fury's*] Both the folios "fury"; and so the Editors of 1778 and Weber.

^b *town*] Theobald proposed to read "fowl."—"The metaphors in the speech are taken from hawking, but the direct meaning is constantly kept in sight. Metaphorically we have the words *falcon*, *pinions*, *pitch*, and *inmew* (that is,

Enter COLONNA.

Col. Noble sir, for Heaven sake,
Take pity of a poor afflicted Christian,
Redeem'd from one affliction to another !

Mir. Boldly you ask that ; we are bound to give it ^c.
From what affliction, sir ?

Col. From cold and hunger,
From nakedness and stripes.

Mir. A prisoner ?

Col. A slave, sir, in the Turkish prize, new taken ;
That, in the heat of fight, when your brave hand
Brought the Dane succour, got my irons off,
And put myself to mercy of the ocean.

Mir. And swom to land ?

Col. I did, sir ; Heaven was gracious :
But now a stranger, and my wants upon me,
(Though willingly I would preserve this life, sir,
With honesty and truth,) I am not look'd on ;
The hand of pity, that should give for Heaven sake,
And charitable hearts, are grown so cold, sir,
Never remembering what their fortunes may be.

Mir. Thou say'st too true. Of what profession art thou ?

Col. I have been better train'd, and can serve truly,
Where trust is laid upon me.

Mir. A handsome fellow !— [*Aside.*
Hast thou e'er bore arms ?

Col. I have trod full many a march, sir,
And some hurts have to shew, before me too, sir.

Mir. Pity this thing should starve, or, forc'd for want,
Come to a worse end. [*Aside*].—I know not what thou mayst
be,

But if thou think'st it fit to be a servant,
I'll be a master, and a good one to thee,
If you deserve, sir.

Col. Else I ask no favour.

inclose in a *mew* or cage) ; and to these are opposed the words *scale*, *train*,
cuirass, and *town*, as referring to the direct meaning of the passage." WEBER.

^c *it*] Was omitted by Sympson—rightly, perhaps.

Mir. Then, sir, to try your trust, because I like you,
Go to the Dane ; of him receive a woman,
A Turkish prisoner, for me receive her ;
I hear she is my prize : look fairly to her,
For I would have her know, though now my prisoner,
The Christians need no schoolmasters for honour.
Take this to buy thee clothes ; this ring to help thee
Into the fellowship of my house ; you are a stranger,
And my servants will not know you else ; there keep her,
And with all modesty preserve your service.

Col. A foul example find me else ! Heaven thank you !
Of Captain Norandine ?

Mir. The same.

Col. 'Tis done, sir :

And may Heaven's goodness ever dwell about you !

Mir. Wait there till I come home.

Col. I shall not fail, sir.

[*Exeunt severally.*]

SCENE III.—*A room in the house of MOUNTFERRAT.*

Enter MOUNTFERRAT and ZANTHIA^d.

Zan. 'Tis strange it should be so, that your high mettle
Should check thus poorly, dully, most unmanly—

Mount. Let me alone.

Zan. Thus leadenly——

Mount. [Pox]^e take you !

Zan. At every childish fear, at every shadow !

Are you Mountferrat, that have done such deeds ?

Wrought through such bloody fields men shake to speak of ?

Can you go back ? is there a safety left yet,

But fore-right^f ? is not ruin round about you ?

^d *Zanthia*] “*Zanthia* has hitherto been called *Abdella* in this and all the following scenes ; but in order to prevent confusion, it has been judged expedient to call her by the former name throughout.” WEBER. See note on the *Dram. Pers.*

^e [Pox] A break here in both the folios.

^f *fore-right*] i. e. right forward, onward.

Have you not still these arms, that sword, that heart whole ?
 Is 't not a man you fight with, and an old man,
 A man half-kill'd already ? am not I here ?
 As lovely in my black to entertain thee,
 As high and full of heat to meet thy pleasures ?

Mount. I will be alone.

Zan. You shall. Farewell, sir ;
 And do it bravely : never think of conscience ;
 There is none to a man resolv'd : be happy. [*Exit.*

Enter MIRANDA, behind.

Mount. No, most unhappy wretch, as thou hast made me,
 More devil than thyself, I am.

Mir. Alone,
 And troubled too, I take it : how he starts !
 All is not handsome in thy heart, Mountferrat.—

[*Aside, and then advances.*

God speed you, sir ! I have been seeking of you :
 They say you are to fight to-day.

Mount. What then ?

Mir. Nay, nothing, but good fortune to your sword, sir !
 You have a cause requires it ; the island's safety,
 The order's, and your honour's.

Mount. And do you make a question
 I will not fight it nobly ?

Mir. You dare fight ;
 You have ; and with as great a^s confidence as justice ;
 I have seen you strike as home, and hit as deadly.

Mount. Why are these questions, then ?

Mir. I'll tell you quickly.
 You have a lady in your cause, a fair one,
 A gentler never trod on ground, a nobler——

Mount. Do you come on so fast ? I have it for you. [*Aside.*

Mir. The sun ne'er saw a sweeter.

Mount. These I grant you ;
 Nor dare I against beauty heave my hand up,
 It were unmanly, sir, too much unmanly :
 But when these excellencies turn to ruin,

* a] Omitted by Sympson.

To ruin of themselves and those protect 'em ;
 When virtue 's lost, lust and dishonour enter'd ;
 Loss of ourselves and souls basely projected——

Mir. Do you think 'tis so ?

Mount. Too sure.

Mir. And can it be ?

Can it be thought, Mountferrat, so much sweetness,
 So great a magazine of all things precious,
 A mind so heavenly made—prithee, observe me.

Mount. I thought so too: now, by my holy order,
 He that had told me, (till experience found it,
 Too bold a proof,) this lady had been vicious—
 I wear no dull sword, sir, nor hate I virtue.

Mir. Against her brother? to the man has bred her?
 Her blood and honour ?

Mount. Where ambitious lust
 Desires to be above the rule prescrib'd her,
 Takes hold, and wins, poor chastity, cold duty,
 Like fashions old forgot, she flings behind her,
 And puts on blood and mischief, death and ruin,
 To raise her new-built hopes, new faith to fasten her :
Ma foy, she is as foul as Heaven is beauteous.

Mir. Thou liest, thou liest, Mountferrat, thou liest basely !
 Stare not, nor swell not with thy pride: thou liest ;
 And this shall make it good.

Mount. Out with your heat first !
 You shall be fought withal.

Mir. By [Heaven]^h, that lady,
 The virtue of that woman, were all the good deeds
 Of all thy familyⁱ bound in one faggot,
 From Adam to this hour, but with one sparkle
 Would fire that wisp, and turn it to light ashes.

Mount. Oh, pitiful young man, struck blind with beauty,
 Shot with a woman's smile ! poor, poor Miranda !
 Thou hopeful young man once, but now thou lost man,

^h [Heaven] A break here in both the folios.

ⁱ family] Both the folios "families"; and so the Editors of 1778 and Weber.

Thou naked man of all that we call noble,
 How art thou cozen'd ! Didst thou know what I do,
 And how far thy dear honour, (mark me, fool,)
 Which like a father I have kept from blasting,
 Thy tender honour, is abus'd—but fight first,
 And then, too late, thou shalt know all.

Mir. Thou liest still !

Mount. Stay ; now I'll shew thee all, and then I'll kill thee :
 I love thee so dear, time shall not disgrace thee.
 Read that. [Gives a letter.

Mir. It is her hand, it is most certain.
 Good angels keep me ! that I should be her agent
 To betray Malta, and bring her to the basha !
 That on my tender love lay all her project !
 Eyes, never see again, melt out for sorrow !
 Did the devil do this ?

Mount. No, but his dam did it,
 The virtuous lady that you love so dearly.
 Come, will you fight again ?

Mir. No ; prithee, kill me,
 For Heaven sake, and for goodness' sake, despatch me !
 For the disgrace sake that I gave thee, kill me !

Mount. Why, are you guilty ?

Mir. I have liv'd, Mountferrat,
 To see dishonour swallow up all virtue,
 And now would die. By Heaven's eternal brightness,
 I am as clear as innocence !

Mount. I knew it,
 And therefore kept this letter from all knowledge,
 And this sword^j from anger ; you had died else—
 And yet I lie, and basely lie. [Aside.

Mir. Oh, virtue,
 Unspotted virtue, whither art thou vanish'd ?
 What hast thou left to^k abuse our frailties,
 In shape of goodness ?

Mount. Come, take courage, man :
 I have forgiven and forgot your rashness,

^j *this sword*] Sympson printed "*this my sword.*"

^k *left to*] Altered by Sympson to "*left us to*" ; and so his successors.

And hold you fair as light in all your actions ;
 And, by my troth, I griev'd your love. Take comfort :
 There be more women.

Mir. And more mischief in 'em.

Mount. The justice I shall do, to right these villanies,
 Shall make you man again : I'll strike it sure, sir :—
 Come, look up bravely ; put this puling passion
 Out of your mind :—one knock for thee, Miranda,
 And for the *boy* the grave Gomera gave thee,
 When she accepted thee her champion,
 And in thy absence, like a valiant gentleman ;
 I yet remember it ; “ He is too young,
 Too boyish, and too tender, to adventure ” :
 I'll give him one sound rap for that : I love thee ;
 Thou art a brave young spark.

Mir. Boy did he call me ?
 Gomera call me boy !

Mount. It pleas'd his gravity
 To think so of you then : they that do service,
 And honest service, such as thou and I do,
 Are either knaves or boys.

Mir. Boy, by Gomera !
 How look'd he when he said it ? for Gomera
 Was ever wont to be a virtuous gentleman,
 Humane and sweet.

Mount. Yes, when he will, he can be.
 But let it go ; I would not breed dissention ;
 'Tis an unfriendly office : and had it been
 To any of a higher¹ strain than you, sir,

¹ *higher*] “ At first glance, the reader may think, as I once did with Mr. Seward, that *lighter* or *lower*, or some such word, should supply the place of *higher*. But possibly the passage is right as it is, and refers only to the *even temper and disposition* of Miranda, and means, that, had he been of an hot fiery temper, prone to passion, &c., he should not have discovered a secret, which might possibly breed dissension betwixt Gomera and him. This I only offer the reader, in order to give the text fair play ; if he does not approve of the explanation, *lighter* or *lower* are still at his service.” SYMPSON. “ Mountferrat certainly means, ‘ had it been any who assumed a higher and more arrogant strain of language than you, &c.’ ” WEBER. I am by no means satisfied that “ *higher* ” is the right reading.

The well-known, well-approv'd, and lov'd Miranda,
I had not thought on 't : 't was happily his haste too,
And zeal to her.

Mir. A traitor and a boy too !
Shame take me, if I suffer 't !—Puff ! farewell love !

Mount. You know my business ; I must leave you, sir ;
My hour grows on apace.

Mir. I must not leave you,
I dare not, nor I will not, till your goodness
Have granted me one courtesy. You say you love me ?

Mount. I do, and dearly ; ask, and let that courtesy
Nothing concern mine honour——

Mir. You must do it,
Or you will never see me more.

Mount. What is it ?
It shall be great that puts you off: pray, speak it.

Mir. Pray, let me fight to-day ; good, dear Mountferrat,
Let me and bold Gomera——

Mount. Fie, Miranda !
Do you weigh my worth so little ?

Mir. On my knees ! [*Kneels.*]
As ever thou hadst true touch of a sorrow
Thy friend conceiv'd, as ever honour lov'd thee—

Mount. Shall I turn recreant now ?

Mir. 'Tis not thy cause ;
Thou hast no reputation wounded in 't ;
Thine's but a general zeal : 'death, I am tainted ;
The dearest twin to life, my credit's murder'd,
Baffled^m and boy'd !

Mount. I am glad you have swallow'd it.— [*Aside.*]
I must confess I pity you ; and 'tis a justice,
A great one too, you should revenge these injuries ;
I know it, and I know you fit and bold to do it,
And man as much as man may : but, Miranda—
Why do you kneel ?

Mir. By [*Heaven*]ⁿ, I'll grow to the ground here,

^m *Baffled*] i. e. disgraced, insulted : see notes, vol. ii. 286, iii. 399.

ⁿ [*Heaven*] Here, and in the next speech of Miranda, both the folios have a break.

And with my sword dig up my grave, and fall in 't,
 Unless thou grant me ! dear Mountferrat ! friend !
 Is any thing in my power, to my life, sir ?
 The honour shall be yours.

Mount. I love you dearly ;
 Yet so much I should tender——

Mir. I 'll preserve all ;
 By [Heaven], I will, or all the sin fall with me !
 Pray, let me.

Mount. You have won ; I 'll once be coward
 To pleasure you.

Mir. [*rising*] I kiss your hands, and thank you.

Mount. Be tender of my credit, and fight bravely.

Mir. Blow not the fire that flames.

Mount. I 'll send mine armour ;
 My man shall presently attend you with it
 (For you must arm immediately, the hour calls) ;
 I know 't will fit you right. Be sure, and secret,
 And last be fortunate ! farewell.—You are fitted :
 I am glad the load 's off me.

[*Aside.*

Mir. My best Mountferrat !

[*Exeunt severally.*

SCENE IV.—*A room in the house of NORANDINE.*

Enter NORANDINE and Doctor.

Nor. Doctor, I will see the combat, that 's the truth on 't ;
 If I had never a leg, I would crawl to see it.

Doctor. You are most unfit, if I might counsel you,
 Your wounds so many, and the air——

Nor. The halter !
 The air 's as good an air, as fine an air—
 Wouldst thou have me live in an oven ?

Doctor. Beside, the noise, sir ;
 Which, to a tender body ——

Nor. That 's it, doctor,
 My body must be cur'd withal. If you 'll heal me quickly,
 Boil a drum-head in my broth ; I never prosper
 With knuckles o' veal, and birds in sorrel sops,

Caudles and cullises^o ; they wash me away
 Like a horse had eaten grains : if thou wilt cure me,
 A pickled herring, and a pottle of sack, doctor,
 And half a dozen trumpets.

Doctor. You are a strange gentleman——

Nor. As e'er thou knew'st. Wilt thou give me another
 glister,

That I may sit cleanly there, like a French lady
 When she goes to a masque at court ? where's thy hoboy^p ?

Doctor. I am glad you are grown so merry.

Enter ASTORIUS and CASTRIOT.

Nor. Welcome, gentlemen.

Asto. We come to see you, sir ; and glad we are
 To see you thus, thus forward to your health, sir.

Nor. I thank my doctor here.

Doctor. Nay, thank yourself, sir :—
 For, by my troth, I know not how he's cur'd ;
 He ne'er observes any of our prescriptions.

Nor. Give me my money again, then, good sweet doctor :
 Wilt thou have twenty shillings a-day for vexing me ?

Doctor. That shall not serve you, sir.

Nor. Then forty shall, sir,
 And that will make you speak well.—Hark, the drums !

[*Drums afar off :—a low march.*]

Cast. They begin to beat to the field. Oh, noble Dane,
 Never was such a stake, I hope, of innocence,
 Play'd for in Malta, and in blood, before !

Asto. It makes us hang our heads all.

Nor. A bold villain,
 If there be treason in it ; accuse poor ladies !
 And yet they may do mischief too. I'll be with ye :
 If she be innocent, I shall find it quickly,
 And something then I'll say^q.

Asto. Come, lean on us, sir.

^o *cullises*] See note, p. 63.

^p *hoboy*] i. e. hautboy (he means—glister-pipe.)

^q *say*] After this word the modern editors put a break, as if the sense were incomplete.

Nor. I thank ye, gentlemen :—and, *domine* doctor,
Pray, bring a little sneezing powder in your pocket,
For fear I swoond^r when I see blood.

Doctor. You are pleasant.

[*Exeunt.*

SCENE V.—*The valley adjoining St. George's Port. An open field; a scaffold hung with black in the back-ground, stairs leading up to it.*

Enter two Marshals.

First Marsh. Are the combatants come in ?

Sec. Marsh. Yes.

First Marsh. Make the field clear there.

Sec. Marsh. That's done too.

First Marsh. Then to the prisoner ; the Grand-master's coming :

Let's see that all be ready there.

Sec. Marsh. Too ready.

How ceremonious our very ends are !

Alas, sweet lady, if she be innocent,

No doubt but justice will direct her champion ! [*Flourish.*

Away ! I hear 'em come.

First Marsh. Pray Heaven she prosper ! [*Exeunt.*

Enter VALETTA, NORANDINE, ASTORIUS, CASTRIOT, and other Knights.

Val. Give captain Norandine a chair.

Nor. I thank your lordship.

Val. Sit, sir, and take your ease ; your hurts require it :

You come to see a woman's cause decided

(That's all the knowledge now or name I have for her) ;

They say a false, a base, and treacherous woman,

And partly prov'd too.

Nor. Pity it should be so ;

And, if your lordship durst ask my opinion,

Sure I should answer No, (so much I honour her,)

And answer 't with my life too. But Gomera

Is a brave gentleman ; the other valiant,

^r *swoond*] Altered by the modern editors to "swoon" : see note, vol. i. 422.

And, if he be not good, dogs gnaw his flesh off !
 And one above 'em both will find the truth out ;
 He never fails, sir.

Val. That 's the hope rests with me.

Nor. How nature and his honour struggle in him !
 A sweet, clear, noble gentleman !

[*Guard within.*] Make room there !

Enter ORIANA, two Gentlewomen, ZANTHIA, Executioner, and
 Guard.

Val. Go up, and what you have to say, say there.

Ori. Thus I ascend—nearer, I hope, to Heaven :

[*Mounts the scaffold.*]

Nor do I fear to tread this dark black mansion,
 The image of my grave ; each foot we move
 Goes to it still, each hour we leave behind us
 Knolls sadly toward it. My noble brother,
 (For yet mine innocence dares call you so,)
 And you the friends to virtue, that come hither,
 The chorus to this tragic scene, behold me,
 Behold me with your justice, not with pity
 (My cause was ne'er so poor to ask compassion) ;
 Behold me in this spotless white I wear,
 The emblem of my life, of all my actions,
 So ye shall find my story, though I perish ;
 Behold me in my sex ; I am no soldier ;
 Tender and full of fears our blushing sex is,
 Unharden'd with relentless thoughts, unhatch'd^s
 With blood and bloody practice^t : alas, we tremble
 But when an angry dream afflicts our fancies,
 Die with a tale well told ! Had I been practis'd,
 And known the way of mischief, travell'd in it,
 And given my blood and honour up to reach it ;
 Forgot religion, and the line I sprung on^u ;
 Oh, Heaven, I had been fit then for thy justice,
 And then in black, as dark as hell, I had howl'd here !

^s *unhatch'd*] Equivalent to—unstained : see note, vol. iii. 32.

^t *practice*] See note, p. 124.

^u *on*] i. e. of.—Simpson printed “ of.”

Last, in your own opinions weigh mine innocence :
 Amongst ye I was planted from an infant,
 (Would then, if Heaven had so been pleas'd, I had perish'd!)
 Grew up, and goodly, ready to bear fruit,
 The honourable fruit of marriage :
 And am I blasted in my bud with treason ?
 Boldly and basely of my fair name ravish'd,
 And hither brought to find my rest in ruin ?
 But he that knows all, he that rights all wrongs,
 And in his time restores, knows me ! I have spoken.

Val. If you be innocent, Heaven will protect you,
 And so I leave you to his sword strikes for you ;
 Farewell.

Ori. Oh, that went deep !—Farewell, dear brother,
 And howsoe'er my cause goes, see my body
 (Upon my knees I ask it) buried chastely ;
 For yet, by holy truth, it never trespass'd.

Asto. Justice sit on your cause, and Heaven fight for you !

Nor. Two of ye, gentlemen, do me but the honour
 To lead me to her ; good my lord, your leave too.

Val. You have it, sir. [NOR. is led up to ORI.]

Nor. Give me your fair hands fearless :
 As white as this, I see your innocence,
 As spotless, and as pure : be not afraid, lady ;
 You are but here brought to your nobler fortune,
 To add unto your life immortal story :
 Virtue through hardest things arrives at happiness.
 Shame follow that blunt sword that loses you !
 And he that strikes against you, I shall study
 A curse or two for him. Once more your fair hands :
 I never brought ill luck yet ; be fearless, happy.

Ori. I thank you, noble captain.

Nor. So I leave you. [NOR. is led back to his chair.]

Val. Call in the knights severally. [Exit Guard.]

Enter, severally, GOMERA, and MIRANDA in the armour of MOUNT-FERRAT, with Guard.

Ori. But two words to my champion ;
 And then to Heaven and him I give my cause up.

Val. Speak quickly, and speak short.

Ori. I have not much, sir.—

Noble Gomera, from your own free virtue
 You have undertaken here a poor maid's honour,
 And with the hazard of your life ; and happily
 You may suspect the cause, though in your true worth
 You will not shew it ; therefore take this testimony,
 (And, as I hope for happiness, a true one,)
 And may it steel your heart, and edge your good sword !
 You fight for her, as spotless of these mischiefs
 As Heaven is of our sins, or truth of errors ;
 And so defy that treacherous man, and prosper !

Nor. Blessing o' thy heart, lady !

Val. Give the signal to 'em. [*Low alarms. They fight.*]

Nor. 'Tis bravely fought, Gomera ; follow that blow :

Well struck again, boy ! look upon the lady,
 And gather spirit : brave again ! lie close,
 Lie close, I say ! he fights aloft, and strongly ;
 Close for thy life ! A [pox]^v o' that fell buffet !
 Retire and gather breath ; ye have day enough, knights.—
 Look lovely on him, lady.—To 't again, now !
 Stand, stand, Gomera, stand ! one blow for all now,
 Gather thy strength together.—God bless the woman !
 Why, where 's thy noble heart ? Heaven bless the lady !

All. Oh, oh !

Val. She is gone, she is gone.

Nor. Now strike it. [*MIRANDA falls.*]

Hold, hold, he yields ; hold thy brave sword, he 's conquer'd ;
 He 's thine, Gomera.—Now be joyful, lady.—
 What could this thief have done, had his cause been equal^w !
 He made my heart-strings tremble.

Val. Off with his casque there !—

And, executioner, take you his head next.

Zan. Oh, cursèd fortune ! [*Aside.*]

Gom. Stay, I beseech you, sir ! and this one honour
 Grant me,—I have deserv'd it ; that this villain

^v [pox] Here the first folio has a break, which the editor of the second folio filled up with "vengeance."

^w equal] "i. e. just." WEBER.

May live one day, to envy at my justice ;
That he may pine and die, before the sword fall,
Viewing the glory I have won her goodness.

Val. He shall ; and you the harvest of your valour
Shall reap, brave sir, abundantly.

Gom. I have sav'd her,
Preserv'd her spotless worth from black destruction^x
(Her white name to eternity deliver'd),
Her youth and sweetness from a timeless ruin.
Now, lord Valetta, if this bloody labour
May but deserve her favour——

Mir. Stay, and hear me first.

Val. Off with his casque ! this is Miranda's voice.

Nor. 'Tis he indeed, or else mine eyes abuse me :
What makes he here thus ?

Ori. The young Miranda !

Is he mine enemy too ?

Mir. None has deserv'd her,
If worth must carry it, and service seek her,
But he that sav'd her honour.

Gom. That 's I, Miranda.

Mir. No, no ; that 's I, Gomera ; be not so forward :
In bargain for my love you cannot cozen me.

Gom. I fought it.

Mir. And I gave it : which is nobler^y?
Why, every gentleman would have done as much
As you did : fought it ! that 's a poor desert, sir ;
They are bound to that. But then to make that fight sure,
To do as I did, take all danger from it,
Suffer that coldness that must call me now
Into disgrace for ever, into pity——

Gom. I undertook first, to preserve from hazard.

Mir. And I made sure no hazard should come near her.

Gom. 'Twas I defied Mountferrat.

Mir. 'Twas I wrought him,

^x *destruction*] Sympson proposes to read "detraction."

^y *And I gave it: which is nobler?*] Such is the punctuation in both the folios.—The Editors of 1778 and Weber point the words thus,—

"*And I gave it, which is nobler.*"

You had had a dark day else ; 'twas I defied
His conscience first, 'twas I that shook him there,
Which is the brave defiance.

Gom. My life and honour
At stake I laid.

Mir. My care and truth lay by it,
Lest that stake might be lost. I have deserv'd her,
And none but I : the lady might have perish'd,
Had fell Mountferrat struck it, from whose malice,
With cunning and bold confidence, I catch'd it ;
And 'twas high time :—and such a service, lady,
For you and for your innocence—for who knows not
The all-devouring sword of fierce Mountferrat ?
I shew'd you what I could do, had I been spiteful,
Or master but of half the poison he bears
(Hell take his heart for 't!) ; and beshrew these hands, madam,
With all my heart I wish a mischief on 'em,
They made you once look sad ! such another fright
I would not put you in to own the island :
Yet, pardon me ; 'twas but to shew a soldier,
Which, when I had done, I ended your poor coward.

Val. Let some look out for the base knight Mountferrat—

Zan. I hope he 's far enough, if his man be trusty.

This was a strange misfortune ; I must not know it. [*Aside.*]

Val. That most deboshèd² knight.

[*Exit ASTORIUS with others.*]

Come down, sweet sister,

My spotless sister now ! [*ORIANA descends from the scaffold.*]

Pray, thank these gentlemen ;

They have deserv'd both truly, nobly of you,
Both excellently, dearly, both all the honour,
All the respect and favour—

Ori. Both shall have it ;

And as my life their memories I 'll nourish.

Val. Ye are both true knights, and both most worthy lovers ;
Here stands a lady ripen'd with your service,
Young, fair, and (now I dare say) truly honourable :

² *deboshèd*] i. e. debauched. So the first folio.—The second has “debauch'd.”

'Tis my will she shall marry, marry now, and one of you
(She cannot take more nobly): your deserts
Begot this will, and bred it. Both her beauty
Cannot enjoy: dare ye make^a me your umpire?

Gom. Mir. With all our souls.

Val. He must not then be angry
That loses her.

Gom. Oh, that were, sir, unworthy!

Mir. A little sorrow he may find.

Val. 'Tis manly.—

Gomera, you are a brave accomplish'd gentleman;
A braver no where lives than is Miranda:
In the white way of virtue and true valour
You have been a pilgrim long; yet no man farther
Has trod those thorny steps than young Miranda:
You are gentle; he is gentleness itself: Experience
Calls you her brother; this her hopeful heir.

Nor. The young man now, an 't be thy will! [Aside.]

Val. Your hand, sir: [To GOMERA.]

You undertook first, nobly undertook,
This lady's cause; you made it good, and fought it;
You must be serv'd first: take her, and enjoy her;
I give her to you; kiss her. Are you pleas'd now?

Gom. My joy's so much I cannot speak.

Val. Nay, fairest sir, [To MIRANDA.]

You must not be displeas'd; you break your promise.

Mir. I never griev'd at good; nor dare I now, sir,
Though something seem strange to me.

Val. I have provided
A better match for you, more full of beauty;
I'll wed you to our order: there's a mistress
Whose beauty ne'er decays (Time stands below her);
Whose honour, ermine-like, can never suffer
Spot or black soil; whose^b eternal issue
Fame brings up at her breasts, and leaves 'em sainted;
Her you shall marry.

^a *make*] Both the folios "mark."

^b *whose*] Sympson printed "and whose."

Mir. I must humbly thank you.

Val. Saint Thomas' Fort, a charge of no small value,
I give you too, in present, to keep waking
Your noble spirits ; and, to breed you pious,
I'll send you a probation-robe ; wear that,
Till you shall please to be our brother.

Re-enter ASTORIUS.

How now !

Asto. Mountferrat's fled, sir.

Val. Let him go a while,
Till we have done these rites, and seen these coupled :
His mischief now lies open. Come, all friends now :
And so let's march to the temple. Sound those instruments,
That were the signal to a day of blood :
Evil-beginning hours may end in good. *[Flourish.*

Nor. Come, we'll have wenches, man, and all brave things.
[Pox^c,] let her go ! we'll want no mistresses ;
Good swords, and good strong armours !

Mir. Those are best, captain.

Nor. And fight till queens be in love with us, and run after
us.

I'll see you at the fort within these two days ;
And let's be merry, prithee.

Mir. By that time I shall.

Nor. Why, that's well said : I like a good heart, truly.

[Exeunt.

* *[Pox]* A break here in both the folios.

ACT III.

SCENE I.—*One of the city-gates.*

Enter NORANDINE and Servant. Soldiers above in the guard-room.

Serv. The day's not yet broke, sir.

Nor. 'Tis the cooler riding.

I must go see Miranda : bring my horse
Round to the south port ; I'll out here at the beach,
And meet you at the end o' the sycamores :
'Tis a sweet walk, and, if the wind be stirring,
Serves like a fan to cool.

Serv. Which walk ?

Nor. Why, that, sir,
Where the fine city-dames meet to make matches.

Serv. I know it.

Nor. Speed you, then. [*Exit Servant.*

[*Singing above.*] What mirth is this ?

The watches are not yet discharg'd, I take it :
These are brave careless rogues ! I'll hear the song out,
And then I'll fit ye for 't, merry companions ! [*Aside.*

SONG^d BY THE WATCH.

1. Sit, soldiers, sit and sing, the round is clear,
And cock-a-loodle-loo tells us the day is near :
Each toss his can, until his throat be mellow,
Drink, laugh, and sing ; the soldier has no fellow.
2. To thee a full pot, my little lanceprisado^e,
And when thou hast done, a pipe of Trinidado :
Our glass of life runs wine, the vintner skinks^f it,
Whilst with his wife the frolic soldier drinks it.

^d *Song, &c.*] Is found only in the second folio, where it is wrongly placed after the first speech of Norandine.

^e *lanceprisado*] See note, vol. i. 136.

^f *skinks*] i. e. pours out, serves : the correction of the Editors of 1778.—The folio has "slinks" ; and so Sympson.

3. The drums beat, ensigns wave, and cannons thump it ;
Our game is ruff^g, and the best heart doth trump it :
Each toss his can, until his throat be mellow,
Drink, laugh, and sing ; the soldier has no fellow.

4. I'll pledge thee, my corporal, were it a flagon ;
After, watch fiercer than George did the dragon :
What blood we lose i' the town, we gain i' the tuns ;
Furr'd gowns and flat caps^h give the wall to guns :
Each toss his can, until his throat be mellow,
Drink, laugh, and sing ; the soldier has no fellow.

Nor. Here 's notable order ! Now for a trick to tame ye !—

[*Aside.*

Owgh, owgh !

First Watch. Hark, hark ! what 's that below us ?—Who goes there ?

Nor. Owgh, owgh, owgh !

Sec. Watch. 'Tis a bear broke loose.—Pray, call the corporal.

[*Exit Third Watch.*

First Watch. The Dutchman's huge fat sow.

Sec. Watch. I see her now,

And five fine pigs.

Nor. Owgh, owgh !

Enter Corporal above, with Third Watch.

Corp. Now, what 's the matter ?

First Watch. Here 's the great fat sow, corporal,
The Dutchman's sow, and all the pigs, brave fat pigs :
You have been wishing long she would break loose.

Nor. Owgh, owgh !

Corp. 'Tis she indeed ; there 's a white pig now sucking :
Look, look ! do you see it, sirs ?

First Watch. Yes, very well, sir.

Corp. A notable fat whoreson ! Come, two of ye,
Go down with me ; we 'll have a tickling breakfast.

Sec. Watch. Let 's eat 'em at the Cross.

Corp. There 's the best liquor.

[*Exit, above, with First and Sec. Watch.*

Nor. I 'll liquor some of ye, ye lazy rogues !

Your minds are of nothing but eating and swilling.

^g *ruff*] Was a game at cards, called also *trump*, and nearly the same as whist.

^h *Furr'd gowns and flat caps*] Were worn by the citizens, and are frequently mentioned with ridicule.

What a sweet beast they have made of me ! a sow !
Hog upon hog ! I hear 'em come.

Enter, below, Corporal with First and Sec. Watch.

Corp. Go softly,
And fall upon 'em finely, nimbly.

First Watch. Bless me !

Corp. Why, what's the matter ?

First Watch. Oh, the devil ! the devil,
As high as a steeple !

Sec. Watch. There he goes, corporal !
His feet are cloven too.

Corp. Stand, stand, I say !—

'Death, how I shake !—Where be your muskets ?

First Watch. There's no good of them :

Where be our prayers, man ?

Sec. Watch. Lord, how he stalks ! Speak to him, corporal.

Corp. Why, what a devil art thou ?

Nor. Owgh, owgh !

Corp. A dumb devil !

The worst devil that could come, a dumb devil !

Give me a musket. He gathers in to me !

I' the name of [Heaven],^h speak ! what art thou ? speak, devil,
Or I'll put a plumb in your belly.

Nor. Owgh, owgh, owgh !

Corp. Fie, fie, in what a sweat I am ! Lord bless me,
My musket's gone too ! I am not able to stir it.

Nor. Who goes there ? stand, speak !

Corp. Sure, I am enchanted ;

Yet here's my halbert still.—Nay, who goes there, sir ?—
What, have I lost myself ?—What are you ?

Nor. The guard.

Corp. Why, what are we, then ?—He's not half so long
now,

Nor he has no tail at all. I shake still damnably.

Nor. The word.

Corp. Have mercy on me ! what word does he mean ?—
Prithee, devil, if thou be'st the devil,
Do not make an ass of me ; for I remember yet,

^h [Heaven] A break here in both the folios.

As well as I am here, I am the corporal ;
I'll lay my life on 't, devil.

Nor. Thou art damn'd.

Corp. That 's all one : but am not I the corporal ?
I would give a thousand pound to be resolv'd ⁱ now.
Had not I soldiers here ?

Nor. No, not a man ;
Thou art debosh'd ^j, and cozen'd.

Corp. That may be ;
It may be I am drunk. Lord, where have I been ?
Is not this my halbert in my hand ?

Nor. No, 't is a May-pole.

Corp. Why, then, I know not who I am, nor what,
Nor whence I come.

Nor. You are an arrant rascal :
You corporal of a watch !

Corp. 'Tis the Dane's voice.—
You are no devil, then ?

Nor. No, nor no sow, sir.

Corp. Of that I am right glad, sir : I was ne'er
So frighted in my life, as I am a soldier.

Nor. Tall ^k watchmen !

A guard for a goose ! you sing away your sentries ;
A careful company ! Let me out o' the port here,
(I was a little merry with your worships,)
And keep your guards strong, though the devil walk.
Hold, there 's to bring ye into your wits again. [*Gives money.*
Go off no more to hunt pigs ; such another trick,
And you will hunt the gallows.

Corp. Pray, sir, pardon us :
And, let the devil come next, I'll make him stand,
Or make him stink.

Nor. Do, do your duty truly.
Come, let me out, and come away.

[*Exeunt.*

ⁱ *to be resolv'd*] "i. e. to be assured whether I am or not." MASON.

^j *debosh'd*] i. e. debauched.—So the first folio. The second folio "debauch'd."

^k *Tall*] i. e. stout, brave.

SCENE II.—*A room in GOMERA'S house.**Enter ZANTHIA with a letter, and ROCCA.**Rocca.* No more rage¹.*Zan.* Write thus to me! He hath fearfully and basely
Betray'd his own cause; yet, to free himself,
He now ascribes the fault to me.*Rocca.* I know not
What he hath done; but what he now desires
His letters have inform'd you.*Zan.* Yes; he is
Too well acquainted with the power he holds
Over my mad affections. I want time
To write; but, pray you, tell him, if I were
No better steel'd in my strong resolutions
Than he hath shown himself in his, or thought
There was a hell hereafter, or a Heaven
But in enjoying him, I should stick here,
And move no further: bid him yet take comfort;
For something I will do the devil would quake at,
But I'll untie this nuptial knot of love,
And make way for his wishes: in the mean time
Let him lie close (for he is strictly sought for),
And practise to love her, that for his ends
Scorns fear and danger.*Rocca.* All this I will tell him.*Zan.* Do so: farewell.[*Exit ROCCA.*]*Enter ORIANA and VELLEDA.*My lady with my fellow
So earnest in discourse! Whate'er it be,
I'll second it.[*Aside.*]*Vel.* He is such a noble husband,
In every circumstance so truly loving,

¹ *No more rage*] Both the folios make these words a portion of the preceding speech of Norandine, thus,—

“*Come let me out, and come away: no more rage.*”

The words, as Sympson first saw (though he followed the old copies), undoubtedly belong to Rocca.

That I might say, and without flattery, madam,
The sun sees not a lady but yourself
That can deserve him.

Zan. Of all men, I say,
That dare (for 'tis a desperate adventure)
Wear on their free necks the sweet yoke of woman,
(For they that do repine are no true husbands,)
Give me a soldier.

Ori. Why, are they more loving
Than other men?

Zan. And love too with more judgment :
For, but observe, your courtier is more curious
To set himself forth richly than his lady ;
His baths, perfumes, nay, paintings too, more costly
Than his frugality will allow to her ;
His clothes as chargeable ; and grant him but
A thing without a beard, and he may pass
At all times for a woman, and with some
Have better welcome : now, your man of lands
For the most part is careful to manure them,
But leaves his lady fallow : your great merchant
Breaks oftner for the debt he owes his wife,
Than with his creditors ; and that 's the reason
She looks elsewhere for payment : now, your soldier—

Vel. Ay, marry, do him right.

Zan. First, who has one
Has a perpetual guard upon her honour ;
For, while he wears a sword, Slander herself
Dares not bark at it ; next, she sits at home
Like a great queen, and sends him forth to fetch in
Her tribute from all parts ; which being brought home,
He lays it at her feet, and seeks no further
For his reward than what she may give freely,
And with delight too, from her own exchequer,
Which he finds ever open.

Ori. Be more modest.

Zan. Why, we may speak of that we are glad to taste of,
Among ourselves I mean.

Ori. Thou talk'st of nothing.

Zan. Of nothing, madam ! you have found it something ;
Or, with the raising up this pretty mount here,
My lord hath dealt with spirits ^m.

Enter GOMERA, and a Servant carrying cloths.

Ori. Two long hours absent ?

Gom. Thy pardon, sweet. I have been looking on
The prize that was brought in by the brave Dane,
The valiant Norandine, and have brought something
That may be thou wilt like of ; but one kiss,
And then possess my purchase : there's a piece
Of cloth of tissue, this of purple velvet,
And, as they swear, of the right Tyrian dye,
Which others here but weakly counterfeit :
If they are worth thy use, wear them ; if not,
Bestow them on thy women.

Zan. Here's the husband !

Gom. While there is any trading on the sea,
Thou shalt want nothing : 'tis a soldier's glory,
However he neglect himself, to keep
His mistress in full lustre.

Ori. You exceed, sir.

Gom. Yet, there was one part of the prize dispos'd of
Before I came, which I grieve that I miss'd of,
Being almost assur'd it would have been
A welcome present.

Ori. Pray you, say what was it ?

Gom. A Turkish captive, of incomparable beauty,
And, without question, in her country noble ;
Which, as companion to thy faithful Moor,
I would have given thee for thy slave.

Ori. But was she
Of such an exquisite form ?

Gom. Most exquisite.

Ori. And well descended ?

^m *My lord hath dealt with spirits*] "Gomera must indeed have dealt with spirits ; for he has been married not more than three days, yet his wife is far advanced in her pregnancy. The incidents of this play are very ill conducted with respect to time." MASON.

Gom. So the habit promis'd,
In which she was taken.

Ori. Of what years ?

Gom. 'Tis said,
A virgin of fourteen.

Ori. I pity her,
And wish she were mine, that I might have the means
To entertain her gently.

Gom. She 's now Miranda's ;
And, as I have heard, made it her suit to be so.

Ori. Miranda's ! then her fate deserves not pity,
But envy rather.

Gom. Envy, Oriana !

Ori. Yes, and their envy that live free.

Gom. How 's this ?

Ori. Why, she is faln into the hands of one,
So full of that which in men we style goodness,
That, in her being his slave, she is happier far
Than if she were confirm'd the sultan's mistress.

Gom. Miranda is indeed a gentleman
Of fair desert and better hopes ; but yet
He hath his equals.

Ori. Where ? I would go far,
As I am now, though much unfit for travels,
But to see one that without injury
Might be put in the scale, or parallel'd
In any thing that 's noble, with Miranda.
His knowledge in all services of war,
And ready courage to put into act
That knowing judgment, as you are a soldier,
You best may speak of ; nor can you deliver,
Nor I hear with delight, a better subject :
And Heaven did well, in such a lovely feature
To place so chaste a mind ; for he is of
So sweet a carriage, such a winning nature,
And such a bold yet well-dispos'd behaviour,
And, to all these, has such a charming tongue,
That, if he would serve under Love's fresh colours,
What monumental trophies might he raise
Of his free conquests, made in ladies' favours !

Gom. Yet you did resist himⁿ, when he was
An earnest suitor to you.

Ori. Yes, I did ;
And, if I were again sought to^o, I should ;
But must ascribe it rather to the fate
That did appoint me yours, than any power
Which I can call mine own.

Gom. Even so ?

Zan. Thanks, Fortune !
The plot I had to raise in him doubts of her
Thou hast effected.

[*Aside.*]

Ori. I could tell you too,
What cause I have to love him ; with what reason
In thankfulness he may expect from me
All due observance : but I pass that, as
A benefit for which, in my behalf,
You are his debtor.

Zan. I perceive it takes,
By his chang'd looks.

[*Aside.*]

Ori. He is not in the city,
Is he, my lord ?

Gom. Who, lady ?

Ori. Why, Miranda :
Having you here, can there be any else
Worth my inquiry ?

Gom. This is somewhat more
Than love to virtue.

[*Aside.*]

Ori. Faith, when he comes hither,
(As sometimes, without question, you shall meet him,)
Invite him home.

Gom. To what end ?

Ori. To dine with us,
Or sup.

Gom. And then to take a hard bed with you ;
Mean you not so ?

Ori. If you could win him to it,
'T would be the better. For his entertainment,

ⁿ *Yet you did resist him*] Sympson chose to print "*Yet did not you resist him.*"

^o *sought to*] i. e. solicited : see note, vol. iv. 420.

Leave that to me ; he shall find noble usage,
And from me a free welcome.

Gom. Have you never
Heard of a Roman lady, Oriana,
Remember'd as a precedent for matrons,
(Chaste ones, I pray you understand,) whose husband,
Tax'd for his sour breath by his enemy,
Condemn'd his wife for not acquainting him
With his infirmity ?

Ori. 'T is a common one :
Her answer was, having kiss'd none but him,
She thought it was a general disease
All men were subject to. But what infer you
From that, my lord ?

Gom. Why, that this virtuous lady
Had all her thoughts so fix'd upon her lord,
That she could find no spare time to sing praises
Of any other ; nor would she employ
Her husband (though perhaps in debt to years
As far as I am) for an instrument
To bring home younger men, that might delight her
With their discourse, or——

Ori. What, my lord ?

Gom. Their persons ;
Or, if I should speak plainer——

Ori. No, it needs not ;
You have said enough to make my innocence know
It is suspected.

Gom. You betray yourself
To more than a suspicion : could you else,
To me that live in nothing but love to you,
Make such a gross discovery, that your lust
Had sold that heart, I thought mine, to Miranda ?
Or rise to such a height in impudence,
As to presume to work my yielding weakness
To play, for your bad ends, to my disgrace,
The wittol^p or the pander ?

^p *wittol*] i. e. tame cuckold.

Ori. Do not study
To print more wounds (for that were tyranny)
Upon a heart that is pierc'd through already.

Gom. Thy heart ! thou hast pierc'd through mine honour,
false one,

The honour of my house ! fool that I was,
To give it up to the deceiving trust
Of wicked woman ! for thy sake, vild^a creature,
For all I have done well in, in my life,
I have digg'd a grave, all buried in a wife ;
For thee I have defied^r my constant mistress,
That never fail'd her servant, glorious War ;
For thee refus'd the fellowship of an order
Which princes through all dangers have been proud
To fetch as far as from Jerusalem ;
And am I thus rewarded ?

Vel. By all goodness,
You wrong my lady, and deserve her not
When you are at your best ! repent your rashness ;
'T will shew well in you.

Zan. Do, and ask her pardon.

Ori. No ; I have liv'd too long to have my faith,
My tried faith, call'd in question, and by him
That should know true affection is too tender
To suffer an unkind touch, without ruin.
Study ingratitude, all, from my example !
For to be thankful now is to be false.
But, be it so ; let me die ; I see you wish it :
Yet dead, for truth and pity's^s sake, report
What weapon you made choice of when you kill'd me.

Vel. She faints.

Zan. What have you done ?

Ori. My last breath cannot
Be better spent than to say I forgive you ;

^a *vild*] i. e. vile : see note, vol. i. 331.—Altered by the modern editors to "vile."

^r *defied*] i. e. renounced, rejected.

^s *pity's*] The modern editors print "pities' ", because the word is so spelt in both the folios.

Nor is my death untimely, since with me
I take along what might have been hereafter
In scorn deliver'd for the doubtful issue
Of a suspected mother.

[*Swoons.*

Vel. Oh, she's gone!

Zan. For ever gone!—Are you a man?

Gom. I grow here!

Zan. Open her mouth, and pour this cordial in it:
If any spark of life be unquench'd in her,
This will recover her.—

[*Gives a vial, from which they pour
some liquor into ORIANA'S mouth.*

Vel. 'Tis all in vain;
She's stiff already. Live I, and she dead?

Gom. How like a murderer I stand!—Look up,
And hear me curse myself, or but behold
The vengeance I will take for 't, Oriana,
And then in peace forsake me! Jealousy,
Thou loathsome vomit of the fiends below,
What desperate hunger made me to receive thee
Into my heart and soul? I'll let thee forth,
And so in death find ease. And does my fault, then,
Deserve no greater punishment? no; I'll live
To keep thee for a Fury to torment me,
And make me know what hell is on the earth.
All joys and hopes forsake me! all men's malice,
And all the plagues they can inflict, I wish it,
Fall thick upon me! let my tears be laugh'd at,
And may my enemies smile to hear me groan;
And dead, may I be pitièd of none!

[*Exeunt, carrying out ORIANA.*

SCENE III.—*A room in St. Thomas's Fort.*

Enter COLONNA and LUCINDA.

Luc. Pray you, sir, why was the ordnance of the fort
Discharg'd so suddenly?

Col. 'Twas the governor's pleasure,

In honour of the Dane ; a custom us'd
To speak a soldier's welcome.

Luc. 'Tis a fit one.

But is my master here too ?

Col. Three days since.

Luc. Might I demand without offence so much,
Is 't pride in him (however now a slave)
That I am not admitted to his presence ?

Col. His courtesy to you and to mankind
May easily resolve † you, he is free
From that poor vice which only empty men
Esteem a virtue.

Luc. What 's the reason, then,
As you imagine, sir ?

Col. Why, I will tell you :

You are a woman of a tempting beauty,
And he, however virtuous, as a man,
Subject to human frailties ; and how far
They may prevail upon him, should he see you,
He is not ignorant ; and therefore chooses
With care to avoid the cause that may produce
Some strange effect, which will not well keep rank
With the rare temperance which is admir'd
In his life hitherto.

Luc. This much increases
My strong desire to see him.

Col. It should rather
Teach you to thank the prophet that you worship,
That you are such a man's, who, though he may
Do any thing which youth and heat of blood
Invites him to, yet dares not give way to them.
Your entertainment's noble, and not like
Your present fortune ; and, if all those tears
Which made grief lovely in you, in the relation
Of the sad story that forc'd me to weep too
Your husband's hard fate, were not counterfeit,
You should rejoice that you have means to pay

† *resolve*] i. e. satisfy, inform.

A chaste life to his memory, and bring to him
 Those sweets, which while he liv'd he could not taste of :
 But, if you wantonly bestow them on
 Another man, you offer violence
 To him, though dead ; and his griev'd spirit will suffer
 For your immodest looseness.

Luc. Why, I hope, sir,
 My willingness to look on him to whom
 I owe my life and service, is no proof
 Of any unchaste purpose.

Col. So I wish too ;
 And in the confidence it is not, lady,
 I dare the better tell you he will see you
 This night, in which by him I am commanded
 To bring you to his chamber ; to what end
 I easily should guess, were I Lucinda ^u :
 And therefore, though I can yield little reason
 (But in a general love to women's goodness)
 Why I should be so tender of your honour,
 I willingly would bestow some counsel of ^v you,
 An would you follow it.

Luc. Let me first hear it,
 And then I can resolve ^w you.

Col. My advice, then,
 Is, that you would not (as most ladies use,
 When they prepare themselves for such encounters)
 Study to add, by artificial dressings,
 To native excellence ; yours, without help,
 But seen as it is now, would make a hermit
 Leave his death's head, and change his after-hopes
 Of endless comforts for a few short minutes
 Of present pleasures ; to prevent which, lady,
 Practise to take away from your perfections,
 And to preserve your chastity unstain'd :

^u *Lucinda*] Both the folios have "Miranda."

^v *of*] i. e. on. The modern editors give, with both the folios, the conclusion of this speech as a question,—

"And would you follow it?"

^w *resolve*] i. e. satisfy, inform.

The most deform'd shape that you can put on,
To cloud your body's fair gifts, or your mind's,
(It being labour'd to so chaste an end),
Will prove the fairest ornament.

Luc. To take from

The workmanship of Heaven is an offence
As great as to endeavour to add to it ;
Of which I'll not be guilty. Chastity,
That lodges in deformity, appears rather
A mulet impos'd by Nature than a blessing ;
And 'tis commendable only when it conquers,
Though ne'er so oft assaulted, in resistance :
For me, I'll therefore so dispose myself,
That, if I hold out, it shall be with honour ;
Or, if I yield, Miranda shall find something
To make him love his victory.

[*Exit.*

Col. With what cunning

This woman argues for her own damnation !
Nor should I hold it for a miracle,
Since they are all born sophisters, to maintain
That lust is lawful, and the end and use
Of their creation. Would I never had
Hop'd better of her, or could not believe,
Though seen, the ruin I must ever grieve !

[*Exit.*

SCENE IV.—*Another room in the same.*

Enter MIRANDA, NORANDINE, and Servants with lights.

Mir. I'll see you in your chamber.

Nor. Pray you, no farther.

It is a ceremony I expect not :
I am no stranger here ; I know my lodging,
And have slept soundly there, when the Turks' cannon
Play'd thick upon it : oh, 't was royal music !
And, to procure a sound sleep for a soldier,
Worth forty of your fiddles. As you love me,
Press it no further.

Mir. You will overcome.—
Wait on him carefully.

Nor. I have took, since supper,
A rouse^x or two too much, and, by [the gods]^y,
It warms my blood.

Mir. You'll sleep the better for 't.

Nor. [Pox]^z on 't, I should, had but I a kind wench
To pull my boot-hose^a off, and warm my night-cap;
There 's no charm like it: I love old Adam's way;
Give me a diligent Eve, to wait towards bed-time;
Hang up your smooth-chin page! and, now I think on 't,
Where is your Turkish prisoner?

Mir. In the castle;
But yet I never saw her.

Nor. Fie upon you!
See her, for shame! or, hark you; if you would
Perform the friend's part to me, the friend's part,
It being a fashion of the last edition,
Far from panderism^b, now send her to me.
You look strange on 't: no entertainment's perfect
Without it, on my word, no livery like it;
I'll tell her he looks for it as duly
As for his fee^c: there 's no suit got without it;
Gold is an ass to 't.

Mir. Go to bed, to bed.

Nor. Well, if she come, I doubt not to convert her;
If not, the sin lie on your head! Good night.

[*Exeunt* NORANDINE and Servants.]

^x *rouse*] i. e. bumper: see Gifford's note on Massinger's *Works*, i. 240, ed. 1813.

^y [*the gods*] A break here in both the folios.

^z [*Pox*] A break here in both the folios.

^a *boot-hose*] See note, vol. iv. 150.

^b *Far from panderism*] Sympson printed "*From panderism far.*"

^c *I'll tell her he looks for it as duly*

As for his fee] So the first folio.—Omitted in the second folio.—"These lines," Mason observes, "are absolutely unintelligible as they stand. . . . Some amendment is necessary; and I have little doubt but they ought to run thus—

'Your lawyer, he looks for it as duly
As for his fee.'

The following words, 'There 's no suit got without it,' confirm this conjecture."

Enter COLONNA and LUCINDA.

Col. There you shall find him, lady : you know what I have said,

And, if you please, you may make use.

Luc. No doubt, sir.

Col. From hence I shall hear all. [*Aside, and then retires*

Mir. Come hither, young one.— [*behind the arras.*

Beshrew my heart, a handsome wench ! [*Aside*].— Come nearer.—

A very handsome one ! [*Aside*].—Do not you grieve, sweet, You are a prisoner ?

Luc. The loss of liberty,

No doubt, sir, is a heavy and sharp burden
To them that feel it truly : but your servant,
Your humble handmaid, never felt that rigour ;
Thanks to that noble will ! no want, no hunger
(Companions still to slaves), no violence,
Nor any unbeseeming act we start at,
Have I yet met with : all content and goodness,
Civility and sweetness of behaviour,
Dwell round about me ; therefore, worthy master,
I cannot say I grieve my liberty.

Mir. Do not you fancy me too cold a soldier,
Too obstinate an enemy to youth,
That had so fair a jewel in my cabinet,
And in so long a time would ne'er look on it ?

Col. What can she say now ? [*Aside.*

Luc. Sure, I desir'd to see you ;
And with a longing wish—

Col. There 's all her virtue ! [*Aside.*

Luc. Pursu'd that full desire, to give you thanks, sir,
The only sacrifice I have left, and service,
For all the virtuous care you have kept me safe with.

Col. She holds well yet. [*Aside.*

Mir. The pretty fool speaks finely [*Aside*].—
Come, sit down here.

Luc. Oh, sir, 't is most unseemly !

Mir. I'll have it so ; sit close. Now tell me truly,
Did you e'er love yet ?

Luc. My years^d will answer that, sir.

Mir. And did you then love truly?

Luc. So I thought, sir.

Mir. Can you love me so?

Col. Now!

[*Aside.*

Luc. With all my duty;
I were unworthy of those favours else,
You daily shower upon me.

Mir. What think'st thou of me?

Luc. I think you are a truly worthy gentleman,
A pattern and a pride to the age you live in,
Sweet as the commendations all men give you.

Mir. A pretty flattering rogue! [*Aside*].—Dare you kiss
that sweet man

You speak so sweetly of? come.

Col. Farewell, virtue!

[*Aside.*

Mir. What hast thou got between thy lips?—Kiss once
more.—

Sure, thou hast a spell there.

Luc. More than e'er I knew, sir.

Col. All hopes go now.

[*Aside.*

Mir. I must tell you a thing in your ear; and you must
hear me,

And hear me willingly, and grant me so too;

'T will not be worth my asking else.

Luc. It must be

A very hard thing, sir, and from my power,
I shall deny your goodness.

^d *years*] Sympson, in a note proposed to read "tears," which was adopted by the Editors of 1778 and Weber.—"Mr. Sympson asks, what will her years answer? is it a consequence that because she is young, therefore she must have been in love? and in pursuance of this reasoning he would read 'My tears.' But there is not the least countenance given, either by what she herself says, or by the context, that she just now bursts into tears. On the contrary, throughout the whole scene, she seems to possess herself with the utmost calmness and coolness of temper. But to answer Mr. Sympson's question: I admit there was no consequence to be drawn from her being young, but at the same time I suppose it might appear to our poets a very natural and probable consequence, from her being arrived at a competent maturity of years, that she had been already in love." HEATH. (*MS. Notes.*)

Mir. 'Tis a good wench !
I must lie with you, lady.

Luc. 'Tis something strange ;
For yet in all my life I knew no bedfellow.

Mir. You will quickly find that knowledge.

Luc. To what end, sir ?

Mir. Art thou so innocent thou canst not guess at it ?
Did thy dreams never direct thee ?

Luc. Faith, none yet, sir.

Mir. I'll tell thee, then : I would meet thy youth and
pleasure ;
Give thee my youth for that—by Heaven, she fires me !—

[*Aside.*

And teach thy fair white arms, like wanton ivies,
A thousand new embraces.

Luc. Is that all, sir ?

And say I should try, may not we lie quietly ?
Upon my conscience, I could.

Mir. That 's as we make it.

Luc. Grant that that likes ^e you best, what would you do,
then ?

Mir. What would I do ! certainly I am no baby,
Nor brought up for a nun. Hark in thine ear. [*Whispers.*

Luc. Fie, fie, sir !

Mir. I would get a brave boy on thee,
A warlike boy.

Luc. Sure, we shall get ill Christians.

Mir. We'll mend 'em in the breeding, then.

Luc. Sweet master—

Col. Never belief in woman come near me more ! [*Aside.*

Luc. My best and noblest sir, if a poor virgin
(For yet, by [*Heaven*], ^f I am so) should chance so far
(Seeing your excellence and able sweetness)
To forget herself, and slip into your bosom
Or to your bed, out of a doting on you,
(Take it the best way,) have you that cruel heart,
That murdering mind, to—— ^g

^e *likes*] i. e. pleases.

^f [*Heaven*] A break here in both the folios.

^g *mind, to—*] Both the folios have " *mind too !* "

Mir. Yes, by my troth, sweet, have I,
To lie with her.

Luc. And do you think it well done ?

Mir. That's as she'll think when 'tis done. Come to bed,
wench ;

For thou art so pretty and so witty a companion,
We must not part to-night.

Luc. Faith, let me go, sir,
And think better on 't.

Mir. I' faith, thou shalt not :
I warrant thee, I'll think on 't.

Luc. I have heard 'em say here,
You are a maid too.

Mir. I am sure I am, wench,
If that will please thee.

Luc. I have seen a wonder :
And would you lose that, for a little wantonness,
(Consider, my sweet master, like a man, now,)
For a few honied kisses, slight embraces,
That glory of your youth ? that crown of sweetness
Can you deliver ? that unvalu'd treasure
Would you forsake, to seek your own dishonour ?
What gone, no age recovers nor repentance ?
To a poor stranger ?

Col. Hold there, again thou art perfect. [*Aside.*

Luc. I know you do but try me.

Mir. And I know
I'll try you a great deal further : prithee, to bed ;
I love thee, and so well—come, kiss me once more :
Is a maidenhead ill bestow'd o' me ?

Luc. What's this, sir ? [*Taking hold of his cross.*

Mir. Why, 'tis the badge, my sweet, of that holy order
I shortly must receive, the Cross of Malta.

Luc. What virtue has it ?

Mir. All that we call virtuous.

Luc. Who gave it first ?

Mir. He that gave all, to save us.

Luc. Why, then, 'tis holy too ?

Mir. True sign of holiness ;
The badge of all his soldiers that profess him.

Luc. The badge of all his soldiers that profess him !
Can 't^h save in dangers ?

Mir. Yes.

Luc. In troubles comfort ?

Mir. You say true, sweet.

Luc. In sickness restore health ?

Mir. All this it can do.

Luc. Preserve from evils that afflict our frailties ?

Mir. I hope she will be Christian [*Aside*].—All these truly.

Luc. Why are you sick, then, sick to death with lust ?

In danger to be lost ? no holy thought

In all that heart ? Nothing but wandering frailties,

Wild as the wind, and blind as death or ignorance,

Inhabit there.

Mir. Forgive me, Heaven ! she says true. [*Aside.*]

Luc. Dare you profess that badge, profane that goodness—

Col. Thou hast redeem'd thyself again most rarely. [*Aside.*]

Luc. That holiness and truth you make me wonder at ?

Blast all the bounty Heaven gives ? that remembrance—

Col. Oh, excellent woman ! [*Aside.*]

Luc. Fling it from you quickly,

If you be thus resolv'd ; I see a virtue

Appear in 't like a sword, both edges flaming,

That will consume you and your thoughts to ashes.

Let them profess it that are pure, and noble,

Gentle, and just of thought, that build the cross,

Not those that break it. By [*Heaven*ⁱ], if you touch me,

Even in the act, I'll make that cross, and curse you !

Mir. You shall not, fair : I did dissemble with you,

And but to try your faith I fashion'd all this :

Yet something you provok'd me. This fair cross,

By me (if he but please to help first gave it)

Shall ne'er be worn upon a heart corrupted.

Go to your rest, my modest, honest servant,

My fair and virtuous maid, and sleep secure there ;

For, when you suffer, I forget this sign here.

Col. A man of men too ! oh, most perfect gentleman !

[*Aside.*]

^h *Can 't*] So the second folio.—The first folio "Can."

ⁱ [*Heaven*] A break here in both the folios.

Luc. All sweet rest to you, sir ! I am half a Christian ;
The other half I 'll pray for ; then for you, sir.

Mir. This is the foulest play I 'll shew. Good night, sweet.
[*Exeunt.*]

ACT IV.

SCENE I.—*A cave.*

MOUNTFERRAT is discovered lying on the ground, ROCCA standing by.

Mount. The sun's not set yet ?

Rocca. No, sir.

Mount. Would it were,
Never to rise again to light the world !
And yet to what vain purpose do I wish it,
Since, though I were environ'd with thick mists,
Black as Cimmerian darkness or my crimes,
There is that here, upon which, as an anvil,
Ten thousand hammers strike, and every spark
They force from it, to me's another sun
To light me to my shame ?

Rocca. Take hope and comfort.

Mount. They are aids, indeed ; but yet as far from me
As I from being innocent. This cave, fashion'd
By provident Nature in this solid rock
To be a den for beasts, alone receives me ;
And having prov'd an enemy to mankind,
All human helps forsake me.

Rocca. I'll ne'er leave you ;
And wish you would call back that noble courage,
That old invincible fortitude of yours,
That us'd to shrink at nothing.

Mount. Then it did not ;
But 't was when I was honest ; then, in the height
Of all my happiness, of all my glories,
Of all delights that made life precious to me,
I durst die, Rocca ; death itself then to me

Was nothing terrible, because I knew
 The fame of a good knight would ever live
 Fresh on my memory : but since I fell
 From my integrity, and dismiss'd those guards,
 Those strong assurances of innocence,
 That constancy fled from me ; and, what's worse,
 Now I am loathsome to myself, and life
 A burden to me ; rack'd with sad remembrance
 Of what I have done, and my present horrors
 Unsufferable to me ; tortur'd with despair
 That I shall ne'er find mercy ; hell about me,
 Behind me, and before me ; yet I dare not,
 Still fearing worse, put off my wretched being.

Rocca. To see this would deter a doubtful man
 From mischievous intents, much more the practice
 Of what is wicked.

[*Aside.*]

Enter ZANTHIA.

Here's the Moor : look up, sir ;

Some ease may come from her.

Mount. New trouble rather ;

And I expect it.

Zan. Who is this ? Mountferrat ?

Rise up, for shame ! and, like a river dried up
 With a long drought, from me, your bounteous sea,
 Receive those tides of comfort that flow to you.
 If ever I look'd lovely, if desert
 Could ever challenge welcome, if revenge
 And unexpected wreak were ever pleasing,
 Or could endear the giver of such blessings,
 All these I come adorn'd with, and, as due,
 Make challenge of those so long-wish'd embraces,
 Which you, unkind, have hitherto denied me.

Mount. Why, what have you done for me ?

Zan. Made Gomera

As truly miserable as you thought him happy :
 Could you wish more ?

Mount. As if his sickness could
 Recover me ! the injuries I receiv'd
 Were Oriana's.

Zan. She has paid dear for them ;
She's dead.

Mount. How !

Zan. Dead ; my hate could reach no further :
Taking advantage of her in a swoon,
Under pretence to give a cordial to her,
I poison'd her. What stupid dulness is this ?
What you should entertain with sacrifice,
Can you receive so coldly ?

Mount. Bloody deeds
Are grateful offerings, pleasing to the devil ;
And thou, in thy black shape and blacker actions,
Being hell's perfect character^j, art delighted
To do what I, though infinitely wicked,
Tremble to hear. Thou hast, in this, ta'en from me
All means to make amends with penitence
To her wrong'd virtues, and despoil'd me of
The poor remainder of that hope was left me,
For all I have already or must suffer.

Zan. I did it for the best.

Mount. For thy worst ends ;
And be assur'd, but that I think to kill thee
Would but prevent what thy despair must force thee
To do unto thyself, and so to add to
Thy most assur'd damnation, thou wert dead now.
But, get thee from my sight ! and, if lust of me
Did ever fire thee (love I cannot call it),
Leap down from those steep rocks, or take advantage
Of the next tree to hang thyself, and then
I may laugh at it.

Zan. In the mean time, I must
Be bold to do so much for you : ha, ha !

Mount. Why grinn'st thou, devil ?

Zan. That 't is in my power
To punish thy ingratitude. I made trial
But how you stood affected, and since I know
I am us'd only for a property,
I can and will revenge it to the full ;

^j *character*] " Means here, stamp or representation." MASON.

For understand, in thy contempt of me,
Those hopes of Oriana, which I could
Have chang'd to certainties, are lost for ever.

Mount. Why, lives she?

Zan. Yes; but never to Mountferrat,
Although it is in me with as much ease
To give her freely up to thy possession
As to remove this rush; which yet despair of;
For, by my much-wrong'd love, flattery, nor threats,
Tears, prayers, nor vows, shall ever win me to it:
So, with my curse, I leave thee!

Mount. Prithee, stay;

Thou know'st I dote on thee, and yet thou art
So peevish and perverse, so apt to take
Trifles unkindly from me!

Zan. To persuade me

To break my neck, to hang, then damn myself,
With you are trifles.

Mount. 'Twas my melancholy

That made me speak I know not what: forgive;
I will redeem my fault.

Rocca. Believe him, lady.

Mount. A thousand times I will demand thy pardon,
And keep the reckoning on thy lips with kisses.

Zan. There's something else, that would prevail more
with me.

Mount. Thou shalt have all thy wishes: do but bless me
With means to satisfy my mad desires
For once in Oriana, and for ever
I am thine, only thine, my best Abdella^k.

Zan. Were I assur'd of this, and that you would,
Having enjoy'd her——

Mount. Any thing; make choice of
Thine own conditions.

Zan. Swear, then, that perform'd,
(To free me from all doubts and fears hereafter,)
To give me leave to kill her.

^k *Abdella*] See note on *Dram. Pers.*

Mount. That our safety
Must of necessity urge us to.

Zan. Then know,
It was not poison, but a sleeping potion,
Which she receiv'd ; yet of sufficient strength
So to bind up her senses that no sign
Of life appear'd in her ; and thus thought dead,
In her best habit ¹, as the custom is,
You know, in Malta, with all ceremonies
She's buried in her family's monument,
In the Temple of St. John : I'll bring you thither,
Thus, as you are, disguis'd. Some six hours hence,
The potion will leave working.

Rocca. Let us haste, then.

Mount. Be my good angel ; guide me.

Zan. But remember
You keep your oath.

Mount. As I desire to prosper
In what I undertake !

Zan. I ask no more.

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE II.—*The interior of the Temple of St. John. A
monument in the back-ground.*

Enter MIRANDA, NORANDINE, and COLONNA with a light.

Col. Here, sir ; I have got the key ; I borrow'd it
Of him that keeps the church ; the door is open.

Mir. Look to the horses, then, and please the fellow :
After a few devotions, I'll retire :

Be not far off ; there may be some use of you :

Give me the light.

[*Exit COLONNA.*]

Come, friend, a few good prayers
Were not bestow'd in vain now, even from you, sir :
Men, that are bred in blood, have no way left 'em,

¹ *In her best habit, &c.*] " This speech bears an obvious similitude to one of
Friar Laurence in Shakespeare's *Romeo and Juliet* [act iv. sc. 5]." *Ed.* 1778.

No bath, no purge, no time to wear it out
 Or wash it off, but penitence and prayer.
 I am to take the order ; and my youth
 Loaden, I must confess, with many follies,
 Circled and bound about with sins as many
 As in the house of memory live figures :
 My heart I 'll open now, my faults confess,
 And rise a new man, Heaven, I hope, to a new life.

Nor. I have no great devotion, at this instant ;
 But, for a prayer or two, I will not out, sir.
 Hold up your finger when you have pray'd enough.

Mir. Go you to that end.

Nor. I shall ne'er pray alone sure, I have been so used to
 answer the clerk. Would I had a cushion ! for I shall ne'er
 make a good hermit, and kneel till my knees are horn ; these
 stones are plaguy hard. Where shall I begin now ? for, if I
 do not observe a method, I shall be out presently.

Ori. Oh, oh !

Nor. What 's that, sir ? did you hear ?

Mir. Ha ! to your prayers.

Nor. 'T was hereabouts : 't has put me clean awry now ;
 I shall ne'er get in again. Ha !
 " By land and water, all children and all women ^m " ;
 Ay, there it was I left.

Ori. Oh, oh !

Nor. Never tell me, sir !

Here 's something got amongst us.

Mir. I heard a groan,
 A dismal one.

Ori. Oh, oh !

Nor. Here, 'tis here, sir, 'tis here, sir ;
 A devil in the wall !

Mir. 'Tis some illusion
 To fright us from devotion.

Ori. Oh, oh !

Nor. Why, 'tis here ;

^m " By land and water, all children and all women "] A profane quotation
 from the Litany.

The spirit of a Dutchman ^a chok'd with butter.
Here 's a new tomb, new trickments ^o too.

Mir. For certain,
This has not been three days here.

Nor. And a tablet
With rhymes upon 't.

Mir. I prithee, read 'em, Norandine.

Nor. [*reads.*] *An epi—an epi—taph, I think 'tis; ay, 'tis taph,—an epitaph upon the most excel—excel—lent—and—*

Mir. Thou canst not read.

Nor. I have spoil'd mine eyes with gunpowder.

Mir. [*reads.*] *An epitaph upon the most virtuous and excellent lady, the honour of chastity, Oriana.*

Nor. The Grand-master's sister! how a devil came she here?
When slipt she out o' the way? the stone 's but half upon her.

Mir. It is a sudden change! Certain the mischief
Mountferrat offer'd to her broke her heart-strings.

Nor. Would he were here! I would be the clerk myself,
And, by this little light, I would bury him alive here.
Here 's no lamenting ^p now.

Ori. Oh, oh!

Nor. There 'tis.

Mir. Sure, from the monument;
The very stone groans for her. Oh, dear lady,
Blessing of women, virtue of thy sex,
How art thou set for ever, how stoln from us!
Babbling and prating now converse with women!

Nor. Sir, it rises; it looks up! [*ORIANA rises up from a coffin*

Mir. Heaven bless us! *in the monument.*

Nor. It is in woman's clothes: it rises higher.

Mir. It looks about, and wonders: sure, she lives, sir!
'Tis she, 'tis Oriana, 'tis that lady!

Nor. Shall I go to her?

Ori. Where am I?

^a *Dutchman*] The ingenious and certain correction of Seward, who observed that Dutchmen "are always laughed at for eating such quantities of oiled butter." Yet Symson and the Editors of 1778 retained the gross misprint of the two folios, "huntsman"! ^o *trickments*] "i.e. decorations, adornments." WEBER.

^p *Here's no lamenting*] Means—Here's cause for abundance of lamentation: see note, vol. iv. 281.

Mir. Stand still.

Ori. What place is this ?

Nor. She is as live as I am.

Ori. What smell of earth and rotten bones ? what dark place ?

Lord, whither am I carried ?

Nor. How she stares,

And sets her eyes upon him !

Mir. How is 't, dear lady ?

Do you know me ?—How she shakes !

Ori. You are a man.

Mir. A man that honours you.

Ori. A cruel man ;

Ye are all cruel : are you in your grave too ?

For there 's no trusting cruel man above ground.

Nor. By 'r lady, that goes hard !

Mir. To do you service,

And to restore you to the joys you were in ^p.

Ori. I was in joys indeed, and hope—

Mir. She sinks again ;

Again she 's gone, she 's gone, gone as a shadow ;

She sinks for ever, friend !

Nor. She is cold now ;

She is certainly departed : I must cry too.

Mir. The blessèd angels guide thee !—Put the stone to.—
Beauty, thou art gone to dust, goodness to ashes !

Nor. Pray, take it well ; we must all have our hours, sir.

Mir. Ay, thus we are ; and all our painted glory

A bubble that a boy blows into the air,

And there it breaks.

Nor. I am glad you sav'd her honour yet.

Mir. Would I had sav'd her life now too ! Oh, Heaven,
For such a blessing, such a timely blessing !

Oh, friend, what dear content 't would be, what story
To keep my name from worms !

Ori. Oh, oh !

^{p in}] After this word, the modern editors put a break : but the speech is complete,—*A man* to do you service, &c.

Nor. She lives again ;
'Twas but a trance.

Mir. Pray you, call my man in presently :
Help with the stone first. Oh, she stirs again !
Oh, call my man ! away !

Nor. I fly, I fly, sir ! [*Exit.*

Mir. Upon my knees, oh, Heaven, oh, Heaven, I thank
thee !—

The living heat steals into every member.

Re-enter NORANDINE and COLONNA.

Come, help the coffin out, softly and suddenly.
Where is the clerk ?

Col. Drunk above ; he is sure, sir.

Mir. Sirrah, you must be secret.

Col. As your soul, sir.

[*They remove the coffin, lift ORIANA out of it, and then put
it back into the monument.*

Mir. Softly, good friend ; take her into your arms.

Nor. Put in the crust again.

Mir. And bring her out there, when I am a-horseback :
My man and I will tenderly conduct her
Unto the fort ; stay you, and watch what issue,
And what inquiry's for the body.

Nor. Well, sir.

Mir. And when you have done, come back to me.

Nor. I will.

Mir. Softly, oh, softly !

Nor. She grows warmer still, sir.

Col. What shall I do with the key ?

Mir. Thou canst not stir now ;
Leave it i' the door. Go, get the horses ready. [*Exeunt.*

Enter ROCCA, MOUNTFERRAT, and ZANTHIA with a dark lantern.

Rocca. The door's already open, the key in it.

Mount. What were those pass'd by ?

Rocca. Some scout of soldiers, I think.

Mount. It may be well so, for I saw their horses :
They saw not us, I hope.

Zan. No, no, we were close ;
Beside, they were far off.

Mount. What time of night is 't ?

Zan. Much about twelve, I think.

Rocca. Let me go in first ;

For, by the leaving open of the door here,
There may be somebody in the church. Give me the lantern.

Zan. You 'll love me now, I hope.

Mount. Make that good to me
Your promise is engag'd for.

Zan. Why, she is there,
Ready prepar'd ; and much about this time
Life will look up again.

Rocca. Come in ; all 's sure ;
Not a foot stirring, nor a tongue.

Mount. Heaven bless me !
I never enter'd, with such unholy thoughts,
This place before.

Zan. You are a fearful fool :
If men have appetites allowèd 'em,
And warm desires, are there not ends too for 'em ?

Mount. Whither shall we carry her ?

Rocca. Why, to the bark, sir ;
I have provided one already waits us :
The wind stands wondrous fair too for our passage.

Zan. And there, when you have enjoy'd her, (for you have
that liberty,)

Let me alone to send her to feed fishes :
I 'll no more sighs for her.

Mount. Where is the monument ?
Thou art sure she will awake about this time ?

Zan. Most sure,
If she be not knock'd o' the head. Give me the lantern.
Here 't is.—How is this ? the stone off !

Rocca. Ay, and nothing
Within the monument, that's worse ; no body,
I am sure of that, nor sign of any here,
But an empty coffin.

Mount. No lady ?

Rocca. No, nor lord, sir ;
This pie has been cut up before.

Zan. Either the devil
Must do these tricks——

Mount. Or thou, damnèd ^a one, worse !
Thou black swoln pitchy cloud of all my afflictions,
Thou night-hag, gotten when the bright moon suffer'd,
Thou hell itself confin'd in flesh, what trick now ?
Tell me, and tell me quickly, what thy mischief
Has done with her, and to what end, and whither
Thou hast remov'd her body ; or, by this holy place,
This sword shall cut thee into thousand pieces,
A thousand thousand, strow thee o'er the temple,
A sacrifice to thy black sire, the devil !

Rocca. Tell him ; you see he's angry.

Zan. Let him burst !
Neither his sword nor anger do I shake at ;
Nor will yield ^r, to feed his poor suspicions,
His idle jealousies, and mad-dog's heats,
One thought against myself.—You have done a brave deed,
A manly and a valiant piece of service,
When you have kill'd me ! reckon't amongst your battles !
I am sorry you are so poor, so weak a gentleman,
Able to stand no fortune : I dispose of her !
My mischief make her away ! a likely project,
I must play booty against myself ! If any thing cross you,
I am the devil, and the devil's heir,
All plagues, all mischiefs.

Mount. Will you leave, and do yet ?

Zan. I have done too much,
Far, far too much, for such a thankless fellow.
If I be devil, you created me :
I never knew those arts nor bloody practices,
([Plague] ^s o' your cunning heart, that mine of mischief !)

^a *thou, damnèd*] Sympson printed “*thou, thou damn'd*”; and so possibly the poet wrote.

^r *will yield*] Sympson printed “*will I yield*.”

^s [*Plague*] Was inserted by the Editors of 1778 to fill up the break of the folios ; but, I believe, the author wrote “*Pox*.”

Before your flatteries won 'em into me.
Here did I leave her, leave her with that certainty
About this hour to wake again.

Mount. Where is she ?

This is the last demand.

Zan. Did I now know it,

And were I sure this were my latest minute,
I would not tell thee. Strike, and then I'll curse thee.

Rocca. I see a light. Stand close, and leave your angers ;
We all miscarry else.

Enter GOMERA, and Page with a torch.

Zan. I am now careless.

Mount. Peace, prithee, peace, sweet ; peace ; all friends.

Zan. Stand close, then.

Gom. Wait there, boy, with the light, till I call to thee.—
In darkness was my soul and senses clouded
When my fair jewel fell, the night of jealousy
In all her blackness drawn about my judgment ;
No light was let into me, to distinguish
Betwixt my sudden anger and her honour :
A blind sad pilgrimage shall be my penance ;
No comfort of the day will I look up at ;
Far darker than my jealous ignorance
Each place of my abode shall be ; my prayers
No ceremonious lights shall set off more ;
Bright arms, and all that carry lustre, life,
Society, and solace, I forsake ye !
And, were it not once more to see her beauties,
(For in her bed of death she must be sweet still,)
And on her cold sad lips seal my repentance,
Thou child of Heaven, fair light, I could not miss thee. †

Mount. I know the tongue : would I were out again !
I have done him too much wrong to look upon him.

† *Thou child of Heaven, fair light, I could not miss thee*] "The plain meaning of the passage, and indeed it is so plain that it hardly deserves any explanation, is this—'Were it not to see her beauties once more, and to seal the kiss of repentance, I should not even miss, or feel the want of light, the child of Heaven.' Seward and Sympson propose most wanton and needless alterations." WEBER.

Zan. There is no shifting now ; boldness and confidence
Must carry it now away : he is but one neither,
Naked as you are, of a strength far under.

Mount. But he has a cause above me.

Zan. That's as you handle it.

Rocca. Peace ; he may go again, and never see us.

Gom. I feel I weep apace ; but where's the flood,
The torrent of my tears, to drown my fault in ?
I would I could now, like a loaden cloud,
Begotten in the moist south, drop to nothing !—
Give me the torch, boy.

Rocca. Now he must discover us.

Zan. He has already.—Never hide your head ;
Be bold and brave : if we must die, together^x.

Gom. Who's there ? what friend to sorrow ?—The tomb
wide open !

The stone off too ! the body gone, by [Heaven]^y !—
Look to the door, boy ; keep it fast !—Who are ye ?
What sacrilegious villains ?—False Mountferrat,
The wolf to honour ! has thy hellish hunger
Brought thee to tear the body out o' the tomb too ?
Has thy foul mind so far wrought on thee ?—Ha !
Are you there too ? nay, then, I spy a villany
I never dream'd of yet : thou sinful usher,
Bred from that rottenness, thou bawd to mischief,
Do you blush through all your blackness ? will not that hide it ?

Zan. I cannot speak.

Gom. You are well met, with your dam, sir.
Art thou a knight ? did ever on that sword
The Christian cause sit nobly ? could that hand fight,
Guided by fame and fortune ? that heart inflame thee
With virtuous fires of valour,—to fall off,
Fall off so suddenly, and with such foulness,
As the false angels did, from all their glory ?
Thou art no knight ; honour thou never heardst of,
Nor brave desires could ever build in that breast :

^x *together*] i. e. let us die together.—After this word the modern editors put a break, as if the sense were incomplete.

^y [*Heaven*] A break here in both the folios.

Treason and tainted thoughts are all the gods
 Thou worship'dst, all the strength thou hadst^z and fortune ;
 Thou didst things out of fear and false heart, villain,
 Out of close traps and treacheries ; they have rais'd thee.

Mount. Thou rav'st, old man.

Gom. Before thou get'st off from me,
 Hadst thou the glory of thy first fights on thee
 (Which thou hast basely lost), thy noblest fortunes,
 And in their greatest lustres, I would make thee,
 Before we part, confess (nay, kneel, and do it,
 Nay, crying kneel, coldly^a for mercy crying)
 Thou art the recreant'st rogue time ever nourish'd ;
 Thou art a dog, I will make thee swear, a dog stav'd^b,
 A mangy cur-dog ! Do you creep behind the altar ?
 Look how it sweats, to shelter such a rascal !
 First, with thy venomous tooth infect her chaste life,
 And then not dare to do ! next, rob her rest,
 Steal her dead body out o' the grave !

Mount. I have not.

Gom. Prithee, come out ;—this is no place to quarrel in ;—
 Valiant Mountferrat, come !

Mount. I will not stir.

Gom. Thou hast thy sword about thee,
 That good sword that never fail'd thee ; prithee, come ;
 We'll have but five strokes for it : on, on, boy !
 Here is one would fain be acquainted with thee,
 Would wondrous fain cleave that calf's-head of yours, sir :
 Come, prithee, let 's despatch ; the moon shines finely ;
 Prithee, be kill'd by me ; thou wilt be hang'd else ;
 But, it may be, thou longest to be hang'd.

Rocca. Out with him, sir :

^z *worshipp'd'st* - - - *hadst*] All the modern editors print, with the folios, "worship'st" ; and those of 1778 and Weber silently alter "*hadst*" to "*hast*."

^a *coldly*] Qy. "loudly" ?

^b *stav'd*] So the first folio.—Omitted in the second folio ; and by Sympson and the Editors of 1778.—I am by no means convinced that "*stav'd*" is the genuine reading : but Weber, who retained the word, explains it "beaten with staves," and Heath (*MS. Notes*) "beaten off from his hold ; and this was just what Gomera proposed to do to Mountferrat, by forcing him to give up the body of Oriana, which he imagined had been stolen by him out of the tomb."

You shall have my sword too : when he 's despatch'd once,
We have the world before us.

Gom. Wilt thou walk, fellow ?

I never knew a rogue hang arse-ward so,
And such a desperate knave too.

Zan. Pray, go with him :
Something I'll promise too.

Mount. You would be kill'd, then ?
No remedy, I see.

Gom. If thou dar'st do it. :

Mount. Yes, now I dare. Lead out ; I'll follow presently ;
Under the mount I'll meet you.

Gom. Go before me ;
I'll have you in a string too.

Mount. As I am a gentleman,
And by this holy place, I will not fail thee :
Fear not, thou shalt be kill'd ; take my word for it,
I will not fail.

Gom. If thou scap'st, thou hast cat's luck^c.
The mount ?

Mount. The same : make haste ; I am there before else.

Gom. [*To Page*]. Go, get you home.—Now if he scape, I
am coward.

Mount. Well, now I am resolv'd ; and he shall find it.

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE III.—*A room in St. Thomas's Fort.*

Enter MIRANDA, LUCINDA, and COLONNA.

Mir. How is it with the lady ?

Luc. Sir, as well

As it can be with one, who feeling knows now
What is the curse the divine justice laid
On the first sinful woman.

Mir. Is she in travail ?

Luc. Yes, sir ; and yet the troubles of her mind

^c *If thou scap'st, thou hast cat's luck*] “ In allusion to the vulgar saying, that a cat has nine lives.” WEBER.

Afflict her more than what her body suffers ;
 For, in the extremity of her pain, she cries out,
 " Why am I here ? where is my lord Gomera ?"
 Then sometimes names Miranda, and then sighs,
 As if to speak, what questionless she loves well,
 If heard, might do her injury.

Col. Heaven's sweet mercy

Look gently on her !

Mir. Prithee, tell her, my prayers

Are present with her ; and, good wench, provide
 That she want nothing. What's thy name ?

Luc. Lucinda.

Mir. Lucinda ! there's a prosperous omen in it :

Be a Lucina to her, and bring word
 That she is safe deliver'd of her burden,
 And thy reward's thy liberty. [*Exit LUCINDA*].—Come,
 Colonna,

We will go see how th' engineer has mounted
 The cannon the Great-master sent. Be careful
 To view the works, and learn the discipline
 That is us'd here : I am to leave the world ;
 And for your service, which I have found faithful,
 The charge that's mine, if I have any power,
 Hereafter may concern you.

Col. I still find

A noble master in you.

Mir. 'Tis but justice ;

Thou dost deserve it in thy care and duty. [*Exeunt.*]

SCENE IV.—*Under the ramparts.*

Enter GOMERA, MOUNTFERRAT, ROCCA, and ZANTHIA.

Gom. Here's even ground ; I'll stir no foot beyond it
 Before I have thy head.

Mount. Draw, Rocca.

Gom. Coward,

Hath inward guilt robb'd thee as well of courage

As honesty, that without odds thou dar'st not
Answer a single enemy ?

Mount. All advantage
That I can take, expect.

Rocca. We know you are valiant ;
Nor do we purpose to make further trial
Of what you can do now, but to despatch you.

Mount. And therefore fight and pray together.

Gom. Villains,
Whose baseness all disgraceful words made one
Cannot express ! so strong is the good cause
That seconds me, that you shall feel, with horror
To your proud hopes, what strength is in that arm,
Though old, that holds a sword made sharp by justice.

Zan. You come, then, here to prate ? [*They fight.*]

Mount. Help, Rocca, now,
Or I am lost for ever !—How comes this ?

[*GOMERA disarms MOUNTFERRAT and ROCCA.*]

Are villany and weakness twins ?

Rocca. I am gone too.

Gom. You shall not scape me, wretches.

Zan. I must do it ;

All will go wrong else. [*Draws a pistol, and shoots GOMERA.*]

Gom. Treacherous, bloody woman,
What hast thou done ?

Zan. Done a poor woman's part,
And, in an instant, what these men so long
Stood fooling for.

Mount. This aid was unexpected ;
I kiss thee for 't.

Rocca. His right arm's only shot,
And that compell'd him to forsake his sword ;
He's else unwounded.

Mount. Cut his throat.

Zan. Forbear.—

Yet, do not hope 't is with intent to save thee,
But that thou mayst live to thy farther torment,
To see who triumphs over thee.—Come, Mountferrat,
Here join thy foot to mine, and let our hearts

Meet with our hands : the contract that is made
 And cemented with blood, as this of ours is,
 Is a more holy sanction, and much surer,
 Than all the superstitious ceremonies
 You Christians use.

Enter NORANDINE.

Rocca. Who 's this ?

Mount. Betray'd again !

Nor. By the report it made, and by the wind,
 The pistol was discharg'd here.

Gom. Norandine,
 As ever thou lov'st valour, or wear'st arms
 To punish baseness, shew it !

Nor. Oh, the devil !
 Gomera wounded, and my brach^d Black Beauty
 An actor in it !

Zan. If thou strik'st, I 'll shoot thee.

Nor. How ! fright me with your pot-gun^e !—What art
 thou ?

Good Heaven, the rogue, the traitor-rogue, Mountferrat !
 To swinge the nest of you, is a sport unlook'd-for :
 Hell's [plagues]^f consume you !

Mount. As thou art a man,
 (I am wounded,) give me time to answer thee !

Gom. Durst thou urge this ? this hand can hold a sword yet.

Nor. Well done !—to see this villain makes my hurts
 Bleed fresh again ; but, had I not a bone whole,
 In such a cause I should do thus, thus, rascals !

[Rushes against them.]

Enter Corporal and Watch.

Corp. Disarm them, and shoot any that resists.

Gom. Hold, corporal ! I am Gomera.

^d *brach*] i. e. bitch : see note, vol. iii. 9.

^e *pot-gun*] "A plaything of boys, consisting of a tube, from which peas are shot. Dr. Johnson's explication (a gun which makes a small smart noise) is a very indefinite one." WEBER. In the present passage "*pot-gun*" means—pop-gun : but it sometimes meant a much more deadly instrument ; see note, vol. iii. 253.

^f [*plagues*] Was added by the Editors of 1778 to fill up the break in both the folios.

Nor. 'Tis well yet, that once in an age you can
Remember what you watch for : I had thought
You had again been making out your parties
For sucking pigs : 'tis well. As you will answer
The contrary with your lives, see these forthcoming.

Corp. That we shall do.

[*They seize MOUNTFERRAT, ROCCA, and ZANTHIA.*

Nor. You bleed apace.—Good soldiers,
Go help him to a surgeon.

Rocca. [*To MOUNTFERRAT.*] Dare the worst,
And suffer like yourself.

Zan. From me learn courage.

Nor. Now for Miranda ; this news will be to him
As welcome as 'tis unexpected.—Corporal,
There 's something for thy care to-night.—My horse there !

[*Exeunt.*

ACT V.

SCENE I.—*A room in St. Thomas's Fort.*

Enter ORIANA and LUCINDA.

Ori. How does my boy ?

Luc. Oh, wondrous lusty, madam ;
A little knight already : you shall live
To see him toss a Turk.

Ori. Gentle Lucinda,
Much must I thank thee for thy care and service ;
And, may I grow but strong to see Valetta,
My husband, and my brother^s, thou shalt find
I will not barely thank thee.

^s *to see Valetta,*
My husband, and my brother] “Simpson transposes the words thus,

‘to see Valetta,
My brother, and my husband,’

again misunderstanding (we suppose, for he does it tacitly) *Valetta* to mean
the *Grand-master*, not the *city*.” *Ed.* 1778.

Enter MIRANDA, NORANDINE, and COLONNA.

Mir. Look, captain, we must ride away this morning;
The Auberge sits to-day, and the Great-master
Writes plainly, I must or deliver in
(The year expir'd) my probation-weed,
Or take the cloak: you likewise, Norandine,
For your full service, and your last assistance
In false Mountferrat's apprehension,
Are here commanded to associate me,
My twin in this high honour.

Nor. I'll none on't. Do they think to bind me to live chaste, sober, and temperately, all days of my life? they may as soon tie an Englishman to live so: I shall be a sweet Dane^b, a sweet captain, go up and down drinking small beer, and swearing '*Ods neagues!*' No; I'll live a squire at arms still; and do thou so too, an thou beest wise. I have found the mystery now why the gentlemen wear but three bars of the cross, and the knights the whole one.

Mir. Why, captain?

Nor. Marry, sir, to put us in remembrance, we are but three quarters crossed in our licence and pleasures; but the poor knights crossed altogether. The brothers at arms may yet meet with their sisters at arms, now and then, in brotherly love; but the poor knights cannot get a lady for love nor money: 'tis not so in other countries, i-wisⁱ. Pray, haste you; for I'll along, and see what will come on't. [*Exit.*]

Mir. Colonna, provide straight^j all necessaries
For this remove, the litter for the lady;
And let Lucinda bear her company:
You shall attend on me.

Col. With all my duties.

[*Exit.*]

Mir. How fare you, gracious mistress?

^b *I shall be a sweet Dane, &c.*] "The Danes, as well as the Dutch and Germans, were renowned for their qualities of toping to excess; and James I. seems to have imported the custom from Copenhagen, where he was fully initiated in the palace of his father-in-law." WEBER.

ⁱ *i-wis*] i. e. truly, certainly.

^j *provide straight*] Here again we have one of Sympson's silent alterations—"straight provide."

Ori. Oh, Miranda,
 You pleas'd to honour me with that fair title
 When I was free, and could dispose myself !
 But now, no smile, no word, no look, no touch,
 Can I impart to any, but as theft
 From my Gomera ; and who dares accept
 Is an usurper.

Mir. Leave us [*Exit LUCINDA*].—I have touch'd thee,
 Thou fairer virtue, than thou 'rt beautiful :
 Hold but this test, so rich an ore was never
 Tried by the hand of man on the vast earth.— [*Aside.*
 Sit, brightest Oriana. Is it sin,
 Still to profess I love you, still to vow
 I shall do ever ? Heaven my witness be,
 'Tis not your eye, your cheek, your tongue, no part
 That superficially doth snare young men,
 Which has caught me ! Read over in your thoughts
 The story that this man hath made of you,
 And think upon his merit.

Ori. Only thought
 Can comprehend it.

Mir. And can you be so
 Cruel, thankless^k, to destroy his youth
 That sav'd your honour, gave you double life,
 Your own and your fair infant's ? that when Fortune
 (The blind foe to all beauty that is good)
 Banded you from one hazard to another,
 Was even Heaven's messenger, by Providence
 Call'd to the temple, to receive you there
 Into these arms, to give ease to your throes,
 As if 't had thunder'd, "Take thy due, Miranda,
 For she was thine !" Gomera's jealousy
 Struck death unto thy heart ; to him be dead,
 And live to me that gave thee second life :
 Let me but now enjoy thee ; oh, regard
 The torturing fires of my affections !

^k *Cruel, thankless*] Seward proposed "*Cruel and thankless*," Sympton "*Cruel, so thankless*." The Editors of 1778 and Weber removed "so" from the end of the preceding line to the beginning of this.

Ori. Oh, master them, Miranda, as I mine !
 Who follows his desires, such tyrants serves
 As will oppress him insupportably.
 My flames, Miranda, rise as high as thine,
 For I did love thee 'fore my marriage ;
 Yet, would I now consent, or could I think
 Thou wert in earnest (which, by all the souls
 That have for chastity been sanctified,
 I cannot), in a moment I do know
 Thou 'dst call fair temperance up to rule thy blood :
 Thy eye was ever chaste, thy countenance, too, honest,
 And all thy wooings was like maidens' talk.
 Who yieldeth unto pleasures and to lust,
 Is a poor captive, that in golden fetters,
 And precious as he thinks, but holding gyves,
 Frets out his life.

Mir. Find such another woman,
 And take her for his labour, any man !

[*Aside.*]

Ori. I was not worthy of thee at my best
 (Heaven knew I was not, I had had thee else),
 Much less now, gentle sir. Miranda's deeds
 Have been as white as Oriana's fame,
 From the beginning to this point of time,
 And shall we now begin to stain both thus ?
 Think on the legend which we two shall breed,
 Continuing as we are, for chastest dames
 And boldest soldiers to peruse and read,
 Ay, and read thorough, free from any act
 To cause the modest cast the book away,
 And the most honour'd captain fold it up.

Mir. Fairest, let go my hand : my pulse beats thick,
 And my mov'd blood rides high in every vein !—
 Lord of thyself now, soldier, and ever !
 I would not for Aleppo, this frail bark,
 This bark of flesh, no better steers-man had
 Than has Mountferrat's. [*Aside.*]—May you kiss me, lady ?

Ori. No ; though 't be no essential injury,
 It is a circumstance due to my lord,
 To none else ; and, my dearest friend, if hands

Playing together kindle heat in you,
What may the game at lips provoke unto?

Mir. Oh, what a tongue is here ! whilst she doth teach
My heart to hate my fond unlawful love,
She talks me more in love, with love to her ;
My fires she quencheth with her arguments,
But as she breathes 'em they blow fresher fires.— [*Aside.*
Sit further : now my flame cools. Husband ! wife !
There is some holy mystery in those names
That sure the unmarried cannot understand.

Ori. Now thou art straight, and dost enamour me
So far beyond a carnal earthly love,
My very soul dotes on thee, and my spirits
Do embrace thine ; my mind doth thy mind kiss ;
And in this pure conjunction we enjoy
A heavenlier pleasure than if bodies met :
This, this is perfect love ; the other short,
Yet languishing fruition : every swain
And sweating groom may clasp, but ours refin'd
Two in ten ages cannot reach unto :
Nor is our spiritual love a barren joy ;
For mark what blessèd issue we 'll beget
(Dearer than children to posterity),
A great example to men's continence
And women's chastity ; that is a child
More fair and comfortable than any heir.

Mir. If all wives were but such, lust would not find
One corner to inhabit ; sin would be
So strange, remission superfluous.— [*Aside.*
But one petition, I have done.

Ori. What, sweet ?

Mir. To call me lord, if the hard hand of death
Seize on Gomera first.

Ori. Oh, much too worthy,
How much you undervalue your own price,
To give your unbought self for a poor woman,
That has been once sold, us'd, and lost her show !
I am a garment worn, a vessel crack'd,
A zone untied, a lily trod upon,

A fragrant flower cropt by another's hand,
 My colour sullied, and my odour chang'd.
 If, when I was new-blossom'd, I did fear
 Myself unworthy of Miranda's spring,
 Thus over-blown and seeded, I am rather
 Fit to adorn his chimney than his bed.

Mir. Rise, miracle! save Malta with thy virtue!—
 If words could make me proud, how has she spoke!
 Yet I will try her to the very block.—

[*Aside.*

Hard-hearted and uncivil Oriana,
 Ingrateful payer of my industries,
 That with a soft painted hypocrisy
 Cozen'st and jeer'st my perturbation,
 Expect a witty¹ and a fell revenge!
 My comfort is, all men will think thee false,
 Beside thy husband, having been thus long,
 On this occasion, in my fort and power^m.

Re-enter NORANDINE, COLONNA, and LUCINDA carrying a child.

I'll hear no more words.—Captain, let's away.—
 With all care see to her; and you, Lucinda,
 Attend her diligently: she is a wonder.

Nor. Have you found she was well delivered? what, had
 she a good midwife? is all well?

Mir. You are merry, Norandine.

Luc. Why weep you, lady?

Ori. Take the poor babe along.

Col. Madam, 'tis here.

Ori. Dissembling death, why didst thou let me live
 To see this change, my greatest cause to grieve? [*Exeunt.*

¹ *witty*] “Means—subtle or studied. *Wit*, in the time of our authors, was generally used to express understanding.” MASON. “Sympson and the Editors of 1778 read *weighty*.” WEBER.

^m *power*] After this word, all the modern editors put a break; and those of 1778 and Weber mispointed the passage thus,—

“My comfort is, all men will think thee false:
 Beside, thy husband, having been thus long
 (On this occasion) in my fort, and power—”!!

SCENE II.—*Valetta. The Hall of the Order.*

*A synnet*ⁿ. Enter VALETTA, ASTORIUS, CASTRIOT, GOMERA, and other Knights; MOUNTFERRAT and ZANTHIA guarded by Corporal and Soldiers; and a Gentleman carrying a robe, sword, and spurs.

Val. A tender husband hast thou shew'd thyself,
My dearest brother, and thy memory,
After thy^o life, in brazen characters
Shall monumentally be register'd
To ages consequent, till Time's running hand
Beats back the world to undistinguish'd chaos,
And on the top of that thy name shall stand
Fresh and without decay.

Gom. Oh, honour'd sir,
If hope of this, or any bliss to come,
Could lift my load of grief off from my soul,
Or expiate the trespass 'gainst my wife,
That in one hour's suspicion I begat,
I might be won to be a man again,
And fare like other husbands, sleep and eat,
Laugh, and forget my pleasing penitence;
But till old Nature can make such a wife
Again, I vow ne'er to resume the order
And habits that to men are necessary;
All breath I'll spend in sighs, all sound in groans,
And know no company but my wasting moans.

Asto. This will be wilful murder on yourself,
Nor like a Christian do you bear the chance
Which the inscrutable will of Heaven admits.

Gom. What would you have my weakness do, that^p

ⁿ *A synnet*] "This word, which is spelt in a variety of ways, as *sennet*, *signet*, *signate*, *synet*, &c. signified a short flourish, generally on cornets. I think with Mr. Reed, that it is a corruption of the Italian *sonata*, which originally had the same meaning." WEBER. It seems, observes Nares, to indicate a particular set of notes on the trumpet or cornet, and was undoubtedly different from a *flourish*: see *Gloss.* in v.

^o *thy*] Both the folios "my."

^p *that*] Symson printed, for the metre, "that has."

Suffer'd itself thus to be practis'd on
 By a damn'd hell-hound, and his agent dam,
 The impious midwife to abortive births,
 And cruel instrument to his decrees ?
 By forgery they first assail'd her life :
 Heaven playing with us yet in that, he wrought
 My dearest friend, the servant to her virtue,
 To combat me, against his mistress' truth :
 That yet effectless, this enchanting witch
 Bred baneful jealousy against my lady,
 My most immaculate lady, which seiz'd on her
 Almost to death : oh, yet, not yet content,
 She in my hand put (to restore her life,
 As I imagin'd) what did execute
 Their devilish malice : farther, great with child
 Was this poor innocent ; that too was lost ;
 They doubled death upon her : not staying there,
 They have done violence unto her tomb,
 Not granting rest unto her in the grave.
 I wish Miranda had enjoy'd my prize ;
 For, sure, I'm punish'd for usurping her.
 Oh, what a tiger is resisted lust !
 How it doth forage all !

Mount. Part of this tale

I grant you true ; but 'twas not poison given her.

Zan. I would it had ! we had been far enough,
 If we had been so wise, and had not now
 Stood curt'sing for your mercies here.

Mount. Beside,

What is become o' the body we know not.

Val. Peace, impudents !—

And, dear Gomera, practise patience,
 As I myself must : by some means at last
 We shall dissolve this riddle.

Gom. Wherefore comes

This villain in the festival array,
 As if he triumph'd for his treachery ?

Cast. That is by our appointment : give us leave ;
 You shall know why anon.

Enter one of the Esguard^q.

Esg. The gentlemen are come.

Val. Truce, then, a while
With our sad thoughts.

Enter MIRANDA, NORANDINE, and COLONNA.

What, are you both resolv'd ?

Nor. Not I, my lord : your downright captain still
I'll live, and serve you. Not that altogether
I want compunction of conscience ;
I have enough to save me, and that's all :
Bar me from drink, and drabs ? even hang me too !
You must even make your captains capons first :
I have too much flesh for this spiritual knighthood,
And therefore do desire forbearance, sir,
Till I am older, or more mortified ;
I am too sound yet.

Val. What say you, Miranda ?

Mir. With all pure zeal to Heaven, duty to you,
I come to undergo it.

Val. Proceed to the ceremony.

Gom. Before you match with this bright honour'd title,
Admir'd Miranda^r, pardon what^s in thought
I ever did transgress against your virtue ;
And may you find more joy with your new bride

^q *Enter one of the Esguard*] Both the folios have,

“ *Val. One of the Esguard.*”

“ Sympson and Seward converted [proposed to change] this speech of the Grand-master into a stage-direction ; and it must be confessed that such an exclamation on the entrance of one of those guards, though it might suit an inferior character, is below the dignity of the person who speaks the words.”

WEBER.—Afterwards in this scene, Valetta says,

“ *One of our Esguard*

Degrade Mountferrat first” :

but, in the present passage, the alteration proposed by Sympson and Seward appears to be necessary.

^r *Admir'd Miranda*] Here, it would seem, the writer was thinking of Shakespeare's *Tempest* ;

“ *Admir'd Miranda !*

Indeed the top of admiration,” &c. Act iii. sc. 1.

^s *what*] Altered, most unnecessarily, by the Editors of 1778 to “ that ” ; and so Weber.

Than poor Gomera e'er enjoy'd with his !
 But 'twas mine own crime, and I suffer for 't :
 Long wear your dignity, and worthily,
 Whilst I obscurely in some corner vanish !

Mir. Have stronger thoughts, and better.—First, I crave,
 According to the order of the court,
 I may dispose my captives and the fort,
 That with a clean and purified heart
 The fitlier I may indue my robe.

All. 'Tis granted.

Mir. Bring the captives.

[*Exit* Guard.]

Enter ORIANA *veiled*, Ladies, and LUCINDA *carrying a child*,
with Guard.

To your charge

And staid tuition, my most noble friend,
 I then commend this lady. Start not off ;
 A fairer and a chaster never liv'd :
 By her own choice you are her guardian ;
 For, telling her I was to leave my fort,
 And to abandon quite all worldly cares,
 Her own request was, to Gomera's hands
 She might be given in custody, for sh 'ad heard
 He was a gentleman wise and temperate,
 Full of humanity to women-kind,
 And, 'cause he had been married, knew the better
 How to entreat^t a lady.

Val. What countrywoman is she ?

Mir. Born a Greek.

Val. Gomera, 'twill be barbarous to deny
 A lady, that unto your refuge flies,
 And seeks to shrowd her under virtue's wing.

Gom. Excuse me, noble sir : oh, think me not
 So dull^u a devil, to forget the loss
 Of such a matchless wife as I possess'd,
 And ever to endure the sight of woman !

^t *entreat*] "i. e. treat." WEBER.

^u *dull*] "Means—insensible. Sympson's [Seward's] proposal to read 'full' is ill-imagined." MASON.

Were she the abstract of her sex for form,
 The only warehouse of perfection,
 Were there no rose nor lily but her cheek,
 No music but her tongue, virtue but hers,
 She must not rest near me. My vow is graven
 Here in my heart, irrevocably breath'd ;
 And when I break it——

Asto. This is rudeness, Spaniard ;
 Unseasonably you play the Timonist ^v,
 Put on a disposition is not yours,
 Which neither fits you, nor becomes you.

Gom. Sir——

Cast. We cannot force you, but we would persuade.

Gom. Beseech you, sir, no more ! I am resolv'd
 To forsake Malta, tread a pilgrimage
 To fair Jerusalem, for my lady's soul,
 And will not be diverted.

Mir. You must bear
 This child along wi' you, then.

Gom. What child ?

All. How 's this !

Mir. Nay, then, Gomera, thou art injurious :
 This child is thine, and this rejected lady
 Thou hast as often known as thine own wife ;
 And this I 'll make good on thee with my sword.

Gom. Thou durst as well blaspheme !—If such a scandal—
 I crave the rights due to a gentleman—
 Woman, unveil.

Ori. Will you refuse ^w me yet ? [*Unveiling.*

Gom. My wife !

Val. My sister !

Gom. Somebody thank Heaven !
 I cannot speak.

All. All praise be ever given !

Mount. This saves our lives : yet would she had been dead !
 The very sight of her afflicts me more

^v *the Timonist*] i. e. the misanthrope, like Timon of Athens.

^w *refuse*] i. e. reject, renounce.

Than fear of punishment or my disgrace.

Val. How came you to the temple ?

Mir. Sir, to do

My poor devotions, and to offer thanks
For scaping a temptation near perform'd
With this fair virgin.—I restore a wife
Earth cannot parallel ; and, busy Nature,
If thou wilt still make women, but remember
To work 'em by this sampler.—Take heed, sir,
Henceforth you never doubt, sir^w.

Gom. When I do,
Death take me suddenly !

Mir. To increase your happiness,
To your best wife take this addition. [*Shews him the child.*]

Gom. Alack, my poor knave !

Val. The confession
The Moor made, it seems, was truth.

Nor. Marry, was it, sir ; the only truth that ever issued
out of hell, which her black jaws resemble.—A plague o' your
bacon-face ! you must be giving drinks with a vengeance !
ah, thou branded bitch ! do you stare, goggles ? I hope to
make winter-boots o' thy hide yet.—She fears not damning :
hell-fire cannot parch her blacker than she is.—Do you grin,
chimney-sweeper ?

Ori. What is 't, Miranda ?

Mir. That you would please Lucinda might attend you.

Col. That suit, sir, I consent not to. [*Throws off his*

Luc. My husband ! *disguise.*

My dearest Angelo !

Nor. More jiggumbobs ?—Is not this the fellow that swom
like a duck to the shore in our sea-service ?

Col. The very same. Do not you know me now, sir ?
My name is Angelo, though Colonna veil'd it,
Your countryman and kinsman, born in Florence ;
Who from the neighbour-island here of Goza
Was captive led, in that unfortunate day
When the Turk bore with him three thousand souls.
Since, in Constantinople have I liv'd,

^w *doubt, sir*] Qy. "*doubt her*" ?

Where I beheld this Turkish damsel first :
 A tedious suitor was I for her love ;
 And, pitying such a beauteous case should hide
 A soul profan'd with infidelity,
 I labour'd her conversion with my love,
 And doubly won her : to fair faith her soul
 She first betroth'd, and then her faith to me.
 But fearful there to consummate this contract,
 We fled, and in that flight were ta'en again
 By those same galleys 'fore Valetta fought.
 Since, in your service I attended her *,
 Where what I saw and heard hath joy'd me more
 Than all my past afflictions griev'd before.

Val. Wonders crown wonders ! Take thy wife.—Miranda,
 Be henceforth call'd our Malta's better angel,—
 And thou her evil, Mountferrat.

Nor. We'll call him Cacodemon, with his black gib there,
 his succuba, his devil's seed, his spawn of Phlegethon, that,
 o' my conscience, was bred o' the spume of Cocytus.—Do you
 snarl, you black jill ?—She looks like the picture of America.

Val. Why stay we now ?

Mir. This last petition to the court ;
 I may bequeathe the keeping of my fort
 To this my kinsman, toward the maintenance
 Of him and his fair virtuous wife : discreet,
 Loyal, and valiant, I dare give him you.

Val. You must not ask in vain, sir.

Col. My best thanks
 To you, my noble cousin, and my service
 To the whole court : may I deserve this bounty !

Val. Proceed to the ceremony. One of our Esguard
 Degrade Mountferrat first.

Mount. I will not sue
 For mercy ; 'twere in vain : Fortune, thy worst ! [Music.

[A curtain is drawn. An altar discovered, with tapers and
 a book on it. Two Bishops stand on each side of it.
 MOUNTFERRAT, as the song is singing, is led up to the altar.

* *her*] Altered by the Editors of 1778 to "here" ; and so Weber. But
 see p. 136, &c.

SONG.

See, see, the stain of honour, virtue's foe,
 Of virgins' fair fames the foul overthrow,
 That broken hath his oath of chastity,
 Dishonour'd much this holy dignity !
 Off with his robe, expel him forth this place,
 Whilst we rejoice and sing at his disgrace !

Val. Since by thy actions thou hast made thyself
 Unworthy of that worthy sign thou wear'st,
 And of our sacred order, into which
 For former virtues we receiv'd thee first,
 According to our statutes, ordinances,
 For praise unto the good, a terror to
 The bad, and an example to all men,
 We here deprive thee of our habit, and
 Declare thee unworthy our society,
 From which we do expel thee, as a rotten,
 Corrupted, and contagious member.

Esg. Using th' authority the superior
 Hath given unto me, I untie this knot,
 And take from thee the pleasing yoke of Heaven :
 We take from off thy breast this holy cross,
 Which thou hast made thy burden, not thy prop ;
 Thy spurs we spoil thee of, leaving thy heels
 Bare of thy honour^y, that have kick'd against
 Our order's precepts ; next, we reave thy sword,
 And give thee armless to thy enemies,
 For being foe to goodness and to God ;
 Last, 'bout thy stiff neck we this halter hang,
 And leave thee to the mercy of the court.

Val. Invest Miranda^z.

SONG.

Fair child of virtue, honour's bloom,
 That here with burning zeal dost come,

^y *Bare of thy honour*] "Sympson thinks we should read '*bare of their honour.*'" *Ed.* 1778.

^z *Invest Miranda*] "The ceremonies of receiving a knight into the order of Malta may be seen at large in Vertot's History of the Knights of Malta, vol. vi. p. 18." *Ed.* 1778.

With joy to ask the white-cross cloak,
 And yield unto this pleasing yoke,
 That, being young, vows chastity,
 And chooseth wilful poverty,
 As this flame mounts, so mount thy zeal ! thy glory
 Rise past the stars, and fix in Heaven thy story !

First Bishop. What crave you, gentle sir.

Mir. Humble admittance
 To be a brother of the holy Hospital
 Of great Jerusalem.

Sec. Bishop. Breathe out your vow.

Mir. To Heaven, and all the bench of saints above,
 (Whose succour I implore to enable me,)
 I vow henceforth a chaste life ; not to enjoy
 Any thing proper to myself ; obedience
 To my superiors, whom religion
 And Heaven shall give me ; ever to defend
 The virtuous fame of ladies, and to oppugn,
 Even unto death, the Christian enemy :
 This do I vow to accomplish !

Esg. Who can tell,
 Has he made other vow, or promis'd marriage
 To any one, or is in servitude ?

All. He's free from all these.

First Bishop. Put on his spurs, and girt him with the
 sword,
 The scourge of infidels, and types of speed.—
 Buildest thy faith on this ? [*Presenting the cross of the order.*]

Mir. On him that died
 On such a sacred figure for our sins.

Sec. Bishop. Here, then, we fix it on thy left side, for
 Thy increase of faith, Christian defence, and service
 To the poor ; and thus near to thy heart we plant it,
 That thou mayst love it even with all thy heart :
 With thy right hand protect, preserve it whole ;
 For, if thou fighting 'gainst Heaven's enemies
 Shalt fly away, abandoning the cross,
 The ensign of thy holy general,
 With shame thou justly shalt be robb'd of it,

Chas'd from our company, and cut away
As an infectious putrified limb.

Mir. I ask no favour.

First Bishop. Then receive the yoke
Of him that makes it sweet and light ; in which
Thy soul find her eternal rest !

Val. Most welcome !

All. Welcome, our noble brother !

Val. Break up the court.—Mountferrat, though your deeds,
Conspiring 'gainst the lives of innocents,
Have^a forfeited your own, we will not stain
Our white cross with your blood : your doom is, then,
To marry this co-agent of your mischiefs :
Which done, we banish you [to] the continent^b :
If either, after three days, here be found,
The hand of law lays hold upon your lives.

Nor. Away, French stallion ! now you have a Barbary mare
of your own ; go leap her, and engender young devilings.

Val. We will find something, noble Norandine,
To quit^c your merit.—So, to civil feasts,
According to our customs ; and all pray
The dew of grace bless our new knight to-day ! [*Exeunt.*

^a *Have*] Both the folios "Hath."

^b *we banish you [to] the continent*] This reading was proposed in a note by Sympson, and adopted by the Editors of 1778 and Weber.—Mason defends the old text thus :—"By the continent, Valetta means the dominions of Malta. An island of considerable extent is regarded by the inhabitants as a continent, when compared to the smaller islands that surround it. The name of the largest of the Shetland Islands and also of the Orkneys, is Mainland, which is synonymous to continent." I agree with Weber in thinking that Mason's explanation "cannot be admitted."

^c *quit*] "i. e. requite." WEBER.

VALENTINIAN.

The Tragedy of Valentinian ,
In the folios, 1647, 1679.

This tragedy, according to Weber, contains strong internal evidence that Fletcher was its sole author ; but Mr. Darley conjectures, that *Valentinian*, though “not brought out till after Beaumont’s death, may have been planned, and partly or wholly written, with his co-operation, before it.” *Introd. to the Works of B. and F.*, p. xxiv. When it was first represented is not known : we can only state for certain, that, as Burbadge acted one of the characters, it must have been given to the stage anterior to March 1618—19, about the middle of which month that performer died *.

“For the plot,” says Langbaine, “see the Writers of those Times ; as *Cassiodori Chron.*, *Amm. Marcell. Hist.*, *Evagrius Lib. 2.*, *Procopius*, &c.” *Account of Engl. Dram. Poets*, p. 216.

Valentinian : a Tragedy. As ’tis Altered by the late Earl of Rochester, and Acted at the Theatre-Royal. Together with a Preface concerning the Author and his Writings. By one of his Friends, was printed in 1685. This alteration, (to say nothing of its occasional grossness) is in the very worst taste. Some of the additional speeches are in rhyme, and form a ridiculous contrast to those portions of the original play which his lordship has retained. The character of Eudoxia is omitted ; and the tragedy ends with the death of Valentinian, who is slain by Aretus and the Soldiers.

* See note, p. 3.

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

VALENTINIAN, emperor of Rome.	PAULUS, a poet.
AËCIUS, a general.	LICIPPUS, a courtier.
MAXIMUS, a distinguished warrior.	Senators, Physicians, Courtiers, Gentlemen, Soldiers, Boy, Messenger, Attendants.
PONTIUS } captains.	
AFRANIUS }	
FULVIUS } senators.	
LUCIUS }	
SEMPRONIUS }	EUDOXIA, empress, wife to VALENTINIAN.
BALBUS } courtiers, and panders to the emperor.	LUCINA, wife to MAXIMUS.
PROCLUS }	
CHILAX, a Greek, }	CLAUDIA, } her waiting-women.
LICINIUS }	MARCELLINA }
LYCIAS, a eunuch, servant to the emperor.	ARDELIA } ladies, pandresses to the emperor.
	PHORBA }
PHIDIAS } eunuchs, originally servants to AËCIUS, and promoted by him to the service of the emperor.	Ladies.
ARETUS }	

SCENE, *Rome.*

The principal actors were—

Richard Burbadge.
Henry Condell
John Lowin.

William Ostler.
John Underwood.

Fol. 1679.

VALENTINIAN.

ACT I.

SCENE I.—*The court of the Palace.*

Enter BALBUS, PROCULUS, CHILAX, *and* LICINIUS.

Bal. I never saw the like ; she 's no more stirr'd,
No more another woman, no more alter'd
With any hopes or promises laid to her,
Let 'em be ne'er so weighty, ne'er so winning,
Than I am with the motion of my own legs.

Proc. Chilax,
You are a stranger yet in these designs,
At least in Rome. Tell me, and tell me truth,
Did you e'er know, in all your course of practice,
In all the ways of woman you have run through—
(For I presume you have been brought up, Chilax,
As we, to fetch and carry)——

Chi. True ; I have so.

Proc. Did you, I say again, in all this progress,
Ever discover such a piece of beauty,
Ever so rare a creature, (and, no doubt,
One that must know her worth too, and affect it,
Ay, and be flatter'd, else 'tis none,) and honest ?
Honest against the tide of all temptations ?
Honest to one man, to her husband only,
And yet not eighteen, not of age to know
Why she is honest ?

Chi. I confess it freely,

I never saw her fellow, nor e'er shall :
 For all our Grecian dames, all I have tried,
 (And, sure, I have tried a hundred, if I say two,
 I speak within my compass,) all these beauties,
 And all the constancy of all these faces,
 Maids, widows, wives, of what degree or calling,
 (So they be Greeks and fat, for there 's my cunning,)
 I would undertake, and not sweat for it, Proculus,
 Were they to try again, say twice as many,
 Under a thousand pound, to lay 'em bed-rid :
 But this wench staggers me.

Licin. Do you see these jewels ?

You would think these pretty baits ; now, I'll assure you,
 Here 's half the wealth of Asia.

Bal. These are nothing

To the full honours I propounded to her :
 I bid her think, and be, and presently,
 Whatever her ambition, what the counsel
 Of others would add to her, what her dreams
 Could more enlarge, what any precedent
 Of any woman rising up to glory,
 And standing certain there, and in the highest,
 Could give her more ; nay, to be empress.

Proc. And cold at all these offers ?

Bal. Cold as crystal,
 Never to be thaw'd again.

Chi. I tried her further,
 And so far, that I think she is no woman,
 At least, as women go now.

Licin. Why, what did you ?

Chi. I offer'd that, that, had she been but mistress
 Of as much spleen as doves have, I had reach'd her ;
 A safe revenge of all that ever hate^a her,
 The crying-down for ever of^b all beauties
 That may be thought come near her.

Proc. That was pretty.

^a *hate*] Both the folios "hates."

^b *of*] So the second folio.—Not in the first.

Chi. I never knew^c that way fail : yet I'll tell ye,
 I offer'd her a gift beyond all yours,
 That, that had made a saint start, well consider'd ;
 The law to be her creature, she to make it,
 Her mouth to give it, every creature living
 From her aspect to draw their good or evil,
 Fix'd in 'em, spite of fortune ; a new Nature
 She should be call'd, and mother of all ages ;
 Time should be hers ; and what she did, lame Virtue
 Should bless to all posterities ; her air
 Should give us life, her earth and water feed us ;
 And last, to none but to the emperor,
 (And then but when she pleas'd to have it so,)
 She should be held for mortal.

Licin. And she heard you ?

Chi. Yes, as a sick man hears a noise, or he
 That stands condemn'd his judgment. Let me perish,
 But, if there can be virtue, if that name
 Be any thing but name and empty title,
 If it be so as fools have been pleas'd to feign it,
 A power that can preserve us after ashes,
 And make the names of men out-reckon ages,
 This woman has a god of virtue in her.

Bal. I would the emperor were that god !

Chi. She has in her
 All the contempt of glory and vain seeming
 Of all the Stoics, all the truth of Christians
 And all their constancy : modesty was made
 When she was first intended ; when she blushes,
 It is the holiest thing to look upon,
 The purest temple of her sect^d that ever
 Made Nature a blest founder.

Proc. Is there no way
 To take this phenix ?

^c *I never knew, &c.*] Seward chose to give this speech, and the next speech but one, to Proculus.

^d *sect*] i. e. sex—in which sense the word was frequently used by our early writers.—In Lord Rochester's alteration of this play we find "sex" substituted here for "*sect*."

Licin. None but in her ashes.

Chi. If she were fat, or any way inclining
To ease or pleasure, or affected glory,
Proud to be seen and worshipp'd, 'twere a venture ;
But, on my soul, she is chaster than cold camphire^c.

Bal. I think so too ; for all the ways of woman,
Like a full sail, she bears against. I ask'd her,
After my many offers, walking with her,
And her as many down-denials, how
If th' emperor, grown mad with love, should force her ?
She pointed to a Lucrece^f that hung by,
And with an angry look, that from her eyes
Shot vestal fire against me, she departed.

Proc. This is the first wench I was ever pos'd in ;
Yet I have brought young loving things together
This two-and-thirty year.

Chi. I find, by this wench,
The calling of a bawd to be a strange,
A wise, and subtle calling, and for none
But staid, discreet, and understanding people :
And, as the tutor to great Alexander
Would say, a young man should not dare to read
His moral books, till after five-and-twenty ;
So must that he or she, that will be bawdy,
(I mean discreetly bawdy, and be trusted,)
If they will rise and gain experience,
Well steep'd in years and discipline, begin it ;
I take it, 'tis no boys' play.

Bal. Well, what's thought of ?

Proc. The emperor must know it.

^c *camphire*] See note, vol. i. 234.

^f *She pointed to a Lucrece, &c.*] Seward observes in a note (the rest of which is not worth preserving) that Fenton has imitated this passage in the following one of *Mariamne*, act iii. sc. 6 ;

“ But frowning, with a victor's haughty air,
He pointed to a picture on the wall,
Whose silent eloquence too plainly spoke
His fix'd resolve against the suit I urg'd.

Mar. What picture ?

Her. Perseus led in chains through Rome.”

Licin. If the women
Should chance to fail too?

Chi. As 'tis ten to one.

Proc. Why, what remains, but new nets for the purchase^g?

Chi. Let's go consider, then; and, if all fail,
This is the first quick eel that sav'd her tail. [Exeunt.

SCENE II.—*A room in the house of MAXIMUS.*

Enter LUCINA, ARDELIA, and PHORBA.

Ard. You still insist^h upon that idol, honour:
Can it renew your youth? can it add wealth
That takes off wrinkles? can it draw men's eyes
To gaze upon you in your age? can honour
(That truly is a saint to none but soldiers,
And, look'd into, bears no reward but danger)
Leave you the most respected person living?
Or can the common kisses of a husband
(Which to a sprightly lady is a labour)
Make you almost immortal? You are cozen'd:
The honour of a woman is her praises;
The way to get these, to be seen and sought toⁱ,
And not to bury such a happy sweetness
Under a smoky roof.

Lucina. I'll hear no more.

Phorba. That white and red, and all that blessèd beauty,
Kept from the eyes that make it so, is nothing:
Then you are rarely fair, when men proclaim it.
The phenix, were she never seen, were doubted;
That most unvalu'd^j horn the unicorn

^g *purchase*] Equivalent here to—prey.

^h *You still insist, &c.*] “The reader who will compare this scene with the persuasives against chastity, introduced by Milton into the character of Comus, will readily see how much that excellent author has been indebted to this play.” ED. 1778. Not much.

ⁱ *sought to*] i. e. solicited: see notes, vol. iv. 420, and p. 160 of the present vol. Both the folios “*sought too*”; and so Seward and the Editors of 1778.—“The text, which is evidently that intended by the poet, was proposed by M. Mason, who also observes, that ‘*her praises,*’ in the preceding line, means the praises bestowed on her.” WEBER.

^j *unvalu'd*] i. e. invaluable.

Bears to oppose the huntsman, were it nothing
 But tale and mere tradition, would help no man ;
 But when the virtue's known, the honour 's doubled.
 Virtue is either lame, or not at all,
 And love a sacrilege, and not a saint,
 When it bars up the way to men's petitions.

Ard. Nay, you shall love your husband too ; we come not
 To make a monster of you.

Lucina. Are ye women ?

Ard. You 'll find us so, and women you shall thank^j too,
 If you have grace to make your use.

Lucina. Fie on ye !

Phorba. Alas, poor bashful lady ! by my soul,
 Had you no other virtue but your blushes,
 And I a man, I should run mad for those :—
 How daintily they set her off, how sweetly !

Ard. Come, goddess, come ; you move too near the earth ;
 It must not be ; a better orb stays for you :
 Here ; be a maid, and take 'em^k. [*Offers her jewels.*

Lucina. Pray, leave me.

Phorba. That were a sin, sweet lady, and a way
 To make us guilty of your melancholy :
 You must not be alone ; in conversation
 Doubts are resolv'd, and what sticks near the conscience
 Made easy and allowable.

Lucina. Ye are devils.

Ard. That you may one day bless for your damnation.

Lucina. I charge ye, in the name of chastity,
 Tempt me no more ! How ugly ye seem to me !
 There is no wonder men defame our sex,
 And lay the vices of all ages on us,
 When such as you shall bear the names of women.
 If ye had eyes to see yourselves, or sense

^j *thank*] So the second folio.—The first folio “think.”

^k *take 'em*] So the second folio.—The first folio “take 'em.”—“I suppose, though there be no stage-direction for that purpose, that Ardelia offers some jewels to Lucina, which she presses her to take ; the word ‘Here’ confirms the conjecture.” MASON. The meaning, I apprehend, is “Be coy as a maid, and yet take 'em” (the expression “Say nay, and take it” is of common occurrence.)—The Editors of 1778 printed “take him.”

Above the base rewards ye play the bawds for ;
 If ever in your lives ye heard of goodness,
 Though many regions off, as men hear thunder ;
 If ever ye had fathers ^l, and they souls ;
 If ever mothers, and not such as you are ;
 If ever any thing were constant in you,
 Beside your sins, or common but your curses ^m ;
 If ever any of your ancestors
 Died worth a noble deed that would be cherish'd ;—
 Soul-frighted with this black infection,
 You would run from one another to repentance,
 And from your guilty eyes drop out those sins
 That made ye blind and beasts.

Phor. You speak well, lady ;

A sign of fruitful education,
 If your religious zeal had wisdom with it.

Ard. This lady was ordain'd to bless the empire,
 And we may all give thanks for 't.

Phor. I believe you.

Ard. If any thing redeem the emperor
 From his wild-flying courses, this is she :
 She can instruct him, if you mark ; she is wise too.

Phor. Exceeding wise, which is a wonder in her ;
 And so religious, that I well believe,
 Though she would sin, she cannot.

Ard. And besides,
 She has the empire's cause in hand, not love's ;
 There lies the main consideration,

^l *If ever ye had fathers, &c.*] Both the folios,—

“*If ever ye had mothers, and they soules ;*

If ever fathers, and not such as you are.”

The transposition was made by Seward.

^m *common but your curses*] The first folio has “*comming but your curses.*” The second folio reads “*coming, but your courses.*”—“The text is the conjecture of Seward, who thus explains it :—‘If you have even any thing in *common* with the rest of woman-kind, except the *curses* that are entailed on all.’ This explanation is very erroneous. The meaning is evidently, as the last editors observe,—‘If there is any essential ingredient in your composition beside your sins, or any thing *common* to you all beside the *curses* that attend those sins,’ &c. Mason is, however, not satisfied, and proposes to read—‘coming (*i. e.* becoming) *but your curtsies* !’” WEBER.

For which she is chiefly born.

Phor. She finds that point
Stronger than we can tell her ; and, believe it,
I look by her means for a reformation,
And such a one, and such a rare way carried,
That all the world shall wonder at.

Ard. 'Tis true.

I never thought the emperor had wisdom,
Pity, or fair affection to his country,
Till he profess'd this love : gods give 'em children,
Such as her virtues merit, and his zeal !
I look to see a Numa from this lady,
Or greater than Octavius.

Phor. Do you mark, too,
(Which is a noble virtue) how she blushes,
And what a flowing modesty runs through her,
When we but name the emperor ?

Ard. But mark it !

Yes, and admire it too ; for she considers,
Though she be fair as Heaven, and virtuous
As holy truth, yet to the emperor
She is a kind of nothing but her service,
Which she is bound to offer, and she 'll do it ;
And when her country's cause commands affection,
She knows obedience is the key of virtues :
Then fly the blushes out, like Cupid's arrows ;
And though the tie of marriage to her lord
Would fain cry " Stay, Lucina !", yet the cause,
And general wisdom of the prince's love,
Makes her find surer ends and happier ;
And, if the first were chaste, this is twice doubled.

Phor. Her tartness unto us too——

Ard. That 's a wise one——

Phor. I rarely like ; it shews a rising wisdom,
That chides all common fools as dare inquire
What princes would have private.

Ard. What a lady
Shall we be blest to serve !

Lucina. Go, get ye from me !

Ye are your purses' agents, not the prince's.
 Is this the virtuous lure ^u ye train'd me out to?
 Am I a woman fit to imp ^o your vices?
 But that I had a mother, and a woman,
 Whose ever-living fame turns all it touches
 Into the good itself is, I should now
 Even doubt myself, I have been search'd so near
 The very soul of honour. Why should you two,
 That happily have been as chaste as I am,
 (Fairer I think by much, for yet your faces,
 Like ancient well-built piles, shew worthy ruins,)
 After that angel-age, turn mortal devils?
 For shame, for womanhood, for what ye have been,
 (For rotten cedars have borne goodly branches,)
 If ye have hope of any Heaven, but court,
 Which, like a dream, you 'll find hereafter vanish,
 Or, at the best, but subject to repentance,
 Study no more to be ill spoken of:
 Let women live themselves; if they must fall,
 Their own destruction find 'em, not your fevers.

Ard. Madam, you are so excellent in all,
 And, I must tell it you with admiration,
 So true a joy you have, so sweet a fear,
 And, when you come to anger, 'tis so noble,
 That, for mine own part, I could still offend,
 To hear you angry: women that want that,
 And your way guided (else I count it nothing),
 Are either fools or cowards.

Phor. She were a mistress^p for no private greatness,
 Could she not frown. A ravish'd kiss from anger,
 And such an anger as this lady learns us,
 Stuck with such pleasing dangers, gods, I ask ye,

^u *lure*] Both the folios "lore"; and so Seward and the Editors of 1778. "We should certainly read '*lure*,' instead of '*lore*:' the allusion is to falconry, and the word '*train'd*' proves it." Mason.—Lord Rochester, in his alteration of this play, substituted here "love" for "*lore*."

^o *imp*] See notes, vol. i. 191, vol. iv. 489.

^p *She were a mistress, &c.*] This speech is most erroneously pointed in both the folios, and by Seward and the Editors of 1778. Mason gave the right punctuation (in which Heath had anticipated him, *MS. Notes*).

Which of ye all could hold from ?

Lucina. I perceive ye :

Your own dark sins dwell with ye ! and that price
 You sell the chastity of modest wives at,
 Run⁹ to diseases with your bones ! I scorn ye ;
 And all the nets ye have pitch'd to catch my virtues,
 Like spiders' webs, I sweep away before me.
 Go, tell the emperor, ye have met a woman,
 That neither his own person which is godlike,
 The world he rules, nor what that world can purchase,
 Nor all the glories subject to a Cæsar,
 The honours that he offers for my body,
 The hopes, gifts, everlasting flatteries,
 Nor any thing that 's his and apt to tempt me,
 No, not to be the mother of the empire
 And queen of all the holy fires he worships,
 Can make a whore of.

Ard. You mistake us, lady.

Lucina. Yet, tell him, this has thus much weaken'd me,
 That I have heard his knaves, and you his matrons
 (Fit nurses for his sins), which gods forgive me !
 But, ever to be leaning to his folly,
 Or to be brought to love his lust, assure him,
 And from her mouth whose life shall make it certain,
 I never can : I have a noble husband
 (Pray, tell him that too), yet a noble name,
 A noble family, and, last, a conscience.
 Thus much for your answer : for yourselves,
 Ye have liv'd the shame of women, die the better ! [*Exit.*

Phor. What 's now to do ?

Ard. Even as she said, to die ;
 For there 's no living here, and women thus,
 I am sure, for us two.

Phor. Nothing stick upon her !

Ard. We have lost a mass of money. Well, dame Virtue,
 Yet you may halt, if good luck serve.

Phor. Worms take her !

⁹ *Run*] Both the folios "Runs."

She has almost spoil'd our trade.

Ard. So godly!

This is ill-breeding, Phorba.

Phor. If the women

Should have a longing now to see this monster,
And she convert 'em all!

Ard. That may be, Phorba;

But, if it be, I'll have the young men gelded.
Come, let's go think; she must not scape us thus:
There is a certain season, if we hit,
That women may be rid without a bit.

[*Exeunt.*]

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

Enter MAXIMUS and AËCIUS.

Max. I cannot blame the nations, noble friend,
That they fall off so fast from this wild man;
When (under our allegiance be it spoken,
And the most happy tie of our affections)
The world's weight groans beneath him. Where lives virtue,
Honour, discretion, wisdom? who are call'd
And chosen to the steering of the empire,
But bawds and singing-girls? Oh, my Aëcius!
The glory of a soldier, and the truth
Of men made up for goodness' sake, like shells,
Grow to the ragged walls for want of action:
Only your happy self, and I that love you,
Which is a larger means to me than favour——

Aëcius. No more, my worthy friend: though these be truths,
And though these truths would ask a reformation,

^r *Aëcius*] "Our authors always make three syllables of *Æcius*; I therefore divide the diphthong." SEWARD. "The first folio sometimes exhibits *Æcius*, sometimes *Aecius*, which we follow, though the measure commonly warrants the diæresis adopted by Mr. Seward, and which was used first, we believe, by Lovelace, in his commendatory verses [see vol. i. xxv.]" *Ed.* 1778. I may just observe, that in the present line the diæresis is not absolutely necessary; for our early writers (see Gifford's note on Ford's *Works*, i. 19.) frequently make "*girl*" a dissyllable.

^s *shells*] Altered by Seward to "shields"!

At least, a little squaring, yet remember,
 We are but subjects, Maximus; obedience
 To what is done, and grief for what is ill done,
 Is all we can call ours. The hearts of princes
 Are like the temples of the gods; pure incense,
 Until unhallow'd hands defile those offerings,
 Burns ever there; we must not put 'em out,
 Because the priests that touch those sweets are wicked;
 We dare not, dearest friend, nay, more, we cannot,—
 Whilst we consider who^t we are, and how,
 To what laws bound, much more to what lawgiver;
 Whilst majesty is made to be obey'd,
 And not inquir'd into; whilst gods and angels
 Make but^u a rule as we do, though a stricter,—
 Like desperate and unseason'd fools, let fly
 Our killing angers, and forsake our honours.

Max. My noble friend (from whose instructions
 I never yet took surfeit), weigh but thus much:—
 Nor think I speak it with ambition,
 For, by the gods, I do not!—why, Aëcius,
 Why are we thus, or how become thus wretched?

Aëcius. You'll fall again into your fit.

Max. I will not:—

Or are we now no more the sons of Romans,
 No more the followers of their happy fortunes,
 But conquer'd Gauls, or quivers for the Parthians?
 Why is this emperor, this man we honour,
 This god that ought to be——

Aëcius. You are too curious.

Max. Good, give me leave:—why is this author of us——

Aëcius. I dare not hear you speak thus.

Max. I'll be modest:—

Thus led away, thus vainly led away,
 And we beholders?—Misconceive me not;
 I sow no danger in my words.—But wherefore,
 And to what end, are we the sons of fathers

^t *who*] So the second folio.—The first folio “why.”—Lord Rochester, in his alteration of the play, reads “whose.”

^u *but*] Mason would read “that.”

Famous, and fast to Rome? why are their virtues
Stamp'd in the dangers of a thousand battles,
For goodness' sake? their honours time-out-daring?
I think, for our example.

Aëcius. You speak nobly.

Max. Why are we seeds of these, then, to shake hands
With bawds and base informers, kiss discredit,
And court her like a mistress?—Pray, your leave yet.—
You'll say, the emperor is young, and apt
To take impression rather from his pleasures,
Than any constant worthiness^v: it may be:
But why do these, the people call his pleasures,
Exceed the moderation of a man?
Nay, to say justly, friend, why are they vices,
And such as shake our worths with foreign nations?

Aëcius. You search the sore too deep; and I must tell you,
In any other man this had been boldness,
And so rewarded. Pray, depress your spirit;
For, though I constantly believe you honest
(You were no friend for me else), and what now
You freely spake, but good you owe to th' empire,
Yet take heed, worthy Maximus; all ears
Hear not with that distinction mine do; few
You'll find admonishers, but urgers of your actions,
And to the heaviest, friend: and pray, consider
We are but shadows, motions others give us;
And though our pities may become the times,
Justly our powers cannot. Make me worthy
To be your ever-friend in fair allegiance,
But not in force; for, durst mine own soul urge me
(And, by that soul, I speak my just affections)
To turn my hand from truth, which is obedience,
And give the helm my virtue holds to anger,
Though I had both the blessings of the Bruti,
And both their instigations, though my cause
Carried a face of justice beyond theirs,
And, as I am, a servant to my fortunes,

^v *worthiness*] Altered by Seward to "worthlessness"!!

That daring soul, that first taught disobedience,
Should feel^w the first example. Say the prince,
As I may well believe, seems vicious,
Who justly knows 'tis not to try our honours ?
Or, say he be an ill prince, are we therefore
Fit fires to purge him ? No, my dearest friend ;
The elephant is never won with anger,
Nor must that man, that would reclaim^x a lion,
Take him by the teeth.

Max. I pray, mistake me not.

Aëcius. Our honest actions, and the light that breaks
Like morning from our service, chaste and blushing,
Is that that pulls a prince back ; then he sees,
And not till then truly repents his errors,
When subjects' crystal souls are glasses to him.

Max. My ever-honour'd friend, I'll take your counsel.
The emperor appears ; I'll leave you to him ;
And, as we both affect him, may he flourish !

[*Exit.*

Enter VALENTINIAN and CHILAX.

Val. Is that the best news ?

Chi. Yet the best we know, sir.

Val. Bid Maximus come to me, and be gone then.

[*Exit CHILAX.*

Mine own head be my helper ; these are fools.— [*Aside.*

How now, Aëcius ! are the soldiers quiet ?

Aëcius. Better, I hope, sir, than they were.

Val. They are pleas'd, I hear,
To censure me extremely for my pleasures ;
Shortly they'll fight against me.

Aëcius. Gods defend^y, sir !
And, for their censures, they are such shrewd judgers,
A donative of ten sesterties,
I'll undertake, shall make 'em ring your praises,
More than they sang your pleasures.

Val. I believe thee.
Art thou in love, Aëcius, yet ?

^w *feel*] Mason would read "fall." ^x *reclaim*] i. e. tame.
^y *defend*] i. e. forbid.

Aëcius. Oh, no, sir !
I am too coarse for ladies ; my embraces,
That only am acquainted with alarums,
Would break their tender bodies .

Val. Never fear it ;
They are stronger than you think ; they 'll hold the hammer.
My empress swears thou art a lusty soldier ;
A good one, I believe thee.

Aëcius. All that goodness
Is but your grace's creature.

Val. Tell me truly ;—
For thou dar'st tell me——

Aëcius. Any thing concerns you,
That 's fit for me to speak, and you to pardon.

Val. What say the soldiers of me ? and the same words ;
Mince 'em not, good Aëcius, but deliver
The very forms and tongues they talk withal.

Aëcius. I 'll tell your grace ; but with this caution,
You be not stirr'd ; for, should the gods live with us,
Even those we certainly believe are righteous,
Give 'em but drink, they would censure them too.

Val. Forward.

Aëcius. Then, to begin, they say you sleep too much,
By which they judge your majesty too sensual,
Apt to decline your strength to ease and pleasures ;
And when you do not sleep, you drink too much,
From which they fear suspicions first, then ruins ;
And when you neither drink nor sleep, you wench much,
Which, they affirm, first breaks your understanding,
Then takes the edge off honour, makes us seem
(That are the ribs and rampires of the empire)
Fencers and beaten fools, and so regarded.
But I believe 'em not ; for, were these truths,
Your virtue can correct them.

Val. They speak plainly.

Aëcius. They say moreover (since your grace will have it ;
For they will talk their freedoms, though the sword
Were in their throat) that of late time, like Nero,

And with the same forgetfulness of glory,
You have got a vein of fiddling^y—so they term it ;—

Val. Some drunken dreams, Aëcius.

Aëcius. So I hope, sir ;—

And that you rather study cruelty,
And to be fear'd for blood, than lov'd for bounty,
(Which makes the nations, as they say, despise you,)
Telling your years and actions by their deaths
Whose truth and strength of duty made you Cæsar :
They say besides, you nourish strange devourers,
Fed with the fat o' th' empire, they call bawds,
Lazy and lustful creatures, that abuse you ;
And people, as they term 'em, made of paper,
In which the secret sins of each man's moneys
Are seal'd and sent a-working^z.

Val. What sin's next ?

For I perceive they have no mind to spare me.

Aëcius. Nor hurt you, o' my soul, sir : but such people,
(Nor can the power of man restrain it,) when
They are full of meat and ease, must prattle.

^y *fiddling*] So the second folio.—The first folio “ filing.”

^z *And people, as they term 'em, made of paper,
In which the secret sins of each man's moneys*

Are seal'd and sent a-working] Both the folios have “ A people,” &c. ; and so the modern editors,—Seward altering, in the next line, “ moneys ” to “ body ” !—Mason, who first saw that “ A ” was a misprint for “ And,” observes, “ By the people last described, Aëcius means, not bawds, but informers, to whom his description is perfectly applicable. It is well known to those who are conversant in the history of Rome under the emperors, that every man of rank lay at the mercy of informers, and how frequently innocent persons were impeached by them, merely on account of their wealth. It would be strange if Aëcius, in stating the grievances of the empire, should have omitted these informers, who were the immediate objects of his fear, as we find in the next page but one, where he says to Valentinian,

‘ Let not this body,
That has look'd bravely in his blood for Cæsar, &c.

—— now be purchase
For slaves and base informers.’ ”

Weber remarks that Mason “ forgets one circumstance, viz. that Balbus, Proculus, Chilax, and Licinius, might serve the emperor in the quality of informers as well as in that of bawds, which renders the proposed alteration, though ingenious, perfectly unnecessary.”—But it is quite plain that two distinct sets of persons are spoken of—one “ *they call bawds,*” the other, “ *as they term 'em, made of paper.*”

Val. Forward.

Aëcius. I have spoken too much, sir.

Val. I 'll have all.

Aëcius. It fits not

Your ears should hear their vanities ; no profit
Can justly rise to you from their behaviour,
Unless you were guilty of those crimes.

Val. It may be

I am so ; therefore forward.

Aëcius. I have ever

Learn'd to obey, nor shall my life resist it.

Val. No more apologies.

Aëcius. They grieve besides, sir,

To see the nations, whom our ancient virtue
With many a weary march and hunger conquer'd,
With loss of many a daring life subdu'd,
Fall from their fair obedience, and even murmur
To see the warlike eagles mew^a their honours
In obscure towns, that wont to prey on princes.
They cry for enemies, and tell the captains,
“ The fruits of Italy are luscious ; give us Egypt
Or sandy Afric, to display our valours
There where our swords may make us meat, and danger
Digest our well-got viands : here our weapons,
And bodies that were made for shining brass,
Are both unedg'd, and old with ease and women ” ;
And then they cry again, “ Where are the Germans,
Lin'd with hot Spain or Gallia ? bring 'em on,
And let the son of war, steel'd Mithridates,
Lead up his wingèd Parthians like a storm,
Hiding the face of heaven with showers of arrows ;
Yet we dare fight like Romans.” Then, as soldiers,
Tir'd with a weary march, they tell their wounds,
Even weeping-ripe they were no more nor deeper,
And glory in those scars that make 'em lovely :
And, sitting where a camp was, like sad pilgrims,

^a *mew*] “ The phrase is from falconry. A hawk is said to *mew* when he sheds his feathers, which he generally does when he is *mewed* or shut up.”

They reckon up the times and living labours
 Of Julius or Germanicus ; and wonder
 That Rome, whose turrets once were topt with honours,
 Can now forget the custom of her conquests :
 And then they blame your grace, and say, “ Who leads us ?
 Shall we stand here like statues ? were our fathers
 The sons of lazy Moors ? our princes Persians,
 Nothing but silks and softness ? Curses on 'em
 That first taught Nero wantonness and blood,
 Tiberius doubts, Caligula all vices !
 For, from the spring of these, succeeding princes ”——
 Thus they talk, sir.

Val. Well,

Why do you hear these things ?

Aëcius. Why do you do 'em ?

I take the gods to witness, with more sorrow
 And more vexation do I hear these taintures,
 Than were my life dropt from me through an hour-glass !

Val. Belike, then, you believe 'em, or at least
 Are glad they should be so. Take heed : you were better
 Build your own tomb, and run into it living,
 Than dare a prince's anger.

Aëcius. I am old, sir,

And ten years more addition is but nothing :
 Now, if my life be pleasing to you, take it.

[*Kneels.*

Upon my knees, if ever any service
 (As, let me brag, some have been worthy notice),
 If ever any worth, or trust you gave me,
 Deserv'd a fair respect; if all my actions,
 The hazards of my youth, colds, burnings, wants,
 For you and for the empire, be not vices ;
 By that style you have stamp'd upon me, soldier ;
 Let me not fall into the hands of wretches !

Val. I understand you not.

Aëcius. Let not this body,
 That has look'd bravely in his blood for Cæsar,
 And covetous of wounds, and for your safety,
 After the scape of swords, spears, slings, and arrows,
 ('Gainst which my beaten body was mine armour,)

The seas, and thirsty deserts, now be purchase^b
 For slaves and base informers ! I see anger
 And death look through your eyes ; I am mark'd for slaughter,
 And know the telling of this truth has made me
 A man clean lost to this world : I embrace it ;
 Only my last petition, sacred Cæsar,
 Is, I may die a Roman !

Val. Rise, my friend still, [AÆCIUS rises.
 And worthy of my love. Reclaim the soldier ;
 I'll study to do so upon myself too. Go ;
 Keep your command, and prosper.

Aëcius. Life to Cæsar ! [Exit.

Re-enter CHILAX.

Chi. Lord Maximus attends your grace.

Val. Go tell him
 I'll meet him in the gallery. [Exit CHILAX.

The honesty of this Aëcius
 (Who is indeed the bulwark of the empire)
 Has div'd so deep into me, that of all
 The sins I covet, but this woman's beauty,
 With much repentance now I could be quit of :
 But she is such a pleasure, being good,
 That, though I were a god, she'd fire my blood. [Exit.

^b *purchase*] i. e. booty,—prey.

ACT II.

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

VALENTINIAN, MAXIMUS, LICINIUS, PROCULUS, and CHILAX,
discovered playing at dice.

Val. Nay, ye shall set my hand out ; 'tis not just
I should neglect my fortune, now 'tis prosperous.

Licin. If I have any thing to set your grace,
But clothes or good conditions^c, let me perish !
You have all my money, sir.

Proc. And mine.

Chi. And mine too.

Max. Unless your grace will credit us.

Val. No bare board.

Licin. Then, at my garden-house.

Val. The orchard too ?

Licin. An 't please your grace.

Val. Have at 'em.

[*Throws.*

Proc. They are lost.

Licin. Why, farewell, fig-trees !

Val. Who sets more ?

Chi. At my horse, sir.

Val. The dappled Spaniard ?

Chi. He.

Val. He 's mine.

[*Throws.*

Chi. He is so.

Max. Your short horse is soon curried.

Chi. So it seems, sir ;

So may your mare be too, if luck serve.

Max. Ha !

Chi. Nothing, my lord, but grieving at my fortune.

Val. Come, Maximus, you were not wont to flinch thus.

Max. By Heaven, sir, I have lost all !

Val. There 's a ring yet.

^c *conditions*] i. e. qualities, dispositions, habits,—manners.

Max. This was not made to lose, sir.

Val. Some love-token ?

Set it, I say.

Max. I do beseech your grace,
Rather name any house I have.

Val. How strange

And curious^d you are grown of toys ! Redeem 't,
If so I win it, when you please ; to-morrow,
Or next day, as you will, I care not ;
But only for my luck' sake : 'tis not rings
Can make me richer.

Max. Will you throw, sir ? there 'tis.

Val. Why, then, have at it fairly. [*Throws.*—Mine.

Max. Your grace

Is only ever fortunate. To-morrow,
An 't be your pleasure, sir, I 'll pay the price on 't.

Val. To-morrow you shall have it without price, sir,
But this day 'tis my victory. Good Maximus,
Now I bethink myself, go to Aëcius,
And bid him muster all the cohorts presently
(They mutiny for pay, I hear) ; and be you
Assistant to him. When you know their numbers,
Ye shall have moneys for 'em, and, above,
Something to stop their tongues withal.

Max. I will, sir ;

And gods preserve you in this mind still !

Val. Shortly,

I 'll see 'em march myself.

Max. Gods ever keep you !

[*Exit.*

Val. To what end do you think this ring shall serve now ?
For you are fellows only know by rote,
As birds record^e their lessons.

Chi. For the lady.

^d
And curious] i. e. shy and scrupulous.

^e *record*] "Birds are said to *record*, when they first attempt to sing." WEBER.
Record, i. e. sing, is applied by our old writers to the music of birds, not merely "when they first attempt to sing," but at every stage of their singing. According to Douce (*Illust. of Shakspeare*, i. 49), the term was formed from the *recorder* or flageolet by which birds were taught.

Val. But how for her ?

Chi. That I confess I know not.

Val. Then pray for him that does. Fetch me an eunuch
That never saw her yet ; and you two see
The court made like a paradise. [Exit CHILAX.]

Licin. We will, sir.

Val. Full of fair shows and musics ; all your arts
(As I shall give instructions) screw to th' highest,
For my main piece is now a-doing : and, for fear
You should not take, I 'll have another engine,
Such as, if virtue be not only in her,
She shall not choose but lean to. Let the women
Put on a graver show of welcome.

Proc. Well, sir.

Val. They are a thought^f too eager.

Re-enter CHILAX with LYCIAS.

Chi. Here 's the eunuch.

Lycias. Long life to Cæsar !

Val. I must use you, Lycias.

Come, let 's walk in, and then I 'll shew ye all :
If women may be frail, this wench shall fall. [Exeunt.]

SCENE II.—*A room in the house of MAXIMUS.*

Enter CLAUDIA and MARCELLINA.

Clau. Sirrah^g, what ails my lady, that of late
She never cares for company ?

Marc. I know not,
Unless it be that company causes cuckolds.

Clau. That were a childish fear.

Marc. What were those ladies
Came to her lately ? from the court ?

Clau. The same, wench :
Some grave instructors, on my life ; they look
For all the world like old hatch'd hilts^h.

^f *are a thought*] Weber printed "*are thought*" ! ^g *Sirrah*] See note, p. 115.

^h *hatch'd hilts*] See note, vol. iii. 32.

Marc. 'Tis true, wench ;
For here and there (and yet they painted well too)
One might discover, where the gold was worn,
Their iron agesⁱ.

Clau. If my judgment fail not,
They have been sheath'd like rotten ships——

Marc. It may be.

Clau. For, if you mark their rudders, they hang weakly.

Marc. They have past the line, belike. Wouldst live, Claudia,
Till thou wert such as they are ?

Clau. Chimney-pieces !
Now, Heaven have mercy on me, and young men !
I had rather make a drollery till thirty^j.
While I were able to endure a tempest,
And bear my fights^k out bravely, till my tackle
Whistled i' the wind, and held against all weathers,
While I were able to bear with my tires,
And so discharge 'em, I would willingly
Live, Marcellina ; not till barnacles^l
Bred in my sides.

Marc. Thou art i' the right, wench :
For who would live, whom pleasures had forsaken,
To stand at mark, and cry, " A bow short, signior^m ! "—
Were there not men came hither too ?

ⁱ *One might discover, where the gold was worn,*

Their iron ages] " A miserable pun between the iron edge of a sword, and the iron-age, seems to be here intended." WEBER.

^j *I had rather make a drollery till thirty*] "' Drallery' [the reading of both the folios], which has greatly puzzled the former commentators, is certainly nothing but an accidental corruption of ' drollery,' which does not mean a *gay lady*, as the last editors suppose, but a *puppet-show*." WEBER.—Claudia means, " spend her youth in making puppet-shows, which she considers as the lowest scene of degradation." Gifford's note on B. Jonson's *Works*, iv. 370.—Coleridge (*Remains*, ii. 309) says that " the whole of this speech seems corrupt," and proposes an alteration in one of the lines : the fact is, he did not understand it.

^k *fights*] i. e. cloths hung round about a ship to prevent the men from being seen in fight ; or any coverts under which they may use their arms unseen.

^l *barnacles*] i. e. a kind of shell-fish, which adhere to ships.

^m *To stand at mark, and cry, " A bow short, signior ! "*] An allusion to those persons whose business it was to " give aim " to the archers, i. e., to inform them how near their arrows fell to the mark. Marcellina means—What woman, after she had become incapable of pleasures, would live to superintend and direct those of others,—would become a bawd ?

Clau. Brave fellows ;
I fear me, bawds of five i' the pound.
Marc. How know you ?
Clau. They gave me great lights to it.
Marc. Take heed, *Claudia*.
Clau. Let them take heed ; the spring comes on.
Marc. To me, now,
They seem'd as noble visitants.

Clau. To me, now,
Nothing less, *Marcellina* ; for I mark'd 'em,
And, by this honest light (for yet 'tis morning),
Saving the reverence of their gilded doublets
And Milan skins^m——

Marc. Thou art a strange wench, *Claudia*.

Clau. You are deceiv'd ;—they shew'd to me directly
Court-crabs, that creep a side-way for their living :
I know 'em by the breeches that they begg'd last.

Marc. Peace ;
My lady comes. What may that be ?

Enter LUCINA and LYCIAS.

Clau. A sumnerⁿ,
That cites her to appear.
Marc. No more of that, wench.
Lycias. Madam, what answer to your lord ?
Lucina. Pray, tell him
I am subject to his will.
Lycias. Why weep you, madam ?
Excellent lady, there are none will hurt you.
Lucina. I do beseech you, tell me, sir——
Lycias. What, lady ?
Lucina. Serve you the emperor ?
Lycias. I do.
Lucina. In what place ?
Lycias. In 's chamber, madam.
Lucina. Do you serve his will too ?
Lycias. In fair and just commands.

^m *Milan skins*] See note, vol. i. 383.

ⁿ *A sumner*] "This officer is now called an apparitor, and his principal business is to cite offenders into ecclesiastical courts." WEBER.

Lucina. Are you a Roman ?

Lycias. Yes, noble lady, and a Mantuan.

Lucina. What office bore your parents ?

Lycias. One was prætor^o.

Lucina. Take heed, then, how you stain his reputation.

Lycias. Why, worthy lady ?

Lucina. If you know, I charge you,
Aught in this message but what honesty,
The trust and fair obedience of a servant,
May well deliver, yet take heed, and help me.

Lycias. Madam, I am no broker—

Clau. I'll be hang'd, then.

[*Aside.*

Lycias. Nor base procurer of men's lusts. Your husband
Pray'd me to do this office ; I have done it :
It rests in you to come, or no.

Lucina. I will, sir.

Lycias. If you mistrust me, do not.

Lucina. You appear
So worthy, and to all my sense so honest,
And this is such a certain sign you have brought me,
That I believe.

Lycias. Why should I cozen you ?
Or, were I brib'd to do this villany,
Can money prosper, or the fool that takes it,
When such a virtue falls ?

Lucina. You speak well, sir :
Would all the rest that serve the emperor
Had but your way !

Claud. And so they have, *ad unguem.* [*Aside.*

Lucina. Pray, tell my lord I have receiv'd his token,
And will not fail to meet him. Yet, good sir, thus much
Before you go ; I do beseech you too,
As little notice as you can, deliver
Of my appearance there.

Lycias. It shall be, madam ;
And so I wish you happiness.

Lucina. I thank you.

[*Exeunt.*

^o *was prætor*] Weber chose to print "*was a prætor.*"

SCENE III.—*An open place in the city.*

Tumult and noise within. Enter AËCIUS, with his sword drawn, pursuing PONTIUS; MAXIMUS following.

Max. Temper yourself, Aëcius!

Pont. Hold, my lord!

I am a Roman and a soldier.

Max. Pray, sir—

Aëcius. Thou art a lying villain and a traitor!—

[MAXIMUS holds him.]

Give me myself^o, or, by the gods, my friend,
You'll make me dangerous!—How dar'st thou pluck
The soldiers to sedition, and I living?
And sow rebellion in 'em, and even then
When I am drawing out to action?

Pont. Hear me.

Max. Are you a man?

Aëcius. I am a true-hearted^p, Maximus,
And, if the villain live, we are dishonour'd.

Max. But hear him what he can say.

Aëcius. That's the way

To pardon him: I am so easy-natur'd,
That, if he speak but humbly, I forgive him.

Pont. I do beseech you, noble general—

Aëcius. H'as found the way already! Give me room;
One stroke; and, if he scape me then, h'as mercy.

Pont. I do not call you noble, that I fear you:
I never car'd for death. If you will kill me,
Consider first for what, not what you can do:
'Tis true, I know you for my general,
And by that great prerogative may kill;
But do it justly, then.

Aëcius. He argues with me;
By Heaven, a made-up rebel!

^o *Give me myself*] "i. e. Let me go, leave me at liberty." MASON.

^p *a true-hearted*] "i. e. a true-hearted man. The modern editions very tamely omit the article." WEBER.

Max. Pray, consider
What certain grounds you have for this.

Aëcius. What grounds !
Did I not take him preaching to the soldiers
How lazily they liv'd ? and what dishonours
It was to serve a prince so full of woman ?
Those were his very words, friend.

Max. These, Aëcius,
Though they were rashly spoke,—which was an error,
A great one, Pontius,—yet, from him, that hungers
For wars and brave employment, might be pardon'd.
The heart, and harbour'd thoughts of ill, make traitors,
Not spleeny speeches.

Aëcius. Why should you protect him ?
Go to ; it shews not honest.

Max. Taint me not ;
For that shews worse, Aëcius : all your friendship,
And that pretended love you lay upon me,
Hold back my honesty, is like a favour
You do your slave to-day, to-morrow hang him.
Was I your bosom-piece for this ?

Aëcius. Forgive me :
The nature of my zeal, and for my country,
Makes me sometimes forget myself ; for know,
Though I most strive to be without my passions,
I am no god.—For you, sir, whose infection
Has spread itself like poison through the army,
And cast a killing fog on fair allegiance,
First thank this noble gentleman,—you had died else ;
Next, from your place and honour of a soldier
I here seclude you ;—

Pont. May I speak yet ?

Max. Hear him.

Aëcius. And, while Aëcius holds a reputation,
At least command, you bear no arms for Rome, sir.

Pont. Against her I shall never. The condemn'd man
Has yet that privilege to speak, my lord ;
Law were not equal else.

Max. Pray, hear, Aëcius ;

For happily the fault he has committed,
Though I believe it mighty, yet, consider'd
(If mercy may be thought upon), will prove
Rather a hasty sin than heinous.

Aëcius. Speak.

Pont. 'Tis true, my lord, you took me tir'd with peace,
My words almost as ragged as my fortunes ;
'Tis true, I told the soldier whom we serv'd,
And then bewail'd, we had an emperor
Led from us by the flourishes of fencers ;
I blam'd him too for women.

Aëcius. To the rest, sir.

Pont. And, like enough, I bless'd him then as soldiers
Will do sometimes : 'tis true I told 'em too,
We lay at home, to shew our country^q
We durst go naked, durst want meat and money,
And, when the slave drinks wine, we durst be thirsty ;
I told 'em this too, that the trees and roots
Were our best pay-masters ; the charity
Of longing women, that had bought our bodies,
Our beds, fires, tailors, nurses ; nay, I told 'em,
(For you shall hear the greatest sin I said, sir,)
By that time there be wars again, our bodies,
Laden with scars, and aches^r, and ill lodgings,
Heats, and perpetual wants, were fitter prayers,
And certain graves, than cope the foe on crutches :
'Tis likely too, I counsell'd 'em to turn
Their warlike pikes to plough-shares, their sure targets,
And swords hatch'd^s with the blood of many nations,
To spades and pruning-knives (for those get money),
Their warlike eagles into daws or starlings,
To give an *Ave, Cæsar*^t as he passes,

^q *country*] Is here a trisyllable,—as Weber remarks in an unnecessarily long note.

^r *aches*] Is here a dissyllable.

^s *hatch'd*] Equivalent here (as at p. 62) to—adorned, coloured : see note, vol. iii. 32.

^t *To give an Ave, Cæsar*] “ Ut plurimum docebantur hæ aves salutationis verba. . . . interdum etiam plurium vocum versus aut sententias docebantur : ut illi corvi, qui admirationi fuerunt Augusto ex Actiaca victoria revertenti,

And be rewarded with a thousand drachmas ;
For thus we get but years and beats^u.

Aëcius. What think you ?

Were these words to be spoken by a captain,
One that should give example ?

Max. 'Twas too much.

Pont. My lord, I did not woo 'em from the empire,
Nor bid 'em turn their daring steel 'gainst Cæsar ;
The gods for ever hate me, if that motion
Were part of me ! Give me but employment, sir,
And way to live ; and where^v you hold me vicious,
Bred up in mutiny, my sword shall tell you,
(And, if you please, that place I held maintain it
'Gainst the most daring foes of Rome,) I am honest,
A lover of my country, one that holds
His life no longer his than kept for Cæsar.

[*Kneels.*

Weigh not (I thus low on my knee beseech you)
What my rude tongue discover'd ; 'twas my want,
No other part of Pontius. You have seen me,
And you, my lord, do something for my country,
And both beheld the wounds I gave and took,
Not like a backward traitor.

Aëcius. All this language
Makes but against you, Pontius : you are cast,
And, by mine honour and my love to Cæsar,
By me shall never be restor'd : in my camp
I will not have a tongue, though to himself,
Dare talk but near sedition ; as I govern,
All shall obey ; and when they want, their duty
And ready service shall redress their needs,
Not prating what they would be.

Pont. [*rising.*] Thus I leave you ;
Yet shall my prayers still, although my fortunes

quorum alter institutus fuerat dicere, *Ave, Cæsar,*" &c. Casaubonus ad *Persii*
Prolog. v. 8.

^u *beats*] i. e. beatings, blows. The correction of Weber, which, in all probability, is the right reading.—Both the folios have "beets"; and so Seward and the Editors of 1778, without making any attempt to explain it.

^v *where*] i. e. whereas.

Must follow you no more, be still about you :
 Gods give you, where you fight, the victory !
 You cannot cast my wishes.

[Exit.]

Aëcius. Come, my lord ;
 Now to the field again.

Max. Alas, poor Pontius !

[Exeunt.]

SCENE IV.—*A hall in the Palace.*

Enter, on one side, CHILAX, on the other, LICINIUS and BALBUS.

Licin. How now ?

Chi. She 's come.

Bal. Then I 'll to th' emperor.

Chi. Do.

[Exit BALBUS.]

Is the music plac'd well ?

Licin. Excellent.

Chi. Licinius, you and Proculus receive her
 In the great chamber ; at her entrance,
 Let me alone ; and, do you hear, Licinius ?
 Pray, let the ladies ply her further off,
 And with much more discretion. One word more.

Licin. Well ?

Chi. Are the jewels, and those ropes of pearl,
 Laid in the way she passes ?

Licin. Take no care, man.

[Exit.]

Enter VALENTINIAN, with BALBUS and PROCULUS.

Val. What, is she come ?

Chi. She is, sir ; but 't were best
 Your grace were seen last to her.

Val. So I mean.—

Keep the court empty, Proculus.

Proc. 'Tis done, sir.

Val. Be not too sudden to her.

Chi. Good your grace,
 Retire, and man yourself ; let us alone ;
 We are no children this way. Do you hear, sir ?

'Tis necessary that her waiting-women
Be cut off in the lobby by some ladies ;
They 'd break the business else.

Val. 'Tis true ; they shall.

Chi. Remember your place, Proculus.

Proc. I warrant you. [*Exeunt* VALENTINIAN, BALBUS,

Chi. She enters. *and* PROCULUS.

Enter LUCINA, CLAUDIA, *and* MARCELLINA.

Who are waiters there ? the emperor
Calls for his horse to air himself.

Lucina. I am glad
I come so happily to take him absent ;
This takes away a little fear. I know him ;
Now I begin to fear again. Oh, Honour,
If ever thou hadst temple in weak woman,
And sacrifice of modesty burnt to thee,
Hold me fast now, and help me ! [*Aside.*

Chi. Noble madam,
You are welcome to the court, most nobly welcome :
You are a stranger, lady.

Lucina. I desire so.

Chi. A wondrous stranger here ; nothing so strange ;
And therefore need a guide, I think.

Lucina. I do, sir,
And that a good one too.

Chi. My service, lady,
Shall be your guide in this place. But, pray you ^v, tell me,
Are you resolv'd a courtier ?

Lucina. No, I hope, sir.

Clau. You are, sir.

Chi. Yes, my fair one.

Clau. So it seems,
You are so ready to bestow yourself.
Pray, what might cost those breeches ?

Chi. Would you wear 'em ?—

Madam, you have a witty woman.

Marc. Two, sir,
Or else you underbuy us.

^v *you*] Omitted by the modern editors.

Lucina. Leave your talking.—

But is my lord here, I beseech you, sir?

Chi. He is, sweet lady, and must take this kindly,
Exceeding kindly of you, wondrous kindly,
You come so far to visit him. I'll guide you.

Lucina. Whither?

Chi. Why, to your lord.

Lucina. Is it so hard, sir,
To find him in this place without a guide?
For I would willingly not trouble you.

Chi. It will be so for you, that are a stranger:
Nor can it be a trouble to do service
To such a worthy beauty; and besides——

Marc. I see he will go with us.

Clau. Let him amble.

Chi. It fits not that a lady of your reckoning,
Should pass without attendants.

Lucina. I have two, sir.

Chi. I mean, without a man. You'll see the emperor?

Lucina. Alas, I am not fit, sir!

Chi. You are well enough;
He'll take it wondrous kindly. Hark! [Whispers.

Lucina. You flatter:
Good sir, no more of that.

Chi. Well, I but tell you—

Lucina. Will you go forward? since I must be mann'd^w,
Pray, take your place.

Clau. Cannot you man us too, sir?

Chi. Give me but time.

Marc. And you'll try all things.

Chi. No;
I'll make you no such promise.

Clau. If you do, sir,
Take heed you stand to't.

Chi. Wondrous merry ladies!

Lucina. The wenches are dispos'd^x.—Pray, keep your
way, sir. [Exeunt.

^w mann'd] i. e. waited on, attended.

^x dispos'd] "i. e. disposed to mirth: an expression that frequently occurs in these plays." MASON. It means—inclined to wanton mirth: see note, vol. iv. 193.

SCENE V.—*Another apartment in the same. A recess behind a curtain.*

Enter LICINIUS, PROCULUS, and BALBUS.

Licin. She is coming up the stairs. Now, the music ;
And, as that stirs her, let's set on. Perfumes there !

Proc. Discover all the jewels !

Licin. Peace.

[*Music.*

Enter CHILAX, LUCINA, CLAUDIA, and MARCELLINA.

FIRST SONG.

Now the lusty spring is seen ;
Golden yellow, gaudy blue,
Daintily invite the view.
Every where on every green,
Roses blushing as they blow,
And enticing men to pull,
Lilies whiter than the snow,
Woodbines of sweet honey full :
All love's emblems, and all cry,
" Ladies, if not pluck'd, we die."

Yet the lusty spring hath stay'd ;
Blushing red and purest white
Daintily to love invite
Every woman, every maid.
Cherries kissing as they grow,
And inviting men to taste,
Apples even ripe below,
Winding gently to the waist :
All love's emblems, and all cry,
" Ladies, if not pluck'd, we die."

SECOND SONG.

HEAR, ye ladies that despise,
What the mighty Love has done ;
Fear examples, and be wise :
Fair Calisto was a nun ;
Leda, sailing on the stream
To deceive the hopes of man,
Love accounting but a dream,
Doted on a silver swan ;
Danaë, in a brazen tower,
Where no love was, lov'd a shower †.

† *shower*] So the second folio.—The first folio "Flowre."

Hear, ye ladies that are coy,
 What the mighty Love can do ;
 Fear the fierceness of the boy :
 The chaste moon he makes to woo ;
 Vesta, kindling holy fires,
 Circled round about with spies,
 Never dreaming loose desires,
 Doting at the altar dies ;
 Ilium, in a short hour², higher
 He can build, and once more fire.

Lucina. Pray Heaven my lord be here! for now I fear it.
 Well, ring, if thou be'st counterfeit or stoln,
 As by this preparation I suspect it,
 Thou hast betray'd thy mistress [*Aside*].—Pray, sir, forward;
 I would fain see my lord.

Chi. But tell me, madam,
 How do you like the song ?

Lucina. I like the air well ;
 But for the words, they are lascivious
 And over-light for ladies.

Chi. All ours love 'em.

Lucina. 'Tis like enough, for yours are loving ladies.

Licin. Madam, you are welcome to the court.—Who waits?
 Attendants for this lady !

Lucina. You mistake, sir ;
 I bring no triumph with me.

Licin. But much honour.

Proc. Why, this was nobly done, and like a neighbour,
 So freely of yourself to be a visitant :
 The emperor shall give you thanks for this.

Lucina. Oh, no, sir !
 There 's nothing to deserve 'em.

Proc. Yes, your presence.

Lucina. Good gentlemen, be patient, and believe
 I come to see my husband, on command too ;
 I were no courtier else.

Licin. That 's all one, lady ;
 Now you are here, you 're welcome : and the emperor,
 Who loves you but too well——

² hour] So the second folio.—The first folio "Tower."

Lucina. No more of that, sir ;
I came not to be catechiz'd.

Proc. Ah, sirrah^a !
And have we got you here ? faith, noble lady,
We'll keep you one month courtier.

Lucina. Gods defend^b, sir !
I never lik'd a trade worse.

Proc. Hark you.

[*Whispers.*

Lucina. No, sir.

Proc. You are grown the strangest lady !

[*Whispers.*

Lucina. How !

Proc. By Heaven,
'Tis true I tell you ; and you'll find it.

Lucina. I !
I'll rather find my grave ; and so inform him.

Proc. Is it not pity, gentlemen, this lady
(Nay, I'll deal roughly with you, yet not hurt you,)
Should live alone, and give such heavenly beauty
Only to walls and hangings ?

Lucina. Good sir, patience :
I am no wonder, neither come to that end.
You do my lord an injury to stay me,
Who, though you are the prince's, yet dare tell you,
He keeps no wife for your ways.

Bal. Well, well, lady,
However you are pleas'd to think of us,
You are welcome, and you shall be welcome.

Lucina. Shew it
In that I come for, then, in leading me
Where my lov'd lord is, not in flattery.

[*BALBUS draws the curtain ; caskets with jewels set out in
the recess.*

Nay, you may draw the curtain ; I have seen 'em,
But none worth half my honesty.

Clau. Are these, sir,
Laid here to take ?

Proc. Yes, for your lady, gentlewoman.

^a *sirrah*] See note, p. 115.

^b *defend*] i. e. forbid.

Marc. We had been doing else.

Bal. Meaner jewels

Would fit your worths.

Clau. And meaner clothes your bodies.

Lucina. The gods shall kill me first !

Licin. There's better dying

I' th' emperor's arms ; go to : but be not angry ;

These are but talks, sweet lady.

Enter PHORBA, ARDELIA, and Ladies strewing the floor with rushes.

Phor. Where is this stranger ? Rushes^c, ladies, rushes !

Rushes as green as summer, for this stranger !

Proc. Here's ladies come to see you.

Lucina. You are gone, then ?

I take it, 'tis your cue.

Proc. Or rather manners :

You are better fitted, madam ; we but tire you,
Therefore we'll leave you for an hour, and bring
Your much-lov'd lord unto you.

Lucina. Then I'll thank ye.

[*Exeunt* CHILAX, LICINIUS, and PROCULUS.]

I am betray'd, for certain : well, Lucina,
If thou dost fall from virtue, may the earth,
That after death should shoot up gardens of thee,
Spreading thy living goodness into branches,
Fly from thee, and the hot sun find thy vices !

[*Aside.*

Phor. You are a welcome woman.

Ard. Bless me, Heaven !

How did you find the way to court ?

Lucina. I know not ;

Would I had never trod it !

Phor. Prithee, tell me,

Good noble lady, (and, good sweetheart, love us,

^c *Rushes*] " It is well known, that, before the invention of carpets, the floors of apartments were strewed with rushes, and innumerable allusions to the practice occur in old plays. . . . That fresh rushes were strewed at the arrival of a distinguished stranger, appears from the text, and from the following passage of Lilly's *Euphues and his England*, Lond. 1609, 4. (*sign.* U 3.) ' I am sorry, Euphues, that we have no green rushes, considering you have been so great a stranger.' " WEBER.

For we love thee extremely,) is not this place
A paradise to live in?

Lucina. To those people
That know no other paradise but pleasure :
That little I enjoy contents me better.

Ard. What, heard you any music yet?

Lucina. Too much.

Phor. You must not be thus froward. What ! this gown
Is one o' the prettiest, by my troth, Ardelia,
I ever saw yet : 'twas not to frown in, lady,
You put this gown on when you came.

Ard. How do you?

Alas, poor wretch, how cold it is !

Lucina. Content you ;
I am as well as may be, and as temperate,
If you will let me be so. Where 's my lord ?
For there 's the business that I came for, ladies.

Phor. We 'll lead you to him ; he 's i' the gallery.

Ard. We 'll shew you all the court too.

Lucina. Shew me him,
And you have shew'd me all I come to look on.

Phor. Come on ; we 'll be your guides, and, as you go,
We have some pretty tales to tell you, lady,
Shall make you merry too. You come not here
To be a sad Lucina.

Lucina. Would I might not ! [*Exeunt.*

SCENE VI.—*Another apartment in the same.*

Enter CHILAX and BALBUS.

Chi. Now the soft music ; Balbus, run.

Bal. I fly, boy. [*Exit.*

Chi. The women by this time are worming of her ;
If she can hold out them, the emperor [*Music.*
Takes her to task. He has her : hark, the music ! [*Exit.*

Enter VALENTINIAN and LUCINA.

Lucina. Good your grace !
Where are my women, sir ?

Val. They are wise, beholding

What you think scorn to look on, the court's bravery^d.
 Would you have run away so slily, lady,
 And not have seen me ?

Lucina. I beseech your majesty,
 Consider what I am, and whose.

Val. I do so.

Lucina. Believe me, I shall never make a whore, sir.

Val. A friend you may, and to that man that loves you
 More than you love your virtue.

Lucina. Sacred Cæsar !

[*Kneels.*

Val. You shall not kneel to me, sweet.

Lucina. Look upon me,
 And, if you be so cruel to abuse me,
 Think how the gods will take it ! Does this beauty
 Afflict your soul ? I 'll hide it from you ever ;
 Nay, more, I will become so leperous,
 That you shall curse me from you. My dear lord
 Has serv'd you ever truly, fought your battles,
 As if he daily long'd to die for Cæsar ;
 Was never traitor, sir, nor never tainted
 In all the actions of his life.

Val. I know it.

Lucina. His fame and family have grown together,
 And spread together, like two sailing cedars^e,
 Over the Roman diadem : oh, let not
 (As you have any flesh that 's human in you)
 The having of a modest wife decline^f him !
 Let not my virtue be the wedge to break him !
 I do not think you are lascivious ;
 These wanton men belie you : you are Cæsar,
 Which is, the father of the empire's honour ;
 You are too near the nature of the gods,
 To wrong the weakest of all creatures, women.

^d *bravery*] i. e. finery, splendour.

^e *two sailing cedars*] Sympson's correction (anticipated in the alteration of this play by Lord Rochester, who gives "two spreading cedars"). Both the folios have "to sailing cedars"; and so the Editors of 1778.—Compare *The Lovers' Progress* ;

"The trees grow up, and mix together freely,

The oak not envious of *the sailing cedar*." act i. sc. 1.

^f *decline*] i. e. lower, degrade.

Val. I dare not do it here [*Aside*].—Rise, fair Lucina ;
 I did but try your temper : you are honest ; [*Raising her.*
 And, with the commendations wait on that,
 I 'll lead you to your lord, and give^s you to him.
 Wipe your fair eyes.—He that endeavours ill,
 May well delay, but never quench his hell.

[*Aside.*
 [*Exeunt.*

ACT III.

SCENE I.—*An ante-chamber in the Palace.*

Enter CHILAX, LICINIUS, PROCULUS, *and* BALBUS.

Chi. 'Tis done, Licinius.

Licin. How^h ?

Chi. I shame to tell it.

If there be any justice, we are villains,
 And must be so rewarded.

Bal. If it be done,
 I take it, 'tis no time now to repent it ;
 Let 's make the best o' the trade.

Proc. Now vengeance take it !
 Why should not he have settled on a beauty,
 Whose honesty stuck in a piece of tissue,
 Or one a ring might rule, or such a one
 That had an itching husband to be honourable,
 And groundⁱ to get it ? If he must have women,

^s *give*] So the second folio.—Omitted in the first folio ; and by Seward !

^h *How*] So the second folio.—The first folio "Ho."

ⁱ *That had an itching husband to be honourable,*

And ground, &c] Lord Rochester, in his alteration of this play, reads, "That had a husband itching to be honourable," &c., which, it must be allowed, is the more natural collocation of the words. Sympson proposed "groan'd" instead of "ground," and his emendation was adopted by the Editors of 1778 and Weber. There can be no doubt that, in a passage at the commencement of act iv., where the first folio has "Ground", the second folio gives the true reading, "Groan'd" : but, in the present passage, "ground" (given by both the folios, and retained by Rochester) may be (as Heath explains it, *MS. Notes*) the pret. of "*grind*", a verb sometimes elsewhere used to convey the idea which is intended here, and which the reader will easily guess at."

And no allay without 'em, why not those
 That know the mystery^j, and are best able
 To play a game^k with judgment? Such as she is,
 Grant they be won with long siege, endless travail,
 And brought to opportunity with millions,
 Yet, when they come to motion, their cold virtue
 Keeps 'em like cakes of ice: I'll melt a crystal,
 And make a dead flint fire himself, ere they
 Give greater heat than now-departing^l embers
 Give^m to old men that watch 'em.

Licin. A good whore
 Had sav'd all this, and happily as wholesome,
 Ay, and the thing once done too, as well thought of;
 But this same chastity, forsooth——

Proc. A pox on 't!
 Why should not women be as free as we are?
 They are (but not in open), and far freer,
 And the more bold you bear yourself, more welcome;
 And there is nothing you dare say, but truth,
 But they dare hear.

Chi. The emperor: away!
 And, if we can repent, let's home and pray. [Exeunt.]

Enter VALENTINIAN and LUCINA.

Val. Your only virtue now is patience;
 Take heed, and save your honour. If you talk——

Lucina. As long as there is motion in my body,
 And life to give me words, I'll cry for justice!

Val. Justice shall never hear you; I am justice.

Lucina. Wilt thou not kill me, monster, ravisher?
 Thou bitter bane o' the empire, look upon me,
 And, if thy guilty eyes dare see these ruins
 Thy wild lust hath laid level with dishonour,
 The sacrilegious razing of this temple,
 The mother of thy black sins would have blush'd at,

^j *mystery*] Both the folios "misery."

^k *a game*] So the second folio.—The first folio has "again"; and so the modern editors!

^l *now-departing*] The second folio has "new departing."

^m *Give*] So the second folio.—The first folio "Gives."

Behold, and curse thyself! The gods will find thee,
 (That's all my refuge now,) for they are righteous;
 Vengeance and horror circle thee; the empire,
 In which thou liv'st a strong continu'd surfeit,
 Like poison will disgorge thee; good men raze thee
 For ever being read again but viciousⁿ;
 Women and fearful maids make vows against thee;
 Thy own slaves, if they hear of this, shall hate thee;
 And those thou hast corrupted, first fall from thee;
 And, if thou let'st me live, the soldier,
 Tir'd with thy tyrannies, break through obedience,
 And shake his strong steel at thee!

Val. This prevails^o not,
 Nor any agony you utter, lady.
 If I have done a sin, curse her that drew me,
 Curse the first cause, the witchcraft that abus'd me,
 Curse those fair eyes, and curse that heavenly beauty,
 And curse your being good too.

Lucina. Glorious thief,
 What restitution canst thou make to save me?

Val. I'll ever love and honour you.

Lucina. Thou canst not,
 For that which was mine honour thou hast murder'd;
 And can there be a love in violence?

Val. You shall be only mine.

Lucina. Yet I like better
 Thy villany than flattery; that's thine own,
 The other basely counterfeit. Fly from me;
 Or, for thy safety-sake and wisdom, kill me,
 For I am worse than thou art: thou mayst pray,
 And so recover grace; I am lost for ever;
 And, if thou let'st me live, thou'rt lost thyself too.

ⁿ
good men raze thee
For ever being read again but vicious] "i. e. good men will prevent your ever
 being recorded, but as an example of *vice and villany*." *Ed.* 1778.—Both the
 folios have a break after "again," and no point after "vicious."—Seward
 printed,

"*For ever being read again; all virtuous
 Women,*" &c.

^o *prevails*] i. e. avails.

Val. I fear no loss but love ; I stand above it.

Lucina. Call in your lady-bawds and gilded pandars,
And let them triumph too, and sing to Cæsar,
“ Lucina’s faln, the chaste Lucina’s conquer’d ! ” —
Gods, what a wretched thing has this man made me !
For I am now no wife for Maximus,
No company for women that are virtuous ;
No family I now can claim, nor country,
Nor name but Cæsar’s whore.—Oh, sacred Cæsar,
(For that should be your title,) was your empire,
Your rods and axes that are types of justice,
Those fires that ever burn to beg you blessings,
The people’s adoration, fear of nations,
What victory can bring you home, what else
The useful elements can make your servants,
Even light itself, and sons^p of light, truth, justice,
Mercy, and star-like piety, sent to you,
And from the gods themselves, to ravish women ?
The curses that I owe to enemies,
Even those the Sabines sent, when Romulus
(As thou hast me) ravish’d their noble maids,
Made more and heavier, light on thee !

Val. This helps not.

Lucina. The sins of Tarquin be remember’d in thee !
And where there has a chaste wife been abus’d,
Let it be thine, the shame thine, thine the slaughter,
And last, for ever thine the fear’d example !
Where shall poor Virtue live, now I am faln ?
What can your honours now and empire make me,
But a more glorious whore ?

Val. A better woman :

But, if you will be blind and scorn it, who can help it ?
Come, leave these lamentations ; they do nothing
But make a noise. I am the same man still :
Were it to do again, (therefore be wiser,)
By all this holy light, I should attempt it !

^p *sons*] Seward’s correction (approved by Mason).—Both the folios have “suns” ; and so the Editors of 1778 and Weber.

You are so excellent, and made to ravish,
(There were no pleasure in you else,) —

Lucina. Oh, villain !

Val. So bred for man's amazement, that my reason,
And every help to hold me right, has lost me :
The god of love himself had been before me,
Had he but power to see you : tell me justly,
How can I choose but err, then ? If you dare
Be mine and only mine, (for you are so precious,
I envy any other should enjoy you,
Almost look on you ; and your daring husband
Shall know h'as kept an offering from the empire,
Too holy for his altars) be the mightiest ;
More than myself, I'll make it. If you will not,
Sit down with this and silence ; for which wisdom,
You shall have use of me, and much honour ever,
And be the same you were : if you divulge it,
Know I am far above the faults I do,
And those I do I am able to forgive too ;
And where^a your credit, in the knowledge of it,
May be with gloss enough suspected, mine
Is as mine own command shall make it : princes,
Though they be sometime subject to loose whispers,
Yet wear they two-edg'd swords for open censures :
Your husband cannot help you, nor the soldier ;
Your husband is my creature, they my weapons,
And only where I bid 'em, strike ; I feed 'em :
Nor can the gods be angry at this action ;
For, as they make me most, they mean me happiest,
Which I had never been without this pleasure.
Consider, and farewell : you'll find your women
At home before you ; they have had some sport too,
But are more thankful for it.

Lucina. Destruction find thee !

[*Exit VALENT.*

Now which way must I go ? my honest house
Will shake to shelter me ; my husband fly me ;
My family,
Because they are honest, and desire to be so,

^a *where*] i. e. whereas.

Must not endure me ; not a neighbour know me :
 What woman now dare see me without blushes,
 And, pointing as I pass, " There, there, behold her ;
 Look on her, little children ; that is she,
 That handsome lady, mark " ? Oh, my sad fortunes !
 Is this the end of goodness ? this the price
 Of all my early prayers to protect me ?
 Why, then, I see there is no god but power,
 Nor virtue now alive that cares for us,
 But what is either lame or sensual ;
 How had I been thus wretched else ? [*Throws herself on a couch.*

Enter MAXIMUS and AECIUS.

Aecius. [*to those without.*] Let Titius
 Command the company that Pontius lost,
 And see the fosses deeper.

Max. How now, sweetheart !
 What make you here, and thus ?

Aecius. Lucina weeping !
 This must be much offence.

Max. Look up, and tell me,
 Why are you thus ?—my ring !—Oh, friend, I have found it !—
 You are^r at court, sweet.

Lucina. Yes ; this brought me hither^s.

Max. Rise, and go home.—I have my fears, Aecius :
 Oh, my best friend, I am ruin'd !—Go, Lucina ;
 Already in thy tears I have read thy wrongs,
 Already found a Cæsar : go, thou lily,
 Thou sweetly-drooping flower ; go, silver swan,
 And sing thine own sad requiem ; go, Lucina,
 And, if thou dar'st, out-live this wrong !

Lucina. I dare not.

Aecius. Is that the ring you lost ?

Max. That, that, Aecius,
 That cursèd ring, myself, and all my fortunes !
 'T has pleas'd the emperor, my noble master,
 For all my services and dangers for him,

^r *are*] So the second folio.—The first folio " were " ; and so Seward.

^s *hither*] So the second folio.—The first folio " thither " ; and so Seward.

To make me mine own pandar. Was this justice?
Oh, my Aëcius, have I liv'd to bear this?

Lucina. Farewell for ever, sir!

Max. That's a sad saying;

But such a one becomes you well, Lucina:
And yet, methinks, we should not part so lightly;
Our loves have been of longer growth, more rooted,
Than the sharp word of one farewell can scatter.
Kiss me. I find no Cæsar here; these lips
Taste not of ravisher^t, in my opinion.

Was it not so?

Lucina. Oh, yes!

Max. I dare believe thee;

For thou wert ever truth itself, and sweetness:—
Indeed she was, Aëcius.

Aëcius. So she is still.

Max. [*Kissing her again.*] Once more.—Oh, my Lucina,
oh, my comfort,

The blessing of my youth, the life of my life!

Aëcius. I have seen enough to stagger my obedience:
Hold me, ye equal^u gods! this is too sinful.

Max. Why wert thou chosen out to make a whore of?
To me thou wert too chaste. Fall, crystal fountains,
And ever feed your streams, you rising sorrows,
Till you have dropt your mistress into marble!
Now, go for ever from me.

Lucina. Long farewell, sir!

And, as I have been loyal, gods, think on me!

Max. Stay; let me once more bid farewell, Lucina.
Farewell, thou excellent example of us!
Thou starry virtue, fare thee well! seek Heaven,
And there by Cassiopeia shine in glory!
We are too base and dirty to preserve thee.

Aëcius. Nay, I must kiss too. Such a kiss again,
And from a woman of so ripe a virtue,

^t *I find no Cæsar here; these lips*

Taste not of ravisher] Here the Editors of 1778 cite from Shakespeare,

“I found not Cassio's kisses on her lips.” *Othello*, act iii. sc. 3.

^u *equal*] i. e. just.

Aëcius must not take. Farewell, thou phenix,
 If thou wilt die, Lucina ! which, well weigh'd,
 If you can cease a while from these strange thoughts,
 I wish were rather alter'd.

Lucina. No.

Aëcius. Mistake not.

I would not stain your honour for the empire,
 Nor any way decline you ^t to discredit ;
 'Tis not my fair profession, but a villain's :
 I find and feel your loss as deep as you do,
 And am the same Aëcius, still as honest ;
 The same life I have still for Maximus,
 The same sword wear for you, where justice wills me,
 And 'tis no dull one. Therefore, misconceive not ;
 Only I would have you live a little longer,
 But a short year.

Max. She must not.

Lucina. Why so long, sir ?

Am I not grey enough with grief already ?

Aëcius. To draw from that wild man a sweet repentance,
 And goodness in his days to come.

Max. They are so,

And will be ever coming, my Aëcius.

Aëcius. For who knows, but the sight of you, presenting
 His swoln sins at the full, and your fair virtues,
 May, like a fearful vision, fright his follies,
 And once more bend him right again ? which blessing
 (If your dark wrongs would give you leave to read)
 Is more than death, and the reward more glorious :
 Death only eases you ; this, the whole empire.
 Besides, compell'd and forc'd with violence
 To what you have done, the deed is none of yours,
 No, nor the justice neither : you may live,
 And still a worthier woman, still more honour'd ;
 For are those trees the worse we tear the fruits from ?
 Or should the eternal gods desire to perish,

^t *decline you*] i. e. divert you from your course : see Gifford's note on Massinger's *Works*, iii. 13. ed. 1813.

Because we daily violate their truths,
Which is the chastity of Heaven? No, lady;
If you dare live, you may: and as our sins
Make them more full of equity and justice,
So this compulsive wrong makes you more perfect:
The empire too will bless you.

Max. Noble sir,

If she were any thing to me but honour,
And that that's wedded to me too, laid in,
Not to be worn away without my being:
Or could the wrongs be hers alone, or mine,
Or both our wrongs, not tied to after-issues,
Not born anew in all our names and kindreds,
I would desire her live; nay more, compel her:
But, since it was not youth, but malice did it,
And not her own, nor mine, but both our losses;
Nor stays it there, but that our names must find it,
Even those to come, and when they read she liv'd,
Must they not ask how often she was ravish'd,
And make a doubt she lov'd that more than wedlock?
Therefore she must not live.

Aecius. Therefore she must live,

To teach the world such deaths are superstitious.

Lucina. The tongues of angels cannot alter me;
For, could the world again restore my credit,
As fair and absolute as first I bred it,
That world I should not trust again. The empire^u
By my life can get nothing but my story,
Which, whilst I breathe, must be but his abuses:
And where^v you counsel me to live, that Cæsar
May see his errors and repent, I'll tell you,
His penitence is but increase of pleasures,
His prayers never said but to deceive us;
And when he weeps, as you think for his vices,
'Tis but as killing drops from baleful yew-trees,
That rot their honest neighbour. If he can grieve,

^u *empire*] Lord Rochester, in his alteration of the play, substituted here "emperor" for "*empire*": but see the third speech above.

^v *where*] i. e. whereas.

As one that yet desires his free conversion,
 And almost glories in his penitence,
 I'll leave him robes to mourn in, my sad ashes.

Aëcius. The farewells, then, of happy souls be with thee,
 And to thy memory be ever sung
 The praises of a just and constant lady!
 This sad day, whilst I live, a soldier's tears
 I'll offer on thy monument, and bring,
 Full of thy noble self, with tears untold yet,
 Many a worthy wife, to weep thy ruin.

Max. All that is chaste upon thy tomb shall flourish,
 All living epitaphs be thine: time, story,
 And what is left behind to piece our lives,
 Shall be no more abus'd with tales and trifles,
 But, full of thee, stand to eternity.

Aëcius. Once more, farewell! go, find Elysium,
 There where the happy souls are crown'd with blessings,
 There where 'tis ever spring and ever summer!

Max. There where no bed-rid justice comes! Truth,
 Honour,
 Are keepers of that blessèd place: go thither;
 For here thou liv'st chaste fire in rotten timber.

Aëcius. And so, our last farewells!

Max. Gods give thee justice! [Exit LUCINA.]

Aëcius. His thoughts begin to work; I fear him: yet
 He ever was a noble Roman; but
 I know not what to think on't; he hath suffer'd
 Beyond a man, if he stand this. [Aside.]

Max. Aëcius,
 Am I alive, or has a dead sleep seiz'd me?
 It was my wife the emperor abus'd thus;
 And I must say, "I am glad I had her for him",—
 Must I not, my Aëcius?

Aëcius. I am stricken
 With such a stiff amazement, that no answer
 Can readily come from me, nor no comfort.
 Will you go home, or go to my house?

Max. Neither:
 I have no home; and you are mad, Aëcius,

To keep me company : I am a fellow
 My own sword would forsake, not tied unto me ;
 A pandar is a prince to what I am faln :
 By Heaven, I dare do nothing.

Aëcius. You do better.

Max. I am made a branded slave, Aëcius,
 And yet I bless the maker.
 Death o' my soul ! must I endure this tamely ?
 Must Maximus be mentioned for his tameness^w ?
 I am a child too ; what should I do railing ?
 I cannot mend myself ; 'tis Cæsar did it,
 And what am I to him ?

Aëcius. 'Tis well consider'd ;
 However you are tainted, be no traitor :
 Time may out-wear the first, the last lives ever.

Max. Oh, that thou wert not living, and my friend !

Aëcius. I'll bear a wary eye upon your actions :
 I fear you, Maximus ; nor can I blame thee
 If thou break'st out ; for, by the gods, thy wrong
 Deserves a general ruin ! [*Aside*].—Do you love me ?

Max. That 's all I have to live on.

Aëcius. Then go with me ;
 You shall not to your own house.

Max. Nor to any ;
 My griefs are greater far than walls can compass :
 And yet I wonder how it happens with me,
 I am not dangerous ; and, o' my conscience,
 Should I now see the emperor i' th' heat on 't,
 I should not chide him for 't : an awe runs through me,
 I feel it sensibly, that binds me to it ;
 'Tis at my heart now, there it sits and rules,
 And methinks 'tis a pleasure to obey it.

Aëcius. This is a mask to cozen me : I know you,
 And how far you dare do ; no Roman farther,

^w *tameness*] The correction of Mason (in which Heath had anticipated him, *MS. Notes*), and at least better than the nonsense of both the folios, "tales," which is retained by the modern editors, and which, according to Weber, "may refer to the tales told by posterity of his enduring tamely"! Lord Rochester, in his alteration of the play, gives here "wrongs."

Nor with more fearless valour ; and I 'll watch you.— [*Aside.*
Keep that obedience still.

Max. Is a wife's loss
(For her abuse, much good may do his grace!
I 'll make as bold with his wife, if I can)
More than the fading of a few fresh colours ?
More than a lusty spring lost ?

Aëcius. No more, Maximus,
To one that truly lives.

Max. Why, then, I care not ;
I can live well enough, Aëcius ;
For look you, friend, for virtue and those trifles,
They may be bought, they say.

Aëcius. He 's craz'd a little ;
His grief has made him talk things from his nature. [*Aside.*

Max. But chastity is not a thing, I take it,
To get in Rome, unless it be bespoken
A hundred years before,—is it, Aëcius ?—
By 'r lady, and well handled too i' the breeding.

Aëcius. Will you go any way ?

Max. I 'll tell thee, friend ;
If my wife, for all this, should be a whore now,
A kind of kicker-out of sheets, 'twould vex me ;
For I am not angry yet : the emperor
Is young and handsome, and the woman flesh,
And may not these two couple without scratching ?

Aëcius. Alas, my noble friend !

Max. Alas not me ;
I am not wretched ; for there 's no man miserable
But he that makes himself so.

Aëcius. Will you walk yet ?

Max. Come, come, she dare not die, friend ; that 's the
truth on 't ;
She knows the enticing sweets and delicacies
Of a young prince's pleasures, and, I thank her,
She has made a way for Maximus to rise by :
Will 't not become me bravely ? Why do you think
She wept, and said she was ravish'd ? keep it here,
And I 'll discover to you.

Aëcius. Well ?

Max. She knows

I love no bitten flesh, and out of that hope
She might be from me, she contriv'd this knavery.
Was it not monstrous, friend ?

Aëcius. Does he but seem so,
Or is he mad indeed ?

[*Aside.*

Max. Oh, gods, my heart !

Aëcius. Would it would fairly break !

[*Aside.*

Max. Methinks I am somewhat wilder than I was ;
And yet, I thank the gods, I know my duty.

Enter CLAUDIA.

Clau. Nay, you may spare your tears ; she 's dead ; she is so.

Max. Why, so it should be. How ?

Clau. When first she enter'd
Into her house, after a world of weeping,
And blushing like the sun-set, as we saw her ^x,
“ Dare I,” said she, “ defile this house with whore,
In which his noble family has flourish'd ? ”
At which she fell, and stirr'd no more. We rubb'd her——

Max. No more of that ; be gone. [*Exit* CLAUDIA.

Now, my Aëcius,

If thou wilt do me pleasure, weep a little ;
I am so parch'd I cannot. Your example
Has brought the rain down now : now lead me, friend ;
And as we walk together, let 's pray together ^y truly,
I may not fall from faith.

Aëcius. That 's nobly spoken.

Max. Was I not wild, Aëcius ?

Aëcius. Somewhat troubled.

Max. I felt no sorrow then. Now I 'll go with you ;
But do not name the woman. Fie, what fool
Am I to weep thus ! Gods, Lucina, take thee,
For thou wert even the best and worthiest lady !

Aëcius. Good sir, no more ; I shall be melted with it.

^x *as we saw her*] Both the folios have “*as we see her.*”—Seward printed “*that we saw her.*”

^y *together*] Omitted by the Editors of 1778 and Weber.

Max. I have done ; and, good sir, comfort me. Would
there were wars now !

Aëcius. Settle your thoughts ; come.

Max. So I have now, friend :
Of my deep lamentations here 's an end.

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE II.—*A street.*

Enter PONTIUS, PHIDIAS, and ARETUS.

Phid. By my faith, captain Pontius, besides pity
Of your faln fortunes, what to say I know not ;
For 'tis too true the emperor desires not,
But my best master, any soldier near him.

Are. And when he understands, he cast your fortunes
For disobedience, how can we incline him
(That are but under-persons to his favours)
To any fair opinion ? Can you sing ?

Pont. Not to please him, Aretus ; for my songs
Go not to the lute or viol, but to the trumpet ;
My tune kept on a target, and my subject
The well-struck wounds of men, not love or women.

Phid. And those he understands not.

Pont. He should, Phidias.

Are. Could you not leave this killing way a little,
(You must, if here you would plant yourself,) and rather
Learn, as we do, to like what those affect
That are above us ? wear their actions,
And think they keep us warm too ? what they say,
Though oftentimes they speak a little foolishly,
Not stay to construe, but prepare to execute ?
And think, however the end falls, the business
Cannot run empty-handed ?

Phid. Can you flatter,
And, if it were put to you, lie a little ?

Pont. Yes, if it be a living^z.

Are. That 's well said, then.

^z *if it be a living*] "i. e. if it be the way to gain a livelihood." MASON.

Pont. But must these lies and flatteries be believ'd, then ?

Phid. Oh, yes, by any means.

Pont. By any means, then,
I cannot lie nor flatter.

Are. You must swear too,
If you be there.

Pont. I can swear, if they move me.

Phid. Cannot you forswear too ?

Pont. The court for ever,
If it be grown so wicked.

Are. You should procure a little too.

Pont. What 's that ?
Men's honest sayings for my truth ?

Are. Oh, no, sir,
But women's honest actions for your trial.

Pont. Do you do all these things ?

Phid. Do you not like 'em ?

Pont. Do you ask me seriously, or trifle with me ?
I am not so low yet, to be your mirth.

Are. You do mistake us, captain ; for sincerely
We ask you how you like 'em ?

Pont. Then sincerely
I tell you I abhor 'em : they are ill ways,
And I will starve before I fall into 'em ;
The doers of 'em wretches, their base hungers
Care not whose bread they eat, nor how they get it.

Are. What then, sir ?

Pont. If you profess this wickedness,
Because ye have been soldiers and borne arms,
The servants of the brave Aëcius,
And by him put to th' emperor, give me leave
(Or I must take it else) to say ye are villains,
For all your golden coats, debosh'd^a, base villains !
Yet I do wear a sword to tell ye so.
Is this the way you mark out for a soldier,
A man that has commanded for the empire,

^a *debosh'd*] " This, which Seward modernized, was the usual way of spelling and pronouncing the word *debauched*," &c. WEBER. Seward printed "debaush'd"; and so the Editors of 1778.

And borne the reputation of a man ?
 Are there not lazy things enough, call'd fools and cowards,
 And poor enough to be preferr'd for pandars,
 But wanting soldiers must be knaves too ? ha !
 This the trim course of life ? Were not ye born bawds,
 And so inherit but^b your rights ? I am poor,
 And may expect a worse ; yet digging, pruning,
 Mending of broken ways, carrying of water,
 Planting of worts and onions, any thing
 That 's honest and a man's, I'll rather choose,
 Ay, and live better on it, which is juster ;
 Drink my well-gotten water with more pleasure,
 When my endeavour 's done, and wages paid me,
 Than you do wine ; eat my coarse bread not curs'd,
 And mend upon 't (your diets are diseases) ;
 And sleep as soundly, when my labour bids me,
 As any forward pandar of ye all,
 And rise a great deal honest : my garments,
 Though not as yours, the soft sins of the empire,
 Yet may be warm, and keep the biting wind out,
 When every single breath of poor opinion
 Finds you through all your velvets.

Are. You have hit it ;

Nor are we those we seem : the lord Aëcius
 Put us good men to th' emperor ; so we have serv'd him,
 Though much neglected for it ; so dare be still :
 Your curses are not ours. We have seen your fortune,
 But yet know no way to redeem it : means,
 Such as we have, you shall not want, brave Pontius ;
 But pray, be temperate : if we can wipe out
 The way of your offences^c, we are yours, sir ;
 And you shall live at court an honest man too.

Phid. That little meat and means we have, we 'll share it.

^b *but*] Weber printed "by."

^c *The way of your offences*] "That is, 'the natural course and consequence of them,' as M. Mason observes. The word *way* was used by old authors with great latitude of meaning. The last editors discard *way*, and substitute *stain*." WEBER. The preceding explanation is quite wrong : "*The way of your offences*" is a periphrasis for "*Your offences*" ; see Gifford's excellent note on Massinger's *Works*, iv. 309, ed. 1813.

Fear not to be as we are ; what we told you
 Were but mere trials of your truth : you 're worthy,
 And so we 'll ever hold you ; suffer better,
 And then you are a right man, Pontius.
 If my good master be not ever angry,
 You shall command again.

Pont. I have found two good men. Use my life,
 For it is yours, and all I have to thank ye. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE III.—*A room in the house of MAXIMUS.*

Enter MAXIMUS.

Max. There 's no way else to do it ; he must die ;
 This friend must die, this soul of Maximus,
 Without whom I am nothing but my shame ;
 This perfectness, that keeps me from opinion^d,
 Must die, or I must live thus branded ever :
 A hard choice, and a fatal ! Gods, ye have given me
 A way to credit, but the ground to go on
 Ye have levell'd with that precious life I love most :
 Yet I must on, and through ; for, if I offer
 To take my way without him, like a sea
 He bears his high command 'twixt me and vengeance,
 And in my own road sinks me. He is honest,
 Of a most constant loyalty to Cæsar,
 And when he shall but doubt I dare attempt him,
 But make a question of his ill, but say
 " What is a Cæsar, that he dare do this ?"
 Dead sure^e he cuts me off : Aëcius dies,
 Or I have lost myself.—Why should I kill him ?
 Why should I kill myself ? for 'tis my killing^f ;
 Aëcius is my root, and, wither him,
 Like a decaying branch I fall to nothing.

^d *that keeps me from opinion*] " i. e. that prevents me from acting in such a manner as may preserve my reputation." MASON.

^e *Dead sure*] " I read ' *dead-sure* ' with a hyphen, and understand by it the common expression, *as sure as death*." SEWARD.

^f *'tis my killing*] " i. e. the killing of Aëcius is, in fact, killing myself." MASON.

Is he not more to me than wife? than Cæsar,
 Though I had now my safe revenge upon him?
 Is he not more than rumour^g, and his friendship
 Sweeter than the love of women? What is honour,
 We all so strangely are bewitch'd withal?
 Can it relieve me, if I want? he has;
 Can honour, 'twixt the incensèd prince and envy,
 Bear up the lives of worthy men? he has;
 Can honour pull the wings of fearful cowards,
 And make 'em turn again like tigers? he has;
 And I have liv'd to see this, and preserv'd so.
 Why should this empty word incite me, then,
 To what is ill and cruel? Let her perish:
 A friend is more than all the world, than honour:
 She is a woman, and her loss the less,
 And with her go my griefs!—But, hark you, Maximus,
 Was she not yours? did she not die to tell you
 She was a ravish'd woman? did not justice
 Nobly begin with her that not deserv'd it?
 And shall he live that did it? Stay a little:
 Can this abuse die here? shall not men's tongues
 Dispute it afterward, and say I gave
 (Affecting dull obedience and tame duty,
 And led away with fondness of a friendship)
 The only virtue of the world to slander?
 Is not this certain, was not she a chaste one,
 And such a one that no compare dwelt with her?
 One of so sweet a virtue that Aëcius,
 (Even he himself, this friend that holds me from it,
 Out of his worthy love to me and justice,
 Had it not been on Cæsar, had reveng'd her?
 By Heaven, he told me so! What shall I do, then?
 Can other men affect^h it, and I cold?
 I fear he must not live.

^g *rumour*] “Mr. Theobald and Mr. Sympson both suspect the word *rumour*, and think that *honour* was probably the original. But as *honour*, in this place, must signify exactly the same with *rumour*, the poets seem to have judiciously ascertained the true meaning of what follows, by using *rumour* here,” &c. SEWARD. The Editors of 1778 printed “honour”.

^h *affect*] “The word *affect* is here used in an uncommon sense, and means

Enter a Servant.

Serv. My lord, the general
Is come to seek you.

Max. Go, entreat him to enter.

[*Exit Serv.*

Oh, brave Aëcius, I could wish thee now
As far from friendship to me as from fears,
That I might cut thee off like that I weigh'd not !
Is there no wayⁱ, without him, to come near it ?
For out of honesty he must destroy me,
If I attempt it. He must die, as others,
And I must lose him ; 'tis necessity ;
Only the time and means is all the difference.
But yet I would not make a murder of him,
Take him directly for my doubts : he shall die ;
I have found a way to do it, and a safe one ;
It shall be honour to him too. I know not
What to determine certain, I am so troubled,
And such a deal of conscience presses me :
Would I were dead myself !

Enter AËCIUS.

Aëcius. You run away well ;
How got you from me, friend ?

Max. That that leads mad men,
A strong imagination, made me wander.

Aëcius. I thought you had been more settled.

Max. I am well ;
But you must give me leave a little sometimes
To have a buzzing in my brains.

Aëcius. You are dangerous ;

—to be affected by." MASON. "The verb is most probably used in a more common sense—to aspire to, to aim at, alluding to revenge, which Maximus had just observed Aëcius would have undertaken himself, if the offender had not been Cæsar. He then very naturally continues—Can other men aim at revenge, while I remain indifferent ?" WEBER—and rightly.

ⁱ *Is there no way, &c.*] "The sense and reasoning require that we should alter this passage, and read—

'There is no way without him to come near it ;

For out of honesty,' &c." MASON,—whose alteration is justly styled by Weber "very idle and unnecessary."

But I'll prevent it, if I can [*Aside*].—You told me
You would go to th' army.

Max. Why? to have my throat cut?
Must he not be the bravest man, Aëcius,
That strikes me first?

Aëcius. You promis'd me a freedom
From all these thoughts. And why should any strike you?

Max. I am an enemy, a wicked one,
Worse than the foes of Rome; I am a coward,
A cuckold, and a coward; that's two causes
Why every one should beat me.

Aëcius. You are neither;—
And durst another tell me so, he died for't;—
For thus far on mine honour I'll assure you,
No man more lov'd than you; and, for your valour,
And what you^k may be fair, no man more follow'd.

Max. A doughty man, indeed! But that's all one;
The emperor, nor all the princes living,
Shall find a flaw in my coat: I have suffer'd,
And can yet; let them find inflictions,
I'll find a body for 'em, or I'll break it.
'Tis not a wife can thrust me out: some look'd for't;
But let 'em look till they are blind with looking;
They are but fools. Yet there is anger in me,
That I would fain disperse; and, now I think on't,
You told me, friend, the provinces are stirring;
We shall have sport, I hope, then, and what's dangerous
A battle shall beat from me.

Aëcius. Why do you eye me
With such a settled look?

Max. Pray, tell me this,
Do we not love extremely? I love you so.

Aëcius. If I should say I lov'd not you as truly,
I should do that I never durst do,—lie.

^k *you*] Both the folios have "ye" (which transcribers generally, for the sake of brevity, preferred to "you"). Seward altered "ye" to "else"; and so his successors. Heath, who thinks the old reading right, explains the passage thus; "and for your valour, and your great expectations, even those consistent with your honour and loyalty, no man more followed."

Max. If I should die, would it not grieve you much ?

Aëcius. Without all doubt.

Max. And could you live without me ?

Aëcius. It would much trouble me to live without you,
Our loves and loving souls have been so us'd
But to one household in us : but to die
Because I could not make you live, were woman,
Far much too weak ; were it to save your worth,
Or to redeem your name from rooting out,
To quit you bravely fighting from the foe,
Or fetch you off, where honour had engag'd you,
I ought, and would die for you.

Max. Truly spoken !—

What beast but I, that must, could hurt this man now ?
Would he had ravish'd me ! I would have paid him ;
I would have taught him such a trick his eunuchs
Nor all his black-ey'd boys dream'd¹ of yet.
By all the gods, I am mad now ! now were Cæsar
Within my reach, and on his glorious top
The pile of all the world, he went to nothing !
The Destinies, nor all the dames of hell,
Were I once grappled with him, should relieve him,
No, not the hope of mankind, more ; all perish'd !
But this is words and weakness.

[*Aside.*

Aëcius. You look strangely.

Max. I look but as I am ; I am a stranger.

Aëcius. To me ?

Max. To every one ; I am no Roman,
Nor what I am do I know.

Aëcius. Then I'll leave you.

Max. I find I am best so. If you meet with Maximus,
Pray, bid him be an honest man, for my sake ;
You may do much upon him : for his shadow,
Let me alone.

Aëcius. You were not wont to talk thus,
And to your friend ; you have some danger in you,

¹ *boys dream'd*] Seward silently printed "*boys e'er dreamt*" ; and so his successors.

That willingly would run to action :
Take heed, by all our love, take heed !

Max. I danger !

I willing to do any thing ! I die^m !
Has not my wife been dead two days already ?
Are not my mournings by this time moth-eaten ?
Are not her sins dispers'd to other women,
And many one ravish'dⁿ to relieve her ?
Have I shed tears these twelve hours ?

Aëcius. Now you weep.

Max. Some lazy drops that stay'd behind.

Aëcius. I'll tell you,

(And I must tell you truth,) were it not hazard,
And almost certain loss of all the empire,
I would join^o with you : were it any man's
But his life that is life of us, he lost it
For doing of this mischief ; I would take it,
And to your rest give you a brave revenge :
But, as the rule now stands, and as he rules,
And as the nations hold, in disobedience,
One pillar failing, all must fall, I dare not :
Nor is it just you should be suffer'd in it ;
Therefore again take heed. On foreign foes
We are our own revengers ; but at home,
On princes that are eminent and ours,
'Tis fit the gods should judge us^p. Be not rash,

^m *I die*] Both the folios have "*I dig*" ; and so Seward.—The alteration, "*I die*," was first introduced by the Editors of 1778 (having been suggested to them by some assistant whose note is signed *G.*) ; and so Weber : but I am by no means satisfied that it is the right reading. Qy ?

" *I willing to do any thing ! Ay, dig.*"

Compare p. 264, l. 7, sqq.

ⁿ *And many one ravish'd*] Seward printed "*And many a one e'en ravish'd*" ; and so the Editors of 1778.

^o *join*] So the second folio.—The first folio has "*wyne*."—Seward printed "*whine*" ; and so the Editors of 1778. Weber saw that "*wyne*" was an accidental corruption of "*ioyne*," and remarked that "the same corruption [*Winted*'] has occurred in the first folio, in the soliloquy of Maximus, act V. sc. 3."

^p *'Tis fit the gods should judge us*] "That is, as Mason explains it—the gods should do us justice. Seward reads—'*the gods should judge 'em.*'" WEBER.

Nor let your angry steel cut those you know not ;
 For by this fatal blow, if you dare strike it
 (As I see great aims in you), those unborn yet,
 And those to come of them, and those¹ succeeding,
 Shall bleed the wrath of Maximus. For me,
 As you now bear yourself, I am your friend still ;
 If you fall off, (I will not flatter you,)
 And in my hands, were you my soul, you perish'd.
 Once more be careful, stand, and still be worthy :
 I'll leave you for this hour.

Max. Pray, do [*Exit* AËCIUS].—'Tis done :
 And, friendship, since thou canst not hold in dangers,
 Give me a certain ruin ! I must through it. [*Exit.*]

ACT IV.

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

Enter VALENTINIAN, LICINIUS, CHILAX, and BALBUS.

Val. Dead !

Chi. So 'tis thought, sir.

Val. How ?

Licin. Grief and disgrace,

As people say.

Val. No more ; I have too much on' t,
 Too much by you, you whettors of my follies,
 Ye angel-formers of my sins, but devils !
 Where is your cunning now ? you would work wonders,
 There was no chastity above your practice^r,
 You would undertake to make her love her wrongs,
 And dote upon her rape ! Mark what I tell ye ;
 If she be dead——

Chi. Alas, sir !

Val. Hang ye, rascals,

¹ *those*] Both the folios "these"; and so the modern editors, who point the line thus,—

"And those to come, of them and these succeeding" !

^r *practice*] See note, p. 124.

Ye blasters of my youth, if she be gone,
 'Twere better ye had been your fathers' camels,
 Groan'd under daily weights of wood and water—
 Am I not Cæsar?—

Licin. Mighty, and our maker.

Val. Than thus have given my pleasures to destruction!
 Look she be living, slaves!

Licin. We are no gods, sir,
 If she be dead, to make her new again.

Val. She cannot die; she must not die: are those
 I plant my love upon but common livers?
 Their hours, as others', told 'em^s? can they be ashes?
 Why do ye flatter a belief into me,
 That I am all that is,—“The world's my creature;
 “The trees bring forth their fruits when I say *summer*;
 “The wind, that knows no limit but his wildness,
 “At my command moves not a leaf; the sea,
 “With his proud mountain-waters envying^t heaven,
 “When I say *still*, run^u into crystal mirrors?”
 Can I do this, and she die? Why, ye bubbles,
 That with my least breath break, no more remember'd,
 Ye moths, that fly about my flame and perish,
 Ye golden canker-worms, that eat my honours,
 Living no longer than my spring of favour,
 Why do ye make me god, that can do nothing?
 Is she not dead?

Chi. All women are not with her.

Val. A common whore serves you, and far above ye,
 The pleasures of a body lam'd with lewdness;
 A mere perpetual motion makes ye happy.
 Am I a man to traffic with diseases?
 Can any but a chastity serve Cæsar?
 And such a one the gods would kneel to purchase?
 You think, because you have bred me up to pleasures,
 And almost run me over all the rare ones,
 Your wives will serve the turn: I care not for 'em;

^s *told 'em*] “i. e. counted or measured out to them.” WEBER.

^t *envying*] i. e. vying with, emulating: see note, p. 31.

^u *run*] Altered by the modern editors to “runs”: but see notes, p. p. 7, 94.

Your wives are fencers' whores, and shall be footmen's :
 Though sometimes my nice will, or rather anger,
 Have made ye cuckolds for variety,
 I would not have ye hope, nor dream, ye poor ones,
 Always so great a blessing from me. Go,
 Get your own infamy hereafter, rascals !
 I have done too nobly for ye ; ye enjoy
 Each one an heir, the royal seed of Cæsar :
 And I may curse ye for 't ; your wanton jennets,
 That are so proud the wind gets 'em with fillies ^v,
 Taught me this foul intemperance. Thou, Licinius,
 Hast such a Messalina, such a Laïs,
 The backs of bulls cannot content, nor stallions ;
 The sweat of fifty men a-night does nothing.

Licin. Your grace but jests, I hope.

Val. 'Tis oracle.

The sins of other women, put by hers,
 Shew off like sanctities.—Thine 's a fool, Chilax,
 Yet she can tell to twenty, and all lovers,
 And all lien with her too, and all as she is,
 Rotten and ready for an hospital.—
 Yours is a holy whore, friend Balbus,—

Bal. Well, sir.

Val. One that can pray away the sins she suffers,
 But not the punishments : she has had ten bastards,
 Five of 'em now are lictors, yet she prays ;
 She has been the song of Rome, and common pasquil ^w ;
 Since I durst see a wench, she was camp-mistress,
 And muster'd all the cohorts, paid 'em too
 (They have it yet to shew), and yet she prays ;

^v *your wanton jennets,*
That are so proud the wind gets 'em with fillies] So again in Fletcher's *Rule a*
Wife and Have a Wife, act iv. sc. 3,

“Do you conceive, as our jennets do, with a west wind ?”
 where Weber observes, that this is a favourite fiction in romance, and instances
 Frontino in Ariosto.

^w *pasquil]* Weber (who, like his predecessors, prints the word with a capital
 letter) observes rather unnecessarily, “This is a gross anachronism, the allu-
 sion being to the statue of Pasquin in Pontifical Rome, to which libels are
 commonly affixed.”

She is now to enter old men that are children,
 And have forgot their rudiments. Am I
 Left for these wither'd vices? and but one,
 But one of all the world that could content me,
 And snatch'd away in shewing? If your wives
 Be not yet witches, or yourselves, now be so,
 And save your lives; raise me this noble beauty,
 As when I forc'd her, full of constancy,
 Or, by the gods——

Licin. Most sacred Cæsar——

Val. Slaves——

Enter PROCULUS.

*Licin.** Good Proculus——

Proc. By Heaven, you shall not see it;
 It may concern the empire.

Val. Ha! what saidst thou?

Is she not dead?

Proc. Not any one I know, sir:
 I come to bring your grace a letter here,
 Scatter'd belike i' the court: 'tis sent to Maximus,
 And bearing danger in it.

Val. Danger! where?

Double our guard!

Proc. Nay, no where, but i' the letter.

Val. What an afflicted conscience do I live with,
 And what a beast I am grown! I had forgotten
 To ask Heaven mercy for my fault, and was now
 Even ravishing again her memory.
 I find there must be danger in this deed:
 Why do I stand disputing, then, and whining
 For what is not the gods' to give? they cannot,
 Though they would link their powers in one, do mischief.
 This letter may betray me [*Aside*].—Get ye gone,
 And wait me in the garden; guard the house well,
 And keep this from the empress. [*Exeunt all except VAL.*

The name Maximus

Runs through me like a fever. This may be
 Some private letter, upon private business,

* *Licin.*] So the second folio.—The first has "*Lycias*" (a mistake for "*Lyci*," i. e. Lycinius); and so the Editors of 1778 and Weber,—giving previously, "*Enter Proculus and Lycias.*"

Nothing concerning me : why should I open 't ?
 I have done him wrong enough already. Yet,
 It may concern me too ; the time so tells me ;
 The wicked deed I have done assures me 'tis so.
 Be what it will, I 'll see it ; if that be not
 Part of my fears, among my other sins,
 I 'll purge it out in prayers.—How ! what 's this ? [*Reads.*

*Lord Maximus, you love Aëcius,
 And are his noble friend too : bid him be less,
 I mean less with the people ; times are dangerous,
 The army's his, the emperor in doubts,
 And, as some will not stick to say, declining :
 You stand a constant man in either fortune^x :
 Persuade him ; he is lost else. Though ambition
 Be the last sin he touches at, or never^y,
 Yet, what the people, mad with loving him,
 And as they willingly desire another,
 May tempt him to, or rather force his goodness,
 Is to be doubted mainly. He is all
 (As he stands now) but the mere name of Cæsar,
 And should the emperor enforce him lesser,
 Not coming from himself, it were more dangerous :
 He is honest, and will hear you. Doubts are scatter'd,
 And almost come to growth in every household ;
 Yet, in my foolish judgment, were this master'd,
 The people, that are now but rage and his,
 Might be again obedience. You shall know me
 When Rome is fair again ; till when, I love you.*
 No name ! This may be cunning ; yet it seems not,
 For there is nothing in it but is certain,
 Besides my safety. Had not good Germanicus,
 That was as loyal and as straight as he is,
 If not prevented by Tiberius,
 Been by the soldiers forc'd their emperor ?

^x *fortune*] So the second folio.—The first folio “fortunes” ; and so Seward and Weber.

^y *Be the last sin he touches at, or never*] “The meaning may be [no doubt, is] ‘that it is the sin he would last of all, or perhaps never, be guilty of.’” *Ed.* 1778.

He had, and 'tis my wisdom to remember it :
 And was not Corbulo (even that Corbulo,
 That ever-fortunate and living Roman,
 That broke the heart-strings of the Parthians,
 And brought Arsaces' line upon their knees,
 Chain'd to the awe of Rome), because he was thought
 (And but in wine once) fit to make a Cæsar,
 Cut off by Nero? I must seek my safety ;
 For 'tis the same again, if not beyond it.
 I know the soldier loves him more than Heaven,
 And will adventure all his gods to raise him ;
 Me he hates more than peace : what this may breed,
 If dull security and confidence
 Let him grow up, a fool may find, and laugh ^z at.
 But why Lord Maximus, I injur'd so,
 Should be the man to counsel him, I know not,
 More than he has been friend, and lov'd allegiance :
 What now he is, I fear ; for his abuses,
 Without the people, dare draw blood.— Who waits there ?

Enter a Servant.

Serv. Your grace ?

Val. Call Phidias and Aretus hither.— [*Exit Servant.*

I'll find a day for him too. *Times are dangerous,*
The army his, the emperor in doubts :
 I find it is too true. Did he not tell me,
 As if^a he had intent to make me odious,
 And to my face, and by a way of terror,
 What vices I was grounded in, and almost
 Proclaim'd the soldiers' hate against me ? Is not
 The sacred name and dignity of Cæsar
 (Were this Aëcius more than man) sufficient
 To shake off all his honesty ? he's dangerous,
 Though he be good ; and, though a friend, a fear'd one ;
 And such I must not sleep by.—Are they come yet ?—

^z *laugh*] Both the folios "laught."

^a *As if, &c.*] At the beginning of this line both the folios have "1", and at the beginning of the next line "2."—"A marginal direction how to place the lines has been taken into the text." SEWARD.

I do believe this fellow, and I thank him.
 'Twas time to look about : if I must perish,
 Yet shall my fears^b go foremost.

Enter PHIDIAS and ARETUS.

Phid. Life to Cæsar !

Val. Is Lord Aëcius waiting ?

Phid. Not this morning ;

I rather think he 's with the army.

Val. Army !

I do not like that " army " [*Aside*].—Go unto him,
 And bid him straight attend me, and—do you hear ?—
 Come private without any ; I have business
 Only for him.

Phid. Your grace's pleasure.

Val. Go.—

[*Exit PHIDIAS.*]

What soldier is the same (I have seen him often)
 That keeps you company, Aretus ?

Are. Me, sir !

Val. Ay, you, sir.

Are. One they call Pontius,

An 't please your grace.

Val. A captain ?

Are. Yes, he was so ;

But speaking something roughly in his want,
 Especially of wars, the noble general,
 Out of a strict allegiance, cast his fortunes.

Val. H 'as been a valiant fellow.

Are. So he 's still.

Val. Alas, the general might have pardon'd follies !
 Soldiers will talk sometimes.

Are. I am glad of this.

[*Aside.*]

Val. He wants preferment, as I take it.

Are. Yes, sir ;

And for that noble grace his life shall serve.

Val. I have a service for him ;

I shame a soldier should become a beggar :
 I like the man, Aretus.

^b *my fears*] i. e. the objects of my fear.

Are. Gods protect you !

Val. Bid him repair to Proculus, and there
He shall receive the business, and reward for 't :
I'll see him settled too, and as a soldier ;
We shall want such.

Are. The sweets ^c of Heaven still crown you !

[*Exit.*

Val. I have a fearful darkness in my soul,
And, till I be deliver'd, still am dying.

[*Exit.*

SCENE II.—*Before the Palace.*

Enter MAXIMUS.

Max. My way has taken : all the court's in guard,
And business every where, and every corner
Full of strange whispers. I am least in rumour,
And so I'll keep myself.—Here comes Aëcius ;
I see the bait is swallow'd : if he be lost,
He is my martyr, and my way stands open ;
And, Honour, on thy head his blood is reckon'd.

Enter AËCIUS with a bandage round his arm, and PHIDIAS.

Aëcius. Why, how now, friend ? what make ^d you here
unarm'd ?

Are you turn'd merchant ?

Max. By your fair persuasions ;
And such a merchant traffics without danger.
I have forgotten all, Aëcius,
And, which is more, forgiven.

Aëcius. Now I love you,
Truly I do ; you are a worthy Roman.

Max. The fair repentance of my prince, to me
Is more than sacrifice of blood and vengeance :
No eyes shall weep her ruins, but mine own.

Aëcius. Still you take more love from me. Virtuous friend,
The gods make poor Aëcius worthy of thee !

^c *The sweets, &c.*] “ This, and the following speech, were unappropriated in the oldest folio.” WEBER.

^d *make*] Though “ make ” in the sense of—do, purpose to do, occurs so often in these plays, yet here the Editors of 1778 and Weber printed “ makes.”

Max. Only in me you're poor, sir, and I worthy
Only in being yours. But why your arm thus?
Have you been hurt, Aëcius?

Aëcius. Bruis'd a little;
My horse fell with me, friend, which, till this morning,
I never knew him do.

Max. Pray gods it bode well!
And, now I think on't better, you shall back;
Let my persuasions rule you.

Aëcius. Back! why, Maximus?
The emperor commands me come.

Max. I like not
At this time his command.

Aëcius. I do at all times,
And all times will obey it; why not now, then?

Max. I'll tell you why, and, as I have been govern'd,
Be you so, noble friend: the court's in guard,
Arm'd strongly; for what purpose let me fear;
I do not like your going.

Aëcius. Were it fire,
And that fire certain to consume this body,
If Cæsar sent, I would go. Never fear, man;
If he take me, he takes his arms away:
I am too plain and true to be suspected.

Max. Then I have dealt unwisely.

[*Aside.*

Aëcius. If the emperor,
Because he merely may, will have my life,
That's all he has to work on, and all shall have;
Let him; he loves me^e better. Here I wither,
And happily may live, till ignorantly
I run into a fault worth death, nay, more, dishonour.
Now all my sins, I dare say those of duty,
Are printed here; and, if I fall so happy,
I bless the grave I lie in; and the gods,
Equal as dying on the enemy,
Must take me up a sacrifice.

Max. Go on, then;
And I'll go with you.

^e *he loves me*] "i. e. he shews his love to me." MASON.

Aëcius. No, you may not, friend.

Max. He cannot be a friend bars me, Aëcius :
Shall I forsake you in my doubts ?

Aëcius. You must.

Max. I must not, nor I will not. Have I liv'd
Only to be a carpet-friend^f, for pleasure ?
I can endure a death as well as Cato.

Aëcius. There is no death nor danger in my going,
Nor none must go along.

Max. I have a sword too,
And once I could have us'd it for my friend.

Aëcius. I need no sword nor friend in this : pray, leave me ;
And, as you love me, do not over-love me.
I am commanded none shall come. At supper
I'll meet you, and we'll drink a cup or two ;
You need good wine, you have been sad. Farewell.

Max. Farewell, my noble friend : let me embrace you
Ere you depart ; it may be, one of us
Shall never do the like again.

Aëcius. Yes, often.

Max. Farewell, good dear Aëcius.

Aëcius. Farewell, Maximus,
Till night : indeed you doubt too much.

Max. I do not. [Exit AËCIUS with PHIDIAS.]

Go, worthy innocent, and make the number
Of Cæsar's sins so great, Heaven may want mercy !
I'll hover hereabout, to know what passes ;
And, if he be so devilish to destroy thee,
In thy blood shall begin his tragedy. [Exit.]

^f *a carpet-friend*] " This alludes to the carpet-knights, who are frequently mentioned in old plays. As Mr. Gifford observes, ' they were such as were made on occasion of public festivities, marriages, births, &c. in contradistinction to those that were created on the field of battle after a victory.' That ingenious commentator objects to the notion that those created by James I. were exclusively alluded to, which is certainly just ; but it is not improbable that the term was, in his reign, frequently and principally applied to the knights-baronets, who might well be exposed to the ridicule of such as could boast of more honourable knighthood, not purchased by money, but obtained by valour, and who found themselves degraded to a rank inferior to their new-created fellows, who were certainly carpet-knights." WEBER. [Qy. Sir W. Scott !]

SCENE III.—*A street.**Enter PROCULUS and PONTIUS.*

Proc. Besides this, if you do it, you enjoy
The noble name Patrician ; more than that too,
The friend of Cæsar you are styl'd : there 's nothing
Within the hopes of Rome, or present being,
But you may safely say is yours.

Pont. Pray, stay, sir :
What has Aëcius done, to be destroy'd ?
At least, I would have a colour.

Proc. You have more,
Nay, all that may be given ; he is a traitor,
One any man would strike that were a subject.

Pont. Is he so foul ?

Proc. Yes, a most fearful traitor.

Pont. A fearful plague upon thee, for thou liest !——

[*Aside.*

I ever thought the soldier would undo him
With his too-much affection.

Proc. You have hit it ;
They have brought him to ambition.

Pont. Then he is gone.

Proc. The emperor, out of a foolish pity,
Would save him yet.

Pont. Is he so mad ?

Proc. He 's madder,—
Would go to th' army to him.

Pont. Would he so ?

Proc. Yes, Pontius ; but we consider——

Pont. Wisely.

Proc. How else, man ?—that the state lies in it.

Pont. And your lives too.

Proc. And every man's.

Pont. He did me
All the disgrace he could.

Proc. And scurvily.

Pont. Out of a mischief merely : did you mark it ?

Proc. Yes, well enough^g: now you have means to quit^h it.
The deed done, take his place.

Pont. Pray, let me think on 't ;
'Tis ten to one I do it.

Proc. Do, and be happy. [Exit.]

Pont. This emperor is made of nought but mischief :
Sure, Murder was his mother. None to lop,
But the main link he had ? Upon my conscience,
The man is truly honest, and that kills him ;
For, to live here, and study to be true,
Is all one to be traitors. Why should he die ?
Have they not slaves and rascals for their offerings,
In full abundance ? bawds more than beasts for slaughter ?
Have they not singing whores enough, and knaves too,
And millions of such martyrs, to sink Charon,
But the best sons of Rome must sail too ? I will shew him
(Since he must die) a way to do it truly :
And, though he bears me hard, yet shall he know,
I am born to make him bless me for a blow. [Exit.]

SCENE IV.—*The court of the Palace.*

Enter AËCIUS, PHIDIAS, and ARETUS.

Phid. Yet you may scape to the camp ; we'll hazard with
you.

Are. Lose not your life so basely, sir : you are arm'd ;
And many, when they see your sword out, and know why,
Must follow your adventure.

Aëcius. Get ye from me :
Is not the doom of Cæsar on this body ?
Do not I bear my last hour here, now sent me ?
Am I not old Aëcius, ever dying ?
You think this tenderness and love you bring me :
'Tis treason, and the strength of disobedience,
And, if ye tempt me further, ye shall feel it.

^g *Yes, well enough*] "These words, which in the first folio were given to Pontius, were properly restored to Proculus in the second." WEBER.

^h *quit*] i. e. requite.

I seek the camp for safety, when my death
 (Ten times more glorious than my life, and lasting)
 Bids me be happy ! Let the fool fear dying,
 Or he that weds a woman for his humourⁱ,
 Dreaming no other life to come but kisses :
 Aëcius is not now to learn to suffer.
 If ye dare shew a just affection, kill me ;
 I stay but those that must. Why do ye weep ?
 Am I so wretched to deserve men's pities ?
 Go, give your tears to those that lose their worths,
 Bewail their miseries : for me wear garlands,
 Drink wine, and much ; sing pæans to my praise ;
 I am to triumph, friends ; and more than Cæsar,
 For Cæsar fears to die, I love to die.

Phid. Oh, my dear lord !

Aëcius. No more : go, go, I say !
 Shew me not signs of sorrow ; I deserve none.
 Dare any man lament I should die nobly ?
 Am I grown old, to have such enemies ?
 When I am dead, speak honourably of me,
 That is, preserve my memory from dying ;
 There^j, if you needs must weep your ruin'd master,
 A tear or two will seem well. This I charge ye,
 (Because ye say you yet love old Aëcius,)
 See my poor body burnt, and some to sing
 About my pile, and what I have done and suffer'd,
 If Cæsar kill not that too : at your banquets,
 When I am gone, if any chance to number
 The times that have been sad and dangerous,
 Say how I fell, and 'tis sufficient.
 No more, I say ! he that laments my end,
 By all the gods, dishonours me ! be gone,
 And suddenly and wisely, from my dangers ;
 My death is catching else.

Phid. We fear not dying.

Aëcius. Yet fear a wilful death ; the just gods hate it :

ⁱ *humour*] Mason's correction.—Both the folios have "honour"; and so the modern editors.

^j *There*] Qy. "Then" ?

I need no company to that, that children
 Dare do alone, and slaves are proud to purchase.
 Live till your honesties, as mine has done,
 Make this corrupted age sick of your virtues ;
 Then die a sacrifice, and then ye know
 The noble use of dying well, and Roman.

Are. And must we leave you, sir ?

Aëcius. We must all die,
 All leave ourselves ; it matters not where, when,
 Nor how, so we die well : and can that man that does so
 Need lamentation for him ? Children weep
 Because they have offended, or for fear ;
 Women for want of will, and anger : is there
 In noble man, that truly feels both poises
 Of life and death, so much of this wet weakness
 To drown a glorious death in child and woman ?
 I am asham'd to see ye : yet ye move me,
 And, were it not my manhood would accuse me
 For covetous to live, I should weep with ye.

Phid. Oh, we shall never see you more !

Aëcius. 'Tis true ;
 Nor I the miseries that Rome shall suffer,
 Which is a benefit life cannot reckon.
 But what I have been, which is just and faithful,
 One that grew old for Rome, when Rome forgot him,
 And, for he was an honest man, durst die,
 Ye shall have daily with ye : could that die too,
 And I return no traffic of my travails,
 No pay to have been soldier but this silver,
 No annals of Aëcius but " he liv'd,"
 My friends, ye had cause to weep, and bitterly :
 The common overflows of tender women,
 And children new-born crying, were too little
 To shew me then most wretched. If tears must be,
 I should in justice weep 'em, and for you ;
 You are to live, and yet behold those slaughters
 The dry and wither'd bones of Death would bleed at :
 But, sooner than I have time to think what must be,
 I fear you 'll find what shall be. If ye love me

(Let that word serve for all), be gone and leave me :
 I have some little practice with my soul,
 And then the sharpest sword is welcomest.
 Go, pray, be gone ; ye have obey'd me living,
 Be not, for shame, now stubborn. So, I thank ye,
 And fare ye well ; a better fortune guide ye !

[*Exeunt PHIDIAS and ARETUS.*]

I am a little thirsty ; not for fear,
 And yet it is a kind of fear I say so :
 Is it to be a just man now again,
 And leave my flesh unthought of ? 'tis departed.
 I hear 'em come.—Who strikes first ? I stay for ye !

Enter BALBUS, CHILAX, and LICINIUS.

Yet I will die a soldier, my sword drawn ; [*Draws his sword.*]
 But against none.—Why do ye fear ? come forward.

Bal. You were a soldier, Chilax.

Chi. Yes, I muster'd,
 But never saw the enemy.

Licin. He's drawn ;
 By Heaven, I dare not do it !

Aëcius. Why do ye tremble ?
 I am to die : come ye not now from Cæsar,
 To that end ? speak.

Bal. We do, and we must kill you ;
 'Tis Cæsar's will.

Chi. I charge you put your sword up,
 That we may do it handsomely.

Aëcius. Ha, ha, ha !
 My sword up ! handsomely ! Where were ye bred ?
 Ye are the merriest murderers, my masters,
 I ever met withal. Come forward, fools :
 Why do ye stare ? upon mine honour, bawds,
 I will not strike ye.

Licin. I'll not be first.

Bal. Nor I.

Chi. You had best die quietly : the emperor
 Sees how you bear yourself.

Aëcius. I would die, rascals,
If you would kill me, quietly.

Bal. [Pox^k] of^l Proculus,
He promis'd us to bring a captain hither,
That has been us'd to kill.

Aëcius. I'll call the guard,
Unless you will kill me quickly, and proclaim
What beastly, base, and cowardly companions^m
The emperor has trusted with his safety :
Nay, I'll give out, ye fell of my side, villains.
Strike home, ye bawdy slaves !

Chi. By Heaven, he will kill us !
I mark'd his hand ; he waits but time to reach us.
Now do you offer.

Aëcius. If ye do mangle me,
And kill me not at two blows, or at three,
Or not so stagger me my senses fail me,
Look to yourselves !

Chi. I told ye.

Aëcius. Strike me manly,
And take a thousand strokes.

Bal. Here 's Pontius.

Enter PONTIUS.

Pont. Not kill'd him yet !
Is this the love ye bear the emperor ?
Nay, then, I see ye are traitors all : have at ye !

[Wounds CHILAX and BALBUS.

Chi. Oh, I am hurt !

[LICIN. runs away.

Bal. And I am kill'd !

Pont. Die bawds,
As ye have liv'd and flourish'd ! [Exeunt CHILAX and BALBUS.

Aëcius. Wretched fellow,
What hast thou done ?

Pont. Kill'd them that durst not kill ;
And you are next.

^k [Pox] A break here in both the folios.

^l of] i. e. on.—Altered by the Editors of 1778 and Weber to “o’.”

^m companions] Equivalent to—fellows.

Aëcius. Art thou not Pontius ?

Pont. I am the same you cast, Aëcius,
And in the face of all the camp disgrac'd.

Aëcius. Then so much nobler, as thou wert a soldier,
Shall my death be. Is it revenge provok'd thee,
Or art thou hir'd to kill me ?

Pont. Both.

Aëcius. Then do it.

Pont. Is that all ?

Aëcius. Yes.

Pont. Would you not live ?

Aëcius. Why should I ?

To thank thee for my life ?

Pont. Yes, if I spare it.

Aëcius. Be not deceiv'd ; I was not made to thank,
For any courtesy but killing me,
A fellow of thy fortune. Do thy duty.

Pont. Do not you fear me ?

Aëcius. No.

Pont. Nor love me for it ?

Aëcius. That 's as thou dost thy business.

Pont. When you are dead,
Your place is mine, Aëcius.

Aëcius. Now I fear thee ;
And not alone thee, Pontius, but the empire.

Pont. Why, I can govern, sir.

Aëcius. I would thou couldst,
And first thyself ! Thou canst fight well, and bravely,
Thou canst endure all dangers, heats, colds, hungers ;
Heaven's angry flashes are not suddener
Than I have seen thee execute, nor more mortal ;
The wingèd feet of flying enemies
I have stood and view'd thee mow away like rushes,
And still kill the killer : were thy mind
But half so sweet in peace as rough in dangers,
I died to leave a happy heir behind me.
Come, strike, and be a general.

Pont. Prepare, then :
And, for I see your honour cannot lessen,

And 't were a shame for me to strike a dead man,
Fight your short span out.

Aëcius. No, thou know'st I must not ;
I dare not give thee so much 'vantage of me
As disobedience.

Pont. Dare you not defend you
Against your enemy ?

Aëcius. Not sent from Cæsar ;
I have no power to make such enemies ;
For, as I am condemn'd, my naked sword
Stands but a hatchment by meⁿ, only held
To shew I was a soldier. Had not Cæsar
Chain'd all defence in this doom, " Let him die,"
Old as I am, and quench'd with scars and sorrows,
Yet would I make this wither'd arm do wonders,
And open in an enemy such wounds
Mercy would weep to look on.

Pont. Then have at you !
And look upon me, and be sure you fear not :
Remember who you are, and why you live,
And what I have been to you ; cry not " hold,"
Nor think it base injustice I should kill you.

Aëcius. I am prepar'd for all.

Pont. For now, Aëcius,
Thou shalt behold and find I was no traitor,
And, as I do it, bless me. Die as I do ! [Stabs himself.]

Aëcius. Thou hast deceiv'd me, Pontius, and I thank thee :
By all my hopes in Heaven, thou art a Roman !

Pont. To shew you what you ought to do, this is not ;

ⁿ *my naked sword*
[Stands but a hatchment by me] "The hatchments of a sword were the different ornaments with which it was decorated. So in *The Scornful Lady* (vol. III. p. 32.),

'Let there be deducted, out of our main potation,
Five marks, in *hatchments* to adorn this thigh.'

From this it may be fairly deduced, that Aëcius means to say, that his sword, upon which he is leaning, stands by him merely as the fitting ornament of a soldier, and not as a weapon of offence." WEBER,—whose explanation is most erroneous. *Hatchment* means here (as at p. 86) an ornament for a hearse, emblematic of the profession of the deceased.

For Slander's self would shame to find you coward,
 Or willing to out-live your honesty :
 But, noble sir, you have been jealous of me,
 And held me in the rank of dangerous persons ;
 And I must dying say, it was but justice,
 You cast me from my credit : yet, believe me,
 (For there is nothing now but truth to save me,
 And your forgiveness,) though you held me heinous,
 And of a troubled spirit, that like fire
 Turns all to flames it meets with, you mistook me :
 If I were foe to any thing, 'twas ease,
 Want of the soldier's due, the enemy ;
 The nakedness we found at home and scorn,
 Children of peace and pleasures ; no regard
 Nor comfort for our scars, but how we got 'em ;
 To rusty time, that eat our bodies up,
 And even began to prey upon our honours ;
 To wants at home, and, more than wants, abuses ;
 To them that, when the enemy invaded,
 Made us their saints, but now the sores of Rome ;
 To silken flattery, and pride plum'd^o over,
 Forgetting with what wind their feathers sail,
 And under whose protection their soft pleasures
 Grow full and numberless : to this I am foe,
 Not to the state or any point of duty.
 And, let me speak but what a soldier may,
 (Truly I ought to be so,) yet I err'd,
 Because a far more noble sufferer
 Shew'd me the way to patience, and I lost it :
 This is the end I die, sir^p : to live basely,
 And not the follower of him that bred me
 In full account and virtue, Pontius dare not,
 Much less to out-live what is good, and flatter.

^o *plum'd*] Seward's correction, which is confirmed by the next line.—The folios have "plaind" and "plain'd."

^p *This is the end I die, sir*] "Mason proposed to read—'This is the end I die for' ; but, if we were to discard all ancient, and substitute modern phrases, there would be no end to alterations and notes. If Mason had been consistent, he should have proposed another variation a few lines lower, (p. 290, line 10), —'And think whatever was displeasing to you.' " WEBER.

Aëcius. I want a name to give thy virtue, soldier,
For only *good* is far below thee, Pontius ;
The gods shall find thee one : thou hast fashion'd death
In such an excellent and beauteous manner,
I wonder men can live. Canst thou speak once more ?
For thy words are such harmony a soul
Would choose to fly to heaven in.

Pont. A farewell ^a.
Good noble general, your hand : forgive me,
And think whatever was displeasing you,
Was none of mine. You cannot live.

Aëcius. I will not.
Yet one word more.

Pont. Die nobly.—Rome, farewell !
And, Valentinian, fall ! thou hast broke thy basis.
In joy you have given me a quiet death,
I would strike more wounds, if I had more breath. [Dies.]

Aëcius. Is there an hour of goodness beyond this ?
Or any man would out-live such a dying ?
Would Cæsar double all my honours on me,
And stick me o'er with favours like a mistress,
Yet would I grow to this man : I have lov'd,
But never doted on a face till now.
Oh, death, thou art more than beauty, and thy pleasure
Beyond posterity !—Come, friends, and kill me :
Cæsar, be kind, and send a thousand swords ;
The more, the greater is my fall. Why stay ye ?
Come, and I'll kiss your weapons : fear me not ;
By all the gods, I'll honour ye for killing !
Appear, or through the court and world I'll search ye !
My sword is gone [*Throws it from him*] : ye are traitors, if
ye spare me,
And Cæsar must consume ye !—All base cowards ?
I'll follow ye, and, ere I die, proclaim ye
The weeds of Italy, the dross of nature !
Where are ye, villains, traitors, slaves ? [Exit.]

^a *A farewell*] “ Mr. Seward omits the article ‘*A*’ ; but surely the old reading is full as natural, and perhaps more pathetic : ‘ Can you speak once more ? ’ ‘ Yes ; a farewell. Your hand : forgive me, &c.’ ” *Ed.* 1778.

Enter PROCULUS, and three Courtiers, running over the stage.

Proc. I knew

He had kill'd the captain.

First Court. Here 's his sword.

Proc. Let it alone; 'twill fight itself else, friends.

An hundred men are not enough to do it :

I'll to the emperor, and get more aid.

Aëcius [*within*]. None strike a poor condemn'd man ?

Proc. He is mad :

Shift for yourselves, my masters !

[*Exeunt.*]

Re-enter AËCIUS.

Aëcius. Then, Aëcius,

[*Takes up his sword.*]

See what thou dar'st thyself.—Hold, my good sword ;

Thou hast been kept from blood too long : I'll kiss thee,

For thou art more than friend now, my preserver :

Shew me the way to happiness ; I seek it.

And all you great ones that have faln as I do,

To keep your memories and honours living,

Be present in your virtues, and assist me,

That, like strong Cato, I may put away

All promises, but what shall crown my ashes.

Rome, fare thee well ! stand long, and know to conquer,

Whilst there is people and ambition.—

Now for a stroke shall turn me to a star :

I come, ye blessèd spirits ; make me room

To live for ever in Elysium !

[*Falls on his sword.*]

Do men fear this ? oh, that posterity

Could learn from him but this, that loves his wound,

There is no pain at all in dying well,

Nor none are lost, but those that make their hell !

[*Dies.*]

First Court. [*within*]. He 's dead ; draw in the guard again.

Re-enter PROCULUS, and Second and Third Courtier.

Proc. He 's dead indeed,

And I am glad he 's gone : he was a devil.

His body, if his eunuchs come, is theirs ;

The emperor, out of his love to virtue,

Has given 'em that : let no man stop their entrance.

[*Exeunt.*]

' *Nor*] Weber chose to print " *For*."

Enter PHIDIAS and ARETUS.

Phid. Oh, my most noble lord!—Look here, Aretus,
Here 's a sad sight!

Are. Oh, cruelty! Oh, Cæsar!
Oh, times that bring forth nothing but destruction
And overflows of blood!—Why wast thou kill'd?
Is it to be a just man now again,
As when Tiberius and wild Nero reign'd,
Only assurance of his overthrow?

Phid. It is, Aretus: he that would live now,
Must, like the toad, feed only on corruptions,
And grow with those to greatness. Honest virtue,
And the true Roman honour, faith and valour,
That have been all the riches of the empire,
Now, like the fearful tokens of the plague,
Are mere fore-runners of their ends that owe^r 'em.

Are. Never-enough-lamented lord, dear master!
Of whom now shall we learn to live like men?
From whom draw out our actions just and worthy?
Oh, thou art gone, and gone with thee all goodness,
The great example of all equity,
(Oh, thou alone a Roman, thou art perish'd^s!)
Faith, fortitude, and constant nobleness!
Weep, Rome! weep, Italy! weep, all that knew him!
And you that fear'd him as a noble foe,
(If enemies have honourable tears,)
Weep this decay'd Aëcius, faln and scatter'd
By foul and base suggestion!

Enter MAXIMUS.

Phid. Oh, lord Maximus,
This was your worthy friend!

^r owe] "i. e. own." WEBER.

^s The great example of all equity,

(Oh, thou alone a Roman, thou art perish'd !)] "Mason, with some plausibility, proposes to transpose these lines. But by placing the latter between parentheses, the same purpose is answered, and the speech of the faithful eunuch rendered more expressive of his agitation, which embarrasses and disjoins his words." WEBER.

Max. The gods forgive me!—
 Think not the worse, my friends, I shed not tears;
 Great griefs lament within: yet, now I have found 'em.
 Would I had never known the world, nor women,
 Nor what that cursèd name of honour was,
 So this were once again Aëcius!
 But I am destin'd to a mighty action,
 And beg my pardon †, friend; my vengeance taken,
 I will not be long from thee.—Ye have a great loss;
 But bear it patiently: yet, to say truth,
 In justice 'tis not sufferable. I am next,
 And were it now, I would be glad on 't. Friends,
 Who shall preserve you now?

[*Aside.*

Are. Nay, we are lost too.

Max. I fear ye are; for likely such as love
 The man that's faln, and have been nourish'd by him,
 Do not stay long behind: 'tis held no wisdom.
 I know what I must do.—Oh, my Aëcius,
 Canst thou thus perish, pluck'd up by the roots,
 And no man feel thy worthiness?—From boys
 He bred you both, I think.

Phid. And from the poorest.

Max. And lov'd ye as his own.

Are. We found it, sir.

Max. Is not this a loss, then?

Phid. Oh, a loss of losses!

Our lives, and ruins of our families,
 The utter being nothing of our names,
 Were nothing near it.

Max. As I take it too,
 He put ye to the emperor.

Are. He did so.

Max. And kept ye still in credit.

Phid. 'Tis most true, sir.

Max. He fed your fathers too, and made them means;

† *And beg my pardon*] “Mr. Seward, without authority or remark, reads—
 ‘*thy pardon.*’ It is scarcely necessary to add, the old text means, ‘I beg
 you, friend, to grant me *my pardon.*’” *Ed.* 1778.

Your sisters he preferr'd to noble wedlocks ;
Did he not, friends ?

Are. Oh, yes, sir !

Max. As I take it,

This worthy man would not be now forgotten.
I tell ye, to my grief, he was basely murder'd ;
And something would be done by those that lov'd him ;
And something may be. Pray, stand off a little ;
Let me bewail him private.—Oh, my dearest !

[*Kneels by the body of AËCIUS.*]

Phid. Aretus, if we be not sudden, he out-does us ;
I know he points at vengeance ; we are cold
And base ungrateful wretches, if we shun it.
Are we to hope for more rewards or greatness,
Or any thing but death, now he is dead ?
Dar'st thou resolve ?

Are. I am perfect.

Phid. Then, like flowers
That grew together all, we 'll fall together^a,
And with us that that bore us : when 'tis done,
The world shall style us two deserving servants.
I fear he will be before us.

Are. This night, Phidias——

Phid. No more.

Max. [*rising*] Now, worthy friends, I have done my
mournings.
Let's burn this noble body : sweets as many
As sun-burnt Meroe^v breeds I 'll make a flame of,
Shall reach his soul in heaven : he that shall live
Ten ages hence, but to rehearse this story,
Shall, with the sad discourse on 't, darken heaven,

^a *Then, like flowers*

That grew together all, we 'll fall together,

And with us that that bore us] “*i. e.* all of us will perish together, like several flowers upon one stem which bore us, and which falls with us, alluding to Aëcius. This is the simple meaning of the passage, and it is so plain, that few editors, excepting Seward, who makes here the most violent alterations, could have cavilled at it.” WEBER.

^v *Meroe]* So the second folio.—The first folio “*Neroe.*”

And force the painful burdens from the wombs,
 Conceiv'd a-new with sorrow : even the grave
 Where mighty Sylla sleeps shall rend asunder,
 And give her shadow up, to come and groan
 About our piles ; which will be more and greater
 Than green Olympus, Ida, or old Latmus
 Can feed with cedar, or the east with gums,
 Greece with her wines, or Thessaly with flowers,
 Or willing Heaven can weep for in her showers.

[*Exeunt with the body.*]

ACT V.

SCENE I.—*A gallery in the Palace.*

Enter PHIDIAS with his dagger in him, and ARETUS poisoned^w.

Are. He has his last.

Phid. Then come the worst of danger !—

Aëcius, to thy soul we give a Cæsar.—

How long is 't since you gave it him ?

Are. An hour ;

Mine own two hours before him—how it boils me !

Phid. It was not to be cur'd, I hope.

Are. No, Phidias ;

I dealt above his antidotes : physicians

May find the cause, but where the cure ?

Phid. Done bravely ;

We are got before his tyranny, Aretus.

Are. We had lost our worthiest end else, Phidias.

Phid. Canst thou hold out a while ?

Are. To torture him,

Anger would give me leave to live an age yet :

That man is poorly spirited, whose life

Runs in his blood alone, and not in 's wishes.

And yet I swell and burn like flaming Ætna ;

^w *poisoned*] So both the folios.

A thousand new-found fires are kindled in me ;
But yet I must not die this four hours, Phidias.

Phid. Remember who dies with thee, and despise death.

Are. I need no exhortation : the joy in me,
Of what I have done and why, makes poison pleasure,
And my most killing torments mistresses ;
For how can he have time to die, or pleasure,
That falls as fools unsatisfied and simple ?

Phid. This that consumes my life, yet keeps it in me,
Nor do I feel the danger of a dying ;
And, if I but endure to hear the curses
Of this fell tyrant dead, I have half my Heaven.

Are. Hold thy soul fast but four hours, Phidias,
And thou shalt see to wishes beyond ours,
Nay, more, beyond our meanings.

Phid. Thou hast steel'd me.
Farewell, Aretus ; and the souls of good men,
That, as ours do, have left their Roman bodies
In brave revenge for virtue, guide our shadows !
I would not faint yet.

Are. Farewell, Phidias ;
And, as we have done nobly, gods look on us !

[*Exeunt severally.*]

SCENE II.—*An apartment in the same.*

Enter LYCIAS and PROCULUS.

Lycias. Sicker and sicker, Proculus !

Proc. Oh, Lycias,
What shall become of us ? would we had died
With happy Chilax, or with Balbus bed-rid
And made too lame for justice !

Enter LICINIUS.

Licin. The soft music,
And let one sing to fasten sleep upon him !—
Oh, friends, the emperor !

Proc. What say the doctors ?

Licin. For us a most sad saying ; he is poison'd,
Beyond all cure too.

Lycias. Who ?

Licin. The wretch Aretus,
That most unhappy ^w villain.

Lycias. How do you know it ?

Licin. He gave him drink last. Let's disperse, and find him ;
And, since he has open'd misery to all,
Let it begin with him first. Softly ; he slumbers. [*Exeunt.*]

VALENTINIAN brought in in a chair, with EUDOXIA,
Physicians, and Attendants.

Music and Song.

Care-charming Sleep, thou easer of all woes,
Brother to Death, sweetly thyself ^z dispose
On this afflicted prince ; fall, like a cloud,
In gentle showers ; give nothing that is loud
Or painful to his slumbers ; easy, sweet,
And as a purling stream, thou son of Night,
Pass by his troubled senses ; sing his pain ^y,
Like hollow murmuring wind or silver rain ;
Into this prince ^z gently, oh, gently slide,
And kiss him into slumbers like a bride !

Val. Oh, gods, gods ! Drink, drink ! colder, colder
Than snow on Scythian mountains ! Oh, my heart-strings !

Eud. How does your grace ?

First Phys. The empress speaks, sir.

Val. Dying,
Dying, Eudoxia, dying.

First Phys. Good sir, patience.

Eud. What have ye given him ?

First Phys. Precious things, dear lady,
We hope shall comfort him.

^w *unhappy*] i. e. mischievous,—wicked.

^z *thyself*] So the second folio.—The first folio has "*thy* life" ; which Seward gives, and defends in a note !!

^y *sing his pain*] "First folio '*sings.*' Other copies '*sing.*' We apprehend the true reading to be either '*soothe*' or '*suage.*'" *Ed.* 1778. "No amendment is necessary. To sing his pain, means to assuage his pain by singing." MASON. "The preceding line but one should probably end with—*light.*" WEBER.

^z *prince*] So the second folio.—Omitted in the first.

Val. Oh, flatter'd fool,

See what thy god-head's come to!—Oh, Eudoxia!

Eud. Oh, patience, patience, sir!

Val. Danubius

I'll have brought through my body——

Eud. Gods give comfort!

Val. And Volga, on whose face the north wind^a freezes.

I am^b an hundred hells! an hundred piles

Already to my funerals^c are flaming!

Shall I not drink?

First Phys. You must not, sir.

Val. By Heaven,

I'll let my breath out, that shall burn ye all,

If ye deny me longer! Tempests blow me,

And inundations that have drunk up kingdoms,

Flow over me, and quench me! Where's the villain?—

Am I immortal now, ye slaves?—by Numa,

If he do scape—Oh! oh!——

Eud. Dear sir!—

Val. Like Nero,

But far more terrible and full of slaughter,

I' the midst of all my flames, I'll fire the empire!

A thousand fans, a thousand fans to cool me!

Invite the gentle winds, Eudoxia.

Eud. Sir!—

Val. Oh, do not flatter me! I am but flesh,

A man, a mortal man.—Drink, drink, ye dunces!

What can your doses now do, and your scrapings,

Your oils, and mithridates^d? if I do die,

^a *wind*] So the second folio.—Omitted in the first.

^b *I am*] The first folio has “*I and*”; the second reads “*I find*.”

^c *funerals*] i. e. funeral rites.—Altered by the Editors of 1778 to “*funeral*”; and so Weber.

^d *mithridates*] “The celebrated medicine *mithridate* was, like *theriacum*, composed of a vast multitude of ingredients, as appears from the recipes in old dispensatories. ‘*Mithridate*,’ says Beuther, ‘which was invented by the King of Pontus, whose name it bears, was not formerly made in Spain, because the numerous herbs used in its composition were not found there, and therefore it was brought from Venice. But for some years past it has been compounded with great solemnity in our city of Valencia by the college of doctors in medi-

You only words of health, and names of sickness,
 Finding no true disease in man but money,
 That talk yourselves into revenues—oh!—
 And, ere ye kill your patients, beggar 'em,
 I'll have ye flay'd and dried!

Enter PROCULUS and LICINIUS, with ARETUS.

Proc. The villain, sir,
 The most accursèd wretch.

Val. Be gone, my queen;
 This is no sight for thee: go to the Vestals,
 Cast holy incense in the fire, and offer
 One powerful sacrifice to free thy Cæsar.

Proc. Go, go, and be happy!

Are. Go; but give no ease.— [Exit EUDOXIA.
 The gods have set thy last hour, Valentinian;
 Thou art but man, a bad man too, a beast,
 And, like a sensual bloody thing, thou diest.

Proc. Oh, [damnèd^e] traitor!

Are. Curse yourselves, ye flatterers,
 And howl your miseries to come, ye wretches!
 You taught him to be poison'd.

Val. Yet no comfort?

Are. Be not abus'd with priests nor 'pothecaries;
 They cannot help thee: thou hast now to live
 A short half-hour, no more, and I ten minutes:
 I gave thee poison for Aëcius' sake,
 Such a destroying poison would kill nature;
 And, for thou shalt not die alone, I took it.
 If mankind had been in thee at this murder,
 No more to people earth again, the wings
 Of old Time clipt for ever, Reason lost,
 In what I had attempted, yet, oh, Cæsar,
 To purchase fair revenge, I had poison'd them too!

cine, and by the spicers; and it is made here in greater perfection than in other parts of the world, and exported from hence to many provinces: for, in the territory of this city, all the herbs used in it are found, except those which grow only in India, those having now been found, which, till now, had not been discovered here.' Southey's *Chronicle of the Cid*, Notes, p. 421." WEBER.

^e [damnèd] Supplied by Weber. The Editors of 1778 gave "cursed."—The first folio has a break here; the second has no mark of omission.

Val. Oh, villain!—I grow hotter, hotter.

Are. Yes;

But not near my heat yet: what thou feel'st now
(Mark me with horror, Cæsar,) are but embers
Of lust and lechery thou hast committed;
But there be flames of murder.

Val. Fetch out tortures!

Are. Do, and I'll flatter thee; nay, more, I'll love thee:
Thy tortures, to what now I suffer, Cæsar,
At which thou must arrive too, ere thou diest,
Are lighter and more full of mirth than laughter.

Val. Let 'em alone. I must drink.

Are. Now be mad;

But not near me yet.

Val. Hold me, hold me, hold me!

Hold me, or I shall burst else!

Are. See me, Cæsar,

And see to what thou must come for thy murder:
Millions of women's labours, all diseases——

Val. Oh, my afflicted soul too!

Are. Women's fears, horrors,

Despairs, and all the plagues the hot sun breeds——

Val. Aëcius, oh, Aëcius! Oh, Lucina!

Are. Are but my torments' shadows!

Val. Hide me, mountains!

The gods have found my sins. Now break!

Are. Not yet, sir;

Thou hast a pull beyond all these.

Val. Oh, hell!

Oh, villain, cursèd villain!

Are. Oh, brave villain!

My poison dances in me at this deed.

Now, Cæsar, now behold me; this is torment,

And this is thine before thou diest: I am wild-fire!

The brazen bull of Phalaris was feign'd,

The miseries of souls despising Heaven

But emblems of my torments^f,——

Val. Oh, quench me, quench me, quench me!

^f *torments*] The Editors of 1778 chose to print "torment"; and so Weber.

Are. Fire a flattery,
 And all the poets' tales of sad Avernus,
 To my pains, less than fictions : yet, to shew thee
 What constant love I bore my murder'd master,
 Like a south wind, I have sung through all these tempests.—
 My heart, my wither'd heart !—Fear, fear, thou monster !
 Fear the just gods !—I have my peace ! [*Dies.*

Val. More drink !
 A thousand April showers fall in my bosom !
 How dare ye let me be tormented thus ?
 Away with that prodigious ^g body ! [*Attendants carry out the*
body of ARETUS]. Gods,
 Gods, let me ask ye what I am, ye lay
 All your inflictions on me ? hear me, hear me !
 I do confess I am a ravisher,
 A murderer, a hated Cæsar : oh,
 Are there not vows enough, and flaming altars,
 The fat of all the world for sacrifice,
 And, where that fails, the blood of thousand captives,
 To purge those sins, but I must make the incense ?
 I do despise ye all ! ye have no mercy,
 And wanting that, ye are no gods ! your parole
 Is only preach'd abroad to make fools fearful,
 And women, made of awe, believe your heaven !—
 Oh, torments, torments, torments ! pains above pains !—
 If ye be any thing but dreams and ghosts,
 And truly hold the guidance of things mortal ;
 Have in yourselves times past, to come, and present ;
 Fashion the souls of men, and make flesh for 'em,
 Weighing our fates and fortunes beyond reason ;
 Be more than all, ye gods ^h, great in forgiveness !
 Break not the goodly frame ye build in anger,
 For you are things, men teach us, without passions :
 Give me an hour to know ye in ! oh, save me !
 But so much perfect time ye make a soul in,
 Take this destruction from me !—No, ye cannot ;

^g *prodigious*] i. e. portentous, horrible.

^h *ye gods*] Seward's correction.—Both the folios have “the gods,”—the original compositor having, no doubt, mistaken “ye” for “y^e” (the).

The more I would believe, the moreⁱ I suffer.

My brains are ashes ! now my heart, my eyes !—friends,

I go, I go ! more air, more air !—I am mortal ! [Dies.

Proc. Take in the body.— [Attendants carry out the

Oh, Licinius, [body of VAL., followed

The misery that we are left to suffer ! [by Physicians.

No pity shall find us.

Licin. Our lives deserve none.

Would I were chain'd again to slavery,

With any hope of life !

Proc. A quiet grave,

Or a consumption now, Licinius,

That we might be too poor to kill, were something.

Licin. Let 's make our best use ; we have money, Proculus,
And, if that cannot save us, we have swords.

Proc. Yes, but we dare not die.

Licin. I had forgot that.

There's other countries, then.

Proc. But the same hate still

Of what we are.

Licin. Think any thing ; I'll follow.

Enter a Messenger.

Proc. How now ! what news ?

Mess. Shift for yourselves ; ye are lost else.

The soldier is in arms for great Aëcius,
And their lieutenant-general, that stopp'd 'em,
Cut in a thousand pieces : they march hither :
Beside, the women of the town have murder'd
Phorba and loose Ardelia, Cæsar's she-bawds.

Licin. Then here 's no staying, Proculus.

Proc. Oh, Cæsar,

That we had never known thy lusts !—Let 's fly,

And where we find no woman's man let 's die. [Exeunt.

ⁱ believe, the more] Mason's correction.—Both the folios have "believe ye, more,"—the original compositor having here mistaken "ye" (the) for "ye".

SCENE III.—*A street.*

Enter MAXIMUS.

Max. Gods, what a sluice of blood have I let open !
My happy ends are come to birth ; he 's dead,
And I reveng'd ; the empire 's all a-fire,
And desolation every where inhabits :
And shall I live, that am the author of it,
To know Rome, from the awe o' the world, the pity ?
My friends are gone before too, of my sending ;
And shall I stay ? is aught else to be liv'd for ?
Is there another friend, another wife,
Or any third holds half their worthiness,
To linger here alive for ? is not virtue,
In their two everlasting souls, departed,
And in their bodies' first flame fled to heaven ?
Can any man discover this, and love me ?
For, though my justice were as white as truth,
My way was crooked to it ; that condemns me :
And now, Aëcius, and my honour'd lady,
That were preparers to my rest and quiet,
The lines to lead me to Elysium ;
You that but stept before me, on assurance
I would not leave your friendship unrewarded ;
First smile upon the sacrifice I have sent ye,
Then see me coming boldly !—Stay ; I am foolish,
Somewhat too sudden to mine own destruction ;
This great end of my vengeance may grow greater :
Why may not I be Cæsar, yet no dying ?
Why should not I catch at it ? fools and children
Have had that strength before me, and obtain'd it,
And, as the danger stands, my reason bids me :
I will, I dare. My dear friends, pardon me ;
I am not fit to die yet, if not Cæsar.
I am sure the soldier loves me, and the people,
And I will forward ; and, as goodly cedars,
Rent from Oëta by a sweeping tempest,

Jointed again and made tall masts^j, defy
 Those angry winds that split 'em, so will I,
 New-piec'd^k again, above the fate of women,
 And made more perfect far than growing private,
 Stand and defy bad fortunes. If I rise,
 My wife was ravish'd well : if then I fall,
 My great attempt honours my funeral.

[*Exit.*]SCENE IV.—*An open place in the city.*

Enter FULVIUS, LUCIUS, SEMPRONIUS, and AFRANIUS.

Fulv. Guard all the posterns to the camp, Afranius,
 And see 'em fast ; we shall be rifled else.
 Thou art an honest and a worthy captain.

Luc. Promise the soldier any thing.

Semp. Speak gently,
 And tell 'em we are now in council for 'em,
 Labouring to choose a Cæsar fit for them,
 A soldier and a giver.

Fulv. Tell 'em further,
 Their free and liberal voices shall go with us.

Luc. Nay more, a negative, say, we allow 'em.

Semp. And, if our choice displease 'em, they shall name him.

Fulv. Promise three donatives, and large, Afranius.

Luc. And, Cæsar once elected, present foes,
 With distribution of all necessaries,
 Corn, wine, and oil.

Semp. New garments, and new arms,
 And equal portions of the provinces
 To them and to their families for ever.

Fulv. And see the city strengthen'd.

Afr. I shall do it.

[*Exit.*]

Luc. Sempronius, these are woful times.

^j *Jointed again and made tall masts*] So the second folio.—The first folio “*Winted againe and made tall masses*”: see note, p. 270.—This simile has occurred before,—in *Bonduca*, act i. sc. 2, p. 21 of the present vol.

^k *New-piec'd*] Mason's correction, and an obvious one.—The folios have “*New peece*” and “*New piece*”; and so Seward and the Editors of 1778.

Semp. Oh, Brutus,
We want thy honesty again ! these Cæsars,
What noble consuls got with blood, in blood
Consume again and scatter.

Fulv. Which way shall we ?

Luc. Not any way of safety I can think on.

Semp. Now go our wives to ruin, and our daughters,
And we beholders, Fulvius.

Fulv. Every thing
Is every man's that will.

Luc. The Vestals now
Must only feed the soldier's fire of lust,
And sensual gods be glutted with those offerings ;
Age, like the hidden bowels of the earth,
Open'd with swords for treasure. Gods defend us !
We are chaff before their fury else.

Semp. Away !
Let 's to the temples.

Fulv. To the Capitol ;
'Tis not a time to pray now ; let 's be strengthen'd.

Re-enter AFRANIUS.

Semp. How now, Afranius ! what good news ?

Afr. A Cæsar !

Fulv. Oh, who ?

Afr. Lord Maximus is with the soldier,
And all the camp rings " Cæsar, Cæsar, Cæsar !"
He forc'd the empress with him, for more honour.

Luc. A happy choice ! let 's meet him.

Semp. Blessèd fortune !

Fulv. Away, away !—Make room there, room there, room !

[*Exeunt all except AFRANIUS. Flourish within.*]

[*Within.*] Lord Maximus is Cæsar, Cæsar, Cæsar !
Hail, Cæsar Maximus !

Afr. Oh, turning people !
Oh, people excellent in war, and govern'd !
In peace more raging than the furious North,
When he ploughs up the sea and makes him brine¹,

¹ *When he ploughs up the sea and makes him brine*] Seward has a long and

Or the loud falls of Nile. I must give way,
 Although I neither love nor hopèd^m this,
 Or, like a rotten bridge that dares a current
 When he is swell'd and high, crackⁿ and farewell.

*Flourish within, and cries of Cæsar. Then enter MAXIMUS,
 EUDOXIA, FULVIUS, LUCIUS, SEMPRONIUS, and other Senators,
 and Soldiers.*

Senators. Room for the emperor !

Soldiers. Long life to Cæsar !

Afr. Hail, Cæsar Maximus !

Max. Your hand, Afranius.—

Lead to the palace ; there my thanks, in general,
 I'll shower among ye all. Gods give me life,
 First to defend the empire, then you, fathers.—
 And, valiant friends, the heirs of strength and virtue,
 The rampires of old Rome, of us the refuge,
 To you I open this day all I have,
 Even all the hazard that my youth hath purchas'd ;
 Ye are my children, family, and friends,
 And ever so respected shall be.—Forward.—
 There 's a proscription^o, grave Sempronius,
 'Gainst all the flatterers and lazy bawds
 Led loose-liv'd Valentinian to his vices :
 See it effected.

[*Flourish.*

Senators. Honour wait on Cæsar !

Soldiers. Make room for Cæsar there !

[*Exeunt all except AFRANIUS.*

Afr. Thou hast my fears,
 But Valentinian keeps my vows. Oh, gods,
 Why do we like to feed the greedy raven^p

ridiculous note on this passage, which, he says, "puzzled Sympson even to vexation, and something like it happened to himself" !—"The *sea* is the antecedent to *him*. Every one knows that strong winds, assisted by the sun, produce *brine*. Afranius, therefore, by a fine rhetorical figure, says, 'The people are more raging than the North-wind, even when he is so furious as to render the whole sea *brine*.'" *Ed.* 1778.

^m *hopèd*] Both the folios "hope."

ⁿ *crack*] Both the folios "crackt."

^o *proscription*] So the second folio.—The first folio "Prescription."

^p *raven*]—written also *ravin*, *ravine*,—i. e. ravenousness.

Of these blown men, that must, before they stand
 And fix'd¹ in eminence, cast life on life,
 And trench their safeties in with wounds and bodies ?
 Well, froward Rome, thou wilt grow weak with changing,
 And die without an heir, that lov'st to breed
 Sons for the killing hate of sons. For me,
 I only live to find an enemy.

[*Exit.*]SCENE V.—*A street.**Enter PAULUS and LICIPPUS.**Pau.* When is the inauguration ?*Licippus.* Why, to-morrow.*Pau.* 'T will be short time.

Licippus. Any device that 's handsome,
 A Cupid, or the god o' the place, will do it,
 Where he must take the fasces.

Pau. Or a Grace.*Licippus.* A good Grace has no fellow.*Pau.* Let me see ;

Will not his name yield something ? Maximus,
 By the way of anagram ? I have found out *axis* ;
 You know he bears the empire.

Licippus. Get him wheels too ;

'T will be a cruel carriage else.

Pau. Some songs too.

Licippus. By any means, some songs ; but very short ones,
 And honest language, Paulus, without bursting,
 The air will fall the sweeter.

Pau. A Grace must do it.*Licippus.* Why, let a Grace, then.*Pau.* Yes, it must be so ;

And in a robe of blue too, as I take it.

Licippus. This poet is a little kin to the painter
 That could paint nothing but a ramping lion ;
 So all his learnèd fancies are blue Graces.

[*Aside.*]

¹ *fix'd*] i. e. are fixed.—Altered silently by Seward to "fix" ; and so his successors.

Pau. What think you of a sea-nymph and a heaven?

Licippus. Why, what should she do there, man? there's no water.

Pau. By the mass, that's true; it must be a Grace; and yet,

Methinks, a rainbow——

Licippus. And in blue?

Pau. Oh, yes,—

Hanging in arch above him, and i' the middle——

Licippus. A shower of rain?

Pau. No, no; it must be a Grace.

Licippus. Why, prithee, grace him, then.

Pau. Or Orpheus,

Coming from hell——

Licippus. In blue, too?

Pau. 'Tis the better,——

And, as he rises, full of fires——

Licippus. Now bless us!

Will not that spoil his lute-strings, Paulus?

Pau. Singing,

And crossing of his arms.

Licippus. How can he play, then?

Pau. It shall be a Grace; I'll do it.

Licippus. Prithee, do,

And with as good a grace as thou canst possible:

Good Fury Paulus^r, be i' the morning with me;

And, pray, take measure of his mouth that speaks it.

[*Exeunt severally.*]

^r *Good Fury Paulus*] “Mr. Theobald changes ‘*Fury Paulus*’ to ‘*Fairy Paulus*’. But he seems to have lost the antithesis between the *Grace* and *Fury*, which indeed the former editions by wrong points had before done. As the poet was so enamoured of a *Grace*, there is great humour in calling him a *Fury*.” SEWARD,—who made an alteration in the pointing, which his successors adopted. A friend proposes the following punctuation;

“*And with as good a grace as thou canst possible,
Good fury, Paulus: be i' the morning,*” &c.

SCENE VI.—*An apartment in the Palace.*

Enter MAXIMUS, EUDOXIA, *and* Messenger ^s.

Max. Come, my best-lov'd Eudoxia.—Let the soldier
Want neither wine nor any thing he calls for ;
And, when the senate's ready, give us notice :
In the mean time, leave us.— [*Exit* Messenger.
Oh, my dear sweet !

Eud. Is 't possible your grace
Should undertake such dangers for my beauty,
If it were excellent ?

Max. By Heaven, 'tis all
The world has left to brag of !

Eud. Can a face
Long since bequeath'd to wrinkles with my sorrows,
Long since raz'd out o' the book of youth and pleasure,
Have power to make the strongest man o' th' empire,
Nay, the most staid, and knowing what is woman,
The greatest aim of perfectness men liv'd by,
The most true, constant lover of his wedlock ^t,
Such a still-blowing beauty earth was proud of,
Lose such a noble wife, and wilfully ?
Himself prepare the way, nay, make the rape ?
Did you not tell me so ?

Max. 'Tis true, Eudoxia.

Eud. Lay desolate his dearest piece of friendship,
Break his strong helm he steer'd by, sink that virtue,
That valour, that even all the gods can give us,
Without whom he was nothing, with whom worthiest ;
Nay more, arrive at Cæsar, and kill him too,

^s *and Messenger*] " All the editions concur in having merely—' *Enter Maximus and Eudoxia*' ; but, in the very first speech of the former, he gives direction to some one to comply with the wishes of the soldiers. As a *Messenger* returns with the information respecting the senate having met, his name has been added." WEBER.

^t *wedlock*] i. e. wife. So already we have had—

" Restore my *matrimony* undefil'd."

The Little French Lawyer, act iv. sc. 6. vol. iii. 538.

And for my sake? Either you love too dearly,
Or deeply you dissemble, sir.

Max. I do so ;

And, till I am more strengthen'd, so I must do :
Yet would my joy and wine had fashion'd out
Some safer lie ! [*Aside*].—Can these things be, Eudoxia,
And I dissemble? can there be but goodness,
And only thine, dear lady ; any end,
Any imagination but a lost one,
Why I should run this hazard? Oh, thou virtue!
Were it to do again, and Valentinian
Once more to hold thee, sinful Valentinian,
In whom thou wert set as pearls are in salt oysters,
As roses are in rank weeds, I would find
Yet to thy sacred self a dearer danger :
The gods know how I honour thee.

Eud. What love, sir,

Can I return for this, but my obedience?
My life, if so you please, and 'tis too little.

Max. 'Tis too much to redeem the world.

Eud. From this hour,
The^u sorrows for my dead lord, fare ye well !
My living lord has dried ye. And, in token
As emperor this day I honour you,
And the great caster-new of all my wishes,
The wreath of living laurel, that must compass
That sacred head, Eudoxia makes for Cæsar.
I am, methinks, too much in love with fortune ;
But with you, ever royal sir, my maker,
The once-more-summer of me, mere *in love*
Is poor expression of my doting.

Max. Sweetest !

Eud. Now, of my troth, you have bought me dear, sir.

Max. No,

Had I at loss of mankind.

Re-enter Messenger.

Eud. Now you flatter.

^u *The*] Qy. "Ye"? see note, p. 301.

Mess. The senate waits your grace.

Max. Let 'em come on,

And in a full form bring the ceremony.—

This day I am your servant, dear, and proudly

I'll wear your honour'd favour.

Eud. May it prove so !

[*Exeunt.*

SCENE VII.—*The court of the Palace.*

Enter PAULUS and LICIPPUS.

Licippus. Is your Grace done ?

Pau. 'Tis done.

Licippus. Who speaks ?

Pau. A boy.

Licippus. A dainty blue boy, Paulus ?

Pau. Yes.

Licippus. Have you view'd

The work above ?

Pau. Yes ; and all up and ready.

Licippus. The empress does you simple honour, Paulus ;

The wreath your blue Grace must present she made.

But hark you,—for the soldiers ?

Pau. That 's done too :

I'll bring 'em in, I warrant you.

Licippus. A Grace too ?

Pau. The same Grace serves for both.

Licippus. About it, then ;—

I must to the cupboard ;—and be sure, good Paulus,

Your Grace be fasting, that he may hang cleanly^v.

If there should need another voice, what then ?

Pau. I'll hang another Grace in.

Licippus. Grace be with you !

[*Exeunt severally.*

^v *be sure, good Paulus,*

Your Grace be fasting, that he may hang cleanly] “This probably [certainly] refers to a custom of suspending their gods, goddesses, Graces, &c., in ropes, which might make the caution of being fasting in order *to hang cleanly*, perfectly necessary and very humorous.” SEWARD.

SCENE VIII.—*The Presence-chamber in the Palace.**A banquet laid out.*

A synnet^w with trumpets. Enter, in state, MAXIMUS, EUDOXIA, Gentlemen and Soldiers; then FULVIUS, LUCIUS, SEMPRONIUS, and other Senators, Lictors bearing rods and axes before them.

Semp. Hail to thy imperial honour, sacred Cæsar !
 And from the old Rome take these wishes :
 You holy gods, that hitherto have held,
 As Justice holds her balance, equal pois'd,
 This glory of our nation, this full Roman,
 And made him fit for what he is, confirm him !
 Look on this son, oh, Jupiter, our helper !
 And Romulus, thou father of our honour,
 Preserve him like thyself, just, valiant, noble,
 A lover and increaser of his people !
 Let him begin with Numa, stand with Cato,
 The first five years of Nero be his wishes,
 Give him the age and fortune of Æmylius,
 And his whole reign renew a great Augustus !

[A Boy descends from the clouds, habited like one of the Graces, and sings the following

SONG.

Honour, that is ever living,
 Honour, that is ever giving,
 Honour, that sees all, and knows
 Both the ebbs of man and flows ;
 Honour, that rewards the best,
 Sends thee thy rich labour's rest ;
 Thou hast studied still to please her,
 Therefore now she calls thee Cæsar.

Chorus.—Hail, hail, Cæsar, hail, and stand,
 And thy name out-live the land !
 Noble fathers, to his brows
 Bind this wreath with thousand vows !

[The Boy gives a wreath, which the Senators place on the head of MAXIMUS.

^w *synnet*] See note, p. 197.

All. Stand to eternity !

Max. I thank ye, fathers ;
 And, as I rule, may it still grow or wither !
 Now to the banquet ; ye are all my guests ;
 This day be liberal, friends ; to wine we give it,
 And smiling pleasures.—Sit, my queen of beauty.—
 Fathers, your places.—These are fair wars, soldiers,
 And thus I give the first charge to ye all.— [*Drinks.*
 You are my second, sweet.—To every cup,
 I add unto the senate a new honour,
 And to the sons of Mars a donative.

SONG BY THE BOY.

God Lyæus *, ever young,
 Ever honour'd, ever sung,
 Stain'd with blood of lusty grapes,
 In a thousand lusty shapes,
 Dance upon the mazer's † brim,
 In the crimson liquor swim ;
 From thy plenteous hand divine,
 Let a river run with wine :
 God of youth, let this day here
 Enter neither care nor fear !

Boy. *Bellona's seed, the glory of old Rome,
 Envy of conquer'd nations, nobly come,
 And to the fulness of your warlike noise
 Let your feet move ; make up this hour of joys :
 Come, come, I say ; range your fair troop at large,
 And your high measure turn into a charge.*

[*A martial dance by the soldiers, during which*

MAXIMUS falls back upon his couch.

Semp. The emperor's grown heavy with his wine.

Afr. The senate stays, sir, for your thanks.

Semp. Great Cæsar !

Eud. I have my wish.

[*Aside.*

Afr. Will 't please your grace speak to him ?

Eud. Yes ; but he will not hear, lords.

* *Lyæus*] So the second folio.—The first folio "Lizus."

† *mazer's*] i. e. bowl's, goblet's. The origin of the word, and the material of a *mazer*, have been variously explained (see Nares's *Gloss.* in v.) : here it evidently means a cup of value.

Semp. Stir him, Lucius ;
The senate must have thanks.

Luc. Your grace ! sir ! Cæsar !

Eud. Did I not tell you he was well ? he's dead.

Semp. Dead !—Treason ! guard the court ! let no man pass !—
Soldiers, your Cæsar's murder'd.

Eud. Make no tumult,
Nor arm the court ; ye have his killer with ye,
And the just cause, if ye can stay the hearing :
I was his death ; that wreath, that made him Cæsar,
Has made him earth.

Soldiers. Cut her in thousand pieces ! [*Drawing their swords.*]

Eud. Wise men would know the reason first. To die
Is that I wish for, Romans, and your swords
The easiest^z way of death : yet, soldiers, grant me
(That was your empress once, and honour'd by ye)
But so much time to tell ye why I kill'd him,
And weigh my reasons well, if man be in you ;
Then, if ye dare do cruelly, condemn me.

Afr. Hear her, ye noble Romans ! 'tis a woman ;
A subject not for swords, but pity. Heaven,
If she be guilty of malicious murder,
Has given us laws to make example of her ;
If only of revenge, and blood hid from us,
Let us consider first, then execute.

Semp. Speak, bloody woman !

Eud. Yes. This Maximus,
That was your Cæsar, lords and noble soldiers,
(And if I wrong the dead, Heaven perish^a me,
Or speak, to win your favours, but the truth !)
Was to his country, to his friends, and Cæsar,
A most malicious traitor.

Semp. Take heed, woman.

Eud. I speak not for compassion. Brave Aëcius,
(Whose blessèd soul, if I lie, shall afflict me,)

^z *easiest*] Both the folios have "heaviest."—Seward printed "readiest" ; and so the Editors of 1778. Theobald's conjecture, "heavenliest" (approved by Mason), was adopted by Weber.

^a *perish*] i. e. destroy.

The man that all the world lov'd, you ador'd,
 That was the master-piece of arms and bounty,
 (Mine own grief shall come last,) this friend of his,
 This soldier, this your right arm, noble Romans,
 By a base letter to the emperor,
 Stuff'd full of fears and poor suggestions,
 And by himself unto himself directed,
 Was cut off basely, basely, cruelly :—
 Oh, loss ! oh, innocent ! can ye now kill me ?—
 And the poor stale^b, my noble lord, that knew not
 More of this villain than his forcèd fears,
 Like one foreseen to satisfy, died for it :
 There was a murder, too, Rome would have blush'd at :
 Was this worth being Cæsar ? or my patience ?
 Nay, his wife—
 By Heaven, he told it me in wine and joy,
 And swore it deeply—he himself prepar'd
 To be abus'd ; how, let me grieve, not tell ye,
 And weep the sins that did it : and his end
 Was only me and Cæsar ; but me he lied in.
 These are my reasons, Romans, and my soul
 Tells me sufficient ; and my deed is justice :
 Now, as I have done well or ill, look on me.

Afr. What less could nature do ? what less had we done,
 Had we known this before ? Romans, she is righteous ;
 And such a piece of justice Heaven must smile on :
 Bend all your swords on me, if this displease ye ;
 For I must kneel, and on this virtuous hand
 Seal my new joy and thanks.—Thou hast done truly.

Semp. Up with your arms ; ye strike a saint else, Ro-
 mans.—

Mayst thou live ever spoken our protector !—
 Rome yet has many noble heirs : let 's in,
 And pray before we choose ; then plant a Cæsar
 Above the reach of envy, blood, and murder.

Afr. Take up the body nobly to his urn ;
 And may our sins and his together burn !

[*Exeunt with the body : a dead march.*]

^b *stale*] i. e. decoy : see note, vol. iv. 35.

EPILOGUE.

WE would fain please ye, and as fain be pleas'd ;
'Tis but a little liking, both are eas'd :
We have your money, and you have our ware,
And, to our understanding, good and fair.
For your own wisdom's sake, be not so mad
To acknowledge ye have bought things dear and bad :
Let not a brack^c i' the stuff, or here and there
The fading gloss, a general loss appear :
We know ye take up worse commodities^d,
And dearer pay, yet think your bargains wise ;
We know, in meat and wine ye fling away
More time and wealth^e, which is but dearer pay,
And with the reckoning all the pleasure lost.
We bid ye not unto repenting cost :
The price is easy, and so light the play,
That ye may new-digest it every day.
Then, noble friends, as ye would choose a miss^f,
Only to please the eye a while and kiss,
Till a good wife be got ; so let this play
Hold ye a while, until a better may.

^c *brack*] "i. e. breach, break." WEBER.

^d *take up worse commodities*] See note, vol. iii. 370.—The modern editors evidently did not understand the passage : even Mason supposed that "commodities" meant the "meat and wine" mentioned in the next line but one.

^e *wealth*] Altered by Seward to "health" ; and so the Editors of 1778.

^f *miss*] So the second folio.—The first folio "mistris" ; and so Seward.

THE
LAWS OF CANDY.

The Lawes of Candy.

In the folios, 1647, 1679.

The second folio adds, "*A tragi-comedy.*"

•

The Laws of Candy has been generally considered (but whether justly or not, I cannot pretend to determine) as a joint production of Beaumont and Fletcher. At what date it was originally brought upon the stage is not known.

“The principal plot of this play is evidently taken from the ninth novel of the tenth decade of the *Hecatommithi* of Cinthio, a writer whom Fletcher seems to have been much attached to. It is there related, that the city of Pisa being besieged by the Florentines with various success, the senate, in order to stimulate the warriors to exertion, proclaimed that the captain who most distinguished himself on an appointed day, should be rewarded with a golden hauberk, and a statue erected to his memory. It happened that the two warriors who did the most glorious deeds of arms were a father and his son, both captains, the former of knights, the latter of light-horse. The senate deliberated long, but being unable to decide who had best deserved the promised rewards, the son declared himself contented if his father would choose either the statue or the hauberk, and leave whichever he rejected to him. But the father declared that he would part with neither, boasted of his long and brilliant services, and upbraided the senators, as well as his son, with ingratitude. The senators wished to pacify him, and said, that any honour which his son obtained was equally to the credit of himself, who had produced and educated such a warrior. But the father refused to hearken to their advice, and openly calumniated his son in court. The latter then offered to forego his share of the prize; but the soldiers of his squadron insisted that he should demand it, and even revenge the insult he had received; nor could his arguments, full of filial piety, appease them. On the other hand, the soldiers of the father's squadron, boasting of their superior rank, refused to listen to any propositions, and threatened to go over to the enemy, if both the prizes were not assigned to the father. The senators then proposed to decide the matter by lot; stipulating, that if the father's name were drawn, he should have both the prizes, but if the son's, that the father should be content with the more honourable reward of the statue, and relinquish the hauberk to his son. After some resistance from the squadron of knights, the proposal was accepted; and the son's name being drawn, the hauberk was assigned to him, which he willingly gave up to his father in token of reconciliation. A fresh attack was then made on the Florentines, in which the father lost both his arms, but was fully avenged by his son upon the enemy.—The rest of the novel has nothing in common with the play.” WEBER (whose analysis I have slightly altered).

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

CASSILANE, commander in chief of the army,
 ANTINOUS, his son, and next to him in command,
 GASPERO, secretary of state,
 ARCANES, friend to CASSILANE,
 DECIUS, friend to ANTINOUS,
 PORPHICIO^a, } senators,
 POSSENNE, }
 MOCHINGO, attendant on EROTA,
 PHILANDER, prince of CYPRUS.
 MELITUS, a gentleman of CYPRUS^b.
 FERNANDO^c, son of the last duke, and taken
 prisoner by ANTINOUS, }
 GONZALO, a nobleman, } Venetians.
 PAULO MICHAEL, ambassador to CANDY.
 Senators, Gentlemen, Soldiers, Servants.

EROTA, sister to the late, and aunt to the reigning prince of Candy.
 ANNOPHIL, daughter to CASSILANE.
 HYPARCHA, attendant on EROTA.

SCENE, *the city of Candia, and the neighbourhood.*

The principal actors were—

Joseph Taylor.	John Lowin.
William Egglestone.	John Underwood.
Nicholas Toolie.	George Birch.
Richard Sharpe.	Thomas Pollard.

Fol. 1679.

^a *Porphicio*] I have some doubts about these names. The former, in one place of the *Possenne*] first folio, stands "Porphino," and the latter, in another place, "Possenne."
^b *Cyprus*] Fol. 1679 (in which only the list of *Dram. Per.* is found) "Candy."
^c *Fernando*] Fol. 1679 calls him "servant [i. e. lover; see note, vol. i. 213] to Annophel."

THE
LAWS OF CANDY.

ACT I.

SCENE I.—*A street.*

Enter GASPERO and MELITUS, severally.

Mel. Sir, you 're the very friend I wish'd to meet with ;
I have a large discourse invites your ear
To be an auditor.

Gas. And what concerns it ?

Mel. The sadly-thriving progress of the loves
Between my lord the prince, and that great lady
Whose insolence^c and never-yet-match'd pride
Can by no character be well express'd
But in her only name, the proud Erotas^d.

Gas. Alas, Melitus, I should guess the best
Success your prince could find from her, to be
As harsh as the event doth prove ! but now
'Tis not a time to pity passionate griefs^e,

^c *insolence*] So the second folio.—The first folio “insolencie.”

^d *the proud Erotas*] “Seward endeavours [*no*, the Editors of 1778 endeavour] to derive the name *Erotas* from some etymology expressive of pride ; but without success or necessity. There is no difficulty in the passage. Every distinguishing appellation may be considered as part of a person's name. *Magnus* became part of the name of Pompey, and *Felix* of Sylla ; and it appears that the only name the princess was called by was *the proud Erotas*. So the Soldier says of Macbeth,

‘For brave Macbeth (well he deserves *that name*)’ ;
which does not refer to *Macbeth*, but *brave*.” MASON.

^e *passionate griefs*] “i. e. griefs proceeding from love.” *Ed.* 1778.—Rather, the griefs of love attended with complainings (*passion* being often used by our old writers in the sense of—sorrowful exclamation : see note, vol. i. 260).

When a whole kingdom in a manner lies
Upon its death-bed bleeding.

Mel. Who can tell

Whether or no these many plagues at once
Hang over this unhappy land for her sake,
That is a monster in it?

Gas. Here's the misery
Of having a child our prince; else I presume
The bold Venetians had not dar'd to attempt
So bloody an invasion.

Mel. Yet I wonder

Why, master secretary, still the senate
So almost superstitiously adores
Gonzalo the Venetian lord, considering
The outrage of his countrymen.

Gas. The senate

Is wise, and therein just; for this Gonzalo,
Upon a massacre perform'd at sea
By the admiral of Venice on a merchant
Of Candy, when the cause was to be heard
Before the senate there, in open court
Profess'd, that the cruelty the admiral
Had shew'd, deserv'd not only fine, but death;
For Candy then and Venice were at peace:
Since when, upon a motion in the senate
For conquest of our land, 'tis known for certain
That only this Gonzalo dar'd to oppose it;
His reason was, because it too much savour'd
Of lawless and unjust ambition.
The wars were scarce begun, but he, in fear
Of quarrels 'gainst his life, fled from his country,
And hither came, where, to confirm his truth,
I know, Melitus, he out of his own store
Hath monied Cassilane the general.

Mel. What, without other pledges^f than Cassilane's
Bare promise of payment^g?

^f *pledges*] Seward printed "pledge"; and so the Editors of 1778.

^g *payment*] Altered by Seward to "repayment"; and so his successors.

Gas. No, it may be
He has some petty lordship to retire to^h ;
But this he hath done. Now 'tis fit, Melitus,
The senate should be thankful, otherwise
They should annihilate one of those laws
For which this kingdom is throughout the world
Unfellow'dⁱ and admir'd.

Mel. What laws are those^j, sir ?
Let me so much importune you.

Gas. You shall ;
And they be worth your knowledge. Briefly thus :
Whoe'er he be that can detect apparently
Another of ingratitude for any
Receivèd benefit, the plaintiff may
Require the offender's life ; unless he please
Freely and willingly to grant remission.

Mel. By which strict law the senate is in danger,
Should they neglect Gonzalo ?

Gas. Right ; the law
Permits a like equality to aliens
As to a home-born patriot.

Mel. Pray, sir, the other ?

Gas. Know, Melitus,
The elder Cretans flourish'd many years,
In war, in peace unparallel'd ; and they
(To spur heroic spirits on to virtue)
Enacted, that what man soe'er he were
Did noblest in the field against his enemy,
So by the general voice approv'd and known,
Might, at his home-return, make his demand
For satisfaction and reward.

Mel. They are
Both famous laws indeed.

Enter a Messenger.

Mes. Master secretary,

^h to retire to] "i. e. to resort to as his security." MASON.

ⁱ Unfellow'd] The proposed emendation of Theobald, and obviously necessary.
—Both the folios have "Unfollowed" ; and so the modern editors.

^j those] So the second folio.—The first folio "these" ; and so Weber.

The senate is about to sit, and crave
Your presence.

Gas. What, so suddenly !

Mes. These letters

[*Giving letters.*

Will shew the causes why.

Gas. Heaven, thou art great,
And worthy to be thank'd !

Mel. Your countenance, sir,
Doth promise some good tidings.

Gas. Oh, the best
And happiest for this land that e'er was told !
All the Venetian forces are defeated.

Mel. How, sir !

Gas. And what doth add some delight more,
There is amongst the soldiers a contention
Who shall be the triumpher ; and it stands
Doubtful between a father and his son,
Old Cassilane and young Antinous.

Mel. Why may not both demand it ?

Gas. The law denies it ;
But, where the soldiers do not all consent,
The parties in contention are referr'd
To plead before the senate ; and from them
Upon an open audience to be judg'd
The chief, and then to make demands.

Mel. You ravish me
With wonder and delight.

Gas. Come ; as we walk,
I shall more fully inform you.

[*Exeunt.*

SCENE II.—*The Senate-House.*

Enter CASSILANE, ARCANES, ANTINOUS, and DECIUS.

Cas. Admit no soldier near us, till the senate
Have took their places.

Arc. You are obey'd, my lord.

Ant. Decius, fall off.

Dec. I shall.

Cas. Give leave, Arcanes. [Exeunt ARC. and DEC.
Young man, come nearer to me : who am I ?

Ant. It were a sin against the piety
Of filial duty, if I should forget
The debt I owe my father : on my knee,
Your pleasure ?

[Kneels.

Cas. What, so low ! canst thou find joints,
Yet be an elephant ? Antinous, rise ;
Thou wilt belie opinion, and rebate
The ambition of thy gallantry, that they,
Whose confidence thou hast bewitch'd, should see
Their little god of war kneel to his father,
Though in my hand I did grasp thunder.

Ant. [rising] Sir,
For proof that I acknowledge you the author
Of giving me my birth, I have discharg'd
A part of my obedience. But, if now
You should (as cruel fathers do) proclaim
Your right, and tyrant-like usurp the glory
Of my peculiar honours, not deriv'd
From successary^k, but purchas'd with my blood,
Then I must stand first champion for myself
Against all interposers.

Cas. Boldly urg'd,
And proudly : I could love thee, did not anger
Consult with just disdain, in open language
To call thee most ungrateful. Say freely^l,
Wilt thou resign the flatteries whereon
The reeling pillars of a popular breath
Have rais'd thy giant-like conceit, to add
A suffrage to thy father's merit ? speak.

Ant. Sir, hear me. Were there not a chronicle
Well penn'd by all their tongues who can report
What they have seen you do ; or had you not

^k *From successary*] Theobald offered here two conjectures, "*From successors*," and "*From ancestry*." Seward printed "*Nor successary*." Coleridge (*Remains*, ii. 306) says "the poet doubtless wrote '*From successary*.'" But the old reading is quite right.

^l *Say freely*] Seward printed "But *say freely*."

Best in your own performance writ yourself
 And been your own text, I would undertake
 Alone, without the help of art or character^m,
 But only to recount your deeds in arms,
 And you should ever then be fam'd a precedent
 Of living victory : but, as you are
 Great, and well worthy to be stylèd great,
 It would betray a poverty of spirit
 In me to obstruct my fortunes, or descentⁿ,
 If I should coward-like surrender up
 The interest, which the inheritance of your virtue,
 And mine own thrifty fate, can claim in honour.
 My lord, of all the mass of fame, which any
 That wears a sword, and hath but seen me fight,
 Gives me, I will not share, nor yield one jot,
 One tittle.

Cas. Not to me ?

Ant. You are my father,
 Yet not to you.

Cas. Ambitious boy, how dar'st thou
 To tell me, that thou wilt contend ?

Ant. Had I
 Been slothful, and not follow'd you in all
 The straits of death, you might have justly then
 Reputed me a bastard : 'tis a cruelty,
 More than to murder innocents, to take
 The life of my yet-infant honour from me.

Cas. Antinous, look upon this badge of age,
 Thy father's grey-hair'd beard : full fifty years,
 (And more than half of this, ere thou wert born,)
 I have been known a soldier ; in which time
 I found no difference 'twixt war and peace,

^m *without the help of art or character*] Altered by Seward to “ *without the help of art, to character* ” !—Here, of course, “ *character* ” means—letters, writing.

ⁿ *It would betray a poverty of spirit*

In me to obstruct my fortunes, or descent, &c.] “ The construction of this passage is somewhat embarrassed : but Antinous means to say, that he should betray a poverty of spirit if he obstructed his fortunes, or a poverty of descent if he should surrender up, &c.” MASON.

For war was peace to me, and peace was war.
Antinous, mark me well ; there hath not liv'd
These fifty years a man whom Crete preferr'd
Before thy father ; let me boldly boast,
Thy father, both for discipline and action,
Hath so long been the first of all his nation :
Now, canst thou think it honest, charitable,
Nay, human, being so young, my son, my child,
Begot, bred, taught by me, by me thy father,
For one day's service, and that one thy first,
To rob me of a glory which I fought for
A half of hundred years ?

Ant. My case observes

Both equity and precedents ; for, sir,
That very day whereon you got your fame,
You took it from some other, who was then
Chief in repute, as you are now, and had been
Perhaps as many years deserving that
Which you gain'd in a day, as I have mine.

Cas. But he was not my father then, Antinous ;
Thou leav'st out that.

Ant. Sir, had he been your father,
He had been then immortal ; for a father
Heightens his reputation where his son
Inherits it ; as, when you give us life,
Your life is not diminish'd, but renew'd
In us when you are dead, and we are still
Your living images.

Cas. So be thou curs'd
In thy posterity, as I in thee,
Dishonourable boy !—Oh, shall that sun,
Which not a year yet since beheld me mounted
Upon a fiery steed, waving my sword,
And teaching this young man to manage arms,
That was a raw fresh novice in the feats
Of chivalry, shall that same sun be witness,
Against this brat, of his ingratitude ?
Who, to eclipse the light of my renown,
Can no way hope to get a noble name,

But by the treading on his father's greatness!—
Thou wilt not yield?

Ant. My life, but not the prize
My sword hath purchas'd.

Re-enter ARCANES and DECIUS.

Arc. The senate, my lord,
Are here at hand, and all the soldiers
Begin to throng about them.

Cas. Now, Arcanes,
The—

Arc. What, sir?

Cas. Trifles will affront us; that
Fine fighting stripling!

Arc. Let him have the shame on 't.
Please you withdraw on this side.

Cas. My great heart
Was never quail'd before.

Dec. [*To* ANTIPOUS] My lord, be confident;
Let not your father daunt you.

Ant. Decius, whither
Must I withdraw?

Dec. On this side. See, the soldiers
Attend your pleasure: courage, sir! The senate.

Cas. Way for the senate!

Enter PORPHICIO, POSSENNE, *three other* Senators, GONZALO,
GASPERO, *and* Soldiers.

Gon.^u My good lords, I know not
What tax of arrogance I may incur,
Should I presume, though courted by your favours,
To take a place amongst you: I had rather
Give proof of my unfeign'd humility
By some^o, though mean, yet more becoming place,
Than run the hazard of a doubtful censure^p.

^u *Gon.*] So the Editors of 1778.—In both the folios the prefix is omitted here by mistake; and Seward and Weber very absurdly give this speech to Cassilane.

^o *By some*] Mason's correction.—Both the folios have "*By* force."—Seward printed "*By* this"; and so the Editors of 1778.

^p *censure*] i. e. judgment, opinion.

Pos. My lord, your wisdom is both known and tried ;
We cannot rank you in a nobler friendship
Than your great service to the state deserves.

Por. Will 't please you sit ?

Gon. What, here, my lord Porphicio ?
It must not be.

Por. My lord, you are too modest.

Gon. It is no season to be troublesome,
Else—but I have done. Your lordships are observ'd^q.

Enter FERNANDO, led in captive by Soldiers.

Gas. Is the demandant ready ?

Arc. He is ready.

Gas. Produce him, then.

Arc. Before this sacred presence,
I, by a general consent, am made
The soldier's voice, and to your gracious wisdoms
Present, as chief in arms, his country's champion,
Cassilane.

Dec. Most reverend lords, you hear the lesser number
Of those who have been guardians to this country,
Approve this champion : I, in all their names
Who fought for Candy, here present before you
The mightiest man in arms, Antinous.—
Speak, fellow-soldiers.

Soldiers. Antinous, Antinous !

Gas. Stand by all, save the two competitors.

Pos. My lords, how much your country owes you both,
The due reward of your desertful glories,
Must to posterity remain : but yet,
Since by our law one only can make claim
To the proposèd honours which you both,
It seems, have truly merited, take leave
Freely to plead your rights ; we shall attend you.

Por. Wherein priority of voice is granted,
Lord Cassilane, to you ; for that your rare
And long experience in the course of war
As well doth challenge it, as the best privilege

^q *observ'd*] "i. e. obeyed." MASON.

Of order and civility, for that
You are your brave opponent's worthy father.—
Say, countrymen, are you content ?

Soldiers. Ay, ay.

Cas. Right grave, right gracious fathers, how unfit
It is for me, that all my life-time have
Been practis'd in the school of blood and slaughter,
To bandy words now in my life's last farewell,
Your wisdoms will consider : were there pitch'd
Another and another field, like that
Which, not yet three days since, this arm hath scatter'd,
Defeated, and made nothing, then the man
That had a heart to think he could but follow
(For equal me he should not) through the lanes
Of danger and amazement, might in that,
That only of but following me, be happy,
Reputed worthy to be made my rival ;
For 'tis not, lords, unknown to those about me
(My fellow-soldiers), first, with what a confidence
I led them on to fight, went on still, and,
As if I could have been a second nature,
As well in heartening them by my example
As by my exhortation, I gave life
To quicken courage, to inflame revenge,
To heighten resolution ; in a word,
To out-do action. It boots not to discover,
How that young man, who was not fledg'd nor skill'd
In martial play, was even as ignorant
As childish ; but I list not to disparage
His non-ability. The signal given
Of battle, when our enemies came on
(Directed more by fury than by warrant
Of policy and stratagem), I met them,
I in the fore-front of the armies met them ;
And, as if this old weather-beaten body
Had been compos'd of cannon-proof, I stood
The volleys of their shot : I, I myself,
Was he that first disrank'd their woods of pikes ;
But when we came to handy-strokes, as often

As I lent blows, so often I gave wounds,
 And every wound a death : I may be bold
 To justify a truth ; this very sword
 Of mine slew more than any twain besides ;
 And, which is not the least of all my glory,
 When he, this young man, hand to hand in fight,
 Was by the general of the Venetians,
 And such as were his retinue, unhors'd,
 I stept between, and rescu'd him myself,
 Or horses' hoofs had trampled him to dirt ;
 And whilst he was remounting, I maintain'd
 The combat with the gallant general,
 Till, having taken breath, he throng'd before me,
 Renew'd the fight, and with a fatal blow
 Stole both that honour from me, and his life
 From him, whom I before, myself alone,
 Had more than full three-quarters kill'd,—a man
 Well worthy only by this hand to have died,
 Not by a boy's weak push. I talk too much ;
 But 'tis a fault of age. If to bring home
 Long peace, long victory, even to your Capitol,
 If to secure your kingdom, wives and children,
 Your lives and liberties, if to renown
 Your honours through the world, to fix your names,
 Like blazing stars, admir'd and fear'd by all
 That have but heard of Candy or a Cretan,
 Be to deserve the approvement of my manhood,
 Then thus much have I done : what more, examine
 The annals of my life ; and then consider
 What I have been and am. Lords, I have said.

Gon. With reverence to the senate, is it lawful,
 Without your custom's breach, to say a word ?

Pos. Say on, my lord Gonzalo.

Gon. I have heard,
 And with no little wonder, such high deeds
 Of chivalry discours'd, that, I confess,
 I do not think the Worthies^r, while they liv'd,

^r *the Worthies*] See note, vol. i. 143.

All Nine deserv'd as much applause or memory
 As this one : but who can do aught to gain
 The crown of honour from him, must be somewhat
 More than a man.—You tread a dangerous path :

[To ANTINOUS.]

Yet I shall hear you gladly ; for believe me,
 Thus much let me profess, in honour's cause,
 I would not to my father, nor my king
 (My country's father), yield : if you transcend
 What we have heard, I can but only say,
 That miracles are yet in use.—I fear
 I have offended.

Por. You have spoken nobly.—

Antinous, use your privilege.

Ant. Princely fathers,

Ere I begin, one suit I have to make ;
 'Tis just and honourable.

Por. Pos. Speak, and have it.

Ant. That you would please the soldiers might all stand
 Together by their general.

Pos. 'Tis granted.—

All fall to yonder side.—Go on, Antinous.

Ant. I shall be brief and plain. All what my father,
 This country's patron, hath discours'd, is true.—
 Fellows in arms, speak you ; is't true ?

Soldiers. True, true.

Ant. It follows, that the blaze of my performance
 Took light from what I saw him do ; and thus
 A city, though the flame be much more dreadful,
 May from a little spark be set on fire.
 Of all what I have done I shall give instance
 Only in three main proofs of my desert :
 First, I sought out (but through how many dangers,
 My lords, judge ye) the chief, the great commander,
 The head of that huge body, whose proud weight
 Our land shrunk under ; him I found, and fought with,
 Fought with, and slew.—Fellows in arms, speak you ;
 Is't true, or not ?

Soldiers. True, true.

Ant. When he was faln,
 The hearts of all our adversaries^s
 Began to quail, till young Fernando, son
 To the last duke of Venice, gather'd head,
 And soon renew'd the field ; by whose example
 The bold Venetians, doubling strength and courage,
 Had got the better of the day : our men,
 Supposing that their adversaries grew
 Like Hydra's head, recoil, and 'gan to fly ;
 I follow'd them ; and what I said, they know :
 The sum on 't is ; I call'd them back, new rank'd them ;
 Led on, they follow'd, shrunk not till the end.—
 Fellows in arms, is 't true, or no ?

Soldiers. True, true.

Ant. Lastly, to finish all, there was but one,
 The only great exploit, which was, to take
 Fernando prisoner ; and that hand to hand
 In single fight I did, myself, without
 The help of any arm, save the arm of Heaven.—
 Speak, soldiers, is it true, or no ?

Soldiers. Antinous, Antinous !

Ant. Behold my prisoner, fathers.

Fer. This one man
 Ruin'd our army, and hath glorified
 Crete in her robes of mightiness and conquest.

Pos. We need not use long circumstance of words :
 Antinous, thou art conqueror ; the senate,
 The soldiers, and thy valour have pronounc'd it.

All. Antinous, Antinous !

Por. Make thy demand.

Cas. Please ye, my lords, give leave
 That I may part.

Pos. No, Cassilane, the court
 Should therein be dishonour'd ; do not imagine
 We prize your presence at so slight a rate.—
 Demand, Antinous.

Ant. Thus, my lords ; to witness
 How far I am from arrogance, or thinking
 I am more valiant, though more favourèd,

^s adversaries] Qy. "adversaries then"!

Than my most matchless father, my demand is,
 That, for a lasting memory of his name,
 His deeds, his real, nay, his royal worth,
 You set up in your Capitol in brass
 My father's statue, there to stand for ever,
 A monument and trophy of his victories,
 With this inscription, to succeeding ages,
*Great Cassilane, patron of Candy's peace,
 Perpetual triumpher.*

Por. Pos. It is granted.

What more?

Ant. No more.

Cas. How, boy!

Gon. Thou art immortal,

Both for thy son-like piety, and beauties
 Of an unconquer'd mind.

Ant. My prisoner, lords,

To your more sacred wisdoms I surrender :
 Fit you his ransom ; half whereof I give
 For largess to the soldiers, the other half
 To the erection of this monument.

Cas. Ambitious villain !

Gon. Thou art all unimitable.—

My lords, to work a certain peace for Candy
 With Venice, use Fernando like a prince ;
 His ransom I 'll disburse, whate'er it be :
 Yet you may stay him with you, till conditions
 Of amity shall be concluded on.

Are ye content ?

Por. We are, and ever rest

Both friends and debtors to your nobleness.

Gon. Soldiers, attend me in the market-place ;
 I'll thither send your largess.

Soldiers. Antinous, Antinous !

Cas. I have a suit too, lords.

Por. Pos. Propose it ; 'tis yours,
 If fit and just.

Cas. Let not my services,
 My being forty years a drudge, a pack-horse,

[*Exeunt.*]

To you and to the state, be branded now
 With ignominy ne'er to be forgotten :
 Rear me no monument, unless you mean
 To have me fam'd a coward, and be stamp'd so.

Pos. We understand you not.

Cas. Proud boy, thou dost,
 And tyrant-like insult'st upon my shame.

Ant. Sir, Heaven can tell, and my integrity,
 What I did was but only to enforce
 The senate's gratitude. I now acknowledge it.

Cas. Observe it, fathers, how this haughty boy
 Grows cunning in his envy of mine honours :
 He knows no mention can of me be made,
 But that it ever likewise must be told,
 How I by him was master'd ; and for surety
 That all succeeding times may so report it,
 He would have my dishonour and his triumphs
 Engrav'd in brass : hence, hence proceeds the falsehood
 Of his insinuating piety.—

Thou art no child of mine : thee and thy blood,
 Here in the Capitol, before the senate,
 I utterly renounce ; so thrift and fate
 Confirm me ! henceforth never see my face ;
 Be, as thou art, a villain to thy father !—
 Lords, I must crave your leaves.—Come, come, Arcanes.

[*Exeunt* CASSILANE and ARCANES.]

Gon. Here's a strange high-born spirit.

Pos. 'Tis but heat

Of sudden present rage : I dare assure
 Antinous of his favour.

Ant. I not doubt it ;

He is both a good man and a good father.
 I shall attend your lordships.

Pos. Do, Antinous.

Gon. Yes ; feast thy triumphs with applause and pleasures.

Por. Pos. Lead on.

[*Flourish of cornets.* *Exeunt all except* ANTINOUS and DECIUS.]

Ant. "I utterly renounce"—'twas so ;
 Was 't not, my Decius ?

Dec. Pish ! you know, my lord,
Old men are choleric.

Ant. And lastly parted
With " Never henceforth see my face " : oh me,
How have I lost a father ! such a father !
Such a one, Decius ! I am miserable
Beyond expression.

Dec. Fie, how unbecoming
This shews upon your day of fame !

Ant. Oh, mischief !
I must no more come near him ; that I know,
And am assur'd on 't.

Dec. Say you do not ?

Ant. True ;
Put case I do not : what is Candy, then,
To lost Antinous ? Malta, I resolve
To end my days in thee.

Dec. How 's that !

Ant. I 'll try
All humble means of being reconcil'd ;
Which if denied, then I may justly say,
This day has prov'd my worst, Decius, my worst ! [*Exeunt.*

ACT II.

SCENE I.—*An apartment in the palace of EROTA.*

Enter GONZALO and GASPERO.

Gas. Now to what you have heard ; as no man can
Better than I give you her character ;
For I have been both nurs'd and train'd up to
Her petulant humours, and been glad to bear them ;
Her brother, my late master, did no less.
Strong apprehensions of her beauty have^s
Made her believe that she is more than woman :

^s *have*] Both the folios "hath."

And as there did not want those flatterers
 'Bout the world's conqueror, to make him think,
 And did persuade him, that he was a god ;
 So there be those base flies, that will not stick
 To buzz into her ears, she is an angel,
 And that the food she feeds on is ambrosia.

Gon. She should not touch it, then ; 'tis poets' fare.

Gas. I may take leave to say, she may as well
 Determine of herself to be a goddess,
 With lesser flattery, than he a god ;
 For she does conquer more, although not farther :
 Every one looks on her dies in despair,
 And would be glad to do it actually,
 To have the next age tell how worthily,
 And what good cause he had to perish so :
 Here beauty is superlative ; she knows it,
 And, knowing it, thinks no man can deserve,
 But ought to perish and to die for her :
 Many great princes for her love have languish'd,
 And given themselves a willing sacrifice,
 Proud to have ended so ; and now there is
 A prince so madden'd^t in his own passions,
 That he forgets the royalty he was born to,
 And deems it happiness to be her slave.

Gon. You talk as if you meant to wind me in,
 And make me of the number.

Gas. Sir, mistake me not ; the service that I owe you
 Shall plead for me : I tell you what she is,
 What she expects, and what she will effect,
 Unless you be the miracle of men,
 That come with^u a purpose to behold,
 And go away yourself^v.

Gon. I thank you ; I will do it : but, pray, resolve^w me,
 How is she stor'd with wit ?

^t *madden'd*] The first folio has, "manded." The second folio reads "madded" ; and so Seward and the Editors of 1778.

^u *with*] *Qy.* "but *with*" ? In this speech, and the next four speeches, the modern editors deviate from the metrical arrangement of the folios, but without improving the versification.

^v *yourself*] "i. e. in your senses, in the same state you were before." MASON.

^w *resolve*] i. e. satisfy, inform.

Gas. As with beauty,
Infinite, and more to be admir'd at
Than meddled with.

Gon. And walks her tongue the same gait with her wit^x?

Gas. Much beyond: whate'er her heart thinks, she utters;
And so bold^y, so readily, as you would judge
It penn'd and studied.

Gon. She comes.

Gas. I must leave you, then;
But my best wishes shall remain with you.

Gon. Still I must thank you. [Exit GASPERO.]

Enter EROTA, PHILANDER, ANNOPHIL, HYPARCHA, MOCHINGO,
and Attendants.

This is the most passionate^z, most pitiful prince,
Who in the caldron of affections
Looks as he had been parboil'd. [Aside.]

Phil. If I offend with too much loving you,
It is a fault that I must still commit,
To make your mercy shine the more on me.

Ero. You are the self-same creature you condemn,
Or else you durst not follow me with hope
That I can pity you, who am so far
From granting any comfort in this kind,
That you and all men else shall perish first:
I will live free and single, till I find
Something above a man to equal me:
Put all your brave heröes^a into one,

^x *wit*] Both the folios have "feet"; and so Seward and the Editors of 1778.—I adopt (with Weber) the correction of Mason, who observes, "Gaspero had not talked of her *feet*, but of her *wit*, which he says is infinite," &c.

^y *bold*] So the first folio.—The second folio "boldly"; and so Seward and the Editors of 1778.

^z *passionate*] See note, p. 321.

^a *brave heröes*] Seward printed "bravest heroes," and so his successors,—not knowing that our early poets sometimes used "*heröe*" as a trisyllable:

"Isis, the glory of the westerne world,
When our *heroe*, honour'd Essex, dy'd,
Strucken with wonder, backe againe she hurld,
And fill'd her banckes with an vnwoonted tyde."

Browne's *Britannia's Pastorals*, B. i. S. 5. p. 120. ed. 1625.

Your kings and emperors, and let him come
In person of a man, and I should scorn him ;
Must, and will scorn him.

The god of love himself hath lost his eyes,
His bow and torch extinguish'd, and the poets,
That made him first a god, have lost their fire,
Since I appear'd, and from my eyes must steal it.
This I dare speak ; and let me see the man,
Now I have spoke it, that doth dare deny,
Nay, not believe it.

Moch. He is mad that does not.

Ero. Have not all the nations of the earth heard of me ?
Most come to see me, and, seeing me, return'd
Full of my praises, teaching their chroniclers
To make their stories perfect ? for where the name,
Merely the word, of fair Erota stands,
It is a lasting history to time,
Begetting admiration in the men,
And in my own sex envy ; which glory's lost,
When I shall stick my beauty in a cloud,
And dimly^b shine through it.

Gon. This woman's in the altitudes,
And he must be a good astrologer,
Shall know her zodiac.

[*Aside.*

Phil. For any man to think
Himself an able purchaser of you^c,

* * * * *

But in the bargain there must be declar'd
Infinite bounty ; otherwise, I vow
By all that's excellent and gracious in you,

^b *dimly*] Both the folios have "clearly"; and so Seward (who, however, saw that it was a corruption). The Editors of 1778 printed "scarcely." Weber gave "merely."—The letters *cl* are a frequent misprint for *d*.

^c *For any man to think*

Himself an able purchaser of you] "Some words appear to have been lost here ; the chasm Mr. Seward would supply by reading

'Twere arrogance for any man to think,' &c." *Ed.* 1778.

"I would rather suppose that one or more lines have been lost after the second of those quoted in this note." WEBER.

I would untenant every hope lodg'd in me,
And yield myself up love's or your own martyr.

Ero. So you shall please us.

Phil. Oh, you cannot be
So heavenly and so absolute in all things,
And yet retain such cruel tyranny!

Ero. I can, I do, I will.

Gon. She is in her
Moods and her tenses : I will grammar with you,
And make a trial how I can decline^d you.—
By your leave, great lady.

[*Aside.*

Ero. What are you?

Gon. A man,
A good man, that 's a wealthy, a proper man,
And a proud man too ; one that understands
Himself, and knows, unless it be yourself,
No woman on^e the universe deserves him :
Nay, lady, I must tell you too withal,
I may make doubt of that, unless you paint
With better judgment next day than on this ;
For (plain I must be with you) 'tis a dull fucus^f.

Ero. Knows any one here what this fellow is?

First Atten. He is of Venice, madam ; a great magnifico,
And gracious with the senate.

Ero. Let him keep, then, among them ; what makes he here?
Here 's state enough where I am : here 's ado !—
You, tell him, if he have aught with us, let him
Look lower, and give it in petition.

Moch. Mighty magnifico, my mistress bid me tell you,
If you have aught with her, you must look lower,
And yield it in petition.

Gon. Here is for thee, a ducat.

Moch. You say well, sir ; take your own course.

Gon. I will not grace you,
Lady, so much as take you by the hand ;
But when I shall vouchsafe to touch your lip,

^d *decline*] A quibble,—lower, bring down.

^e *on*] Altered by the modern editors to "in."

^f *fucus*] See note, vol. i. 52.

It shall be through your court a holiday
Proclaim'd for so high favour.

Ero. This is some
Great man's jester.—Sirrah, begone ! here is
No place to fool in.

Gon. Where are the fools you talk of ?
I do keep two.

Ero. No question of it ;
I'or in yourself you do maintain an hundred.

Gon. And, besides them, I keep a noble train,
Statists^g and men of action ; my purse is large and deep,
Beyond the reach of riot to draw dry :
Fortune did vie with nature, to bestow,
When I was born, her bounty equally.
'Tis not amiss you turn your eyes from me ;
For, should you stand and gaze me in the face,
You perish would, like Semele by Jove^h :
In Venice, at this instant, there do lie
No less than threescore ladies in their graves,
And in their beds five hundred, for my love.

Moch. You lie more than they ; yet it becomes him
bravely :
Would I could walk and talk so ! I'll endeavour it. [*Aside.*]

Ero. Sir, do you know me ?

Gon. Yes ; you were sister to the late prince of Candy,
Aunt to this young one : and in Venice Iⁱ
Am born a lord ; equal to you in fortunes ;
In shape—I'll say no more, but view !

Moch. There needs no more be said ; were I a woman——
Oh, he does rarely ! “ In shape—I'll say no more,
But view ! ” Who could say more, who better ?
Man is no man, nor woman woman is,
Unless they have a pride like one of these.
How poor the prince of Cyprus shews to him !

^g *Statists*] i. e. statesmen,—politicians.

^h *Jove*] So the second folio.—The first folio “ Iolus.”

ⁱ *and in Venice I, &c.*] The first folio has,

“ and I in Venice,

I am”, &c.

The second folio omits the second “ *I*.”

How poor another lady unto her !
 Carriage and state makes us seem demi-gods ;
 Humility, like beasts, worms of the earth.

[*Aside.*]

Enter ANTINOUS and DECIUS.

Ant. Royal lady, I kiss your hand.

Ero. Sir, I know you not.

Anno. Oh, my noble brother, welcome from the wars !

Ant. Dear sister !

Anno. Where is my father, that you come without him ?
 We have news of your success : he has his health, I hope ?

Ant. Yes, sister, he has his health, but is not well.

Anno. How ! not well ! what riddles do you utter ?

Ant. I 'll tell you more in private.

Gon. Noble sir,

I cannot be unmindful of your merit,
 Since I last heard it : you are a hopeful youth,
 And, indeed, the soul of Candy. I must speak
 My thoughts.

Anno. The prince of Cyprus, brother.—Good Decius !

Ant. I am his servant.

Phi. You are the patron of your country, sir ;
 So your unimitable deeds proclaim you ;
 It is no language of my own, but all men's.

Gon. Your enemies must needs acknowledge it ;
 Then do not think it flattery in your friends,
 For, if they had a heart, they could not want a tongue.

Ero. Is this your brother, Annophil ?

Anno. Yes, madam.

Ero. Your name 's Antinous ?

Ant. I am, lady, that most unfortunate man.

Ero. How ! unfortunate ! are you not the soldier,
 The captain of those captains, that did bring
 Conquest and victory home along with you ?

Ant. I had some share in it ; but was the least
 Of the least worthy.

Gon. Oh, sir, in your modesty you 'd make
 A double conquest ! I was an ear-witness
 When this young man spoke lesser than he acted,
 And had the soldier's voice to help him out :

But that the law compell'd him, for his honour,
To enforce him make a claim for his rewardⁱ,
I well perceive he would have stood the man
That he does now, buried his worth in silence.

Ero. Sir, I hearken not to him, but look on you,
And find more in you than he can relate :
You shall attend on me.

Ant. Madam, your pardon.

Ero. Deny^j it not, sir, for it is more honour
Than you have gotten i' the field ; for, know, you shall,
Upon Erota's asking, serve Erota.

Ant. I may want answers, lady,
But never want a will to do you service.
I came here to my sister, to take leave,
Having enjoin'd myself to banishment,
For some cause that hereafter you may hear,
And wish with me I had not the occasion.

Anno. There shall be no occasion to divide us.—
Dear madam, for my sake use your power,
Even for the service that he ought to owe,
Must, and does owe, to you, his friends, and country.

Ero. Upon your loyalty to the state and me,
I do command you, sir, not depart Candy :
Am I not your princess ?

Ant. You are, great lady^k.

Ero. Then shew yourself a servant and a subject.

Ant. I am your vassal.

Moch. You are a coward. I, that dare not fight,
Scorn to be vassal to any prince in Europe :

ⁱ *the law compell'd him, for his honour,*

To enforce him make a claim for his reward] “ i. e. the law compelled him, for the sake of his honour, to enforce the claim he had to make for his reward.” WEBER. No. “ *To enforce him* ” means—to enforce himself, to *exert* himself ; a sense in which *enforce* was frequently used by writers long anterior to Beaumont and Fletcher. “ But with all our hertes *enforce* we our selfe for to resist againste that vyle and abhomyable sinne of lechery”, &c. Skelton's *Boke of Three Fooles*,—*Works*, i. 205. ed. Dyce.—Here Seward made violent alterations, which were adopted by the Editors of 1778.

^j *Deny*] i. e. Refuse.

^k *You are, great lady*] Seward's correction (approved by Mason). Both the folios have “ *You are a great lady* ” ; and so the Editors of 1778 and Weber.

Great is my heart with pride, which I'll increase,
When they are gone, with practice on my vassals.

[*Aside.*]

Enter an Attendant.

Atten. The noble Cassilane is come to see you, madam.

Dec. There 's comfort in those words, Antinous ;
For here 's the place and persons that have power
To reconcile you to his love again.

Ant. That were a fortunate meeting.

Enter CASSILANE and ARCANES.

Cas. Greatness still wait you, lady!

Ero. Good Cassilane,
We do maintain our greatness through your valour.

Cas. My prayers pull daily blessings on thy head,
My unoffending child, my Annophil!—
Good prince,—worthy Gonzalo!—Ha! art thou here
Before me? in every action art thou ambitious?—
My duty, lady, first offer'd¹ here,
And love to thee, my child, though he out-strip me :
Thus in the wars he got the start on me,
By being forward, but performing less ;
All the endeavours of my life are lost,
And thrown upon that evil of mine own
Cursèd begetting, whom I shame to father.—
Oh, that the heat thou robb'dst me of had burnt
Within my entrails, and begot a fever,
Or some worse sickness! for thou art a disease
Sharper than any physic gives a name to.

Anno. Why do you say so?

Cas. Oh, Annophil, there is good cause, my girl!
He has play'd the thief with me, and filch'd away
The richest jewel of my life, my honour,
Wearing it publicly with that applause,
As if he justly did inherit it.

Ant. Would I had in my infancy been laid
Within my grave, cover'd with your blessings, rather
Than, grown up to a man, to meet your curses!

¹ *lady, first offer'd*] *Qy.* "lady, would first be offer'd"? Seward gave, 'lady, I first offer'd.'—In the next line Weber printed "out-stript."

Cas. Oh, that thou hadst !
Then I had^l been the father of a child,
Dearer than thou wert even^m unto me
When hope persuaded me I had begot
Another self in thee. Out of mine eyes,
As far as I have thrown thee from my heart,
That I may live and die forgetting thee !

Ero. How has he deserv'dⁿ this untam'd anger,
That, when he might have ask'd for his reward
Some honour for himself or mass of pelf,
He only did request to have erected
Your statue in the Capitol, with titles
Engrav'd upon 't, *The patron of his country* ?

Cas. That, that 's the poison in the gilded cup,
The serpent in the flowers, that stings my honour,
And leaves me dead in fame !—Gods, do a justice,
And rip his bosom up, that men may see,
Seeing believe, the subtle practices
Written within his heart !—But I am heated,
And do forget this presence and myself :
Your pardon, lady.

Ero. You should not ask, 'less you knew how to give.
For my sake, Cassilane, cast out of your thoughts
All ill conceptions of your worthy son,
That, questionless, has ignorantly offended,
Declar'd in his penitence.

Cas. Bid me die, lady, for your sake I 'll do it ;
But that, you 'll say, is nothing for a man
That has out-liv'd his honour : but command me
In any thing save that, and Cassilane
Shall ever be your servant.—Come, Annophil,
My joy in this world ; thou shalt live with me,
Retirèd in some solitary nook,
The comfort of my age : my days are short,

^l *I had*] Weber chose to print "*had I*."

^m *even*] So the first folio.—The second folio has "ever."—" [By the 'child' here spoken of] Cassilane means—unrivalled honour, which he had lost by his son's life." MASON.

ⁿ *he deserv'd*] Seward printed "*he, sir, deserv'd*."

And ought to be well spent ; and I desire
No other witness of them but thyself
And good Arcanes.

Anno. I shall obey you, sir.

Gon. Noble sir,

If you taste any want of worldly means,
Let not that discontent you : know me your friend,
That hath and can supply you.

Cas. Sir, I am too much bound to you already ;
And 'tis not of my cares the least, to give you
Fair satisfaction.

Gon. You may imagine I do speak to that end ;
But, trust me, 'tis to make you bolder with me.

Cas. Sir, I thank you, and may make trial of you ;
Mean time, my service.

Anno. Brother,

Be comforted : so long as I continue
Within my father's love, you cannot long
Stand out an exile. I must go live with him ;
And I will prove so good an orator
In your behalf, that you again shall gain him,
Or I will stir in him another anger,
And be lost with you.

Ant. Better I were neglected ; for he is hasty,
And through the choler that abounds in him,
Which for the time divides from him his judgment,
He may cast you off, and with you his life ;
For grief will straight surprise him, and that way
Must be his death : the sword has tried too often,
And all the deadly instruments of war
Have aim'd at his great heart, but ne'er could touch it ;
Yet not a limb about him wants a scar.

Cas. Madam, my duty.

Ero. Will you be gone ?

Cas. I must, lady ; but I shall be ready,
When you are pleas'd command me, for your service.—
Excellent prince ! [*To PHILANDER.*]—To all my hearty love,
And a good farewell.

Moch. Thanks, honest Cassilane.

Cas. Come, Annophil.

Gon. Shall I not wait upon you, sir?

Cas. From hence

You shall not stir a foot: loving Gonzalo,
It must be all my study to requite you.

Gon. If^o I may be so fortunate to deserve
The name of friend from you, I have enough.

Cas. You are so, and you have made yourself so.

Gon. I will, then, preserve it.

[*Exeunt* CASSILANE, ANNOPHIL, and ARCANES.]

Ero. Antinous, you are my servant, are you not?

Ant. It hath pleas'd you so to grace me.

Ero. Why are you, then, dejected? You will say,
You have lost a father; but you have found a mistress
Doubles that loss: be master of your spirit;
You have a cause for it, which is my favour.

Gon. And mine.

Ero. Will no man ease me of this fool?

Gon. Your fellow.

Ero. Antinous, wait upon us.

Ant. I shall, madam.

Gon. Nay, but, lady, lady,—

Ero. Sir, you are rude:

And, if you be the master of such means
As you do talk of, you should learn good manners.

Gon. Oh, lady, you can find a fault in me,
But not perceive it in yourself! You must, shall hear me:
I love you for your pride; 'tis the best virtue
In you.

Ero. I could hang this fellow now [*Aside*].—By whom
Are you supported, that you dare do this?
Have you not example here^p in a prince,
Transcending you in all things, yet bears himself
As doth become a man had seen my beauty?
Back to your country, and your courtezans,
Where you may be admirèd for your wealth;
Which being consum'd, may be a means to gain you

^o *If*] Added in the second folio.

^p *example here*] Seward printed "*here example*."

The opinion of some wit. Here's nothing to be got
But scorn and loss of time.

Gon. Which are things I delight in.

Ero. Antinous, follow me.

[*Exeunt all except GONZALO and MOCHINGO.*]

Gon. She is vex'd to the soul.

Moch. Let her be vex'd; 'tis fit she should be so.
Give me thy hand, Gonzalo; thou art in our favour,
For we do love to cherish lofty spirits,
Such as percuss ever the earth^p, and bound
With an erected countenance to the clouds.

Gon. 'Sfoot, what thing is this?

Moch. I do love fire-works, because they mount;
An exhalation I profess to adore
Beyond a fixèd star; 'tis more illustrious,
As every thing rais'd out of smoke is so;
Their virtue is in action. What do you think of me?

Gon. Troth, sir,
You are beyond my guess; I know you not.

Moch. Do you know yourself?

Gon. Yes, sir.

Moch. Why, you and I
Are one: I am proud, and very proud too,
That I must tell you; I saw it did become you.
Cousin Gonzalo, prithee, let it be so.

Gon. Let it be so, good cousin.

Moch. I am no great one's fool.

Gon. I hope so, for alliance-sake.

Moch. Yet I do serve
The mighty, monstrous, and magnanimous,
Invincible Erota.

Gon. Oh, good cousin,
Now I have you: I'll meet you in your coat.

Moch. Coat! I have my horseman's coat, I must confess,
Lin'd through with velvet, and a scarlet outside:
If you will meet me in 't, I'll send for it;

^p *percuss ever the earth*] This is all I can make of the corruption of the first folio,—“*percusseere the earth.*” The second folio has “*percusse the earth*”; and so the modern editors.

And, cousin, you shall see me with much comfort,
For it is both a new one and a right one ;
It did not come collateral.

Gon. Adieu,

Good cousin ; at this present I have some business.

Moch. Farewell, excellent cousin. [*Exeunt severally.*]

ACT III.

SCENE I.—*The lodging of GONZALO.*

Enter GONZALO and FERNANDO.

Gon. Candy, I say, is lost already.

Fer. Yes,

If to be conqueror be to be lost.

Gon. You have it ; one day's conquest hath undone them,
And sold them to their vassalage : for what
Have I else toil'd my brains, profusely emptied
My moneys, but to make them slaves to Venice,
That so, in case the sword did lose his edge,
Then art might sharpen hers ?

Fer. Gonzalo, how ?

Gon. Fernando, thus. You see how, through this land,
Both of the best and basest I am honour'd :
I only gave the state of Venice notice,
When, where, and how to land, or you had found
A better entertainment ; I was he
Encourag'd young Antinous to affront
The devil his father ; for the devil, I think,
Dares not do more in battle.

Fer. But why did you ?

I find no such great policy in that.

Gon. Indeed, Fernando, thou canst fight, not plot :
Had they continu'd one, they two alone
Were of sufficient courage and performance
To beat an army.

Fer. Now, by all my hopes,
I rather shall admire than envy virtue.

Gon. Why, then, by all your hopes you'll rather have
Your brains knock'd out, than learn how to be wise :
You statesman ! Well, sir, I did more than this ;
When Cassilane crav'd from the common treasure
Pay for his soldiers, I struck home, and lent him
An hundred thousand ducats.

Fer. Marry, sir,
The policy was little, the love less,
And honesty least of all.

Gon. How say you by that ?
Go fight, I say, go fight ! I'll talk no more with you ;
You are insensible.

Fer. Well, I shall observe you.

Gon. Why, look you, sir ; by this means have I got
The greatest part of Cassilane's estate
Into my hands, which he can ne'er redeem,
But must of force sink. Do you conceive me now ?

Fer. So :
But why have you importuned the senate,
For me to sojourn with him^r ?

Gon. There 's the quintessence,
The soul, and grand elixir of my wit ;
For he, according to his noble nature,
Will not be known to want, though he do want,
And will be bankrupted so much the sooner,
And made the subject of our scorn and laughter.

Fer. Here 's a perfect-plotted stratagem.

Gon. Why, could you
Imagine that I did not hate in heart
My country's enemies ? yes, yes, Fernando,
And I will be the man that shall undo them.

Fer. You are in a ready way.

Gon. I was never out on 't.
Peace ; here comes a wise coxcomb, a tame coward.

Enter GASPERO.

Now, worthy Gaspero ; what !
You come, I know, to be my lord Fernando's
Conductor to old Cassilane ?

^r *him*] Both the folios " them."

Gas. To wait upon him.

Gon. And my lords the senators sent you ?

Gas. My noble lord, they did.

Gon. My lord Fernando,
This gentleman, as humble as you see him,
Is even this kingdom's treasure : in a word,
'Tis his chief glory that he is not wiser
Than honest, nor more honest than approv'd
In truth and faith.

Gas. My lord—

Gon. You may be bold
To trust him with your bosom ; he'll not deceive,
If you rely upon him once.

Fer. Your name is Gaspero ?

Gas. Your servant.

Gon. Go, commend me,
Right honest Gaspero, commend me heartily
To noble Cassilane ; tell him my love
Is vow'd to him.

Gas. I shall.

Gon. I know you will.—

My lord, I cannot long be absent from you.

Fer. Sir, you are now my guide. [*Exit with GASPERO.*]

Gon. Thus my designs
Run uncontroll'd. Yet, Venice, though I be
Intelligencer to thee, in my brain
Are other large projects ; for, if proud Erotia
Bend to my lure, I will be Candy's king,
And duke of Venice too. Ha ! Venice too !
Oh, 'twas prettily shov'd in ! why not ? Erotia
May in her love seal all sure : if she swallow
The bait, I am lord of both ; if not, yet Candy,
Despite of all her power, shall be ruin'd.

[*Exit.*]

SCENE II.—*The neighbourhood of the city. A room in a mean dwelling.*

Enter CASSILANE, ARCANES, and ANNOPHIL.

Cas. Urge me no farther.—*Annophil.*

Anno. My lord?

Cas. Thy father's poverty has made thee happy ;
For though 'tis true this solitary life
Suits not with youth and beauty, oh, my child,
Yet 'tis the sweetest guardian to protect
Chaste names from court-aspersions ! there a lady,
Tender and delicate in years and graces,
That dotes upon the charms of ease and pleasure,
Is shipwreck'd on the shore ; for 'tis much safer
To trust the ocean in a leaking ship,
Than follow greatness in the wanton rites
Of luxury and sloth.

Anno. My wishes, sir,
Have never soar'd a higher flight, than truly
To find occasion wherein I might witness
My duty and obedience.

Cas. 'Tis well said.—

Canst thou forbear to laugh, Arcanes ?

Arc. Why, sir ?

Cas. To look upon my beggary, to look
Upon my patience in my beggary.
Tell me, does it shew handsome ? bravely handsome ?
Thou wilt flatter me, and swear that I am miserable^r.

^r *and swear that I am miserable*] “ Mr. Sympson would read ‘ *and swear that I'm not miserable.*’ But this does not satisfy, and I therefore prefer the old reading with the following interpretation—‘ You, Arcanes, will flatter me by talking of my former greatness and glory, and swear that this retirement is misery to a man of my abilities for the command of whole armies.’” SEWARD. The Editors of 1778 adopted Sympson's emendation. Weber says, “that Seward's explanation of the old text is certainly the true one.”—That the present speech is mutilated, we may suspect from the way in which both the folios exhibit it ;

“ *Cas. To look upon my beggerie, to look upon
My patience in my beggerie : Tell me
Does it shew handsome ? bravely ?
Handsome ? thou wilt flatter me,
And swear that I am miserable.*”

Arc. Nothing

More glorifies the noble and the valiant
Than to despise contempt : if you continue
But to enjoy yourself, you in yourself
Enjoy all store besides.

Cas. An excellent change !

I, that some seven apprenticeships commanded
A hundred ministers that waited on
My nod, and sometimes twenty thousand soldiers,
Am now retir'd, attended in my age
By one poor maid, follow'd by one old man.

Arc. Sir, you are lower in your own repute
Than you have reason for.

Cas. The Roman captains,
I mean the best^s, such as with their bloods
Purchas'd their country's peace, the empire's glory,
Were glad at last to get them to some farms,
Off from the clamours of the ingrateful great ones
And the unsteady multitude, to live
As I do now ; and 'twas their blessing too ;
Let it be ours, Arcanes.

Arc. I cannot but
Applaud your scorn of injuries.

Cas. Of injuries !
Arcanes, Annophil, lend both your hands.
So ; what say ye now ?

Arc. Why, now, my lord——^t

Cas. I swear
By all my past prosperities, thus standing
Between you two, I think myself as great,
As mighty, as if in the Capitol
I stood amidst the senators, with all
The Cretan subjects prostrate at my feet.

Anno. Sir, you are here more safe.

Cas. And more belov'd.
Why, look ye, sirs, I can forget the weakness

^s *best*] Seward silently printed "bravest" !

^t *Why, now, my lord——*] Altered by the Editors of 1778 to "*Why now, my lord ?*" and so Weber !

Of the traduced^u soldiers, the neglect
Of the fair-spoken senate, the impiety
Of him, the villain, whom, to my dishonour,
The world miscalls my son. But, by the——

Arc. Sir,

Remember that you promis'd no occasion
Should move your patience.

Cas. Thou dost chide me friendly :
He shall not have the honour to be thought upon
Amongst us.

Enter a Servant.

Now ! the news ?

Serv. The secretary,
With the Venetian prisoner, desire
Admittance to your lordship.

Cas. How ! to me !

What mystery is this ? Arcanes, can they,
Think'st thou, mean any good ?

Arc. My lord, they dare not
Intend aught else but good.

Cas. 'Tis true, they dare not :
Arcanes, welcome them. [*Exeunt ARCANES and Servant.*

Come hither, Annophil ;

Stand close to me : we'll change our affability
Into a form of state ; and they shall know,
Our heart is still our own.

Re-enter ARCANES, with FERNANDO and GASPERO.

Arc. My lord——

Cas. Arcanes,

I know them both.—Fernando, as you are
A man of greatness, I should undervalue
The right my sword hath fought for, to observe
Low-fawning compliments ; but as you are
A captive and a stranger, I can love you,
And must be kind. You are welcome.

^u traduced] i. e. brought, or won, over to the opposite party.—Mason would read "seduced."

Fer. 'Tis the all
Of my ambition.

Gas. And for proof how much
He truly honours your heroic virtues,
The senate, on his importunity,
Commend him to your lordship's guard.

Cas. For what?

Gas. During the time of his abode in Candy,
To be your household guest.

Fer. Wherein, my lord,
You shall more make me debtor to your nobleness,
Than if you had return'd me without ransom.

Cas. Are you in earnest, sir?

Fer. My suit to the senate
Shall best resolve^v you that.

Cas. Come hither, secretary :
Look that this be no trick now put upon me ;
For, if it be—sirrah—

Gas. As I have troth,
My lord, it only is a favour granted
Upon Fernando's motion, from himself :
Your lordship must conceive, I'd not partake
Aught, but what should concern your honour : who
Has been the prop, our country's shield, and safety,
But the renowned Cassilane ?

Cas. Applause
Is, Gaspero—puff!—nothing.—Why, young lord,
Would you so much be sequester'd from those
That are the blazing comets of the time,
To live a solitary life with me,
A man forsaken ? All my hospitality
Is now contracted to a few ; these two,
This tempest-wearied soldier and this virgin :
We cannot feast your eyes with masques and revels,
Or courtly antics ; the sad sports we riot in
Are tales of foughten fields, of martial scars,
And things done long ago, when men of courage

^v *resolve*] i. e. satisfy, convince.

Were held the best, not those well-spoken youths
 Who only carry conquest in their tongues :
 Now, stories of this nature are unseasonable
 To entertain a great duke's son with.

Fer. Herein

Shall my captivity be made my happiness,
 Since what I lose in freedom, I regain,
 With interest, by conversing with a soldier,
 So matchless for experience as great Cassilane :
 Pray, sir, admit me.

Cas. If you come to mock me,
 I shall be angry.

Fer. By the love I bear
 To goodness, my intents are honourable !

Cas. Then, in a word, my lord, your visitations
 Shall find all due respect : but I am now
 Grown old, and have forgot to be an host :
 Come when you please, you are welcome.

Fer. Sir, I thank you.

Anno. Good sir, be not too urgent ; for my father
 Will soon be mov'd : yet in a noble way
 Of courtesy he is as easily conquer'd.

Fer. Lady, your words are like your beauty, powerful ;
 I shall not strive more how to do him service,
 Than how to be your servant.

Cas. She's my daughter,
 And does command this house.

Fer. I so conceive her.

Cas. Do you hear ?

Gas. My honour'd lord.

Cas. Commend me to them :
 Tell 'em, I thank them.

Gas. Whom, my lord ?

Cas. The senate :

Why, how come you so dull ? oh, they are gracious,
 And infinitely grateful ! Thou art eloquent :
 Speak modestly in mentioning my services ;
 And if aught fall out in the by, that must
 Of mere necessity touch any act

Of my deserving praises, blush when you talk on 't :
'Twill make them blush to hear on 't.

Gas. Why, my lord——^w

Cas. Nay, nay, you are too wise now ; good, observe me.
I do not rail against the hopeful springal^x,
That builds up monuments in brass, rears trophies
With mottoes and inscriptions, quaint devices
Of poetry and fiction : let 's be quiet.

Arc. You must not cross him.

Gas. Not for Candy's wealth.

Fer. You shall for ever make me yours.

Anno. 'Twere pity
To double your captivity.

Enter DECIVS.

Arc. Who 's here ?

Decivus !

Cas. Ha ! Decivus ! who nam'd Decivus ?

Dec. My duty to your lordship : I am bold,
Presuming on your noble and known goodness,
To——

Cas. What ?

Dec. Present you with this——

Cas. Letter ?

Dec. Yes, my honour'd lord.

Cas. From whom ?

Dec. Please you peruse
The inside ; you shall find a name subscrib'd,
In such humility, in such obedience,
That you yourself will judge it tyranny
Not to receive it favourably.

Cas. Hey-day !
Good words, my masters ! this is court-infection,
And none but cowards ply them. Tell me, Decivus,
Without more circumstance, who is the sender ?

Dec. Your much-griev'd son, Antinous.

^w *Why, my lord——*] Altered by the Editors of 1778 to "*Why, my lord ?*"
and so Weber !

^x *springal*] "i. e. youth." REED.

Cas. On my life,
A challenge ! speak, as thou art worthy, speak :
I'll answer't.

Dec. Honour'd sir—

Cas. No honour'd sirs !
Fool your young idol with such pompous attributes.
Say briefly, what contains it ?

Dec. 'Tis a lowly
Petition for your favour.

Cas. Rash young man,
But that thou art under my own roof, and know'st
I dare not any way infringe the laws
Of hospitality, thou shouldst repent
Thy bold and rude intrusion. But presume not
Again to shew thy letter, for thy life ;
Decius, not for thy life.

Arc. Nay, then, my lord,
I can withhold no longer. You are too rough,
And wrestle against nature with a violence
More than becomes a father : wherein would you
Come nearer to the likeness of [a] god,
Than in your being entreated ? let not thirst
Of honour make you quite forget you are
A man, and what makes perfect manhood's comforts,
A father^y.

Anno. If a memory remain
Of my departed mother ; if the purity
Of her unblemish'd faith deserve to live
In your remembrance, let me yet by these
Awake your love to my un comforted brother.

Fer. I am a stranger, but so much I tender
Your son's desertful virtues, that I vow

^y *and what makes perfect manhood's comforts,*
A father] Stands thus in both the folios ;

“ *and what makes perfect manhoods, comforts*
A father.”

Seward restored the proper punctuation, and rightly explained the passage,
“ Don't forget you are a man, and what is the greatest blessing in the state of
manhood, a father.”

His sword ne'er conquer'd me so absolutely,
As shall your courtesy, if you vouchsafe,
At all our instances, to new-receive him
Into your wonted favour.

Gas. Sir, you cannot
Require more low submission.

Anno. Am I not
Grown vile yet in your eyes? then, by the name
Of father, let me once more sue for him,
Who is the only now-remaining branch,
With me, of that most ancient root, whose body
You are, dear sir.

Cas. 'Tis well: an host of Furies
Could not have baited me more torturingly,
More rudely, or more most ^z unnaturally.
Decius, I say, let me no more hear from him!
For this time, go thou hence; and know from me
Thou art beholding ^a to me that I have not
Kill'd thee already: look to 't next, look to 't.—
Arcanes, fie!—fie, Annophil!

[*Exit.*

Arc. He 's gone,
Chaf'd beyond sufferance: we must follow him.

Dec. Lady, this letter is to you.

Anno. Come with me,
For we must speak in private.—Please you, sir,
To see what entertainment our sad house
Can yield?

Fer. I shall attend you, lady.

[*Exeunt* ANNOPHIL, ARCANES, and DECIUS.

Gas. How do you like
To sojourn here, my lord?

Fer. More than to feast
With all the princes of the earth besides.
Gonzalo told me that thou wert honest.

Gas. Yes, sir,
And you shall find it.

^z *most*] "Silently omitted in the last edition [1778]." WEBER.

^a *beholding*] i. e. beholden,—as frequently before.—Altered by the modern editors to "beholden."

Fer. Shall I ?

Gas. All my follies

Be else recorded to my shame !

Fer. Enough.

My heart is here for ever lodg'd.

Gas. The lady——

Fer. The place admits no time to utter all ;

But, Gaspero, if thou wilt prove my friend,

I'll say thou art——

Gas. Your servant : I conceive you.

We'll choose some fitter leisure.

Fer. Never man

Was, in a moment, or more bless'd or wretched. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE III.—*An apartment in the palace of EROTA.*

Enter HYPARCHA, who places two chairs ; then ANTIPOUS and EROTA.

Ero. Leave us.

Hyp. I shall. [*Exit.*

Ero. Antinous, sit down.

Ant. Madam——

Ero. I say, sit down ; I do command you sit ;
For look, what honour thou dost^b gain by me,
I cannot lose by it. Happy Antinous !
The Graces and the higher deities
Smil'd at thy birth, and still continue it :
Then think that I, who scorn lesser examples,
Must do the like : such as do taste my power,
And talk of it with fear and reverence,
Shall do the same unto the man I favour.
I tell thee, youth, thou hast a conquest won,
Since thou cam'st home, greater^c than that last
Which dignified thy fame, greater than if
Thou shouldst go out again, and conquer farther ;

^b *dost*] So the second folio.—The first has “didst.”

^c *greater*] Seward silently printed “far greater.”

For I am not ashamed to acknowledge
Myself subdu'd by thee.

Ant. Great lady—

Ero. Sit still ; I will not hear thee else. Now speak,
And speak like my Antinous, like my soldier,
Whom Cupid, and not Mars, hath sent to battle.

Ant. I must, I see, be silent.

Ero. So thou mayst ;
There's greater action in it than in clamour :
A look, if it be gracious, will begin
The war, a word conclude it ; then prove no coward,
Since thou hast such a friendly enemy,
That teaches thee to conquer.

Ant. You do amaze me, madam :
I have no skill, no practice in this war ;
And whether you be serious, or please
To make your sport on a dejected man,
I cannot rightly guess ; but, be it as it will,
It is a like unhappiness to me :
My discontents bear those conditions in them,
And lay me out so wretched, no designs,
However truly promising a good,
Can make me relish aught, but a sweet-bitter
Voluntary exile.

Ero. Why an exile ?
What comfort can there be in those companions
Which sad thoughts bring along with [them ?—
Hyparcha !]^d [*Music within.*

Re-enter HYPARCHA.

Hyp. Madam ?

Ero. Whence comes this well-tun'd sound ?

Hyp. I know not, madam.

Ero. Listen, wench.

^d *Which sad thoughts bring along with [them ?—
Hyparcha !]*

Seward and the Editors of 1778 printed,

“ *Which sad thoughts bring along ? Hyparcha !*”

Weber gave,

“ *Which sad thoughts bring along with ? [Hyparcha !]*”

Whatever friendly hands they are that send it,
Let 'em play on ; they are masters of their faculty.—

[*A song within.*]

Doth it please you, sir ?

Ant. According to the time.

Ero. Go to 'em, wench,

And tell 'em, we shall thank 'em ; for they have kept
As good time to our disposition as to their instruments.

[*Exit HYP.*]

Unless Antinous shall say he loves,

Enter PHILANDER.

There never can be sweeter accents utter'd.

Phil. Let, then, the heart that did employ those hands
Receive some small share of your thanks with them.

'Tis happiness enough that you did like it ;

A fortune unto me, that I should send it

In such a lucky minute ; but to obtain

So gracious welcome did exceed my hopes.

Ero. Good prince, I thank you for it.

Phil. Oh, madam, pour not too fast joys on me,

But sprinkle 'em so gently, I may stand 'em !

It is enough at first, you have laid aside

Those cruel angry looks out of your eyes,

With which, as with your lovely, you did strike

All your beholders in an ecstasy.

Ero. Philander, you have long profess'd to love me.

Phil. Have I but profess'd it, madam ?

Ero. Nay, but hear me—

Phil. More attentively than to an oracle.

Ero. And I will speak more truly, if more can be ;

Nor shall my language be wrapt up in riddles,

But plain as truth itself. I love this gentleman,

Whose grief has made him so incapable

Of love, he will not hear, at least not understand it.

I, that have look'd with scornful eyes on thee,

And other princes, mighty in their states,

And in their friends as fortunate, have now pray'd,

In a petitionary kind almost,

This man, this well-deserving man (that I must say),
To look upon this beauty ; yet you see
He casts his eyes rather upon the ground
Than he will turn 'em this way.

Philander, you look pale ; I'll talk no more.

Phil. Pray, go forward ; I would be your martyr ;
To die thus, were immortally to live.

Ero. Will you go to him, then, and speak for me ?
You have lov'd longer, but not ferventer ;
Know how to speak, for you have done it like
An orator, even for yourself ; then how will you for me,
Whom you profess to love above yourself ?

Phil. The curses of dissemblers follow me
Unto my grave, an if I do not so !

Ero. You may, as all men do, speak boldlier,
Better, in their friends' cause still, than in your own :
But speak your utmost, yet you cannot feign ;
I will stand by, and blush to witness it.
Tell him, since I beheld him, I have lost
The happiness of this life, food and rest,
A quiet bosom, and the state I went with ;
Tell him how he has humbled^e the proud,
And made the living but a dead Erota ;
Tell him withal, that she is better pleas'd
With thinking on him, than enjoying these ;
Tell him——Philander, prince ! I talk in vain
To you ; you do not mark me.

Phil. Indeed, I do.

Ero. But thou dost look so pale,
As thou wilt spoil the story in relating.

Phil. Not, if I can but live to tell it.

Ero. It may be, you have not the heart.

Phil. I have a will, I am sure, howe'er my heart
May play the coward : but, if you please, I'll try.

Ero. If a kiss will strengthen thee, I give you leave
To challenge it ; nay, I will give it you. [*Kisses him.*]

^e *humbled*] To be pronounced as a trisyllable.—In this passage Seward transposed some lines most absurdly.

Phil. Oh, that a man should taste such heavenly bliss,
And be enjoin'd to beg it for another !

Ero. Alas, it is a misery I grieve
To put you to ! and I will suffer rather
In his tyranny^f, than thou in mine.

Phil. Nay, madam, since I cannot have your love,
I will endeavour to deserve your pity ;
For I had rather have within the grave
Your love, than you should want it upon earth.
But how can I hope, with a feeble tongue,
To instruct him in the rudiments of love,
When your most powerful beauty cannot work it ?

Ero. Do what thou wilt, Philander ; the request
Is so unreasonable, that I quit thee of it.
I desire now no more but the true patience
And fortitude of lovers, with those helps
Of sighs and tears, which, I think, is all the physic—

Phil. Oh, if he did but hear you, 'twere enough !
And I will wake him from his apoplexy.—
Antinous !

Ant. My lord ?

Phil. Nay, pray,
No courtesy to me ; you are my lord,
Indeed you are, for you command her heart
That commands mine ; nor can you want to know it ;
For, look you, she that told it you in words,
Explains it now more passionately in tears :
Either thou hast no heart, or a marble one,
If those drops cannot melt it. Prithee, look up,
And see how sorrow sits within her eyes,
And love the grief she goes with, (if not her,)
Of which thou art the parent ; and never yet
Was there, by nature, that thing made so stony
But it would love whatever it begot.

Ant. He that begot me did beget these cares,

^f *In his tyranny*] Silently altered by Seward to "Under *his tyranny*." Weber altered (and much for the worse) the old metrical arrangement of this speech.

Which are good issues, though happily by him
Esteemèd monsters : nay, the ill-judging world
Is likely enough to give them those charàcters.

Phil. What's this to love, and to the lady? He's old,
Wrathful, perverse, self-will'd, and full of anger ;
Which are his faults, but let them not be thine :
He thrusts you from his love, she pulls thee on ;
He doubts your virtues, she doth double them.
Oh, either use thy own eyes, or take mine,
And with them my heart ! then thou wilt love her,
Nay, dote upon her more than on thy duty,
And men will praise thee equally for it ;
Neglecting her, condemn thee as a man
Unworthy such a fortune. Oh, Antinous,
'Tis not the friendship that I bear to thee,
But her command, that makes me utter this !
And when I have prevail'd, let her but say,
" Philander, you must die, or this is nothing,"
It shall be done together with a breath,
With the same willingness I live to serve her.

Ero. No more, Philander.

Phil. All I have done is little yet to purpose :
But, ere I leave him, I will perceive him blush,
And make him feel the passions that I do ;
And^s every true lover will assist me in't,
And lend me their sad sighs to blow it home,
For Cupid wants a dart to wound this^h bosom.

Ero. No more, no more, Philander ! I can endure no more :
Pray, let him go.—Go, good Antinous ; make peace
With your own mind ; no matter though I perish. [*Exeunt.*

^s *And*] Silently omitted by Seward and the Editors of 1778.

^h *this*] Seward chose to print "his."

ACT IV.

SCENE I.—*The same.*

Enter HYPARCHA and MOCHINGO.

Hyp. I cannot help it.

Moch. Nor do I require it ;

The malady needs no physician :

Help hospital-people.

Hyp. I am glad to hear

You are so valiant.

Moch. Valiant !

Can any man be proud that is not valiant ?

Foolish^h woman, what wouldst thou say ? thou——

I know not what to call thee.

Hyp. I can you,

For I can call you coxcomb, ass, and puppy——

Moch. You do do it, I thank you.

Hyp. That you 'll lose a fortune,

Which a cobbler better deserves than thou dost.

Moch. Do not provoke my magnanimity ;

For when I am incens'd I am insensible.

Go tell thy lady, that hath sent me word

She will discard me, that I discard her,

And throw a scorn upon her, which I would not,

But that she does me wrong.

[*Exit.*

Enter EROTA and ANTINOUS.

Ero. Do you not glory in your conquest more,

To take some great man prisoner, than to kill him ?

And shall a lady find less mercy from you,

That yields herself your captive, and for her ransom

Will give the jewel of her life, her heart,

Which she hath lock'd from all men but thyself ?

For shame, Antinous, throw this dulness off !

Art thou a man no where but in the field ?

^h *Foolish*] Seward printed "You foolish."

Hyp. He must hear drums and trumpets, or he sleeps ;ⁱ
 And at this instant dreams he 's in his armour.
 These iron-hearted soldiers are so cold,
 Till they be beaten to a woman's arms !
 And then they love 'em better than their own ;
 No fort can hold them out. [*Aside, and then exit.*

Ant. What pity is it, madam, that yourself,
 Who are all excellence, should become so wretched,
 To think on such a wretch as grief hath made me !
 Seldom despairing men look up to heaven,
 Although it still speak to 'em in its glories ;
 For when sad thoughts perplex the mind of man,
 There is a plummet in the heart that weighs,
 And pulls us, living, to the dust we came from.
 Did you but see the miseries you pursue,
 As I the happiness that I avoid,
 That doubles my afflictions, you would fly
 Unto some wilderness or to your grave,
 And there find better comforts than in me ;
 For love and cares can never dwell together.

Ero. They should,
 If thou hadst but my love and I thy cares.

Ant. What wild beast in the desert but would be
 Taught by this tongue to leave his cruelty,
 Though all the beauties of the face were veil'd !
 But I am savager than any beast,
 And shall be so till Decius do arrive,
 Whom with so much submission I have sent
 Under my hand, that, if he do not bring
 His benediction back, he must to me
 Be much more crueller than I to you^j.

Ero. Is 't but your father's pardon you desire ?

Ant. With his love ; and then nothing next that, like yours.

ⁱ or he sleeps] The correction of Seward (who cites from Shakespeare's *Hamlet*, act ii. sc. 2, "He 's for a jig or a tale of bawdry, or he sleeps").—Both the folios have "ere he sleeps."

^j more crueller than I to you] So the first folio.—The second folio has "more cruel than I to you."—The Editors of 1778 printed "more cruel than I am to you."

Enter DECIOUS.

Ero. Decius is come.

Ant. Oh, welcome, friend! if I apprehend not
Too much of joy, there's comfort in thy looks.

Ero. There is, indeed: I prithee, Decius, speak it.

Dec. How! "prithee, Decius"! this woman's strangely
alter'd. [*Aside.*

Ant. Why dost not speak, good friend, and tell me how
The reverent blessing of my life receiv'd
My humble lines? wept he for joy?

Dec. No; there's a letter will inform you more:

[*Gives letter.*

Yet I can tell you what I think will grieve you;
The old man is in want, and angry still,
And poverty is the bellows to the coal,
More than distaste from you, as I imagine.

Ant. What's here? how's this? It cannot be: now, sure,
My griefs delude my senses.

Ero. In his looks

I read a world of changes. Decius, mark
With what a sad amazement he surveys
The news! canst thou guess what 'tis?

Dec. None good, I fear.

Ero. I fear so too; and then—

Ant. It is her hand.

Ero. Are you not well?

Ant. Too well. If I were aught
But rock, this letter would conclude my miseries.
Peruse it, lady, and resolve^k me then,
In what a case I stand.

Dec. Sir, the worst is
Your father's lowness and distaste.

Ant. No, Decius:

My sister writes, Fernando has made suit
For love to her; and, to express sincerely
His constant truth, hath, like a noble gentleman,
Discover'd plots of treachery, contriv'd

^k *resolve*] i. e. satisfy, inform.

By false Gonzalo, not intending more
The utter ruin of our house, than generally
Candy's confusion.

Dec. 'Tis a generous part
Of young Fernando.

Ant. 'Tis, and I could wish
All thrift to his affections, Decius.—
You find the sum on 't, madam ?

Ero. Yes, I do.

Ant. And can you now yet think a heart oppress'd
With such a throng of cares can entertain
An amorous thought ? Love frees all toils but one ;
Calamity and it can ill agree.

Ero. Will 't please you speak my doom ?

Ant. Alas, great lady,
Why will you flatter thus a desperate man
That is quite cast away ? Oh, had you not
Procur'd the senate's warrant to enforce
My stay, I had not heard of these sad news !
What would you have me do ?

Ero. Love me, or kill me ;
One word shall sentence either ; for, as truth
Is just, if you refuse me, I am resolute
Not to out-live my thralldom.

Ant. Gentle lady—

Ero. Say, must I live, or die ?

Dec. My lord, how can you
Be so inexorable ? here 's occasion
Of succouring your father in his wants
Securely proffer'd : pray, sir, entertain it.

Ero. What is my sentence ?

Ant. What you please to have it.

Ero. As thou art gentle, speak those words again !

Ant. Madam, you have prevail'd ; yet, give me leave,
Without offence, ere I resign the interest
Your heart hath in my heart, to prove your secrecy.

Ero. Antinous, 'tis the greatest argument
Of thy affections to me.

Ant. Madam, thus, then.

My father stands for certain sums engag'd
To treacherous Gonzalo, and has mortgag'd
The greatest part of his estate to him :
If you receive^k this mortgage, and procure
Acquittance from Gonzalo to my father,
I am what you would have me be.

Ero. You'll love me, then ?

Ant. Provided, madam, that my father know not
I am an agent for him.

Ero. If I fail

In this, I am unworthy to be lov'd.

Ant. Then, with your favour, thus I seal my truth

[*Kissing her.*]

To-day^l ; and, Decius, witness how unchangingly
I shall still love Erotia !

Ero. Thou hast quicken'd
A dying heart, Antinous.

Dec. This is well :
Much happiness to both !

Re-enter HYPARCHA.

Hyp. The lord Gonzalo
Attends you, madam.

Ero. Comes as we could wish.
Withdraw, Antinous ; here's a closet, where
You may partake his errand.—Let him enter.

[*Exit HYPARCHA.*]

Ant. Madam, you must be wary.

Ero. Fear it not :
I will be ready for him, to entertain him
With smiling welcome.

[*Exit ANTINOUS.*]

Enter GONZALO.

Noble sir, you take

^k receive] Qy. "retrieve" ?

^l thus I seal my truth

To-day, &c.] Rightly explained by Weber—"I seal my vows this day, and Decius shall witness my constancy from this day", &c.—Seward threw out "*To-day*", as being "unnecessary to the sense, and hurtful to the measure." The Editors of 1778, having put a full point after "*truth*", retained "*To-day*"—"the *day*", they observe, "is no uncommon adjuration, and in that sense we here understand it"! Mason supposed that "*To-day*" was a misprint for "*To thee*."

Advantage of the time ; it had been fit
Some notice of your presence might have fashion'd
A more prepar'd state.

Gon. Do you mock me, madam ?

Ero. Trust me, you wrong your judgment, to repute
My gratitude a fault : I have examin'd
Your portly carriage, and will now confess
It hath not slightly won me.

Gon. The wind's turn'd ;
I thought 'twould come to this [*Aside*].—It pleas'd us, madam,
At our last interview, to mention love :
Have you consider'd on 't ?

Ero. With more than common
Content : but, sir, if what you spake you meant,
As I have cause to doubt, then——

Gon. What, sweet lady ?

Ero. Methinks we should lay by this form of stateliness ;
Love's courtship is familiar ; and, for instance,
See what a change it hath begot in me !
I could talk humbly now, as lovers use.

Gon. And I, and I ; we meet in one self-centre
Of blest consent.

Ero. I hope my weakness, sir,
Shall not deserve neglect ; but, if it prove so,
I am not the first lady has been ruin'd
By being too credulous ; you will smart for 't one day.

Gon. Angel-like lady, let me be held a villain,
If I love not sincerely !

Ero. Would I knew it !

Gon. Make proof by any fit command.

Ero. What, do you mean
To marry me ?

Gon. How ! mean ! nay, more, I mean
To make you empress of my earthly fortunes,
Regent of my desires ; for, did you covet
To be a real queen, I could advance you.

Ero. Now I perceive you slight me, and would make me
More simple than my sex's frailty warrants.

Gon. But say your mind, and you shall be a queen.

Ero. On those conditions call me yours.

Gon. Enough.

But are we safe ?

Ero. Assuredly.

Gon. In short—

Yet, lady, first be plain : would you not choose
Much rather to prefer your own sun-rising
Than any's else, though ne'er so near entitled
By blood or right of birth ?

Ero. It is a question
Needs not a resolution^m.

Gon. Good : what if
I set the crown of Candy on your head ?

Ero. I were a queen indeed, then.

Gon. Madam, know
There's but a boy 'twixt you and it ; suppose him
Trans-shap'd into an angel.

Ero. Wise Gonzalo,
I cannot but admire thee !

Gon. 'Tis worth thinking on :
Besides, your husband shall be duke of Venice.

Ero. Gonzalo, duke of Venice !

Gon. You are mine, you say ?

Ero. Pish, you but dally with me, and would lull me
In a rich golden dream.

Gon. You are too much distrustful of my truth.

Ero. Then you must give me leave to apprehend
The means and manner how.

Gon. Why, thus——

Ero. You shall not ;
We may be over-heard ; affairs and counsels
Of such high nature are not to be trusted,
Not to the air itself : you shall in writing
Draw out the full design ; which if effected,
I am as I profess.

Gon. Oh, I applaud
Your ready care and secrecy !

^m resolution] i. e. solution, answer.

Ero. Gonzalo,
There is a bar yet 'twixt our hopes and us,
And that must be remov'd.

Gon. What is 't?

Ero. Old Cassilane.

Gon. Heⁿ! fear not him: I build upon his ruins
Already.

Ero. I would find a smoother cours
To shift him off.

Gon. As how?

Ero. We'll talk in private;
I have a ready plot.

Gon. I shall adore you.

[*Exeunt.*

SCENE II.—*The neighbourhood of the city. A room in a mean dwelling.*

Enter FERNANDO and ANNOPHIL.

Fer. Madam, although I hate unnooble practices,
And therefore have perform'd no more than what
I ought for honour's safety^o; yet, Annophil,
Thy love hath been the spur to urge me forward
For speedier diligence.

Anno. Sir, your own fame
And memory will best reward themselves.

Fer. All gain is loss, sweet beauty, if I miss
My comforts here: the brother and the sister
Have double conquer'd me, but thou mayst triumph.

Anno. Good sir, I have a father.

Fer. Yes, a brave one:
Couldst thou obscure thy beauty, yet the happiness
Of being but his daughter, were a dower
Fit for a prince. What say you?

Anno. You have deserv'd
As much as I should grant.

Fer. By this fair hand
I take possession.

ⁿ *He*] So the first folio.—The second folio "Ha"; and so the modern editors.

^o *safety*] Altered by Seward to "sake"; and so the Editors of 1778.

Anno. What in words I dare not,
Imagine in my silence.

Fer. Thou art all virtue.

Enter CASSILANE and ARCANES.

Cas. I'll tell thee how. Baldwin the emperor,
Pretending title, more through tyranny
Than right of conquest or descent, usurp'd
The style of lord o'er all the Grecian islands,
And, under colour of an amity
With Crete, preferr'd the marquess Mountferato
To be our governor: the Cretans, vex'd
By the ambitious Turks, in hope of aid
From the emperor, receiv'd for general
This Mountferato; he, the wars appeas'd,
Plots with the state of Venice, and takes money
Of them for Candy: they paid well; he steals
Away in secret; since which time, that right
The state of Venice claims o'er Candy is
By purchase, not inheritance or conquest;
And hence grows all our quarrel.

Arc. So an usurer,
Or Lombard Jew^o, might with some bags of trash
Buy half the western world.

Cas. Money, Arcanes,
Is now a god on earth: it cracks virginities,
And turns a Christian Turk;
Bribes justice, cut-throats honour, does what not?

Arc. Not captives Candy.

Cas. Nor makes thee dishonest,
Nor me a coward.—Now, sir, here is homely,
But friendly entertainment.

Fer. Sir, I find it.

Arc. And like it, do you not?

Fer. My repair speaks for me.

Cas. Fernando, we were speaking of——how['s] this?

^o *Lombard Jew*] “Lombard-Street, in London, was formerly the place where most of the bankers and usurers dwelt,” &c. WEBER. See Nares's *Gloss.* in v.

Enter GONZALO, and GASPERO with a casket.

Gon. Your friend and servant.

Cas. Creditors, my lord,
Are masters and no servants : as the world goes,
Debtors are very slaves to those to whom
They have been beholding^p to ; in which respect
I should fear you, Gonzalo.

Gon. Me, my lord !
You owe me nothing.

Cas. What, nor love nor money ?

Gon. Yes, love, I hope ; not money.

Cas. All this bravery
Will scarcely make that good.

Gon. 'Tis done already :
See, sir, your mortgage ; which I only took
In case you and your son had in the wars
Miscarried : I yield it up again ; 'tis yours.

Cas. Are you so conscionable ?

Gon. 'Tis your own.

Cas. Pish, pish, I 'll not receive what is not mine ;
That were a dangerous business.

Gon. Sir, I am paid for 't ;
The sums you borrow'd are return'd, the bonds
Cancell'd, and your acquittance formally^q seal'd :
Look here, sir ; Gaspero is witness to it.

Gas. My honour'd lord, I am.

Gon. My lord Fernando,
Arcanes, and the rest, you all shall testify
That I acquit lord Cassilane for ever
Of any debts to me.

Gas. 'Tis plain and ample.

Arc. Fortune will once again smile on us fairly^r.

^p *beholding*] "This was the ancient manner of spelling this word, generally, but improperly, altered to '*beholden*' by modern editors." WEBER. I have retained this note as a curiosity : not only in an earlier passage of the present drama (p. 359), and in a speech towards its conclusion, but also in many other places of these plays, Weber has printed "*beholden*" where the old copies agree in having "*beholding*" !

^q *formally*] Both the folios "formerly."

^r *Fortune will once again smile on us fairly*] The prefix to this line is

Cas. But, hark ye, hark ye: if you be in earnest,
Whence comes this bounty? or whose is 't?

Gon. In short,
The great Erotta, by this secretary,
Return'd me my full due.

Cas. Erotta! why
Should she do this?

Gon. You must ask her the cause;
She knows it best.

Cas. So ho, Arcanes! none
But women pity us, soft-hearted women!
I am become a brave fellow now, Arcanes,
Am I not?

Arc. Why, sir, if the gracious princess
Have took more special notice of your services,
And means to be more thankful than some others,
It were an injury to gratitude
To disesteem her favours.

Anno. Sir, she ever
For your sake most respectfully^s lov'd me.

Cas. The senate and the body of this kingdom
Are herein (let me speak it without arrogance)
Beholding to her: I will thank her for it;
And, if she have reserv'd a means whereby
I may repay this bounty with some service,
She shall be then my patroness. Come, sirs,
We'll taste a cup of wine together now.

Gon. Fernando, I must speak with you in secret.

Fer. You shall.—Now, Gaspero, all's well?

Gas. There's news^t
You must be acquainted with. Come;
There is no master-piece in art like policy.

[*Exeunt.*]

wanting in both the folios. Seward gave it and the preceding line to Cassilane. The Editors of 1778 assigned it to Annophil; and so Weber.

^s *respectively*] i. e. respectfully, regardfully: see note, vol. iii. 494.

^t *There's news, &c*] Seward chose to give this speech to Gonzalo; and so the Editors of 1778.

ACT V.

SCENE I.—*The Senate-House.*

Enter FERNANDO and MICHAEL.

Fer. The senate is inform'd at full.

Mich. Gonzalo

Dreams not of my arrival yet?

Fer. Nor thinks

'Tis possible his plots can be discover'd :

He fats himself with hopes of crowns and kingdoms,

And laughs securely, to imagine how

He means to gull all but himself ; when, truly,

None is so grossly gull'd as he.

Mich. There was never

A more arch-villain.

Fer. Peace ; the senate comes.

Enter PORPHICIO, POSSENNE, other Senators, GASPERO, and Attendants.

Por. How closely treason cloaks itself in forms
Of civil honesty !

Pos. And yet how palpably
Does Heaven reveal it !

Fer. Gracious lords^u !

Gas. The ambassador,
Lord Paulo Michael, advocate
To the great duke of Venice.

Por. You are most welcome :
Your master is a just and noble prince.

Mich. My lords, he bade me say, that you may know
How much he scorns, and, as good princes ought,
Defies base, indirect, and godless treacheries,
To your more sacred wisdoms he refers

^u *Fer.* *Gracious lords !*] "As there can be no reason why Fernando should address the senate, when he was not about to speak to them, I suppose that those words make part of Gaspero's speech." MASON. The words may be an exclamation drawn from Fernando in consequence of the two preceding speeches : but I have felt strongly inclined to give them to Gaspero.

The punishment due to the false Gonzalo,
Or else to send him home to Venice.

Pos. Herein

The duke is royal.—Gaspero, the prince
Of Cyprus answer'd he would come?

Gas. My lords,

He will not long be absent.

Por. You, Fernando,

Have made the state your debtor.

Enter PHILANDER and MELITUS.

Worthy prince,

We shall be suitors to you for your presence,
In hearing and determining of matters
Greatly concerning Candy.

Phil. Fathers, I am

A stranger.

Pos. Why, the cause, my lord, concerns

A stranger: please you, seat yourself.

Phil. Howe'er

Unfit, since you will have it so, my lords,

You shall command me. [*Sits himself among the Senators.*]

Por. You, my lord Fernando,

With the ambassador, withdraw a while.

Fer. My lords, we shall.

[*Exit with MICHAEL.*]

Pos. Melitus, and the secretary,

Give notice to Gonzalo that the senate

Requires his presence.

[*Exeunt GAS. and MEL.*]

Phil. What concerns the business?

Por. Thus, noble prince——

Enter CASSILANE and ARCANES.

Cas. Let me alone; thou troublest me;

I will be heard.

Arc. You know not what you do.

Pos. Forbear^v!

Who's he that is so rude? what's he that dares

To interrupt our counsels?

^v *Forbear*] Was assigned to Arcanes by Seward,—an alteration, of which Mason approves.

Cas. One that has guarded
 Those purple robes from cankers worse than moths ;
 One that hath kept your fleeces on your backs,
 That would have been snatch'd from you : but, I see,
 'Tis better now to be a dog, a spaniel,
 In times of peace, than boast the bruised scars
 Purchas'd with loss of blood in noble wars.—
 My lords, I speak to you.

Por. Lord Cassilane,
 We know not what you mean.

Cas. Yes, you are set
 Upon a bench of justice ; and a day
 Will come—hear this, and quake, ye potent great ones !—
 When you yourselves shall stand before a judge,
 Who in a pair of scales will weigh your actions,
 Without abatement of one grain : as then
 You would be found full weight, I charge ye, fathers,
 Let me have justice now !

Pos. Lord Cassilane,
 What strange distemperature provokes distrust
 Of our impartiality ? Be sure
 We'll flatter^w no man's injuries.

Cas. 'Tis well.
 You have a law, lords, that without remorse
 Dooms such as are beleper'd with the curse
 Of foul ingratitude unto death.

Por. We have.

Cas. Then do me justice.

Enter ANTINOUS with DECIUS, and EROTA with HYPARCHA.

Dec. Madman, whither runn'st thou ?

Ant. Peace, Decius ; I am deaf.

Hyp. Will you forget
 Your greatness and your modesty ?

Ero. Hyparcha, leave ;
 I will not hear.

^w *flatter*] “i. e. shew an unjust partiality to”. MASON.—Seward (with the concurrence of “several ingenious friends”) printed “father” ; and so the Editors of 1778.

Ant. Lady ! great, gentle lady !

Ero. Prithee, young man, forbear to interrupt me ;
Triumph not in thy fortunes ; I will speak.

Pos. More uproars yet ! who are they that disturb us ?

Cas. The viper 's come ; his fears have drawn him hither :
And now, my lords, be chronicled for ever,
And give me justice against this vile monster,
This bastard of my blood !

Ero. 'Tis justice, fathers,
I sue for too ; and though I might command it,
(If you remember, lords, whose child I was,)
Yet I will humbly beg it. This old wretch
Has forfeited his life to me.

Cas. Tricks, tricks ;
Complots, devices, 'twixt these pair of young ones,
To blunt the edge of your well-temper'd swords,
Wherewith you strike offenders, lords ! but I
Am not a baby to be fear'd^x with bug-bears ; ;
'Tis justice I require.

Ero. And I.

Ant. You speak
Too tenderly, and too much like yourself,
To mean a cruelty which would make monstrous
Your sex : yet, for the love's sake, which you once
Pleas'd to pretend, give my griev'd father leave
To urge his own revenge : you have no cause
For yours ; keep peace about you.

Cas. Will you hear me ?

Phil. Here 's some strange novelty.

Pos. Sure, we are mock'd.—
Speak one at once. Say, wherein hath your son
Transgress'd the law ?

Cas. Oh, the gross mists of dulness !
Are you this kingdom's oracles, yet can be
So ignorant ? First hear, and then consider.
That I begot him, gave him birth and life,
And education, were, I must confess,
But duties of a father : I did more ;

^x *fear'd*] "i. e. frightened." WEBER.

I taught him how to manage arms, to dare
 An enemy, to court both death and dangers ;
 Yet these were but additions to complete
 A well-accomplish'd soldier : I did more yet ;
 I made him chief commander in the field,
 Next to myself, and gave him the full prospect
 Of honour and preferment ; train'd him up
 In all perfections of a martialist :
 But he, unmindful of his gratitude,
 You know with what contempt of my deserts,
 First kick'd against mine honour, scorn'd all
 My services, then got the palm of glory
 Unto himself : yet, not content with this,
 He, lastly, hath conspir'd my death, and sought
 Means to engage me to this lady's debt,
 Whose bounty all my whole estate could never
 Give satisfaction to. Now, honour'd fathers,
 For this cause only, if your law be law,
 And you the ministers of justice, then
 Think of this strange ingratitude in him.

Phil. Can this be so, Antinous ?

Ant. 'Tis all true,

Nor hath my much-wrong'd father limn'd ⁷ my faults
 In colours half so black as in themselves
 My guilt hath dy'd them : were there mercy left,
 Yet mine own shame would be my executioner :
 Lords, I am guilty.

Ero. Thou beliest, Antinous,
 Thine innocence.—Alas, my lords, he 's desperate,
 And talks he knows not what ! you must not credit
 His lunacy : I can myself disprove
 This accusation.—Cassilane, be yet
 More merciful ; I beg it.

Cas. Time, nor fate,
 The world, or what is in it, shall not alter
 My resolution : he shall die.

Ero. The senate's

⁷ *limn'd*] "i. e. painted." WEBER.

Prayers, or weeping lovers', shall not alter
My resolution : thou shalt die.

Ant. Why, madam,
Are you all marble ?

Pos. Leave your shifts, Antinous :
What plead you to your father's accusation ?

Ant. Most fully guilty.

Pos. You have doom'd yourself ;
We cannot quit^z you now.

Cas. A burthen'd conscience
Will never need a hangman. Hadst thou dar'd
To have denied it, then this sword of mine
Should on thy head have prov'd thy tongue a liar.

Ero. Thy sword ! wretched old man, thou hast liv'd too long
To carry peace or comfort to thy grave ;
Thou art a man condemn'd.—My lords, this tyrant
Had perish'd but for me ; I still supplied
His miserable wants ; I sent his daughter
Money to buy him food ; the bread he eat
Was from my purse : when he, vain-gloriously
To dive into the people's hearts, had pawn'd
His birth-right, I redeem'd it, sent it to him,
And, for requital, only made my suit,
That he would please to new-receive his son
Into his favour, for whose love I told him
I had been still so friendly : but then he,
As void of gratitude as all good nature,
Distracted like a madman, posted hither
To pull this vengeance on himself and us ;
For why^a, my lords, since by the law all mean^b
Is blotted out of your commission,
As this hard-hearted father hath accus'd
Noble Antinous, his unblemish'd son,
So I accuse this father, and crave judgment.

Cas. All this is but deceit, mere trifles forg'd

^z *quit*] i. e. acquit.

^a *For why*] "i. e. For which reason." MASON.

^b *mean*] i. e. middle course. Seward's correction. The folios have "meanes"
and "means."

By combination, to defeat the process
Of justice. I will have Antinous' life.

Arc. Sir, what do you mean ?

Ero. I will have Cassilane's.

Ant. Cunning and cruel lady, runs the stream
Of your affections this way ? have you not
Conquest enough by treading on my grave,
Unless you send me thither in a shroud
Steep'd in my father's blood ? As you are woman,
As the protests of love you vow'd were honest,
Be gentler to my father !

Ero. Cassilane,

Thou hast a heart of flint : let my entreaties,
My tears, the sacrifice of griefs unfeign'd,
Melt it ; yet be a father to thy son,
Unmask thy long-besotted judgment, see
A low obedience kneeling at the feet
Of nature, I beseech you !

Cas. Pish, you cozen

Your hopes ; your plots are idle : I am resolute.

Ero. Antinous, urge no further.

Ant. Hence, thou sorcery

Of a beguiling softness ! I will stand,
Like the earth's centre, unmov'd.—Lords, your breath
Must finish these divisions : I confess,
Civility doth teach I should not speak
Against a lady of her birth, so high
As great Erota ; but her injuries,
And thankless wrongs to me, urge me to cry
Aloud for justice, fathers.

Dec. Whither run you ?

Ant. For, honour'd fathers, that you all may know
That I alone am not unmatchable
In crimes of this condition, lest perhaps
You might conceive, as yet the case appears,
That this foul stain and guilt runs in a blood ;
Before this presence, I accuse this lady
Of as much vile ingratitude to me.

Cas. Impudent traitor !

Phil. Her ! oh, spare, Antinous !
The world reputes thee valiant ; do not soil
All thy past nobleness with such a cowardice
As murdering innocent ladies will stamp on thee.

Ant. Brave prince, with what unwillingness I force^c
Her follies, and in those her sin, be witness
All these about me : she is bloody-minded,
And turns the justice of the law to rigour :
It is her cruelties, not I, accuse her.
Shall I have audience ?

Ero. Let him speak, my lords.

Dec. Your memory will rot.

Ant. Cast all your eyes
On this—what shall I call her ?—truthless^d woman !
When often, in my discontents, the sway
Of her unruly blood, her untam'd passion,
(Or name it as you list,) had hour by hour
Solicited my love, she vow'd at last
She could not, would not live, unless I granted
What she long su'd for : I, in tender pity,
To save a lady of her birth from ruin,
Gave her her life, and promis'd to be hers :
Nor urg'd I aught from her but secrecy ;
And then enjoin'd her to supply such wants
As I perceiv'd my father's late engagements
Had made him subject to. What^e shall I heap up
Long repetitions ? She, to quit^f my pity,
Not only hath discover'd to my father
What she had promis'd to conceal, but also
Hath drawn my life into this fatal forfeit :
For which, since I must die, I crave a like
Equality of justice against her ;
Not that I covet blood, but that she may not
Practise this art of falsehood on some other,
Perhaps more worthy of her love, hereafter.

Por. If this be true——

^c *force*] “i. e. enforce.” MASON.

^d *truthless*] Altered by Seward to “ruthless” ; and so the Editors of 1778 !

^e *What*] i. e. for what, why. ^f *quit*] “i. e. requite.” WEBER.

Already, girl ; and so is she and he :
We all are worms'-meat now.

Anno. I have heard all ;

Nor shall you die alone.—Lords, on my knees
I beg for justice too.

Por. 'Gainst whom ? for what ?

Anno. First let me be resolv'd^f, does the law favour
None, be they ne'er so mighty ?

Por. Not the greatest.

Anno. Then justly I accuse of foul ingratitude,
My lords, you of the senate all, not one
Excepted.

Pos. Por. Us !

Phil. Annophil !

Anno. You are the authors
Of this unthrifty bloodshed. When your enemies
Came marching to your gates, your children suck'd not
Safe at their mothers' breasts, your very cloisters
Were not secure, your starting-holes of refuge
Not free from danger, nor your lives your own ;
In this most desperate ecstasy, my father,
This agèd man, not only undertook
To guard your lives, but did so, and beat off
The daring foe ; for you he pawn'd his lands,
To pay your soldiers, who without their pay
Refus'd to strike a blow : but, lords, when peace
Was purchas'd for you, and victory brought home,
Where was your gratitude, who in your coffers
Hoarded the rusty treasure which was due
To my unminded father ? he was glad
To live retir'd in want, in penury,
Whilst you made feasts of surfeit, and forgot
Your debts to him : the sum of all is this ;
You have been unthankful to him, and I crave
The rigour of the law against you all.

Cas. My royal-spirited daughter !

Ero. Annophil,
Thou art a worthy wench ; let me embrace thee.

^f *resolved*] i. e. satisfied, informed.

Anno. Lords, why do ye keep your seats ? they are no places
For such as are offenders.

Pos. Though our ignorance
Of Cassilane's engagements might assuage
Severity of justice, yet to shew
How no excuse should smooth a breach of law,
I yield me to the trial of it. [*The Senators descend from*

Por. So [*their seats.*
Must I.—Great prince of Cyprus, you are left
The only moderator in this difference ;
And, as you are a prince, be a protector
To woful Candy.

Phil. What a scene of misery
Hath thine obdurate frowardness, old man,
Drawn on thy country's bosom ! and, for that
Thy proud ambition could not mount so high
As to be styl'd thy country's only patron,
Thy malice hath descended to the depth
Of hell, to be renownèd in the title
Of the destroyer. Dost thou yet perceive
What curses all posterity will brand
Thy grave with, that at once hast robb'd this kingdom
Of honour and of safety ?

Ero. Children yet
Unborn will stop their ears when thou art nam'd.

Arc. The world will be too little to contain
The memory of this detested deed ;
The Furies will abhor it.

Dec. What the sword
Could not enforce, your peevish thirst of honour,
A brave^s, cold, weak, imaginary fame,
Hath brought on Candy : Candy groans ; not these
That are to die.

Phil. 'Tis happiness enough
For them, that they shall not survive to see
The wounds wherewith thou stabb'st the land that gave
Thee life and name.

^s *brave*] "i. e. vain-glorious." MASON.—Seward printed "bare" ; and so the Editors of 1778.

Dec. 'Tis Candy's wreck shall feel—

Por. Pos. The mischief of your folly.

Cas. Annophil—^h

Anno. I will not be entreated.

Cas. Prithee, Annophil!

Anno. Why would you urge me to a mercy, which
You in yourself allow not?

Cas. 'Tis the law,

That if the party who complains remit
The offender, he is freed: is 't not so, lords?

Por. Pos. 'Tis so.

Cas. Antinous, by my shame observe
What a close witchcraft popular applause is:
I am awak'd, and with clear eyes behold
The lethargy wherein my reason long
Hath been becharm'd: live, live, my matchless son,
Blest in thy father's blessing, much more blest
In thine own virtues! let me dew thy cheeks
With my unmanly tears: rise; I forgive thee:
And, good Antinous, if I shall be thy father,
Forgive me. I can speak no more.

Ant. Dear sir,

You new-beget me now.—Madam, your pardon:
I heartily remit you.

Ero. I as freely

Discharge thee, Cassilane.

^h *Dec.* 'Tis Candy's wreck shall feel—

Por. Pos. The mischief of your folly.

Cas. Annophil—] In both the folios thus;

“*Dec.* Tis Candy's wrack shall feele—

Cas. The mischief of your folly.

Porp. Pos. Annophil—”

In order to get rid of an obvious impropriety I have transposed the prefixes of
the two last speeches.—Seward printed,—

“*Dec.* Tis Candy's wrack shall feel—

Are. The mischief of your folly.

Por. Pos. Annophel—”

The Editors of 1778 gave it as follows;

“*Dec.* 'Tis Candy's wreck shall feel

The mischief of your folly.

Cass. Annophel!”

and so Weber.

Anno. My gracious lords,
Repute me not a blemish to my sex,
In that I strove to cure a desperate evil
With a more violent remedy : your lives,
Your honours, are your own.

Phil. Then with consent
Be reconcil'd on all sides. Please you, fathers,
To take your places.

Pos. Let us again ascend, [*The Senators resume their seats.*
With joy and thankfulness to Heaven : and now
To other business, lords.

Re-enter GASPERO and MELITUS, with GONZALO.

Mel. Two hours and more, sir,
The senate hath been set.

Gon. And I not know it !
Who sits with them ?

Mel. My lord, the prince of Cyprus.

Gon. Gaspero,
Why, how comes that to pass ?

Gas. Some weighty cause,
I warrant you.

Gon. Now, lords, the business ?—Ha !
Who 's here ? Erotta !

Por. Secretary, do your charge
Upon that traitor.

Gon. Traitor !

Gas. Yes, Gonzalo, traitor ;
Of treason to the peace and state of Candy
I do arrest thee.

Gon. Me, thou dog !

Re-enter FERNANDO and MICHAEL.

Mich. With licence
From this grave senate, I arrest thee likewise
Of treason to the state of Venice.

Gon. Ha !
Is Michael here ? nay, then, I see
I am undone.

Ero. I shall not be your queen,
Your duchess, or your empress.

Gon. Dull, dull brain !

Oh, I am fool'd !

Gas. Look, sir, do you know this hand ? [*Produces a paper.*]

Mich. Do you know this seal ?—First, lords, he writes to
Venice,

To make a perfect league ; during which time
He would in private keep some troops in pay,
Bribe all the sentinels throughout this kingdom,
Corrupt the captains, at a banquet poison
The prince and greatest peers, and, in conclusion,
Yield Candy slave to Venice.

Gas. Next, he contracted
With the illustrious princess, the lady Erotia,
In hope of marriage with her, to deliver
All the Venetian gallantry and strength,
Upon their first arrival, to the mercy
Of her and Candy.

Ero. This is true, Gonzalo.

Gon. Let it be true : what, then ?

Pos. My lord ambassador,
What's your demand ?

Mich. As likes the state of Candy,
Either to sentence him, as he deserves,
Here, or to send him like a slave to Venice.

Por. We shall advise upon it.

Gon. Oh, the devils,
That had not thrust this trick into my pate !
A politician ? fool ! Destruction plague
Candy and Venice both !

Pos. Por. Away with him !

Mel. Come, sir, I'll see you safe. [*Exeunt MEL. and GONZ.*]

Ero. Lords, ere you part,
Be witness to another change of wonder.—
Antinous, now be bold, before this presence,
Freely to speak, whether or no I us'd
The humblest means affection could contrive,
To gain thy love.

Ant. Madam, I must confess it,
And ever am your servant.

Ero. Yes, Antinous,
My servantⁱ, for my lord thou shalt be never :
I here disclaim the interest thou hadst once
In my too-passionate thoughts.—[*To PHILANDER*] Most noble
prince,

If yet a relic of thy wonted flames
Live warm within thy bosom, then I blush not
To offer up the assurance of my faith
To thee that hast deserv'd it best.

Phil. Oh, madam,
You play with my calamity !

Ero. Let Heaven
Record my truth for ever.

Phil. With more joy
Than I have words to utter, I accept it.
I also pawn you mine.

Ero. The man, that in requital
Of noble and unsought affection
Grows cruel, never lov'd ; nor did Antinous.
Yet herein, prince, you are beholding^j to him ;
For his neglect of me humbled a pride,
Which to a virtuous wife had been a monster.

Phil. For which I'll rank him my deserving friend.

Ant. Much comfort dwell with you, as I could wish
To him I honour most !

Cas. Oh, my Antinous,
My own, my own good son !

Fer. One suit I have to make.

Phil. To whom, Fernando ?

Fer. Lord Cassilane, to you.

ⁱ *servant*] See note, vol. i. 213. But here "*My servant*" means—one authorized to pay me all courteous attentions : so in *The Scornful Lady* (after the Lady has become the wife of the Elder Loveless) ;

"*Lady.* Sir, I shall call you *servant*."

More. I shall be proud on 't."

Act v. sc. 4, vol. iii. 111.

^j *beholding*] i. e. beholden. Altered by the modern editors to "beholden" : see note, p. 359.

Cas. To me !

Fer. This lady

Hath promis'd to be mine.

Anno. Your blessing, sir !—

Brother, your love !

Ant. You cannot, sir, bestow her
On a more noble gentleman.

Cas. Sayst thou so,
Antinous ? I confirm it.—Here, Fernando,
Live both as one ; she is thine.

Ant. And herein, sister,
I honour you for your wise settled love.
This is a day of triumph ; all contentions
Are happily accorded, Candy's peace
Secur'd, and Venice vow'd a worthy friend.

[*Exeunt.*]

THE
QUEEN OF CORINTH.

The Quene of Corinth.

In the folios, 1647, 1679.

The second folio adds, "*A Tragi-comedy.*"

THAT this play was produced after the death of Beaumont is proved by the allusion which it contains^a to a work published in 1616; and that it was acted before March 1618-19 is equally certain, as one of the characters was performed by Burbadge^b.

Weber's conjecture is probably right,—that in the composition of this play Fletcher was assisted by some contemporary poet.

^a Act iii. sc. 1 :—*Coryate's Greeting from the Court of the Great Mogul, &c.*

^b See note, p. 3.

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

<p>THEANOR, son to the QUEEN OF CORINTH.</p> <p>AGENOR, prince of Argos.</p> <p>LEONIDAS, the Corinthian general, brother to MERIONE.</p> <p>CRATES^c, } EUPHANES, } brothers.</p> <p>CONON.</p> <p>NEANTHES, } SOSICLES, } courtiers. ERATON, }</p> <p>ONOS, or LAMPRIAS.</p> <p>Uncle^d, } Tutor, } to ONOS.</p>	<p>Gentlemen, attendant on AGENOR.</p> <p>Page to EUPHANES.</p> <p>Marshal.</p> <p>Vintner, Drawers, Tavern-boys, Ruf- fians, Clerk, Flamen, Executioner, and Attendants.</p> <p>QUEEN OF CORINTH, mother to THEA- NOR.</p> <p>MERIONE, sister to LEONIDAS.</p> <p>BELIZA.</p> <p>Ladies.</p>
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SCENE, *Corinth.*

The principal actors were—

Richard Burbadge.	Nathan Field.
Henry Condel.	John Lowin.
John Underwood.	Nich. Toolie.
Thomas Pollard.	Thomas Holcomb.

Fol. 1679.

^c *Crates*] Described in folio 1679 (which alone contains the list of *Dram. Pers.*) as "a malicious beautefeu" [i. e. incendiary].

^d *Uncle*] His name, as appears from act ii. sc. 4, was Lampree;

"Oh, my fair sir, *Lampree*, the careful uncle
To this young hopeful issue!"

THE
QUEEN OF CORINTH.

ACT I.

SCENE I.—*Before the Palace.*

Enter NEANTHES, SOSICLES, and ERATON.

Era. The general is return'd, then ?

Nean. With much honour.

Sos. And peace concluded with the prince of Argos ?

Nean. To the queen's wishes : the conditions sign'd
So far beyond her hopes, to the advantage
Of Corinth, and the good of all her subjects,
That though Leonidas, our brave general,
Ever came home a fair and great example,
He never yet return'd or with less loss
Or more deserv'd honour.

Era. Have you not heard
The motives to this general good ?

Nean. The main one
Was admiration first in young Agenor
(For by that name we know the prince of Argos)
Of our Leonidas' wisdom and his valour ;
Which, though an enemy, first in him bred wonder,
That liking, love succeeded that, which was
Follow'd by a desire to be a friend,
Upon what terms soever, to such goodness.
They had an interview ; and, that their friendship
Might with our peace be ratified, 'twas concluded,
Agenor, yielding up all such strong places
As he held in our territories, should receive,

With a sufficient dower paid by the queen,
The fair Merione for his wife.

Era. But how
Approves the queen of this? since we well know,
Nor was her highness ignorant, that her son
The prince Theanor made love to this lady,
And in the noblest way.

Nean. Which she allow'd of;
And I have heard from some familiar with
Her nearest secrets, she so deeply priz'd her,
Being from an infant train'd up in her service,
(Or, to speak better, rather her own creature,)
She once did say, that if the prince should steal
A marriage, without her leave or knowledge,
With this Merione, with a little suit
She should grant both their pardons; whereas now,
To shew herself forsooth a Spartan lady,
And that 'tis in her power, now it concerns
The common good, not alone to subdue
Her own affections, but command her son's,
She has not only forc'd him with rough threats
To leave his mistress, but compell'd him, when
Agenor made his entrance into Corinth,
To wait upon his rival.

Sos. Can it be,
The prince should sit down with this wrong?

Nean. I know not;
I am sure I should not.

Era. Trust me, nor I:
A mother is a name; but, put in balance
With a young wench, 'tis nothing. Where did you leave him?

Nean. Near Vesta's temple (for there he dismiss'd me),
And full of troubled thoughts, calling for Crates:
He went with him, but whither, or to what purpose,
I am a stranger.

Era. They are come back, Neanthes.

Enter THEANOR and CRATES.

The. I like the place well.

Cra. Well, sir! it is built

As if the architect had been a prophet,
And fashion'd it alone for this night's action ;
The vaults so hollow, and the walls so strong,
As Dian there might suffer violence,
And with loud shrieks in vain call Jove to help her ;
Or should he hear, his thunder could not find
An entrance to it.

The. I give up myself
Wholly to thy direction, worthiest Crates :
And yet the desperate cure that we must practise
Is in itself so foul and full of danger,
That I stand doubtful whether 'twere more manly
To die not seeking help, or, that help being
So deadly, to pursue it.

Cra. To those reasons
I have already urg'd, I will add these ;
For, but consider, sir——

[*They talk apart.*

Era. It is of weight,
Whate'er it be, that with such vehement action
Of eye, hand, foot, nay, all his body's motion,
Crates incites the prince to.

Nean. Then observe,
With what variety of passions he
Receives his reasons : now he's pale, and shakes
For fear or anger ; now his natural red
Comes back again, and with a pleasing smile
He seems to entertain it. 'Tis resolv'd on,
Be it what 'twill : to his ends may it prosper,
Though the state sink for 't !

Cra. Now you are a prince
Fit to rule others, and, in shaking off
The bonds in which your mother fetters you,
Discharge your debt to Nature : she's your guide ;
Follow her boldly, sir.

The. I am confirm'd,
Fall what may fall.

Cra. Yet still disguise your malice
In your humility.

The. I am instructed.

Cra. Though in your heart there rage a thousand tempests,
All calmness in your looks.

The. I shall remember.

Cra. And at no hand, though these are us'd as agents,
Acquaint them with your purpose, till the instant
That we employ them; 'tis not fit they have
Time to consider: when 'tis done, reward
Or fear will keep them silent. Yet you may
Grace them as you pass by; 'twill make them surer
And greedier to deserve you^a.

The. I'll move only
As you would have me.—Good day, gentlemen:
Nay, spare this ceremonious form of duty
To him that brings love to you, equal love,
And is in nothing happier than in knowing
It is return'd by you; we are as one.

Sos. I am o'erjoy'd^b; I know not
How to reply; but——

Era. Hang all *buts!*—My lord,
For this your bounteous favour——

Nean. Let me speak.—
If to feed vultures here, after the halter
Has done his part, or, if there be a hell,
To take a swinge^c or two there, may deserve this——

Sos. We are ready.

Era. Try us any way.

Nean. Put us to it.

The. What jewels I have in you!

Cra. Have these souls,
That for a good look and a few kind words
Part with their essence? [*Aside.*

The. Since you will compel me

^a *deserve you*] “i. e. merit your favour.” *Ed.* 1778.—Simpson printed “serve you.”

^b *I am o'erjoy'd, &c.*] When such imperfect lines as this occur in a scene where the metre of the other speeches is complete, we may reasonably suppose that some corruption of the text has taken place. *Qy.*

“*I am so overjoy'd, my lord, I know not*

How to reply; but—”?

^c *swinge*] i. e. singe. Compare Spenser, *F. Q.* 1. xi. 26;

“The scorching flame sore *swinged* all his face,” &c.

To put that to the trial which I doubt not,
 Crates, may be suddenly, will instruct you
 How and in what to shew your loves : obey him
 As you would bind me to you.

Cra. 'Tis well grounded ;
 Leave me to rear the building.

Nean. We will do——

Cra. I know it.

Era. Any thing you'll put us to.

[*Exeunt.*

SCENE II.—*A room in the house of BELIZA.*

Enter LEONIDAS, MERIONE, and BELIZA.

Leo. Sister, I reap the harvest of my labours
 In your preferment : be you worthy of it,
 And with an open bosom entertain
 A greater fortune than my love durst hope for :
 Be wise, and welcome it ; play not the coy
 And foolish wanton with the offer'd bounties
 Of him that is a prince. I was woo'd for you,
 And won, Merione ; then, if you dare
 Believe the object that took me was worthy,
 Or trust my judgment, in me think you were
 Courted, su'd to, and conquer'd.

Mer. Noble brother,
 I have and still esteem you as a father,
 And will as far obey you ; my heart speaks it :
 And yet, without your anger, give me leave
 To say, that in the choice of that on which
 All my life's joys or sorrows have dependence,
 It had been fit, ere you had made a full
 And absolute grant of me to any other,
 I should have us'd mine own eyes, or at least
 Made you to understand, whether it were
 Within my power to make a second gift
 Of my poor self.

Leo. I know what 'tis you point at,
 The prince Theanor's love : let not that cheat you ;

His vows were but mere courtship ; all his service
 But practice^c how to entrap a credulous lady.
 Or grant it serious, yet you must remember,
 He's not to love, but where the queen his mother
 Must give allowance, which to you is barr'd up ;
 And therefore study to forget that ever
 You cherish'd such a hope.

Mer. I would I could !

Leo. But brave Agenor, who is come in person
 To celebrate this marriage, for your love
 Forgives the forfeit of ten thousand lives,
 That must have faln under the sword of war,
 Had not this peace been made ; which general good
 Both countries owe to his affection to you.
 Oh, happy sister, ask this noble lady,
 Your bosom friend, (since I fail in my credit,)
 What palm Agenor's name, above all princes
 That Greece is proud of, carries, and with lustre !

Bel. Indeed, fame gives him out for excellent ;
 And, friend, I doubt not but, when you shall see him,

Enter a Servant, who whispers BELIZA.

He'll so appear to you.—Art sure 'tis he ?

Ser. As I live, madam.

Bel. Virtue enable me to contain my joy !

'Tis my Euphanes ?

Ser. Yes.

Bel. And he's in health ?

Ser. Most certainly, madam.

Bl. I'll see him instantly :

So, prithee, tell him.

[*Exit Servant.*]

Mer. I yield myself too weak

In argument to oppose you ; you may lead me
 Whither you please.

Leo. 'Tis answer'd like my sister ;
 And, if in him you find not ample cause
 To pray for me, and daily, on your knees,
 Conclude I have no judgment.

^c *practice*] See note, p. 124.

Mer. May it prove so!—
Friend, shall we have your company?

Bel. Two hours hence
I will not fail you.

Leo. At your pleasure, madam.

[*Exeunt* LEONIDAS and MERIONE.]

Enter EUPHANES.

Bel. Could I in one word speak a thousand welcomes,
And hearty ones, you have 'em. Fie, my hand?
We stand at no such distance: by my life,
The parting kiss^d you took before your travel
Is yet a virgin on my lips, preserv'd
With as much care as I would do my fame,
To entertain your wish'd return.

Euph. Best lady,
That I do honour you, and with as much reason
As ever man did virtue; that I love you,
Yet look upon you with that reverence
As holy men behold the sun, the stars,
The temples, and their gods, they all can witness;
And that you have deserv'd this duty from me,
The life, and means of life, for which I owe you,
Commands me to profess it, since my fortune
Affords no other payment.

Bel. I had thought^e,
That for the trifling courtesies, as I call them
(Though you give them another name), you had
Made ample satisfaction in the acceptance;

^d
The parting kiss, &c.] The writer was thinking here of a passage in Shakespeare's *Coriolanus*;

“Now, by the jealous queen of heaven, that kiss
I carried from thee, dear; and my true lip
Hath virgin'd it e'er since.”

Act v. sc. 3.

^e *Bel. I had thought, &c.*] So the second folio.—The first folio has,
“*Bel.* Good Euphanes, where benefits are ill conferr'd, *I had thought,*” &c.
See the third speech of Beliza after this. “Probably,” as Weber observes,
“the intermediate speeches were omitted to shorten the scene in the representation.”

And therefore did presume you had brought home
Some other language.

Euph. No one I have learn'd
Yields words sufficient to express your goodness ;
Nor can I ever choose another theme,
And not be thought unthankful.

Bel. Pray you, no more,
As you respect me.

Euph. That charm is too powerful
For me to disobey it : 'tis your pleasure,
And not my boldness, madam.

Bel. Good Euphanes,
Believe I am not one of those weak ladies,
That (barren of all inward worth) are proud
Of what they cannot truly call their own,
Their birth or fortune, which are things without them ;
Nor in this will I imitate the world,
Whose greater part of men think when they give
They purchase bondmen, not make worthy friends :
By all that's good I swear, I never thought
My great estate was an addition to me,
Or that your wants took from you.

Euph. There are few
So truly understanding or themselves
Or what they do possess.

Bel. Good Euphanes^f, where benefits
Are ill conferr'd, as on^g unworthy men,
That turn them to bad uses, the bestower,
For wanting judgment how and on whom to place them,
Is partly guilty : but when we do favours
To such as make them grounds on which they build
Their noble actions, there we improve our fortunes
To the most fair advantage. If I speak
Too much, though I confess I speak well^h,

^f *Good Euphanes*] As these words commence the preceding speech of Beliza, and also injure the metre, they most probably have crept into the text here by some mistake of the transcriber.

^g *on*] Both the folios "to."

^h *I speak well*] "The insertion of the word *not* is recommended by Sympson. The answer of Euphanes, and all that follows, prove it to be the original read-

Prithee, remember 'tis a woman's weakness,
And then thou wilt forgive it.

Euph. You speak nothing
But what would well become the wisest man :
And that by you deliver'd is so pleasing
That I could hear you ever.

Bel. Fly not from
Your word, for I arrest it ; and will now
Express myself a little more, and prove
That whereas you profess yourself my debtor,
That I am yours.

Euph. Your ladyship, then, must use
Some sophistry I ne'er heard of.

Bel. By plain reasons ;
For, look you, had you never sunk beneath
Your wants, or if those wants had found supply
From Crates, your unkind and covetous brother,
Or any other man, I then had miss'd
A subject upon which I worthily
Might exercise my bounty : whereas now,
By having happy opportunity
To furnish you before, and in your travels,
With all conveniencies that you thought useful,
That gold, which would have rusted in my coffers,
Being thus employ'd, has render'd me a partner
In all your glorious actions : and whereas,
Had you not been, I should have died a thing
Scarce known, or soon forgotten ; there's no trophy
In which Euphanes for his worth is mention'd,
But there you have been careful to remember
That all the good you did came from Beliza.

Euph. That was but thankfulness.

ing." *Ed.* 1778.—Seward proposed, "*I now speak well.*"—"The old and true reading is, '*Though I confess I speak well*' ; that is, though I must own I speak well ; and the insertion of the negative, introduced [proposed] by Sympson, perverts the meaning. If she spoke not well, she might easily speak too much ; but she desires he will forgive her for speaking so much, even though she did speak well. She supposes herself to speak well, because every thing she said was an oblique compliment to Euphanes." *MASON.* That some word has dropt out from the line, there can, I think, be little doubt.

Bel. 'Twas such an honour,
And such a large return for the poor trash
I ventur'd with you, that, if I should part
With all that I possess, and myself too,
In satisfaction for it, 'twere still short
Of your deservings.

Euph. You o'erprize them, madam.

Bel. The queen herself hath given me gracious thanks
In your behalf; for she hath heard, Euphanes,
How gallantly you have maintain'd her honour
In all the courts of Greece¹: and rest assur'd,
(Though yet unknown) when I present you to her,
Which I will do this evening, you shall find
That she intends good to you.

Euph. Worthiest lady,
Since all you labour for is the advancement
Of him that will live ever your poor servant,
He must not contradict it.

Bel. Here 's your brother;
'Tis strange to see him here.

Enter CRATES.

Cra. You are welcome home, sir:—
Your pardon, madam:—I had thought my house,
Considering who I am, might have been worthy
Of your first visit.

Euph. 'Twas not open to me
When last I saw you; and to me 'tis wonder
That absence, which still renders men forgotten,
Should make my presence wish'd for.

Bel. That 's not it;
Your too-kind brother, understanding that
You stand in no need of him, is bold to offer
His entertainment.

¹ *How gallantly you have maintain'd her honour*

In all the courts of Greece] "Fletcher is guilty in these lines of an anachronism, as he is evidently alluding to the chivalrous custom of knights asserting the beauty or honour of their mistresses against all combatants." WEBER. There is no end of such improprieties in our early dramatists.

Cra. He had never wanted
Or yours, or your assistance, had he practis'd
The way he might have took, to have commanded
Whatever I call mine.

Euph. I studied many,
But could find none.

Cra. You would not find yourself, sir,
Or in yourself what was from you due to me^j;
The privilege my birth bestow'd upon me
Might challenge some regard.

Euph. You had all the land, sir ;
What else did you expect ? and I am certain
You kept such strong guards to preserve it yours,
I could force nothing from you.

Cra. Did you ever
Demand help from me ?

Euph. My wants have, and often,
With open mouths, but you nor heard nor saw them.
May be, you look'd I should petition to you,
As you went to your horse ; flatter your servants,
To play the brokers for my furtherance ;
Sooth your worst humours, act the parasite
On all occasions ; write my name with theirs
That are but one degree remov'd from slaves ;
Be drunk when you would have me, then wench with you,
Or play the pandar ; enter into quarrels,
Although unjustly ground, and defend them,
Because they were yours : these are the tyrannies
Most younger brothers groan beneath ; yet bear them
From the insulting heir, selling their freedoms
At a less rate than what the state allows
The salary of base and common strumpets :
For my part, ere on such low terms I feed
Upon a brother's trencher, let me die
The beggar's death, and starve !

Cra. 'Tis bravely spoken,
Did what you do rank with it.

^j *from you due to me*] So the first folio.—The second folio has “*due to me from you*” ; and so Symson and the Editors of 1778.

Bel. Why, what does he
You would not wish were yours ?

Cra. I'll tell you, lady,
Since you rise up his advocate, and boldly ;
For now I find, and plainly, in whose favour
My love and service to you was neglected :
For all your wealth, nay, add to that your beauty,
And put your virtues in (if you have any),
I would not yet be pointed at, as he is,
For the fine courtier, the woman's man,
That tells my lady stories, dissolves^k riddles,
Ushers her to her coach, lies at her feet
At solemn masques^l, applauding what she laughs at ;
Reads her asleep a-nights, and takes his oath
Upon her pantofles^m, that all excellence
In other madams doⁿ but zany hers^o.
These you are perfect in, and yet these take not
Or from your birth or freedom.

Euph. Should another
Say this, my deeds, not looks, should shew——

Bel. Contemn it :
His envy feigns this, and he 's but reporter,
Without a second, of his own dry fancies.

Cra. Yes, madam, the whole city speaks it with me ;
And, though it may distaste, 'tis certain you
Are brought into the scene, and with him censur'd ;
For you are given out for the provident lady,
That, not to be unfurnish'd for her pleasures,
(As, without them, to what vain use is greatness !)
Have made choice of an able man, a young man,
Of an Herculean back, to do you service ;
And one you may command too, that is active,
And does what you would have him.

^k *dissolves*] "i. e. solves." WEBER.

^l

lies at her feet

At solemn masques] "This was a common piece of gallantry. All will recollect Hamlet's position during the play before the king." WEBER.

^m *pantofles*] A kind of slippers.

ⁿ *do*] Altered by the modern editors to "does:" but see notes, pp. 7, 94, 272.

^o *zany hers*] i. e. play the zany, buffoon, or mimic to hers—imitate hers.

Bel. You are foul-mouth'd.

Cra. That can speak well, write verses too, and good ones,
Sharp and conceited, whose wit you may lie with
When his performance fails him ; one you have
Maintain'd abroad to learn new ways to please you :
And, by the gods, you well reward him for it ;
No night in which, while you lie sick and panting,
He watches by you, but is worth a talent ;
No conference in your coach, which is not paid with
A scarlet suit. This the poor people mutter,
Though I believe, for I am bound to do so,
A lady of your youth, that feeds high too,
And a most exact lady, may do all this
Out of a virtuous love, the last-bought vizard
That lechery purchas'd.

Euph. Not a word beyond this !

[*Putting his hand to his sword.*]

The reverence I owe to that one womb
In which we both were embrions, makes me suffer
What 's past ; but if continu'd —

Bel. Stay your hand !

The queen shall right mine honour.

Cra. Let him do it ;

It is but marrying him.—And, for your anger,
Know that I slight it : when your goddess here
Is weary of your sacrifice, as she will be,
You know my house, and there amongst my servants
Perhaps you'll find a livery °.

[*Exit.*]

Bel. Be not mov'd ;

I know the rancour of his disposition,
And turn it on himself by laughing at it ;
And in that let me teach you.

Euph. I learn gladly.

[*Exeunt.*]

° a livery] "i. e. an allowance of meat," &c. SYMPSON.

SCENE III.—*A room in the Palace.*

Enter NEANTHES, SOSICLES, and ERATON, severally.

Nean. You are met unto my wishes ; if you ever
Desir'd true mirth so far as to adventure
To die with the extremity of laughter,
I come before the object that will do it ;
Or let me live your fool.

Sos. Who is 't, Neanthes ?

Nean. Lamprias, the usurer's son.

Era. Lamprias ? the youth
Of six and fifty ?

Sos. That was sent to travel
By rich Beliza, till he came to age
And was fit for a wife ?

Nean. The very same.
This gallant, with his guardian and his tutor,
(And, of the three, who is most fool I know not,)
Are newly come to Corinth : I 'll not stale them ^p
By giving up ^q their characters ; but leave you
To make your own discoveries. Here they are, sir.

Enter ONOS, UNCLE, and Tutor.

Tutor. That leg a little higher ; very well.
Now put your face into the traveller's posture ;
Exceeding good.

Uncle. Do you mark how they admire him ?

Tutor. They will be all my scholars, when they know
And understand him truly.

Era. Phœbus guard me
From this new Python !

Sos. How they have trimm'd him up
Like an old reveller !

Nean. Curled him and perfum'd him ;
But that was done with judgment, for he looks

^p *stale them*] i. e. make them stale, flat.

^q *giving up*] "i. e. describing." *Ed.* 1778. Sympson, not understanding the text, omitted "up."

Like one that purg'd perpetually : trust me,
That witch's face of his is painted too,
And every ditch upon it buries more
Than would set off ten bawds and all their tenants.

Sos. See how it moves towards us !

Nean. There's a salutation !—

Troth, gentlemen, you have bestow'd much travail
In training up your pupil.

Tutor. Sir, great buildings
Require great labours ; which yet we repent not,
Since for the country's good we have brought home
An absolute man.

Uncle. As any of his years,
Corinth can shew you.

Era. He's exceeding meagre.

Tutor. His contemplation——

Uncle. Besides, 'tis fit
Learners should be kept hungry.

Nean. You all contemplate ;
For three such wretched pictures of lean famine
I never saw together.

Uncle. We have fat minds, sir,
And travell'd to save charges. Do you think
'Twas fit a young and hopeful gentleman
Should be brought up a glutton ? He's my ward ;
Nor was there ever, where I bore the bag,
Any superfluous waste.

Era. Pray you, can it speak ?

Tutor. He knows all languages, but will use none ;
They are all too big for his mouth, or else too little
To express his great conceits : and yet of late,
With some impulsion, he hath set down,
In a strange method, by the way of question,
And briefly too, all business whatsoever
That may concern a gentleman.

Nean. Good sir, let's hear him.

Tutor. Come on, sir.

Nean. They have taught him, like an ape,
To do his tricks by signs. Now he begins.

Onos. When shall we be drunk together?

Tutor. That's the first.

Onos. Where shall we whore to-night?

Uncle. That ever follows.

Era. 'Ods me, he now looks angry.

Onos. Shall we quarrel?

Nean. With me at no hand, sir.

Onos. Then let's protest^r.

Era. Is this all?

Tutor. These are, sir, the four new virtues
That are in fashion; many a mile we measur'd
Before we could arrive unto this knowledge.

Nean. You might have spar'd that labour, for at home here
There's little else in practice.—Ha! the queen!—
Good friends, for half an hour remove your motion^s;
To-morrow willingly, when we have more leisure,
We'll look on him again.

Onos. Did I not rarely?

Uncle. Excellent well.

Tutor. He shall have six plums for it.

[*Exeunt ONOS, UNCLE, and Tutor.*]

*Enter AGENOR, LEONIDAS, THEANOR, QUEEN, MERIONE, BELIZA,
EUPHANES, CRATES, Ladies, and Attendants with lights.*

Queen. How much my court is honour'd, princely brother,
In your vouchsafing it your long'd-for presence,
Were tedious to repeat, since 'tis already
(And heartily) acknowledg'd. May the gods,
That look into kings' actions, smile upon
The league we have concluded; and their justice
Find me out to revenge it, if I break
One article!

Age. Great miracle of queens,
How happy I esteem myself in being
Thought worthy to be number'd in the rank
Of your confederates, my love and best service

^r *protest*] Seems to have been formerly a word in use among affected young gallants: see Steevens's note on *Romeo and Juliet*, act ii. sc. 4.

^s *motion*] "i. e. puppet." Ed. 1778.

Shall teach the world hereafter ; but this gift
 With which you have confirm'd it, is so far
 Beyond my hopes and means e'er to return,
 That of necessity I must die oblig'd
 To your unanswer'd bounty.

The. The sweet lady
 In blushes gives your highness thanks.

Queen. Believe it,
 On the queen's word, she is a worthy one ;
 And I am so acquainted with her goodness,
 That, but for this peace that hath chang'd my purpose,
 And to her more advancement, I should gladly
 Have call'd her daughter.

The. Though I am depriv'd of
 A blessing 'tis not in the Fates to equal,
 To shew myself a subject as a son,
 Here I give up my claim, and willingly
 With mine own hand deliver you what once
 I lov'd above myself ; and from this hour
 (For my affection yields now to my duty)
 Vow never to solicit her.

Cra. 'Tis well cover'd.— [*Aside.*
 Neanthes, and the rest ! [*Exeunt* CRATES, NEANTHES,

Queen. Nay, for this night [*SOSICLES, and ERATON.*
 You must (for 'tis our country fashion, sir)
 Leave her to her devotions ; in the morning
 We'll bring you to the temple.

Leo. How in this
 Your highness honours me !

Mer. Sweet rest to all !

Age. This kiss, and I obey you.

Bel. Please it your highness,
 This is the gentleman.

Queen. You are welcome home, sir.—
 Now, as I live, one of a promising presence.—
 I have heard of you before, and you shall find
 I'll know you better : find out something that
 May do you good, and rest assur'd to have it.
 Were you at Sparta lately ?

Euph. Three days since,
Madam, I came from thence.

Queen. 'Tis very late.
Good night, my lord.—Do you, sir, follow me ;
I must talk further with you.

Age. All rest with you !

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE IV.—*An aisle of the Temple of Vesta.*

Enter CRATES, NEANTHES, ERATON, and SOSICLES, disguised.

Cra. She must pass through this cloister ; suddenly
And boldly seize upon her.

Nean. Where 's the prince ?

Cra. He does expect us at the place I shew'd you.
I hear one's footing ; peace ; 'tis she.

Enter MERIONE and Servant.

Mer. Now leave me ;
I know the way ; [*Exit Servant.*] though, Vesta witness
with me,
I never trod it with such fear. [*They seize her.*] Help, help !
Cra. Stop her mouth close ; out with the light ; I 'll guide
you. [*Exeunt, bearing her off.*]

ACT II.

SCENE I.—*A vault under the Temple of Vesta.*

Enter MERIONE †.

Mer. To whom now shall I cry ? what power thus kneel to,
And beg my ravish'd honour back upon me ?
Deaf, deaf, you gods of goodness, deaf to me,
Deaf Heaven, to all my cries ; deaf hope, deaf justice !
I am abus'd ; and you, that see all, saw it,
Saw it, and smil'd upon the villain did it ;

† *Enter Merione*] Both the folios add, "(as newly ravished)."

Saw it, and gave him strength ! Why have I pray'd to ye,
 When all the world's eyes have been sunk in slumbers ?
 Why have I then pour'd out my tears ? kneel'd to ye ?
 And from the altar of a pure heart sent ye
 Thoughts like yourselves, white, innocent, vows purer
 And of a sweeter flame than all earth's odours ?
 Why have I sung your praises, strew'd your temples,
 And crown'd your holy priests with virgin roses ?
 Is it we hold ye powerful, to destroy us ?
 Believe and honour ye, to see us ruin'd ?
 These tears of anger thus I sprinkle toward ye,
 You that dare sleep secure whilst virgins suffer ;
 These stick like comets^u, blaze eternally,
 Till with the wonder they have wak'd your justice,
 And forc'd ye fear our curses as we yours !

Enter THEANOR and CRATES, with vizards.

My shame still follows me, and still proclaims me.
 He turns away in scorn ; I am contemn'd too,
 A more unmanly violence than the other ;
 Bitten, and flung away !—Whate'er you are,
 Sir, you that have abus'd me, and now most basely
 And sacrilegiously robb'd this fair temple,—
 I fling all these behind me,—but look upon me,
 But one kind loving look ; be what you will,
 So from this hour you will be mine, my husband.—
 And you, his hand in mischief, I speak to you too,
 Counsel him nobly now ; you know the mischief,
 The most unrighteous act he has done ; persuade him,
 Persuade him like a friend, knock at his conscience

^u *These stick like comets*] “The editors of [1778] are offended at this passage. They say, that to compare tears to comets, fire to water, is too strong an allusion : yet they wish to make comets of curses and execrations, which are still more unsubstantial than tears. But they mistake the meaning of these lines, for no such comparison is intended as that which they reprobate. ‘*These stick like comets,*’ &c. is not an assertion, but an imprecation. Merione prays that her tears may stick and blaze eternally as comets do, till the wonder attending them shall awaken the justice of the gods. Her tears are not compared to comets, but are to be transformed into them ; and poets have always assumed the liberty of converting the tears of a beautiful woman into pearls, armlets, or any other precious thing that they find convenient.” MASON.

Till fair repentance follow.—Yet be worthy of me,
 And shew yourself, if ever good thought guided you :
 You have had your foul will ; make it yet fair with marriage ;
 Open yourself^v, and take me, wed me now.

[THEANOR *draws his dagger.*

More fruits of villany ! your dagger ! come,
 You are merciful ; I thank you for your medicine.
 Is that too worthy too ?

Enter NEANTHES, ERATON, and SOSICLES, disguised.

Devil ! thou with him !

Thou penny bawd to his lust ! will not that stir thee ?
 Do you work by tokens now ? Be sure I live not,
 For your own safeties, knaves. I will sit patiently :
 But, as ye are true villains, the devil's own servants,
 And those he loves and trusts, make it as bloody
 An act, of such true horror, Heaven would shake at ;
 'Twill shew the braver. Goodness, hold my hope fast,
 And in thy mercies look upon my ruins,
 And then I am right !—My eyes grow dead and heavy.—

Enter six disguised, singing and dancing to a horrid music, and sprinkling water on her face.

Wrong me no more, as ye are men ! [Faints.

The. She is fast.

Cra. Away with her ! [Exeunt, bearing her off.]

SCENE II.—*An apartment in the Palace.*

Enter AGENOR, and Gentlemen with torches.

Age. Now, gentlemen, the time's come now to enjoy
 That fruitful happiness my heart has long'd for.
 This day be happy call'd^w ; and when old Time
 Brings it about each year, crown'd with that sweetness
 It gives me now, see every man observe it,

^v *Open yourself*] “ Means—declare who you are.” MASON.

^w *This day be happy call'd, &c.*] “ Rowe has closely copied this speech, in the beginning of *The Fair Penitent.*” Ed. 1778.

And, laying all aside bears show of business,
Give this to joy and triumph. How sit^x my clothes ?

First Gent. Handsome and wondrous well, sir.

Age. Do they shew richly ?

For, to those curious eyes even Beauty envies,
I must not now appear poor or low-fashion'd.
Methinks I am younger than I was, far younger ;
And such a promise in my blood I feel now,
That, if there may be a perpetual youth
Bestow'd on man, I am that soul shall win it.
Does my hair stand well ? Lord, how ill-favour'dly
You have dress'd me to-day ! how badly ! Why this cloak ?

Sec. Gent. Why, 'tis the richest, sir.

Age. And here ye have put me on
A pair of breeches look like a pair of bagpipes.

First Gent. Believe, sir, they shew bravely.

Age. Why these stockings ?

Sec. Gent. Your leg appears——

Age. Pooh ! I would have had 'em peach-colour ;
All young and new about me : and this scarf here,
A goodly thing ! you have trick'd me like a puppet.

First Gent. I'll undertake to rig forth a whole navy,
And with less labour, than one man in love :
They are never pleas'd.

Sec. Gent. Methinks he looks well.

First Gent. Well

As man can look, as handsome. Now do I wonder
He found not fault his nose was put on ugly,
Or his eyes look'd too grey, and rail at us :
They are the wayward'st things, these lovers.

Sec. Gent. All will be right
When once it comes to the push.

First Gent. I would they were at it,
For our own quiet-sake !

Age. Come, wait upon me ;
And bear yourselves like mine, my friends, and nobly.

[*Exeunt.*

^x *sit*] Both the folios "sits."

SCENE III.—*Before the house of LEONIDAS.*

Enter THEANOR, CRATES, and ERATON carrying MERIONE.

Era. This is her brother's door.

Cra. There lay her down, then ;
Lay her along. She is fast still ?

Era. As forgetfulness.

Cra. Be not you stirr'd now, but away to your mother ;
Give all attendance ; let no stain appear
Of fear or doubt in your face ; carry yourself confidently.

The. But whither runs your drift now ?

Cra. When she wakes,
Either what 's done will shew a mere dream to her,
And carry no more credit ; or say she find it,
Say she remember all the circumstances,
Twenty to one the shapes in which they were acted,
The horrors and the still affrights we shew'd her,
Rising in wilder figures to her memory,
Will run her mad, and no man guess the reason :
If all these fail, and that she rise up perfect,
And so collect herself, believe this, sir,—
Not knowing who it was that did this to her,
Nor having any power to guess, the thing done too
Being the utter undoing of her honour,
If it be known and to the world's eye publish'd,
Especially at this time when Fortune courts her,
She must and will conceal it, nay, forget it :
The woman is no Lucrece. Get you gone, sir ;
And, as you would have more of this sport, fear not.

The. I am confirm'd : farewell.

Cra. Farewell : away, sir !— [*Exit* THEANOR.
Disperse yourselves ; and, as you love his favour,
And that that crowns it, gold, no tongues amongst ye !
You know your charge ; this way goes no suspicion. [*Exeunt.*

Enter AGENOR and LEONIDAS, and two Gentlemen with lights.

Age. You are stirring early, sir.

Leo. It was my duty
To wait upon your grace.

Age. How fares your sister,
My beauteous mistress? what, is she ready yet?

Leo. No doubt she'll lose no time, sir: young maids in her
way

Tread upon thorns, and think an hour an age,
Till the priest has done his part, that theirs may follow.
I saw her not since yesterday i' th' evening;
But, sir, I am sure she is not slack: believe me,
Your grace will find a loving soul.

Age. A sweet one;
And so much joy I carry in the thought of it,
So great a happiness to know she is mine,
(Believe me, noble brother,) that to express it
Methinks a tongue's a poor thing, can do nothing,
Imagination less^v.—Who's that that lies there?

Leo. Where, sir?

Age. Before the door; it looks like a woman.

Leo. This way I came abroad, but then there was nothing.
One of the maids o'erwatch'd belike.

Age. It may be.

Leo. But methinks this is no fit place to sleep in.

First Gent. 'Tis sure a woman, sir: she has jewels on too;
She fears no foul play, sure.

Leo. Bring a torch hither;

Yet 'tis not perfect day. I should know those garments.

Age. How sound she sleeps!

Leo. I am sorry to see this!

Age. Do you know her?

Leo. And you now, I am sure, sir.

Age. My mistress! how comes this?

Leo. The queen and her train.

Enter QUEEN, THEANOR, BELIZA, EUPHANES, NEANTHES, and
Attendants.

Queen. You know my pleasure.

^v *Imagination less*] On this passage Sympson and Seward offer some foolish conjectural emendations; and Weber says, "we must conclude with Sympson, 'that nothing but the author's manuscript can ever set us right.'" But the text is certainly uncorrupted, and the meaning is—A happiness beyond expression and even conception.

Euph. And will be most careful.

Queen. Be not long absent ;
The suit you preferr'd is granted.

Nean. This fellow mounts
Apace, and will tower o'er us like a falcon.

Queen. Good morrow to ye all. Why stand ye wondering ?—
Enter the house, sir, and bring out your mistress ;
You must observe our ceremonies.—What's the matter ?
What's that ye stand at ?—How ! Merione !
Asleep i' the street ! belike some sudden palsy,
As she stept out last night upon devotion,
To take her farewell of her virgin state,
The air being sharp and piercing, struck her suddenly.
See if she breathe.

Leo. A little.

Queen. Wake her, then ;

'Tis sure a fit.

Age. She wakes herself : give room to her.

Queen. See how the spirits struggle to recover,
And strongly reinforce their strengths ! for certain,
This was no natural sleep.

The. I am of your mind, madam.

Queen. No, son, it cannot be.

The. Pray Heaven, no trick in't !

Good soul, she little merits such a mischief.

Queen. She is broad awake now, and her sense clears up ;
'Twas sure a fit. Stand off.

Mer. The queen, my love here,
And all my noble friends ! why, where am I ?
How am I tranc'd and mop'd ! i' the street ? Heaven bless me !
Shame to my sex ! o' the ground too ?—Oh, I remember—

Leo. How wild she looks !

Age. Oh, my cold heart, how she trembles !

Mer. Oh, I remember, I remember—

Queen. What's that ?

Mer. My shame, my shame, my shame ! oh, I remember
My never-dying shame !

The. Here has been villany.

Queen. I fear so too.

Mer. You are no Furies, are ye ?
No horrid shapes sent to affright me ?

Age. No, sweet ;
We are your friends : look up ; I am Agenor,
Oh, my Merione, that loves you dearly,
And come to marry you !

Leo. Sister, what ail you ?
Speak out your griefs, and boldly.

Age. Something sticks here
Will choke you else.

Mer. I hope it will.

Queen. Be free, lady ;
You have your loving friends about you.

Age. Dear Merione,
By the unspotted love I ever bore you,
By thine own goodness——

Mer. Oh, 'tis gone, 'tis gone, sir !
I am now I know not what ; pray you, look not on me :
No name is left me, nothing to inherit,
But that detested, base, and branded ——

Age. Speak it, and how : diseases of most danger,
Their causes once discover'd, are easily cur'd.
My fair Merione——

Mer. I thank your love, sir :
When I was fair Merione, unspotted,
Pure, and unblasted in the bud you honour'd,
White as the heart of truth, then, prince Agenor,
Even then I was not worthy of your favour :
Wretch that I am, less worthy now of pity !
Let no good thing come near me ; Virtue fly me ;
You that have honest noble names, despise me ;
For I am nothing now but a main pestilence,
Able to poison all : send those unto me
That have forgot their names, ruin'd their fortunes,
Despis'd their honours ; those that have been virgins
Ravish'd and wrong'd, and yet dare live to tell it.

The. Now it appears too plain.

Mer. Send those sad people
That hate the light and curse society ;

Whose thoughts are graves, and from whose eyes continually
 Their melting souls drop out ; send those to me ;
 And when their sorrows are most excellent,
 So full that one grief more cannot be added,
 My story like a torrent shall devour 'em.
 Hark ! it must out : but, pray, stand close together,
 And let not all the world hear.

Leo. Speak it boldly.

Mer. And, royal lady, think but charitably :
 Your grace has known my breeding.

Queen. Prithee, speak it.

Mer. Is there no stranger here ? send off your servants :
 And yet it must be known.—I shake.

Age. Sweet mistress !

Mer. I am abus'd, basely abus'd ! do you guess yet ?
 Come close ; I'll tell ye plainer ; I am whor'd,
 Ravish'd, and robb'd of honour !

Leo. Oh, the devil !

Age. What hellish slave was this ?

The. A wretch, a wretch,

A damn'd wretch !—Do you know the villain, lady ?

Mer. No.

The. Not by guess ?

Mer. Oh, no !

The. It must be known.

Queen. Where was the place ?

Mer. I know not neither.

Age. Oh, Heaven !

Is this the happy time ? my hope to this come ?

Leo. Neither the man nor circumstances ?

The. His tongue,—

Did you not hear his tongue ? no voice ?

Mer. None, none, sir :

All I know of him was his violence.

Age. How came you hither, sweet ?

Mer. I know not neither.

The. A cunning piece of villany !

Mer. All I remember

Is only this : going to Vesta's temple,

To give the goddess my last virgin prayers,
Near to that place I was suddenly surpris'd
By five or six disguis'd, and from thence violently
To my dishonour hal'd : that act perform'd,
Brought back ; but how or whither, till I wak'd here——

The. This is so monstrous, the gods cannot suffer it ;
I have not read, in all the villanies
Committed by the most obdurate rascals,
An act so truly impious.

Leo. Would I knew him !

The. He must be known ; the devil cannot hide him.

Queen. If all the art I have, or power, can do it,
He shall be found ; and such a way of justice²
Inflicted on him—a lady wrong'd in my court !
And this way robb'd and ruin'd !

The. Be contented, madam ;
If he be above ground, I will have him.

Age. Fair virtuous maid, take comfort yet, and flourish,
In my love flourish ; the stain was forc'd upon you,
None of your will's nor yours. Rise, and rise mine still,
And rise the same white, sweet, fair soul I lov'd you ;
Take me the same.

Mer. I kneel and thank you, sir ;
And I must say you are truly honourable,
And dare confess my will yet still a virgin :
But so unfit and weak a cabinet
To keep your love and virtue in am I now,
That have been forc'd and broken, lost my lustre,—
I mean this body,—so corrupt a volume
For you to study goodness in and honour,
I shall entreat your grace, confer that happiness
Upon a beauty sorrow never saw yet :
And when this grief shall kill me, as it must do,
Only remember yet^a you had such a mistress ;
And if you then dare shed a tear, yet honour me.—
Good gentlemen, express your pities to me

² *such a way of justice*] i. e. such justice. The expression has occurred before ; see vol. i. 135 ; also note, p. 264 of the present vol.

^a *yet*] Sympson printed " that " (supposing that the compositor had mistaken " y^t " for " yet ") ; and Mason approves of the alteration.

In seeking out this villany : and my last suit
Is to your grace, that I may have your favour
To live a poor recluse nun with this lady,
From court and company, till Heaven shall hear me,
And send me comfort, or death end my misery.

Queen. Take your own will ; my very heart bleeds for thee.

Age. Farewell, Merione : since I have not thee,
I'll wed thy goodness and thy memory.

Leo. And I her fair revenge.

The. Away ! let's follow it ;

For he is so rank i' the wind we cannot miss him. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE IV.—*A street before a tavern*^b.

Enter CRATES and CONON.

Cra. Conon, you are welcome home ; you are wondrous
welcome.

Is this your first arrival ?

Con. Sir, but now

I reach'd the town.

Cra. You're once more welcome, then.

Con. I thank you, noble sir.

Cra. Pray you, do me the honour
To make my poor house first——

Con. Pray, sir, excuse me ;

I have not seen mine own yet, nor made happy

These longing eyes with those I love there.—What's this ? a
tavern ?

^b *A street before a tavern*] “ In order to comprehend in what manner this scene is partly transacted before and partly within the house, we must either suppose (according to our notions of scenery, for in Fletcher's age the audience was content with the drawing of a curtain) that the door stood open, or that the tavern was not provided with windows, but open like a fish-monger's or butcher's shop ; and it is not unlikely that the *red-lattice* mentioned in old writers, when speaking of taverns, may denote a kind of open frame-work, which exposed those guests who drank in the bar to the view of street passengers, &c. WEBER. —The fact, I believe, is,—there being no movable painted scenery when this play was produced, the audience was to *suppose* that the earliest portion of the present scene took place before the tavern, and the remainder of it in a room of the tavern.

Cra. It seems so by the outside.

Con. Step in here, then ;
And since it offers itself so freely to us,
A place made only for liberal entertainment,
Let's seek no further, but make use of this,
And, after the Greek fashion, to our friends
Crown a round cup or two^c.

Cra. Your pleasure, sir.—
Drawers ! who waits within ?

Enter Vintner and Drawer.

Draw. Anon, anon, sir.

Vint. Look into the Lily-pot : why, Mark, there !—
You are welcome, gentlemen ; heartily welcome,
My noble friend.

Cra. Let's have good wine, mine host,
And a fine private room.

Vint. Will you be there, sir ?
What is 't you 'll drink ?^d I'll draw your wine myself.—
Cushions, ye knaves ! why, when ?^e

Enter Second Drawer with cushions.

Sec. Draw. Anon, anon, sir.

Vint. Chios, or Lesbos, Greek ?

Cra. Your best and neatest.

Vint. I 'll draw ye that shall dance.

Cra. Away ! be quick, then. [*Exit Vintner.*

Con. How does your brother, sir, my noble friend,
The good Euphanes ? In all my course of travel,
I met not with a gentleman so furnish'd
In gentleness and courtesy ; believe, sir,
So many friendly offices I receiv'd from him,
So great and timely, and enjoy'd his company
In such an open and a liberal sweetness,
That when I dare forget him——

^c or two] Here Weber added a stage-direction, "*They go into the Tavern.*"

^d *What is 't you 'll drink ?*] We must now suppose Crates and Conon to be in "a fine private room" of the tavern.

^e *why, when ?*] An elliptical expression of impatience, very common in early plays. It occurs, indeed, in one of Dryden's—*Love Triumphant*.

Cra. He's in good health, sir ;
But you will find him a much-alter'd man ;
Grown a great courtier, sir.

Con. He's worthy of it.

Cra. A man drawn up, that leaves no print behind him
Of what he was : those goodnesses you speak of
That have been in him, those that you call freedoms,
Societies and sweetness, look for now, sir,
You'll find no shadows of them left, no sound ;
The very air he has liv'd in alter'd. Now behold him,
And you shall see a thing walk by, look big upon you,
And cry for place ; " I am the queen's ; give room there ! "
If you bow low, may be he'll touch the bonnet,
Or fling a forc'd smile at you for a favour.

Con. He is your brother, sir.

Cra. These forms put off,
Which travel and court holy-water^f sprinkle on him,
I dare accept and know him. You'll think it strange, sir,
That even to me, to me, his natural brother,
And one by birth he owes a little honour to——

Re-enter Vintner with wine, and Boys.

But that's all one.—Come, give me some wine, mine host.—
Here's to your fair return. [Drinks.]

Con. I wonder at it ;
But, sure, he has found a nature not worth owning ;
In this way else I know he is tender-carried.— [Aside.]
I thank you, sir. And now durst I presume,
For all you tell me of these alterations
And stops in his sweet nature (which till I find so,
I have known him now so long, and look'd so through him,
You must give me leave to be a little faithless),
I say, for all these, if you please to venture,
I'll lay the wine we drink, let me send for him
(Even I, that am the poorest of his fellowship),
But by a boy o' th' house too, let him have business,
Let him attend the queen, nay, let his mistress

^f *court holy-water*] A proverbial expression for compliments, fine words without deeds. (Fr. *Eau bénite de la cour*).

Hold him betwixt her arms, he shall come to me,
 And shall drink with me too, love me, and heartily ;
 Like a true honest man, bid me welcome home :
 I am confident.

Cra. You will lose.

Con. You'll stand to the wager ?

Cra. With all my heart.

Con. Go, boy, and tell Euphanes——

First Boy. He's now gone up the street, sir,
 With a great train of gallants.

Cra. What think you now, sir ?

Con. Go, and overtake him :

Commend my love unto him ; my name is Conon ;
 Tell him I am new arriv'd, and where I am,
 And would request to see him presently.—
 You see I use old dudgeon^s phrase to draw him.

Cra. I'll hang and quarter when you draw him hither.

Con. Away, boy !

First Boy. I am gone, sir.

Con. Here's to you now :

[*Exit.*
 [*Drinks.*

And you shall find his travel has not stopt him,
 As you suppose, nor alter'd any freedom ;
 But made him far more clear and excellent.
 It draws the grossness off the understanding,
 And renders active and industrious spirits :
 He that knows most men's manners, must of necessity
 Best know his own, and mend those by example.
 'Tis a dull thing to travel, like a mill-horse,
 Still in the place he was born in, lam'd and blinded ;
 Living at home is like it. Pure and strong spirits,
 That, like the fire, still covet to fly upward,

^s *dudgeon*] i. e. homely. So in *The Captain*, act ii. sc. 1, vol. iii. 247, Giacomo says,

“ though I am plain and *dudgeon*,
 I would not be an ass.”

See also the note on “*dudgeon-dagger*”, vol. iii. 196. Since the preceding plays were printed, I have found that there was a cloth or stuff called *dudgeon* ; and that it was of a coarse kind may be concluded from the metaphorical use of the word. “*Dudgion* the c peeces containing v, xx.” *The Rates of the Custome house*, &c., 1582, sig. B vii : so also in *The Rates of Marchandizes*, &c.

And to give fire as well as take it, cas'd up and mew'd here,
I mean at home, like lusty mettled horses,
Only tied up in stables, to please their masters,
Beat out their fiery lives in their own litters.
Why do not you travel, sir?

Cra. I have no belief in 't,

I see so many strange things, half unhatch'd too,
Return; those that went out men, and good men,
They look like poach'd eggs, with the souls^h suck'd out,
Empty and full of wind; all their affections
Are bak'd in rye-crust, to hold carriage
From this good town to th' other; and when they are open'd,
They are so ill-cook'd and mouldy——

Con. You are pleasant.

Cra. I'll shew you a pack of these; I have 'em for you;
That have been long in travel too.

Con. Please you, sir.

Cra. You know the Merchants' Walk, boy?

Sec. Boy. Very well.

Cra. And you remember those gentlemen were here
The other day with me?

Sec. Boy. Yes.

Cra. Then go thither,
For there I am sure they are; pray 'em come hither,
(And use my name) I would be glad to see 'em. [*Exit Sec. Boy.*]

Re-enter First Boy.

First Boy. Your brother's coming in, sir.

Vint. 'Ods my passion!—

Out with the plate, ye knaves; bring the new cushions,
And wash those glasses I set by for high-days;
Perfume the rooms along.

[*Exeunt Drawers, one of whom presently returns with cushions*].—

Why, sirrah!

First Boy. Here, sir.

Vint. Bid my wife make herself readyⁱ handsomely,
And put on her best apron; it may be,
The noble gentleman will look upon her.

^h souls] The Editors of 1778 and Weber chose to print "soul."

ⁱ make herself ready] i. e. dress herself.

Enter EUPHANES and two Gentlemen.

Euph. Where is he, boy?

Vint. Your worship's heartily welcome;
It joys my very heart to see you here, sir. [*Exit First Boy.*
The gentleman that sent for your honour—

Euph. Oh, good mine host—

Vint. To my poor homely house, an't like your honour.

Euph. I thank thine honour, good mine host. Where is he?

Con. What think you now?—My best Euphanes!

Euph. Conon!

Welcome, my friend: my noble friend, how is it?
Are you in safety come, in health?

Con. All health, all safety,
Riches, and all that makes content and happiness,
Now I am here, I have. How have you far'd, sir?

Euph. Well, I thank Heaven; and never nearer, friend,
To catch at great occasion.

Con. Indeed, I joy in't.

Euph. Nor am I for myself born in these fortunes;
In truth, I love my friends.

Con. You were noble ever. [*EUPHANES salutes CRATES.*

Cra. I thought you had not known me.

Euph. Yes; you are my brother,
My elder brother too: would your affections
Were able but to ask that love I owe to you,
And, as I give, preserve it!—Here, friend Conon,
To your fair welcome home. [*They drink.*

Con. Dear sir, I thank you.—
Fill it to the brim, boy.—Crates!

Cra. I will pledge you;
But for that glorious comet, lately fir'd—

Con. Fie, fie, sir, fie!

Euph. Nay, let him take his freedoms;
He stirs not me, I vow to you; much less stains me.

Cra. Sir, I cannot talk with that neat travelling tongue.

Con. As I live, he has the worst belief in men abroad!
I am glad I am come home. [*Aside.*

Re-enter Second Boy.

Sec. Boy. Here are the gentlemen.

Cra. Oh, let 'em enter. Now you that trust in travel,
And make sharp beards and little breeches deities,
You that enhance the daily price of toothpicks j,

j
*you that trust in travel,
And make sharp beards and little breeches deities,
You that enhance the daily price of toothpicks]* “The following passage from Taylor the water-poet will sufficiently illustrate the different modes of wearing the beard, where the stiletto-fashion (which, from a speech following, seems to have been imported from Pisa) alluded to in the text, as well as the cut mentioned in act iv. sc. i. is specified :—

‘ Now a few lines to paper I will put
Of mens beards strange and variable cut,
In which there 's some doe take as vaine a pride
As almost in all other things beside.
Some are reap'd most substantial, like a brush,
Which makes a natural wit knowne by the bush ;
And in my time of some men I have heard,
Whose wisdom haue bin onely wealth and beard ;
Many of these the proverbe well doth fit,
Which sayes, “ Bush naturall, more haire then wit” :
Some seeme as they were starched stiffe and fine,
Like to the bristles of some angry swine ;
And some, to set their loues desire on edge,
Are cut and prun'de like to a quickset hedge :
Some like a spade, some like a forke, some square,
Some round, some mow'd like stubble, some starke bare,
Some *sharpe, steletto fashion, dagger-like,*
That may, with whispering, a mans eyes out-pike ;
Some with the hammer-cut, or *Romane T,*
Their beards extrauagant reform'd must be ;
Some with the quadrate, some triangle fashion,
Some circular, some oval in translation ;
Some perpendicular in longitude,
Some like a thicket for their crassitude :
That heights, depths, breadths, triforme, square, oval, round,
And rules geometricall in beards are found.’

Superbia Flagellum, apud Works [p. 34. ed. 1630.]

Tight and short breeches, at that time coming into fashion, were considered by the puritans, who had been used to the wide trunk-hose, as very indecent, and by old people, as Mr. Gifford observes, very inconvenient, ‘as being ill adapted to the hard oak chairs and benches on which they usually sat.’ [Note on Massinger’s *Works*, vol. ii. 487, ed. 1813.]—Finally, toothpicks had been introduced by travellers shortly before, and are often alluded to in old plays. [See vol. i. 78, vol. iii. 443.]” WEBER.

And hold there is no home-bred happiness,
Behold a model of your minds and actions.

Euph. Though this be envious, yet, done i' the way of mirth,
I am content to thank you for 't.

Con. 'Tis well yet.

Cra. Let the masque enter.

Enter ONOS, Uncle, and Tutor.

Onos. A pretty tavern, faith, of a fine structure.

Uncle. Bear yourself like a gentleman; here 's sixpence,
And be sure you break no glasses.

Tutor. Hark ye, pupil;
Go as I taught you, hang more upon your hams,
And put your knees out bent; there; yet a little:
Now I beseech ye, be not so improvident
To forget your travelling pace, 'tis a main posture,
And to all unair'd gentlemen will betray you.
Play with your Pisa beard: why, where 's your brush, pupil^k?—
He must have a brush, sir.

Uncle. More charge yet?

Tutor. Here, take mine.—

These elements of travel he must not want, sir.

Uncle. *Ma foy*, he has had some nineteen-pence in elements;
What would you more?

Tutor. *Durus, mehercle, pater!*

Con. What, monsieur Onos, the very pump^l of travel!—

^k *why, where 's your brush, pupil?*] "I am not certain what brush the Tutor means. Perhaps one was appended to the snuff-boxes then worn, as is still the case with the Scotch snuffing-horns. . . . However, it may have been a custom for the gallants to carry a clothes-brush in their pockets, and the text may allude to this." WEBER. It is evident from the context that the Tutor means a brush for the beard. In *The Rates of Marchandizes*, &c., 1635, we find, "*Beard brushes* the groce, containing 12 dozen," &c., sig. B iv.

^l *pump*] "I suspect that for *pump* here we should read *pink*. The *pink of courtesy* is a well-known phrase." SYMPSON. "I believe Sympson is right in his conjecture." WEBER. In the characters of Onos, his Uncle, and his Tutor, the poet certainly intended to ridicule Thomas Coryate (see note, act iii. sc. i.); and perhaps there is an allusion here to Coryate's famous shoes. In a copy of verses by John Strangwayes, prefixed to Coryate's *Crudities*, 1611, (and originally forming part of *The Odcombian Banquet*, &c., 1611), is the following passage;

"Come to my helpe some old-shod pilgrime wight,
That I of you may tread the way aright

Sir, as I live, you have done me the greatest kindness.—
 Oh, my fair sir, Lampree, the careful uncle
 To this young hopeful issue! Monsieur Tutor too,
 The father to his mind! Come, come; let's hug, boys.
 Why, what a bunch of travel do I embrace now!
 Methinks I put a girdle about Europe.
 How has the boy profited?

Uncle. He has enough, sir,
 If his too fiery mettle do not mar it.

Con. Is he not thrifty yet?

Tutor. That's all his fault;
 Too bounteous-minded, being under age too;
 A great consumer of his stock in pippins:
 H'ad ever a hot stomach.

Con. Come hither, Onos:
 Will you love me for this fine apple?

Onos. *Ouy.*

Con. And will you be rul'd by me sometimes?

Onos. Faith, I will.

Con. That's a good boy.

Uncle. Pray, give not the child so much fruit;
 He's of a raw complexion.

Euph. You, monsieur Hard-Egg,
 Do you remember me? do you remember
 When you and your consort^m travell'd through Hungary?

Con. He's in that circuit still.

Euph. Do you remember
 The cantle of immortal cheeseⁿ you carried with you,

Which leads vnto his fame, whilst I do stile
 How he [Coryate] did go at least nine hundred mile
 With one poore paire of shoes, sauing alone-a
 He onely once did sole them at Verona," &c. Sig. d.

where Coryate has put a marginal note on "Verona"—"You should have said Zurich." Coryate's shoes were hung up in the church of his native Odcombe, and remained there till about 1702: see Cole's *Add. to Wood's Ath. Oxon.* ii. 214. ed. Bliss.

^m *consort*] i. e. band, company,—companions.

ⁿ *cantle of immortal cheese*—*cantle*, i. e. corner, piece, fragment: so in Skelton's *Elynour Rummyng*;

"A cantell of Essex chese."

Works, 1. 109. ed Dyce.

The half-cold cabbage in a leather satchel,
 And those invincible eggs that would lie in your bowels
 A fortnight together, and then turn to bedstaves ;
 Your sour milk that would choke an Irishman,
 And bread was bak'd in Cæsar's time for the army ?

Con. Providence, providence.

Tutor. The soul of travel.

Euph. Can the boy speak yet ?

Tutor. Yes ; and as fine a gentleman,
 I thank my able knowledge, he has arriv'd at,
 Only a little sparing of his language,
 Which every man of observation——

Uncle. And of as many tongues——

Tutor. Pray, be content, sir ;

You know you are for the bodily part, the purse,
 I for the magazine, the mind.

Euph. Come hither, springal.^o

Onos. That in the Almain tongue signifies a gentleman.

Euph. What think you of the forms of Italy or Spain ?

Onos. I love mine own country pippin.

Tutor. Nobly answer'd !

Born for his country first.

Euph. A great philosopher !—

What horses do you prefer ?

Onos. The White Horse, sir ;

There where I lie ; honest, and a just beast.

Tutor. *O caput lepidum !* a child to say this !

Are these figures for the mouths of infants ?

Con. Onos, what wenches ?

[*Aside to him.*

Come, tell me true.

Onos. I cannot speak without book.

Con. When shall we have one, ha ?

Onos. Steal me from mine uncle ;

For, look you, I am broke out horribly

For want of fleshly physick ; they say I am too young,

And that 'twill spoil my growth ; but, could you help me——

Con. Meet me to-morrow, man ; no more.

^o *springal*] "i. e. youth." WEBER.

Euph. You think now
 You have open'd such a shame to me of travel,
 By shewing these thin cubs ! you have honour'd us
 Against your will, proclaim'd us excellent :
 Three frails^p of sprats, carried from mart to mart,
 Are as much meat as these, to more use travell'd ;
 A bunch of bloated fools ! Methinks your judgment
 Should look abroad sometimes, without your envy.

Cra. Such are most of you. So I take my leave ;
 And when you find your women's favour fail,
 'Tis ten to one you 'll know yourself, and seek me,
 Upon a better muster of your manners.

Con. This is not handsome, sir.

Euph. Pray, take your pleasure :
 You wound the wind as much.

Cra. Come you with me ;
 I have business for you presently. There's for your wine ;
 I must confess I lost it. [Exit.

Onos. Shall I steal to you ?
 And shall we see the wench ?

Con. A dainty one.

Onos. And have a dish of pippins ?

Con. What ! a peck, man.

Tutor. Will you wait, sir ?

Con. Pray, let 's meet oftner, gentlemen ;
 I would not lose ye.

Tutor. Oh, sweet sir !

Con. Do you think I would ?
 Such noted men as you ?

Onos, }
Uncle, } We are your servants.
Tutor. }

[Exit.

Euph. That thing they would keep in everlasting nonage,
 My brother, for his own ends, has thrust on
 Upon my mistress : 'tis true, he shall be rich,
 If ever he can get that rogue his uncle
 To let him be of years to come to inherit it.
 Now, what the main drift is——

^p *frails*] i. e. slight baskets, of rushes or matting.

Con. Say you so? no more words :
I'll keep him company till he be of years
(Though it be a hundred years), but I'll discover it ;
And ten to one I'll cross it too.

Euph. You are honest,
And I shall study still your love. Farewell, sir ;
For these few hours I must desire your pardon ;
I have business of importance. Once a-day,
At least, I hope you'll see me ; I must see you else :
So, once more, you are welcome.

Con. All my thanks, sir ;
And, when I leave to love you, life go from me !

[*Exeunt severally.*]

ACT III.

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

Enter THEANOR and CRATES.

Cra. Why, sir, the kingdom's his ; and no man now
Can come to Corinth, or from Corinth go,
Without his licence ; he puts up the tithes
Of every office through Achaia ;
From courtier to the carter hold of him ;
Our lands, our liberties, nay, very lives,
Are shut up in his closet, and let loose
But at his pleasure ; books and all discourse
Have now no patron nor direction
But glorified Euphanes ; our cups are guilty
That quench our thirsts, if not unto his health.
Oh, I could eat my heart, and fling away
My very soul, for anguish ! Gods nor men
Should tolerate such disproportion.

The. And yet is he belov'd ; whether 't be virtue,
Or seeming virtue, which he makes the cloak
To his ambition.

Cra. Be it which it will,

Your highness is too tame, your eyes too film'd,
 To see this, and sit still : the lion should not
 Tremble to hear the bellowing of the bull.
 Nature, excuse me ! though he be my brother,
 You are my country's father, therefore mine :
 One parallel line of love I bend on him,
 All lines of love and duty meet in you,
 As in their centre ; therefore hear, and weigh,
 What I shall speak. You know the queen your mother
 Did from a private state your father raise ;
 So all your royalty you hold from her :
 She is older than she was, therefore more doting ;
 And what know we but blindness of her love
 (That hath, from underneath the foot of Fortune,
 Set even Euphanes' foot on Fortune's head)
 Will take him by the hand, and cry, " Leap now
 Into my bed ! " 'tis but a trick of age ;
 Nothing impossible.

The. What do you infer on this ?

Cra. Your pardon, sir,

With reverence to the queen : yet why should I
 Fear to speak plain what pointeth to your good ?
 A good old widow is a hungry thing—
 I speak of other widows, not of queens.

The. Speak to thy purpose.

Cra. I approach it. Sir,

Should young Euphanes clasp the kingdom thus,
 And please the good old lady some one night,
 What might not she be wrought to put on you,
 Quite to supplant your birth ? neither is she
 Past children, as I take it.

The. Crates, thou shak'st me :

Thou, that dost hate thy brother for my love,
 In my love find one ; henceforth be my brother.
 This giant I will fell beneath the earth ;
 I will shine out, and melt his artful wings :
 Euphanes, from my mother's sea of favours,
 Spreads like a river, and runs calmly on,
 Secure yet from my storms ; like a young pine

He grows up planted under a fair oak,
Whose strong large branches yet do^r shelter him,
And every traveller admires his beauty :
But, like a wind, I'll work into his cranks^s,
Trouble his stream, and drown all vessels that
Ride on his greatness : under my mother's arms,
Like to a stealing tempest, will I search,
And rend his root from her protection.

Cra. Ay, now Theanor speaks like prince Theanor.

The. But how shall we provoke him to our snares ?
He has a temper malice cannot move
To exceed the bounds of judgment ; he is so wise,
That we can pick no cause to affront him.

Cra. No ?
What better than his crossing your intent ?
The suit I had to you ? Conon's forfeit state^t
(Before he travell'd) for a riot, he
Hath from your mother got restor'd to him.

The. Durst he ? what is this Conon ?

Cra. One that hath,
As people say, in foreign countries^u pleasur'd him.
But now no more ;

Enter ONOS, Uncle, Tutor, NEANTHES, SOSICLES, and ERATON.
They have brought the travellers I told you of.
That's the sweet youth that is my brother's rival,
That curls his head, for he has little hair,
And paints his vizor, for it is no face,
That so desires to follow you, my lord :
Shew 'em some countenance, and it will beget
Our sport at least.

The. What villanous crab-tree legs^v
He makes ! his shins are full of true-love knots.

Cra. His legs were ever villanous, since I knew him.

^r *do*] Both the folios "do's."

^s *cranks*] i. e. bending or winding passages.—There is a strange jumble of metaphors in this speech. ^t *state*] i. e. estate,—as frequently before.

^u *countries*] So the second folio.—Not in the first.

^v *legs*] i. e. bows.

Era. Faith, his uncle's shanks are somewhat the better.

Nean. But is 't possible he should believe he is not of age? why, he is fifty, man; in's jubilee, I warrant: 's slight, he looks older than a groat; the very stamp on's face is worn out with handling.

Sos. Why, I tell you, all men believe it when they hear him speak, he utters such single^v matter in so infantly a voice.

Nean. He looks as like a fellow that I have seen accommodate gentlemen with tobacco in our theatres^w!

Onos. Most illustrious prince!

Era. A pox on him, he is gelt! how he trebles!

Onos. I am a gentleman o' both sides.

Tutor. He means (so 't please your highness) both by father and mother.

Sos. Thou a gentleman! thou an ass.

Nean. He is ne'er the farther from being a gentleman, I assure you.

Tutor. May it please your grace, I am another.

Nean. He is another ass, he says; I believe him.

Uncle. We be three, heroical prince—

Nean. Nay, then, we must have the picture of 'em^x, and the word^y *Nos sumus*.

Tutor. That have travelled all parts of the globe together.

Uncle. For my part, I have seen the vicissitude of fortune before.

Onos. Peace, uncle; for, though you speak a little better than I—

Nean. 'Tis a very little, in truth.

Onos. Yet, we must both give place, as they say, to the best speaker, the tutor.

Tutor. Yet, since it hath pleased your radiance to decline so low as on us poor and unworthy dung-hills—

Nean. What a stinking knave's this!

^v *single*] i. e. weak, silly.

^w *tobacco in our theatres*] See notes, vol. i. 20, vol. ii. 144.

^x *the picture of 'em, &c.*] "Alluding to the sign of the Loggerheads." MASON.
"Much like vnto the picture of *We Three*."

Taylor's *Farewell to the Tower Bottles*,—*Workes*, 1630, p. 124, where the note is, "The picture of two Fooles and the third looking on."

^y *word*] i. e. motto.

Tutor. Our peregrination was ne'er so felicitated, as since we entered the line of your gracious favour ; under whose beamy aspect, and by which infallible mathematical compass, may we but hereafter presume to sail, our industries have reached their desired termination and period ; and we shall voluntarily sacrifice our lives to your resplendent eyes, both the altars and fires of our devoted offerings.

Onos. Oh, divine tutor !

Cra. Can you hold, sir ?

Era. He has spoken this very speech to some whore in Corinth.

Nean. A plague on him for a fustian dictionary ! On my conscience, this is the Ulyssean traveller that sent home^y his image riding upon elephants to the great Mogul.

Sos. The same ; his wit is so huge, nought but an elephant could carry him.

Era. So heavy, you mean.

Nean. These three are even the finest one fool tripartite that was e'er discovered.

Sos. Or a treatise of famine, divided into three branches.

^y *the Ulyssean traveller that sent home, &c.*] "The *Ulyssean traveller* here mentioned was the celebrated Thomas Coryate, who is supposed to have travelled more miles on foot than any person of that age, or in any period since. He was undoubtedly not in his perfect senses ; but was a man of considerable learning, and appears to have related faithfully what he saw ; for he became ridiculous chiefly by dwelling with too much attention on the trifling accidents which happened to him during his journey. In the year 1608, he set out from England, and went on foot as far as Venice, and back again ; a journey which he completed in five months. He published an account of it in the year 1611, in a large quarto volume [called *Crudities, &c.*], containing 655 pages, besides more than 100 filled with commendatory verses by Ben Jonson and most of the wits of the age, who both laughed at him and flattered his vanity at the same time. An extract from this singular performance is given in a note on act IV. sc. 1. He afterwards travelled into Persia, and from thence into the East-Indies, still on foot, and died at Surat in the year 1617. The piece alluded to by our author was entitled *Thomas Coriate, Traueller for the English Wits, greeting from the Court of the Great Mogul, resident at the Towne of Asmere in Easterne India. Printed by W. Jaggard and Henry Featherston, 1616, quarto.* It has, in the frontispiece, a representation of the author riding on an elephant." REED. I may add, that among the commendatory verses prefixed to the *Crudities* (and originally published under the title of *The Olcombian Banquet, &c.* 1611,) is a copy headed 'A parallell betweene Don Vlysses of Ithaca and Don Coryate of Odcombe.'

Era. The prince speaks.

The. I thank ye for your loves ; but, as I told you,
I have so little means to do for those
Few followers I have already, that
I would have none shipwreck themselves and fortune
Upon my barren shelf. Sue to Euphanes,
For he is prince and queen. I would have no man
Curse me in his old age.

Cra. Alas, sir, they desire to follow you
But afar off ! the farther off the better.

Tutor. Ay, sir ; an't be seven mile off, so we may but
follow you, only to countenance us in the confronts and
affronts, which (according to your highness' will) we mean
on all occasions to put upon the lord Euphanes.

Onos. He shall not want gibing nor jeering, I warrant
him ; if he do, I'll forswear wit.

Nean. It has forsworn thee, I'll swear ; it is the ancient
enemy to thy house.

The. Well, be it so ; I here receive ye for my followers a
great way off.

Nean. Seven miles, my lord ; no further.

Onos. By what time, sir, (by this measure) may I come to
follow him in his chamber ?

Nean. Why, when his chamber, sir, is seven miles long.

Enter EUPHANES, CONON, Page, Gentlemen, *and* Attendants.

Gent. Make way there for my lord Euphanes !

Cra. Look, sir, Jove appears !

The peacock of our state, that spreads a train
Brighter than Iris' blushes after rain.

Euph. You need not thank me, Conon : in your love
You antedated what I can do for you,
And I in gratitude was bound to this,
And am to much more ; and whate'er he be
Can with unthankfulness assoil^z me, let him
Dig out mine eyes, and sing my name in verse,
In ballad-verse, at every drinking-house,

^z *assoil*] If the right reading, must mean—soil, stain.

And no man be so charitable to lend me
A dog to guide my steps.

Nean. Hail to Euphanes !

Sos. Mighty Euphanes !

Era. The great prince Euphanes !

Tutor. Key of the court, and jewel of the queen !

Uncle. Sol in our firmament !

Onos. Pearl in the state's eye !

Nean. Being a black man.

Era. Mistress of the land !

Nean. Our humble, humble, poor petitions are,
That we may hold our places.

All. May we ?

Euph. Yes ;

Be you malicious knaves still ; and you fools.

Con. This is the prince's and your brother's spite.

Euph. I know 't, but will not know it.

Con. Yonder they are.—

Whose fine child's this ?

Uncle. Sir !

Onos. Uncle, le' be^a,

Let him alone ; he is a mighty prince.

Euph. I ask your highness' pardon ; I protest
By Jupiter, I saw you not.

The. Hum ; it may be so :

You have rais'd such mountains 'twixt your eyes and me,
That I am hidden quite. What do you mean, sir ?
You much forget yourself.

Euph. I should much more,
Not to remember my due duty to your grace.
I know not wherein I have so transgress'd
My service to your highness^b, to deserve
This rigour and contempt, not from you only,
But from your followers, with the best of whom
I was an equal in my lowest ebb :
Beseech you, sir, respect me as a gentleman ;

^a *le' be*] i. e. let be, forbear. We have already had *le'* for *let* : see vol. iv. 56.

^b *transgress'd*

My service to your highness] See note, p. 65.

I will be never more in heart to you :
 Five fair descents I can derive myself
 From fathers worthy both in arts and arms.
 I know your goodness companies your greatness,
 But that you are perverted : royal sir,
 I am your humblest subject ; use your pleasure,
 But do not give protection to the wrongs
 Of these subordinate slaves, whom I could crush
 By that great destin'd favour which my mistress
 And your majestic mother deigns to me,
 But in respect of you. I know lean envy
 Waits ever on the steps of virtue advanc'd ;
 But why your mother's grace gets me disgrace,
 Or renders me a slave to bear these wrongs,
 I do not know.—Oh, mediocrity,
 Thou prizeless jewel, only mean men have,
 But cannot value ; like the precious gem
 Found in the muckhill by the ignorant cock !

The. Your creamy words but cozen : how durst you
 Intercept me so lately to my mother ?
 And what I meant your brother, you obtain'd
 Unto the forfeiter^c again.

Cra. Your answer
 To that, my lord my brother.

Euph. May I perish,
 If e'er I heard you intended such a suit !
 Though 'twould have stuck an ignominious brand
 Upon your highness, to have given your servant
 A gentleman's whole state^d of worth and quality,
 Confiscate only for a youthful brawl.

The. Your rudiments are too saucy ; teach your page.

Con. Ay, so are all things but your flatterers.

Onos. Hold you your prating.

Con. You know where you are, you fleeten face^e.

Euph. Yet, sir, to appease and satisfy your anger,

^c *forfeiter*] Both the folios "forfeiture."

^d *state*] i. e. estate.

^e *you fleeten face*] "To *fleet* is to skim milk. A *fleeten face* means what we now call a whey-face." MASON.

Take what you please from me, and give it him,
In lieu of this. You shall not take it neither,
I freely will impart it, half my state ;
Which, brother, if you please——

Cra. I 'll starve in chains first,
Eat my own arms.

Euph. Oh, that you saw yourself !
You ne'er made me such offer in my poorness ;
And 'cause, to do you ease, I sought not to you^f,
You thus malign me : yet your nature must not
Corrupt mine, nor your rude examples lead me :
If mine can mend you, I shall joy. You know
I fear you not ; you have seen me prov'd a man
In every way of fortune : 'tis my comfort
I know no more such brothers in the world
As Crates is.

Con. Nor I such as Euphanes :
The temper of an angel reigns in thee.

Euph. Your royal mother, sir, (I had forgot,)
Entreats your presence.

The. You have done her errand ;
I may do yours.

Euph. Let it be truth, my lord. [Exit THEANOR.]

Con. Crates, I 'll question you for this. -

Cra. Pish, your worst !

[Exeunt CRATES, NEANTHES, SOSICLES, and ERATON.]

Con. Away, you hounds, after your scent !

Onos. Come, we 'll scorn to talk to 'em. Now they are gone,
We 'll away too. [Exeunt ONOS, Uncle, and Tutor.]

Con. Why bear you this, my lord ?

Euph. To shew the passive fortitude the best :
Virtue's a solid rock, whereat being aim'd
The keenest darts of envy, yet unhurt
Her marble heroes stand, built of^g such bases,
Whilst they recoil, and wound the shooters' faces.

Con. My lord, the queen.

^f *sought not to you*] i. e. did not solicit you : see notes, vol. iv. 420, and pp. 160, 215 of the present vol.

^g *of*] i. e. on.—Altered by Weber to "on".

Enter Queen and Ladies.

Queen. Gentle Euphanes, how,
How dost thou, honest lord? Oh, how I joy
To see what I have made! like a choice workman,
That, having fram'd a master-piece, doth reap
An universal commendation!
Princes are gods in this. I'll build thee yet,
The good foundation so pleases me,
A story or two higher; let dogs bark:
They are fools that hold them dignified by blood;
They should be only made great that are good.

Euph. Oraculous madam!

Queen. Sirrah, I was thinking,
If I should marry thee, what merry tales
Our neighbour islands^g would make of us:
But let that pass; you have a mistress
That would forbid our banes^h. Troth, I have wish'd
A thousand times that I had been a man;
Then I might sit a day with thee alone,
And talkⁱ;
But, as I am, I must not. There's no skill
In being good, but in not being thought ill.
Sirrah, who's that?

Euph. So't please your majesty,
Conon, the friend I su'd for.

Queen. 'Tis despatch'd.

Con. Gracious madam,
I owe the gods and you my life.

Queen. I thank you,
I thank you heartily; and I do think you
A very honest man; he says you are.—
But now I'll chide thee: what's the cause my son

^g *islands*] Perhaps, as Sympson suspected, the author wrote "islanders."—
In the next line, "mistress" is to be read as a trisyllable.

^h *banes*] Altered by the Editors of 1778 to "bans", and by Weber to "banns".
But *banes* was a very common form of the word: see, for instance, Herrick's
Hesperides, p. 42, ed. 1648, and Dekker's *Shoemaker's Holiday*, sig H 3. ed.
1600, where it is used as a rhyme.

ⁱ *And talk*] So arranged in both the folios.

(For my eye 's every where, and I have heard)
 So insolently does thee contumelies
 Past sufferance (I am told), yet you complain not ?
 As if my justice were so partial
 As not to right the meanest : credit me,
 I 'll call him to a strict account, and fright,
 By his example, all that dare curb me
 In any thing that 's just. I sent you for him.

Euph. Humbly he did return, he would wait on you.
 But let me implore your majesty, not to give
 His highness any check for worthless me :
 They are court-cankers, and not counsellors,
 That thus inform you ; they do but hate the prince,
 And would subvert me. I should curse my fortune,
 Even at the highest, to be made the gin^j
 To unscrew a mother's love unto her son :
 Better had my pale flame in humble shades
 Been spent unseen, than to be rais'd thus high,
 Now to be thought a meteor to the state,
 Portending ruin and contagion.
 Beseech you, then, rest satisfied, the prince
 Is a most noble-natur'd gentleman,
 And never did to me but what I took
 As favours from him : my blown billows must not
 Strive 'gainst my shore, that should confine me, nor
 Justle with rocks to break themselves to pieces.

Queen. Well, thou 'rt the composition of a god :
 My lion, lamb, my eaglet, and my dove,
 Whose soul runs clearer than Diana's fount !
 Nature pick'd several flowers from her choice banks,
 And bound 'em up in thee, sending thee forth
 A posy for the bosom of a queen.

Enter a Lady.

Lady. The prince attends you.

Queen. Farewell, my good lord,
 My honest man. Stay ; hast no other suit ?

^j gin] i. e. engine, instrument.

I prithee, tell me ; sirrah, thine eye speaks
As if thou hadst ; out with it, modest fool.

Euph. With favour, madam, I would crave your leave
To marry, where I am bound in gratitude ;
The immediate means she was to all my being,
Nor do I think your wisdom, sacred queen,
Fetters in favours, taking from me so
The liberty that meanest men enjoy.

Queen. To marry ! you are a fool : thou 'st anger'd me.
Leave me ; I 'll think on 't.—[*Exeunt EUPHANES and CONON.*
Only to try thee this, for, though I love thee,
I can subdue myself ; but she that can
Enjoy thee, doth enjoy more than a man. [*Aside.*

Re-enter THEANOR, and kneels.

Nay, rise without a blessing, or kneel still.
What 's, sir, the reason you oppose me thus,
And seek to darken what I would have shine ?
Eclipse a fire much brighter than thyself,
Making your mother not a competent judge
Of her own actions ?

The. Gracious madam, I
Have done no more than what in royalty,
And to preserve your fame, was fit to do.
Heard you the people's talk of you, and him
You favour so, his greatness, and your love,
The pity given to me, you would excuse me :
They prate as if he did dishonour you ;
And what know I but his own lavish tongue
Has utter'd some such speeches ? he is call'd
The king of Corinth.

Queen. They are traitors all :
I wear a crystal casement 'fore my heart,
Through which each honest eye may look into 't ;
Let it be prospect unto all the world,
I care not this !

The. This must not be my way.— [*Aside.*
Your pardon, gracious madam ! These incitements
Made me not shew so clear a countenance

Upon the lord Euphanes as I would ;
 Which since your majesty affects so grievously,
 I'll clear the black cloud off it, and henceforth
 Vow on this knee all love and grace to him.

Queen. Rise, with my blessing ; and, to prove this true,
[THEANOR rises.

Bear him from me this cabinet of jewels [Giving a cabinet.
 In your own person ; tell him, for his marrying,
 He may dispose him how and when he please.

The. I shall discharge my duty and your will.
[Exeunt QUEEN and Ladies.

Crates !

Re-enter CRATES.

Cra. I have heard all, my lord : how luckily
 Fate pops her very spindle in our hands !
 This marriage with Beliza you shall cross ;
 Then have I one attempt for Lamprias more
 Upon this Phaëton. Where's Merione's ring,
 That in the rape you took from her ?

The. 'Tis here.

Cra. In, and effect our purpose. You, my lord,
 Shall disobey your mother's charge, and send
 This cabinet by some servant of her own,
 That what succeeds may have no reference
 Unto your highness.

The. On, my engine, on !

Cra. Now, if we be not struck by Heaven's own hand,
 We'll ruin him, and on his ruins stand. [Exeunt.

SCENE II.—*A room in the house of BELIZA^j, hung with black, and lit with tapers.*

Enter AGENOR, LEONIDAS, MERIONE, and BELIZA.

SONG.^k

Weep no more, nor sigh, nor groan ;
Sorrow calls no time that 's gone :
Violets pluck'd, the sweetest rain
Makes not fresh nor grow again :
Trim thy locks, look chearfully ;
Fate's hid^l ends eyes cannot see :
Joys as wingèd dreams fly fast ;
Why should sadness longer last ?
Grief is but a wound to woe :
Gentlest fair, mourn, mourn no mo^m.

Age. These heavyⁿ airs feed sorrow in her, lady,
And nourish it too strongly ; like a mother
That spoils her child with giving on't the will.

Bel. Some lighter note !

SONG.

Court-ladies, laugh and wonder : here is one
That weeps because her maidenhead is gone ;
Whilst you do never fret, nor chafe, nor cry,
But when too long it keeps you company :
Too well you know, maids are like towns on fire,
Wasting themselves, if no man quench desire.
Weep, then, no more, fool : a new maidenhead
Thou suffer'st loss of in each chaste tear shed.

Leo. How like a hill of snow she sits, and melts
Before the unchaste fire^o of others' lust !
What heart can see her passion, and not break ?

Age. Take comfort, gentle madam : you know well,
Even actual sins, committed without will,

^j *house of BELIZA*] Weber gives "*house of Leonidas*" : but see p. 424, l. i. sqq.

^k *Song*] Here the first folio has only a stage-direction, "*A sad Song*", and a little after, "*A lighter Song*". The second folio gives both the songs. The Editors of 1778 chose to remove them from the text into a note.

^l *hid*] Altered by the modern editors to "hidden."

^m *mo*] i. e. more.

ⁿ *heavy*] Omitted by Weber !

^o *fire*] Weber printed "fires."

Are neither sins nor shame, much more compell'd ;
 Your honour's no whit less, your chastity
 No whit impair'd, for fair Merione
 Is more a virgin yet than all her sex.
 Alas, 'tis done ^p ! why burn these tapers now ?
 Wicked and frantic creatures joy in night.

Leo. Imagine fair Merione had dream'd
 She had been ravish'd, would she sit thus then
 Excruciate ?

Mer. Oh !

Bel. Fie, fie, how fond ^q is this !
 What reason for this surfeit of remorse ?
 How many that have done ill, and proceed,
 Women that take degrees in wantonness,
 Commence, and rise in rudiments of lust,
 That feel no scruple of this tenderness ?

Mer. Pish !

Bel. Nor are you matchless in mishap ; even I
 Do bear an equal part of misery,
 That love, belov'd, a man the crown of men,
 Whom I have friended,^r and how rais'd, 'tis better
 That all do know and speak it than myself :
 When he sail'd low I might have made him mine ;
 Now, at his full gale, it is questionable
 If ever I o'ertake him.

Age. Wherefore sits
 My Phœbe shadow'd in a sable cloud ?

^p *Alas, 'tis done.*] "Mr. Seward concurred with me in taking this passage out of the mouth of *Agenor*, and putting it into that of *Merione*, to whom it undoubtedly belongs; for she breaks out into this passionate sentence, and interrupts the prince, before he could conclude his consolatory address." SYMPSON. So too the Editors of 1778 and Weber. But it is plain that, till she discovers the ring, Merione utters nothing except the exclamations "Oh" and "Pish": Agenor presently says,

"Why shift you places thus, Merione,
 And will not lend a word?"

There is probably some corruption in "*done*."

^q *fond*] i. e. foolish.

^r *Whom I have friended*] Altered by Sympson (see *Errata* to vol. vi. ed. 1750) to "*Whom how I've friended*"; and so the Editors of 1778;—rightly, perhaps, though Mason pronounces the alteration to be unnecessary.

Those pearly drops which thou let'st fall like beads,
 Numbering on them thy vestal orisons,
 Alas, are spent in vain ! I love thee still :
 In midst of all these showers thou sweetlier scent'st,
 Like a green meadow on an April-day,
 In which the sun and west wind play together,
 Striving to catch and drink the balmy drops.

Enter Servant.

Serv. The lord Euphanes, madam.

[*Exit.*

[*Exit* MERIONE.

Age. Poor Merione !

She loathes the light and men.

[*Exit with* LEONIDAS.

Enter EUPHANES.

Euph. The virtuous gods preserve my mistress !

Bel. Oh, my most honour'd lord, those times are chang'd !

Euph. Let times and men change: could Heaven change,
 Euphanes

Should never change to be devoted ever
 To fair Beliza. Should my load of honours,
 Or any grace which you were author of,
 Detract mine honour, and diminish grace ?
 The gods forbid ! You here behold your servant,
 Your creature, gentle lady, whose sound sleeps
 You purchas'd for him, whose food you paid for,
 Whose garments were your charge, whose first preferment
 You founded ; then, what since the gracious queen
 Hath, or can rear, is upon your free land,
 And you are mistress of.

Bel. Mock me not, gentle lord ;

You shine now in too high a sphere for me ;
 We are planets now disjoin'd for ever : yet,
 Poor superstitious innocent that I am,
 Give leave that I may lift my hands, and love,
 Not in idolatry, but perfect zeal ;
 For, credit me, I repent nothing I have done,
 But, were it to begin, would do the same.

Euph. There are two seas in Corinth, and two queens,
 And, but there, not two such in the spacious universe.

I came to tender you the man you have made,
 And, like a thankful stream, to retribute
 All you, my ocean, have enrich'd me with.
 You told me once you'd marry me.

Bel. Another mock? you were wont to play fair play.
 You scorn poor helps; he, that is sure to win,
 May slight mean hearts, whose hand commands the queen.

Euph. Let me be held the knave through all the stock,
 When I do slight my mistress! You know well
 The gracious inclination of the queen,
 Who sent me leave this morning to proceed
 To marry as I saw convenience,
 And a great gift of jewels: three days hence
 The general sacrifice is done to Vesta,
 And, can you by then be accommodated,
 Your servant shall wait on you to the temple.

Bel. Till now^s
 I never felt a real joy indeed.

Euph. Here, then, I seal my duty, here my love:
 Till which vouchsafe to wear this ring, dear mistress;
 'Twas the queen's token, and shall celebrate
 Our nuptials.

Bel. Honour still raise, and preserve
 My honour'd lord, as he preserves all honour!

[*Exit* EUPHANES.]

Re-enter MERIONE, AGENOR, and LEONIDAS.

Age. Why shift you places thus, Merione,
 And will not lend a word? Couldst thou so soon
 Leave sorrow as the place, how blest were I!
 But 'twill not be; grief is an impudent guest,
 A follower every where, a hanger-on,
 That words nor blows can drive away.

Leo. Dear sister!

Bel. Who can be sad? out with these tragic lights,
 And let day repossess her natural hours;
 Tear down these blacks, cast ope the casements wide,
 That we may jocundly behold the sun!

^s *Till now*] So arranged in both the folios.

I did partake with sad Merione
 In all her mourning ; let her now rejoice
 With glad Beliza, for Euphanes is
 As full of love, full of humility,
 As when he wanted.

Mer. Oh !—that——

Leo. Help ! she faints ;
 Her grief has broke her heart.

Mer. No—that—that——

Age. Mistress, what point you at ?—
 Her lamps are out, yet still she extends her hand,
 As if she saw something antipathous
 Unto her virtuous life.

Leo. Still, still she points,
 And her lips move, but no articulate sound
 Breathes from 'em.—Sister, speak, what moves you thus ?

Bel. Her spirits return.

Mer. Oh, hide that fatal ring !
 Where had it you, Beliza ?

Bel. What hid fate
 Depends on it ?—Euphanes gave it me,
 As holy pledge of future marriage.

Mer. Then is Euphanes the foul ravisher ;
 Let me speak this, and die. That dismal night
 Which seal'd my shame upon me, was that ring
 The partner of my robb'd virginity.

Leo. Euphanes !

Age. Strange !

Bel. Impossible !

Mer. Impossible to have redress on him,
 Chief servant to the queen. Ha ! I have read
 Somewhere, I am sure, of such an injury
 Done to a lady, and how she durst die.

[*Exit.*

Age. Oh, follow her, Beliza !

Bel. To assure her
 The unlikelihood of this.

[*Exit.*

Age. Love hides all sins.
 What's to be done, Leonidas ?

Leo. Why, this——

Amazement takes up all my faculties :
 The plagues of gods and men will muster all,
 To avenge this tyranny. Oh, frontless man,
 To dare do ill, and hope to bear it thus !
 First let 's implore, then cure.

Age. Who, who can trust
 The gentle looks and words of two-fac'd man ?
 Like Corinth's double torrent, you and I
 Will rush upon the land ; nor shall the queen
 Defend this villain in his villany :
 Lust's violent flames can never be withstood,
 Nor quench'd, but with as violent streams of blood. [*Exeunt.*]

ACT IV.

SCENE I.—*Before the Palace.*

Enter CRATES, Uncle, Tutor, and ONOS.

Onos. Thinks he to carry her, and live ?

Cra. It seems so :

And she will carry him, the story says.

Onos. Well ; hum ;

Have I for this, thou fair, but falsest fair,
 Stretch'd this same simple leg over the sea ?
 What though my bashfulness and tender years
 Durst ne'er reveal my affection to thy teeth ?
 Deep love ne'er tattles, and, say they, love's bit
 The deeper dipp'd, the sweeter still is it.

Tutor. Oh, see the power of love ! he speaks in rhyme.

Cra. Oh, love will make a dog howl in rhyme^t.

Of all the lovers yet I have heard or read,
 This is the strangest : but his guardian,
 And you, his tutor, should inform him better :
 Thinks he that love is answer'd by instinct ?

Tutor. He should make means ;

^t *Oh, love will make a dog howl in rhyme*] Silently altered by Sympson to,
 " *Oh, love would make a dog to howl in rhyme*" !

For certain, sir, his bashfulness undoes him,
 For from his cradle he had a shameful face.
 Thus walks he night and day, eats not a bit,
 Nor sleeps one jot, but 's grown so humorous,
 Drinks ale, and takes tobacco as you see ;
 Wears a stiletto at his codpiece close,
 Stabs on the least occasion ; strokes his beard,
 Which now he puts i' the posture of a T,
 The Roman T ; your T beard is the fashion^v,
 And twifold doth express the enamour'd courtier,
 As full as your fork-carving traveller^w.

^v *your T beard is the fashion*] See note, p. 430.—Gifford (note on *B. Jonson's Works*, ii. 201) cites the present passage as affording a proof that this mode of wearing the beard, "from its perfect absurdity," was in high request.

^w *fork-carving traveller*] "The 'precise time' [—Reed alludes to a note by Sympson on the present passage—] when the use of *forks* was introduced into this kingdom will appear with certainty from the following extract from *Coryats Crudities, hastily gobbled vp in five Moneths Trauells in France, Sauoy, Italy, Rhetia commonly called the Grisons country, Heluetia alias Switzerland, some parts of high Germany, and the Netherlands, &c.* 1611, 4to, p. 90. As the passage is curious on account of its describing one of the customs of the times, we shall make no apology for the length of it :—'Here I wil mention a thing that might haue been spoken of before in discourse of the first Italian towne. I obserued a custome in all those Italian cities and townes through the which I passed, that is not vsed in any other country that I saw in my trauels, neither doe I thinke that any other nation of Christendome doth vse it, but only Italy. The Italian, and also most strangers that are commorant in Italy, doe alwaies at their meales vse a little *forke* when they cut their meate. For while with their knife, which they hold in one hand, they cut the meate out of the dish, they fasten their *forke*, which they hold in their other hand, vpon the same dish : so that whatsoever he be that, sitting in the company of any others at meale, should vnaduisedly touch the dish of meate with his fingers, from which all at the table doe cut, he will giue occasion of offence vnto the company, as hauing transgressed the lawes of good manners, insomuch that for his error he shall be at the least brow-beaten, if not reprehended in wordes. This forme of feeding, I vnderstand, is generally vsed in all places of Italy, their *forkes* being for the most part made of yron or steele, and some of siluer, but those are vsed only by gentlemen. The reason of this their curiosity is, because the Italian cannot by any meanes indure to haue his dish touched with fingers, seing all mens fingers are not alike cleane. Hereupon, I myselfe thought good to imitate the Italian fashion by this *forked* cutting of meate, not only while I was in Italy, but also in Germany, and oftentimes in England since I came home ; being once quipped for that frequent vsing of my *forke* by a certaine learned gentleman, a familiar friend of mine, one M. Laurence Whitaker, who in his merry humour doubted not to call me at table *furcifer*, only for vsing a *forke* at feeding, but for no other cause.'" REED. Compare Ben Jonson's *The Devil is an Ass*, act v. sc. 3, and Gifford's note, *Works*, v. 136.

Onos. Oh,
 Black clouds of discontent, envelope me !
 Garters, fly off; go, hatband, bind the brows
 Of some dull citizen that fears to ache ;
 And, leg, appear now in simplicity,
 Without the trappings of a courtier ;
 Burst, buttons, burst, your bachelor is worm'd !—

Cra. A worm-eaten bachelor thou art indeed.

Onos. And, devil Melancholy, possess^x me now !

Uncle. Cross him not in this fit, I advise you, sir.

Onos. Die, crimson rose, that didst adorn these cheeks,
 For itch of love is now broke forth on me !

Uncle. Poor boy, 'tis true ; his wrists and hands are scabby.

Onos. Burn, eyes, out in your sockets, sink and stink ;
 Teeth, I will pick ye to the very bones ;
 Hang, hair, like hemp, or like the Isling cur's^y,
 For never powder nor the crisping-iron
 Shall touch these dangling locks ; oh, ruby lips,
 Love hath to you been like wine-vinegar,
 Now you look wan and pale, lips' ghosts ye are ;^z
 And my disgrace sharper than mustard seed !

Cra. How like a chandler he does vent his passions !

Risum teneatis ?

Onos. Well sung the poet,
 Love is a golden *bubo*, full of dreams,
 That ripen'd breaks, and fills us with extremes.

Tutor. A gold[en] *bubble*, pupil : oh, gross solecism
 To chaster ears that understand the Latin !

Onos. I will not be corrected now ;
 I am in love : revenge is now the cud
 That I do chaw^a ; I'll challenge him.

^x *possess*] Both the folios "possesses."

^y *Isling cur's*] Weber chose to print "Iceland curs". "*Isling*" (which occurs in writers long anterior to Fletcher's time) is a corruption of *Iceland*.—This sort of dog (white, shaggy, and sharp-eared) was formerly much prized by ladies.

^z *lips' ghosts ye are*] Mason's correction, and obviously necessary.—Both the folios have "*lips, ghosts ye are*"; and so the modern editors.

^a *chaw*] Altered by the Editors of 1778 and Weber to "chew."

Cra. Ay, marry, sir.

Uncle. Your honour bids you, nephew; on and prosper.

Onos. But none will bear it from me; times are dangerous.

Cra. Carry it yourself, man.

Onos. Tutor, your counsel.—I'll do nothing, sir,
Without him.

Uncle. This may rid^a thee, valiant coz,
Whom I have kept this forty year my ward:
Fain would I have his state^b; and now of late
He did inquire at Ephesus for his age^c,
But, the church-book being burnt with Dian's temple,
He lost his aim. I have tried to famish him,
Marry, he'll live o' stones; and then for poisons,
He is an antidote 'gainst all of 'em,—
He sprung from Mithridates; he's so dry and hot,
He will eat spiders faster than a monkey;
His maw, unhurt, keeps quicksilver like a bladder;
The largest dose of camphire, opium,
Harms not his brain; I think his scull's as empty
As a suck'd egg; vitriol and oil of tartar
He will eat toasts of; henbane, I am sure,
And hemlock, I have made his pot-herbs often. [*Aside.*

Cra. If he refuse you, yours is then the honour;
If he accept, he being so great, you may
Crave both to choose the weapon, time, and place,
Which may be ten years hence, and Calicut
Or underneath the Line, to avoid advantage.

Onos. I am resolvèd.

Tutor. By your favour, pupil,
Whence shall this challenge rise? for you must ground it
On some such fundamental base or matter
As now the gentry set their lives upon.

^a *rid*] i. e. despatch, destroy.

^b *state*] i. e. estate.

^c *He did inquire at Ephesus for his age, &c.*] "'Tis to be wished our authors had not been guilty of this and the like anachronisms." SYMPSON. A similar absurdity is found in *The Old Law*: see Massinger's *Works*, iv. 506, ed. 1813, where Gifford observes, that in several passages there is a resemblance between that play and *The Queen of Corinth*.

Did you e'er cheat him at some ordinary,
 And durst he say so, and be angry ? if thus,
 Then you must challenge him : hath he call'd your whore
Whore ? though she be, beside yours, twenty men's,
 Your honour, reputation, is touch'd then,
 And you must challenge him : has he denied
 On thirty *damme's* to accommodate ^d money ?
 Though you have broke threescore before to him ^e,
 Here you must challenge him : durst he ever shun
 To drink two pots of ale wi' you, or to wench,
 Though weighty business otherwise importun'd ?
 He is a proud lord,
 And you may challenge him : has he familiarly
 Dislik'd your yellow starch ^f ? or said your doublet
 Was not exactly Frenchified ? or that that report
 In fair terms was untrue ? or drawn your sword,
 Cried 'twas ill mounted ? has he given the lie
 In circle, or oblique, or semi-circle,
 Or direct parallel ^g ? you must challenge him.

Onos. He never gave my direct apparel ^h the lie in's life.

^d *accommodate*] "This word was considered as one of the conceited phrases of the time. Bobadil, in Ben Jonson's *Every Man in his Humour*, calls it one of 'the words of action;' and in the same author's *Discoveries* it is styled one of 'the perfumed terms of the time.'" WEBER.

^e *Though you have broke threescore before to him*] Sympson's correction.—Both the folios have,

"*Though he have broke threescore before to you.*"

^f *yellow starch*] See note, vol. iv. 369.

^g *has he given the lie*

In circle, or oblique, or semi-circle,

Or direct parallel]—*in direct parallel*, is the lie direct ; *in circle, or oblique, or semi-circle*, the lie circumstantial. So B. Jonson, nearly in the same words ;

"And then rules

To give and take the lie by.

Kas. How ! to take it !

Face. Yes, in oblique he'll shew you, or in circle ;

But never in diameter."

The Alchemist, act iii. sc. 2.—*Works*, iv. 107. ed. Gifford.

Compare Shakespeare's *As you like it*, act v. sc. 4.

^h *my direct apparel*] "Sympson, not thinking this blunder of *Onos* was intended by the poets, reads,

'*He never gave me th' direct parallel lie in's life.*'" Ed. 1778.

Tutor. But, for the crown of all, has he refus'd
To pledge your mistress' health? though he were sick,
And crav'd your pardon, you must challenge him,
There's no avoiding; one or both must drop.

Onos. Exquisite tutor!

Enter NEANTHES and Page.

Nean. Crates, I have sought you long: what make you here
Fooling with these three-farthings, while the town
Is all in uproar, and the prince our master,
Seiz'd by Leonidas and Agenor, carried
And prisoner kept i' the castle flanks
The west part of the city, where they vow
To hold him till your brother, lord Euphanes,
Be render'd to 'em, with his life to satisfy
The rape, by him suspected to Merione?
The queen refuses to deliver him,
Pawning her knowledge for his innocency,
And dares 'em do their worst on prince Theanor:
The whole state 's in combustion.

Cra. Fatal ring!

[*Aside.*]

Uncle. What will become of us?

Nean. And she hath given commission to Euphanes
And Conon, who have levied men already,
With violence to surprise the tower, and take 'em.
What will you do?

Cra. Along wi' you, and prevent
A further mischief.—Gentlemen, our intents
We must defer; you are the prince's followers.

Nean. Will ye walk with us?

Uncle. You shall pardon us.

Tutor. We are his followers afar off, you know,
And are contented to continue so.

[*Exeunt CRATES and NEANTHES.*]

Onos. Sir boy.

[*Gives letter.*]

Page. Sir fool! a challenge to my lord?
How dar'st thou, or thy ambs-ace¹ here, think of him?
Ye crow-pick'd heads, which your thin shoulders bear

¹ *ambs-ace*] "i. e. the lowest throw of the dice [two aces]." WEBER.

As do the poles on Corinth bridge the traitors' ;
Why, you three nine-pins, you talk of my lord
And challenges? You shall not need: come, draw ;
His page is able to swinge three such whelps :

[*Draws his sword.*

Uncle, why stand you off? Long man, advance.

Onos. 'Slight, what have we done, tutor?

Tutor. He is a boy,

And we may run away with honour.

Page. That ye shall not ;—

And, being a boy, I am fitter to encounter
A child in law as you are, under twenty :
Thou sot, thou three-score sot ! and that 's a child
Again, I grant you.

Uncle. Nephew, here 's an age !

Boys are turn'd men, and men are children.

Page. Away, you peasants, with your bought gentry !
Are not you he, when your fellow-passengers,
Your last transportment, being assail'd by a galley,
Hid yourself i' the cabin ; and, the fight done,
Peep'd above hatches, and cried, " Have we taken,
Or are we ta'en?" Come, I do want a slipper,
But this shall serve : swear all as I would have you,
Or I will call some dozen brother pages
(They are not far off, I am sure), and we will blanket you
Until you piss again.

All. Nay, we will swear, sir.

Page. 'Tis your best course.

First, you shall swear never to name my lord,
Or hear him nam'd hereafter, but bare-headed ;
Next, to begin his health in every place,
And never to refuse to pledge it, though
You surfeit to the death ; lastly, to hold
The poorest, littlest page in reverence,
To think him valianter, and a better gentleman,
Than you three stamp'd together, and to give him
Wine and tobacco wheresoe'er you meet,
And the best meat, if he can stay.

All. We swear it loyally.

Page. Then I dismiss you
True liegemen to the pantofle^j. I had
More articles ; but I have business
And cannot stay now : so adieu, dear monsieur,
Tres noble et tres puissant.

Uncle. Adieu, monsieur.

Onos. *A vostre service et commandement.* [Exit *Page.*

Tutor. I told you, pupil, you'd repent this foolery.

Onos. Who, I repent ? you are mistaken, tutor ;
I ne'er repented any thing yet in my life,
And scorn to begin now. Come, let's be melancholy^k.

[*Exeunt.*

SCENE II.—*An apartment in the Palace.*

Enter QUEEN, EUPHANES, CONON, and Lords.

First Lord. 'Twere better treat with 'em.

Queen. I will no treaties
With a league-breaker and a rebel : shall I
Article with a traitor ? be compell'd
To yield an innocent unto their fury,
Whom I have prov'd so to you ?

Euph. Gracious queen,
Though your own godlike disposition
Would succour virtue and protect the right,
Yet, for the public good, for the dear safety
Of your most royal only son, consent
To give me up the sacrifice to their malice :
My life is aim'd at ; and 'twere better far
The blood of twenty thousand such as I

^j *pantofle*] See note, p. 408.

^k *let's be melancholy*] This was considered as a mark of gentility by the gallants of former times, and appears to have been an affectation borrowed from the French : most readers will recollect what Arthur says in Shakespeare's *King John*,—

“Methinks no body should be sad but I :
Yet, I remember, when I was in France,
Young gentlemen would be as sad as night,
Only for wantonness.” Act iv. sc. 1.

Purpled our seas, than that your princely son
Should be endanger'd.

Queen. Still well said, honest fool!
Were their demand but one hair from thy head,
By all the gods, I'd scorn 'em! were they here,
The majesty that dwells upon this brow
Should strike 'em on their knees. As for my son,
Let 'em no more dare than they'll answer: I
An equal mother to my country am,
And every virtuous son of it is son
Unto my bosom, tender as mine own.

Con. Oh, you are heavenly, madam, and the gods
Can suffer nothing pass to injure you!
The life that Conon promis'd, he stands now
Ready to pay with joy.

Queen. Farewell both;
Success attend you! you have soldiers been,
Tam Marti quam Mercurio: if you bring not peace,
Bring me their heads.

Con. I will put fair for one.

Euph. Double the guard upon her highness' person.

[*Exeunt* QUEEN and Lords.]

Conon, you must perform a friendly part,
Which I shall counsel you.

Con. I am your servant.

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE III.—*Before the Castle.*

Enter THEANOR, AGENOR, and LEONIDAS, *on the battlements.*

Leo. Make good that fortification, and the watch
Keep still upon the battlements.—Royal sir,
Weigh but our injuries: we have told you fully
The manner and the matter hales us thus;
Nor shall this upstart mushroom, bred i' the night,
Sit brooding underneath your mother's wings
His damn'd impieties.

Age. For yourself, brave prince,
Fear nothing that this face of arms presents;

We ask the ravisher, and have no means
To win him from your most indulgent mother
But by this practice¹.

The. Stout Leonidas,
Princely Agenor, your wrongs cry so loud,
That whoso would condemn you is not heard :
I blame you not : who but Euphanes durst
Make stories like to this^m? My wrongs, as strong,
Ask my revengeful arm to strengthen yours ;
As for my fear, know you, and Greece throughout,
Our mother was a Spartan princess born,
That never taught me to spell such a word.

Enter EUPHANES and CONON.

Con. Sir, you do tempt your life.

Euph. Conon, no more.

Do thus, as thou wouldst save it. [*Trumpet sounded within.*]

Age. What trumpet's this ?

Leo. Beneath I do perceive

Two armèd men single, that give us summons
As they would treat.

Age. Let us descend. [*Exeunt, above, THEANOR, AGENOR,*

Con. My lord, [*and LEONIDAS.*]

I would you would excuse me, and proceed
According to the queen's directions.

Euph. Friend,

As thou wouldst wear that title after death,
Perform my charge.—No soldier, on his life,

Approach us nearer. [*To those within.*]

Enter THEANOR, AGENOR, LEONIDAS, and Soldiers.

Con. Safety to both the princes ; loyalty
To you, lord general ! The queen, your mistress
As well as ours, though not throughⁿ fear, to cut

¹ *practice*] See note, p. 124.

^m *who but Euphanes durst*

Make stories like to this ?] "i. e. Who but Euphanes dare to commit crimes to occasion such stories." MASON.

ⁿ *through*] Both the folios "to."

Civil dissention from her land, and save
 Much guiltless blood, that uproar ever thirsts,
 And for the safeguard of her son, by me
 (As you demand) hath sent the lord Euphanes
 To plead his own cause, or to suffer death,
 As you shall find him worthy ; so, delivering
 The prince back, I shall leave him to your guard.

Leo. The queen is good and gracious : kiss her hand.

Age. And seal our duties. Sir, depart in peace.

The. Oh, sir, you now perceive, when in the scales
 Nature and fond affection weigh together,
 One poises like a feather ; and you know, my lords,
 What's to be done.

Euph. Your highness is unarm'd ;
 Please you to use mine, and to lead the army
 Back to your mother.—Conon, march you with 'em.

Con. I will, my lord.—But not so far as not
 To bring you help, if danger look upon you. [*Aside.*

[*Exeunt THEANOR and CONON.*

Euph. Why do you look so strangely, fearfully,
 Or stay your deathful hand ? be not so wise
 To stop your rage. Look how unmovedly here
 I give myself my country's sacrifice,
 An innocent sacrifice : truth laughs at death,
 And terrifies the killer more than kill'd ;
 Integrity thus armless^o seeks her foes,
 And never needs the target nor the sword,
 Bow nor envenom'd shafts.

Leo. We are amaz'd,
 Not at your eloquence, but impudence,
 That dare thus front us.

Age. Kill him : who knows not
 The iron forehead that bold mischief wears ?

Leo. Forbear a while, Agenor : I do tremble ;
 And something sits like virtue in his face,
 Which the gods keep.

Euph. Agenor, strike ; Leonidas,

^o *Integrity thus armless, &c.*] Imitated from Horace's *Integer vita, &c.*

You that have purchas'd fame on certain grounds,
Lose it on supposition : smear your hands
In guiltless blood, laugh at my martyrdom ;
But yet remember, when posterity
Shall read your volumes fill'd with virtuous acts,
And shall arrive at this black bloody leaf,
Noting your foolish barbarism, and my wrong,
(As time shall make it plain,) what follows this,
Decyphering any noble deed of yours,
Shall be quite lost, for men will read no more.

Leo. Why, dare you say you are innocent ?

Euph. By all the gods, as they, of this foul crime !
Why, gentlemen, pry clean th[o]rough my life,
Then weigh these circumstances. Think you that he
Which made day night, and men to Furies turn'd,
Durst not trust silence, vizors, nor her sense
That suffer'd, but with charms and potions
Cast her asleep (for all this I have inquir'd),
Acted the fable of Proserpine's rape,
The place (by all description) like to hell,
And all to perpetrate, unknown, his lust,
Would fondly^p in his person bring a ring,
And give it a betroth'd wife, i' the same house
Where the poor injur'd lady liv'd and groan'd ?

Age. Hell gives us art to reach the depth of sin,
But leaves us wretched fools, when we are in.

Euph. Had it given me that art, and left me so,
I would not thus into the lion's jaws
Have thrust myself defenceless, for your good,
The prince's safety, or the commonweal's.
You know the Queen denied me, and sent us
Commanders to surprise you, and to raze
This tower down ; we had power enough to do it,
Or starve you, as you saw, and not to tender
My person to your wrath, which I have done,
Knowing my heart as pure as infants' sleep.

Leo. What think you, sir ?

^p *fondly*] i. e. foolishly.

Age. No harm, I am sure ; I weep.

Euph. The gods are just and mighty. But to give you
Further assurance, and to make yourselves
Judges and witnesses of my innocency,
Let me demand this question ; on what night
Was this foul deed committed ?

Age. On the eve
Before our marriage meant.

Euph. Leonidas,
(Your rage being off, that still drowns memory,)
Where was yourself and I that very night,
And what our conference ?

Leo. By the gods, 'tis true !
Both in her highness' chamber, conferring
Even of this match until an hour of day,
And then came I to call you.—We are sham'd.

Age. Utterly lost and sham'd.

Euph. Neither ; be cheer'd ;
He, that could find this out, can pardon it :
And know, this ring was sent me from the Queen ;
How she came by it, yet is not exquir'd^p :
Deeper occurrents hang on 't ; and pray Heaven
That my suspicions prove as false as yours !
Which for the world (till I have greater proof)
I dare not utter what, nor whom they touch ;
Only this build upon, with all my nerves
I'll labour with ye, till Time waken Truth.

Age. There are our swords, sir ; turn the points on us.

[*AGE. and LEO. give up their swords, and kneel.*

Leo. Punish rebellion, and revenge your wrong.

Euph. Sir, my revenge shall be to make your peace :
Neither was this rebellion, but rash love.

Re-enter CONON.

Con. How's this ! unarm'd left, now found doubly arm'd ?
And those, that would have slain him, at his feet ?
Oh, Truth, thou art a mighty conqueress !— [*Aside.*
The queen, my lord, perplex'd in care of you,
That, cross to her command, hazard yourself,

^p *exquir'd*] So the first folio (—and see Todd's *Johnson's Dict.* in v.).—The second folio "enquir'd" ; and so the modern editors.

In person here is come into the field,
 And, like a leader, marches in the head
 Of all her troops ; vows that she will demolish
 Each stone of this proud tower, be you not safe ;
 She chafes like storms in groves, now sighs, now weeps,
 And both sometimes, like rain and wind commix'd ;
 Abjures her son for ever, 'less himself
 Do fetch you off in person, that did give
 Yourself to save him of your own free will,
 And swears he must not, nor is fit to live.

Euph. Oh, she 's a mistress for the gods !

Age. And thou

A godlike servant, fit for her.

Leo. Wide Greece

May boast, because she cannot boast thy like.

Euph. Thus, Conon, tell her highness.

Con. My joy flies. [*Exit.*

Euph. Let 's toward her march.—Stern drum, speak gentle
 peace.

Leo. We are [your] prisoners ; lead us. Ne'er was known
 A precedent like this ; one unarm'd man,
 Suspected, to captive with golden words
 (Truth being his shield) so many arm'd with swords. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE IV.—*An open place in the city.*

Enter, on one side, Queen, THEANOR, CRATES, CONON, Lords, and Soldiers ; on the other, EUPHANES (with the two swords), AGENOR, LEONIDAS, and Soldiers. EUPHANES presents LEONIDAS on his knees to the Queen ; AGENOR, bare-headed, makes show of sorrow to the Queen ; she stamps, and seems to be angry at first ; EUPHANES persuades her, lays their swords at her feet ; she kisses him, gives them their swords again ; they kiss her hand, and embrace ; the Soldiers lift up EUPHANES, and shout. THEANOR and CRATES discovered : CONON whispers with CRATES ; EUPHANES, AGENOR, and LEONIDAS observe it, and AGENOR and LEONIDAS seem to promise something to EUPHANES, who then directs his Page somewhat. Exeunt all except THEANOR and CRATES.

The. We are not lucky, Crates ; this great torrent
 Bears all before him.

Cra. Such an age as this
Shall ne'er be seen again. Virtue grows fat,
And villany pines; the Furies are asleep;
Mischief, 'gainst goodness aim'd, is like a stone,
Unnaturally forc'd up an eminent hill,
Whose weight falls on our heads and buries us;
We springe ourselves, we sink in our own bogs.

The. What 's to be done?

Cra. Repent, and grow good.

The. Pish!

'Tis not the fashion, fool, till we grow old.
The people's love to him now scares me more
Than my fond mother's; both which, like two floods,
Bearing Euphanes up, will o'erflow me;
And he is worthy: would he were in heaven!
But that hereafter. Crates, help me now,
And henceforth be at ease.

Cra. Your will, my lord?

The. Beliza is to marry him forthwith;
I long to have the first touch of her too;
That will a little quiet me.

Cra. Fie, sir!

You'll be the tyrant to virginity:
To fall but once is manly; to persèver,
Beastly and desperate.

The. Cross me not, but do't:
Are not the means, the place, the instruments,
The very same? I must expect you suddenly.

Cra. I must obey you. [Exit THEANOR.]

Who is in evil once a companion,
Can hardly shake him off, but must run on.
Here I appointed Conon to attend,
Him and his sword; he promis'd to come single,
To avoid prevention: he is a man on 's word.

Enter CONON and Page.

Con. You are well met, Crates.

Cra. If we part so, Conon.

Con. Come, we must do these mutual offices;

We must be our own seconds, our own surgeons,
And fairly fight, like men, not on advantage.

Cra. You have an honest bosom.

Con. Yours seems so.

Cra. Let 's pair our swords : you are a just gentleman.

Con. You might be so. Now shake hands, if you please ;
Though 't be the cudgel-fashion, 'tis a friendly one.

Cra. So ; stand off.

Page. That 's my cue to beckon 'em. [*Aside, and then exit.*]

Con. Crates, to expostulate your wrongs to me
Were to doubt of 'em, or wish your excuse
In words, and so return like maiden knights ;
Yet freely thus much I profess ; your spleen
And rugged carriage toward your honour'd brother
Hath much more stirr'd me up than mine own cause ;
For I did ne'er affect these bloody men,
But hold 'em fitter be made public hangmen,
Or butchers call'd, than valiant gentlemen.
'Tis true, stamp'd valour does upon just grounds ;
Yet for whom justlier should I expose my life
Than him, unto whose virtue I owe all ?

Cra. Conon, you think by this great deed of yours
To insinuate yourself a lodging nearer
Unto my brother's heart : such men as you
Live on their undertakings for their lords,
And more disable them by answering for 'em
Than if they sat still ; make 'em but their whores,
For which end gallants now-a-days do fight.
But here we come not to upbraid. What men
Seem, the rash world will judge ; but what they are,
Heaven knows ; and this—horses^a ? we are descried^r :
One stroke, for fear of laughter.

Con. Half a score.

[*They fight.*]

Enter EUPHANES, AGENOR, and LEONIDAS, with Page.

Euph. Hold, hold ! on your allegiance, hold !

^a *and this—horses ?*] Crates, hearing the sound of horses, interrupts himself. Sympson, not understanding the passage, proposed to read "Curse on 't" !!

^r *descried*] i. e. discovered.

Age. He that strikes next——

Leo. Falls like a traitor on our swords.

Euph. Oh, Heaven, my brother bleeds!—Conon, thou art
A villain, an unthankful man, and shalt
Pay me thy blood for his, for his is mine!
Thou wert my friend, but he is still my brother;
And though a friend sometimes be nearer said
In some gradation, it can never be
Where that same brother can be made a friend;—
Which, dearest Crates, thus low I implore:
What in my poverty I would not seek,
Because I would not burden you, now here
In all my height of bliss I beg of you,
Your friendship; my advancement, sir, is yours;
I never held it strange; pray, use it so.
We are but two, which number Nature fram'd
In the most useful faculties of man,
To strengthen mutually and relieve each other;
Two eyes, two ears, two arms, two legs and feet,
That, where one fail'd, the other might supply;
And I, your other eye, ear, arm^s and leg,
Tender my service, help, and succour to you.

[*Kneels.*

Age. Leo. A most divine example!

Euph. For, dear brother,
You have been blind, and lame, and deaf, to me:
Now be no more so: in humility
I give you the duty of a younger brother,
Which take you as a brother, not a father,
And then you'll pay a duty back to me.

Cra. Till now I have not wept these thirty years.

Euph. Discording brothers are like mutual legs
Supplanting one another; he that seeks
Aid from a stranger, and forsakes his brother,
Does but like him that madly lops his arm,
And to his body joins a wooden one;
Cuts off his natural leg, and trusts a crutch;
Plucks out his eye to see with spectacles.

^s ear, arm] Both the folios have "ear, your arm"; and so the Editors of 1778 and Weber.

Cra. Most dear Euphanes, in this crimson flood
 Wash my unkindness out; you have o'ercome me,
 Taught me humanity and brotherhood:
 Full well knew Nature thou wert fitter far
 To be a ruler o'er me than a brother;
 Which henceforth be! Jove surely did descend,
 When thou wert gotten, in some heavenly shape,
 And greet my mother, as the poets tell
 Of other women.

Age. Be this holiday!

Leo. And noted ever with the whitest stone!

Con. And pardon me, my lord:—look you, I bleed
 Faster than Crates:—what I have done, I did
 To reconcile your loves, to both a friend;
 Which my blood cement, never to part or end!

Age. Most worthy Conon!

Leo. Happy rise: this day
 Contracts more good than a whole age hath done.

Euph. Royal Agenor, brave Leonidas,
 You are main causes, and must share the fame.

Cra. Which, in some part, this hour shall requite;
 For I have aim'd my black shafts at white marks,
 And now I'll put the clew into your hands,
 Shall guide ye most perspicuously to the depth
 Of this dark labyrinth, where so long ye were lost,
 Touching this old rape, and a new intent,
 Wherein your counsel and your active wit,
 My dearest brother, will be necessary.

Euph. My prophecy is come: prove my hopes true,
 Agenor shall have right, and you no wrong:
 Time now will pluck^t her daughter from her cave.

^t *Time now will pluck, &c.*] “‘In the title-page of this last,’ (viz. the edition of the *Poesies of George Gascoigne, Esq.* 1575) ‘by way of printer’s or bookseller’s device, is an ornamental wooden cut, tolerably well executed, wherein Time is represented drawing the figure of Truth out of a pit or cavern, with this legend, *Oculia veritas tempore patet.*’ Percy’s *Reliques of Antient Poetry* vol. iii. [vol. ii., prefatory matter to Gascoigne’s *Praise of the fair Bridges.*] This seems to have suggested the idea in the above line. Dr. Percy adds, that ‘it is not improbable but the accidental sight of this, or some other title-page containing the same device, suggested to Rubens that well-known design

Let's hence, to prevent rumour. My dear brother,
 Nature's divided streams^u the highest shelf
 Will over-run at last, and flow to itself.

[*Exeunt.*]

ACT V.

SCENE I.—*A street.*

Enter CRATES, EUPHANES, NEANTHES, SOSICLES, *and* ERATON.

Euph. I have won the lady to it, and that good
 Which is intended to her, your faith only
 And secrecy must make perfect; think not, sir,
 I speak as doubting it, for I dare hazard
 My soul upon the trial.

Cra. You may safely:
 But are Agenor and Leonidas ready
 To rush upon him in the act, and seize him
 In the height of his security?

Euph. At all parts
 As you could wish them.

Cra. Where's the lady?

Euph. There
 Where you appointed her to stay.

Cra. 'Tis wisely order'd.

Euph. Last, when you have him sure, compel him this way;
 For, as by accident, here I'll bring the queen
 To meet you; 'twill strike greater terror to him,
 To be ta'en unprovided of excuse,
 And make more for our purposes.

[*Exit.*]

Cra. Come, Neanthes;
 Our fames and all are at the stake.

of a similar kind, which he has introduced into the Luxemburg gallery, and which has been so justly censured for the unnatural manner of its execution.' REED.

^u *Nature's divided streams*] "The sense and grammar require that we should read, "*Nature's divided stream.*" MASON. I doubt it: similar inaccuracies of expression have already occurred in these plays.

Nean. 'Tis fit
That since, relying on your skill, we venture
So much upon one game, you play with cunning,
Or we shall rise such losers as——

Sos. The prince.

Enter THEANOR.

Cra. The plot is laid, sir ; howsoe'er I seem'd
A little scrupulous, upon better judgment
I have effected it.

The. 'Tis the last service
Of this foul kind I will employ you in.

Cra. We hope so, sir.

The. And I will so reward it——

Nean. You are bound to that ; in every family
That does write lustful, your fine bawd gains more
(For, like your broker, he takes fees on both sides)
Than all the officers of the house.

Sos. For us, then,
To be a great man's pandars, and live poor,
That were a double fault.

Cra. Come, you lose time, sir ;
We will be with you instantly : the deed done,
We have a masque that you expect not.

The. Thou
Art ever careful ; for Jove's Mercury
I would not change thee.

[*Exit.*

Era. There's an honour for you.

Nean. To be compar'd with the celestial pimp,
Jove's smock-sworn squire, dan^v Hermes.

Cra. I'll deserve it :
And, gentlemen, be assur'd, though what we do now
Will to the prince Theanor look like treason
And base disloyalty, yet the end shall prove
(When he's first taught to know himself, then you),
In what he judg'd us false we were most true. [*Exeunt.*

^v *dan*] So the first folio.—The second folio "Don" ; and so the modern editors.

SCENE II.—*Before the Palace.*

Enter EUPHANES, AGENOR, LEONIDAS, and CONON.

Euph. Only make haste, my lords ; in all things else
You are instructed. You may draw your swords
For show, if you think good ; but, on my life,
You will find no resistance in his servants,
And he's himself unarm'd.

Age. I would he were not !
My just rage should not then be lost.

Euph. Good sir,
Have you a care no injury be done
Unto the person of the prince :—but, Conon,
Have you an eye on both ; it is your trust
That I rely on.

Con. Which I will discharge,
Assure yourself, most faithfully.

Euph. For the lady,
I know your best respect will not be wanting :
Then, to avoid suspicion and discovery,
I hold it requisite, that as soon as ever
The queen hath seen her, she forsake the place,
And fit herself for that which is projected
For her good and your honour.

Leo. If this prosper,
Believe it you have made a purchase of
My service and my life.

Euph. Your love I aim at.

Leo. Here I shall find you ?

Euph. With the queen.

Con. Enough, sir. [*Exeunt all except EUPHANES.*]

Enter Page.

Page. The queen inquires for you, my lord ; I have met
A dozen messengers in search of you.

Euph. I knew I should be sought for. As I wish'd,
She's come herself in person. [*Aside.*]

Enter QUEEN, Ladies, and Attendants.

Queen. Are you found, sir ?

I wonder where you spend your hours : methinks,
Since I so love your company, and profess
'Tis the best comfort this life yields me, mine
Should not be tedious to you.

Euph. Gracious madam,

To have the happiness to see and hear you,
Which by your bounty is conferr'd upon me,
I hold so great a blessing, that my honours
And wealth, compar'd to that, are but as cyphers
To make that number greater ; yet your pardon
For borrowing from my duty so much time
As the provision for my sudden marriage
Exacted from me.

Queen. I perceive, this marriage

Will keep you often from me ; but I'll bear it.
She's a good lady, and a fair, Euphanes :
Yet, by her leave, I will share with her in you ;
I am pleas'd that in the night she shall enjoy you,
And that's sufficient for a wife ; the day-time
I will divorce you from her.

Leo. [*within*] We will force you,
If you resist.

Queen. What noise is that ?

The. [*within*] Base traitors !

Euph. It moves this way.

Queen. Whate'er it be, I'll meet it ;
I was not born to fear.

*Re-enter AGENOR and LEONIDAS bringing in THEANOR, followed
by MERIONE disguised as BELIZA, CONON, CRATES, NEANTHES,
SOSICLES, ERATON, and Guard.*

Who's that ? Beliza !

Euph. My worthiest, noblest mistress ! [*Exit MERIONE.*]

Queen. Stay her. Ha !

All of you look as you were rooted here,
And wanted motion : what new Gorgon's head
Have you beheld, that you are all turn'd statues ?

This is prodigious : has none a tongue
To speak the cause ?

Leo. Could every hair, great queen,
Upon my head yield an articulate sound,
And all together speak, they could not yet
Express the villany we have discover'd :
And yet, when with a few unwilling words
I have deliver'd what must needs be known,
You'll say I am too eloquent, and wish
I had been born without a tongue.

Queen. Speak boldly ;
For I, unmov'd with any loss, will hear.

Leo. Then know, we have found out the ravisher
Of my poor sister, and the place and means
By which the unfortunate, though fair Beliza,
Hath met a second violence.

Euph. This confirms
What but before I doubted to my ruin :
My lady ravish'd !

Queen. Point me out the villain,
That guilty wretched monster, that hath done this,
That I may look on him ; and in mine eye
He read his sentence.

Leo. That I truly could
Name any other but the prince ! that heard,
You have it all.

Queen. Wonder not that I shake ;
The miracle is greater that I live,
Having endur'd the thunder that thy words
Have thrown upon me.—Dar'st thou kneel, with hope

[THEANOR *kneels.*

Of any favour but a speedy death,
And that too in the dreadfull'st shape that can
Appear to a despairing leprous soul,
If thou hast any ? No, libidinous beast,
Thy lust hath alter'd so thy former being,
By Heaven, I know thee not !

The. Although unworthy,
Yet still I am your son.

Queen. Thou liest, liest falsely !
 My whole life never knew but one chaste bed,
 Nor e'er desir'd warmth but from lawful fires ;
 Can I be, then, the mother to a goat,
 Whose lust is more insatiate than the grave,
 And like infectious air engenders plagues,
 To murder all that 's chaste or good in woman ?
 The gods I from my youth have serv'd and fear'd,
 Whose holy temples thou hast made thy brothels ;
 Could a religious mother, then, bring forth
 So damn'd an atheist ? Read but o'er my life,
 My actions, manners ; and, made perfect in them,
 But look into the story of thyself
 As thou art now, (not as thou wert, Theanor,)
 And reason will compel thee to confess
 Thou art a stranger to me.

Age. Note but ^v how heavy
 The weight of guilt is ! it so low hath sunk him,
 That he wants power to rise up in defence
 Of his bad cause.

Queen. Persuade me not, Euphanes.
 This is no prince, nor can claim part in me :
 My son was born a freeman ; this, a slave
 To beastly passions, a fugitive
 And run-away from virtue. Bring bonds for him !
 By all the honour that I owe to justice,
 He loses me for ever that seeks to save him !
 Bind him, I say ; and, like a wretch that knows
 He stands condemn'd before he hears the sentence,
 With his base agents from my sight remove him,

^v *Note but, &c.*] "The giving this speech to *Agenor*, as all the copies do, makes strange work with the following one of the Queen. For she bids *Euphanes* persuade her not, &c. But how could he persuade her, when, by the old edition, not he but *Agenor* had been pleading for the prince ? But if we put *Euphanes* for *Agenor*, as I have done, the business is concluded, and all is right." SYMPSON.—"Mr. Sympson, not the old copies, makes 'strange work' here ; for surely the disputed speech does not 'plead for the prince ;' nor does that speech at all suit the benignant character of *Euphanes*, though it does the enraged *Agenor*. The *persuasion* to which the Queen replies must be delivered in dumb-show." *Ed.* 1778.

And lodge them in the dungeon ! as a queen
 And patroness to justice, I command it.—
 Thy tears are like unseasonable showers,
 And in my heart now steel'd can make no entrance :
 Thou art cruel to thyself, fool, 'tis not want
 In me of soft compassion ; when thou left'st
 To be a son, I ceas'd to be a mother.—
 Away with them ! The children I will leave
 To keep my name to all posterities,
 Shall be the great examples of my justice,
 The government of my country, which shall witness
 How well I rul'd myself. Bid the wrong'd ladies
 Appear in court to-morrow ; we will hear them ;
 And by one act of our severity,
 For fear of punishment or love to virtue,
 Teach others to be honest : all will shun
 To tempt her laws, that would not spare her son. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE III.—*A street.*

Enter Onos, Uncle, and Tutor.

Uncle. Nay, nephew—

Tutor. Pupil, hear but reason.

Onos. No ;

I have none, and will hear none.—Oh, my honour,
 My honour blasted in the bud ! my youth,
 My hopeful youth, and all my expectation
 Ever to be a man, are lost for ever !

Uncle. Why, nephew, we as well as you are dubb'd
 Knights of the pantofle ^w.

Tutor. And are shouted at,
 Kick'd, scorn'd, and laugh'd at, by each page and groom ;
 Yet with erected heads we bear it.

Onos. Alas,
 You have years, and strength to do it ! but were you,
 As I, a tender gristle, apt to bow,

^w *pantofle*] See note, p. 408.

You would, like me, with cloaks envelopèd,
Walk thus, then stamp, then stare.

Uncle. He will run mad,
I hope, and then all 's mine.

[*Aside.*

Tutor. Why, look you, pupil ;
There are for the recovery of your honour
Degrees of medicines : for a tweak by the nose
A man's to travel but six months, then blow it,
And all is well again ; the bastinado
Requires a longer time, a year or two,
And then 'tis buried. I grant you have been baffled * ;
'Tis but a journey of some thirty years,
And it will be forgotten.

Onos. Think you so ?

Tutor. Assuredly.

Uncle. He may make a shorter cut,
But hang or drown himself, and, on my life,
'Twill no more trouble him.

Onos. I could ne'er endure
Or hemp or water, they are dangerous tools
For youth to deal with ; I will rather follow
My tutor's counsel.

Tutor. Do so.

Onos. And put in,
For my security that I'll not return
In thirty years, my whole state^y to my uncle.

Uncle. That I like well of.

Onos. Still provided, uncle,
That at my coming home you will allow me
To be of age, that I may call to account
This page that hath abus'd me.

Uncle. 'Tis a match.

Onos. Then, Corinth, thus the bashful Lamprias
Takes leave of thee ; and for this little time
Of thirty years will labour all he can,
Though he goes young forth, to come home a man. [*Exeunt.*

* *baffled*] i. e. disgraced, insulted : see notes, vol. ii. 286, iii. 399.

^y *state*] i. e. estate.

SCENE IV.—*A Court of Justice.*

Enter EUPHANES and Marshal.

Euph. Are your prisoners ready ?

Mar. When it shall please the queen
To call them forth, my lord.

Euph. Pray you, do me the favour
To tell me how they have borne themselves this night
Of their imprisonment ?

Mar. Gladly, sir. Your brother,
With the other courtiers, willingly receiv'd
All courtesies I could offer ; eat and drank,
And were exceeding merry, so dissembling
Their guilt, or confident in their innocence,
That I much wonder'd at it. But the prince,
That, as born highest, should have grac'd his fall
With greatest courage, is so sunk with sorrow,
That to a common judgment he would seem
To suffer like a woman ; but to me,
That, from the experience I have had of many,
Look further in him, I do find the deep
Consideration of what 's past more frights him
Than any other punishment.

Euph. That is indeed
True magnanimity ; the other but
A desperate bastard valour.

Mar. I press'd to him,
And, notwithstanding the queen's strict command,
(Having your lordship's promise to secure me,)
Offer'd to free him from his bonds, which he
Refus'd with such a sorrow mix'd with scorn,
That it amaz'd me ; yet I urg'd his highness
To give one reason for 't : he briefly answer'd,
That he had sat in judgment on himself,
And found that he deserv'd them ; that he was
A ravisher, and so to suffer like one ;
“ Which is the reason of my tears,” he addeth,

“ For, were ’t not I again should break the laws
By scorning all their rigour can inflict,
I should die smiling.”

Euph. I forbear to wonder
That you were mov’d that saw this, I am struck
With the relation so. ’Tis very well :
See all things ready. I do wish I could
Send comfort to the prince :—be ready with him :—
’Tis in the queen’s breast only, which for us
To search into were sauciness, to determine
What she thinks fit. [Exit Marshal.

Enter LEONIDAS, *with* MERIONE *in white* ; EUPHANES, *with* BELIZA
in black ; Queen, *who takes her place behind the bar* ; AGENOR,
CONON ; Marshal, *with* THEANOR, CRATES, SOSICLES, ERATON ;
Lords, Ladies, Clerk, *and* Guard.

Lord. Make way there for the queen !

Queen. Read first the law, and what our ancestors
Have in this case provided, to deter
Such-like offenders.—To you, gentle ladies,
This only : would I could as well give comfort,
As bid you be secure from fear or doubt
Of our displeasure ! be as confident
As if your plea were ’gainst a common man,
To have all right from us ; I will not grieve
For what ’s not worth my pity.—Read the law.

Clerk. [reads] *Lycurgus the nineteenth*² *against rapes* : *It is provided, and publicly enacted and confirmed, That any man of what degree soever, offering violence to the chastity of a virgin, shall, ipso facto, be liable to her accusation, and according to the said law be censured*^a ; *ever provided, that it shall be in the choice of the said virgin so abused either to compel the offender to marry her without a dower, if so she will be satisfied, or, demanding his head for the offence, to have that accordingly performed.*

² *Lycurgus the nineteenth, &c.*] “ What business had *Lycurgus*’ laws at Corinth ? This is an odd proceeding, to commit a rape in one country, and be tried and condemned for it by the laws of another.” SYMPSON. “ The commentator seems to have forgot that the queen was a Spartan princess, and might therefore be supposed to have introduced the laws of *Lycurgus*.” WEBER.

^a *censured*] i. e. judged.

Queen. You hear this : what do you demand ?

Mer. The benefit

The law allows me.

Bel. For the injury

Done to mine honour I require his head.

Mer. I likewise have an eye upon mine honour ;

But, knowing that his death cannot restore it,

I ask him for my husband.

Bel. I was ravish'd,

And will have justice.

Mer. I was ravish'd too ;

I kneel for mercy.

Bel. I demand but what

The law allows me.

Mer. That which I desire

Is by the same law warranted.

Bel. The rape

On me hath made a forfeit of his life,

Which in revenge of my disgrace I plead for.

Mer. The rape on me gives me the privilege

To be his wife, and that is all I sue for.

Age. A doubtful case.

Leo. Such pretty lawyers yet

I never saw nor read of.

Euph. May the queen

Favour your sweet plea, madam !

Bel. Is that justice ?

Shall one that is to suffer for a rape

Be by a rape defended ? Look upon

The public enemy of chastity,

This lustful satyr, whose enrag'd desires

The ruin of one wretched virgin's honour

Would not suffice ; and shall the wreck of two

Be his protection ? May be I was ravish'd

For his lust only, thou for his defence ;

Oh, fine evasion ! shall with such a slight ^b

Your justice be deluded ? your laws cheated ?

^b *slight*] i. e. artifice.

And he, that for one fact deserv'd to die,
 For sinning often find impunity ?
 But that I know thee, I would swear thou wert
 A false impostor, and suborn'd to this :
 And it may be thou art, Merione ;
 For, hadst thou suffer'd truly what I have done,
 Thou wouldst like me complain, and call for vengeance,
 And, our wrongs being equal, I alone
 Should not desire revenge : but be it so ;
 If thou prevail, even he will punish it,
 And foolish mercy shew'd to him undo thee.
 Consider, fool, before it be too late,
 What joys thou canst expect from such a husband,
 To whom thy first, and what's more, forc'd embraces,
 Which men say heighten pleasure, were distasteful.

Mer. 'Twas in respect that then they were unlawful,
 Unbless'd by Hymen, and left stings behind them,
 Which from the marriage-bed are ever banish'd.
 Let this court be, then, the image of Jove's throne,
 Upon which grace and mercy still attend,
 To intercede between him and his justice ;
 And since the law allows as much to me
 As she can challenge, let the milder sentence,
 Which best becomes a mother and a queen,
 Now overcome, nor let your wisdom suffer :
 In doing right to her, I in my wrong
 Endure a second ravishment.

Bel. You can free him
 Only from that which does concern yourself,
 Not from the punishment that's due to me ;
 Your injuries you may forgive, not mine ;
 I plead mine own just wreak, which will right both,
 Where^c that which you desire robs me of justice :
 'Tis that which I appeal to.

Mer. Bloody woman,
 Dost thou desire his punishment ? Let him live, then ;
 For any man to marry where he likes not
 Is still a lingering torment.

^c *Where*] i. e. whereas.

Bel. For one rape
One death's sufficient ; that way cannot catch me.

Mer. To you I fly, then, to your mercy, madam :
Exempting not your justice, be but equal ;
And since in no regard I come behind her,
Let me not so be undervalu'd in
Your highness' favour, that the world take notice
You so preferr'd her, that in her behalf
You kill'd that son you would not save for me ;
Mercy, oh, mercy, madam !

Bel. Great queen, justice !

Age. With what a masculine constancy the grave lady
Hath heard them both !

Leo. Yet how unmov'd she sits
In that which most concerns her !

Con. Now she rises ;
And, having well weigh'd both their arguments,
Resolves to speak.

Euph. And yet again she pauses :
Oh, Conon, such a resolution once
A Roman told me he had seen in Cato
Before he kill'd himself !

Queen. 'Tis now determin'd.—
Merione, I could wish I were no queen,
To give you satisfaction ; no mother,
Beliza, to content you ; and would part
Even with my being, both might have their wishes :
But since that is impossible, in few words
I will deliver what I am resolv'd on.
The end for which all profitable laws
Were made looks two ways only, the reward
Of innocent good men, and the punishment
Of bad delinquents. Ours concerning rapes
Provided that same latter clause of marriage
For him that had faln once, not then foreseeing
Mankind could prove so monstrous, to tread twice
A path so horrid. The great law-giver
Draco, that for his strange severity
Was said to write his stern decrees in blood,

Made none for parricides, presuming that
 No man could be so wicked : such might be
 Lycurgus' answer (did he live) for this.
 But since I find that in my son which was not
 Doubted in any else, I will add to it :
 He cannot marry both, but for both dying,
 Both have their full revenge. You see, Beliza,
 You have your wish. With you, Merione,
 I'll spend a tear or two.—So, Heaven forgive thee !

The. Upon my knees I do approve your judgment,
 And beg that you would put it into act
 With all speed possible ; only that I may,
 Having already made peace with myself,
 Part so with all the world. Princely Agenor,
 I ask your pardon ; yours, my lord Euphanes ;
 And, Crates, with the rest too, I forgive you ;
 Do you the like for me. Yours, gracious mother,
 I dare not ask ; and yet, if that my death
 Be like a son of yours, though my life was not,
 Perhaps you may vouchsafe it. Lastly, that
 Both these whom I have wrong'd may wish my ashes
 No heavy burden, ere I suffer death,
 For the restoring of Merione's honour
 Let me be married to her, and then die
 For you, Beliza.

Queen. Thou hast made in this
 Part of amends to me and to the world :
 Thy suit is granted.—Call a Flamen forth
 To do this holy work ; with him a headsman.

[*Exit one of the Guard, who re-enters with Flamen
 and Executioner.*]

Raise up thy weeping eyes, Merione :
 With this hand I confirm thy marriage,
 Wishing that now the gods would shew some miracle,
 That this might not divorce it.

Cra. To that purpose
 I am their minister. Stand not amaz'd ;
 To all your comforts, I will do this wonder.—
 Your majesty (with your pardon I must speak it)

Allow'd once heretofore of such a contract,
 Which you repenting afterwards, revok'd it,
 Being fully bent to match her with Agenor :
 The griev'd prince knowing this, and yet not daring
 To cross what you determin'd, by an oath
 Bound me and these his followers to do something
 That he might once enjoy her ; we, sworn to it,
 And easily persuaded, being assur'd
 She was his wife before the face of Heaven,
 Although some ceremonious forms were wanting,
 Committed the first rape, and brought her to him,
 Which broke the marriage ; but when we perceiv'd
 He purpos'd to abuse our ready service
 In the same kind upon the chaste Beliza,
 Holding ourselves less tied to him than goodness,
 I made discovery of it to my brother,
 Who can relate the rest.

Euph. It is most true.

Queen. I would it were !

Euph. In every circumstance

It is, upon my soul : for, this known to me,
 I wan Merione, in my lady's habit,
 To be again (but willingly) surpris'd ;
 But with Agenor, and her noble brother,
 With my approv'd friend Conon, with such speed
 She was pursu'd, that, the lewd act scarce ended,
 The prince (assur'd he had enjoy'd Beliza,
 For all the time Merione's face was cover'd)
 Was apprehended and brought to your presence,
 But not till now discover'd, in respect
 I hop'd the imminent danger of the prince,
 To which his loose unquenched heats had brought him,
 Being pursu'd unto the latest trial,
 Would work in him compunction, which it has done ;
 And these two ladies, in their feign'd contentions,
 To your delight I hope, have serv'd as masquers
 To their own nuptials.

Queen. My choice was worthy
 When first I look'd on thee : as thou hast order'd,

All shall be done; and not the meanest that
Play'd in this unexpected comedy
But shall partake our bounty.—And, my lord, [*To* AGENOR.
That with the rest you may seem satisfied,
If you dare venture on a queen, not yet
So far in debt to years but that she may
Bring you a lusty boy, I offer up
Myself and kingdom, during my life, to you.

Age. It is a blessing which I durst not hope for,
But with all joy receive.

All. We all applaud it.

Queen. Then on unto the temple, where, the rites
Of marriage ended, we'll find new delights. [*Exeunt.*

END OF VOL. V.

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